

# The New Zealand Graphic

## and Ladies' Journal

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### THE TWINS

MRS. NEW ZEALAND: Lawks! They're getting too big for me to look after, I'm afraid. Whoever'd thought they were going to outgrow their dear little selves like this; and Uni was such a dear little baby.

# PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

## Crack Pigeon Shot.

Mr. T. Parker, of Napier, Hawke's Bay, whose portrait we give this week, has a remarkably good record as a pigeon shot for the season 1904-5. He



MR. F. PARKER,  
of Napier, champion pigeon shot in New Zealand.

uses a Hollis gun and Amuberite cartridges. A glance through the following list will give some idea of his calibre:

Waipukurau Open Handicap, Easter, 1904 (30 yards).—Killed 20 out of possible 20, 19th and 20th just falling dead

a few feet outside 40 yards boundary. Killed the first 18 with first barrel.

Building Match, Open Handicap, King's Birthday, 1904 (29 yards).—Killed 20 out of possible 20, 11th bird just falling outside 40 yards boundary. Killed 17 with first barrel.

Hawke's Bay Open Handicap, 19th June, 1905 (30 yards).—Killed 15 out of possible 15, 12th bird just falling outside 40 yards boundary. Killed 12 with first barrel.

Won N.Z. Championship Meeting, 20th June, 1905 (28 yards).—Killed 24 out of possible 25, one getting right away and another falling outside 60 yards boundary. Killed 18 with first barrel.

In the above four matches it will be noted that 79 birds fell out of a possible 80. Only one got right away, but five dropped dead outside the boundaries. The second barrel was only used fifteen times, sixty-five falling to the first barrel.

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## Mark Hambourg.

Am I, then, among the veterans that I should be asked to tell you about my youthful days (writes Mark Hambourg, the famous pianist, in the "Days of My Youth" series in "M.A.P.") Well, well, on reflection, I find I cannot deny the by no means soft impeachment. When I came to England in 1890 as a "prodigy" I used successfully to levy a tax of a pound of sweets on every kiss I gave to the ladies in my audiences. Now, alas! this sweet source of sticky revenue has dried up, and the tax is just the other way about—indisputable proof that I am no longer young.

On June 1, 1879, I was born at Bogut-



A VETERAN OF THE AUCKLAND STOCK EXCHANGE—  
"TEDDIE" WOOD.



THE LATE MR. JOHN HAY,

United States Secretary of State, who died a few days ago at the comparatively early age of 67. He was one of the most distinguished statesmen in America.

char, in the province of Veronez, where Peter the Great built his ships. Although I am a Russian by birth and parentage, my name, as people have remarked to me, is far more German than Russian. But it must be remembered that there is a strong German element in Russia, dating back to the reign of Peter the Great. Peter, realising that the country needed new blood, invited foreigners to come to settle in it, and the Germans were the first and practically the only race to take advantage of the offer. It is a curious fact that these settlers, although they made themselves at home, never learned Russian, and to this day there is a big district on the Volga where the only language spoken is the German of 200 years ago. From one of these emigrants, then, we are descended.

My father was director of music at the local conservatoire, and so from the very first I breathed a musical atmosphere. This, of course, had much to do with my precocity, for atmosphere is everything to the development of an artist.

I am told by my father that my first musical efforts were made at the age of eighteen months. My nurse used to take me to hear the band in the gardens, and with my small fist I used to

follow the conductor beat for beat. After a time he took notice of me, and would try to put me out by superfluous flourishes, changing the time, and so on, but always, so I am told, I was able to follow him.

My next efforts at conducting were in the Conservatoire, of which I had the free run, but I do not remember that they were very successful. However, during these early years I was always playing and breathing in music. When I was about six years old my aunt, as a surprise for my father's birthday, got me to learn a rather difficult composition by heart, for naturally I could not read music then. The "surprise," indeed, surprised my father, and forthwith he took me under his tuition. Then it was I realised the difference between playing as play, and playing as work. I did not take at all kindly to the latter, and used to mangle shamefully, deliberately striking splinters into my hands to escape the hated practising. However, my father persevered patiently with me, and at last came a day when ambition awoke in my breast, and the drudgery was drudgery no more.

In 1888 my father was appointed Professor at the Moscow Conservatoire, of which the late Grand Duke Nicholas was president, and I continued my studies there. One night the students gave a grant concert, which was preceded by a dinner, to which I was invited. Everybody was very kind to me, and someone asked me to have a glass of champagne. I had no idea what champagne was, but I had some, liked



J. G. RITCHIE,

runner-up for the covered courts championship, 1904, playing back.

it, and, like Oliver Twist, asked for more, to everyone's amusement. Then came the concert. I had to play a Concerto by Field, and in the middle of it the champagne got into my head and drove out my memory. I could see the conductor shaking in his boots, for there was a very distinguished audience, but I retained sufficient presence of mind to improvise until the notes came back to me. After the concert the Grand Duke Nicholas was very kind to me. The highest rank my childish mind could conceive was that of "Excellency," and, to everybody's amusement, including the Grand Duke's, I kept addressing his Imperial Highness by that title. I remember the Grand Duke took me on his knee and asked what I would like to have as a present to commemorate the concert. "A railway train and rails, Excellency," I instantly replied, and next morning they duly arrived at our home.

Later on my father was advised to take me to England, and in 1890 I made my debut at Prince's Hall, now the well-known Prince's Restaurant. I knew no English, and when people, having somehow got hold of the idea that my name was Max, addressed me as such, I did not contradict them, thinking that it was their English way of pronouncing Mark, and so for long I was persistently described as "Max" Hambourg. About this time I made my first acquaintance with the interviewer. I remember a gentleman came to see me from the "Pall Mall Gazette." I had no English, he had no Russian. I endeavoured to talk to him by signs. He looked quite frightened, and afterwards wrote a very amusing account of my "extraordinary antics." After Prince's Hall I toured all over England. Then one day Dr. Richter heard me play, and strongly advised my father to send me to the great maestro Leschetizky at Vienna. I went, and had a rude awakening. I had been thoroughly spoiled in England, and thought I knew everything. Leschetizky very soon showed me that I knew

next to nothing. He was tremendously strict, and made one work desperately hard, but I have nothing except the kindest feelings for him, if at the time I often rebelled against his discipline. I have many anecdotes of the maestro. Let me see if I can remember one or two. He was a very quick-tempered man, and most impatient of stupidity. One day at our weekly concert a student, who, like myself, thought he knew everything, was playing a piece very much to his own satisfaction, when the maestro, without a word took him by the collar and flung him clean out of the room. It is only fair to that student to add that he is now a very distinguished and successful pianist. But Leschetizky had the kindest of hearts.

semi-crochet, it is a semi-crochet." And as a matter of fact when I came to look at the music it was a semi-crochet. At Vienna I had a delightful time meeting all sorts of distinguished people, among them Anton Rubinstein, who was most kind and flattering to me. I studied under Leschetizky for three happy years, and then in 1895 I made my debut as a "grown-up" at Vienna, playing Chopin's Concerto in E Minor. Dr. Richter being the conductor.

Since then I have been three times round the world, and have visited pretty well every civilised country under the sun, except India and South Africa, and I have visited some uncivilised lands too. I remember playing before the ex-Queen of the Sandwich



A. W. GORE RECEIVING.

	£	s.	d.
To one pair of kid gloves split and completely destroyed in applauding			
One fan broken in applauding on the same occasion	0	3	0
One pair of French heels kicked off in helping to insist on an encore	0	8	0
One parasol broken in the same endeavour	0	4	0
The price of a chair broken in the excitement and enthusiasm caused by his playing	1	1	0

Total of damages for which the playing of Mr Mark Hambourg is responsible 2 6 0  
A cheque for the above will oblige.  
P.S.—Kisses will be accepted in payment.

I felt sorry I was not called upon to settle either in specie or kind.

Well, I do not think I have anything more to say. So far as possible I practise four or five hours a day, but travelling often makes that impossible. Some years ago I became a naturalised Englishman, partly from motives of expediency, for I find that when one travels as an Englishman one gets on very much better than as a Russian, especially in Russia. But I became an Englishman mainly from inclination, for I dearly love my adopted country and its people. Nothing makes me more angry than to hear it said the English are not a musical nation—a notion bred by jealousy out of ignorance.

For myself, I know that there is no audience I love better than an English one.



MAHONY,

the veteran Irish player, who was killed by falling from his bicycle last week. Mahony is serving under the old rule, one foot on the line.



MISS DOUGLAS,

lady champion, serving under the new rule. Observe the new position—well back from the line.



R. F. DOHERTY (in front) AND H. L. DOHERTY,

the two Englishmen who are the doubles champions of the world. H. L. Doherty holds the singles championship of the world.

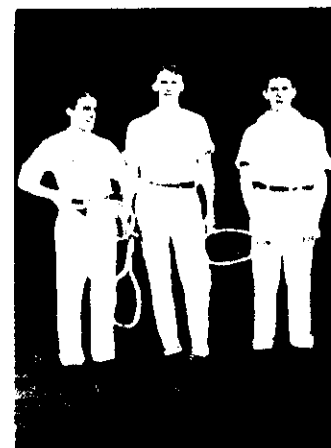
When I was leaving him he called me into his room and said, "Now, I have some money for you." I was astonished, for I could not think what he meant. "All the money you have paid to me," he continued, "I have put aside for you, so that when you made your start you should not be hampered by lack of means." However, as I had already secured an engagement, I did not need the money, so I did not take it, and the maestro characteristically gave it away to someone else. Then his memory! One day I was playing a fantasy. "Ah," said the maestro before I began. "It is 50 years since I played that." Before I had gone very far he stopped me. "You played a crotchet instead of a semi-crochet there." "But it is a crotchet," I protested. "A semi-crochet," he said angrily. "A crotchet," I retorted, for I, too, had a hot temper. "Look here," he said, fixing me with his eye, "understand this. When I say it is a

Islands, and being very much afraid that if I played badly I should be eaten up. In the course of my travels I have had many narrow escapes—two quite lately. I was touring in America at the time of the terrible floods there, and was on my way to St. Louis. The train I travelled in had just crossed a bridge over a raging torrent when the bridge collapsed. Only a few days afterwards I again escaped certain death. All my arrangements were made to go by a certain train when, much to my annoyance, unforeseen delay forced me to go by a later train. This saved my life, for the train I missed went over an embankment, and every passenger was lost. I think the most amusing incident that ever happened to me was the sending in of the following bill by a young lady in Sydney when I was touring in Australia. It is addressed to "The Great Virtuoso, Mr Mark Hambourg," and runs as follows:—



A. W. GORE,

winner of the championship of England, 1901, playing back hard volley.



THE AMERICAN TEAM THAT PLAYED AGAINST ENGLAND IN 1900.

H. W. and D. F. Davis (first and third reading left to right) are famous doubles players, and M. D. Whitman (in the centre) was U.S. champion from 1898-1900.

SOME FAMOUS LAWN TENNIS PLAYERS.

PORTRAITS WHICH HAVE A SPECIAL INTEREST IN VIEW OF THE ALL-ENGLAND LAWN TENNIS CHAMPION TOURNAMENT NOW IN PROGRESS AT HOME.

# BRIC - A - BRAC

SPECIMENS OF NEVERS WARE.

ALTHOUGH several attempts had from time to time been made in France to establish the art of making a ware similar to Italian majolica, it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that the manufacture of painted faience was commenced in good earnest under the patronage of the Duke Louis de Gonzaga. The seventeenth century witnessed the brilliant success of the Duke's scheme; fai-

on Italian majolica the ground is generally yellow and the figures blue. In the case of Nevers ware, too, the colours are not so intense, and the red or metallic lustre of the Italians was never employed, while the outlines are always in manganese violet and never in black or purple. The clay and glaze are particularly hard, the ware having been fired at a considerably higher temperature than was possible in the case of the majolica of Faenza and Savona.

Ambassador). Here is a little adventure of which he was the hero when he was journeying in Hertfordshire last summer. The chauffeur was driving. Mr Choate was sitting beside him, and Mrs Choate occupied a seat in the tonneau. I forget the name of the place to which the party was going, but they lost their bearings. No sign-posts were visible. The only indication of life was a disreputable-looking tramp sitting by the roadside some distance off, apparently oblivious to everything and everybody, as is the manner of his fraternity. "Let's ask the tramp," suggested Mr Choate to the driver; "perhaps he'll know the way." "I don't think so," replied the latter. "Tramps in the country invariably keep to the main roads and only know the way from one union to another." "Anyway, we'll ask him," said Mr Choate. The car pulled up. "Can you tell me the best road to —, my man?" said Mr Choate. "Yus!" said the tramp; "I'm going that way myself." The

a merry twinkle in his eye: "Get right alongside Mrs Choate." Mrs Choate, probably like the immortal parrot, thought a great deal, but she gathered her skirts together and made room for the tramp in the tonneau, where he lolled in luxurious ease until he was deposited at his destination.

## The Extravagant Sultan.

Turkey is one of the poorest countries in Europe, yet its ruler is one of the richest. His income stands third among ruling potentates. While his navy rusts into ruins, he is having built a yacht which is a miracle of beauty and art. All the principal rooms are panelled in the richest woods. The dining saloon is mahogany and amboyna; in the Sultan's cabin -atinwood



FIG. 1.—A PLATEAU.



FIG. 2.—A PILGRIM'S BOTTLE.

once making became the staple industry of the town of Nevers, and the place was noted for the production of beautiful pieces of pottery worthy to adorn the homes of the great and wealthy. Nevers has always been famous for the sand employed in the manufacture of pottery, and not only supplied the local potters, but was the principal source from which the factories of Lyons, Nantes, Rouen, Sinceny, and Lille obtained their sand.

The first pieces of Nevers ware were made about the year 1660, by an Italian named Scipion Gaubin, a native of Faenza. He did not carry on the work for long, and there are comparatively few specimens extant which belong to this period. The decorations consist of paintings representing mythological or Biblical incidents, and were copied from contemporary engravings. The Plateau shown in Fig. 1, and the Pilgrim's Bottle in Fig. 2, are examples of his style of decoration. The pieces of this period, in shape, manufacture, and decoration, are very similar to the majollicas of Faenza and Urbino, when those potteries were declining, but the painting is inferior owing to the absence of the special glaze employed by the Italians to impart additional brilliance to their colours. This ware has often been assigned to the Italian potteries, but after a little study several points of difference between Nevers ware and Italian majolica will be apparent.

On Nevers ware the figures are always painted yellow on a blue ground, whereas



FIG. 3.—AIGUIERE.



FIG. 4.—A VASE.

## Mr. Choate and the Tramps.

Mr Choate's love for motoring is well known, and perhaps explains his boyish exuberance of spirits (remarks a London paper) when the popular American

tramp indicated the road, and explained the turnings. Just as the car was about to move off, however, he, noting on their motto, "Nothing ask, nothing get," said: "Give a poor man a lift, sir." "By all means," said the U.S. representative at the Court of St. James' with

holds the principal place, and the imperial suite is all cedarwood. The imperial suite has been furnished by one of the greatest London firms in eighteenth century Renaissance style, and every appointment is as perfect as money and taste can render it.

# NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST RESORTS

WONDERFUL THERMAL SIGHTS. SUPERS SCENIC EXCURSION ROUTES. HEALTH-GIVING SPAS

## TE AROHA.

A beautifully situated health and holiday resort at the foot of Te Aroha Mountain, 116 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, Skin Diseases, and in disorders of the Urinary Organs, Liver and Spleen; also in ailments due to excess of acidity. Dr Kenny, Government Resident Medical Officer, may be consulted. Male and Female Attendants in charge of the Baths. Pleasant Recreation Grounds, Tennis Courts and Bowling Greens.

# ROTORUA.—THE WORLD'S SANATORIUM.

ROTORUA, on the shores of a beautiful lake, 915 feet above sea-level, is 171 miles south of Auckland. 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 ailments. The climate is healthy and equable. 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 scenery.

The Government Gardens cover 180 acres by the lake-side. Geysers, flower-beds and ornamental shrubberies, winding walks, lakelets covered with native water fowl. Afternoon tea, music. Tennis Courts, Croquet Lawns and Bowling Greens. Golf Links on Pukeroa Hill.

## 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 Neurosthenia, 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 abundant 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 numerous 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 of the whole of the body is immersed in hot mineral mud. These baths are especially useful in cases of stiff joints and localized 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 "glip" 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 Mafrey 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.

## ROTORUA 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 21/ 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 Bacteriologist, ARTHUR S. WOLLMAN, 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. The coach route passes the beautiful Lakes of Titikapi and Rotokohu, and terminates at the inland village of Wairoa, which was destroyed by the Tarawera eruption in 1886. Thence a Government of launch conveys visitors across Lake Tarawera. Another launch trip is made across Rotomahana to the most wonderful lake in the world, where the excursionists boat over boiling water. These visitors walk to the Waimangu Geyser. GOVERNMENT ACCOMMODATION HOUSE AT WAIMANGU.

## LAKE WAIKAREMOANA.

This beautiful lake, surrounded by lofty 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, thence coach to the lake. "Lake House," a large, comfortable, and well-equipped house, conducted by the Government, stands on the shores of Waikaremoana. Excellent trout fishing is to be had, and interesting excursions may be made on the lake and also to the lovely little hot-boarding lake of Waikare-iti. Oil launch and rowing boats.

MORUE may be visited from Wairoa. Hot Mineral Baths. Hotel accommodation available.

## HANMER HOT SPRINGS.

Government Spa at Hanmer (altitude 1,218 feet), one day by rail and coach from Christchurch. Exceptionally fine climate; clear, bright, and health-bringing. Government Accommodation House. Excellent hot mineral curative baths, public and private. Hot-air and douche baths. Massage. The waters are efficacious in cases of rheumatism, sciatica, gout, disorders of the stomach and liver, skin complaints, etc. Shooting and fishing in the neighbourhood.

## MT. COOK, SOUTHERN ALPS.

The Mt. Cook "Hermitage," Government Hotel, is situated in the heart of the grandest Alpine scenery, close to the terminal faces of several great glaciers. Three days from Christchurch or Dunedin by rail and coach. Government Hotel at Lake Pukaki en route. Splendid Alpine ascents and Glacier excursions. Carriages, horses, and all necessary equipment at the Hermitage. Mountain huts well stocked with food, blankets, etc., at the foot of the Ball Pass, and on the Maitai Brun Range, overlooking the Tasman Glacier, at elevations of 3,400 and 5,700 feet. Cook's Tourist Coupons accepted.

## LAKE WAKATIPU.

WAKATIPU, the most easily accessible of the great Southern Lakes, is one day's journey by train from Dunedin or Invercargill. Lofty mountains ranging up to 9,000 feet in height surround the Lake. Government steamers; enchanting water excursions. Numerous interesting land trips; Alpine ascents. Lakes Wanaka and Hawea are reached by coach from Queenstown (Wakatipu). Excellent Deer Stalking around Hawea. Hotel accommodation at Queenstown and elsewhere.

## OVERLAND TO MILFORD SOUND.

The most magnificent walking tour in the world. Train and coach to the loveliest of Lakes, Manapouri and Te Anau; foot track from the head of Lake Te Anau to the head of Milford Sound, through scenes of the wildest grandeur. The immense Canyon of the Clinton, McKinnon's Pass, and the triple leap of the Sutherland Falls (1,904 feet), the highest in the world, are features of the trip.

GLADE HOUSE, Government Accommodation House, at the head of Lake Te Anau, is the starting point of the walking tour (30 miles). Comfortable shelter huts en route to Milford, equipped with blankets, food, etc. Government Guides on the track; Government cooks at the huts. Accommodation House at the head of Milford. Oil launch and boats on the Sound.

## 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 inquiry at the Branch Offices, Auckland, Te Aroha, Rotorua, Wairoa (H.B.), Hanmer Hot Springs, Christchurch, Dunedin or Invercargill. Information is also supplied at the London Office of 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 Resort's Department.

The HON. SIR JOSEPH G. WARD, K.C.M.G.

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

Cable Address: "Maoriland."

Codes—ABC, 4th and 5th editions. Western Union and Lieber's.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

The girls got flowers: bluebells and white wood anemones. We might have had poppies or buttercups, but we thought the colours might be too loud. We took some books up for Mrs Bax to read in the night. And we took the

"Oh, won't you come inside?" asked Mrs Bax. "Do!"

"No, thank you," said Oswald in calm and mouse-like tones, and to avoid any more jaw he got at once on to the box with Pincher.

# The Lady and the License

THE WOULD-BEGOODS BEFORE THE BAR OF JUSTICE.

(By E. Nesbit.)

My Dear Kiddies.—Miss Samdell's married sister has just come home from Australia, and she feels very tired. No wonder, you will say, after such a long journey. So she is going to Lynchurch to rest. Now I want you all to be very quiet because when you are in your usual form, you aren't exactly restless, are you? If this weather lasts you will be able to be out most of the time, and when you are indoors, for goodness' sake control your lungs and your boots, especially H.O.'s. Mrs Bax has travelled about a good deal, and once was nearly eaten by cannibals. But I hope you won't bother her to tell you stories. She is coming on Saturday. I am glad to hear from Alice's letter that you enjoyed the Primrose Fete. Tell Noel that postlele is not the usual way of spelling the word he wants. I send you ten shillings for pocket money, and again implore you to let Mrs Bax have a little rest and peace.

Your loving FATHER.

P.S.—If you want anything sent down tell me, and I will get Mrs Bax to bring it. I met your friend Mr. Hod House the other day at luncheon.

WHEN the letter had been read aloud, and we had each read it to ourselves, a sad silence took place.

Dickie was the first to speak.

"It is rather hoarse-ly, I grant you," he said, "but it might be worse."

"I don't see how," said H.O. "I do wish Father would jolly well learn to leave my boots alone."

"It might be worse, I tell you," said Dickie. "Suppose instead of telling us to keep out-of-doors it had been the other way."

"Yes," said Alice, "suppose it had been, 'Poor Mrs Bax requires to be cheered up. Do not leave her side day or night. Take it in turns to make jokes for her, let not a moment pass without some merry jest!' Oh, yes, it might be much, much worse!"

"Being able to get out all day makes it all right about trying to make that two crows increase and multiply," remarked Oswald. "Now, who's going to

meet her at the station? Because, after all, it's her sister's house, and we've got to be polite to visitors even if we're in a house we aren't related to."

"This was seen to be so—but no one was keen on going to the station. At last Oswald, ever ready for forlorn hopes, consented to go.

We told Mrs Beale, and she got the best room ready, scrubbing everything till it smelt deliciously of wet wood and mottled soap. And then we decorated the room as well as we could.

"She'll want some pretty things," said Alice, "coming from the land of parrots and opossums and gum trees and things."

We did think of borrowing the stuff.



Only one lady got out of it, so Oswald knew it must be Mrs Bax.

of wild out that is in the bar at The Ship, but we decided that our decorations must be very quiet, and the wild one, even in its stuffed state, was anything but; so we borrowed a stuffed rouch in a glass box and stood it on the chest of drawers. It looked very calm. Sea shells are quiet things when they are vacant, and Mrs Beale let us have the four big ones off her chiffonier.

quietest ones we could find. Sonnets on Sleep, Confessions of an Opium Eater, Twilight of the Gods, Diary of a Dreamer and By Still Waters were some of them. The girls covered them with grey paper, because some of the bindings were rather gay.

The girls hemmed grey calico covers for the drawers and the dressing table, and we drew the blinds half-down; and when all was done the room looked as quiet as a roosting wood pigeon.

We put in a clock, but we did not wind it up.

"She can do that herself," said Dora, "if she feels she can bear to hear it ticking."



There was something almost awful about the sleek, quiet tidiness of the others.

Oswald went to the station to meet her. He rode on the box beside the driver. When the others saw him mount there I think they were sorry they had not been polite and gone to meet her themselves. Oswald had a jolly ride. He got to the station just as the train came in. Only one lady got out of it, so Oswald knew it must be Mrs Bax. If he had not been told how quiet she wanted to be he would have thought she looked rather jolly. She had short hair and gold spectacles. Her skirts were short, and she carried a parrot cage in her hand. It contained our parrot, and when we wrote to tell Father that it and Pincher were the only things we wanted sent we never thought she would have brought either.

"Mrs Bax, I believe," was the only break Oswald made in the polite silence that he took the parrot cage and her bag from her in.

"How do you do?" she said, very briskly for a tired lady, and Oswald thought it was noble of her to make the effort to smile. "Are you Oswald or Dickie?"

Oswald told her in one calm word which he was, and then Pincher rolled noddily out of a dog-box almost into his arms. Pincher would not be quiet. Of course, he did not understand the need for it. Oswald conversed with Pincher in low, restraining whispers as he led the way to The Ship's fly. He put the parrot cage on the inside seat of the carriage, held the door open for Mrs Bax with silent politeness, closed it as quietly as possible, and prepared to mount on the box.

So that Mrs Bax was perfectly quiet for the whole six miles, unless you count the rattle and shake-up-and-down of the fly. On the box Oswald and Pincher "tasted the sweets of a blissful reunion," like it says in novels. And the man from The Ship looked on and said how well-bred Pincher was. It was a happy drive.

There was something almost awful about the sleek, quiet tidiness of the others who were all standing in a row outside the cottage to welcome Mrs. Bax. They all said, "How do you do?" in hushed voices, and all looked as if butter would not melt in any of their young mouths. I never saw a more soothing-looking lot of kids.

She went to her room, and we did not see her again till tea-time.

Then, still exquisitely brushed and combed, we sat around the board in silence. We had left the tea-tray place for Mrs. Bax, of course. But she said to Dora:

"Wouldn't you like to pour out?"

And Dora replied in low, soft tones, "If you wish me to, Mrs. Bax. I usually do." And she did.

We passed each other bread and butter and jam and honey with silent courteousness, and of course we saw that she had enough to eat.

"Do you manage to amuse yourselves pretty well here?" she asked presently.

We said, "Yes, thank you," in hushed tones.

"What do you do?" she asked.

We did not wish to excite her by telling her what we did, so Dickie murmured:

"Nothing in particular;" and Alice said:

"All sorts of things."

"Tell me about them," said Mrs. Bax invitingly.

We replied by a deep silence. She sighed and passed her cup for more tea.

"Do you ever feel shy?" she asked suddenly. "I do, dreadfully, with new people."

We liked her for saying that, and Alice replied that she hoped she would not feel shy with us.

"I hope not," she said. "Do you know there was such a funny woman in the train? She had 17 different parcels, and she kept counting them, and one of them was a kitten, and it was always under the seat when she began to count, so she always got the number wrong."

We should have liked to hear about that kitten, especially what colour it was and how old, but Oswald felt that Mrs. Bax was only trying to talk for our sakes, so that we shouldn't feel shy, so he simply said: "Will you have some

more cake?" and nothing more was said about the kitten.

Mrs. Bax seemed very noble. She kept trying to talk to us about Pincher, and trains, and Australia, but we were determined she should be quiet, as she wished it so much, and we restrained our brimming curiosity about opussums up gum trees, and about emus and kangaroos and wattles, and only said "Yes" or "No," or, more often, nothing at all.

When tea was over we melted away, like snow-wreaths in Thawjean, and went out on the beach and had a yelling match. Our throats felt as though they were full of wool, from the bushed tones we had used in talking to Mrs. Bax. Oswald won the match.

Next day we kept carefully out of the way except for meals. Mrs. Bax tried talking again at breakfast-time, but we checked our wish to listen, and passed the pepper, salt, mustard, bread, toast, butter marmalade, and even the cayenne vinegar, and oil with such politeness that she gave up.

We took it in turn to watch the house and drive away the organ-grinders. We told them they must not play in front of that house because there was an Australian lady who had to be kept quiet. And they went at once. This cost us sixpence, because an organ-grinder will not fly the spot under twopence a flight.

We went to bed early. We were quite weary with being so calm and still. But we knew it was our duty, and we liked the feel of having done it.

The day after was the day Jake Leg got hurt. Jake is the man who drives about the country in a covered cart, with pins and needles and combs and frying-pans, and all the sort of things that farmers' wives are likely to want in a hurry and no shop for miles. I have always thought Jake is was a beautiful life. I should like to do it myself. Well, this particular day he had got his cart all ready to start, and had got his foot on the wheel to get up, when a motor car went by puffing and hooting. I always think motor cars seem so rude, somehow. And the horse was frightened, and no wonder. It shied, and poor Jake was thrown violently to the ground, and hurt so much that they had to send for the doctor. Of course we went and asked Mrs. Jake if we could do anything, such as take the cart out and sell the things to the farmers' wives.

But she thought not. It was after this that Dickie said: "Why shouldn't we get things of our own and go and sell them—with Bates' donkey?"

Oswald was thinking the same thing, but he wishes to be fair, so he owns that Dickie spoke first.

We all saw at once that the idea was a good one.

"Shall we dress up for it?" H.O. asked. We thought not. It is always good sport to dress up, but I have never heard of people selling things to farmers' wives in really beautiful disguises.

"We ought to go as shabby as we can," said Alice; "but somehow that always seems to come natural to your clothes when you've done a few interesting things in them. The clothes we wore at the fire look very poor, but deserving. What shall we buy to sell?"

"Pins, and needles, and tape, and bodkins," said Dora.

"Butter," said Noel; "it is terrible when there is no butter."

"Honey is nice," said H.O., "and so are sausages."

"Jake has ready-made shirts and corduroy trousers. I suppose a farmer's shirt and trousers may give at any moment," said Alice; "and if he can't get new ones he has to go to bed till they are mended."

Oswald thought tin tacks and glue and string must often be needed to mend barns and farm tools with if they broke suddenly. And Dickie said:

"I think the pictures of ladies hanging on to crosses in foaming seas are good. Jake told me he sold more of them than anything. I suppose people suddenly break the old ones, and home isn't home without a lady holding on to a cross."

We went to Munn's shop and we bought needles, and pins, and tapes, and bodkins, a pound of butter, a put of honey, and one of marmalade, tin tacks, string and glue. But we could not get any ladies with crosses, and the shirts and trousers were too expensive for us to dare to risk it. Instead we bought a hand-stall for eightpence, because how providential we should be to a farmer whose favourite horse had escaped and he had nothing to catch it with. And

three can-openers, in case of a distant farm subsisting entirely on canned things, and the only opener for miles lost down the well or something. We also bought several other thoughtful and far-sighted things.

That night at supper we told Mrs. Bax we wanted to go out for the day. She had hardly said anything that supper-time, and now she said:

"Where are you going? Teaching Sunday-school?"

As it was Monday we felt her poor brain was wandering, most likely for want of quiet. So Oswald said gently:

"No, we are not going to teach Sunday-school."

Mrs. Bax sighed. Then she said: "I am going out myself to-morrow for the day."

"I hope it will not tire you too much," said Dora with soft voice and cautious politeness. "If you want anything bought we could do it for you with pleasure, and you could have a nice, quiet day at home."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Bax shortly, and we saw she would do what she chose whether it was really for her own good or not.



"What about pudding-strings? You can't button up puddings as if they were pillows."

She started before we did next morning and we were careful to be mouse-quiet till the Ship's fly which contained her was out of hearing. Then we had another yelling competition, and Noel won with that new shriek of his that is like a railway engine in distress; and then we went and fetched Bates' donkey and cart and packed our bundles in it and started, some riding and some running behind, and Oswald and Dickie on their bikes.

A few faint, distant traces of respectableness that being women had left to our clothes were soon covered up by the dust of the road, and by some of the ginger beer bursting through the violence of the cart, which had no springs.

The first farm we stopped at the woman really did want some pins, for though a very stupid person, she was making a pink blouse, and we said:

"Do have some tape! You never know when you may want it."

"I believe in buttons," she said. "No strings for me, thank you."

But when Oswald said, "What about pudding-strings? You can't button up puddings as if they were pillows!" she consented to listen to reason. But it was only twopence altogether.

But at the next place the woman said we were "mummickers," and told us to "get along, do." And she set her dog at us, but when Pincher sprang from the innermost recesses of the cart she called her dog off. But too late, for it and Pincher were locked in the barking, scuffling, growling embrace of deadly combat. When we had separated the dogs she went into her house and banged the door, and we went on through the green, flat marshes, among the butt-ropes and May-bushes.

"I wonder what she meant by 'mummickers,'" said H.O.

"She meant she saw our high-born airs through our shabby clothes," said Alice. "It's always happening, especially to

Princes. There's nothing so hard to conceal as a really high-bred air—"

"I've been thinking," said Dickie, "whether honesty wouldn't perhaps be the best policy. Not always, of course, but just this once. If people knew what we were doing it for they might be glad to help on the good work. What?"

So at the next farm, which was half-hidden by trees like the picture at the beginning of Sensible Susan, we tied the donkey to the gatepost and knocked at the door. It was opened by a man this time, and Dora said to him:

"We are honest traders. We are trying to sell these things to help a lady who is poor. If you buy some you will be helping, too. Wouldn't you like to do that? It is a good work, and you will be glad of it afterward when you come to think over the acts of your life."

"Upon my word-an'ner!" said the man, whose face was red and surrounded by a fringe of white whiskers; "if ever I see a walkin' tract 'ere it stands!"

"She doesn't mean to be tractish," said Oswald quickly; "it's only her way. But we really are trying to sell things to help a poor person; no humbug, sir."

treasures—needles, pins, tape, a photograph frame and the butter, rather soft by now, and the last of the can-openers, on a basket-lid, like the fish-man does with herrings, and whittings and plums, and apples. (You cannot sell fish in the country unless you sell fruit too. The author does not know why this is.)

The sun was shining, the sky was blue. There was no sign at all of the impending thunderbolt, not even when the door was opened. This was done by a woman.

She just looked at our basket-lid of things any one might have been proud to buy, and smiled. I saw her do it. Then she turned her traitorous head and called "Jim!" into the cottage.

A sleepy grunt rewarded her.

"Jim, I say," she repeated. "Come here directly this minute."

Next morning Jim appeared. He was Jim to her because she was his wife, I suppose—but to us he was the police, with his hair ruffled, from his hateful sofa-cushions, no doubt, and his tunic unbuttoned.

"What's up?" he said in a husky voice, as if he had been dreaming that he had a cold. "Can't a chap have a minute to himself to read the paper in?"

"You told me to," said the woman; "you said if any folks come to the door with things I was to call you, whether or no."

