

In her "Colonial Memories" Lady Broome describes General (then Colonel) Charles George Gordon, of Chinese and Khartoum fame. She says:—"It is impossible to convey in words any idea of the singular charm of Gordon's conversation. Not in the least egotistical, his vivid narratives were the most thrillingly interesting it has ever been my good fortune to listen to. Every word he said, for all its picturesqueness, bore the stamp of reality, and the scenes he described at once stood out before your eyes. A question now and then was all that was needed to sustain the delightful flow of talk. He never uttered a word which could be called 'cant' nor did he bring his religious opinions into prominence. One gathered from his utterances that he was more deeply imbued with the 'enthusiasm of humanity' than with any dogma. His eyes were the most remarkable part of his face, and I cannot imagine anyone who has ever seen him forgetting their wonderful beauty. It was not merely that they were of a crystal clearness, and as blue as a summer sky, but the expression was different from that of any other human eye I have ever seen. In the first place, instead of the trained, conventional glance with which we habitually regard each other, and which, certainly at first, tells you nothing whatever of your new acquaintance's character or inner nature, Gordon's beautiful, noble soul looked straight at you, directly from out of these clear eyes. They revealed him at once as he was, and I am sure the secret of his extraordinary and almost instantaneous influence over his fellow-creatures lay in that glance. There was a sort of wistful tenderness in it for all its penetration, an extraordinary magnetic sympathy, and yet you felt its authority. The rest of his face was rugged, and I suppose, what would be called plain, but one never thought of anything beyond the soul shining out of those wonderful windows. To look at any other face after his was like looking at a lifeless mask."

The most embarrassing fact about our heroine is the necessity for describing them. While there are no limits to the number of novels, there are, unfortunately, to the human form divine. Let us first know, therefore, where we stand. With some difficulty we have collected the following formulae: Exhibit A.—To say that Gertrude was beautiful would give no indication of her extraordinary charm. There was an indelible something about the expression of her soft eyes that was not of this world. Her wonderful hair, that would have fallen several feet below the ground, if the ground were not in the way, was coiled in masses on her well-poised head. When she spoke, her voice—

Exhibit B.—Beryl, it is true, had a nose perfect in its classical lines. Her delicate, shell-like ears were like finely moulded marble. Her eyes were deep and lustrous, revealing depths of unknown power. But it was only when she smiled that we saw that about her we had never known before.

Exhibit C.—Janet's perfect figure was silhouetted against the dark eastern sky. There was a slight flush on her cheeks that gave to her face an almost maddening touch of piquancy. She was of medium height, and yet, somehow, this did not strike one at first. She might have been, for aught we could say, either shorter or taller.

Exhibit D.—Ruth stood, her hands clasped, gazing downward with drooping eyelashes, fully three-quarters of an inch long, to the marble terrace below. No one would have dreamed that this frail girl, so delicate, so ethereal, was capable of such passion. And yet her young form shook, until the whole house responded to her convulsive sobs. Then, with a supreme effort, she conquered herself, and once again her face regained passive.

Exhibit E.—Ethel leaped lightly on her bronco. Her face was tanned with long exposure to the winds of heaven. With a merry peal of laughter she dug her spurs into his flank, and her golden hair flowing like a yellow stream, was off again before Jack had time to catch his breath.—Tom Masson in "Life."

The "American Review of Reviews" contains a sketch of George R. Cortelyou, the chairman of the National Committee which organised the campaign in Mr. Roosevelt's interest. Before his appointment he was regarded as inexperienced and an amateur, but he became master of the situation quietly but instantly. His most marked character-

