

to hurry and get this finished before bedtime. Next Thursday I am going to an excursion to Cambridge. We are running rather short of water, and the rain looks as far off as ever. The three photos in last week's "Graphic" looked very nice, I think. All the blackberries are done now. The Jubilee Singers and Montgomery's Entertainment were both here during the same week. My sister went to both, but I only went to Montgomery's. Yesterday I went to a garden party in the church grounds. The band was supposed to play, but not half of them turned up. Towards evening, and in the morning, it is beginning to turn quite chilly. There is not a bit of news (there never is here), so I will close now, with love to all the other cousins, not forgetting yourself.—From Cousin Ida, Te Aroha.

[Dear Cousin Ida.—You are beginning to write more regularly now than you used to, so perhaps in time, if you persevere, you will become one of my most regular correspondents. What is there at Cambridge on Thursday that there are excursion trains? It is such a pretty little place, I think, but I expect you have been there often before. I hope you will have a day as nice as this is for your trip. We have been having simply delightful weather, but it surely can't last much longer. I suppose you hope it won't, as you are getting short of water. I hadn't heard of the Montgomery Company, but, of course, the Jubilee Singers were performing in Auckland for some time, and they were very good indeed, I thought. What did you think of them?—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—Aren't we having perfect weather at present? I think today has been simply glorious; but it is far too hot to go for walks, don't you think? Were you at cricket yesterday, and the day before, Cousin Kate? Mother and I went across on Friday, but I didn't care for it very much, so

I spent Saturday at Remuera. I am anxiously looking forward to next Saturday, as I am awfully fond of sports, and hope they will have a day such as to-day. Will you be going, Cousin Kate? How nice to hear from Roin again; it seems ages since one of her letters was in print. It is dear little Gretchen's birthday to-day, and she is two years old. She is going down to Cambridge next month with her mother and baby brother, Jack, for a month or six weeks, so we will miss "dear little Gretchen" (as she calls herself). Will you excuse this short note, Cousin Kate, as I really have no more news, so will say good-night, with heaps of love to the cousins and yourself?—From Muriel J., Auckland.

N.B.—Will enclose a puzzle to make up for my short letter. Love.—M.G.J.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—We certainly are having a spell of most lovely weather, but I wonder how much longer it will last? We deserve it, I think, though, don't you, because we had absolutely no summer until after Christmas? It is too hot for walking in the early part of the day, but after five it is just right, only it gets dark so much earlier now. I went up to the cricket match on Saturday afternoon, but a very little time was long enough for me; it was very slow and uninteresting, I thought. I am looking forward to Saturday's sports too. There ought to be some good racing. I hope they will have a fine day too, and that a crowd will turn out. I don't suppose you can remember what the Amateur Athletic Sports were like a few years ago, when they used to have thousands of spectators; now hardly anyone goes at all. You will miss Gretchen very much I expect, but six weeks passes so quickly that she will be back almost before you notice that she has gone. Thank you very much indeed for the puzzles; I cannot make them out at all; I must just wait patiently until next week, when you will tell us the answers, I suppose.—Cousin Kate.]

Miss Betsy and Jemima.

ALL ABOUT AN ACCIDENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"Jemima, bring your brush and sweep out the entrance!" called Miss Betsy sharply. "Ah! when you've done that, fetch down your Sunday frock and let down the hem. It's nearly up to your knees again, and where in the world more stuff's coming from to make you another I don't know."

So Jemima got her broom and swept diligently where there seemed to her to be no need for sweeping, but she would never have thought of disobeying Miss Betsy, or questioning any of her orders. For Aunt Betsy had taken her and given her a home when none of her other relations would do so; and Jemima still had a vivid recollection of the day after her mother was buried, when the landlady had informed her that she would have to go to the workhouse, and then of the welcome arrival of the unknown aunt, who, for her mother's sake, had taken the forlorn little child to her own comfortable home, and she felt correspondingly grateful.

That was six years ago, and since then things had gone from bad to worse at the little farm, and now the farm itself and everything on it was mortgaged up to the full value, and the mortgage was to take possession in March, and the furniture to be sold, and, unless something unexpected happened, she and Aunt Betsy would be homeless.

She had heard Aunt Betsy telling Mrs. Hutton so only yesterday, and later, when she was sitting at her work, Jemima had seen a tear or two falling upon it.

And to-day had come the auctioneer to arrange about the sale, and he had gone through all the rooms, taking notes of the furniture, even of Aunt Betsy's most cherished possessions—the secretary that had been her father's, and the beautiful tall chest of drawers with their bright brass handles that had been a wedding present to her mother—even the old silver teapot and spoons had been brought out and included in his list.