Even now we were blind to the disaster that was entangling us in the meshes of its trap. Alice said:

"We've sold a good deal, but we've some things left—very nice things. These crochet needles—"

But the Police, who had buttoned up his tunic in a hurry, said quite fiercely: "Let's have a look at your license."

"We didn't bring any," said Noel; "but if you will give us an order we'll bring you some to-morrow." He thought a "been" was a thing to sell that we ought to have thought of.

"None of your lip!" was the unexpected reply of the now plainly brutal constable. "Where's your license, I say?"

"We have a license for our dog, but Father's got it," said Oswald, always quick-witted. But not, this time, quite quick enough.

"Your hawk's license is what I want, as well you know, your young limb—your pedler's license, your license to sell things. You ain't 'alf so 'alf-witted as you want to make out."

"We haven't got a pedler's license," said Oswald. If we had been in a book the Police would have been touched to tears by Oswald's simple honesty. He would have said, "Noble boy!" and then gone on to say he had only asked the question to test our honour. But life is not really at all the same as books. I have noticed lots of differences. Instead of behaving like the book-Police, this shuck-headed Constable said: "Blowed if I wasn't certain of it! Well, my young blokes, you'll just come along o' me to Sir James. I've got orders to bring up the next case afore him."

"Case," said Dora. "Oh, don't! We didn't know we oughtn't to. We only wanted—"

"Ho, yes," said the Constable; "you can tell all that to the magistrate; and anything you say will be used against you."

"I'm sure it will," said Oswald. "Dora, don't lower yourself to speak to him. Come, we'll go home."

The Police was combing its hair with a half-toothless piece of comb, and we turned to go. But it was vain.

Ere any of our young and eager legs could climb into the cart the Police had seized the donkey's bridle. We could not desert our noble steed, and, besides, it wasn't really ours but Bates', and this made any hope of flight quite a forlorn one. For better for worse, we have to go with the donkey.

"Don't cry, for goodness' sake," said Oswald, in stern undertones. "Bite your lips. Take long breaths. Don't let him see we mind. This beast's only the village Police. Sir James will be a gentleman. He'll understand. Don't disgrace the house of Bustable. Look here. Fall into line no, Indim file will be best—there are so few of us. Alice, if you snivel I'll never say you ought to have been a boy again. H. O., shut your mouth. No one's going to hurt you; you're too young."

"I am trying," said Alice, gasping.

"Noel," Oswald went on, now, as so often, showing the brilliant qualities of

Alice had spread out a few choice

# The Man Who Paid

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson  
Author of "The Barn Stormers," Etc.

## CHAPTER XVIII. THE DARK HOUR.

If she could, the girl would have forced Stainforth into going on with the marriage as if nothing had happened, and he were in no danger. She made her arguments selfish ones, since instinct told her that in this way, and this alone, she could influence him. She told her lover that she would be ready to die of shame as well as grief if she were abandoned by him on her wedding day, that never would she recover from the humiliation; that if he loved her he would for her sake consent to let the wedding take place.

"Then, no matter what may come, we shall belong to each other," she said.

But Stainforth, albeit his soul was on the rack, resisted and was firm. She could not have for a bridegroom a man who at any moment might be taken from her, to prison, to be tried as a murderer, perhaps condemned. "Even if in the end I were acquitted, I should be no fit husband for you, for I should be branded for ever—" he began, but she cut him short and would not listen, and he did not insist. "Sufficient for the day was the evil thereof," and the evil of this day was black before his eyes. It was like a dark screen, hiding all the future; he could not look beyond.

It was given out that the marriage was put off because of the murder the night before, and the fact that the bridegroom would have to be called upon as the principal witness. Only the bride and her father knew the real truth of the postponement, unless the old deaf woman, who would be another witness, guessed. The bridesmaids (being perhaps more nearly concerned in the wedding than any others, after the contracting parties), agreed that, if they had been in Consuelo's place, they would have preferred to let the marriage go on, as "post-ponements were so unlucky." But they were not consulted, and had to bear their disappointment as best they could, as did all the guests invited.

Anthony Wyndham was in Lorne-mouth, the county town, where he had luckily been called professionally a week before the date fixed for the wedding; and he had not meant to see Lurlwin (and West Lurlwin again for many weeks; but when he received the news by telegram from a friend, who should have acted as Stainforth's best man, he started to return immediately, his mind in a turmoil. He bribed the guard to let him keep a compartment to himself, as the train was not crowded, but on getting out at Lurlwin, the first man he saw was the Earl of Wenwick, who had evidently been travelling down from London. Wyndham knew him slightly, and spoke.

"I'm afraid you are here on a sad business," he said.

"Yes," replied Lord Wenwick. "They have sent for me to identify the body of my sister-in-law, supposed to have been murdered here in an unaccountable way last night, after having been brought ashore from a wrecked yacht. But, of course, you have heard. I came immediately, without a moment's delay; yet I cannot credit the statement that the murdered woman is my sister-in-law. I have for some time believed her to be dead, and do believe so still. I am prepared to find that this is a case of mistaken identity.

"Very possible," said Wyndham. He could not well discuss the subject in all its bearings with Lord Wenwick, but he knew that the vicar, when living in the eye of the world as Lord Stainforth, had been on very friendly terms with the late Lord Wenwick and his wife, and ought to have been able to recognise her. A policeman in plain clothes had come

to the station to meet the Earl of Wenwick, and take him to view the body of his sister-in-law, and after a moment's talk Wyndham turned away. He had not sent word that he was coming home, and there was no carriage for him at the station, but he could have chosen between two or three ancient and rusty "cories" had he wished. He preferred to go on foot, however; and strange thoughts flitted like night birds through his brain, as he walked along the cliff path, alone.

A marriage postponed is a marriage abandoned, three times out of five, he said to himself; and he would have been less a man of the world than he was, if he had not guessed, even with his slight knowledge of the affair, that Stainforth was likely to be suspected of the murder.

A vision of a court, with his rival in the dock, and himself on the bench, came to him, but he shut his eyes upon it, lest he should find himself revelling hatefully in the picture. Still, it would come back again and again. Each time it was more welcome; and something within him said that it would be poetic justice if, after all he had suffered, he, out of all the world, were obliged to condemn Stainforth to death.

He was consumed with anxiety to know what would happen in the next act of that drama in which he was at present only a passive figure. He longed to know what part he would be called upon to play by and bye; but meanwhile good taste commanded that he should suppress himself. He sat at home and waited for news.

When it came, it was exciting enough. Lord Wenwick had been convinced against his will that the dead woman was his sister-in-law; and the coroner's inquest gave to Lurlwin such a sensation as it had never known, even in the old days when the inhabitants made their living by smuggling.

Lord Wenwick's evidence had turned suspicion against the vicar, and the vicar's admissions had fastened it there. Lurlwin learned for the first time that "the parson" was the missing Earl of Stainforth, once much talked of in the gayest set in London. It learned of wild outg he had sowed; money he had spent, time he had wasted, and above all of the flirtation he had had before vanishing from the world which had known him. His entering the church was made to seem not an atonement for the mistakes of frivolous years, but a convenient cloak for unrepented sin. Lord Wenwick, recognising Vera in the murdered woman, sprang to the conclusion that she must have been killed by Stainforth; and his evidence was coloured, even unconsciously twisted, by his own conviction. He told at last how, on a certain day, Stainforth had called upon him in London, for the first time in years, to ask for news of the nun in the French convent, and how he had been unable to conceal relief on hearing of her supposed death. There were those present who knew that, on the date mentioned by Lord Wenwick, or no later than 24 hours afterwards, the Rev. Lancelot Churchill's engagement to Consuelo Vail had been announced.

All this built up a strong foundation of suspicion against him, the corner stone being circumstantial evidence; and Mrs. Brodrigg's testimony added numerous other stones. She liked Mr. Churchill better than she liked most people, but she had resented his flouting of her well meant advice, and besides, as she herself would have said, she was bound to answer questions when put upon oath. How large a part her pride in being the observed of all observers played in this conscientious obedience to

duty she herself would have been the last to define.

Be that as it might, she recalled her sensations on being "hustled," as she expressed it, out of the room with the stranger in it, to that where Andrew Garth lay dying, and bidden to remain there. She described what she had brokenly heard afterwards, as "certainly a quarrel," and was of opinion that in spite of her deafness she must have known if anyone had entered the cottage between Mr. Churchill's going out and coming back.

Consuelo, called and sworn, confessed that she knew of Stainforth's acquaintance with the Wenwicks in the past, and that Lady Wenwick disliked her. She was obliged to admit, too, that she had been sent out of Andrew Garth's cottage somewhat abruptly on the night of the wreck, and she believed that Stainforth had not wished her to learn the identity of the rescued woman.

Even Stainforth's own statements told against him, and the news which came to Anthony Wyndham's ears was that the coroner's jury had found Lancelot Churchill, Earl of Stainforth, late vicar of Lurlwin, guilty of murder. This meant that he would be tried at Lorne-mouth at the next assizes, and that the vision Anthony Wyndham had seen would be realised. The man who had

stolen the woman he loved would be at his mercy, for, as he told himself, he would be the judge to try the case.

There was no reason why he should shrink this duty, he thought, striving to review the matter in his mind with calmness. His opinion was yet to be formed; rival of Stainforth as he was, he had not prejudged him. Whether the man were innocent or guilty would have to be proved to the Judge's satisfaction, before he charged the jury, just as it would have to be in the case of a stranger of whom he knew nothing. He was too sore still against Stainforth to pity him. The desire to crush, even as he had been crushed, lay cold and heavy as an iron bar upon his soul. He was glad that this awful blow had fallen upon Stainforth, and he could have cried out aloud that it had fallen on just this one day of all other days—the day which might have made Stainforth the husband of Consuelo Vail.

To Consuelo herself it was like a dreadful dream. She could not make it seem true. To wake in the morning after a few hours of troubled sleep was to suffer unbearably; always the same sick searching after the cause of the dull pain, partly forgotten in the night; the same stab of realisation; the same fierce rebellion against the pain

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and the injustice; the same mad fear of the end; the same passionate longing to do something—anything—which might help.

Never for an instant did the girl believe that Stainforth had killed Vera Wenwick. She could understand that he had been tempted, but she was certain that he would never have yielded. Yet the police made no new discoveries, the private detective when she engaged at her own expense found out nothing which could throw light upon the mystery.

There were those who said it was no mystery; that the whole affair was simple enough, and that there was no doubt Stainforth had been goaded by the woman's taunts or threats into stabbing her at last. He would be condemned and hanged, and there would be an end of the tragic story. And Consuelo knew there were people who were saying this, and the knowledge gnawed at her heart like some corroding acid.

At first she hoped that the real murderer would be found, or traces of him; but no stranger had been seen at Lurwin Cove or West Lurwin on the night of the murder, except the woman and the half-drowned sailors of the yacht, and by and bye there was nothing to hope for except that when the trial came Stainforth's character might shine so clear out of darkness that the verdict would be favourable.

The blow to Consuelo, falling on her wedding day, was also a blow to her father, and he had not the youthful power of physical recuperation. For a time before the date fixed for the marriage he had seemed stronger and brighter, but, gently as the truth was broken to him, he did not recover from the shock. For a few days he was completely prostrated, rallied a little later, and then, just as Consuelo began to feel somewhat more hopeful for him, suffered a paralytic stroke.

It seemed that the girl was to be spared nothing; but at least she had no time to brood on her sorrow, or to think of herself at all; her father was conscious, though bound hand and foot by the awful malady; and his eyes showed his pleasure in her presence, his reluctance to let her go. Consequently she scarcely left his side, except for the little sleep which she could not live without; and so weeks wore on, moving slowly, dreamily, like a grey procession of ghosts.

Many times Anthony Wyndham called to inquire for his old friend, but he never saw Consuelo; he could guess something of what her feelings might be towards him, and understood that the sight of him might be almost repugnant to her. She knew that he had loved her for years, and that he must hate the man who had taken her from him. She knew that by a strange whim of fate it would fall to his lot to try Stainforth for the crime of murder, and Wyndham had delicacy enough never to attempt to force himself upon the girl. He was not sure even that he wished to see her. Perhaps, he thought, she might trade on her sex to try and work upon his feelings in some way, and a useless scene of that sort would be unpleasant for both to remember afterwards in years to come—the years in which, he felt vaguely, lay his only hope with her, if hope there could be anywhere.

Six months past, and they did not meet, but a few weeks after Christmas, Pelham Vail died, and Anthony Wyndham, who was at his house in Lorne-mouth, came to the funeral. He felt afterwards that he could not go away leaving the girl so utterly alone as she would be now, without making some definite show of sympathy, perhaps some offer of help; he sent a line to her, therefore, carefully worded, begging that she would speak with him, if only for a moment, and half to his surprise she consented.

There was in his heart an aching home-sickness for the old times—the sweet, old times when he had believed that he would win her—as he was taken into the girl's own sitting-room to wait. At first glance it seemed to him that everything was unchanged; but a second, longer look showed him that the brightness of the room was gone, just as it was gone from Consuelo's life. Once there had been fresh flowers everywhere, even in winter; now there was not a blossom, and there was a certain stiffness in the arrangement of the furniture and little ornaments which told him that the care of everything was left to the servants. On Consuelo's writing desk stood a silver photograph frame, which had not been there when Wyndham had known the room, and he left the hearthrug where he had been standing to go and glance at it. With a faint pang of the old jealousy, he saw that it was an amateur snapshot of Stainforth, evidently treasured by Consuelo, perhaps taken by her. He stood staring gloomily at the handsome face, which (he told himself in bitterness) would never have come into Consuelo's life, after the first meeting in London, if it had not been for his blind foolishness; and so it was that Consuelo found him, as she came quietly into the room.

As Wyndham turned and saw her, pale and slender, and childish looking in her deep mourning, all his preconceived ideas, all remembrances of the distance she had put between them, were swept away in a bewildering instant. "My poor little girl!" he exclaimed. "My poor little girl!"

No tears fell from Consuelo's weary eyes. She had passed that stage long ago, but her lips quivered slightly. It seemed to Wyndham that she had never been so sweet, so altogether desirable. Pity intensified his love. Himself cried to himself that he must have her for his own; he must be able to comfort and cherish her; he could not wait patiently for the years to roll on, and then perhaps have her snatched from him in the end. He had meant to talk to her reasonably, to sympathise, to offer help, but he lost his head as if he had been twenty instead of past forty, and something inside him, over which he had no control, suddenly seemed to gain the mastery.

"My darling!" he faltered. "I worship you. You are all alone in the world, and unhappy. Come to me; let me make you forget everything except my love." "Don't!" she exclaimed, putting him away from her, with both little cold hands. "This is no time to talk of love."

"I know," he said humbly, "it would not be the right time in ordinary circumstances. But I spoke, before I thought, because I couldn't help it; I was carried away, and as it's too late to go back, I must go on. Besides, our circumstances are not ordinary. Once, your father wished me to be your husband. If he could have spoken during these long months of his illness—"

"He would have bidden me be faithful," Consuelo broke in.

"How, faithful?" Wyndham echoed. "Where is your faith due? You can never marry Stainforth—or Chutehill—if you wish me to call him so."

Consuelo threw up her head. "Why not?" she asked.

"Because," Wyndham answered on a brutal impulse, "because convicted murderers cannot marry."

The girl's eyes pierced him. "He is not convicted yet. How dare you— you, of all others on earth—speak as if the case were already decided against him?"

Wyndham realised his mistake, but it only made him sullen.

"I used the wrong word," he apologised. "I should have said suspected, not convicted. But whatever happens, you and he are parted."

"Only death can part us, and not that really," Consuelo answered. Then, her face changing: "And you, who come here and speak to me of love before my father has been a day in his grave, can send him to his death, if you choose."

It was on Wyndham's tongue to protest, in honest indignation, but he stopped, and forced back the words, while he thought quickly. "You believe me capable of charging against Stainforth, I suppose," he said at last, "and forcing a conviction from the jury, whether they would otherwise have given a verdict against him or not. Well, all I can say is, that you think more meanly of me than I thought of myself, until a moment ago."

"Until a moment ago?" Consuelo

echoed questioningly, startled by his tone.

"Yes. I would have said—until then—that my rival (Stainforth is that, even in his cell) need expect nothing but fair dealing from me, as if I were a stranger. But now, if I say differently, it is your fault, Consuelo. I ask myself, since you believe me base, and I have everything to gain and nothing to lose by being base, why shouldn't I step down to the level on which you've placed me? By heaven, I will do it. I will do my best to send Stainforth to the scaffold, where I am convinced he ought to go, unless you will marry me before the trial comes on."

"Anthony Wyndham!" gasped the girl. "Do you know what you are saying? If my father were alive to hear you, he would not believe what his ears told him. You must be mad to make such a threat against Lance. Why, I've only to tell of it, to—"

"Who would believe you?" asked Wyndham. "No word has ever been breathed against my integrity. Who would listen to the hysterical fancies of a young girl, who would naturally stop at no accusation, if it were to save her lover? You would only do his interests a hundred times more harm than good, I assure you, by telling. But why not marry me and save him?"

"You could not save him," said Consuelo.

"It is true, I could not promise it; but a judge can do much with a jury. I tell you, I can come nearer to saving him than anyone else can, under Providence. You know—you must know—that even if he were acquitted, he couldn't marry you; he wouldn't be the man of honour that he used to be if he were willing to let you sacrifice yourself. If he escapes death, it will be because most of the evidence against him is circumstantial; there's the thing to dwell on with the jury; and at best, in the minds of his best friends, the doubt will always linger. Did he kill her, after all? You see he could not marry a girl like you with such a black cloud always over him. Therefore if you gave yourself to me, you would be throwing away no chance of happiness."

that could come to you otherwise. And with you as my wife, I would put my heart and soul into the work of saving Stainforth from the consequences of his own crime."

"He has committed no crime!" Consuelo exclaimed.

"The crime of which he stands accused. Oh, I may have made up my mind quickly in offering you this alternative, but I shall not change it. And you must choose. Is it to be death for Stainforth, or life?"

"Life—I choose life for him," she cried with shining eyes.

"Good. You are wise," said Wyndham. "He will owe you a debt of gratitude all the rest of his life. When we are married—"

"We will never be married."

"Did you not just say you would choose to save him?"

"I will save him, but not by marrying you."

"I swear to you, by the light of my experience, that there is no other way."

"And I swear to you, by the light of my inexperience, which means my faith that there is another way."

"What do you mean?"

"I refuse to tell you," she answered.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CASTLE OF CREVECOEUR.

The words that Consuelo Vail had spoken on the day when she first knew of Stainforth's love, were constantly in her ears now, like the sound of a distant bell: "Whatever happens, nothing can ever really part us now."

It was true; whether he were doomed to a long martyrdom in prison; whether they killed him, still they would not be parted in spirit, but after her talk with Anthony Wyndham, the girl realized far more sharply than before the awful blackness of the gulf on the brink of which Stainforth stood. Her anxiety for her father and her duty to him had for a time numbed her sense of Stainforth's great danger. It had seemed too bad to be true that justice should in the end miscarry; and she had clung to the hope that after a time of great suffering, he

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would be given back to her again; that then her love would atone to him, all the rest of their lives for the cruel past.

But Wyndham's words had come like a sudden fierce gust of wind, tearing apart the mists of illusion.

She had thought until then that she had done all she could to save her lover, and she had believed that, somehow, he would be saved, because there were some things which could not be allowed to happen. Now, however, she saw the truth clearly. There was little hope for Stainforth's acquittal. When the trial came on, many things must come out which—superficially viewed, seen only from one side, as they must be—would tell terribly against him. And there, there was Anthony Wyndham's threat.

Consuelo knew, were there but that one way of saving Stainforth, she would have married Wyndham, even though she must have despised the man to the end of her days, for taking her thus. But, as the flame of her anger against Wyndham rose, it kindled into life a desperate resolve. What skilled men, trained to their profession, had failed to do, she must do. She must find the real murderer of Lady Wenwick; and she must prove his guilt. There was no other duty, no other work for her in the world now, since her father was gone.

In the white heat of her enthusiasm it was nothing to Consuelo that detectives had undertaken the task in vain, and that she was only an inexperienced young girl. She would succeed; she must succeed, for failure would be worse than death.

There was not much time before her in which to accomplish her work, for in the spring Stainforth would be tried for his life. But meanwhile she was free to come and go as she would, and the resolution once shaped in her mind, she could not bear the thought of delay.

All that night, after seeing Anthony Wyndham, she lay awake thinking how she would begin, praying for some inspiration to guide her.

It was useless, she thought—at least at the first—to go over old ground at Lurwin, and she decided to make her start further afield. She would cross to France, visit the neighbourhood of the convent where Lady Wenwick had lived, and see what could be learned there.

True, the private detective she had herself engaged had gone to the place and discovered nothing which—in his opinion—had the remotest bearing on the case; but Consuelo could not believe that she would be thus thwarted. The man had worked merely for money, she would be working for love.

The girl had seen Stainforth only once since the coroner's inquest. He was awaiting his trial, in the gaol at Lormouth, and there she had been allowed to visit him one day, for a few moments. Now, she determined to go again, and plant a seed of hope before starting on her mission.

The morning after the funeral and Wyndham's visit, everything was settled. The house was closed, one old servant remaining in charge, and Hammond, the woman who had been housemaid and parlourmaid in one, preparing to travel with her mistress. Few people thought it strange that the girl, so sorely tried, should wish to go quietly abroad for rest and change. It would do her good, if anything could, her friends said; and no one guessed what was in her mind.

She went straight to Lormouth, and

after some small delay was able to obtain permission to see Stainforth. She was to be granted a bare half hour with him, and as of course a warder would be present, they could but look, not speak what was in their hearts; still, even such an interview would be better than nothing.

The grim bareness of the room in which they met scarcely shocked her now, for she had seen it before, and this time she saw only the man she loved, not the walls that shut him in.

For a long moment they gazed into each other's eyes, without a word. Then, keenly conscious of an unsympathetic presence, they talked almost formally of Consuelo's great bereavement, of her health, and Stainforth's health. But, when she told him that she was going to France, something of what the journey really meant was telegraphed subtly to Stainforth's comprehension.

"Don't go," he said. "I must," she answered. "Some day you will be glad."

"I can't bear to think of your wandering about the world alone."

"I shan't be alone. Hammond will take care of me. You remember poor Hammond? She is devoted to you."

"Dear—it will only mean disappointment. I would rather think of you at home."

"I've no home any more. Do you imagine I could rest? I think I should die if I stayed. Oh, believe me, you will be glad by and by."

Stainforth smiled at her, and said no more against her plan, which to him was infinitely pathetic. He understood from her eyes, her voice, what she hoped, and loved her the more for her great courage; but he saw her as a child, fighting impossibilities, and he would have spared her the bitterness of certain disappointment if he could. Still, she had cried impulsively, "I should die if I stayed," and so he would no longer try to persuade her. While she could work, and persuade herself that there was hope, she would not brood upon the horror which had become for him a constant companion, night and day.

Had it not been for Consuelo, he could have faced it more resignedly, but it was all but unbearable to think that his suffering meant her suffering; that not only would his fate break the girl's heart, kill her youth, but that for years she would be whispered at, pointed at, as that girl Vail who was married to Lord Stainforth, the man who murdered poor Lady Wenwick the night before the day fixed for his wedding.

He could scarcely remember now, how it felt to be "glad" of anything; but he smiled at Consuelo's eager prophecy, and would not say another word of discouragement. It was not his fault if his eyes were even sadder when he smiled.

"He doesn't believe that I can do anything," the girl told herself. "I wanted to give him some hope. But I see now that I must wait, and be patient."

They bade each other farewell, when the warder reminded Consuelo that the time allowed had come to an end, and the look on Stainforth's face, as his gaze followed her to the last, almost broke the girl's self-control. "It is as if he were saying good-bye to life," she thought.

Consuelo had expected to gain strength and courage from the sight of her lover, but her visit stole a little of both, rather than gave. Still, she would have died sooner than abandon her project.

She was on her way to London within

an hour after leaving Stainforth; and because she had a restless dread of losing even a moment, she went on to Paris the same night.

The Convent of Our Lady of Tears was in the neighbourhood of Tours. Consuelo had learned so much, since the murder; but everything else she had still to learn. The morning after arriving in Paris, she began her journey again, not conscious of any fatigue, and the same afternoon she was installed with her maid at a hotel in the town of Tours.

Fortunately for her plans she was in a part of France where pleasure pilgrims were many, even out of season, as it was at this time. The village of Roquebrune, on the outskirts of which stood the convent of Our Lady of Tears, was celebrated for an old castle, half ruined, half habitable. Much history had been made in this castle centuries ago, and it was part of the romance of the place that it still remained the property of the ancient family for whose sake it was famous.

These facts gave Consuelo an excuse to visit Roquebrune, without fear of being conspicuous as a foreigner. Few tourists stopped a night at the village, for it was easy to "do" the chateau and the convent church in an afternoon, and the one good inn of Roquebrune was more renowned for its luncheons than for its sleeping accommodation. However, there were persons of simple tastes who had been known to spend a week at the Fa-sun Dore, so Consuelo was told in answer to inquiries made in Tours, and she engaged rooms there for herself and her maid, for an indefinite period. Armed with camera and sketch book, she went out on the first morning after her arrival at Roquebrune, stopping here and there for a good view, and coming at last to the Church of the Convent, which was open to the public only at certain hours on week days.

Not far away, on the opposite side of the road, was a laiterie, and Consuelo paused to ask in her correct, but stilted, school-girl French, whether she could buy a glass of milk.

A pale, somewhat haggard woman of middle age assured her that she could. Consuelo bought the milk, drank it, and then inquired if she might leave her sketch book and camera in Madame's charge until she came back from her visit to the Church.

"I shall want another glass of milk then," she said, with the charming smile which was as sweet, though not as bright as it had once been.

"Mademoiselle has come a little early

to see the church," remarked the woman of the laiterie. "It will not be open for a quarter of an hour yet. It is never open till ten."

"Oh, then I will wait here, if you don't mind," said Consuelo, who had known very well at what time the church opened. "Shall I see any of the nuns when I go there?"

"No, mademoiselle, not in the church," replied the woman. "A lay sister will show you about, and if you offer her money for telling you the story of the stolen altar piece, and the other things, she will say it is for the poor. But you may meet some of the nuns in the village. It is not an enclosed order. They take out the young ladies of their pensionnat. Also they call themselves Sisters of Charity, and they profess to visit the sick or those in need."

"Why do you say, 'call themselves, and profess?' " echoed Consuelo. "Don't you love the nuns?"

"I am Protestant, and if I do not love them, neither do they love me," said the woman. "Sometimes I think we shall be obliged to move away. We are not encouraged here, and it is a great anxiety."

The girl sprang quickly to the conclusion that, as the woman was not in sympathy with the sisters of the convent, she would speak of them and their affairs more freely than if she were a Catholic. "I am sorry that you have trouble," she said.

"If you had gone to the church first, the lay sister would not have recommended you to come here. She would rather have sent you all the way back to the village for a glass of milk and an egg. Now you can understand why we do not get on."

"I do not want any change, thank you," said Consuelo, when the woman had counted out some small silver and pennies. "Keep it for your trouble in looking after my things. If I get a chance I shall tell people to come and drink some of your good fresh milk. The convent looks an interesting old building, all one can see of it among the trees over that high wall. Are the nuns all quite old, or are there some of them quite young?"

"Some are quite young."

"And pretty?"

"Not many are pretty, I think; but there have been one or two beautiful ones."

"Are they dead now?"

"One died, years ago; and they say the other is dead; but I do not know."

"What was she like?" asked Consuelo.

"Oh, she was like a marble statue,



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come alive. Mademoiselle, her features were so perfect. One could not see her hair, but she had wonderful eyes, dark blue or brown, no one could tell which, and beautiful eyebrows. We used often to notice her, my daughter and I. She was not in the convent long.

"Was it long ago that she died, then?" "No—it is not two years since we saw her go out for the last time. But she came here at first only to visit the nuns, and be in retreat. Then she decided to remain. She was a novice for a time; but at last she took the black veil, and became like the others. People say, years ago when she was a young girl, she was a demoiselle in the pensionnat which the sisters keep; but if that is true, it was before my day here. I only know she was so beautiful that my daughter and I used to say it was almost a crime to hide herself in a convent, when she looked worthy to be a queen."

"That is very interesting," said Consuelo. "I wish I could have seen her. But why are you not sure whether or no she is dead?"

"I am not sure, because one afternoon my daughter and I saw her go out, and we never saw her come back again. Next day, I remember well, the bells tolled as for a death, and Catholics who attend the convent church said afterwards that the beautiful sister had died very suddenly."

"She might have returned without your seeing her, I suppose," said Consuelo.

"She might, but I am not at all sure she did."

"Perhaps she was run over in the street, then, or died of heart disease."

"We should have heard of that. But of what happens inside the convent, we never hear, if the sisters do not choose to have the truth come out."

Consuelo shivered a little. "What

could have become of the beautiful nun if she did not die?" she went on.

"Our idea was, that she got tired of the convent life, and wished to escape," replied the woman. "We used often to say how miserably unhappy she looked. Beautiful as she was, she had the face of one who despaired. No, she was never intended by Nature for a convent, and it is ill going against Nature."

"She couldn't have disappeared, though," Consuelo argued. "Someone would have seen her."

"I am not so sure, mademoiselle. It is not so difficult to hide. And the river is near. Perhaps she drowned herself."

"How sad, if she did!" exclaimed the girl. "If not, though, are there places where she could have hidden? I should think that Catholics would not have liked to give a runaway nun shelter. But maybe there are other Protestants besides yourself in the neighbourhood."

The woman shrugged her shoulders. "Not too many, unfortunately for me. They say that the present Comte de Crevecoeur has become Protestant, but I do not know if it is true."

"Why, that is the name of the Chateau!" broke in Consuelo. "Does the Comte de Crevecoeur live there?"

"No, mademoiselle," said the woman. "He only comes sometimes—or, rather, he did come until about a year or two ago. It must be as long as that since we have seen him here at Roquebrune. The chateau is hardly fit for a handsome gargon like the Comte to be comfortable in, but they do say the admission fees which the public pay to see the old chateau make up his principal income. It is a pity, for he is one of the handsomest young men you ever set eyes upon, and you would admire him, being a foreigner, for he is half English; no, not that; it was from Ireland that his mother came. But that is all the same, isn't it, Mademoiselle?"

"Not all the people of Ireland think so," said Consuelo, smiling a little. "I wonder if the handsome Comte de Crevecoeur ever saw the beautiful nun before she died, or disappeared?"

"It is very likely, for about three years ago he came, and then stopped on for months at the Chateau, where he had nobody but the old caretaker and his wife look after him. People thought that a marriage would be arranged between him and the great heiress of the neighbourhood, Mademoiselle Bernard, which would have been a very good thing for both sides; but it seemed to have come to nothing, and the Comte has been absent on diplomatic service, they say, in Egypt, or Russia, or somewhere in the East, for a very long time now."

Consuelo's heart had been beating fast, as she listened to this rambling story. Never until she searched the guide books for details of the country of Our Lady of Tears had she seen or heard the name of Crevecoeur; but now she caught at it eagerly, as a possible clue in the unravelling of her mystery. She asked the woman of the latterie no more questions, but looking at her watch said that she would go to see the church, as now it would be open.

There were several objects of great interest to be seen in the church, but Consuelo scarcely noticed them, though she had to pretend appreciation. When the tour of the old building was over, she asked the lay sister who had been her guide, to accept ten francs for the poor. She would like, she said, to visit the convent if she might do so, was it permitted?

The wing occupied by the pupils was shown, she was told, not the convent itself. But even this was something, and Consuelo said she would be glad to see what she could.

Her efforts, while following a black-robed guide through white dormitories and long corridors, were not substantially rewarded, however. When she assured the nun that she was a connection of Sister Veronica, and begged an opportunity of talking of her with the Mother Superior she was gently refused. The mother had been called upon to give a written affidavit, concerning that sister's death, for still it was considered that she was dead to the convent. Nothing was known except that Sister Veronica had gone away, and broken her vows; therefore nothing remained to say, and the Mother Superior, having complied with all the demands justified by the law, had already more than once had occasion to refuse interviews on this distasteful subject.

Consuelo took refuge in apologies, alleging her natural interest in a relative, and gave so generously to the charities

of the convent that the sister's annoyance softened into gratitude.

At the latterie there was nothing more to do, save to pick up the camera and sketch book, and play at drinking another glass of milk. By this time it was the luncheon hour, and the chateau was not open to visitors in the afternoon until two o'clock.

Promptly at the stroke of two, Consuelo stood at a little door cut in another huge door, which closed an archway protecting a drawbridge. A little brown old man in a faded livery opened it when she had pulled a jangling bell, looked anxiously round to see if there were others wishing to view the castle, and spying a couple of tourists in the distance, waited to make sure whether they were candidates. They had been in the morning, however, and recognising their faces, as they paused to take snapshots while the sun turned the old stone walls of the chateau to gold, he visibly lost interest in them. Mademoiselle and her maid, whom she had brought this time, were hidden to enter, and the two visitors were gravely shown first through the ruinous portion of the castle, then through the part which had escaped destruction.

It was a wonderful old house, with battlemented towers, apertures for pouring molten lead on the heads of besiegers; a throne room for dispensing justice; oubliettes, secret stairways in the wall, and dismal underground dungeons. Consuelo and Hammond saw everything conscientiously, and the girl to whom this sort of thing was absolutely novel, would have felt deeply interested, had her whole being not been absorbed in the business which had brought her.

"Have you seen the whole castle now?" she asked, when they had visited several habitable rooms, and come out again into a great hall rich with faded tapestry and armor.

"You have seen everything, mademoiselle, except the bedroom and sitting-room used by my master Comte de

Crevecoeur, when he visits here," explained the old man. "Those are not shown to the public."

"Is he at the Chateau now?" the girl inquired, with forced indifference.

"No, mademoiselle."

"Then, could you not break your rule for once, and let us see those rooms? It is only us two, you know; it isn't like taking in a crowd. I am certain that the Comte's rooms must be the most interesting of all." As Consuelo spoke, she took two gold pieces from her purse, trifling with them in such a way that the old guardian could not help being aware that each was a louis.

His face, which had been hard with the definite intention of refusing, softened into wistfulness.