istic is said to be complete mastery of self. From the day of his appointment to the day of election he devoted every waking hour to the active work of the campaign. He had no form of recreation, accepted no invitations, and allowed nothing to divert him. Above all things, Chairman Cortelyou insisted that the campaign should be conducted on a high plane, and that nothing be done by anybody connected with the committee which would not safely bear the light of day. He accomplished, probably, what has never before been accomplished in American politics—conducted a campaign for the Presidency without making a single pledge or promise to anybody as to the course of the administration either in regard to appointments to office or to carrying out a policy. No letter was written from headquarters by anybody connected with the committee which could not be published without embarrassment; no arrangement was entered into which would have brought discredit to the committee if it had been known. The campaign was so clean and straightforward that the opposition were baffled by that very circumstance. It was a situation so entirely different from any with which they were familiar that they were constantly suspecting combinations which were never even suggested, and for which there could have been no need. It was Chairman Cortelyou's determination that President Roosevelt's election should come to him without the smirch of a questionable transaction at any stage of the campaign. He succeeded far beyond what he dared to hope, and in doing so he has set a new mark for the conduct of national campaigns hereafter.

The menu of the last annual dinner of the Library Association of California is a curious, clever, and amusing document. Some of the books so cleverly brought in are not very well known in the colonies, but that does not spoil the point of a very smart piece of work. It was as follows:—

## CATALOGUE.

- Eastern oysters on the half-shell:  
"Children of the Sea."  
Sauterne:  
"In the Cheering-up Business."  
Mock turtle soup:  
"The Masquerader."  
Crab salad:  
"To-morrow's Tangle."  
Olives farcie:  
"Without the Pit."  
Salted almonds:  
"Salted with Vire."  
Celery en branche:  
"Stalky and Co."  
Bataliere of fine sole, sauce Remoulade:  
"Fisherman's Luck."  
Charet:  
"Rulers of Kings."  
Pommes Duchesse:  
"From the Man with the Hoe."  
Filet Mignon aux Champignons:  
"Strength of the Weak."  
Petit Pois:  
"Out of Due Season."  
Punch a l'Imperial:  
"Punch, Brothers! Punch with Care!"  
Roast spring chicken farcie au Cresson:  
"Paul Play."  
Haricot Verts:  
"No New Thing."  
Appollinaris:  
"Virginious Puerisque."  
Romaine salad:  
"What will he do with it?"  
Neapolitaine ice-cream:  
"Daughter of the Snows."  
Assorted cakes:  
"Many Inventions."  
Cheese and crackers:  
"How the Other Half Lives."  
Cafe Noir:  
"All's Well That Ends Well."

Perhaps General Staessel is more actively inhospitable than I am, and possibly General Kurapatkin shrinks from the duties of host with greater skill," said Pugsley with a self-congratulatory grin; "but I can boast some victories in that line myself. "You see," he continued, "my wife decided that it was up to us to have the family for Thanksgiving dinner this year. Did I oppose the appalling proposition? I did not. Did I comfort and encourage her in her nefarious scheme to introduce discord and strife into the bosom of my home. I did. What's the use of war when diplomacy will land a solar plexus?

"I aided and abetted her with the utmost enthusiasm and liberality. Did she think a fifteen-pound turkey would do, I insisted upon a thirty-pounder; did she calculate that two chickens would make enough salad, I decided that six were barely sufficient; did she figure on a gallon of ice cream, I wouldn't be content with less than double that quantity; and so on all through the menu. Wherever she proposed to spend a dollar, I immediately insisted upon spending at least two."

"Of course she knew all about my affairs, and I could see that she was getting uneasy and frightened as she saw how lavish and extravagant I was determined to be. So I promptly boosted my reckless prodigality several notches higher. Still she didn't back down. It was getting pretty near time to do the inviting, and I was desperate. If my strategy failed, all was lost."

"So I told her to run into the city and pick out fresh paper for the hall and dining-room. That pretty nearly brought her down, but still she wavered, probably on account of wanting them so badly. So I added that while she was at it she should get a new carpet for the parlour, and new set of dishes, and see the florist about sending some men out to decorate."

"That fetched her, though it was piffling to see that heroic woman's struggle between what she knew was her duty and her desires. But she knew that our mortgage was getting clamorous, and she told me so. I was firm. I told her that if we were going to do it at all, we couldn't let the family go away saying how shabby we were and what a failure I must be. That settled it, and we ate elsewhere."

