

seven times. A friend of mine has lost a pet a young Angora goat. This animal, which has long white hair, causes great fun. She seems to be very fond of boys, but some of these boys don't take to her so kindly, and it is no unusual thing to see her chase some of them up the road. My little dog, Belle, seems to rather like her company, for they often play together, and Juno gets quite jealous. My father has just bought me a new tandem bike, and my friend and myself ride to the High School together. I have just finished a very amusing story called "Shadowed by Detectives, or the Fight in the Gipsy Tent." This book is grand. Last Saturday I had my photo taken, and next time I write I will forward you a copy. Last week a party of us boys went for an excursion down the Pelorus Sounds in an oil launch. The scenery was magnificent. I am sorry to say I am again under the care of the doctor, as I put my wrist out, at a punching machine. I think Buster Brown is very amusing, and I have great laughs over him. That dog of his has such a wonderful expression on his face. As I have no more news, I will bring my letter to a close. Your loving friend, Charlie Hobson, P.S.—How can I get a badge?

[Dear Cousin Charlie.—I am glad you liked seeing your letter in print, as it will encourage you to write oftener, and it is astonishing how much nicer one's letters look in print, isn't it? I suppose you teach Gawkley to talk. It must be very interesting. I should think, did you see in one of the magazines a short time ago an account of a parrot school kept by a lady. She used to shut about half a dozen young birds in a room with a gramophone, which just went on repeating the one sentence. It was a splendid idea, wasn't it? and such a saving of one's voice. I don't wonder you enjoyed the Exhibition. We had one in Auckland some years ago, which lasted for two months, and we never tired of it, though we didn't have any freaks of nature to watch. Are you sure you are not hoaxing me about that two-headed trout? I should think the Angora goat must be very amusing. I should like to see her chasing the boys myself, but what would happen if she caught them? I shall be delighted to have your photograph, so I hope it will be finished soon. What a lovely trip you must have had the day you went down Pelorus Sound. You are a most unfortunate boy, are you not? and always seem to be having the doctor. However, by the time you see this I hope you will be all right again. I will post a badge to you directly you send me your full address.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I suppose you have been wondering what has been the matter. Our mid-winter holidays are over now, and I have been spending them on the farm. There are pretty ferns in the bush, and I found a piece of moss growing round the trunk of a tree. We have some pet lambs this year, and I have a little ewe one named Jenny. She is always eating the flowers. We had a lovely excursion just coming into bud, and she ate it down to the roots. She likes the stock, and is always nibbling the young shoots of trees. We have a little dog, such a funny colour; her name is Frisk. My brother has very nearly shot her for a rabbit. Isn't Buster Brown a funny boy? He is always up to some mischief. "Jungle Jinks" has not been in the "Graphic" for some time, but I do not think the cousins will be forgetting about them, they are such naughty boys. We have three little kittens, but their eyes are not open yet.—With love, from Cousin Helen, Waipukurau.

[Dear Cousin Helen.—It does seem rather a long time since you wrote to me last. I suppose you have been busy at school and have not had much time for letter-writing. I always think there is less to write about in the winter time, for, don't you? for one has to stay at home so much more on account of the weather. Are you fond of pet lambs? I have never seen one—a pet one, I mean—since we lived in the country a great many years ago. Jenny seems to be rather a mischievous specimen, I should think you will have to keep her tied up if she goes on eating the flowers down. Buster Brown certainly is a terror, isn't he? Even worse than the Jungle Jinks boys, and they were quite bad enough. If I had Buster

and his dog to look after I should have put them both into a cage, so that they couldn't get into mischief; wouldn't you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I would very much like to be a member of the band of cousins, if you will please accept me as one. My delight is to read the cousins' letters in the "Graphic," they are so interesting. My name is Millicent, and I am 13 years of age, and in the sixth standard at the Girls' High School. Cousin Edna, who has just lately joined the cousins, is my great chum. We are always together, and it was she who persuaded me to become a cousin. Will you please send me a badge, Cousin Kate? I am enclosing an addressed envelope. Cousin Edna and I are helping in a bazaar, which is to take place in November, and we are to be dressed as Japanese girls, which I think will look very pretty; and we are also helping in our school concert. Then we are to be dressed as Grecian girls. My aunt and her dear little baby son are to arrive here on Thursday. We are all very proud of the boy; he was born on Christmas Day, so is called Noel. My grandmother and grandfather are now enjoying a trip at Home. They left for America on May 24th, 1903, and are to arrive home next month. They have been to America, England, Scotland and Ireland. We will be very glad to see them home again. They will have been away eighteen months. Is that not a grand holiday? I hope you will kindly accept, and if so, I will try and write regularly.—I remain, dear Cousin Kate, your affectionate cousin, Millicent.