"Surely your master would not object," Consuelo pleaded.

"But my instructions are always to be prepared to see him arrive, at any moment, without warning," the man objected, visibly weakening.

"You have your wife with you, have you not?" suggested the girl. "Let her keep the door, and come to let you know, or ring some bell, if the Comte should arrive while we are taking just one quick glance at his room—which it is the most unlikely thing in the world for him to do."

"Wait in the hall, here, if you please, for a few moments then," said the guardian. "I will go and consult with her."

He hobbled away; and in the dead silence of the vast stone vault which he called a hall, it seemed to the girl that she could hear the beating of her own heart.

(To be Concluded.)

What turned the microscope out of home and drove him far o'er earth to roam.

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MR. W. GARDNER.

**The Lady and the License**

Continued from page 7.

the horn leader and general, "Don't you be in a funk. Remember how Hyout fought for the Greeks at Missy what's-its-name. He didn't grouse, and he was a poet, like you! Now look here, let's be game. Dora, you're the eldest, strike up—any tune. We'll march up, and show this sneak we Bassets aren't afraid, whoever else is."  
"You will perhaps find it difficult to believe, but we did strike up. We sang The British Grenadiers, and when the Police told us to stow it we did not. And Noel said:

"Singing isn't dogs or pellingery. You don't want a license for that."

"I'll soon show you," said the Police. But he had to bend his proud stomach to our melodious song, because he knew that there isn't really any law to prevent you singing if you want to.

We went on singing. It soon got easier than at first, and we followed Bates' donkey and cart through some lodge gates and up a drive with big trees, and we came out in front of a big white house, and there was a lawn. We stopped singing when we came in sight of the house, and got ready to be polite to Sir James. There were some ladies on the lawn in pretty blue and green dresses. This cheered us. Ladies are seldom quite heartless, especially when young.

The Police drew up Bates' donkey opposite the big front door with pillars, and rang the bell. Our hearts were beating desperately. We cast glances of despair at the ladies. Then quite suddenly Alice gave a yell that wild Indian war-whoops are simply nothing to, and tore across the lawn and threw her arms around the green waist of one of the ladies.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she cried; "oh, save us! We haven't done anything wrong, really and truly, we haven't!"

And then we all saw that the lady was our own Mrs Red House, that we loved so much. So we all rushed to her, and before that Police had got the door answered we had told her our tale. The other ladies had turned away when

we approached her and gone politely into a shrubbery.

"There, there," she said, petting Alice and Noel and as much of the others as she could get hold of, "don't you worry, dears, don't. I'll make it all right with Sir James. Let's all sit down in a comfy heap and get our brentis again. I am so glad to see you all. My husband met your father at luncheon the other day. I meant to come over and see you to-morrow."

You cannot imagine the feelings of joy and softness that we felt, now we had found someone who knew we were Bassets and not vagrant outcasts like the Police thought.

The door had now been answered. We saw the huge Police talking to the person who answered it. Then he came toward us, very red in the face.

"Leave off bothering the lady," he said, "and come along of me. Sir James is in his library, and he's ready to do justice on you, so he is."

Mrs Red House jumped up, and so did we. She said, with smiles as if nothing was wrong:

"Good-morning, Inspector!"  
He looked pleased and surprised, as well he might, for it'll be long enough before he's within a mile of being an inspector.

"Good-morning, miss, I'm sure," he replied.

"I think there's been a little mistake, Inspector," she said. "I expect it's some of your men, led away by zeal for their duties. But I'm sure you'll understand. I am staying with Lady Harborough, and these children are very dear friends of mine."

The Police looked very silly, but he said something about hawking without a license.

"Oh, no, not hawking," said Mrs Red House; "not hawking, surely! They were just playing at it, you know. Your subordinates must have been quite mistaken."

Our honestly bade us say that he was his own only subordinate, and that he hadn't been mistaken, but it is rude to interrupt, especially a lady, so we said nothing. The Police said firmly:

"You'll excuse me, miss, but Sir James expressly told me to lay information directly next time I caught any of 'em at it without a license."

"But you see you didn't catch them at it."

Mrs Red House took some money out of her purse. "You might just give this to your subordinates to console them for the mistake they've made. And look here, these mistakes do lead to trouble sometimes. So I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll promise not to tell Sir James a word about it."

We listened breathless for his reply. He put his hands behind him.

"Well, miss," he said at last, "you've managed to put the Force in the wrong somehow, which isn't often done, and I'm blest if I know how you make it out. But there's Sir James a-waiting for me to come before him with my complaint. What am I a-goin' to say to him?"

"Oh, anything," said Mrs Red House. "Surely some one else has done something wrong that you can tell him about?"

"There was a matter of a couple of snarcs and some night lines," he said, slowly drawing nearer to Mrs Red House; "but I couldn't take no money, of course."

"Of course not," she said. "I beg your pardon for offering it. But I'll give you my name and address, and if ever I can be of any use to you—"

She turned her back on us while she wrote it down with a stumpy pencil he lent her, but Oswald could swear that he heard money chink and that there was something large and round wrapped up in the paper she gave him.

"Sorry for any little misunderstanding," the Police now said, feeling the paper with his fingers, "and my respects to you, miss, and your young friends—I'd best be going."

And he went to Sir James, I suppose. He seemed quite tamed.

"So that's all right," said Mrs Red House. "Oh, you dear children, you must stay to luncheon, and we'll have a splendid time."

"What a darling Princess you are," Noel said slowly; "you are a witch, Princess, too, with magic powers over the Police."

"It's not a very pretty sort of magic," she said, and she sighed.

"Everything about you is pretty," said Noel. And I could see him beginning to make the faces that always precur his poetry fits. But before the

fit could break out thoroughly the rest of us awoke from our stupor of grateful softness and began to dance around Mrs Red House in a ring. And the girls sang:—

The rose is red, the violet's blue,  
Carnation's sweet, and so are you,

over and over again, so we had to join in, though I think "She's a jolly good fellow" would have been more manly.

Suddenly a known voice broke in on our singing.

"Well!" it said. And we stopped dancing. And there were the other two ladies who had politely walked off when we first discovered Mrs Red House. And one of them was Mrs Bax, of all people in the world!

We said "Oh!" in one breath and were silent.

"Is it possible," said Mrs Bax, "that these are the Sunday-school children I've been living with these three long days?"

"We're sorry," said Dora, softly; "we wouldn't have made a noise if we'd known you were here."

"So I suppose," said Mrs Bax. "Chloe, you seem to be a witch. How have you galvanised my six rag dolls into life like this?"

"Rag dolls!" said H.O., before we could stop him. "I think you're jolly mean and ungrateful, and it was sixpence for making the organs fly."

"My brain's reeling," said Mrs Bax.

"H.O. is very rude, and I am sorry," said Alice; "but it's hard to be called rag dolls."

And then in answer to Mrs Red House's questions we told how Father had begged us to be quiet, and how we had earnestly tried to be. When it was told, Mrs Bax began to laugh, and so did Mrs Red House, and at last Mrs Bax said:

"Oh, my dears! you don't know how glad I am that you're really alive! I began to think—oh—I don't know what I thought! And you're not rag dolls—you're heroes and heroines, every man jack of you. And I do thank you. But I never wanted to be quiet like that. I just didn't want to be bothered with London and tiresome grown-up people. And now let's enjoy ourselves! Shall it be rounders, or stories about cannibals?"


"Rounders first and stories after," said H.O. And it was so.

Mrs Bax, now that her true nature was revealed, proved to be Al. The author does not ask for a jollier person to be in the house with. We had rare larks the whole time she stayed with us.

And to think that we might never have known her true character if she hadn't been an old school-friend of Mrs Red House's, and if Mrs Red House hadn't been such a friend of ours.

"Friendship," as Mr William Smith, so truly says in his book about Latin, "is the crown of life."

**Lea and Perrins' Sauce.**

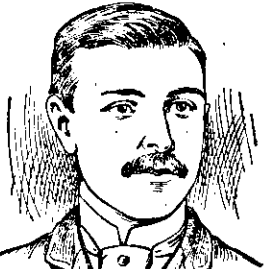


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THE LADIES HAVE GREAT AFFECTION FOR US.

\*\*\*

**The Marvellous Cleanser**

**BEST In the World**

# HARA-KIRI: Its Real Significance

Hara-kiri! The word has been before us, of late, at every turn. In translating it the English equivalent is often given as "disembowelling"—a ghastly term, and, moreover, inappropriate. "Happy despatch" was formerly the phrase employed; it is, as it seems to me, a far better term, though how that expression originated no one seems to know. The matter itself, to the Western notion, is already not an agreeable one to talk about, but the recent translation of the term makes it worse. It may not be wholly without interest for the reader if I try to explain, though with some diffidence from the very nature of the subject, the true significance of the act, and at the same time endeavour in some degree to account for the sensitiveness displayed by my own country-people at the misapprehensions produced by a wrong translation.

Literally, of course, hara-kiri, is "belly-cutting," and this is the expression in common use, but *kappuku*, or more usually *seppuku*, is the word employed by persons of refinement, the actual meaning, however, being the same as hara-kiri. *Seppuku* and *kappuku* are expressions coined from Chinese. There are vigorous Anglo-Saxon terms in use in Great Britain which people of taste often prefer to replace—at afternoon tea, for example—by something, perhaps equally forcible, derived from the Latin. The instance is similar.

*Seppuku* was, in the feudal period, an honourable mode of committing suicide. It was unknown to the Japanese of ancient days, and was a custom which grew with the age of chivalry. With us, in the Far East, to hang oneself is looked upon as the most cowardly of all methods of self-destruction, and drowning oneself or taking poison was deemed to be no better. Even to shoot himself was, in a samurai, regarded as a base and ignominious way of shutting off this mortal coil; it was vulgarly spoken of as *teppobara*, [it is changed into *b* for euphony], an abbreviation of *teppo-hara-kiri*, in other words hara-kiri by means of a gun though in reality the throat, and not the hara, was the usual spot assailed in this case.

There was never an instance, so far as can be traced, of *seppuku* by a female, and the honourable equivalent thereof for a samurai lady was death by a stab in the throat from her own dirk, a weapon she generally carried in her girdle to be used in time of need. When a Roman dame would in ancient times have plunged her dagger into her own heart, a Japanese heroine preferred to thrust the weapon into her neck, and there is no record of either male or female in Japan ending existence in the fashion that is so often depicted in Western novels, and less frequently, perhaps, in real life.

*Seppuku* was not only a mode of self-despatch, but was prescribed as a form of capital punishment for all of samurai rank. Beheading, and still more hanging, were forms of execution that might not be employed in cases of offenders of the military classes, whose position, even to the last of their existence, merited respect; and when, in very extreme cases, the crime of which a samurai had been convicted was heinous enough to deserve exemplary punishment by condemnation to an ignominious death, the culprit was first stripped of his rank and privileges as one of the samurai class. No samurai was ever to be beheaded; still less to be hanged.

Naturally under such conditions the act of *seppuku* came to be invested with much formality, and cases in which the most elaborate etiquette had to be strictly observed were those when a daimio, i.e., a feudal baron, or samurai of particularly high standing, was called upon by the proper authorities to despatch himself in this way in expiation of some political offence. A special commissioner was then sent from the proper quarters to witness the due execution of the sentence, and a *kai-shaku-nin* was chosen to assist the principal in ridding himself of the burden of life. This person was selected by the condemned from the circle

of his own immediate relatives, friends, or retainers, and the *kai-shaku-nin*'s office was an honourable one, inasmuch as he was thereby privileged to render a last service to his comrade or chief.

There was always a special apartment or pavilion prepared in which the ceremony had to take place; a particular dress, designed for use only on these melancholy occasions, had to be worn; and the dagger, or short sword, was invariably placed before the seat of the condemned on a clean white tray, raised on legs, termed *sambo*, which in the ordinary way is a kind of wooden stand used for keeping sacrifices offered to the gods, or for some similar solemn purpose. The actual cutting open of the body was not essential, a trifling incision in a horizontal line six or seven inches, or rarely in two lines crossing each other—the more superficial the better, as proof of a light and skilful touch—being ordinarily made, followed by a deep cut in the throat. As a rule, however, immediately after making the incision in the abdomen the condemned made a slight movement of his disengaged left hand, and stretched his neck forward, as signs to the *kai-shaku-nin* to do his office; perceiving which, the latter, who stood by with his sword ready poised, instantly struck off his principal's head.

In Japan there is no need to speak directly of either hara-kiri or *seppuku*, as the euphemism "ku-sungo-bu" is often employed—literally nine inches, and a half, which was the proper length of the dagger to be used on these occasions. The weapon was always wrapped in some sheets of pure white paper, only the extreme point being exposed, and it was correct to hold it, when making an incision, in the right hand, not by the handle, but by the middle of the paper-wrapped blade. How to sit, how to bow to the spectators when about to commence the awful task, how to unfold reverently the part of the clothing which covers the upper part of the body, how to wrap up the dagger, and how to make the requisite signal to the *kai-shaku-nin*, were all matters on which the utmost nicety was enjoined, and were part of the instruction which every samurai was obliged to receive from the master of military ceremonies. Hara-kiri, indeed, was to the samurai a matter involving an appalling amount of ceremony. The end of the world-famed "Forty-eight Robins" was reached by *seppuku* in the same way; each died by his own hand. They were given in charge of three daimios in three separate groups, and on the appointed day each group killed themselves simultaneously at an appointed hour, but each individual one after another, in specially erected pavilions provided in the gardens of the Yedo residences of the three barons. The tale so often retailed in popular story-books, that they all committed *seppuku* around the tomb of their avenged lord, is fictitious, though it is true that they all were buried there.

Perhaps the most notable instance of *seppuku* was that which occurred at Sakai, near Osaka, just after the establishment of the new regime in Japan, when a number of young samurai, some twenty in all, if I remember rightly, who had attacked the French, were ordered by the Government to expiate their crime in this fashion, in the presence of the French Minister, whose rage it was necessary to appease. He begged that the carriage might stop when eleven had thus closed their careers.

I need scarcely add that this form of punishment has totally disappeared from our laws, as the abandonment of the distinctive privilege of samurai, and the assimilation of all classes of the Emperor's subjects in regard to civil rights and punishments, were decreed. But the practice did not wholly cease for some years after the Restoration in 1867, and I well remember that there was a case in 1871, when a nobleman who was indicted for high treason was sentenced to *ji-piu*—literally self-ending—which was the same thing as *seppuku*.

When *seppuku* was purely a voluntary act the formalities were necessarily much

curtailed, and very often the person who thus conceived himself condemned by fate's decree retired to some secluded spot, and there slew himself in orthodox fashion, without making known his intention beforehand, and merely announcing his reasons by letters which he left by his side for all to read. The principle, however, was always the same, and it was the samurai's main endeavour at the last to observe due decorum and to conform to the rules in every way that was possible.

There were numerous instances in which men of truly noble soul chose this manner of death. Watanabe Kwazan was one of them. He was councillor to a small daimio, a genuine patriot, and a pioneer advocate of the opening of Japan to foreign intercourse. As a painter, though an amateur only, he stood very high. In 1850, seeing that through his views on the subject of Western civilisation his feudal chiefdom was bound to be implicated, and that his own self-extermination would be requisite if his lord was to be preserved from the stigma which then attached to any predilection for Occidental methods, Watanabe hesitated not to commit *seppuku*, and thereby saved his master from any such imputations.

Takane Choyei, a sympathiser and active co-operator with Watanabe, being a well-known physician and Dutch scholar, and Kaseki Sauei, who was also a Dutch scholar and assisted Watanabe by translating Dutch books for him, both died by *seppuku* for the same cause.

Kurubara Rizo, father of the present Marquis Kido, who succeeded to the heritage of the house of Kido after the death of his renowned uncle on the maternal side, and received the honour of a marquessate in memory of his relative's splendid services to the nation, was another instance. Kurubara was a brave samurai. When Nagai Uta, an officer of high rank of Chosiu province, about 1862, advocated the definite opening of the country, Kurubara sided with him. Circumstances compelled him to show that he had not adopted that view from any base motive, and in the furtherance of this attitude he committed *seppuku*. When he was stationed with the garrison of Uraga, the guarding of which place was entrusted to the Prince of Chosiu at the time of the American advent to the Far East, the present Marquis Ito, then a boy of fourteen, was his subordinate, and when a few years afterwards, he was despatched to Nagasaki at the head of a group of young samurai of Chosiu for the purpose of studying the Dutch system of artillery, young Ito was one of them. It was in those days a special favourite of Kurubara, and knew him well. Ito was almost the first person to rush into the room when Kurubara died. I have often heard the marquis talking with admiration of Kurubara, saying what a fine chivalrous character he possessed, and how nobly and with what studied observance of formality he died. To preserve a perfect self-possession at any dread hour is the essence of the samurai doctrine. By the bye, Nagai, just mentioned above, was himself one of those who committed *seppuku*. He died thereby at the command of his prince, as a consequence of a political discussion. I may perhaps remark here parenthetically that Japan's evolution of Western civilisation was not attained without it costing her much in blood and treasure.

In former days, sometimes, one committed hara-kiri by an overzeal for some cause which he advocated, merely to demonstrate his sincerity. Earnest as they may be, such cases are, of course, more especially discouraged in our own days, and gone out of fashion.

The basis on which *seppuku* was prescribed as a mode of capital punishment for samurai was that it was unbecoming the dignity and status of one of the warrior rank that he should be subjected under any circumstances to the rough handling of the common executioner, and therefore, when the deed of *seppuku* was a voluntary one, the root idea was the same, for it was undertaken in order to avoid ignominy, and to prevent the family escutcheon being stained by any act towards which the scornful might afterwards point a finger of derision. All that the samurai might ask of his proud race—like Don Quixote de Bazan in "Miyama"—was "to die . . . and not disgrace its ancient chivalry," and as the chivalric spirit is still, I am glad to think, ardently cherished in Japan, there are occasions, as the readers of "war news" of the day must have discovered, when it yet seems to some to be appropriate to end their days in the fashion of feudal times, though among private individuals this course is now but very rarely resorted to.

To the Chinese and Koreans *seppuku* is

unknown. At the capitulation of Wei-hai-wei, nine years ago, the Chinese Admiral Ting destroyed himself by smoking an immense quantity of opium. He did this, in accordance with Chinese ideas, to save his men from punishment, and in the eyes of his countrymen it was altogether the act of a hero, and so it was. A Japanese, under like conditions, however, would have died, not by poison, but by *seppuku*. The three Chinese of high rank who had been implicated in the Boxer troubles of 1900, and committed suicide at the command of the Emperor in consequence of the joint demand of the Powers, died either by taking poison or by hanging. If the event had taken place in the former days of Japan, the death would have been also by *seppuku*.

Terrific as it unquestionably was to witness, the act of self-sacrifice was so bound up with the revered traditions of our race that it was shown in great part of the horrors with which it must seem to readers in the twentieth century to have been invested. Exaggerated and lonesome accounts are even to be met with in popular story-books in Japan, scenes in which the victim is depicted as hurling in a last effort, his intestines at his enemy, who is supposed to have been looking on—a thing in itself quite impossible under ordinary circumstances—and certainly, if it occurred, altogether exceptional. The incision usually made, as I have shown, was quite superficial, a mere flesh wound; and death was due to the injury inflicted in the throat by the suicide's own hand, or to the good offices of the *kai-shaku-nin*, whose duty as assistant—the idea is perhaps better conveyed by the term "second" in the case of a duel—it was to remove his principal's head with the utmost expedition. Thus to translate hara-kiri as disembowelling, or embowelling, is both ghastly and inaccurate in the impression that it leaves on the mind.

Suicide in any form is incompatible with Western notions of right and wrong, and it certainly ought not to be encouraged, though there may be conditions, it would seem to us in the East, when it may be wholly or partially excused.—By Baron Sanyemitsu, in the "Nineteenth Century and After."

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# HERE AND THERE.

**A Fable from Broadway.**

Funny passer-by: "What are you digging for, my man?"  
Subway excavator: "Money."  
F. P.-B.: "When do you expect to come across it?"  
Subway Excavator: "Saturday night."

**Scared Out.**

He sold a little block of stock:  
Now sorrow fills his cup,  
For from the moment that he did,  
Up,  
Right,  
Went  
Thing  
Blamed  
The

**Give 'em Ditto.**

One of the best things in some recently published reminiscences of the American Civil War is a pretty contrast between the methods of two generals. For instance, while General Cheatham, when excited, by combat, invariably yelled, "Give 'em hell, boys!" General Polk was a strict Episcopalian. True, he shared General Cheatham's sentiments, but episcopally he could not countenance General Cheatham's language. So he shouted, "Give it to 'em boys! Give 'em what General Cheatham says!"

**Life's Average.**

I never talk Philosophy  
Like Pessimists an' such,  
Who try to make a feller think  
That life ain't nothin' much.  
I know there never was a spot  
Where shadders didn't fall,  
But shadder's just the other side  
O' sunshine after all.  
An' there ain't no use in fumin'  
When the world seems out o' gear,  
For music's always in an' cheer,  
An' love, an' song, an' cheer  
Jest keeps a feller's spirits up,  
An' kinder makes him glad.  
An' come what will, he's bound to think  
Life ain't so awful bad.  
Sometimes a feller has ter weep,  
Sometimes he has to laugh,  
The shadders an' the sunshine mix,  
Jest kinder half an' half.

**Breaks Ten Thousand Eggs a Day.**

Every careful housewife knows that the surest precaution against stale eggs is to break each one individually into a cup before adding it to others in a bowl. On a gigantic scale the same care is observed in the large bakeries, and one in London employs several men who spend ten hours a day breaking eggs used in the various mixtures. Devoting themselves to breaking alone, they have gained such experience that an old hand will break one thousand eggs an hour or ten thousand in a working day.

**Just as He Thought.**

A small boy was reciting in a geography class, says the "Ladies' Home Journal." The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass. She explained: "Off your right is the south, your left the north, and in front of you is the east. Now, what is behind you?" The boy studied for a moment, then puckered up his face and howled: "I know it. I told ma you'd see that patch in my pants."

**Bridegrooms Ignored.**

Bridegrooms are usually considered necessary to the wedding festivities the world over, about the only land where they are regarded as unnecessary being Polynesia. There the young man who would a-wooing go turns the matter over to his parents and friends and takes to the woods—the no-doubt matter in that part of the country.

The family proceed to traffic with the parents of the bride-elect, and after a more or less extended palaver the arrangements are brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Then ensues a festal time, with feasting, speechmaking, and other forms of celebration, until at last the nuptials are announced and the groom makes his appearance among his friends, in theory at least, sufficiently hungry for human companionship to regard his bride with more than usual complacency.

**A Pretty Wit.**

Dr. Jowett, of Oxford, was a formidable wit. At a gathering at which he was present, the talk ran upon the comparative gifts of two Balliol men who had been, respectively, made a judge and a bishop. Professor Henry Smith, famous in his day for his brilliancy, pronounced the bishop to be the greater man of the two for this reason: "A judge, at the most, can only say, 'You be hanged,' whereas a bishop can say, 'You be damned.'" "Yes," said Dr. Jowett, "but if the judge says, 'You be hanged,' you are hanged."

**Take Things as They Come.**

Got t' take things es they cum;  
I ain't no use t' make a fuss;  
When yew rip an' swear around,  
'Pears that allus makes things wuss.  
Got t' take things es they cum;  
I ain't no use t' sweat an' stew;  
Darlurn sun can't alius shine,  
'Ner th' sky he alius blue.  
Got t' take things es they cum;  
Bitter dose long with th' 'sweat;  
Now an' then yew'll find a thorn,  
On life's path t' prick yer feet.  
Got t' take things es they cum;  
'Not set down with hope 'most gone,  
But jes' face misfortune brave;  
Git yewr teeth an' push right on.  
—Chicago "Tribune."

**The Grip Courtroom.**

Professor Shouter was taking leave of a pupil who had been a member of his elocution class for several sessions, and was giving him a few parting "pointers" as to how he should comport himself at a church soiree where the pupil was shortly to give a recital.

"When you have finished your recital," said the professor, "bow gracefully and leave the platform on tiptoe."

"Why on tiptoe?" queried the embryo elocutionist.

"So as not to awake the audience," replied the instructor.

**Curious Devices of Bankers.**

Some amusing anecdotes are being told of the devices resorted to by bankers to gain time and inspire confidence. On one memorable occasion the excited subscribers of a Chicago bank, much to their indignation, were only able to enter the bank one by one except at the cost of spoiled coats, as the cute manager had caused the doorposts to be freshly painted.

Another bank prevented a crisis in its affairs by exhibiting in the windows large tubs apparently brimful of savings. These tubs, however, simply were upside down, and only a small quantity of gold was piled up on their bottoms.

But the most ingenious dodge of all was successfully carried out in Buenos Ayres recently. There was a run on a large bank, and for several days subscribers besieged the premises, withdrawing money and placing it in another bank on the opposite side of the road. It happened, however, that these two institutions had a private understanding, and as fast as the "safe" bank received the deposits they were returned to the "unsafe" one by an underground passage, with the result that everyone marvelled at its continued ability to meet its demands.

**Something Wrong.**

The Bishop of Worcester, on alighting from a train at Paddington, asked a porter to see after his luggage.

"How many articles are there, sir?" asked the porter.

"Thirty-nine," replied the Bishop abstractedly.

The man came back and said he could find only two.

**Luxurious.**

James H. Hyde, storm centre of the Equitable fight in New York over extravagant expenditure by the directors, is said to have one of the finest stables in America. The stables are ruled over by Francis Gerillot, a Parisian, who was with William K. Vanderbilt for years. Mr. Hyde has an office in the stable, a room full of telephones and electric bells, furnished with fine carpets, old mahogany furniture, sporting photographs and prints, coaching trophies, and hunting horns. Next to his office is the kitchen, which permits him and his guests to come when the whim seizes them and have supper in the stables more freely and gayly than in the chateau.

**Idyll.**

In Switzerland, one idle Jay,  
As on a grassy plain he lay,  
Came a grave peasant child and stood  
Watching the strangers eat their food.  
And what he offered her she took  
In silence, with her quiet look,  
And when we rose to go, content  
Without a word of thanks, she went.

Another day in sleet and rain  
I chose the meadow path again,  
And nary turning chance'd to see  
My little guest, friend watching me,  
With eyes half hidden by her hair,  
Blowing me kisses, unaware  
That I had seen, and still she wore  
The same grave aspect as before.

And some recall for heart's delight  
A sunrise, some a snowy bright,  
And I a little child who stands  
And gravely kisses both her hands.

—Hugh Macnaughten, in "The Spectator."

**Boring Glass.**

A scientific authority says that holes of any size desired may be bored in glass by the following method: Get a small three-cornered file and grind the points from one corner, and the bias from the other, and set the file in a brace, such as is used in boring wood. Lay the glass in which the holes are to be bored on a smooth surface, covered with a blanket and begin to bore a hole. When you have made a slight impression on the glass, place a disc of putty around it, and fill with water to prevent too great heating by friction. Continue boring the hole, which will be as smooth as one bored in wood with an auger.

**It Reminded Him.**

The best remedy against a lapse of memory is the piece of thread tied about the finger. But there is a well-authenticated case of a man whose wife tied a piece of thread around his finger in the morning to remind him to get his hair cut.

On his way home to dinner he noticed the piece of thread. "Yes, I remember," he said, and, smiling proudly, entered the usual shop and sat down before the accustomed artist.

"Why, I cut your hair this morning, sir!" said the astonished barber.

**For the King.**

The construction of the new yacht for King Edward VII. designs for which were invited from private firms, is to be undertaken by the well-known yacht builders, Messrs. A. and J. Inglis, of Glasgow. This new vessel is primarily intended for short cruises, and entrance to harbours of comparatively shallow draft. The yacht will measure 285ft in length by 40ft beam, and be of 2000 tons. A noticeable feature of the vessel is that it is to be propelled by Parsons marine turbines, which will be arranged in the orthodox manner, with one high-pressure turbine in the centre, and a low-pressure turbine on either side. A cruising speed of 17 knots is anticipated, with an astern speed of 13 knots. Steam is to be raised in a battery of cylindrical boilers.

Don't waste time in experimenting. **Thirty Years' unbroken and increasing Success is the best proof of the claim of**

**Onbridge's Lung Tonic**

to be the **WORLD'S CURE** for **Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other Throat and Lung Troubles.**

It can be obtained from any Chemist Store, and saves Many Lives.

Dr. Clarke's World-Famous Blood Mixture.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Gout, Rheumatism, 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.

**A Sure Call.**

In England there's a pretty little country hotel known as the Rose Tavern. Close at hand, in the hotel grounds, is a quaint old ivy-vaunted chapel. If the hotel becomes overcrowded, as it does now and then, they put away the guests in the chapel. A travelling man occupied it one night. At six o'clock the next morning the loud pealing of the bell roused the night clerk, who rushed over to the chapel in great alarm, and encountered the travelling man. "Are you the night clerk?" asked the travelling man. "I am," said the night clerk; "what's the jolly row?" "Well, for heaven's sake," said the travelling man, "rush me over a cocktail to pew 13."

**The Calamity.**

All at once the street car sort o' lopped, And then, with a jolt and bump, it stopped.  
For another car was just ahead, As motionless as if 'twere dead, Another car was ahead of that, Two men inside, one lean, one fat, And ahead of that was another car. Write one love man and the G. A. R. Another car was ahead of that, In which a sleeping copper sat. And another car ahead of that, Was as empty as a looted flat, Ahead of that was another car, And ahead of that another car, And ahead of that another car, And ahead of that another car, And another car ahead of that, And another car ahead of that, And still more cars ahead of those, And ahead of those were others still, And stretching ahead were others still. Write each was silent as the tomb And a veritable cave of gloom. For a wagon filled with soft coal slack had broken down on the street car track.

-Chicago "Tribune."

**To Preserve a Husband.**

Select a nice, kind, amiable, industrious and generous man, and prepare him for the ordeal of making him go through a long engagement, which effectually renders him easy to handle. Gently detach him from all old friends and acquaintances, and remove any bad habits he might have. To preserve, deprive him of his latchkey and throw a handful of mother-in-law in the house. Shred him of all of his finer feelings of nagging and pound them into a pulp by complaints. When he has shimmered down put as much love into the heart as it will hold, add an ocean of sympathy, a word of tenderness, a pound of forbearance, and a ton or so of patience.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Origin of Slang.**

"Here's where I butt in," said the goat, making for the children.  
"Come off your perch," growled tabby, making another spring at the cage.  
"I'm in the soup," gasped the oyster, as he dropped to the bottom of the plate.  
"You're a bird," said the fox, as he gobbled up another hen.  
"I've got the drop on you," shrieked the hawk, as he landed on another chicken.  
"Things are coming my way," said the bear, dodging another bullet.  
"My goose is cooked," said the wild gander, dropping to the ground with a broken wing.  
"Quit your kidding," exclaimed the fish, as the bait dropped into the water.  
"Those fellows are nutty," said the rabbit, pointing to the squirrel family eating lunch.  
"Stuck again," cried the fly, alighting on the sticky paper.  
"I can see my finish," murmured the lamb, as he entered the slaughter pen.

**The Life of the Coming Man.**

At 1 year old—Changed from patent mixtures to kitchen food.  
At 3 years old—Entered polytechnical kindergarten.  
At 5 years old—Entered in primary department of public schools.  
At 7 years old—Sent to college preparatory school.  
At 9 years old—A freshman.  
At 11 years old—Received his degree.  
At 15 years old—Made superintendent of the Whoopinglong Manufacturing Company.  
At 18 years old—Made president of the Rushentotheth Trust.

At 21 years old—Elected to a dozen directorates.  
At 25 years old—Given control of the Blow and Brag Railway Company in addition to his other interests.  
At 35 years old—Forcibly retired from work, having reached the age limit.  
At 38 years old—Made chairman emeritus of some more directorates.  
At 40 years old—Officially notified to quit thinking.  
At 50 years old—Ordered to cease indulging in reminiscences.  
At 60 years old—Chloroformed.

**The Growth of a Grizzled Bachelor.**

A curiosity is a woman without any. Think it over.  
A widow generally seems to enjoy her weeds as much as a widower does his.  
When some couples agree to marry, that's the last thing they ever do agree on.  
Lover's quarrels lack zest because there is no possibility of a divorce to follow.  
A woman feels that she is not half appreciated unless she is exaggerated about twenty times.  
Oh, if only a woman could lose the combination of her vocabulary, and never, never find it!  
With the exception of yourself, my dear madam, all women are more or less deceitful.  
You can always flatter a fat girl—or a thin one, either, for that matter—by accusing her of being a flirt. But don't do it—she'll try to flirt with you.  
The average woman's mind is like a crazy-quilt, and she gives her husband irregular pieces of it at irregular intervals.

It must be love that makes a girl with a name like Millicent Marjory Montgomery pine and pale unless she can change it to Sogback or Dabbs or something equally as repulsive.

corset, and sometimes a small sachet is carried in the ornaments in the hair. It is said that Queen Alexandra has a predilection for a preparation which has been in use in the English Royal Household since 1829. The secret of the recipe is, it is stated, securely kept, but among the essences used in its manufacture are musk, attar of roses, violet, jasmine, and lavender.

**Mutual Recognition.**

A certain American lawyer many years ago went to a Western State, but, as he got no clients and stood a good chance of starving to death, he decided to return eastward again. Without any money he got into a train for Nashville, Tenn., intending to seek employment as reporter on one of the daily newspapers. When the conductor called for his ticket he said:  
"I am on the staff of —, of Nashville; I suppose you will pass me?"  
The conductor looked at him sharply.  
"The editor of that paper is in the smoker. Come with me. If he identifies you, all right."  
He followed the conductor into the smoker; the situation was explained. Mr. Editor said:  
"Oh, yes, I recognise him as one of the staff; it is all right."  
Before leaving the train the lawyer again sought the editor.  
"Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper." I'm travelling on his pass, and was scared to death lest you should give me away."

**Race Antipathies.**

Of the antipathetic nationalities, the most marked enmity seems to exist between the English and the Germans (says a writer in the "Argonaut," in an article on "Winter Resorts in Egypt"). This is odd, for there ought to be more aerial causes of hostility between Germany and other nations—France, for example. Yet, while the French in Egypt do not consort with the Germans, neither do they seem to hate them so bitterly as do the English, although it can not be denied that the French dislike them also. For that matter, the Germans seem to be generally disliked all over the Old World. At one time the English occupied the unenviable position of being the most unpopular people in continental Europe. Now travellers generally agree in according that dubious distinction to the Germans.