"No, maybe I couldn't keep the Japs from calling at the palace in Port Arthur, or spending the winter with me in Harbin, but I can keep the invader out of my humble domicile all right."—*"Chicago Record."*

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been recommending the following list of books for boys: Most of Parkman's works, notably "Montcalm" and "Wolfe"; "The Old Regime in Canada," and "The Oregon Trail." The whole of Marryat, including "Mons. Violet" and "The Settlers in Canada." Herman Melville's "White Jacket" and "Moby Dick"—specially "Moby Dick." Keene's "Three Years of a Wanderer's Life," "Shipp's Memories," "Hakluyt's Voyages," "Nature and Sport in South Africa," by Brydon. "Annals of Rural Bengal," "Ross's Voyages," O. Trevelyan's "Competition Wallah," "Reminiscences of an Irish R.M.," Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," E. J. Glave's "Savage Africa," "Livingstone's Travels," "Mungo Park's Travels," Hudson's "Idle Days in Patagonia," "Story of an African Farm," Robinson's "British Fleet," "A Gun-room Ditty-box," by G. S. Bowles. "A Stretch Off the Land," by G. S. Bowles. "Our Sea Marks," by Edwards. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," "The Cruise of the Midge," "Tom Cringle's Log," all the "Rulers of India" series, "European Military Adventures of Hindostan," "Bakd-yad Abdullah," Arnold's "Light of Asia,"

"Hajji Baba," Lady Baker's "Christmas Cake in Four Quarters" (for juniors), Wallace's "Malay Archipelago," "Cook's Voyages," "Forty-one Years in India," Galton's "Art of Travel." This list does not meet with the approval of Mr. Harold Begbie, who thinks Mr. Kipling's literary diet savours too much of "swash-buckling," and he recommends the following list: "A Paradise of English Poetry" (Beeching), and "The Golden Treasury of Song." After these: "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "Peveril of the Peak," "Guy Mannering," "Waverley," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Westward Ho!" "Diamond," "Lavengro," "Romany Rye," "The Open Road" (E. V. Lucas), "Robinson Crusoe," "The Chronicles of Froissart," "The Chronicles of Jocelin of Breckland" (the King's Classics), Green's "History of the English People," "Avenish's 'Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey,'" "Trial and Death of Socrates" (Golden Treasury), Southey's "Life of Nelson," "A Book of Golden Deeds" (G.P.S.), Carlyle's "Past and Present," "Wesley's Journal" (P. J. Parker's abridged edition), Darwin's "Voyage of the 'Beagle,'" "The Life of Father Dolling," "The Cloister and the Hearth," Sabatier's "St. Francis," "J. G. Paton's Life," "Livingstone's Journal," Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," Morris' "News From Nowhere," Morley's "Cromwell," and "John Inglesant."

In "T.P.'s Weekly" the question of the authorship of the verses "The Devil's Thoughts" has been raised. The poem appeared in the "Morning Post" in 1799, and was claimed as a joint production by Coleridge and Southey. It is published in most editions of Coleridge, who wrote in a footnote: "The first three stanzas, which are worth all the rest, and the ninth were dictated by Mr. Southey." The three stanzas are as follows:

From his brimstone bed at break of day  
A walking the Devil is gone,  
To visit his snug little farm the Earth,  
And see how his stock goes on.

Over the hill and over the dale,  
And he went over the plait,  
And backward and forward he switched  
his long tail  
As a gentleman switches his cane.

And how then was the Devil dressed?  
Oh! he was in his Sunday best;  
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,  
And there was a hole where his tail came through.

The sixth stanza contains an oft-quoted line:—

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,  
A cottage of gentility;  
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin  
Is the pride that swags humility.

The verses have been claimed on very slight evidence for Richard Porson, the famous Greek scholar, and the writer in "T. P.'s Weekly" says: "Several correspondents have sent me the following passage, without giving its source: 'One evening at the house of the late

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