

burglary of her apartments in the Hotel Mercers.

There might have been as much as £2000 in a desk that was rifled, she said, or the amount might have been £4000. She really could not tell. Nor was it possible for her to give any description of the missing jewels, as she had never counted them or estimated their value.

The astounded magistrate asked the Princess how she managed her financial affairs.

"Oh, when I go shopping," she replied, naively, "I just fill a bag with money and buy what I want. That is the end of it."

As to the missing jewels, she could give the police no help. It was possible, she thought, that a certain diadem might be identified.

"You see," she added, "it contained a large diamond that interested me. I wore it on the occasion of my royal entrance into Monaco. As to the other jewels, I cannot remember what they were."

Casting a shoe after a newly married couple is one of the oldest customs that still clings to the fabric of this up-to-date life. Centuries ago—nay, thousands of years ago—it was one of the means employed by the people of antiquity to indicate ownership.

When a piece of land was purchased or given to one, or a man acquired ownership of a house, a cow, or took into himself a wife, it was the established custom to cast a shoe over the land, the building, the animal, or the woman, thus asserting to the world that he had acquired all rights of ownership.

The custom is mentioned in several places in the Bible; for instance, in Psalms ix. 8, where the phrase, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe," is employed to mean that by this method will ownership be asserted. Few who do it probably know why they cast a shoe after the newly married, but in this ancient custom is its origin found. So does a relic of barbarism linger in our midst, and for her own sake the bride ought to see that it is no longer practised.

Many people who are not in the habit of dining at foreign restaurants are greatly puzzled how to choose dishes, owing to the menu being usually written in French. Here are a few hints to help them:

Glace: A water ice. Glace sometimes means iced, used as an adjective.

Jardiniere: is a fashion of cooking vegetables in their own juices; they are cut into fancy shapes. (Jar-din-yeh-r.)

Piece de resistance: The principal joint of the dinner, or the chief dish of any meal.

Potage (po-tahje): A general term for all kinds of soup.

Pate: Small pie, in which is served oysters, meat, or some sort of creamed mixture.

Paree: Vegetables or meat reduced by boiling to a thick pulp, and then thinned with a liquid until it is of the consistency of thick soup.

Souffe (soo-fay): A very light omelet or puff, which may be sweet or savoury.

Ragout (ra-goo): A stew, made of almost any kind of meat and vegetables, the kind giving it a particular name. Usually this stew is flavoured with wine just before serving.

Roux (roo): A cooked mixture of butter and flour, used for thickening soups and gravies.

"I fear, my dear madam," said the physician, "that your stomach will never recover its tone, unless you limit yourself to the simplest diet imaginable."

"Ah, sir," cried the woman, tears rolling down her cheeks, "would that I could! But that is impossible."

"Impossible! Why?"

"Because I am the wretched woman who supplies photographs of 'dainty dishes' to the fashion magazines. In order to photograph them, I must prepare them, and, as I cannot afford to waste expensive materials, I must eat them."

The physician started from his chair. "It is certain death," he cried. "What have you eaten to-day, my child?"

"I had for breakfast a shredded wheat biscuit filled with candied violets and olives, with a maple sugar and grated cheese sauce, the whole surrounded with a wreath of daisies for decorative effect. For luncheon," the horror deepening in her eyes, "a large ripe tomato stuffed with cold lobster.

Newburg and chopped nuts, served with sherry and chocolate dressing. This was topped with a pure white chrysanthemum, and a few orchids were laid lightly about the plate. They made beautiful photographs.

"And they call men brave," murmured the doctor. "I now understand why so large a percentage of my patients are women."

The late Senator Quay used to enjoy telling of the tall stories recounted by the West Virginian anglers along the banks of the Cheat River (remarks "Harper's").

One day a stranger from Maryland, in search of sport, asked one of the natives whether there was good fishing in the vicinity.

"None better anywhere," was the reply.

"What kind of fish have you hereabouts?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, most all kinds."

"I hope there are some game-fish to be had," continued the man from Maryland. "Tell me, what was the weight of the largest fish ever caught in this region?"

"Well, sir," responded the West Virginian, "we don't never take no weighin'-machine with us when we fish, so I wouldn't like to say, being an honest man, just how much that last trout of mine did weigh. But, stranger, I don't mind tellin' you that when I pulled that fish out of the water the river went down a foot!"

Marvels multiply unceasingly at the Hippodrome, where the perplexing Phroso has found a successor equally inexplicable in Zutka and the black box in which he is carefully packed, remarks a London theatrical paper. It seems impossible to believe that a full-sized man can be contained within its two-foot limits; but doubts are speedily set at rest by the gentleman who introduces Zutka unlocking the box, the sides of which collapse outward, and the figure of a tall pierrot is unfolded. Raising the figure to his feet, the operator touches a spring, and Zutka bows in the most natural way ere he is carried bodily by his guardian to the stage, where an electrical apparatus is set at work, and the doll's hands reach up and grasp a couple of rings which hang from ropes above his head. The figure is doubled in two, and his legs strapped to his body, which revolves in the approved gymnastic fashion. Having gravely acknowledged the applause, the figure is bundled unceremoniously into his ebony easel, which before being finally closed is passed round so that the audience may examine the doll—an ordeal which he undergoes with undisturbed rigidity. Regarded as an automaton, Zutka is a masterly piece of mechanism, but the stolid demeanour and inflexibility of the doll, and the manner of its disposal in the box, are all but incredible in a being of flesh and blood. Whatever it may be, man or marionette—or perhaps a combination of both—Zutka is certain to stimulate public curiosity to any lengths, and his composition is likely to be an open question for a long time to come.