Nowadays the wealthier Germans travel a great deal, and in most of the popular resorts of Europe the German tourists now outnumber those of any nationality except the English. In some places they equal the English in number. Yet, according to my observation, the two peoples absolutely refuse to mingle. At the various resorts in Egypt the Germans take no part in those entertainments which involve comparative intimacy, such as golf, tennis, and croquet tournaments, which, as a rule, are got up by the English guests. The Germans are spectators at regattas and gymkhanas, are auditors at concerts, and ride in paper-chases, but they avoid the more inti-

Commences in Graphic, July 29

NEW SERIAL

# The Kidnapped Prince

BY R. K. AND R. A. WEEKES

Author of "Prisoners of War," "Unknown," etc.

**The Fashion in Perfumes.**

The best customers for perfumes are the royal ladies of the countries of the Middle East. Lavish use of scents, it is explained, is a custom that, after all, is traced directly to the more barbarous races, and their descendants. Women of the harems of the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, and the Khedive of Egypt, use more perfumery, and pay more for it, than do the entire royal households of some of the principal countries of Europe. Next to such courts comes the Imperial Court of Russia. A first shipment of a novelty in sweet smells is always sent to those courts, and if a favourable verdict is given the manufacturer feels fairly confident that he has compounded a commodity that will sell well—at least, until some more attractive novelty is presented. One of the quaintest of recent discoveries in new perfumes is distilled from the Japanese botan Lily, which retains its freshness and delightful odour for a very long time. The fair experts who spend their days in the harem of the Sultan Abdul Hamid at Constantinople were among the first to discover the agreeable qualities of this scent, which now rivals in their affections the "Turkish Delight" of traditional memory. The old custom of saturating the handkerchief or the clothing with perfume has now almost died out, at least in royal circles, and the wearing of the sachet has become almost an art. It is worn in the corset sometimes, and sometimes in the hem of the underskirt. It has even been carried in a secret receptacle in the handle of a parasol. For evening wear a narrow sachet is sewn all round the top of the opera

A THRILLINGLY EXCITING  
STORY OF LOVE AND  
ADVENTURE

WITH PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT

For smart, bright dialogue, exciting incident, strong and consistent plot, it would be hard to find a novel exceeding "The Kidnapped Prince."

The authors do not produce their work with any regard to quantity, aiming rather at excellence and finish, the result being a narrative which does not contain a word too many, or a word too few.

The characters are thoroughly natural and life-like, whilst the incidents of the tale, startling and sensational as they are, appeal to the reader as being eminently probable. This impression of reality is the finishing touch to a strong and brilliantly executed conception.

**THE AUTHORS AND THE CRITICS.**

"Admirable . . . the glamour of real romance is over it throughout."—"The Bookman."  
"A stirring, well told and adventurous story."—"The Literary World."  
"A charmingly written romance, crammed full of poignant scenes and exciting adventures . . . a clever and most moving story."—"Echo."  
"Shows much spirit and imagination."—"Manchester Guardian."  
"The characters are drawn with a fine and vigour that is admirable, and their adventures, though stirring to a degree, never verge on the improbable or the ridiculous."—"Western Morning News."

mate sports. The English do not mourn over this absence of the Germans, but they rather rejoice at it. They do not hesitate on occasions to stigmatise the Germans as "unparliamentary." One day, for example, a programme of aquatic sports was in progress on the Nile; it included, besides a regatta, native swimming races; the Arab competitors were stung out in a line across the river, swimming furiously. Suddenly a pleasure-launch, flying the German flag, steamed down upon them, and whizzed through their bare bodies, driving many of the poor devils out of the race and scattering them to left and right. The Englishmen conducting the regatta foamed at the mouth. None of them could say anything which the Germans could understand, so they begged a Scotch doctor who could speak German to yell after the departing launch a few censorious remarks.

Kisses Classified.

Some individual with oceans of time on his hands has conceived the idea of hunting through the works of English novelists for the purpose of finding all the adjectives used to qualify the word kiss. The result is as follows:

Cold, warm, icy, burning, chilly, cool, loving, indifferent, balsamic, fragrant, blissful, passionate, aromatic, with tears bedewed, long, soft, hasty, intoxicating, dissembling, delicious, pious, tender, beguiling, hearty, distracted, frantic, fresh-as-the-morning-breath, divine, satanic, glad, sad, superficial, quiet, loud, fond, heavenly, execrable, devouring, ominous, fervent, parching, nervous, soulless, stupefying, slight, careless, anxious, painful, sweet, refreshing, embarrassed, shy, mute, ravishing, holy, sacred, firm, hurried, faithless, narcotic, feverish, immoderate, sisterly, brotherly, and paradisaical. The task seemed interminable, and he gave up at this stage.

Sunday-schools of the World.

According to the official report just issued by W. J. Semelroth, chief secretary for the World's Fourth Sunday-school Convention, held at Jerusalem last April, the Sunday Schools in the United States number more than all those of the entire world beside. The totals of Protestant Sabbath schools, teachers, and scholars in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and the islands of the seas are: Schools, 260,905; teachers, 2,414,757; scholars, 23,442,993. The United States leads with 139,817 Sunday-schools, 1,419,897 teachers, and 11,493,591 enrolled scholars. England and Wales come next with a total membership of little more than half this number, while Greece, the lowest in the list, has only four Sunday-schools, seven teachers, and 180 scholars. It means much for the religious interests of mankind that nearly twenty-three and a half million youth are being indoctrinated in the Bible, and it is a cheering fact that the number of these Bible students steadily increases.

Biographical Verse.

Some amusing satires are contained in a series of biographies in verse, written by Mr. Harry Graham, and entitled "Misrepresentative Men." Of President Roosevelt it is said—

At 6 a.m. he shoots a boar,
At 8 he schools a restive horse,
From 10 to 4 he takes the air—
'Tis better to have buffed and low;
At 6 then at 9 o'clock, merrily,
Some coloured man drops in to tea.

In him combined we critics find
The diplomatic skill of Choate;
Elijah Dwyer's breadth of mind;
And a Chancellor's fund of anecdote;
He joins the morals of Susannah
To Dr. Maynor's bedside manner.

Sir Thomas Lipton soliloquises after
The last yacht race—

"I felt it when the line was cast,
I hold it true, whole or in part;
'Tis better to have buffed and low,
Than never to have buffed at all!
My sharpest bow must be content
With such a good advertisement."

In Mr. Winston Churchill the versifier
Finds the salient virtue to be modesty,
Comparable with that of certain other
Great men—

From Joshua, who, at Jericho,
His trumpet blew, and wrecked the battlement;
To Calixte the Mauvassant, who, we know,
Decorates his life to self-commendment.

All men of worth, throughout the earth,
Are modest, as a rule, from birth.

La Bernhardt Nettled.

The French Government has again nettled Sarah Bernhardt, and done it in the way that will hurt her most. It has given Adeline Patti the decoration of the Legion of Honour, which Mme. Bernhardt has long struggled for in vain. Marie Laurent was the only French actress to receive the ribbon. It was bestowed on her as a recognition of her work in founding the asylum for the orphans of actors rather than her talent as an actress, and the honour was plainly meant for the woman and not the actress. Adeline Patti got it because she has frequently taken part in concerts for the French charities. Somewhat more than a year ago she organised a benefit at the Paris Opera and appeared as Juliette in Gounod's opera. Now she has her reward, and has had her picture taken in evening dress with the decoration in full view. The decorations given at the German opera houses nearly always mean that the women who got them sang for nothing or very little. One grand dual theatre in Germany has for some years enjoyed the visits of more or less eminent stars through the liberality with which the reigning sovereign seaters about his medals. One of the popular German singers, who is frequently photographed with her decorations, got them all for gratuitous appearances in different places. Sarah Bernhardt has frequently acted for French charities, but evidently the French Government sees no cause in her good works for giving her the honour she has so long sighed for and intrigued industriously to get.

The Diplodocus.

"Dear Chancellor.—Find this for Pittsburg.—Yours truly, A.C."

Such was the laconic little note written by Mr. Andrew Carnegie on the margin of an engraving of a prehistoric monster, and received one morning by Dr. Holland, director of the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburg.

Dr. Holland and a select band of enthusiastic geologists accordingly went to the Wyoming Mountains, and succeeded in unearthing the skeleton of the diplodocus, a mammoth measuring eighty-four feet from the tip of its tail to the end of its nose.

At the suggestion of the King, who saw a photograph of the diplodocus on the walls of Skibo Castle, Mr. Carnegie had an exact plaster model of the reptile set up in the Reptile Gallery of the South Kensington Museum, and a week or two ago, in the presence of a distinguished gathering of scientists, he formally handed over the model of the "Diplodocus Carnegie" to the trustees of the British Museum.

"How old is it?" a lady asked Mr. Carnegie. He turned to Dr. Holland. "Well," said the doctor, "I should not like to say to a year or two, but somewhere about 4,000,000 years."

Mr. Carnegie surveyed his colossal god-child—for the "Diplodocus Carnegie" was christened after him—proudly, and in a neat little speech presented the model as a gift from the youngest to the oldest museum.

"You, the trustees of the oldest museum, and we, the trustees of the youngest," he said, "are jointly weaving another link binding in closer embrace all the mother and the child lands, which never should have been estranged, and which are—some day—again to be reunited."

The museum trustees promised to fill some of the thirty-six cases in which the diplodocus would be placed with some valuable duplicates for Pittsburg.

Gymnastics for Women.

There seems to be a settled conviction that gymnastics are good for our women folk, but the expense of rowing-machines, lifting-weights, and the costly fide-rol of the gymnasium is a great obstacle. It is a source of real thankfulness that a scheme of gymnastics has been worked out which gets around the obstacle of expense. The kitchen gymnasium has come. By very simple rules the ordinary implements of the fricassee department are made the means of feminine strength, beauty, and grace. The potato-masher, for instance, is used as an Indian club, and answers the purpose admirably. With a potato-masher in each hand the ordinary woman ceases to be a negligible household ornament, and becomes formidable. A pair of flat-irons make a perfect set of dumb-bells. With these a woman can change a weak back into a pillar of strength—a regular

steel pier of muscularity. The rolling-pin can be annexed to a breathing exercise with wonderful results. The kitchen towel lends itself to many beneficial exercises. Dampen it and go after the audible but for the moment unlocated mosquito. This exercise will put roses in the cheeks and fire in the eyes of the run-down woman. The kitchen chairs come in for the more difficult gymnastic work. With head on one chair, feet on another, and a tub held lightly on the chest, the whole vasomotor tract can be developed and strengthened. Manifold are the exercises that can be performed with the coal-scuttle, the stove-lifter and poker, and the dishpan. The kitchen gymnasium means an economy that will appeal strongly to womankind. A very simple yet effective exercise is made possible also by the ice-chest, a small pair of tongs, and a hundred-pound cake of ice. A broom is likewise a gymnastic gem of the purest ray serene.

Old-time Laws About Public Signs.

The trite saying that there is nothing new under the sun finds an apt illustration in the fact that the present agitation for the abatement of the sign-advertising nuisance is only a renewal of that public protest against nuisances of this character which found expression in laws and municipal regulations in France and England as far back as the seventeenth century. It is recorded that after the great fire in London in 1666 the shopkeepers of that city, animated no doubt by a pardonable desire to recoup their losses, began to invent and devise signboards of such size and obtrusiveness that, to quote a chronicler of the time, "the air and the light of the heavens were well-nigh intercepted from the luckless wayfarers through the streets of London." The evil became so great that Charles II. caused an Act to be passed ordering "that in all the streets no signboard shall hang across, but that the sign shall be fixed against the balconies or some convenient part of the side of the house." About the same time a similar decree was issued in France prohibiting monstrous signs and the practice of advancing them too far into the streets.

But the rage for big signs and offensive pictorial advertisements in public places broke out again in such a riotous fashion that in the latter part of the eighteenth century drastic measures were adopted to restrain the business. In September, 1861, the police of Paris issued orders that in a month's time all signboards in that city and its suburbs were to be taken from over the streets and fixed against the walls of the buildings, from which they were not to project more than four inches. It was also ordered that all sign-posts and sign-irons were to be removed from the streets and highways and the passages cleared. Similar regulations were adopted and enforced in London and other English cities, one act empowering certain officials "to take down and remove all signs or other emblems used to denote a trade, occupation, or calling of any person or persons, sign-posts, sign-irons, balconies, pest-houses, show-boards, spouts and gutters, projecting into the said streets," with much other legal verbiage following, and ending up with the imposition of five pounds upon any person who transgressed the statute.

Ye Gallerye God.

Ye Critick may write with satirical Penne,
And pluck quite in pieces ye Player;
He may saye it hee hath not againe and againe,
If he knowes it hee will live but a Daye;
He may saye ye Construction is notably weak,
Ye ye Lines are ye veriest Rattle,
Its Faults with ye Keenest of Eyes hee may seeke,
And declare it is Lacking in Pottle,
And yt though ye Player ye Critick much feare,
When he makes to ye Theatre his Noide,
He knowes ye play "gues" as soon as hee heare,
Ye voice of ye Gallerye God,
Ye Critic may say yt ye Playe is a Bird,
Ye ye Parties are most strikingly drawn,
Ye ye Lines are ye Brightest he ever has heard,
Ye ye drama is grandly putte on,
He may the Bouquets at ye Author full oft seeke,
And say yt ye Playes are great,
Yet ye Player looks up to ye Gallerye Loft
And listens to hear of his Fate,
For he knowes yt hee Play is a failure forsooth,
Before hee tean minutes has trod
On ye Stage if he hear not a Sound from ye Youth
Who is known as ye Gallerye God.

WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS. WORN BY ROYALTY. Prevent worn-down heels and unshapely boots. Make one pair of boots wear as long as two. Reduce fatigue, give grace to the walk and make every step a pleasure. Obtainable retail from all Storekeepers and Boot Stores throughout the States. Wholesale only from D. & W. MURRAY, LTD., Adelaide, Kaigoolite, Lamceston, Townsville, Perth, Melbourne, Brisbane, Broken Hill. Sole Manufacturers of the Wood-Milne Heels—REVOLVING HEEL Co., Preston, ENGLAND.

A. and A. LINE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY. LONDON via San Francisco IN 28 DAYS.

SPECIAL WINTER EXCURSIONS

To YOSEMITE VALLEY and MONTEREY (Del Monte) By the following FAVOURITE 6000 TON TWIN-SCREW STEAMERS: SONOMA July 15th VENTURA August 4th SIERRA August 24th YOSEMITE VALLEY.—The Wonder Garden of the World, in the heart of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, 180 miles due east of San Francisco, and 4900 feet above sea level. The floor of the valley is a meadow-like tract, seven miles long by one half to a mile in width. Its walls rise almost vertically to a height of 3000 to 5000 feet above its floor, and en route to its entrance is the famous MARIPOSA GROVE OF BIG TREES, some of which are 400 feet high with a base circumference of 110 feet. MONTEREY (Del Monte).—Located here is the famous Hotel Del Monte which is visited annually by tourists from all parts of the world. Monterey is 125 miles south of San Francisco, on Monterey Bay, Southern California, the land of sunshine and outdoor life and sport. FARES—Inclusive of American Rail, Hotel and Steamer Fares—YOSEMITE and RETURN (first class) \$72 MONTEREY and RETURN (first class) \$65 The trip may be prolonged if desired. Write or apply for guide books and full information to HENDERSON & MACFARLANE, Agents, CUSTOMS and QUEEN STREETS.





TURF FIXTURES.

July 11 and 14—Wellington R.C. Winter

TURF NOTES.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wager. — No. Gold Reef has not raced within the past five years.

The owner of Patrons states that there is no possibility of his horse being a starter in the N.Z. Cup.

P. Conway has just put into work at Ellerslie a good looking sort of a gelding by Cressier—Retaliation.

The stallion Newhaven, who was purchased in England recently by a New South Wales breeder, has arrived safely.

The crack N.Z. jockey, L. Hewitt, had a mount at Warwick Farm, Sydney, last week, and finished third on Master Thirst in the Two Year old Handicap.

Messrs Harris and Adams have been appointed delegates to represent the Auckland Trotting Club at the annual Trotting Conference, to be held in Wellington.

The colt by Hothbills—Lady Marlow, which was purchased at the last Wellington Park sale by Mr A. Hansen, has had the name of Lugs claimed for him.

During the last week, Gladstone was supported for the N.Z. Cup to win a couple of thousand pounds. It is stated the money was secured on behalf of the stable.

D. Moraghan gave Sitcha and Frank Doid a turn over the schooling hurdles at Ellerslie last Thursday. The pair both showed well for beginners, the former especially so.

Vivandol, which is still owned by Mr J. Lynch, was recently brought from Coromandel, and is now in work at Ellerslie, under the charge of her old mentor, K. Hinton.

There was a lot of money invested in Auckland on Manawaru for the Winter Oats on the opening day of the Gisborne winter meeting. Manawaru finished outside a place.

Mr R. Absolon has been appointed as delegate to represent the Otahuhu Trotting Club at the annual meeting of the N.Z. Trotting Conference, which opened in Wellington on Monday.

Luck's All, which won the Maiden Stoury on the opening day of the Gisborne winter meeting, was solidly supported in Auckland for that event, and his victory cost the pencillers a bit of money.

Prisoner and Cure, who have both got to carry more telegrams amongst the receptors for the Miramar Hack Handicap. This is an error; they should appear in the Stewards' Handicap.

D. Moraghan received an addition to his string lately, the gelding Frank Doid being placed in his hands to prepare for forthcoming engagements. Frank Doid is to be put to the jumping game.

In answer to a communication from the Avondale Jockey Club re the probable date of holding the appeal re the McCloskie case, Mr G. Clifford wired that the court would sit at Wellington to hear the case next Thursday or Friday.

W. Smith has given up his quarters at Ellerslie, and is now located at W. A. Scott's. Moreover, he has a nice following of horses under his charges—Billy, by South—Gladys May; colt by Cardigan; and a filly by Cardigan, all rising two-year olds; and Celebrity, Marisa, and Lutescence.

Ludo was to have been taken to Gisborne, to fulfil his engagements there, but the horse struck himself badly while working at Ellerslie, and his owner was reluctantly compelled to abandon the trip. Ludo is to be sent back to Waititi for a spell.

The filly by South—Princess Alice, purchased at the last Glenora Park sale by Mr J. E. Moore, has grown into a nice subject, little baby. She was given a sprint over three furlongs on the course proper last Thursday morning, and shaped in quite an attractive fashion.

C. Pearson, who will be remembered as a cross country rider in Auckland about thirteen years ago, and who left New Zealand under engagement to the late Mr W. S. Wilson, is back again in Auckland.

Pearson has an Australian bred horse in his charge, and is working him at Ellerslie.

The Wellington Racing Club intend holding a race ball in the Wellington Town Hall next Thursday, the 13th inst. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Blaket have signified their intention of being present. As this will be the first public ball held in the Town Hall, it is expected there will be a record attendance.

D. Moraghan, who has not missed a Gisborne winter meeting for the past five years, was not present at the last gathering, which took place on Thursday and Friday. Consequent on not having anything fit to travel with, Doid will winter at home this season, the first for eight seasons.

Nor-West was shipped to Wellington on Thursday to fulfil his engagements at the Wellington Racing Club's winter meeting. An old son of Son-westler looked in splendid fettle, and his connections are pretty confident that he will run a good race in the Wellington Steeplechase. It is understood that Moria, a rider with an English reputation, and who has been riding him, will have the mount on Mr Selby's horse at Wellington.

The committee of the Avondale Jockey Club held a special meeting last Friday afternoon when a further communication from the Auckland Racing Club re the McCloskie disqualification case was considered. The committee, after some discussion, came to the conclusion that they could see no reason to depart from the stand originally taken, and decided to refer the matter to an appeal, and the chairman (Mr M. Foley) and the secretary (Mr H. H. Hays) were appointed to represent the club at the appeal court, which will be held in Wellington next Thursday and Friday.

It is reckoned that Vampire (dam of Flying Fox) has already brought in £100,000 to the Eaton Stud, and in addition the owner of Westland, who has now a three-year old sister to Flying Fox, and three brothers (two year old, yearling, and foal) to that horse. Although Vampire is sixteen years old, she shows no sign of age. Her foal of this season is said to be as near perfection as possible, and the critics say that if he goes on all right he should turn out the best she has ever thrown.

The name of a popular jockey is familiar to most people in connection with sports or otherwise, but few are aware of the fact that routine life which those important little men are compelled to adopt in order to keep themselves in the necessary condition for pursuing their avocation, "Money" (Money) for instance, is a fine type of the successful jockey. A complete account of his methods, and career appears in the current issue of "Ideas"—an account that will be read with much interest by all admirers of the Sport of Kings and its most prominent exponents.

Says a writer in the English "Sporting Times":—"How many more horses are to be ruined by the 'exquisite' of the gate? Isn't it a pity that the jockey, as he came to the understanding that it is mere waste of time trying to start horses from a standstill? The ruthless fingers and impossibilities of the instrument are palpable to any man who has observed, and the latest victim says that the 'injuries' to anything but a 'pace-egger.' Moreover the idea of punishing a refractory horse for disobedience by leaving him at the post is, as we have remarked before, too ridiculous for words.

Says a writer in the English "Sporting Times":—"Did you ever see a horse wearing blue spectacles? An apparition of this character was to be seen every morning, which will explain the run there was on the rectors. A very valuable yearling in John Dawson's stable met with an accident, and struck his head so severely as to cause amnesia. It was feared that it would be necessary to destroy him, as he seemed to have lost his senses, and he could not stand the light. As a last resort, diuted spectacles, which are attached to a lead, were made for him, and wearing these he returns fairly well when he is going. As he is a very fine and highly bred colt, it is still hoped that he will recover and make a racehorse.

He was a stern parent and loved a bit of racing, but preferred that his son should stick to the office. One day, entering the enclosure of a racecourse, the first person he saw was his son.

"Hallo," he said. "What are you doing here?"

"Colonel Jones was not using his ticket today, and gave it to me, and I thought that it would be a pity to waste it," was the reply.

The horses Tom Jennings trained and did some great things with were mostly of the rough and ready sort, says a writer in the "Sporting Chronicle," and there were not many of the two and three hundred guinea sire lot in his stable. One of the "sons" was a black colt, who then sold in the street at Newmarket, as he knocked down for 12s a ragged yearling.

"I made no bid," said the astonished Jennings.

"Very kind," said Tattersall. "I have knocked him down to you."

"All right, I will have him," was the reply.

That yearling was Phatos, a big winner that stood a still bigger one in Flagstaff.

The English Derby winner, Cleora, is another instance of how difficult it is for good blood to go among a lot of yearlings and black and white to turn out best.

When Lord Rosebery decided to divide his eight yearlings between Blackwell and Peck, those two trainers went to The Darlings, and after looking over the yearlings, sent for Blackwell. Blackwell won, and selected a colt by Douvan out of Treasure, who, last year, had to be destroyed owing to developing a very bad temper. Anyhow, 5 yearlings were taken before he had cleared for Cleora, who was thought to be too small and set to make a racehorse. Cleora was not foaled until May 7th, and a well known English writer describes him as now being one of the old fashioned sort of low, lengthy, medium sized horses, with ample substance and quality combined.

Word from the South gives the information that the Canterbury Jockey Club have decided not to open a double totalisator at their National meeting. This, in our mind, is a sensible step, and one that will at once commend itself to everyone who has the interests of the game at heart.

While the action at present going on against the machine for fixed clubs would do well to consider every point before laying themselves open to the charge of abusing the totalisator, and giving great facilities for gambling, which might do the public more harm than would be certainly done. Now that the Christchurch Jockey Club have decided to abolish the double totalisator, it is to be hoped that other clubs who have used the machine will follow suit. The next step to be taken will be the doing away with the one-two divided scheme, and the club that first puts its feet down and reverts to the old system will, in my opinion, be most deserving of assisting in putting a check on gambling than a lot of legislation will.

Returning from a recent race meeting at Doncaster Park, England, a Midland dog, between the course and the railway station.

"Troubled a bit with rheumatism, the bookmaker carries a good stiff stick, and while out to do his duty, with his misfortune, the pundit, recognising that self preservation was the first law of nature, drew the sword and plunged it into the colic.

The owner came on the scene, kicking up a fuss, and in the course of the kicking man was summoned for slaughtering the animal.

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A STRONG FAVOURITE. PETER F. HEERING, COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY. Special Appointment Purveyors to The King of England; The Royal Danish and Imperial Russian Courts. SWIFT & COY., 32 O'Connell St., Sydney, General Agents.

Shan run on Monday and Tuesday... The flag had fallen. Dabney, as it turned out was a much better animal than his owner supposed...

In the spring of 1876 a horse named The Mandarin was thought by his owner to be a good thing for the Lincolnshire Handicap... The Mandarin belonged to Lord... The Mandarin was thought to be a good thing for the Lincolnshire Handicap...

The "Bathurst Magazine" has some interesting opinions on riding from the American rider, Walter, in the course of which he says: "The best way to stand is to stand the horse you have to ride, when that is possible, and adapt your style as you find it necessary..."

Says an English exchange: "Possibly there is no more dramatic incident in connection with the St. Ledger than that of which Mr. Gasey's horse was the hero in 1824. The horse gave his trainer, Croft, every satisfaction, and he was quite a public favourite..."

NOTES BY OUR TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT.

Owners complain that the Gisborne and Wellington winter meetings are too close together and that their losses to both and in them justify... Commonweath was showing signs of weakness during last week, and may have to be sent to the stud...

Regulation was scheduled over hurdles at Hawke's Bay... The horse did not jump too well, but it is said had not done any schooling for a long time previously.

Daredevil, who ran so well in the hack hurdle race at Napier... The horse was broken down again.

Mr Harrod Russell, who is superintending the racing of his father's, Capt. Sir William Russell's, mare Nadador, informed the writer last week that he intended to reserve that mare for the New Zealand Grand National meeting.

Out of the large nomination of thirty-nine for the First Hack Hurdle Handicap at the Wellington meeting, the eight at the top of the list dropped out, and ten of the eleven that were placed on the minimum.

Mr Lowry has paid up with Cresant in preference to Comfort for the Wellington Steeplechase... The horse was broken down again.

Veldt won two more races in South Africa. On May 20th and 24th, she scored in decent handicap events at Johannesburg; but Tradewind got beaten, and met with an accident at the same meeting.

From a friend in England I have learned that the Royal set got into trouble through the passing of Moffat as a sound horse... The horse was broken down again.

Pop, by a singular coincidence, fell at the same fence in the Hawke's Bay Steeplechase this year as he came to thirty at two years ago. It was intended to run him at the Napier Park meeting, but he was lame on the eve of the acceptance, but may be able to start in the New Zealand Cup National, for which he has had some light runs since last year.

Nominations were taken for the Trial Stakes, a weight-for-age hack event on the Wellington Race Club's winter meeting programme, at the same time as for the handicap events. The Australian-bred Pongee by Lord Elin, who was the number, since the date of nomination he has shown such vastly improved form that he looks to have a great chance of beating anything that is likely to oppose him in this particular event.

Writing to a friend in Auckland, J. Rae, who recently left these parts to follow his profession as a trainer in Western Australia, says that he is having built for him an eight-roomed house and twelve horse boxes, boys' room, etc., within three-quarters of a mile of the racecourse at Perth, which is situated in Western Australia, and says that it is kept in accordance with the law, the appointments being up-to-date. He is satisfied with his prospects so far as he has been of the country and the horses there, and the weather has been perfect since his arrival.

During the progress of the Hawke's Bay meeting a native, who had been engaged to put up hurdles at a meeting held in another metropolitan district, happened to be in the saddle padlock, and sought out Mr Stratton, the secretary, and taking that gentleman to a group of racing-goers, pointed out to him who he alleged had been in the saddle padlock, and paid him for a certain horse won. The native in an excited state said the horse had won, and the man had not paid him as promised, and he wanted him disqualified for four or five months, being the period stipulated.

The Gisborne Racing Club's Winter Steeplechase Meeting proved one of the most successful in the history of that club from a financial point of view, the total gate turnover for the two days being £2152 in excess of last year. The weather was simply perfect—more like autumn crisp than winter—but the class of horses competing in the events was moderate. The first day had Rosopol been ridden more judiciously and had Romney Girl not fallen, Ladylike's victory in the Flying, in which she paid a dividend of £5 to 1, would have been a surprise. The Gisborne Steeplechase was a peculiar one, as Lord Option, the winner, stopped twice at the water, Sergeant-Major being ridden by Jack of Lantern on at the second fence, and the double of Lord Option eventually winning. The victory of Pop in the Hack Flat Race with a dividend of £18 14 was a great surprise, as also the second success of Lord Gipsy, who was the only opposition in the Hack Steeplechase. Fano and Minerva ran a dead heat in the White Bats Handicap. On the second day the handicap meeting proved on more favourable terms than the day before, when the right end and bent that gridding, who was favourite, in the Second Hurdles Handicap, Ladylike scored somewhat easily in the White Bats Handicap from Will-o-the-Wisp and Manawaru. The double of the Jack of Lantern had an easy thing in the Te Hapara Steeplechase. Ladylike won the Second Hack Handicap easily from Heron and others, including Te Kahu, who might have been expected to do better, but came to grief through being interfered with by Flag. Nell, the rider of Te Kahu, was

badly injured. Paramatta jumped in great style and won the Second Hack Handicap, close, in which Grant Scott, who was very fit, and Morchu ran off, Teia being the only other to complete the course. Fano cleverly won the Flying Handicap, in which he paid £25 to 1. Teia was second, returning a dividend of £5 11.

GISBORNE, Saturday.

The English horseman Hulseidge has secured quarters at Feilding, where he is having boxes erected. He has the promise of several horses.

News comes from Feilding that Joe Chamberlain, who claims an engagement at Wellington, has broken down again.

There were several would-be buyers for Paramatta after the Gisborne meeting, but no business had resulted up to Saturday night. Paramatta is not a big one, and may be merely useful in the hack and hunter classes, but he gave a pleasing exhibition of jumping here, and is not without pace.

It is not improbable that Mr Wetton may send Jack o' Lantern to Wellington for the second day of the meeting there, but will depend upon how he goes on and gets over the sea trip south.

Hikey, who races Insup, is rumoured to be thinking of retiring from racing, and will dispose of his horses with that object in view.

The Poverty Bay Turf Club to-day received applications for the position of secretary for the coming year, and is retaining the applications are to be dealt with later on.

A movement is on foot to have the Poverty Bay district declared a metropolitan racing district, and a good deal of support is promised when the proposal comes before the Racing Conference. The local position of the club and minor clubs in this district, which is a scattered one, is inconvenient having the metropolitan head in Poverty Bay, which is more than likely the Hawke's Bay Club will support a change.

During the running of the fifth race at the Gisborne Racing Club's Steeplechase Meeting yesterday a serious accident occurred. The horses were racing up the straight when Te Kahu, who was riding third, and coming with a fast run, was seen to fall heavily, and Motokahu, which was directly behind, also came down. The rider of Te Kahu Alfred Neale was knocked unconscious, and had to be carried to the grandstand, while Trigger, the jockey on Motokahu, also received a slight shaking. The stewards deemed the matter of sufficient importance to hold an inquiry into the running, it being alleged that the accident was due to faulty riding on the part of the jockey on Flag, who was stated to have drawn across Te Kahu, bringing the latter down. A number of the stewards detailed what they had seen, and a number of the riders in the race, including Neale, the injured jockey, were examined. The evidence being conflicting, some holding that it was responsible for the accident, others disagreeing on that point, the stewards decided there had been no deliberate cross on the part of Malone, but they considered it necessary to reprimand him. Addressing Malone, Captain Tucker warned him not to give way to any tricks which would spoil his future career and destroy the confidence that the stewards had in him. They did not find that he had deliberately pulled the reins over the other, but as it was not the first time suspicion had been attached to his riding they deemed it necessary to warn him. He advised him at all times to adhere to the strict rules of racing and do nothing that a jockey ought not to do.

Manuhota may be shipped to Australia about the middle of next month. The son of Quilt and Mande is looking big and well just now, and has evidently not been ill.

Great Scot might have won the Gisborne Park Steeplechase had he started, but one race settled him, and he was very sore when asked to go out on the second day of the meeting.

Romney Girl, the half sister to the Grid, was making well in the world's Race on the first day of the Gisborne meeting, when she fell. She had been jumping better than on her first essay. When she fell she injured herself by cutting her chest, and veterinary assistance had to be called in.

Vivacity is a useful sort for the jumping game, but unfortunately does not stand up to his work too well, being far from as sound as his owners could wish. One race at the Gisborne meeting was all he could stand.

Just before the start for the Malden Stairs on the first day of the Gisborne meeting, Alf covered while doing his preliminary, and fell in trying to jump over the fence enclosing the course. Neither horse nor rider were much hurt.

Comedy, a competitor at the Gisborne meeting, is described as by Baracet from Manawatu, but his dam is not the Norda-feldt mare of that name.

On the opening day of the Gisborne winter meeting, an aged grey gelding called King Graham ran in the Stairs, and showed a little pace, but failed to stay. Next day his owner drove him to the races in his trap.

Judging from the form Manawatu showed at Gisborne, few would give that mare any chance in a race like the C.J.C. Winter Cup. She looks well, but shows very little improvement in form.

Local Option over reached and cut himself before the Gisborne races, and was so sore after racing on the first day that his owner (Mr Fry) would not start him again at the meeting.

Old Will-o-the-Wisp is a bit of a wonder in his racing days, and showed well when racing at Napier Park and Gisborne, as when seen at his best, but the old fellow was too sure to do himself justice at Gisborne.

Fano, I hear, is likely to be put to handle some meat season, and should be useful in hack company for a start. His running here discounts the form of the opposition he met with.

J. McGeehan had his collarbone broken when Borax fell with him on Friday. He did not know it until later in the day, when he was at Napier. The accident will prevent him riding Kiatere and Nema at Wellington.

Neale, who got a fall with Te Kahu, was doing well at latest accounts, and was able to give his version of how the accident occurred. When asked by the steward of the inquiry on Friday.