[Dear Cousin Millicent.—I shall be delighted to add your name to our list of cousins, and I will send you a badge one day this week. What a good time you and Edna are going to have; I don't wonder you are looking forward to it. Japanese dresses are very pretty, and so becoming, too. I wish you and Edna would have your photographs taken in them and send me one. Are you going to be in any particular stall at the bazaar? I expect you are delighted at the prospect of seeing your aunt and baby cousin. Noel is a very pretty name I think, don't you? When he gets a little older, though, he won't like having his birthday on Christmas Day, because it means only one holiday and one set of birthday presents, instead of two. What a delightful trip your grandfather and grandmother are having, and what a lot they will have to talk about when they get home. One can see so much in eighteen months nowadays.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I was so pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic" last week. My ankle is still a little weak, but it will soon be quite strong again. There is going to be a bazaar in November, so I am in that instead. I am also in our school concert, so I have a great deal to look forward to. What a large number of cousins you have, Cousin Kate; and they all write such nice letters, too. You must have a lot to do to answer all their letters. Fancy Mel B. Spurr being dead! Did you hear him? I did not, but my sister did, and thought him very good. Have you ever been to Wanganui? It is a very pretty place, especially in the summer. It is so nice to have a picnic up the river or at Castle Hill. The scenery is just lovely. All the willow trees look so pretty along the bank of the river. We are having grand weather in Wanganui at present. I am doing a lot of fancy work for the show. I have just finished a table centre with A.H. in the corner. They are my mother's initials. I have started a fancy handkerchief, and hope to finish it at the end of next week. Do you like fancy work, Cousin Kate? I am very fond of it. I do a great deal. Dear Cousin Kate, I am very sorry I did not send my full name and address, but I never thought of it at the time. The badges must be very pretty, as all the cousins seem to be delighted on receiving them. I think I have told you all the news just now, so good-bye at present.—I remain, Cousin Edna, Wanganui.

[Dear Cousin Edna.—I am so glad to hear that your ankle is getting quite strong again now. I have just finished answering Millicent's letter, and she told me that you and she were both taking part in a bazaar and a school concert too. What a gay time you are going to have. I have got a good many

cousins now, and it takes me some considerable time every week to answer all their letters. I was so dreadfully sorry to hear of Mel B. Spurr's death; I heard him several times when he was in Auckland, and liked him very much indeed. No; I have never been to Wanganui yet, but I am coming some day soon. I have some great friends living there, and I am anxious to see them, as well as Wanganui. I have always heard that it is such a pretty place, and I have seen some exquisite photographs of the river. I'm afraid I'm not very fond of fancy work, though I do a little sometimes, but then I don't get much time for sewing of any sort nowadays. It did not really matter at all your not sending your full name, only I couldn't send you a badge until I knew it, could I? I will send you one this week, though.—Cousin Kate.]

Queer Kinds of Eyes.

Look at the next spider you find, and try to find the eight shiny little eyes at the anterior end, some above and some put under the edge of what we may imagine to be its forehead. To examine these parts to best advantage hold the spider in tweezers, or it may be better to use a spider killed by being dropped into a bottle of diluted alcohol.

These eight eyes vary in arrangement and in relative size in various species of spiders—in some they may be arranged in two rows, in others in three; some may be very small and others large and prominent; and so on—but there they are; rather poor eyes, near-sighted, looking in several directions at once, and the spider, who can never shut any of them, is sure to see everything that approaches, unless she is asleep, in which case the sight is dead.

For some purposes it may be convenient to have eyes that roll up and disappear at the approach of danger. And these are exactly what the snail has, situated at the end of two long and sensitive palpi, or feelers. When all is quiet their owner extends these organs, and you can see at their tips small round knobs upon which the eyes are placed. But if you touch one of the palpi, or even jar the snail a little, the eyes begin to back into these feelers as the tip of a glove finger may be turned in, and they no longer see any danger that may be lurking at hand.

Queer animal that, which dares to peep at the world only when it is in perfect safety, and refuses to look when danger threatens! But the snail never had much reputation for bravery, and therefore has little to lose.

But there are many animals whose eyes are not perfect enough to form a complete image, or even parts of an image, but which can receive only a sensation of light and perhaps, in some cases, an indistinct impression of colour and among those that can in this way perceive light, it is probable that the sensation is more like what we call heat than it is like actual vision. In the simplest of these eyes, the "eye" consists of nothing more than a little mass of dark colouring matter, known as pigment, placed around the outer edge of a nerve.

You know how much warmer on a hot day a black dress is than a white one, and a black sunshade seems to collect more heat than does a light one. In a similar way the little black mass of pigment absorbs the heat in the strong light, and by this simple means the animal may be liable to perceive the direction of the light and regulate its action accordingly.

A greatly-improved form of this pigment-eye is seen in a tiny crustacean, that is, a crab-like animal, about the size of a pin-head, and found almost everywhere in fresh-water ponds and ditches. Its name is Daphnia.

Timothy's Teacher.

Said Timothy Von Tinkleton: "I'm really in despair. I 'never' shall get on at school as long as teacher's there! I don't mind 'tearing' lessons, and I've said so loud and plain; But he actually expects me to remember them again!

Now, I love a slate and pencil, and I really do enjoy Making rows and rows of figures (I'm a very tidy boy); But—could you just imagine it?—he grows unpleasant quite, Unless when I show up my sums I've got the answer right!

Take spelling—it's the greatest fun, and yet he will not see If all of us wrote words alike how dull the game would be! I'm very fond of school, of course, but till that man's away It's really only waste of time my going every day."

EVELYN GLOVER.



Milkmaid
LARGEST SALE BRAND
in the **Milk**
WORLD.

Milkmaid
LARGEST SALE BRAND
in the **Milk**
WORLD.

Milkmaid
LARGEST SALE BRAND
in the **Milk**
WORLD.

Milkmaid
LARGEST SALE BRAND
in the **Milk**
WORLD.

Milkmaid
LARGEST SALE BRAND
in the **Milk**
WORLD.

See this Trade mark on every Tin.