But her slender body held a stout heart and a high spirit. So she set to work to learn roughing it at home.

First she went to some volunteer friends and asked to be taught to shoot. They put a heavy service rifle into her hands, and laughed at her. But she was not to be laughed at. She glued herself to the range, and soon made some of the members of the rifle club—of which she was the only lady member—wonder at her skill. Later she went to Bisley.

That was at last summer's great meeting, and there Miss Florence Lewis—that is the girl's name—became the centre of interest in the camp.

It was an unwonted thing to see a pretty blue-eyed girl lying on a firing mat and scoring "bulls" and "inners." All the men came to see her, and she was called the "lady shot."

From her shooting Miss Lewis clutched that she has learned much. The handling of a loaded weapon, she says, gives her a sense of self-reliance, and has taught her discipline and patience.

With this new stock of patience she set to work on less congenial tasks. She blackened her white hands on grates, and roughened them in the wash-tub. She cooked, scoured, and darned.

Miss Lewis is not content with mastering all household work of the hard-

est kind. She means to be as useful as a "hired man" about the fields. So she is going down to a farm in Essex to work as an ordinary labourer. She will milk the cows, do dairy work, tend the sheep, and dig. The art of horsebreaking will be thrown in by way of a diversion.

"Tien," she says, laughingly, "when I am a good farm hand, I shall take my gun and be off to Canada in the spring. And I'll rough it with the best of them."

It will surprise most people, and perhaps amaze Americans, to be told that there is an American order of knighthood. But such is the fact. Washington created one, naming it the Order of Cincinnati, after the Roman patriot. It is hereditary; but, swamped in the tide of Republican so-called equality, it has fallen into abeyance. The only instance which we can find of its existence to-day is that of M. de Bouille, the well-known French statesman. When he was sent as Ambassador to the Court of Madrid he wore it among the many decorations that glittered upon his coat.

Speaking of heraldry in America, a writer in a current magazine calls attention to a fact which may be verified seven days in the week by a walk along Fifth Avenue; how among the passing carriages he noticed many which bore arms to which the owners had no right, while an equal number bore monograms where a crest or coat-of-arms might justly have been blazoned. He goes on to quote an anecdote told by Mr Crampton, who was once British Minister at Washington. It seems that he imported a brougham from England, and on visiting a carriage-builder some time later found a miscellaneous collection of vehicles ornamented with his own arms. On making inquiries he learned that several citizens who "liked" the pattern had had it copied.

The grey tree whispered, soft and low—
"Would ye not have me ever so?
Do yet not see in my branches shorn
The hope of life to the newly born?
Do yet not feel in the winter mist
The breath of Remembrance by sorrow
kissed?
When the sun is ended, and all things
cease,
Shall ye not covet my gentle peace?"

—"A Song of Winter," by Mark Hyam, in "Fall Mail Magazine."

What is the lowest sum for which a passage round the world can be secured? Here is a guide, culled from Mr Morley Roberts' latest work, "A Tramp's Notebook," for the man who wants to go

round the world "on the cheap," and who does not object to "roughing it," says a London paper.

"He can cut the Atlantic journey to £3, and learn some things he never knew while doing it. I can put any one up to crossing America for £15 at any time. But if he spends £20, he can see Niagara, the work of God, and Chicago, the chief d'oeuvre of the devil. The Pacific can be done for £20 steerage; and he can stay in Australia a month for £10 and a year for £20 if he knows what I know. The steerage fare Home is £16.

"I fancy it would be the best investment that any young fellow could make. He would learn more of what life is than the world of London would teach him in the ordinary grooves in ten years."

This totals £84. Armed with this guide, a newspaper representative visited Messrs Cook and Sons. An official glanced at it, smiled triumphantly, made a few lightning calculations, and then remarked:

"As far as travelling expenses alone are concerned, we could send a man round the world for £47 4/8. He would go from London to Southampton, third class; thence to New York, on the new steerage rates; rail to San Francisco; go by steamer to Sydney, and on, with 'open' berth accommodation (men only) to London. This fare includes Niagara, and the passenger would enjoy the luxury of travelling first class from New York to San Francisco. A really luxurious trip round the globe would cost exactly £187 18/. This would include a £60 berth across the Atlantic, and the very best accommodation on the trains; and would enable the passenger to visit Japan, China, India, and Egypt, returning by way of Naples, Rome, Turin, and Paris to London."

This month a select party will set out to make a trip round the world under Cook's wing. They will be away six months, and the tour will cost each passenger £100. This sum is inclusive of every possible expense of living. The £400 tourist can eat the very best dinner at Cairo or Calcutta, without a thought of even tipping the waiter. Cabmen and "donkey-boys," railway porters, and guides have no terrors for these lucky tourists. Cook's take all burdens from their shoulders.

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