When Sergt-Major fell in the Te Hapara Steeplechase, a by-stander, who has been refused a Jockey's License, is allowable under the rules for any one of the right might to ride under such circumstances, but the question arises as to how Sergt-Major would have fared had he been placed to victory by Delaney.

Metalibus, the winner of the last Grand National Hurdle Race, would have been faced again this year had he not developed a splint. The old son of Metalibus looks healthy, but his legs are unsightly.

Mr W. Proudie read some where recently that his old classmate, even so, was a common looking horse, at which he has been very great displeasure. Of course, common seems know the white-tailed one was a horse of rare shape and good quality, but his color was against him. It was in Gisborne where he was his last fight. There are two Macarons about now.

An effort is likely to be made to start hunting again in Poverty Bay, and it is hoped will prove successful. I fancy somehow that it will. Mr Harding, a former master, and Mr W. Hutchinson, are interesting themselves, and this looks well.

On Saturday following the Gisborne Racing Club's meeting, a number of horses were offered for sale at auction. Two changed hands, Flag at 30gs being purchased by Mr Malone; and Tikapa at 20gs by a settler, and Spysnot privately at a price which did not transpire.

Black Diamond was regarded in the light of a dark horse when he made his appearance at Gisborne in the steeplechase, but he proved as slow as a man, after jumping a few fences, and hunting would be more in his line than steeplechasing. As far as one can judge he lacks condition.

PAKURANGA HUNT CLUB.

The Pakuranga Hunt Club met last Saturday at Hampton Park. The day was splendid for hunting purposes, and a large number of followers were present. During the afternoon three runs were entered, the first two, however, were not of very long duration, and in each case a kill resulted. The third hare put up gave the followers a merry chase across several fields, eventually escaping in the scrub country. Next Wednesday the bounds meet at the Pakuranga school, and on the following Saturday at Hampton Park.

WINCHESTER Rifle and Pistol Cartridges. The proof of the pudding is the eating; the proof of the cartridge is its shooting. The great popularity attained by Winchester rifle and pistol cartridges during a period of over 30 years is the best proof of their shooting qualities. They always give satisfaction. Winchester .22 caliber cartridges loaded with Smokeless powder have the celebrated Winchester Greaseless Bullets, which make them cleaner to handle than any cartridges of this caliber made. ALL SUCCESSFUL SPORTSMEN USE THEM.

GISBORNE RACING CLUB'S MEETING.

GISBORNE, Thursday.

Beautiful weather prevailed for the first day of the Gisborne Racing Club's Steeplechase Meeting. The sum of £4100 was put through the totalisator.

Hurdles.—Insuan, 10.7, 1; Roseplot, 10.8, 2; Vivacity, 0.12, 3; Scratched: Luno, Minerve, and Morehu. Won easily by three lengths. Dividends, £1 15/ and £1 3/.

Maiden Hurdle.—Lack's All 1. Paramatta 2. Melton Hall 3. Dividends—£2 13/ and £1 2/.

Flying Handicap.—Ladylike 1. Sarilla 2. Manawaru 3. Dividends—£18 15/ and £1 5/.

Gisborne Park Steeplechase.—Local Option 1. Jack-o-Lantern 2. Sergeant Major 8. Only the three started. It was an exciting finish. Won by half a length. Time 6.47. Dividend £2 11/.

Hack Flat.—Key 1. Casho 2. Bruser 3. Scratched—Melton Hall, Paramatta, Gold Shot, Te Uku. Won by a head. Time 1.35 1-5. Dividends—£18 14/ and £5 10/.

Hack Steeplechase.—Great Scott 1. Taha 2. Also started: Morehu and Black Diamond. The former fell and the latter pulled up. Won easily. Time 4.12 1-5. Dividend £1 17/.

Winter Oaks.—Minerve and Faro, dead heat; Insuan 3. Also started: Manawaru, Te Uku, Hahuri. An exciting finish. Dividends—£2 on Minerve, and £3 2/ on Faro.

SECOND DAY.

GISBORNE, Friday.

The Gisborne Racing Club's steeplechase meeting was concluded to-day. The weather was gloriously fine, and the attendance large. The sum of £4315 was passed through the totalisator, making £8415 for the meeting.

Second Hurdles.—Roseplot 1. Insuan 2. Minerve 3. Lady Bayon and Vivacity were scratched. Time, 3.28. Dividends, £2 9/ and 11/.

Maiden Hurdle.—Motekehr 1. Melton Hall 2. Flume 3. Dividends, £2 2/ and 13/.

Waikane Handicap.—Ladylike 1. Will-o-the-Wisp 2. Manawaru 3. Time, 1.34 2-5. Dividends, £4 19/ and 13/.

Te Hapara Steeplechase.—Jack o' Lantern 1. Sergeant Major 2. Also started: Morehu. Won easily by several lengths. Dividend, £1 14/.

Second Hack Flat Race.—Ladylike, 1; Flig, 2; Cinque, 3. Also started: Luck's All, Reap, Te Uku, Thromel, Motekehr, Squirm. Time, 1m 51 1-5s. Dividends, £1 18/ and £2 13/.

Hack Steeplechase Handicap.—Paramatta, 1; Taha, 2. Also started: Great Scott, Morehu, Black Diamond. Time 4s 2-5s. Dividend, £3 14/.

Final Handicap.—Faro, 1; Te Uku, 2; Minerve, 3. Also started: Kaipetepete, Sarilla, Bruser, Hahuri. Won by a length and a half. Time, 1m 50 2-5s. Dividends, £2 8/ and £5 11/.

WELLINGTON TRAINING NOTES.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

For the first time for some days the weather was bright throughout. His meeting and a large number of horses were worked at the Hutt.

Phaetonitis and Klatter went twice round, the last circuit being done in 2.17 4-5.

De la Hoy and Mango sprouted for five furlongs in 50, and Banzel, Fair Spec, and Perchance finished at the end of four furlongs in that order, the distance occupying 50sec.

Shrapnel Shell and Hydrant did the circuit in 2.11, and Cavalry registered a similar performance in a second ride that time. Tressen saw the end of five furlongs in 1.16 4-5.

Waltarere, Nor-west, Mafuku, Black Squall, and Levant were not fully extended.

Defoe and Magnificent covered two circuits, finishing the last seven furlongs in 1.52.

Tapara and Taxpayer sprinted home at the finish of two rounds.

Motwood, Gipsy Jack, Outter, Numa, Caro, Tivha, Krenulu, Optimat, and a number of others also did solid work.

NEW ZEALAND TROTTING ASSOCIATION.

CHRISTCHURCH, Thursday.

At a meeting of the New Zealand Trotting Association the decision of the stewards of the Great Sports Club in disqualifying the mare Miss Violet was appealed against by the owner, Mr Daniel O'Brien. The mare won the Maiden Trot at the Club's meeting on May 18th, and it was alleged that she had been rung in. This was found to be incorrect, but the mare was disqualified on the ground that the ownership had not been fully disclosed. After hearing both parties, it was decided that the Association, while recognising that the case was surrounded by very suspicious circumstances, cannot find that the evidence of the appellant as to the ownership of Miss Violet has been disproved, and therefore decide to uphold the appeal.

It was reported that Mr P. Sellg (president of the Association) would represent the Association at the annual conference, to be held in Wellington next week.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

The annual conference of the New Zealand Trotting Association opened to-day. Mr Melliffe, the chairman, said they were gaining the confidence of the public in the management of trotting. Last year 33 trotting meetings were held, and £24,255 was paid in stakes, and £190,970 passed through the totalisator.

DUNEDIN JOCKEY CLUB.

A YEAR'S RECORD.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

The following report will be presented to members at the annual meeting of the Canterbury Jockey Club, to be held on Monday next. The transactions of the club for the year resulted in a net profit of £484 2/6, which the committee thinks very satisfactory. Members will be pleased to know that each of the four meetings during the year yielded a profit, and that the takings of the totalisators were £2815 in excess of last year. During the year your committee has spent £546 4/6 upon the erection of tea rooms, which have proved a great convenience to the club's patrons, and have expended the sum of £172 5/6 in plant. The president and vice-president as usual retire, also Messrs W. Carters, R. Ewing, Hazlett, P. Miller, S. Myers, and W. H. Agart. All have been proposed for reelection, and as there are not more than the required number nominated these gentlemen will be elected in due course. The balance shows that the receipts amounted to £9573, of which £371 14/ was derived from members' subscriptions, and £135 10/ from rentals and training fees. Profits made on the various meetings, apart from general expenses, salaries, etc., were as follows:—Spring meeting, £236; summer meeting, £438; autumn meeting, £553; winter meeting, £147. Total, £1174. The general expenses amounted to £1051, or £250 more than the profit on the four meetings. The real profit, therefore, comes from members' subscriptions, rentals, etc. The liabilities are: Debentures, £4850; sundry creditors, £9 15/; Bank of New Zealand, £436 6/7; balance, £7490 11/3. Total, £12,794 18/10. Assets: Wiganat total, cost and expenditure to date, £1,981 2/10; plant, £780; sundry debtors, £53 16/; Total, £12,794 18/10. The expenditure out of the Jockey's Provident Fund last year was £9 10/7. The amount invested is £750, and in the bank £39 12/6, or a total of £789 12/6. The expenditure out of the Trainers' Provident Fund amounted to £10 10/7, the amount invested is £60, and at the bank £25 2/2, making a total of £455 2/7.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

The Steplak gelding Ostrik, who was brought to Dunedin from the North Island recently by Mr J. Joffe, has been sold to an Oregon country racing man.

Messrs T. Kell and J. Laughlin, well known in Dunedin racing circles, are paying a visit to Rosaura.

The Edgewise-bred three-year-old Steplak gelding Ostrik, has been shipped to Adelaide. He belongs to Mr Tennant, the owner of Evening Wouler. Hitherto he has been a failure on the turf, and if he does no better in his new home he is to be relegated to station work.

The weather has been very mild again. On Thursday it was almost summerlike, and, although the wind changed to the north on Thursday evening and rain fell the temperature did not drop appreciably. As a result trainers have been able to keep their charges going.

The Multimorph—Marlon colt, Highland Flieg who has been sold by Mr Buckley from Mr P. Campbell, had been returned to his owner. He is suffering from a skin complaint, which is said to have attacked several horses in Mr Buckley's stable.

Goodman is breaking in no less than 11 yearlings for Mr Buckley. He is having the following transfers made by Mr King, who recently returned from a holiday trip to Sydney.

Nobly here is surprised that Golden Knight has been scratched for the A.C.C. Metropolitan Stakes. He was shockingly treated in comparison with Mshntonu.

At a meeting of the committee of the Canterbury Jockey Club, held on Tuesday, the following transfers were appointed: N. Machell to Hazlett, Astrik to Steplak, Irene; W. L. Thomson to E. H. Irving, R. F. Cyrenian—Lita-Pat; C. W. Wallis to W. C. Walsh, by Guy San Fran.—Kisnary; W. J. Jackson to C. Wages, by C. Cyrenian—Melinda. The transfer of Glaucon was held over. It was decided not to open the double event totalisator at the Grand National Meeting. The report of the Programme Committee for the year was adopted.

(By Telegraph.—Special to "Graphic.")

CHRISTCHURCH, Monday.

Although Mr Stend has engaged four jockeys at Ranwick, it is by no means certain that he will send a team to Sydney for the Australian Jockey Club's Spring Meeting. He states that Golden Knight has proved a great disappointment, and will not make the trip in any event. Most of the other members of his team are backward owing to the bad weather having interfered with their preparations. A decision will be arrived at during the coming week. It is felt that the team will probably comprise Stungul, Nightingale, Uniform, Porcelain (by Multimorph—Saucer).

The following business has been done locally during the week:—Grand National Steeplechase and Grand National Hurdle Race; 800 to 1 Manawaru and Wonderful, 750 to 2 Hagyn and Secret Society, 400 to 8 Klatter and Trampy, 400 to 8 Slow Tom and The Mobeian, 400 to 8 Phaetonitis and The Mobeian, 300 to 4 Buz and Trampy, 300 to 4 Jock and Hagyn, 2500 to 1 against Indiskillen and Conroy, 1500 to 1 against Cepusot and Lady Hine, 1000 to 3 against Waltarere and Hordson, 800 to 2 against Hagyn and Secret Society, 800 to 2 against Grand Jny and Brougawia, 500 to 2 against Manawaru and The Mobeian, 700 to 1 against Manawaru and Wonderful, 600 to 1 against Defoe and Repulse, 500 to 10 against Klatter and Trampy, 500 to 10 against Phaetonitis and The Mobeian, 500 to 7 against Slow Tom and Trampy, 500 to 5 against Cepusot and Trampy, 500 to 2 against Slow Tom and Vahan, 400 to 2 against Cepusot and Haku, 200 to 1 against Local Option and Local Option, 500 to 2 against Grand Jny and Wind. New Zealand Cup: 500 to 5 against Guy Chamberlain, 300 to 2 against Guy and Wind, 200 to 8 against Guy and Wind, 200 to 10 against Quarryman, 200 to 6 against Boomerang.

Sigmund, who has been resting since he was billeted last autumn, has resumed work. Golden Vein has also joined Cuth's native division.

McGulness has had an addition to his team in the shape of Burrold. The son of Problem is a remarkably promising colt, and it is anticipated that he will be one that he should have been transferred to other studs.

The Mobeian and Wet Blanket were schooled over the hurdles on Thursday, and both foundered. The Secret Society also was schooled by himself. He was found one obstacle, but afterwards jumped creditably.

Convey is shaking off the effects of his accident, but is still running out in the paddock.

Slow Tom, who was lame after his fall, was unable to get to Wellington. The trouble, which was in the knee, is now disappearing, and the Grand National winner should be able to resume work shortly.

Noxious Weed and Hordson have done some useful work since their arrival at Beccarton. The former has created a most favourable impression.

Phaetonitis was looking very well when he left for Wellington on Monday. Tappan and Taxpayer, who left on the following day, were schooled on Thursday, when the former showed to most advantage.

Rouge, Wet Blanket, and Mangoto left on Friday, and De La Hoy, Tessera, and Blette Maid took their departure on Saturday.

Joe Chamberlain was scratched for the Winter Cup on Monday.

The two-year-olds at Beccarton are not very forward this year. The most forward are Hobbs' colt by Smit, Anna, Stas and Stripes, by Steplak, Starbul, and the Steplak—Arling, Metulness' pair, and colt by Sam, Franisee—Stepulid. Sir George Clifford's Snowball, by Clairaud and Safeguard, also shows promise.

Alexis is in work again. The son of Lord Hordson in future will race in Mr Herman's nomination.

V.R.C. GRAND NATIONAL.

NEW ZEALAND HORSE DEFEATED.

MELBOURNE, July 5.

The V.R.C. brought their Grand National meeting to a close at Flemington to-day. On the announcement being made that the stewards of the New Zealand horse Up-to-date eligible to start for the principal event, the tension that existed owing to the insecurity of his backers was relieved, and the decision was received with great satisfaction. However, though the New Zealand horse had acquitted himself well in schooling work over the big fences at Flemington on the preceding day, he weakened in price, and those who doubted his ability to win under 12st 5lb had their opinion endorsed.

The following was the result of the principal event:—

THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE, a handicap sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, with 150sovs added; the owner of the second horse to receive 200 sovs, and the owner of the third 150sovs out of the stake. About three miles and a furlong.

Bells, 6rs, by Lochiel—Bell of Trent, 1st 12lb ..... 1  
1st 12lb ..... 1  
1st 12lb, aged, by Levey—Olivelet, 1st 2lb 2  
Ersar, aged, by Mistake—Lady Pen, 3  
1st 12lb ..... 3

Freedom led over the first jump, followed by Springfield, Foam, Lamond, Brocration, and Up-to-date. At the abutments Springfield had two lengths lead from Foam, after whom came Marjole, Up-to-date, Alby, and Lamond. Alby led over the first treble from Springfield and Lamond, but at the bridge Freedom had again taken command, his closest attendants being Foam, Erar, and Alby. At the abutments Freedom and a number of others came to grief. Springfield led over the last jump, where Persid fell. Coming round the bend Bells put in a fast run, and despite a determined challenge by 1st, who also came with a wet sail, the favourite won by three lengths. Erar was six lengths away third, and then followed Foam and Springfield, Up-to-date finished seventh. Time, 6m. 34s.

Maclure Gun finished sixth in the Lower Handicap in a field of eleven.

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# MUSIC AND DRAMA.

There is practically little local theatrical news of interest just at present. Miss Tittel Brune is repeating in Christchurch the astonishing triumphs secured in Melbourne and Sydney, and also in Wellington. Certain it is, no actress has thrilled and excited us. Her magnetism is simply marvellous. At present one has not heard one discordant note in the chorus of lavish and enthusiastic admiration. The "Post" (Wellington) observes: "As to the question in which Miss Brune most displays her rare dramatic gifts, it would, from the verdict of critics elsewhere, be difficult to form an opinion, as they rhapsodize over each production in such a way that she seems to realise their ideal in all." Apropos of this, the "New Zealand Times" says: "Some will say that Miss Brune gave us of her best in 'The Aiglon.' Others think, and with good showing a reasonableness, that her impersonation of Shakespeare's 'Juliet' was complete; and others again would vote for her superexcellence as 'Sunday,' the miser's daughter. All of these opinions have much in their support until one has seen her 'Theodora.' It is a great effort. As the wife of the dotard Emperor, Justinian, she practically sounds the complete gamut of human passion, feminine artifice, and wanton frivolity."

Mr. Julius Knight has now practically emerged from the convalescent stage of his long illness, and will be quite ready for the opening season of the company in Adelaide on the 15th instant. "Monsieur Beaucaire" will in all probability be the initial production.

According to the latest American advice, critics do not care for Ibsen's latest play, "When We Dead Awake," recently produced in New York. It is said the critics seemed inclined to think it symbolical, but could not quite unearth the symbol.

The Auckland Shakespeare Society's next reading will be given at the Y.M.C.A. on Thursday evening next, 20th instant. The play chosen for this occasion is "The Merchant of Venice," and an exceptionally fine cast has been arranged. Mr. J. M. Clark will read the part of "Shylock."

The Repertoire Company, as the Gilbert and Sullivan Company is now designated, has been most cordially received in Sydney, and have had most favourable criticism bestowed upon both "The Yeoman of the Guard," and "The Gondoliers." They finish in Sydney on the 14th instant, and then proceed to Brisbane for a short visit, opening in Melbourne on the 5th August. After a tour of the Victorian country towns, they will go on to Adelaide and the West.

A yarn is told of Bert Bailey, when with Anderson's pantomime company in Western Australia. He was a quarter of an hour late for rehearsal. Stage manager Wallace Asot frowned at him as he made his appearance. "I must protest," he said, "at your lack of punctuality. Mr. Bates was five minutes late, and Miss Ravensberg ten minutes, and now you turn up 15 minutes late. Have you anything to say?" "Nothing," answered Bailey, "only it's a pity you didn't back me for a place!"

Mr. J. C. Williamson has every reason to congratulate himself upon his enterprise in sending the whole of the Royal Comic Opera Company "on the long stretch" from Sydney to Perth. At the latter town the performances are being supported most enthusiastically by the playgoing public, and full houses have been the rule ever since the crowded first night. The company only remain a week longer in Perth, and then visit the goldfields before returning eastward. The Melbourne season commences on the 26th August, after a three weeks' visit to Adelaide.

Mr. Meynell, in addition to the piece of business alluded to above, has completed all the preliminary arrangements for an Australian season of farce comedy,

the piece de resistance of which will be "The J.P.," played by arrangement with Mr. J. C. Williamson. The more important engagements have already been made, and include Mr. J. J. Dallas, a comedian of no ordinary ability, and Miss Florence Lloyd, who was out here some years ago with the London Gaiety Company, and made a decided hit with her Lord (clan-side in the original Australian production of "In Town." The tour will commence at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, on the 14th September next.

Mr Charles Read, whose complimentary benefit concert took place last Wednesday evening at the Theatre Royal, has been before the Christchurch public for the last 20 years, and has always given ungrudging services to charitable objects. The concert was the outcome of a desire of the leading musicians to recompense him for his many services. The committee had to refuse many offers of assistance, and arranged an excellent programme. Contributions were given by the Garrison, Woolston and Post's Bands, Mrs. Eves-Barber, Misses Nellie Gray, M. McLaughlin, Messrs Millar, Cookson, Vincent, Hobbs, Eiby, Densen, Zimmermann Schatz and others.

Miss Fitzmaurice Gill, supported by Mr Charles Blake and a large company, under the management of the Messrs MacMahon, commenced a tour of New Zealand at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on Saturday evening, when a capital melodrama, "The Girl of My Heart," was excellently staged. A month's season will be played. The repertoire will contain four or five new pieces, including "By Order of the Czar," "Bearing Her Cross," "Incomparable Bellairs," and certain comedies. Amongst the artists of the company are Misses May Granville, Hilda Meade, May Remo, May Roberts, Mrs Barry Lane, Messrs Taite, De Chateau, T. Henderson, Merriman, Vane, Savieri, Douglas, Walsh, Egerton, and others.

A few days ago Mr. Clyde Meynell, who was Mr. Beerbohm Tree's representative out here when "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Eternal City" were first produced, returned from London, bringing with him for Mr. Williamson the Australasian rights of the dramatisation of Hall Caine's latest novel "The Prodigal Son." The piece will, in all probability, be added to the repertoire of the Knight-Jeffries Company, at some date in the near future. In London it will in November next create a break in the ordinary season of melodrama at Drury Lane, and for the leading part Mr George Alexander has been retained at a salary of £250 per week—a remarkable evidence of Mr. Collins' confidence in the success of the domestic drama. Judging from the book, the drama should possess all the attributes of histrionic success; a strong story, powerful situations, and stirring climaxes to the various acts. The principal part is one which should certainly suit Mr. Julius Knight admirably, and one looks forward with pleasurable anticipation to its Australian production.

By his composition of a waltz, the Khedive has remarked the London "Daily Chronicle" shown that he possesses that musical ability which is prized by many Royal Families in Europe. Queen Alexandra is an excellent pianist, and the King's love of music is too well known to need mention. Princess Henry of Battenburg has distinguished herself as a pianist and as a composer of songs, and her daughter, Princess Ena, inherits this talent. The late Duke of Edinburgh was a splendid violinist, and frequently played with the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, which, by the way, was founded by him. The Crown Prince of Germany is also a violinist, and Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria played this instrument in the orchestra in a recent Wagner cycle at Munich. "M. de Hesse" is a name familiar to organists, though few are aware that it is the nom de concert of the Landgraf of Hesse. The princes of Saxony have been notable musicians for several generations, and their compositions are

published by Breitkopf and Hartel. The majority of the military marches popular in Germany were composed by Frederick the Great, who also wrote three sonatas for flute and pianoforte.

Some details of the matinee performance of the revue, "Shakespeare v. Bernard Shaw," played at the London Haymarket Theatre, are to hand. James Welch, as a comical judge presiding over the court where the case between the two dramatists was being tried, was genuinely humorous, and full of a staid curiosity. "In my official capacity," he explained, "I am obliged to you that blissful ignorance which is the glory of the English Bench." He even had to inquire, "What is the 'Daily Mail'?" and get counsel's reply, "A popular London journal, my Lord," before he acknowledged that in his private capacity he knew it well. The witnesses, too, were very entertaining. Winifred Emery (Cyril Maude's wife) in the box admitting that she made her first success in life by singing, "Come into the Garden, Maude." Cyril Maude, as Shakespeare, came into court with the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," just, he explained, to keep in touch with the "Times," and when he eventually took Mr Shaw "down under" the band played "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?"

Early last month Mr. George Edwardes made another of his bids for popularity at the London Gaiety, with the production of a musical play adapted from the French, and rejoicing in the hilarious title of "The Spring Chicken." Mr. J. C. Williamson has acquired the Australasian rights of the piece. The scene is laid in Paris; first at a lawyer's office, then in the gardens of a suburban estate, and later in another interior. The central figures in the plot are a young married couple, of whom the husband displays each year as the spring comes round, a distressing disposition to indulge once more in the delights of his days of bachelorhood. Being otherwise the pattern of all a domestic treasure should be, the wife determines to break him of these lapses from the path of rectitude, and arranges with her mother and the family solicitor that whenever her spouse begins to show his annual restlessness a course of sleeping draughts shall be administered to him in order that he may dose away his dangerous days at his own fireside instead of straying far afield. The idea suggests a multitude of farcical situations, which will be made all the merrier by a sufficiency of bright and catchy melodies.

### THE PIANO PLAYER.

(Forty two different kinds of mechanical piano players are at present manufactured.—Musical paper.)

I'm the wooden Paterowski, not so pompous, but as stiff!  
Tearing off the soulful scherzo when I get up against the gump.  
Allegrettes, obligatos, pianissimos, staccatos.  
Are Greek to me, but still, you see, I get there just the same.  
I can drill holes in Lamport, make old Wagner feel like thirty cents, and Mendelssohn look like a piece of soap when wash day's done.  
Gounod, Schumann, and Tschalkowski, Donizetti, and Moskowski—  
Let me tell you then and now, I'm the bunch rolled into one.  
Coon songs, burlesques, cantatas, tarantellas, fugues, sonatas—  
They are things I can easily manipulate O.K.  
Stunts from Schubert and Beethoven, down to Reginald de Koven,  
I can accomplish on department store pianos every day.  
And soulful virtuosity—he who always loved to pose so—  
It is plain that he no longer airs his melancholia about.  
Once he was the big attraction; now this hirsute pettifoggery of harmonious function—well, he's simply down and out.

A case of interest to theatrical managers and artists, as well as to the "general," who dearly love to know the salaries paid on the stage, was heard at Birmingham, England, a day or two before the mail left. The proprietors of the Birmingham Gaiety Theatre of Varieties sought to recover from Fred Carey, a comedian, £15 damages for alleged breach of contract. The plaintiff's case was that they engaged Carey to appear for £15, and as he failed to do so they filled the vacancy by employing another artist, who received £50.—His Honor: Now you have got such an extraordinarily-priced gentleman?—Mr Dorset (for the plaintiffs): We could not get anyone else.—Mr Bushell (the plaintiff's manager), cross-examined by Mr Graham

had at £15! There are plenty at £5.—Millward, said they paid a man in proportion to the amount he was likely to "draw" to the house. "It does not follow, though," the manager added; "you may pay a man £20, and he may not be worth a 'five'."—Mr Millward: Is there any scarcity of artists at £15 a week? No. There are plenty to be

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DEATH OF AN ARAWA CHIEF.

Carey explained that after filling up a form agreeing to appear at the plaintiff's theatre he recollected that he was in the Barrasford tour, and could not appear at another place of amusement in the town in which they had a hall. He therefore told the agent not to push the contract.—Mr Millward: Could Mr Bushell have got a good man to fill your place at £15?—The Witness: You could get fifty now to appear to-night.—You don't claim to be at the top of the tree?—Far from it. I am an average "fifteen-pounder," but there are average pounders who get £5. They are very average.—Mr Dorsett: What do you hope to get when you get to the top of the tree?—They do tell us some of them get £130 and £150 a week.—And you don't believe them?—I was with a comedian on Saturday and saw him draw £160 for his week's salary.—His honor: £160!—The judge gave a verdict for the defendant, and refused leave to appeal.

Te Keopa Rangipuwaha, the last of the more important Arawa chiefs, and a member of the Tuhourangi tribe, died recently at Whakarewaro. The natives signalled the death of the chieftain by holding the usual lengthy tangi, or "crying ceremony," over the body. He had been in bad health for some time, and his death was not unexpected. Keopa was a fine stamp of the Maori race, and at the time of the Tarawera eruption lived at Wairoa. The deceased chief took a prominent part in the native celebrations at Rotorua on the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and was one of those who received a Royal medal. Up to the time of his death Keopa was in receipt of a military pension of £12 per quarter.

THE LEYS INSTITUTE.

A HANDSOME DONATION

GOOD RECORD OF PROGRESS.

A meeting of the Committee of Management of the Leys Institute was held last week. A letter was read from the Hon. E. Mitchellson (forwarded by the City Council) intimating that he desired to present £100 of his Mayoral honorarium to the Leys Institute, to be applied either to the erection of a gymnasium, the establishment of a children's library, or the extension of the Institute buildings, as the committee thought fit. A resolution was adopted cordially thanking Mr Mitchellson for his generous donation, and approving the objects mentioned in the letter. The committee decided that until funds were available for carrying out one of the objects stated, the money should be placed in the Post Office Savings Bank.

The librarian reported that the trustees had extended the shelving, and the library had been re-classified with the large additions that had been made to it since the Institute opened.

The following list of donations to the Institute were duly acknowledged:—Mr W. E. Goldie ("Ceylon," 2 vols.); Mr Richard Hobbs ("Breeches Bible," 1000); Hull and Neals ("Ruins of Ancient Rhodesia"); Mr T. W. Leys (general literature), 165 volumes; Mrs T. W. Leys ("Exploration in Bible Lands," Hilprecht, Protestant Dictionary); Miss W. H. Leys (Richards' "Her Majesty's Army," 3 vols.); Mr W. C. Leys ("Standing," "Cricketer of To-day"); Mrs Oxley ("The Sea" and "The Tropical World," Hartwig); Mr E. W. Rathbone (Moore's "Life and Works of Byron," 9 vols., and Sully's "Studies of Childhood," and Symons' "Life of Benvenuto Cellini"); Mr Peter Virtue ("Brown's History of Accountancy and Accountants"); Mr R. M. Watt (Moore's "Sanitary Engineering"); Miss Stubbury (magazines); Mr W. B. Leyland offered to donate regularly copies of the "Auto-car," and Mr Parker "The Esperantist;" accepted with thanks.

Councillor John Court, on behalf of the Auckland City Council, presented to Mr T. W. Leys a handsomely illuminated copy of the address which was adopted at the meeting of the Council some time ago, expressing appreciation of that gentleman's generosity. Mr Court, in making the presentation, enlarged upon Mr Leys' public-spirited action in connection with the Institute, and then spoke warmly of the great benefit which the Institute was conferring upon the Ponsoby district. He said it had already proved a remarkable success, being evidently well appreciated, while the various organisations and clubs affiliated with the Institute were vigorous and doing good work.

The address was bound in book form in morocco and gold, folio size. The text was in red and black lettering, with most artistically illuminated border in floral design. On the last leaf is a well-executed view of the Institute, while a copy of the Corporation seal is embossed in gold on the cover. The whole work is most artistic, and reflects credit on the illuminator, Mr Palmer.

Mr T. W. Leys, in returning thanks, said he greatly appreciated such a token of esteem, coming as it did from the

Corporation. He especially valued the kindly reference made to himself by Mr Court, who like himself had been a resident of Ponsoby district for many years. At the same time he desired to say that a great deal of the success of the Institute was due to the energy which the committee put into the management, and he felt that while it was under such good auspices as at present in that respect, there was every reason to hope it would show still further progress in the future.

The affiliation of the Ponsoby Shakespeare and Rhetoric Club with the Institute was approved by the committee, and it was agreed they should have the use of the hall every alternate Wednesday, commencing on the 26th of July.

The illuminated address is on view at Messrs. Upton and Company's, Queen-street.

J. M. Barrie in His Journalist Days.

If I have not achieved (says a writer in "M.A.P.") the, I believe, unique distinction of "interviewing" Mr. J. M. Barrie, it is not for want of trying. Mr. Barrie remains politely obstinate. However, I recently met a journalist who was employed on the "Nottingham Daily Journal" in the days when Mr. Barrie was a reporter on its staff, and he gave me some glimpses of the famous writer as a young man which may be of interest. Mr. Barrie, I was surprised to learn, was not popular with his colleagues. But his unpopularity was of a positive rather than of a negative order. If he made no friends, he sought to make none—at least, within the office. Reserved and silent to a degree, he kept his ambitions and himself to himself. Outside the office, however, he was intimate with two or three Scottish doctors settled in Nottingham, and one of them, who afterwards told the story to my friend, he surprised one evening by throwing aside the mask and declaring his determination to get to the top at, to use Barrie's own words, "whatever cost to myself or anyone else."

While waiting for a "coll" in the reporter's room, Barrie never joined in the jokes or horse-play of the others, but sat steadily writing, writing, writing. Both in and out of doors he had a dreary, abstracted air; but, as a matter of fact, nothing escaped his observation, as his articles proved. Often at night he would be found standing at the corner of the main street watching, but without seeming to watch, the passers-by. And, although the most abstemious of men, he made no "bones" of going into "gin-palaces" and such places to study hilarious human nature over a glass of lemonade. Of Barrie's private life in lodgings little was known, but he was reputed to live for something less than sixpence a day.

As a reporter, Mr. Barrie's work lay mainly in the police courts, and he never failed to make the most of any humorous or pathetic incident that

cropped up. Indeed, according to my informant, he had a marvellous capacity for making a great deal out of very little. After a time he began to contribute articles of a fantastic nature to the "Journal." One bore the curious title of "N.T.P.D.N.T.L.L.," or some similar jumble of letters. Barrie professed to have been given this by his editor as the subject for an article, and ran on in characteristic vein, weaving all sorts of romances around the possible meanings of the cryptic title. This article, as Barrie lovers are probably aware, was reprinted in the "Bookman" some time since.

To these vicarious memories of Mr. Barrie I may add what I believe to be two new stories about him. Mr. Barrie, as is well known, is an ardent cricketer, and his achievements in that line scarcely march with his ambitions. One summer Mr. Barrie and his friend, Mr. E. W. Hornung, another cricketer enthusiast, were walking in the country when they came to a village green on which a number of very, very old men were playing cricket. "Ah!" said Mr. Hornung, joking, "you should bring your team down to play this lot." Mr. Barrie turned the proposal over in his mind, and then answered with great solemnity: "No, no, Hornung; they're too young. But they seem a healthy lot here; go and ask them if their fathers are alive, and, if so, we'll challenge them." When Mr. P. F. Warner brought the "ashes" home from Australia, the Authors' Club gave him a dinner, at which Mr. Barrie made a speech. "I have only seen Mr. Warner play twice," he said. "The first time he made two, on the second occasion he—er—was not so successful."