Perhaps it was no wonder if Aunt Betsy had resented it keenly, and had parted from him in no amiable frame of mind when he drove off in Tim Balne's dogcart to the station.

She had put away her brush and nearly ripped the hem of her dress when Miss Betsy called her again.

"Jemima, come here, and tell me what's coming over the hill."

Jemima went, and, shading her eyes with her hand, tried to make out the moving speck.

"Look's almost like Tim comin' back again," she said; "only 'tisn't like him to drive so slowly."

"Mr. Grantham ain't with him, is he?" her aunt asked anxiously.

"No, there's only one sitting in the trap. He's coming here," Jemima added. "He's turned into the lane."

They both walked to the bottom of the field to meet him, puzzled as to why Tim had come back.

"What have you come back for, Tim?" Miss Betsy called, as he turned the last corner.

"Had a accident!" Tim called back. "Captain, he slipped on a stone goin' down Pye Hill, an' down he come, and out we goes. I doubt he'm pretty bad."

And he jerked his head towards the back of the trap.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Betsy. "An' what ever made you bring him back here, Tim, I'd like to know?"

"Couldn't take 'un nowhere else!" observed Tim laconically. "Tis five miles fur doctur. Leg's broken, I reckon."

Miss Betsy came round to the back of the trap and looked at the man lying there unconscious.

"Run, Jemima," she said, "and bring the little ironing-board. We can shift him on to that and carry him upstairs easier than we can lift him."

So the ironing-board, covered with blankets, was brought, and the invalid, still unconscious, placed upon it and carried up to the best bedroom, while Miss Betsy and Jemima busied themselves in trying to revive him, and getting things ready for the doctor.

"You'll have him on your hands for six weeks at least," was the doctor's verdict, when, later, the leg was set,

and Miss Betsy and Jemima looked at one another in dismay. They did not at all relish the prospect.

"And to think that I, who never could abide men, should have this come upon me!" Miss Betsy said tearfully, after the doctor had gone.

"Never mind, auntie," Jemima said soothingly, "I'll help you all I can, and if we look after him very well, perhaps it won't take so long."

But the looking after wasn't easy work at all, especially at first. Surely never had there been a more capricious and fretful invalid, but Jemima, determined to be as good as her word, was untiring in her devotion, and Miss Betsy, though she spoke sharply enough at times, proved a most capable nurse, and as, by the patient's order, everything necessary was sent out by the doctor from Lethbury, there was no difficulty in catering for him.

"Will you be very glad when I've gone?" he asked Jemima, at the end of the fifth week.

And Jemima smiled brightly. "No, I shall be sorry, and I'm sure auntie'll miss you," she said.

For Jemima was getting quite fond of her patient.

"Miss no, but not want me, I expect," he said grimly. "Ah, well, little nurse, I'm a lonely old man, and we can't all expect to be wanted, can we?"

He looked so sad as he said it that from that moment Jemima redoubled her attentions, and tried to show him by every means in her power how pleased she was to do anything for him, and that she, at any rate, wanted him; for Jemima was a kindly little soul.

The doctor came to fetch him the day he left, and Miss Betsy and Jemima stood on the steps and waved their handkerchiefs at intervals until the carriage disappeared over the hill.

"I declare, it feels sort of lonely without him!" Miss Betsy exclaimed, as they sat down to tea later. "Though he didn't even so much as say 'Thank you' when he went! 'Tisn't what I call gratitude, seeing what we done for him!"

But a week later Miss Betsy changed her mind. For on that morning a legal-looking blue envelope arrived by post, and inside were her mortgage deed cancelled. Nothing besides, but a slip of paper, on which was written, "In grateful remembrance of kindness received."

And when Miss Betsy realised that her farm and stock really belonged to her once more, she threw her apron over her head and burst into tears, quite alarming Jemima, who begged and entreated her to tell her what was the matter.

But when the mystery was explained she and Jemima laughed and cried together, and between them wrote such a grateful letter that it brought tears to Mr. Grantham's eyes.

And at Christmas he came again, not on business, nor as an invalid, but as a welcome visitor, at Miss Betsy's special invitation. "And I hope we may often have the pleasure of seeing you here again," she said, when he went. "And I've no doubt you will." Mr. Grantham answered, "Now that I've found out what nice people you and Jemima are to stay with, I shall be popping in on you at all sorts of inconvenient times, until at last you'll probably refuse to have me any more."

And Jemima and Miss Betsy laughed. They didn't either of them think that very likely, and they said so.

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