Hall Caine has been visiting various gambling places on the Riviera, so that there may be lacking no accuracy or realism in the great gambling scene in "The Prodigal Son" when the drama is produced at Drury Lane on September 16. Critics, in dealing with the book, said that the gambling scenes were laid at Monte Carlo, and found fault with the description of what they wrongly assumed to be roulette. As a matter of fact, the author neither intended to signify the Casino at Monte Carlo nor the game of roulette. What he described was baccarat, as played at the big gambling clubs. Certain experienced baccarat players have, however, pointed out to him weak points in this scene, and he came to the Riviera expressly to study the game in its various and most exuberant forms. Under the guidance of one of the best-known European gamblers and plungers, he visited all the most notorious clubs, casinos, and gambling halls on the Riviera, and while his quietude played baccarat Mr. Caine took quiet note of all that went on.

At a well-known "cotelet," or so-called club, at Nice, Hall Caine stood behind the chair of his companion, who in less than an hour lost over £2000. After this, no one will in future be able to reproach him with not being personally acquainted with the modern manners and methods of "The Prodigal Son."

DRIED MILK.

ITS SUCCESS IN LONDON.

A few weeks ago a cable message, received from London, stating that New Zealand dried milk ("Defiance"), supplied to the troops at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament at Islington, had proved a great success. A letter (dated May 25th) has been received by Messrs Nulhan and Co. endorsing the above and giving some particulars about the contract.

The following is an extract:—"We commenced working there (at Islington) on Monday last, and served up the milk to about 850 of the troops for tea. On Wednesday the army medical authorities made a raid on the kitchen. Major Keen, of the Army Medical Corps, tested the milk and pronounced it to be delicious. He took a sample back with him, and analysed it, and he is now a most enthusiastic believer in New Zealand dried milk. I find all the officers are very interested, and yesterday they asked me to bring them up some tins for their own mess. Thursday was the opening day, and the King was present. They had a record number of soldiers and sailors, and the number we had to supply tea for was over 2000 men, and out of this huge crowd we did not hear of a single complaint. The tournament will last now until the 8th June, and the head of the commissariat tells me that by the time the tournament closes New Zealand dried milk will have been served up to 30,000 soldiers and sailors. This means there have been 30,000 breakfasts and teas in which your New Zealand dried milk was used.

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# A ROYAL ROMANCE

By Clive R. Fenn

I.

It was one resplendent evening toward the end of June, and the palace of the king at Varoff, in Silonia, was brilliant with many lights, and the vast salons were thronged. His majesty, the enlightened and popular King Sigismund, was that night in one of his best moods and had been heard to speak in complimentary fashion to Prince Paul, the heir to the throne, about the performance which had taken place an hour earlier of "Le Roi l'a dit."

"It is fine," he said. "Decidedly it is fine. I have greatly enjoyed it."

The prince had merely coldly acquiesced in the remark and the king had chided him sharply on his want of enthusiasm.

"What ails you?" asked the king. "You are moody and sad, and this is a time to put away sad thoughts." And then the prince, after a moment's hesitation, had said something which made the king start angrily.

"It is the truth, sire," said Paul, earnestly. "It is with me an affair of life and death."

"The truth, you say?" ejaculated the monarch. "No, no; not, maybe, the real truth, but only a boy's whim."

"Oh my life, sire, it is as I ventured to tell you. I cannot give her up," was the fervent response.

And then, whilst the aristocratic and brilliant assemblage in the royal palace was dancing, his majesty put his hand affectionately on the young man's arm and drew him away into an ante-room.

"Tell me more," he began, kindly, as he sat down on a divan. "Don't be hasty. I am a father, although I am a king."

For answer the prince dropped on one knee before the king. "There is nothing more to tell you, sire. Only that I love her deeply, that I shall always love her, that I cannot live without her, that she is with me wherever I go—in the city ways, in the forest, on the battlefield during the last war."

The king looked thoughtful and sad and then he extended his right hand.

"Rise," he said. "Sit down there in front of me," and he indicated a chair.

"You will listen, sire?" said the young man, imploringly. "You will realise what it means to me?"

The king rose and took a step or two up and down the apartment with his hands behind his back.

"Listen?" he said, musingly. "Why?"—and he faced the prince suddenly—"I would rather listen to that music than to these words of yours. I thought you had forgotten."

The prince made a despairing gesture and the king shook his head. "Marry Mlle. Xenia, the actress," he said, musingly. "Why, it would make our court a laughing stock; and in these days is it not necessary jealously to guard the dignity of kingship more assiduously than of old? I cannot argue with you. You must be brave, you must forget, there is no other way, there is no other way! You must tell her that all is at an end."

"But, sire, if you would see her!" exclaimed the prince in a despairing tone. "I did see her," was the grave reply.

"And—"

"She acted charmingly; and she rides well, I hear, for they tell me that you and she have been seen in the park of a morning. O, she played well this evening, and sang still better; yes, certainly she sang still better. But one can admire a nightingale and then go on one's way. Come, come, you must see that it is useless. She is an ornament to our court, and more than that, maybe, but she is no wife for the heir to the throne. You do not belong to yourself, but to your country, to your family. The world would laugh, London, Vienna, Paris, St. Petersburg would be vastly amused; and," continued the king, as he walked to the end of the apartment and raised the curtain, "it is not my wish to provide amusement for London, Paris, or St. Petersburg, to say nothing of Vienna," and he walked out of the salon and proceeded toward the ball-room.

But he stopped half-way and motioned to a chamberlain to approach him.

"Tell Mlle. Xenia," he said to that functionary, "that I wish to speak to her." And as the chamberlain retired with a low bow his majesty turned and exchanged a laughing word with a courtier who stood near.

A minute later, as Mlle. Xenia approached, the king could do nothing but admire. She was a representative of that ethereal Saxon loveliness which the painters of the north have typified, and as she made a deep curtsy the king sighed deeply at a thought which flashed through his mind.

"I wished," he said, "to compliment you."

"Your majesty is too good," replied the girl, tremulously.

"Tell me," went on the king, and there was a ring of sympathy in his voice, "whence come you?"

There was a moment's hesitation, "You forget," said his majesty, with an indulgent smile. "You have forgotten your native country?"

"Your majesty is very good."

"It is no empty compliment. I scorn such," said the king, gravely. "But as to your life. Are there not hardships in it? There should not be to you."

The girl bowed again. "Oh, yes, sire; we have our sad days."

"You have beauty, mademoiselle—great beauty," and the king eyed her searchingly, as if he could read her soul; and you have also talent, and with these two things one should go far in this world. I wish you good fortune and a large measure of happiness," and with those words the monarch turned away.

For a moment Xenia was lost in thought, and then a voice at her elbow said, gravely:

"I claim this dance, mademoiselle." She started and drew back as if frightened, but then recovered herself.

Prince Paul was facing her and bowing low. "I have alarmed you," he exclaimed, with a note of concern in his voice.

"No—no," she stammered. "But you look so terribly serious, so woebegone. What calamity are you fearing?"



"No, no, sire. I come from Germany." But the girl spoke as though she had something she wished to hide—some sad chapter which the world was not to read.

"But," mused the king, "Germany is a vast realm. Is that all? One may come from the north or from the south."

"I was last at Vienna, sire."

"You met delightfully," said the king. "You charmed us all to-night," he added, with sympathy.

"I am grateful, sire."

"It is the truth."

The girl bowed low.

"Your singing pleased me much," the monarch went on.

ardently into her eyes. "You will not forget your promise?" he said, earnestly.

"I ought to forget it," she responded, and there was a note of melancholy in her tone. "It is my duty to forget all about it."

"But you will come?" he urged, vehemently.

The girl hesitated a second longer. "In an hour's time," he went on.

"Yes," she said at last, "I will be there."

"Thank you—thank you!" he cried passionately.

The dance had only just ended when an aide-de-camp asked leave to speak to the prince, who was called away, and soon after a chamberlain came up to where Xenia was sitting.

He was a tall, good-looking functionary, modest of bearing, however, for his position at court was so great that he did not require to remind any one of its importance.

"Mademoiselle," he said, courteously. "I have to beg you to follow me."

"Where to?" she asked curiously, but rising as she spoke.

"To the king, mademoiselle."

"His Majesty wishes to see me?" she exclaimed, wondering.

"Yes, mademoiselle; the king desired me to inform you that he wished to speak with you."

"It is strange," she said, half to herself, "for the king did me the honour to speak to me but half an hour ago."

The officer bowed.

"It is not a trouble to mademoiselle?" he said, politely.

She smiled, as if no answer were requisite to such a question. "On the contrary, it is a great honour," and she followed the chamberlain through the brilliant ballroom to the king's reception chamber; whilst as they passed people turned and looked on inquiringly, feeling sure that the great artiste who had charmed all that evening was on the way to receive royal thanks and praise for what she had done.

II.

"It is here, mademoiselle," said the chamberlain, courteously, as he stopped before the curtained doorway at which stood an officer of the bodyguard, who drew back and saluted.

The curtain parted and Xenia found herself for a second time in the space of an hour in the presence of the king. His majesty dismissed a secretary as she entered and motioned to her to sit down.

"I have asked you here to see me," he began, "because I have a message for you—an important message."

"A message for me, sire?" she queried, in alarm.

"Yes," he said, gravely, and he leant back in his chair, and placed a hand on each arm. "Mlle. Xenia, it is an important message—the message of duty. I will not slight your intelligence by informing you that your beauty has turned the head of my son, but I will honour your intelligence, mademoiselle, by asking you to listen to what I have to say. Mademoiselle," he continued, with more feeling, "would you do something for me?"

"I am grateful to your majesty," replied the girl. "I feel deeply all the many kindnesses I have received at Varoff."

"And if you would require these—these kindnesses—but stay, it is not for kings to be satisfied with words alone. Accept this trifle," and his majesty handed her a sparkling ring.

"You would—and you could—offer a return?"

"Yes, sire."

The king hesitated.

"You are surprised at something, sire?" the girl asked timidly, and her fingers pressed the collet of the ring.

"No, no; I am not surprised—not at all surprised, mademoiselle."

"If, sire, you would tell me what I should do, I have received so much kindness here that it would be pleasant to give any return."

"That is precisely the difficulty," and the king knit his brows.

"The difficulty, sire?"

He nodded.

"You will dance?" he said, pleadingly, disregarding her remark. "The calamity would be your refusal. You will dance?"

"Yes, yes, if you wish it," she answered, with a smile. "But you are tragic, prince. You frighten me."

"If I wish it!" he exclaimed—passionately. "You ask that—you! Why, I—"

"Oh!" she began, in protest, and a second later they were circling the room.

"You are pale to-night, prince," she said, suddenly, trying to give a light turn to thought; but he did not heed her remark.

Then as they valed on he looked

"You have only to order me, your majesty," faltered the girl. "You have only to order, I will obey."

The king seemed to rouse himself from a reverie.

"Order you, mademoiselle?" he said at last. "Why, it is the last thing before heaven! that I should wish to do. Come let us talk for a moment of something else. Those are beautiful pearls you are wearing."

Xenia glanced down at the jewels shining on her white throat and smiled. "They were given to me, sire," she said lightly.

"Ah! a handsome gift. By whom?" interrupted the king, with an air of interest—"if I may inquire?" he added graciously.

"By the Duchess Marie Elizabeth, sire."

The monarch nodded. "Ah, it was she, I remember, who introduced you to our court. Is it not so?"

"Yes, your majesty," was the response. "I owe much to her highness."

"And I am profoundly grateful to her," said the king; and, mademoiselle, it is because I know that her interest in you says everything for your understanding that I appeal to you—to your higher self. You must know—and he leant forward and took her hand—"you must know that a marriage between my son and yourself is out of the question, yet I do not blame him for being blind. Therefore, it is to you that I come. Mademoiselle, you must leave us—for a time. The prince is young; he is uncertain—like our times; and in these days more than ever the acts of kings are watched more closely than of old. Will you do this for me? I ask it as a friend, for I wish to be your friend."

The girl withdrew her hand quickly, though the king endeavoured to retain it, and she sank back in her chair, while there was that in her countenance suggesting one who looked for the direct and most melancholy news.

"Have I asked too much of you?" said the king, sympathetically. "Perhaps," he went on, gravely, "much sorrow would be spared you in the years which are to come. Mademoiselle, if you love my son—and you do love him—you will consent."

The girl burst into tears. For a moment the king looked at her, communing with himself, wondering whether he was right in the step he was taking, for, after all, life was life, and where the gray shadow of grief could be avoided was it not right to do so?

"No, sire," she said at last; "it is right. You have not demanded too much."

"And you will forgive me?" he said, with an attempt at gallantry. "You will pardon what I have done?"

"I have nothing to forgive, sire. It shall be as you wish," she said, mournfully.

"Thank you," he said, earnestly. "I will go away," she said, tearfully—"I will go away. As that is my duty, it shall be done."

"You are greater than us all," exclaimed the king, and he rose and took her hand and kissed it. "I owe you much."

But the girl was transformed.

"Will it be so easy?" she said, rising. "The prince loves me, sire. He has told me that many times. If I go away he will follow me, I fear."

"No, for the prince will not forget duty, and duty bids him remain."

"It shall be as you wish, sire. When will it please you that I shall go?"

"It does not please me at all. It is only stern necessity."

"To-night?"

"No, no, no; not to-night," he replied, with energy.

"To-morrow, then?" she said with an appearance of calmness.

"It is still too soon. Do not let there be haste. It would defeat our ends—and then, it is not that I wish you to go. You are called away, remember."

"Yes, sire, I understand," she said, simply.

The king accompanied the girl to the entrance of the apartment.

"I beg you to believe," he said in farewell, "that I am and shall always be your friend. You believe that?"

The girl stifled a sob. "Yes," she said, mournfully, "you are right—and—and I believe."

As the king turned away he murmured softly: "Mieux vaut mourir."

III.

Less than an hour after Xenia had left the king the prince was at the appoint-

ed meeting place, a small boudoir off the main corridor; but the girl did not appear, and, after waiting impatiently for twenty minutes he quitted the chamber, anxiety written deeply on his brow.

"She promised," he mused. "She promised."

He glanced up and down the corridor. He did not see her; at one end he saw two officers talking, and he made a move in their direction, when the sound of hurrying footsteps behind him made him turn. A page came up to him breathlessly.

"Highness," he said, "I have a letter." "From whom?" asked the prince, sharply, taking the missive. "Ah! this will explain," and he turned away to conceal his agitation as he tore open the letter and read; that which he read caused him to change colour and then glance round in alarm.

But he need not have imagined that his action was an object of scrutiny by any one in the world, for the little page had interpreted a gesture of the heir to the throne as a sign of dismissal, and had fled back to his post at the ball-room portal, so that the prince was alone—alone, indeed, for a crushing sense of his hopeless solitude was borne in upon him as the words of the note wrote themselves deeply on the tables of his mind. "Dear and noble friend, I have been recalled to my duty, and now bid you farewell forever. This is my duty. Will you not know yours?"

The prince moved like a man in a trance to the open window, gazing out at the dreamy splendour of the summer night, the scented garden, the velvet darkness, the lustrous stars.

"I will marry her," he muttered, "aye, even if it costs me the throne."

When Xenia quitted the king's cabinet she remained a moment in melancholy hesitation, dreading lest she should encounter Paul at that moment of the crisis when her newly formed resolution might be shaken.

"I dare not meet him," she murmured—"I dare not!" She started, trembling violently, for a footstep was to be heard in the grey dusk far down the corridor where the coloured light from the ball lamps did not penetrate.

But it was only the tread of a guard, and reassured on that point she proceeded to a chamber where she knew writing materials would be at hand, subsequently addressing herself to a page.

"By the morning," she mused, "I must be far away," and for the moment her soul was filled with a certain delicious sense of excitement, of something akin to pleasure—for was she not serving him whom she loved?—though the feeling was dulled as she thought wistfully that he would soon forget, and that the memory of her would swiftly be but as a dream of the night—nothing more.

The music sounded far away now, for she had advanced quickly down the left main corridor, intending to gain the gardens, to stop suddenly, however, feeling that she was in imminent peril because of something besides the now faint "Valse Bleue" that fell upon her listening ear.

IV.

The voices she heard came nearer and nearer, and Xenia glided as softly as a phantom, into the curtained security of a tiny alcove, feeling, as she waited in an agony of suspense, her heart go thump, thump, and fearful lest the tense, pent-up excitement which held her might be manifested in some way to those who were coming slowly to the spot where she was concealed. But the white hand which held the curtain was not to be seen by those who passed, and no suspicion fell upon the small recess of any watcher who might be there. Was not the court dancing that night, mindful of anything but treachery from within?

"It is for to-night," said one of those who were approaching. "Our triumph is assured. Have no fear. To-morrow the old dynasty will be restored."

Xenia strained to hear all, knowing, though, but too well that one false move and death instantaneous and without mercy would be her lot, for that which she heard proved to her that some event of greater moment than a brilliant fête was likely to occur that night, and as she heard she trembled.

All the details of her own life, and though they were, fleeting to tears, faded off into the far grey distance, seeming to have lost importance, to be

heretofore of significance now, because of those words which fell on her ear. "The price is great, certainly," and in a low, graffitone, "but so also is the risk."

"True, there is the risk. Well, I have risked all before, and so have you, and the new king will know how to handsomely reward those who have raised him to the throne. You are not going to hang back now?"

"No, no."

"That is well."

"He will be accepted, then?" mused the other. "You have no doubt?" "Surely he will be. He comes of a great race which once reigned. Have no fear on that score. The blow once struck and this Sigismund laid low, who is there, think you, to face the new order of things?"

"The prince," hazarded the second speaker.

"Ah! he is engaged in other matters, and ere he has come to his senses the power will have been seized for good and all. No, all will go well for our project; the people, they say, are loyal. Well, they will be loyal to the new as to the old, and to-morrow, Victor, our master will be proclaimed as king."

"And—" began hesitatingly the one who was listening.

His companion broke in decisively. "To-night, in a couple of hours' time, there will be but one officer at the king's door. You or I will see to it that he is rendered harmless, and then it will be the turn of the king. Come, comrade, come."

The speakers were moving away now, the voices becoming an indistinct murmur, and Xenia parted the curtains of the alcove and gazed after them, while a shudder went through her at the thought that ere another sun had risen in the heavens an abominable tragedy might be enacted in that place—a scene which would fill the entire world with horror and loathing, and relegate the country she loved to the bloom of barbarism once more.

As she emerged into the corridor one thought, and one only, animated her mind. While as the consciousness came to her that she might be able to unmask these plotters in time it was as if the temporarily closed doorways of imagination, leading to the fairest spring times had swung back once more on their hinges, enabling her to see ahead a vision which she feared had been blotted out forever.

She hesitated a moment longer, wondering whether her plan would succeed, and then turned and sped swiftly down the corridor till she reached the wide hall where passages led off right and left, stopping every now and again to listen, to make sure that she was not pursued, and with the anxious inquiry coming again and again—would they admit her to see the king? They might refuse to believe her story, regard her merely as a hysterical woman who followed her profession in real life as well as in the fitful world of the stage.

"But they must—they shall believe!" she said to herself, and with that conviction strong within her she gained a door leading to the royal apartments, and spoke to the captain of the guard.

"Impossible," said the officer, after listening to her story with wonderment depicted on his handsome face.

"It must be," she exclaimed.

"But I tell you his majesty has retired. He will see no one to-night."

"Yet," she said, excitedly, "my message is urgent."

"As are my orders," said the officer of the guard, shortly.

"You do not understand. This," she cried, pleadingly—and she caught at the captain's arm—"is an affair of life and death. You will win praise, not blame, for ignoring my orders and allowing me to pass."

"Ah! you are an actress, mademoiselle," said the officer, and his left hand played with his moustache as he looked down at the girl, "and I had the honour of seeing you perform to-night, little thinking that you would reserve a scene later on for me. It is finely played!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried, and a sob

of anguish stuck in her throat. "I am not acting now. The king is in deadly peril, and you can save him."

"If his majesty is in danger I will save him," was the response. "That is what I am here for. No one passes here. My august master will be safe."

"What I say is the truth," she said, huskily. "But see," and as a flash of recollection came to her she slipped from off her finger the ring the sovereign had given to her that night but a few hours before. Look! it is his majesty's ring. It will show you that I am true."

The captain gazed at the white hand more than at the ring, with its radiating points of light, and then nodded his head as he made way.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I will conduct you to his majesty," and he raised the curtain before the door so that the girl might pass.

They traversed two apartments, and then the captain stopped.

"Wait here," he said, quietly, and then he passed out of sight through an arched doorway, leaving Xenia devoured by impatience, though it was not for long.

She gazed at a picture of an old-time battle, and then the young captain returned.

"Please follow me," he said, and a minute later the girl found herself in the presence of the king, who was not playing cards that night, but was alone in a library like apartment, seemingly prepped in deep meditation, walking up and down, his hands behind him.

His majesty made a sign to the captain to leave the apartment, and then she told her story, while the king gravely listened.

"You ask me to believe that there are intriguers in this palace who intend to take my life?" he said at last, incredulously. "You do not seem to be aware that there are guards here."

"Sire," she cried, "I implore you to believe!"

"Is it not all a comedy?"

"No, no!"

"And yet—"

"Ah! you will believe me if I tell you who I am—you will credit a member of my house, even if you deride a girl who acts on the stage."

"But then," he said, wonderingly, "who are you?"

"I am Pauline of Verestadt," she replied, proudly. "My family is noble, but it had fallen upon sad days. It was to help it that I hid my identity and worked, trying to win back that which my race had lost."

She stopped speaking, and stood petrified by what she saw—something which the king did not see—for at the further end of the apartment the bright coloured tapestry moved slightly, and the girl remained fascinated, unable to remove her eyes.

"Pauline of Verestadt," said the king, musingly; and as the girl maintained silence he looked at her inquiringly. "What ails you?" he asked.

"Nothing, sire."

"But you are as pale as death."

"It is—," she began. "It is—"

And she stopped again, for the tapestry moved slightly again behind the king, and the girl stood spellbound, wondering what she should do, fearing that if she gave the alarm the would-be assassins would accomplish their end ere help could come. And as she watched more keenly than before, she saw a hand slowly appear and begin to softly part the hangings. Why could she not speak—

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about—bring all—companies of the guard—the palace officers! But her throat was parched, and when she tried to utter a word only a husky sound came forth. And the debonaire captain was lounging at the outer entrance even then!

"Sire," she began, "I—I—" And then she stopped, paralysed with fear, for the hangings moved once more, and this time she could plainly see that someone was looking at her from out of that hiding place, and she felt fascinated by the gaze.

Then as she at length dragged her

eyes away from that sight, it was for them to fall on the bell which was to be seen on the table near which the king stood. Dare she advance boldly and ring it, and thus give the alarm?

"I think, mademoiselle," began the king; but he could proceed no further, for there was a sharp rustling, and the girl darted forth her hand and pressed the bell.

Then all was confusion, for the king gave vent to an exclamation, clapping his hand to the hilt of the light dress sword he wore, for he divined the truth, and saw something which resembled the passing of a shadow.

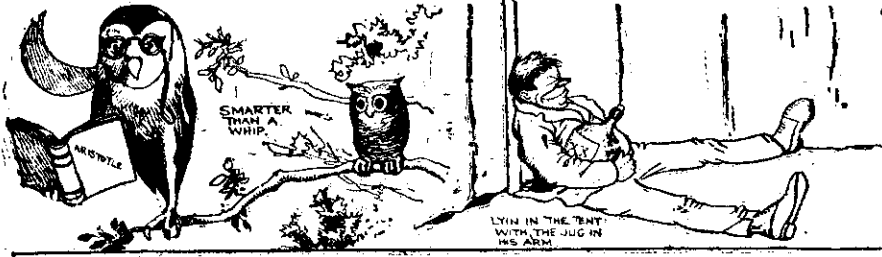
"Treachery!" he cried, and he made a step forward; but at the same instant the girl had moved forward quickly to the table and swept the silver candlesticks to the floor, plunging the apartment in darkness. Cimmerian in intensity, while there followed the rush of steps, a cry, a sound of steel meeting steel, to be succeeded immediately by silence—for her.

When she opened her eyes it was to see that the apartment was in a blaze of light and filled by officers and men of the royal bodyguard, while the king was standing near, and Paul was looking down at her.

She heard the king saying: "Well, Captain Stahlstein, you have captured these miscreants;" and then, turning to his son: "I owe my safety to her. You must persuade her to forget my words to-night."

The Black Family musicians have just completed a most successful South Island tour, and leave this week for Fiji, where they play a seven or eight weeks' season.

# In the Beginning of Things By Little Johnny



STOOD ON HIS HEAD AND WHIPPED HIS TAIL IN THE BREEZE

UNCLE NED, he sed, Uncle Ned did, di ever tel you about wot makes the owl look so wise?

I sed no, he dident, and he sed wen the owl was created he was the fooltest lookin berd that you ever se, but he was smarter than a wip. It dident do him no good for to be so clever, cos none of the other berds an' animals wuld bieve it, but only jest laughed at him, and sed, Wot do you kno about it, idiot? So he went to Addam and sed, Se here, mister, lne mity tierd lookin like this.

Addam he sed, Same here, ole man, wot can we do for each uther?

The owl he thot a wife, and then he sed, You make me look real wise, and if you are ever overrun with yello leg pullets He stand by you in yure trouble and help you for to thin them out, cos one good turn deserts a uther.

Addam he sed, He do it, but you must remember this is a imperfekt world and no feller can have evry thing good wich is going.

So Addam he thung him in to a deep sleep, and wen he woke up he went to a pool of cheer water for to drink. He seen his refleckhon in the water and jump back and sed, How!

Addam he sed, Its you, you fool. I have made you the wizest lookin feller wich I knew how.

But at the same time he had made him sech a gum dasted idiot that he cant say any thing only but jest hoo, hoo, hoo. But he is beleived to be so wize that evry thing wich is in the world hates him, and he is afrade for to go out in the day time, for they wuld tare him to peeces. Johnny, that will teach you for to be content with yure looks, jest as you was made, and nex time you se yure angel sister a primpin her self wen she is expectin her yung man you may tel her about the owl.

But my sister is the best lookin gerl in town, and Bildad, thats the new dog, is a ether, and Mose, wich is the cat, can lick Bildad. If I was outas an dogs I wudent be so fity, but wuld obey my mother and go to Sunly skool, for the Bible it ses onests is the best politicks. Me and my father is Republians, but Mr Brily, the fat lincner, he is a Noble of the Mistiek Sine and own-skin sheeps.

I ast Uncle Ned wot makes the ratle

snake have rattles on his tail, and he sed, Johnny, he dont. That is a optickle illusion wich is du to the idleness of observers wich wot examin the ratler real close to. Wot they mistake for rattles is the last joints of the spine of his back bone. It come about this way. The ratler he was created so ugly that it strangled him for to look at himself, and wen he dru near any thing for to be sochiable it piled amain! Wel, I day he shedded his skin, like of snakes do, and a other snake he shedded hisen same

shude be kind to the poor ratler and not step on him if there is plenty roon.

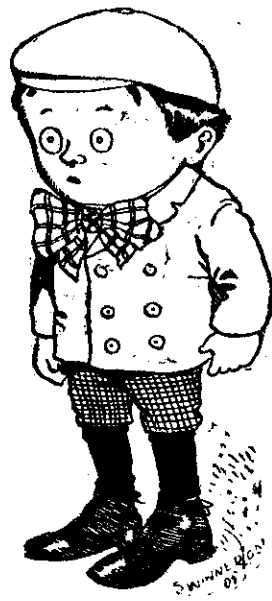
And now, Johnny, He tel you a story bout a ratler and a feller wich dranked wiskey, wich is equal pizen. Me and the feller and Docket Mutner was in the mountins a huntin. The docket he had took along a jug of wiskey, wich was for to cure snake bites. One day him and me we went out for to shoot bares, and wen we come home to camp the feller he was a lyn in the tent with the jug in his arms, ded drunk, he dident kno a thing. Johnny, its ofle for to se a drinkard wen he is himself, and I tore my hair and bewailed both loud and aril. But the docket he jest braced his back again a big tre for to think, and bime by he sed, I got it, I got it!

Then he rusht away, but prety soon he come back with a ratle snake in the end of a long split stick, wich he poked at the drinkard, and it bit him meeny a time and oft. Johnny, it sounds like a misterry, and I wuldnt ask you to bieve it if I dident tel it my own self, but then snake bites restore the feller to helth and youselfness, and he leapt in to the primevil forest and run away, and he is now holdin a ofice of trust and profit in Illinoi.

I ast Uncle Ned wot become of the ratle snake, and he sed, Uncle Ned did, Thats a mity sad story, Johnny, and I dont like to speak about it. We took the snake out side the tent and let him go, and first thing he done was to ti himself in to a double bo not. Then he stood on his hed and whaved his tail in the breeze and sed he was the Queen of Sheby!

But Billy, thats my brother, he ses that if Uncle Ned didnt give us candy and tak us to the shu and make boes and arroses for us he wuld be a lieer.

Injens eats snakes, but giv me mints pi with plenty spice, and a apple dumplin and some squosh and a spung cake and a lot of sossidge and plenty pickles and some chickin gizzards, wich is the stof of life!



time. So the ratler he croid in to the other snakes skin for to hide his ugly, but it was a inch or 2 too short and the bones of the spine of his back they stick out and ratle wen he shakes with frite, wich is frequent. Wot skares him the wurst is wen a buy is about to step on him with his bare feet, Johnny, you

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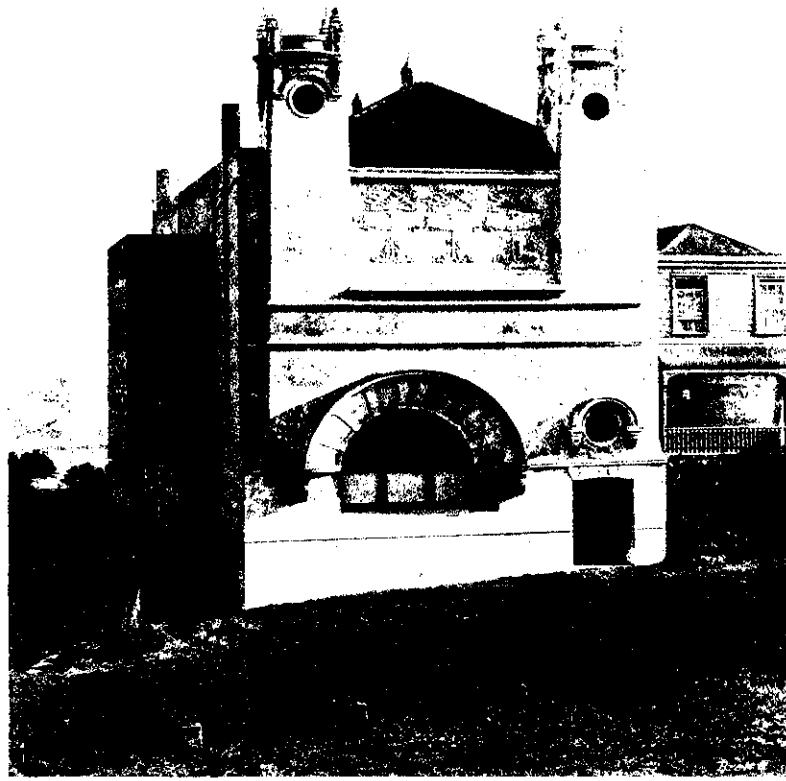
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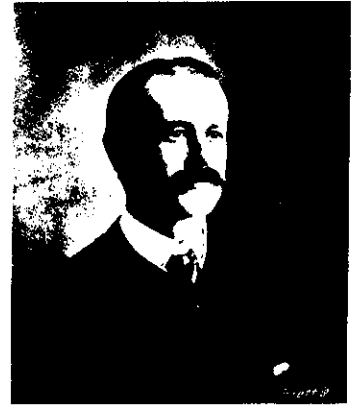


THE EXTERIOR OF THE NEW BUILDING.

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THE LATE E. A. MACKENZIE.  
To whom the public owe the building.



"Hemus" Studio.  
MR. OLIVER NICHOLSON,  
Trustee.



THE COMMITTEE OF THE ART SOCIETY.

BACK ROW (Left to Right): Messrs Walter Wright, M. Trounith, R. Phoney, S. Stuart (Secretary).  
FRONT ROW: Messrs Frank Wright, A. E. T. Devore (President), and E. W. Payton.



Lafayette Studio.  
MR. GOLDSBRO, ARCHITECT.



"Hemus" Studio.  
MR. WADE, ARCHITECT.

THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS' FIRST EXHIBITION IN THEIR NEW BUILDING.



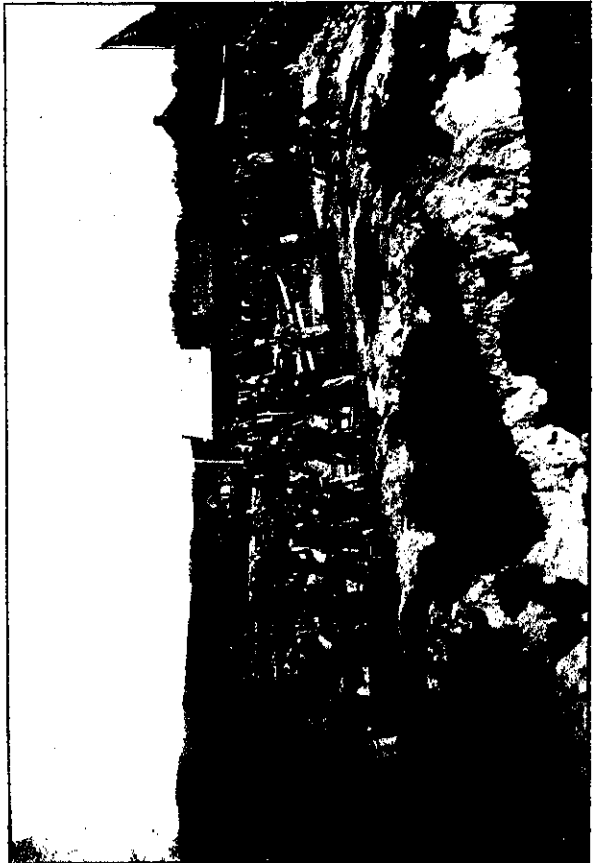
"A DUSTY ROAD, NGARUAWAHIA," by Mr. F. Wright (36x34).



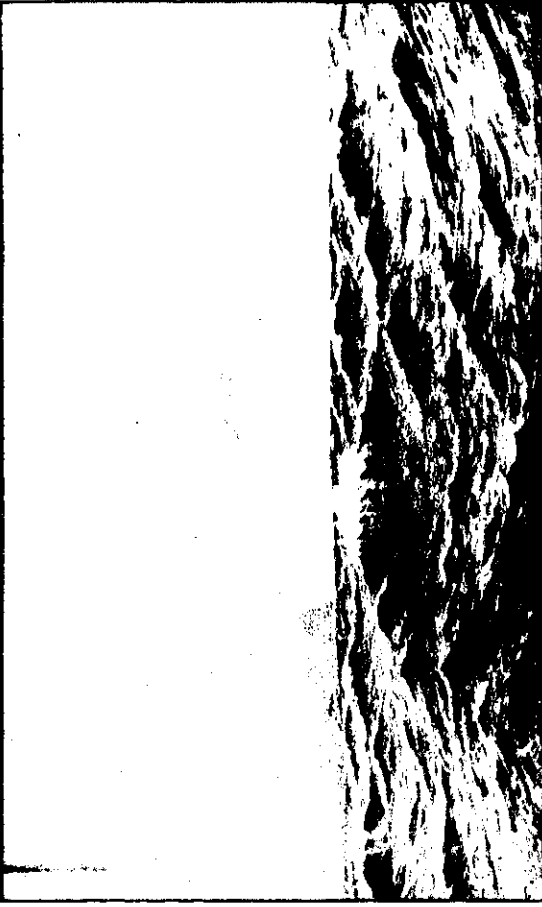
"ON THE WAIPA," by Mr. W. Wright (50x31).



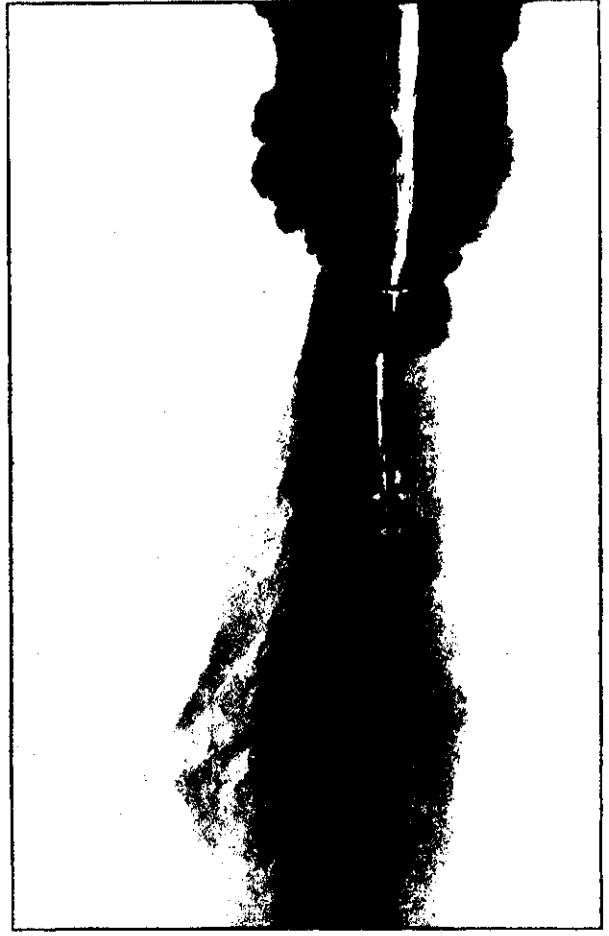
"THE AVENUE, CORNWALL PARK," by Mr. Henry Wallace, Auckland Technical School (36in. x 24in.)



DEATH OF TE KEEPA RANGIPCAWHA, THE LAST OF THE MORE NOTED ARAWA CHIEFS. (Gathering of natives at Whakarewrewa to hold a tangi over the body. See "Our Illustrations." Parkerson, photo.)



"A BREEZY DAY, LAKE TAUPO," by Mr. Tom Ryan (54x30).



"SUNSET, WANGANUI RIVER," by Mr. T. L. Drummond (38x21).



"ON THE PELORUS RIVER," by Mrs. E. M. Watroud (24x14).



"A COUNTRY ROAD," by Mr. M. Trenwith (24x16).

THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS' FIRST EXHIBITION IN THEIR NEW BUILDING.



"PORTRAIT OF MRS. ENDEAN," painted by Mr. J. L. Steele (40x30).



"GUM AND TIMBER," by Mr. Chas. Blomfield (60x36).



"ON THE RIVER 'TOKAANU,'" water colour by Mr. E. W. Payton (21x14).



"PORTRAIT OF MRS. STREET," by Mr. C. F. Goldie (44x34).

THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS' FIRST EXHIBITION IN THEIR NEW BUILDING.



NEW ZEALAND ALPINE SCENERY: HEAD OF TASMAN GLACIER.



**A NEW ZEALAND STOCK-RIDER ROUNDING UP AN UNRULY STRAGGLER.**

Specially Drawn for the "N.Z. Graphic" by Mr. H. Rountree, the Auckland Artist, who has made such a Conspicuous Success in London.



A VAST KAURI LOG, 30 FEET LONG BY 33 IN GIRTH, WHICH HAD TO BE CUT IN HALF AS SHOWN BEFORE IT COULD BE TAKEN ON THE TRAMWAY IN MCCARROLL'S BUSH.

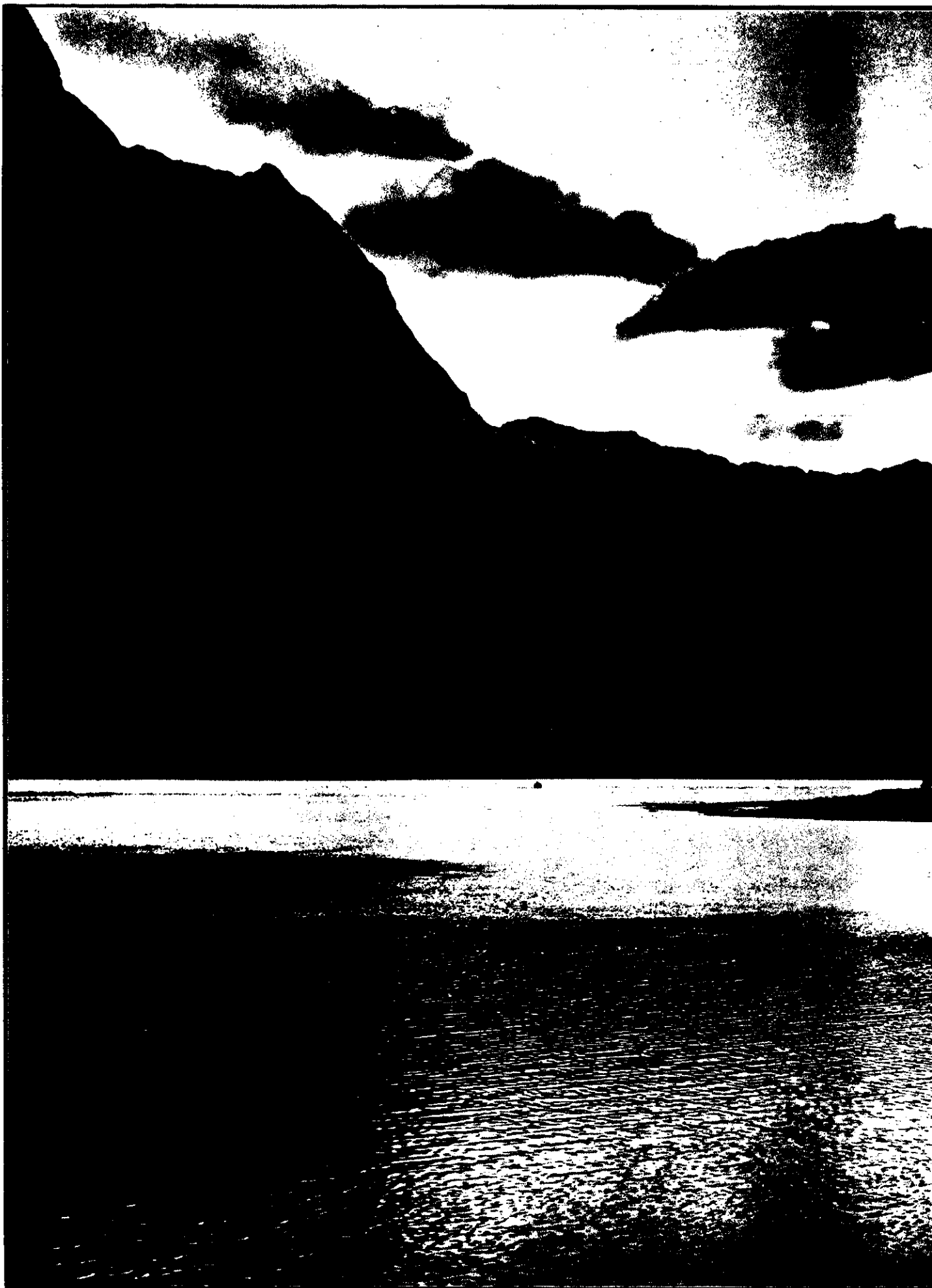


WELL-KNOWN AUCKLANDERS—DR. LEWIS, THE POPULAR MEDICO, AND MR. GEORGE NICOLL, THE SHIPOWNER, VISITING MESSRS. MCCARROLL'S BUSH, PUKEWAHINE.

J. N. McCarroll, photo.

Dr. Lewis and Mr. Nicoll are seated with axes next to each other in front row.

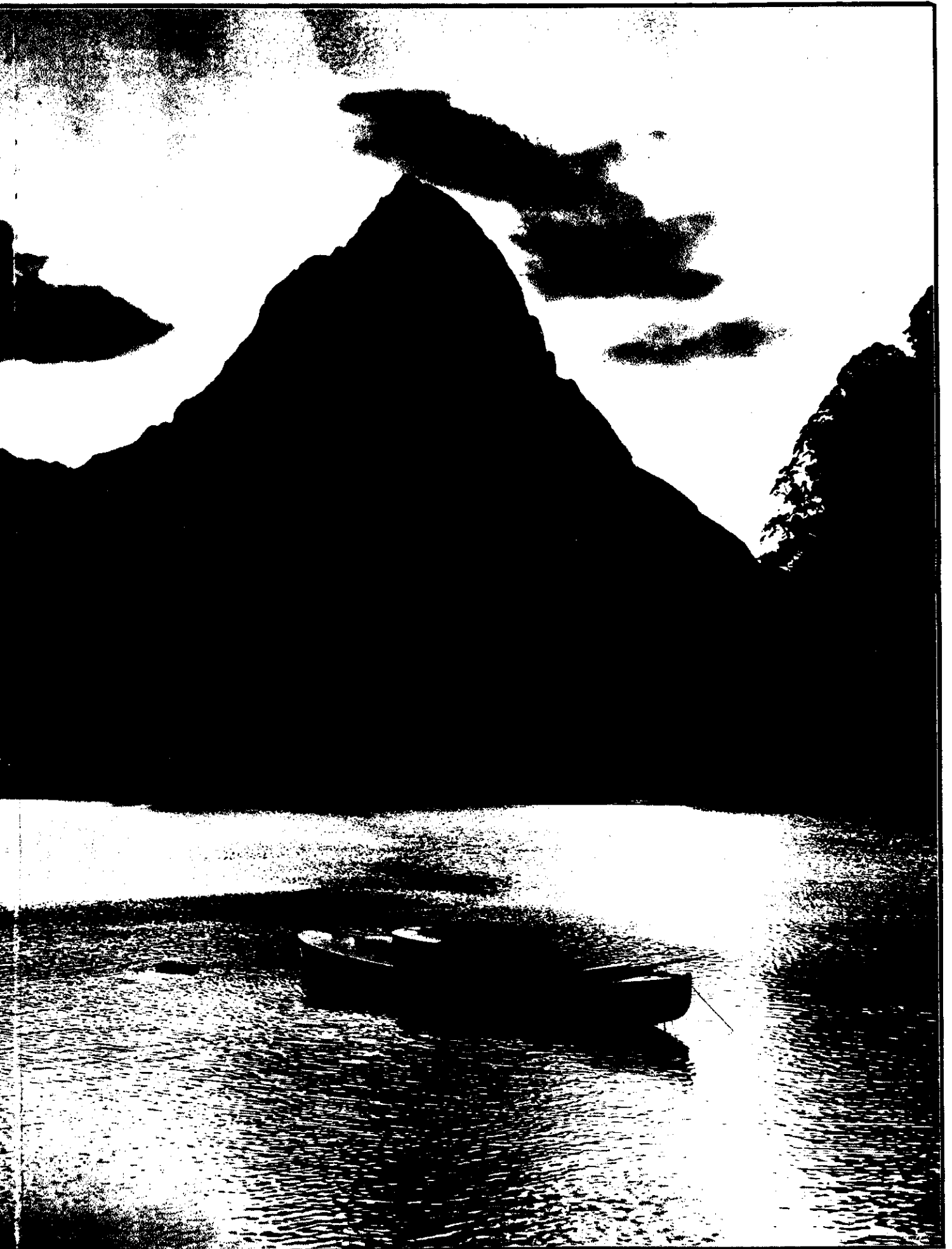
IN A NEW ZEALAND KAURI FOREST.



From a protected photograph by Thomas Pringle, Wellington.

NEW ZEALAND'S GLORIOUS FIORD





SCENERY: EVENING, MILFORD SOUND



PROTECTED BY THE PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO., JUNE 1, 05

MESSRS. A. HATRICK AND CO.'S HOUSEBOAT.

The launch trip from Taumartini (where the Main Trunk railway strikes the river) down to Pipiriki is a long day's steaming—64 miles; but tourists can now break the journey pleasantly at this splendidly appointed house boat which is moored at the junction of the Ohura river and the Wanganui, 57 miles above Pipiriki.

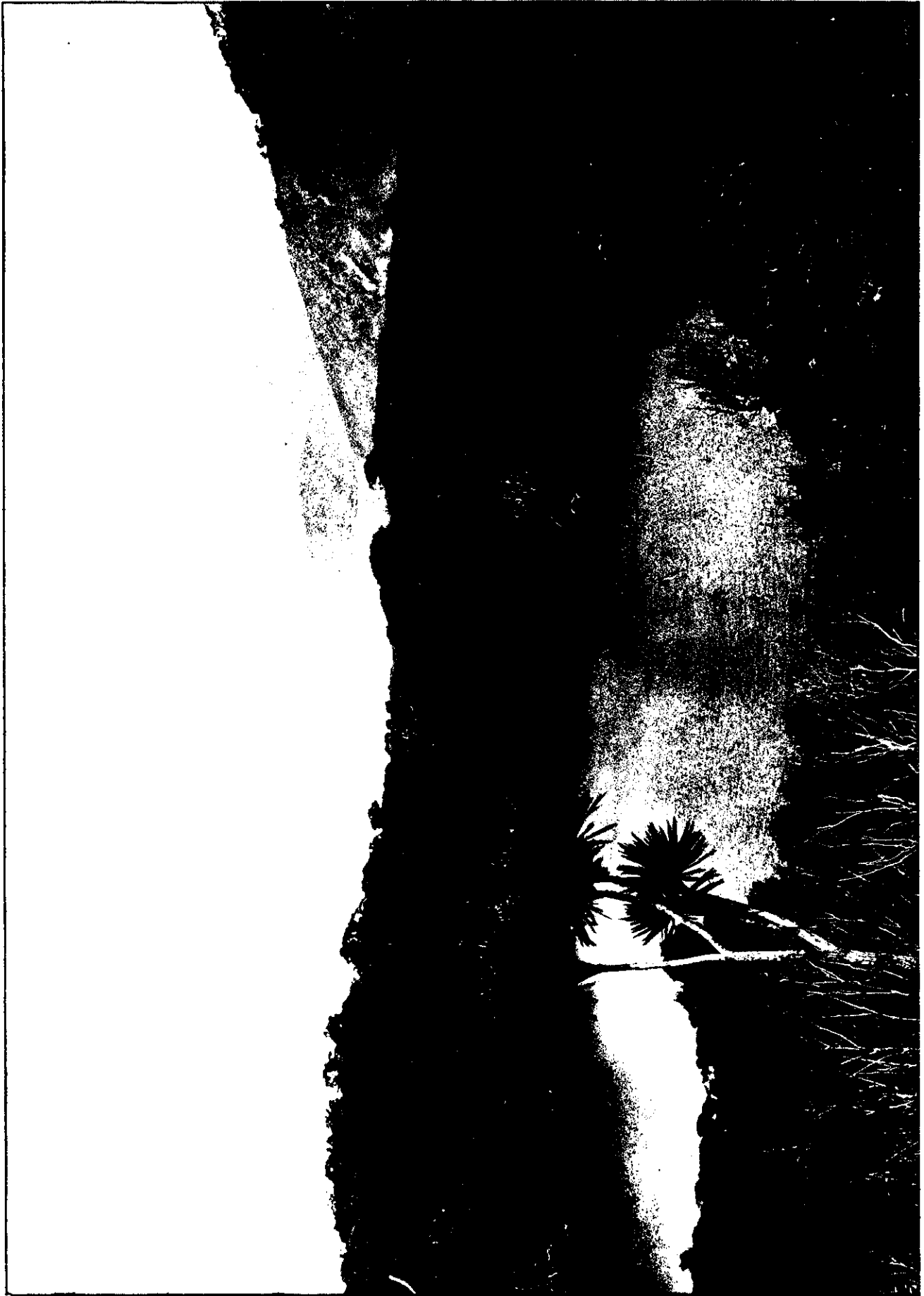


WINTER MORNING REFLECTIONS ON THE RIVER ABOVE PIPIRIKI.

ON THE UPPER WANGANUI RIVER.



RAPIDS ABOVE HUNUA FALLS, ON THE WAIROA RIVER, CLEVEDON, AUCKLAND, N.Z.



H. Winkelmann, photo.

**KAWAU-PAHU: AN EXQUISITE BUT LITTLE-KNOWN SCENIC GEM, WAITAKERE BEACH, AUCKLAND.**

Kawau-Pahu (Anglice, the resting place of the slug) is another Lake Takapuna, but, in the opinion of many, more picturesque in situation. It is not, of course, of volcanic origin, but has been formed by the natural dam of the ever-growing sand dunes. The water of the lake is exquisitely cold and delicious, and seen on a day when breakers are dashing on the beach, the bush clad lake with its exquisite plenty forms a contrast in beauty not to be forgotten.



MEET OF THE HAWKES BAY HUNT CLUB AT MR. KINROSS WHITE'S, OMARANUI.



Sorrell and Son, photo.

GROUP OF THE MEMBERS IN FRONT OF THEIR HOST'S RESIDENCE.



FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF MEMBERS AND GUESTS AT THE SOIREE MUSICALE GIVEN LAST WEEK BY THE CLUB FRANCAIS IN ST. ANDREW'S HALL, AUCKLAND.

Jones and Coleman, photo.





A SCENE IN ACT I.



FINALE, ACT II.

**FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS OF "THE MOORISH MAID."**

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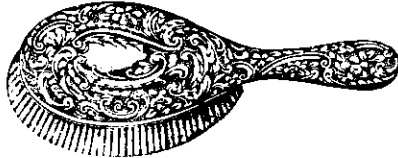
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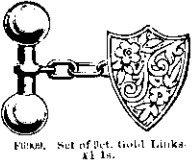
B8733. Set. Gold "Wishbone" Brooch. 10s.



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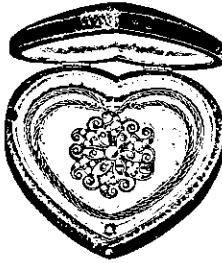
F8068. Set of Oct. Gold Links. 4/1 10.



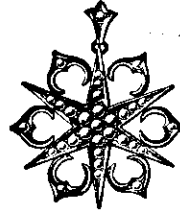
F3611. Silver-mounted Spectacle Case. 4/1 6s.



G3749. 14ct. Gold and Pearl Pendant. 4/8.



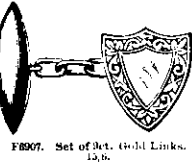
F8334. 9ct. Gold Necklace and Pearl and Turquoise Pendant, in case. 4/3 8s.



C863. 14ct. Gold Pearl Star Pendant or Brooch. 4/3 10s.



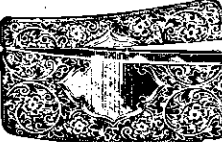
G3055. Silver Rattle, with Ivory Ring. 11/6.



F8007. Set of Oct. Gold Links. 13/6.



G2514. 9ct. Gold Brooch, set Diamonds and Pearls. 4/1 10s. 6d.



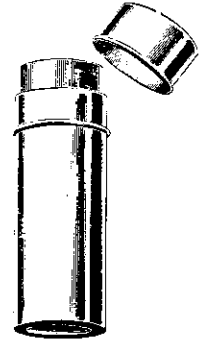
Gent's Silver Card Case. 18/6. Others from 16/6.



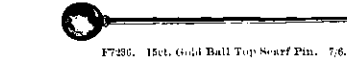
9ct. Gold Cross. 12s. 6d. Others from 6/6.



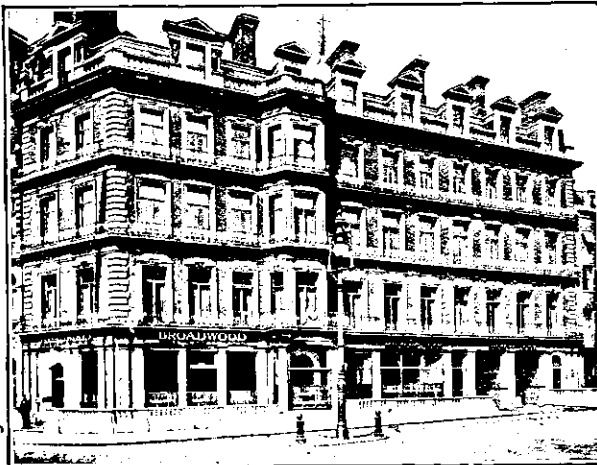
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**Personal Paragraphs**

Mr Leckie (England) has just paid the Hot Lakes District an extended visit.

Mr and Mrs Carr and their daughter (Remuera) are in Rotorua at present.

Dr. Edmonds came up to Auckland by the Waitohi last week from Opoitiki.

Mr Carr, of Waiaroa, is staying in Rotorua at present.

Mrs. W. Smith, of Canterbury, is staying at "Whareniui" in Wanganui.

Mr. W. H. Millward, of Wellington, was in Wanganui last week.

Miss Wells, of Auckland, is the guest of Mrs. Ewen Campbell, in Wangaui.

Mr. A. Blundell, of Wanganui, is at present in Nelson.

Miss Jay has returned home after spending a few weeks in Westport.

Mr and Mrs E. Gillon and family have arrived in Westport.

Miss Moore (Wanganui) has gone to Wellington on a short visit.

Miss J. Moore (Wairarapa) is making a stay in Wellington.

Miss Shaud (Dunedin) is the guest of Mrs. A. S. Mackenzie (Wellington).

Miss Seymour (Picton) is on a visit to Mrs. Fell, Oriental Bay, Wellington.

The Misses Harding (Wellington) are back after a short trip to Dunedin.

Miss Denniston (Dunedin) is visiting her relatives in Christchurch.

Miss Robinson (Invercargill) is paying a visit to Christchurch.

Dr. Gribben (Wellington) is in Christchurch on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tennant are leaving Ashburton for Wellington.

Professor Blunt (Christchurch) has gone to Hororata for a holiday visit.

Miss Haling is staying with Mrs. Blunt, Christchurch.

Miss Warburton (Palmerston North) is visiting in Wellington.

Mrs Loughnan (Palmerston North) is making a stay in Wellington.

Miss Fenwick (Dunedin) has been visiting Mrs. Teingham, Wellington.

Mrs. Donald McLean (Mount Hutt) is in Christchurch, staying with Mrs. Nanerrow, Armagh-street.

Miss Florence Studholme (Canterbury) is expected to arrive from England in a few weeks' time.

Mrs. Dampier-Crossley spent a few days in town last week, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

Mrs. John Williams (Mount Benger) is visiting Mrs. Elworthy, Papanui Road, Christchurch.

Miss Potts (New Plymouth) is the guest of Mrs. A. Thompson, Park Road, Palmerston North.

Father Hays was the guest of Mr. Loughnan during his stay in Palmerston North.

Miss S. Izard (Wairarapa) has been in Wellington lately, staying with Mrs. Elgar, Hobson-street.

Mrs and Miss Rutherford (Canterbury) are staying in Wellington for the winter months.

Miss D. Johnston is back in Wellington after a flying visit to her sister, Mrs. W. Levin, Rangitikei.

Miss Davies, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Russell, Napier, has returned to Wellington.

Miss Medley (Wellington), who has been away in England for a year or so, is to return in a few months time.

Miss F. Brandon has returned to Wellington after spending a few days at Marton, Rangitikei.

Mrs. Gray (Port Chalmers) is staying with her sister, Mrs. Andrew Anderson, at Opawa, Canterbury.

Lady Clifford and her daughters are spending a few weeks at their residence, "Avonholm," Fendilton.

Miss Abraham (Palmerston North) is paying a round of visits in Wellington for the gaieties.

Miss Warburton (Palmerston North) is spending a week or two in Wellington with Mrs. Fulton.

Miss M. Chatfield (Wellington) has returned from New Plymouth, where she has been paying a round of visits.

Mrs Courtney, who has been residing for some time in Tamanga, has returned to New Plymouth to live.

Mrs Mackenzie, of Whungarei, and Mrs. Lister, from Scotland, are visiting Mr M. Fraser, of New Plymouth.

Mr Wm. Kerr has returned to New Plymouth after paying a short visit to Auckland.

Miss Z. George (Auckland) is in Wellington, staying with Mrs. Hislop (Kellburne).

Miss Williams (Hawke's Bay) is staying with Mrs. T. C. Williams, Hobson-street, Wellington.

Sir William and Lady Russell are on their way back to the colony in the Athenic from London.

Mr. J. Honan, who for the past 30 years or more has conducted the Catholic Boys' School at Onehunga, has resigned.

Mrs. Logan Bush, of Dunedin, is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. F. Christie, St. John's Hill, Wanganui.

Miss E. Marshall, of "Totatotara," Rangitikei, is the guest of Mrs. Gifford Marshall, in Wanganui.

Mr. Bruce, of Auckland, was in Wanganui last week to be present at Mr. Wallace's wedding.

Mr. Gifford Marshall, of Wanganui, has just paid a flying visit to Hawke's Bay.

Mr Townley, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is staying in Rotorua just now.

Mrs Dewes, of Parnell, and Miss Pratt (England) are staying at "The Bungalow," Rotorua.

Miss Mandeno, of Te Awamutu, and her nieces, the Misses Jackson, of Remuera, are visiting Rotorua.

Father Hays arrived in Auckland on Sunday, and is staying with Mr. J. J. O'Brien in Ponsonby.

Mr A. B. Robertson (president of the Auckland Chamber of Commerce) went South on Sunday by the Ngapuhi.

Dr. Gibson (Christchurch) has gone to Wellington to meet his fiancée, who is to arrive from England this week.

The Misses Heywood have taken rooms in Mrs King's new house, Durham-street North, Christchurch.

Chief Judge Seth-Smith, of the Native Lands Court, and his wife, arrived from the South last week.

Miss Laura L. Hall, mistress of the Taupiri School, has been appointed assistant teacher at the Ellerslie School.

Mr and Mrs Miller, of New Plymouth, are leaving this week for the Old Country. Mrs King, Mrs Miller's aunt, accompanies them.

Miss Elder (Waikane), who has been visiting Blenheim, is spending a week or two in Wellington with Mrs Morrison.

Miss Foote (Hawke's Bay) has gone to Wellington for a month or so, and is at present staying with Professor and Mrs Rankin Brown, Aurora Terrace.

Mrs Newton King has returned to New Plymouth from Wanganui, accompanied by her daughter, who has been visiting her relatives.

Mr Minnett, purser of the Patricia, relieves Mr H. L. Ferguson on the Tarawera, that officer going over to the Mararoa.

Miss Laura L. Hall, who has for some time occupied the position of mistress of the Taupiri School, has been appointed assistant teacher at Ellerslie.

Mr and Mrs Chas. Wallnut and family, of Rotorua, are in Auckland for a change after Mr Wallnut's recent severe illness.

Constable Doyle has been transferred from Parnell to Napier, and will be succeeded by Constable Orchard, who is at present on the city force.

The Rev. Father Benedict has been seized with a serious illness, and he lies at St. Patrick's Presbytery in rather a critical condition.

Mr R. Miller, manager of the Rotorua branch of the B.N.Z., left Auckland on Monday by the Mararoa on a holiday visit to the Commonwealth.

Mr Wesley Spragg, who went to Wellington to attend the meeting of the New Zealand Alliance, returned to Auckland on Sunday by the Ngapuhi.

Reports from the West Coast of Africa, where several Thames miners are employed, state that Messrs. W. Grindy and A. F. Otter are faring very well (says the Thames paper.)

Mr. Harold Beauchamp has been appointed, subject to the Republic's approval, Consular-Agent for France at Wellington in place of Mr. A. Stuart Monteath, who is leaving for England.

A well-known Thames boy, Mr. Hugh Farrelly, who left some time back for the West African goldfields, was given an enthusiastic "welcome" social at Thames on his return last week.

The Italian Government has forwarded to the widow of the late Mr George Fisher, M.H.R., its condolences over her husband's death, and its high appreciation of his services.

Mr and Mrs Isaac Gibbs (Christchurch) have returned to their residence in Merivale. Their house has been enlarged and renovated, and is now very complete.

Mrs Carey-Hill (Christchurch) is forming a Shakespearian Reading Club, the meetings will take place at her house twice a month.

Mr. Marmaduke Smith, of New Plymouth, has been transferred to the Wanganui branch of the Bank of Australasia. He takes the place of Mr. Greig, who has been transferred to Auckland.

Mr J. Crawford, of Scotland, who has been visiting Cambridge and Auckland, returned to Rotorua this week for a further holiday amongst the wonders of the district.

Mr H. P. Barry, superintendent of the Waikhi G.M. Company at Waikhi, who has been in England for some months, is expected to return to Auckland by the San Francisco mailboat which arrives here on August 28th.

The Onehunga Presbyterian Young Women's Bible-class and Sabbath-school teachers have presented to Miss Flora James, lately a teacher in the Onehunga District High School, a silver-mounted biscuit barrel as a wedding present.

The Anglican Bishop of Nelson has been elected chairman of the Maori Mission Board. Mr K. Wilson, of Palmerston North, has been appointed secretary to the Board, and has consequently resigned his seat as a member of the executive.

Miss Bryant has resigned her position in the Opoitiki School, and has returned to her home in Auckland. She was a very popular teacher in Opoitiki, and the local committee greatly regretted to lose her services.

General Booth has left Western Australia for England. The Premier sent him a telegram wishing him "God speed," and the General replied: "May God's smile rest on N.Z. and his blessing on you and your family."

At Messrs. Nicholls Bros.' iron foundry, Auckland, last week, Mr. S. Nicholls for the employers) and Mr. Lawson (for the employees) presented to Mr. White a fine set of carvers and cutlery as a wedding gift. Cheers were given for Mr. White by the assembled employees.

Captain George Griffiths, of the Tysar steamer Star of Victoria, now on her way from London to New Zealand, via Australia, is making his first voyage as master of that vessel, of which he was previously chief officer.

At the Auckland Rowing Club's boat shed a few days ago Mr. N. Wade, the deputy captain of the club, was presented with a silver tea service by the members on the occasion of his approaching marriage. Mr W. J. Lovett, the club's secretary, made the presentation in the presence of a large number of members.

Mr J. S. W. McNeale, who has been some time in the Argentine, is writing a series of articles on that country. He is returning here at the end of the year. Mr. McNeale is a correspondent of the "Herald" and "Standard," the oldest English paper in the Argentine.

Mr. Phil Pickering, of the Bank of New South Wales, who has been stationed at the Auckland Branch for several years, has been transferred to Sydney, for which place he left on Monday by the Mararoa.

Mr and Mrs T. Young (Wellington) are going to England very shortly, travelling by "Frises." They will be back early next year. Meantime, their little son is going to stay with his grandparents, Mr and Mrs Tolhurst, Grant-road.

Mr and Mrs Birch (Marton, Rangitikei) are spending a week or two in Wellington. They are thinking of taking a trip home very shortly, and will probably be away about a year or so.

Mr and Mrs Stuart Monteath (Wellington) leave for England by the Kai-koura almost immediately. They will return early next year, and will probably bring back Miss Lois Monteath with them. She has been visiting friends at home for nearly a year.

Mr Harold Beauchamp, who becomes acting Consular Agent for France at Wellington during the absence of Mr Monteath, belongs to the firm of J. Bannatyne and Co. He is one of Wellington's most prominent public men, and is a warm supporter of the Government.

Miss Lee, of Sydney, who has been staying for several months with Mrs. Dargaville, Remuera, Auckland, left on Monday for her home. She was accompanied by Miss Dargaville, who will be away for two or three months visiting friends in Sydney and Melbourne.

Warwick House, Armagh-street, Christchurch, where Mr Chas. Cook has for so many years held his school, is to be taken down. Mr Duncan Rutherford (Mendip Hills) is building a very large mansion there for his town residence. Mr Cook will carry on his school in Gloucester-street East, to which place he is moving during this week.

Mr. Donald McBain, who has been connected with Lands and Survey Department for 17 years, has resigned. The officers of the Department presented Mr. McBain with an illuminated address, and a suitably inscribed marble clock. The presentation was made by Mr. Marchant, the Surveyor-General.

Mrs. Frenk Dillingham, wife of the American Consul-General in Auckland, has been seriously ill in San Francisco since her arrival there from Auckland. There was some improvement when the last mail left, but not sufficient to permit Mr. Dillingham to make his official visit to Washington.

Messrs. W. Ranwell and J. Everett, who are retiring from the Government Printing Department, after serving there for a great number of years, have both received presentations from their fellow employees. Mr. Mackay, the Government Printer, made the presentation on behalf of the staff, and spoke in complimentary terms of the two recipients.

Miss Grant, of Auckland, who is on the staff of the New Plymouth High School, has been granted by the Taranaki Board leave of absence during 1906 so that she may study European educational methods, and improve her acquaintance with the French and German languages. She will probably get a position for a few months in the largest secondary school for girls in Berlin, and hopes later on to obtain a similar position in France.

The Rev. W. Bow was inducted to the charge of Trinity Church, Cambridge, last week, the Rev. W. Monro Moderating. The Revs. Thompson (Thames), Maenoid (Auckland), and Enrican (Te Awamutu) were present, and took part in the proceedings. In the evening a social of welcome was held, the Ven. Archbishop Willis (Anglican) and the Rev. W. H. Beck (Methodist) being amongst those present. During the evening the Rev. Mr. Monro was presented with a cheque by the congregation in recognition of his zeal in filling the vacancy.

Mr J. Y. Birch, who has been the dramatic critic of the "N.Z. Herald" for some years, has accepted a similar position on the "N.Z. Times" in Wellington, for which place he left on Sunday. His conference on the literary staff last

**SEE THAT SPOT**

HOW THIS SPOT TO THE  
 THE NEW ZEALAND  
 ALL OVER NEW ZEALAND

week presented him with a silver matchbox and silver-mounted walking stick. Mr. Birch is the author of the libretto of the opera "The Moorish Maid," recently produced successfully in Auckland, and he is now engaged on some fresh dramatic creations. Mr. Birch has been secretary to the N.Z. Institute of Journalists for the past two years.

Commander Ludwig Ritter von Hochmühl, of the Austrian torpedo cruiser Panther, which will shortly visit Sydney, is one of the best known officers in the Austrian navy. His name has frequently been associated with scientific research and exploration, and for services in these connections he has received several valuable decorations. During the last 20 years he has been frequently engaged in exploratory work, and led two expeditions into the interior of Africa, where he discovered several large lakes, and determined the sources of some well-known rivers. In consideration of the services he rendered in Africa, Commander Hochmühl was specially selected by the Austrian Government to command an embassy from the Emperor of Austria to Menelik, Emperor of Abyssinia.

Dr. Ainger, who arrived from England by the Kintaka, is a member of the well-known Christchurch family. He is returning to the colony after several years spent in England studying medicine and practising his profession. Last year he had an adventurous experience. He joined an expedition which was fitted out to go treasure hunting at Cocos Island by a well-known English peer. The search for treasure was fruitless, but there was plenty of excitement on the trip. A band of some members of the party while they were exploring, and it was with some difficulty they were rescued from a dangerous position. Dr. Ainger's services as surgeon were very much appreciated.

### Wives Who Never Speak.

A Korean woman is not permitted to speak or nod on her wedding day. Should she transgress she at once becomes an object of ridicule and loses caste. She must remain obdurate to her husband's entreaties; neither threat nor prayer must move her, for all the household is on the qui vive to catch a single muttered syllable. Sometimes for a week or more she does not speak, and even then, when complete silence is broken, only puts her tongue to the most necessary issues.

Although no such universal custom is prevalent in the Western world, extraordinary cases are not wanting. In the early forties a Mrs. Jones, living in Pennsylvania, undertook, for a wage of 150 dollars, to remain mute for the first month of her marriage. Her husband, who naturally was not in the secret, was so much incensed at his bride's behaviour that he left her before the period of her ordeal had expired, only to return later when apprised of the real reason for this unusual silence.

On the anniversary of their wedding day a Brussels couple named Dupont quarrelled so bitterly that the wife, in a burst of passion, swore that her husband should never again hear the sound of her voice. She would there and then have quitted the house, but her now penitent husband implored her not to leave him. To that extent only did his entreaties prevail, for she kept the letter of her oath and never in her spouse's presence did she unloose her tongue. In other respects she continued a model wife, and maybe her strange resolution contributed not a little to the harmony of the household.

A Bruen woman, whose husband was in hiding from the authorities inadvertently betrayed his whereabouts to a neighbour who was secretly in the pay of the police. As a result he was taken and received a term of imprisonment. So much did his wife take to heart this misfortune, which had been brought about by her gossip, that she resolved for the remainder of her life to remain mute; nor did she even make an exception in her husband's favour, for, although she received him on his release with the utmost affection, she maintained an abstruse silence, which remained unbroken till her death, which took place three years later.

The special attention of ladies is directed to Messrs. A. Woodhams and Co.'s advertisement in this issue of winter sale.

## THE WIT OF GILBERT

Bubbling over with mirth and wit, as all the famous Savoy plays which came from the pen of Mr. W. S. Gilbert were, it is only to be expected that in private life this clever author, who is said to have coined over a quarter of a million sterling by writing, is equally brilliant as a wit.

An instance of this occurred a short time ago, while Gilbert was taking a leading part at a society function. A lady came to a chair at his side and began to talk to him about music, of which in reality she knew nothing. Unfortunately for herself she began with a glaring display of ignorance.

"And what is Bach?" she pronounced the name Bach—"doing now? Is he composing anything?"

"No," replied W.S.G., with a slight smile. "Poor old Bach is just now decomposing."

### GILBERT AS AN ORATOR.

It is not generally known that Gilbert was originally intended for the Army, but he abandoned matters military to become a clerk, and in time became a barrister, practising at the Bar for four years. One of his first cases was as prosecuting counsel against an old Irish woman who had been charged with stealing clothes. He prepared an elaborate speech beforehand, but when he got up to deliver it in court words failed him, and he began to stutter. At this point the prisoner broke in:

"Sit down, ye old spalpeen!" she cried. Then addressing the judge, she added: "Make 'im sit down, yer honour. 'E ain't a bit o' good!" Gilbert obeyed without any reluctance, but the woman gained nothing by her victory, unless three months' hard labour could be called a gain.

### GILBERT AND HIS FRENCH CLIENT.

During the years Gilbert practised at the Bar some of his clients are said to have been honorary ones. At last, one day he thought he had secured a client who could afford to pay him well, and he was a Frenchman. On this occasion Gilbert's eloquence won his client's case, and when the verdict was given in his favour, the dapper little Frenchman rushed across to Gilbert and, flinging his arms about his neck, kissed him repeatedly before the whole court. And this was the only fee Gilbert received for his services in the case.

### HIS FIRST PLAY.

It was while practising at the Bar that W. S. Gilbert wrote his first play. It was a short piece called "Dulcamara," and when it was completed he sent it to Tom Robertson. Before long he received a letter from Mr. Emden, Robertson's secretary, asking him to come and see him and arrange terms.

As soon as Gilbert entered the room, Emden announced that the play had been accepted.

"How much do you want for it?" he asked.

"Shall we say thirty guineas?" replied Gilbert.

"Well, say pounds instead of guineas, and it's a bargain."

Gilbert agreed, and a cheque was handed over on the spot.

"Now," said Emden, when the negotiation was complete, "let me give you a word of advice, young man. Never sell such good work as that for thirty pounds again!"

Gilbert, taken aback, registered a vow that he never would, nor has he.

### GILBERT'S REPARTEE.

Quite a short time ago Gilbert was sitting alone in the smoking-room of a West End club, when a clergyman entered and came across to him.

"Have you seen here this morning a young man with one eye called James?" he asked.

"What was the name of the other eye?" replied Gilbert, without the ghost of a smile on his face.

And with a glare his interlocutor withdrew.

### HIS SARCASM.

W. S. Gilbert can be bitterly sarcastic when he likes, and, being a modest

man himself, it does not take much to arouse his sarcasm if he is in the presence of boasters. Not long since he was in the company of half a dozen clergymen, and during a break in the conversation one of them turned to him and said:

"I should imagine, Mr. Gilbert, that you feel very highly honoured being in such reverend company, don't you?"

"I do," responded the dramatist, quietly, "I feel like a lion in a den of Daniels."

At rehearsals W. S. Gilbert has always been noted for his thoroughness, every little piece of stage business having to be perfect before he will authorize the play being presented to an audience, and at the same time every player must be perfect in his or her part. Some years ago, whilst rehearsing one of his Savoy operas, there was one lady who annoyed him because instead of the line, "Stay, I wish to speak to you," as the author had written it, she tried to improve upon it by exclaiming, "Stay, stay, I wish to speak to you."

This went on for some time, till at last W. S. Gilbert could stand it no longer, so interrupted her with:

"Madam, (it is not a pair of stays I want, but one stay!)"

### THE ORIGIN OF SOME GILBERTIAN IDEAS.

It is not the easiest thing in the world to think out a new idea for a comic opera, and even in the days of the Savoy successes, when the field for such plays was more or less clear, it was not easy to strike upon a subject which would permit of a gorgeous setting, plenty of humour, and permit the female parts to be as strong as those of the male players.

In this direction "The Mikado" was one of the happiest ideas Gilbert ever struck, and he tells the story thus:

"I was sitting in my study one afternoon, puzzling my head for a new opera, and my eyes began to wander round the room. On the opposite wall was a large Japanese executioner's sword, and as my eyes rested on it I passed, Japanese! The Mikado! Excellent! And so 'The Mikado' came to be written, and the identical sword which was the origin of the play was carried during the run of the piece by Mr. George Grossmith as Ko-ko."

Another of his plays, "The Yeoman of the Guard," was suggested by his seeing on a hoarding a large advertisement whereon was depicted a Beefeater.

### HIS EYE FOR TALENT.

No author could have been more good-natured to those playing in his pieces than W. S. Gilbert. He went out of his way to find promising young players who only wanted a helping hand to enable them to do well for themselves. More young actors were brought out in the Gilbert-Sullivan operas than in any similar run of plays, and yet the Savoy never had a bad performer at the theatre. Many and many a time would Gilbert spend hours coaching a young player who promised well, where any other man in the same position would have saved himself the trouble by engaging a more experienced player. Among the many brought out by Gilbert who have since reached fame—as, indeed, most of the protegese have—are the two cousins, Miss Julia Neilson and Miss Lily Hanbury, whose debuts were made at the Savoy. Gilbert coached the latter for a long time, and although she was only fourteen at the time when she made her debut as Myrine in "Pygmalion and Galatea," Miss Hanbury soon proved that his careful tuition had not been wasted. Miss Isabel Jay was also a "discovery" of Mr. Gilbert's, and it was Gilbert, too, who spotted Walter Passmore—then an unknown player in the provinces—and brought him to the Savoy, where he speedily bounded into fame.

### GILBERT ON "VIEWS."

Gilbert hates interviewers. A short time ago one succeeded in bouding him in his den at Grassin's Dyke, Harrow Weald. The great librettist was sulken and reticent; it seemed that nothing would draw him. At last the interviewer tried another tactic, and remarked,

"You have a fine view here, Mr. Gilbert—a remarkably fine view."

"View, indeed!" exclaimed W.S.G. with scorn. "It's the first thing every fool says who comes here! The view's getting on my nerves, sir! Hang the view! Confound the view! Good-day, sir!"

### GILBERT AS A SATIRIST.

A short time ago a certain London evening paper referred to W. S. Gilbert as "the late Mr. W. S. Gilbert." Instead of being annoyed by this piece of carelessness, Gilbert sent the following note to the editor:

"There was a line in your issue of yesterday which must have sent a thrill of joy through many a worthy home. I refer to the paragraph in which I am mentioned as the late Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Though I am very loth to spoil sport, common candour compels me to admit that I am still alive. Trusting this will not inconvenience you,

"I am, yours faithfully,

"W. S. GILBERT."

### Tea Leaves Under a Microscope.

"Have a look," said the histologist. And he rose from the beautiful, delicate microscope and his companion took his place.

There was a little fiddling and adjusting of tiny screws. Then the tyro said:

"Ugh! Ghastly! What have we here? A railroad wreck?"

"You are looking," answered the histologist, "at a part of the remains of a Ceylonese caterpillar."

He withdrew that slide and put another in its place.

"Another tragedy?" the tyro asked.

"The remnants of a beetle," the histologist replied.

A third slide was placed beneath the lens.

"This," said the tyro, "should be a battlefield."

"It is only," returned the scientist, "a commingling of the desiccated fragments of a fly, a centipede, a moth, and a slug."

The tyro yawned.

"Histology is interesting," he said in a bored voice. "Where did you get these specimens?"

"Out of a packet of tea."

"A packet of tea? What kind of tea?"

"Ordinary tea."

"Heavens! I am a tea drinker. Explain yourself."

The histologist, smiling, said:

"Tea grows on bushes. The leaves are plucked by hand. Imagine yourself stripping rosebush after rosebush, miles on miles, of their leaves. Well, that is what tea picking is like."

"The native pickers work fast. They pick as many as twenty-five pounds of leaves a day—a bundle bigger than a man."

"Now, the tea plant is the prey of a hundred insects, and the picker in his haste doesn't pause to brush off each leaf or to wash it, for he works, as we say, by piece work."

"The picked leaves are dried on charcoal fires. They shrivel under the heat, and the insect larvae and chrysalids among them change to dust. This dust looks, to the ordinary eye, like leaf fragments. But under the microscope it looks, as you remarked, like an insect railroad wreck or a pigmy battlefield. It tastes like—but you know as well as I do what it tastes like."

"To-morrow," said the other, "I am going to bring some of my wife's tea here to examine with you."

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"N.Z. FARMER"

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 20th. Our Wellington Branch Office will be in QUEEN'S CHAMBERS, POST OFFICE SQUARE (facing G.P.O. and also Jervois Quay) where files of "Auckland Star," "New Zealand Graphic," and "New Zealand Farmer" may be referred to, copies obtained, and where Advertisements, Subscriptions, and Accounts will be received by

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Agent for North Island.

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INFLUENZA'S AFTER EFFECTS.

Promptly Cured by Bile Beans.

Influenza, that dreaded complaint which is at present so prevalent throughout Australasia, always has a tendency to leave behind it worse evils than embodied in itself. In many cases the whole system becomes disorganised. The liver, kidneys, and digestive organs fail to perform their allotted functions in a natural manner, and the human mechanism is thrown completely out of gear. To remedy this, and restore tone to the system, there is no preparation so effective as Bile Beans, as witness the following case: Mr. A. J. Breach, a Commercial Traveller, of Dunedin, N.Z., says: "It is with pleasure I add my testimony to the many that have preceded it to the effective and curative properties of Bile Beans. I bear witness that among the many pills and other mixtures which are manufactured for the ills of mankind, your Beans stand out prominently as the most effective and reliable. I may state that, after many years of close confinement at office work, and having had several attacks of influenza, my health ran down to such an extent that my work was often performed with difficulty. Hardly a week passed but my head ached, and my digestion was much impaired. After trying many professed remedies, my attention was directed to the many testimonials in praise of Bile Beans. After taking about half a box I felt a vast improvement. The digestive organs were put in good trim, and a splendid appetite revived. The after-effects of influenza have entirely left me. I am confident if an occasional dose of Bile Beans is taken it will be the means of warding off such ailments. I always keep a supply by me, and recommend them to all." Of all medicine vendors at 1/12, or 2/0 family box (2/0 box contains three times the 1/12).

The Return of the Chignon.

In France the chignon has assumed definite form, but it is as different from the heavy, ungraceful arrangement of loops and coils with which our mothers were placidly content as the transformation to the wig of long ago. It means, however, that supplementary hair is required, and it takes a variety of different forms. In some instances the hair is parted down the middle and turned loosely back on either side, with a shower of soft little curls in addition to coils at the back. In others there are two distinct rouleaux in front, and the hair is dressed very low.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lilian West, daughter of the late Dr. West, of Wellington, to Mr. O. Gillespie, of Feilding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Douglas, eldest daughter of Mr. W. Sholto Douglas, Remuera, to Mr. E. F. Johansen, M.A., LL.B., of Woodstock, Ngatimoti, Nelson.

The engagement is announced of Miss Beatrice Cordy, eldest daughter of Mr. James Cordy, of "Coven," Hororata, Canterbury, to Mr. Henry Mortimer Keith, of Ceylon.



HARP—SAVAGE.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Matthew's Church, Auckland, by the Rev. W. E. Gillam, on June 21st, when Miss Lena Savage, fifth daughter of Mr. Valentine Savage, was married to Mr. John Albert Harp, son of Mr. W. G. Harp, of Rotorua. The bride, who was given away by her cousin, Mr. J. Young, wore a dainty trained gown of cream cloth, trimmed with ruffled satin ribbon and Maltese lace. She wore an embroidered tulle veil, falling over a coronet of orange blossoms, and carried a lovely shower bouquet, tied with white satin streamers. There were five bridesmaids, Miss Eva Savage and Miss M. Moulden, who wore pretty gowns of cream silk, tucked and trimmed with lace and insertion, and black picture hats. They carried shower bouquets of white and yellow with satin streamers, and wore gold-mounted greenstone brooches, the gifts of the bridegroom. Miss Hilka Ganley and Miss Hazel Waller wore pretty cream voile costumes, with blue sashes, and white felt hats; they carried artistic baskets of forget-me-nots, and wore pretty engraved gold brooches, gifts of the bridegroom. Miss Kate Harp was daintily frocked in pale blue corded velvet with cream sash, and Master Arthur Reilly, who acted as page boy, also wore blue corded velvet. Mr. A. M. Harp was best man, and Messrs Savage and Moulden were groomsmen. After the ceremony, the guests were entertained at breakfast at the residence of Mrs. M. Young, the tables being prettily decorated with white and gold. Mrs. Young wore a pretty orchid mauve costume, with black picture hat; Mrs. Waller, grey tuxed with silk and lace veil, hat to correspond; Mrs. Reilly, brown costume and black hat; Mrs. T. Moulden, black cashmere, relieved with touches of pink, hat to match; Mrs. J. Whittle, pretty grey gown trimmed with cream, black hat; Mrs. T. Campton, black voile, with cream lace encrustations, black hat; Mrs. E. Grogan, cream voile, trimmed with lace and silk, black hat; Mrs. W. G. Harp, black silk with jet trimmings, and pretty black toque; Miss Lucy Harp, cream silk blouse and black skirt, hat en suite; Miss Ethel Harp, cream muslin with hat to match, finished with cluster of pink roses; Miss M. Harp, navy costume with becoming Gainsborough hat. During the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Harp left on their honeymoon tour, the bride wearing a pretty grey travelling gown with white satin

and lace, white felt hat with bunches of violets and rosettes of white silk ribbon.

The presents were numerous and costly, the bridegroom's present to the bride being a Morocco leather dressing case, and the bride's to the bridegroom was a gold-mounted guard and greenstone pendant. Mr. and Mrs. Harp will shortly take up their residence at Rotorua.

VINSON—DEAN.

A pretty wedding was solemnised at "Queen's Redoubt," Pokeno, on June 21, when Miss Christina Dean, youngest daughter of Mr. John Dean, was married to Mr. Chas. Vinson, sixth son of Mr. Thos. Vinson, of Epsom. The Rev. C. Penny performed the ceremony. The bride looked charming in cream silk voile, elegantly trimmed with silk berthe and decolletage of lace, prettily designed skirt, handsome black picture hat with ostrich plumes. The bride was attended by her niece, Miss Amy Gallery, who was given in cream voile, the skirt trimmed with handsome panel of lace, and bodice trimmed to correspond; a black picture hat completed a very pretty toilette; she also wore a gold bracelet set with sapphires and diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. J. W. Lee as best man. After the ceremony the guests, numbering over 60, were entertained to a dainty dejeuner. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a handsome gold watch and chain. The bride travelled in a navy blue coat and skirt and heaver hat to match. The happy couple were the recipients of a large number of presents and congratulatory messages.

WALLACE—CAMPBELL.

On July 5th a small but very pretty wedding was solemnised at Christ Church, Wanganui, when Miss Isabel Campbell, only daughter of the late Mr. Robert Campbell, of Wanganui, was married to Mr. Wallace, of Cambridge, Waikato. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Ewen Campbell, and was attended by three bridesmaids (Misses McBeth (Christchurch), Dodgshun, Wells, (Auckland). Mr. Bruce, of Auckland, acted as best man. The bride wore a becoming gown of cream Oriental satin with folded chiffon on the bodice, and berthe of lace. She wore a beautifully embroidered veil and coronet of orange blossoms. She carried a lovely shower bouquet of white chrysanthemums and ferns. The bridesmaids' frocks were of dainty white book-muslin, the skirts made with tiny frills edged with satin ribbon, full sleeves and deep capes composed of lace and insertion, with edging of wide lace, white velvet picture hats with ruffles of yellow and white chrysanthemums, with spray of fern. Mrs. Robert Campbell (the bride's mother) wore a handsome black satin trained gown with fichu of chiffon and lace, black bonnet with rosettes of white chiffon and strings, shower bouquet of violets and ferns; Mrs. Ewen Campbell (the bride's aunt), black silk gown with lace on bodice, black chiffon bonnet with rosettes of pale pink chiffon in it, lovely shower bouquet of violets. Amongst the guests were Mr and Mrs Bruce, Mrs. Garrett, Mr and Mrs Allan Cameron, Mrs. John Stevenson, Mrs. Dodgshun, Mrs. C. Jones, Mrs. D. Mason, Miss W. Anderson, Miss Brister, Miss Gillfillan, Miss Harrison, Messrs. Campbell (3), Garnett, C. Wilson, Bruce, Dodgshun and others. A reception was held at "Wharevini." The bride's going-away frock was a smart grey tweed tailor-made coat and skirt, white furs and muff, black picture hat with feathers. They left for the South by the afternoon train a number of friends going to the station to wish them good luck amid a shower of rice.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

MR AND MRS SAMUEL LUKE.

The 50th anniversary of the wedding of Mr Samuel Luke (chairman of the Education Board) and Mrs Luke was celebrated at Otahuhu last week by a public gathering in the local hall. The Rev. H. Mason presided at the gathering, which was attended by a large number of the residents of the district, in which Mr and Mrs Luke have been living since the Maori war. When Mr and Mrs Luke arrived at the hall the chairman rose and cheered them, and the chairman tendered the warmest congratulations of all classes of the community to the couple.

Later in the evening Mr Alfred Sturges, on behalf of the residents, presented to Mr Luke a purse of sovereigns which had been subscribed. Mr John Mitchell, on behalf of the Board of Education's office staff, presented Mr and Mrs Luke with two fine framed engravings and a written address. Mr Mitchell said that the 27 years of Mr Luke's connection with the Board of Education had always been marked by the most friendly and cordial relations between him and the staff. Inspector Mulgan added his personal testimony to Mr Luke's qualities. The Rev. H. Vaughan and Mr James Saunders conveyed the congratulations of the Anglican and Methodist communities to Mr and Mrs Luke. Mr E. West speaking in the same strain for the Otahuhu Mutual Improvement Association, and Mr W. G. Connell for the residents of Otahuhu.

Mr Luke was much moved by the warmth of these numerous speeches, and in returning the thanks of himself and Mrs Luke said they felt very grateful to all their friends for those tokens of their affection and esteem.

An entertaining programme was given by Misses Robinson-Days, Lindsay, A. Robinson, and Messrs Armstrong, Owen, Roseve, Mulgan, and the Rev. H. Vaughan. An enjoyable evening concluded with "Auld Lang Syne."

The Girl Men Like.

It is rather amusing to hear a man's opinion on the above subject, for I have always found they expect so very much, and are content with so very small a portion of their ideal. A young man has been confiding what kind of a girl it is that men like. "The girl men like" must not throw herself at their heads, nor, per contra, be too standoffish, nor be silent, nor chatter, nor grumble, nor want to go out, nor be touchy, nor want too much attention, nor criticise everybody, nor criticise nobody. "A fairly good list, but it would not be surprising to find that young man eventually married a girl who answered to very few of the above requirements."

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1/2 has been sent to the writer of this verse—Miss E.F. Pottelohu, Ottago Peninsula. My clothes are now so clean and white, With half the toll and labour; 'Tis Sapon makes the work go light—Just tell this to your neighbour! WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. First prize, verse about "SAFON" in same metre as above, with each week "SAFON" wrapper must be enclosed. Address: "SAFON" (Oatmeal Washing Powder), P.O. Box 635, Wellington.

There's the sneezy cold, the wheezy cold, The tickler in the glands, The chilly cold, the killy cold, The cold that burning hot is; The tearful cold, the fearful cold, The one that all the lot is; Yet these he colds that none endure Who purchase WHOLESOME GREAT PEP-PEP-PEP CURE.

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BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, 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.

- DENISON. On June 23, at Prospect terrace, Papanui, the wife of W. Denison of a son.
GILLES. On July 8, at Dilworth terrace, Parnell, the wife of T. Haric Gibbs of a daughter.
HAMILTON. On July 2nd, at her residence, Parnell, the wife of William Aitken Hamilton of a son.
MITCHELL. On July 7, at her residence, Brighton road, Remuera, the wife of J. Mitchell of a son, both doing well.
MACKAY. On July 7, 1905, at Glenroy, Bombay, the wife of George Herbert Mackay of a son.
MONCKTON. On July 7th, at "Hawwhill," Park Rd, Auckland, the wife of the Rev. W. G. Monckton, of Takapuna, of a daughter.
SANDERS. On July 3rd, Pte St., Richmond, the wife of A. E. Sanders of a son.
WEBB. On July 6th, at her residence, Johnson-st., Mt. Eden, Mrs. A. A. Webb of a son, both doing well.

MARRIAGES.

- FOY RICKETTS. At St. Bonald's Church, on June 12th, by the Rev. Father Gillan, Henry J. second son of the late J. J. Foy, Thames, to Leon, only daughter of Wm. C. Ricketts, Mt. Eden-road.
JAMES BROWN. On June 21, 1905, at Christ's Church, Vancouver, by the Rev. C. C. Owen, Hector, William A. James, eldest son of John W. James, Mount Albert, to Hedwig Marie Elizabeth Brunner, daughter of Peter Brunner, Sauerstr., Pte. Russell, Norway. (By cable.)
MARTIN. At St. Bonald's Church, on July 6th, Father Gillan, Frank Martin, of Hutt, to Alice Amelia Hutchinson, second daughter of Robert Hutchinson, of this city.
MCCARTHY-KERR. On Monday, 2nd July, at Auckland, Claude Hector, second son of F. W. McIntyre, brewer, Sydney, to Amelia Margaret, second daughter of John Kerr, of Waikeke, and niece of Dr. William Kerr, of Canada.
PALMER-MURPHY. On June 14th, 1905, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. J. W. Smith, John, eldest son of John Palmer, Portlargo, County Down, Ireland, to Mary Ellen, second daughter of Edward Murphy, Newton.
WELLS. Trinity Church, Devonport, on April 24th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Trevor Avershaw, William Henry Brooke Wells, second son of Fred. H. Wells, Devonport, to Miriam Jackson Fagerty, fourth surviving daughter of Wm. Fogarty, Devonport.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

DAVIS - JORDAN. - On July 3rd, 1855, at Ulmstreet Church, by the Rev. J. W. Ware, James Davis to Ann M. Jordan, eldest daughter of William Jordan, of Ulmstreet, Herefordshire, England.

DEATHS.

- ALEXANDER. On July 8th, 1905, at Northcote, Sarah Elizabeth Alexander, beloved wife of Henry Alexander, and daughter of the late Edward Bonalds, Papanui; aged 63 years.
ALPHONSE. On July 10, at the Auckland Hospital, James, the dearly beloved husband of Charlotte Alderson; aged 65 years.
ASPLEDEN. On July 9, 1905, at the residence of her son, Henry Aspleden, 2nd Avenue, Kingsland, Alice, widow of late Henry Aspleden, late of the Manukau, in her 79th year.
BROOK. On June 30th, at Birkenhead, Dorothy Gladys, daughter of Julian and Mary Brook; aged 9 years.
BROOK. On July 6th, at Birkenhead, Arthur Alan, youngest son of Julian and Mary Brook; aged 4 years and 10 months.
CLOW. On Monday, July 3rd, Mrs W. Clow, at Papanui; aged 83 years.
FLAMING. On July 8, 1905, at her late residence, St. David's street, Isabella, widow of the late Alexander Fleming; aged 84.
HAWLEY. On July 5, Elizabeth Hadley, dearly beloved mother of P. A. Hadley and Mrs P. A. Edmondson, in her 78th year.
HARRIS. On July 6th, 1905, at her parents' residence, Kings-st., Richmond, Grey Lynn, Vera. Iris, Gwendoline, fourth and beloved daughter of T. A. and C. M. Harris, aged 2 years 5 months. Home, Australia, and N.Z. papers please copy.
HORNLEY. On July 5, at Christchurch, Robert W. Hornley, at the age of 82.
HIRST. At his late residence, Brunley Terrace, Mt. Hobart Rd., Henry Hirst, beloved husband of Ann Hirst; aged 79.
MEACHAM. On July 8th (suddenly), at the residence of her nephew, Upper Remond-street, Emma Meacham.
MEEK. On July 5, 1905, John Thomas, dearly beloved husband of Katie May Meek, and second son of Mrs J. A. Meek, of Wellington street, Newmarket, aged 25 years & 4 months. Deeply regretted.

- MENDELSSOHN. - On July 2nd, 1865, at her late residence, Scotia Place, Upper Queen-st., Auckland, Rosa Mendelssohn, relict of the late Caspar Mendelssohn; aged 74 years.
NIXON. On July 6, at his parents' residence, Blenheim road, Parnell, George H. Holbrook, dearly beloved and second son of George and Ann Jane Nixon, and dearly beloved husband of Elizabeth Ann Nixon, in his 37th year.
OUTHWAITE. At her residence, Carlow Gore-road, on July 4th, 1905, Marie Henriette Louise Outhwaite, relict of the late Thomas Outhwaite, R.L.P., Internat. private.
PHIPPS. On July 5, at his parents' residence, Whataroa road, Juhu Wood, dearly beloved son of F. W. and H. Phipps; aged 21 weeks.
SHARRIS. On July 4, at the residence of his daughter (Mrs Chubb), Newton road, Thomas Sharris; aged 79. His end was peace.



ROTORUA.

Dear Bee, July 8. Some little excitement was caused this week by the bazaar and fancy fair in aid of the Roman Catholic Church. Although the weather has been atrocious, the attendance at the fair was splendid; in fact, the Assembly Hall was distinctly packed both nights, and the takings at the door were correspondingly large. As a result of the bazaar I hear that the funds for the new church are increased by £200, £96 of which was the result of the art union. Conspicuous amongst the workers and vendors at the bazaar were several members of Protestant denominations, who helped to the best of their ability. The hall and the different stalls were most effectively decorated, the stall known as "The Sisters' Maori Whare" attracting a great deal of attention. The front of it was a representation of the meeting-house, "Tamatekapua," cleverly designed and carried out by Father Kreyenborg. Flitting about the hall with cushions, etc., to be raffled were a number of young ladies in fancy dress, and these sirens beguiled crowds of unresisting men and women into buying tickets on the chance of winning something. Amongst these I noticed Misses Malfroy, Constant, Bern, and Hanna, looking charming in Japanese costumes; Miss M. Harris in a dress representing "Good Luck"; Mrs Thomson, "Queen of Hearts"; Mrs Radford, "Shamrock." In a tent in the centre of the room a Gipsy fortune-teller (Mrs D. J. Barron), charmingly dressed in costume, plied a busy trade. The Town Band supplied music gratuitously on both evenings, and undoubtedly helped to attract the crowd.

HINEMOA.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, July 11. COMING EVENTS. As you no doubt know, the St. George's Rowing Club hall, which has been an annual affair for many years past, has this year fallen through, and an annual dinner is to take its place. The first dinner comes off on July 20, and gives promise of being a most entertaining affair. A dinner, of course, for the male sex is all very well, but the ladies are very much "out of it," so it has been decided that the Parnell Tennis and Croquet Club hall shall be given to give them an opportunity of watching - or shall I say airing - their best bib and tucker. A very strong committee, or rather a series of committees, has been formed, and the Parnell Croquet and Tennis Club hall eventuated on 17th August at the Federal Hall. Invitations to a conversazione have been issued for the opening of the Auckland Society of Arts exhibition at

the Society's Art Gallery in Coburg-street. The exhibition will be open from July 12 to 26 inclusive. Invitations have also been issued for an "At Home" by the College Girls on Wednesday, July 19th, at the Federal Hall, and the Auckland Ladies' Benevolent Society are having a large euchre and bridge party at the Choral Hall on Thursday next. The "Cruelty" ball, as it is usually called, is not coming off this year.

A CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT.

An exceedingly pretty entertainment by children was that given in the St. Mark's Hall, Remuera, on Saturday last. In the first part an amusing version of the "Sleeping Beauty" was cleverly performed, but it was in the "Fairy Revels" that the children most distinguished themselves. They danced with delightful grace and activity, and the mise-en-scene was really beautifully and most ingeniously arranged. Little Miss Margot Bloomfield looked positively exquisite as the Fairy Queen, and all the young folk did exceedingly well, and looked bright and pretty. It is hoped the entertainment may be repeated at some early future date. It is certainly worth it.

GUESSING COMPETITION AND EUCHRE.

Last Wednesday evening Mr and Mrs Corry gave a most enjoyable guessing competition and euchre evening to the members of the Takapuna Croquet Club at their lovely home on the banks of Lake Takapuna. The spacious rooms were filled with guests, who spent a most delightful time. The first part of the evening was devoted to the guessing competition, "A Penny for Your Thoughts," which was won by Mr. E. T. Hart, who had the highest number of marks, and was allotted the gentleman's prize. For the ladies' prize, Mrs Hart, Miss Berry, Miss Alison, and Miss Williamson tied, and upon drawing off Mrs. Hart won. The rest of the evening was spent in progressive euchre, the prizes being won by Mrs Arthur Brett and Mr Geo. Nicholson. Mrs Corry received her guests in a pale cream silk gown; Miss Corry wore a dainty white frock. Those present were: Mesdames Brett, Alison, Masfen, Weston, Esdaile, Kirk, Boak, A. Brett, Geddis, Hart, Buchanan, Blomfield, O'Neil, Tomkyns, Bradstreet, Griffiths, Misses Courtney, Kirk (2), Seaman, Alison, Berry, Keith, Jackson, Houchen (2), Williamson, Messrs Brett, A. Brett, Masfen, Hart, Nicholson, Geddis, Hart, Esdaile (2), Tomkyns, Alison, Williamson, Kirk and Houchen (2).

"AT HOME" AT BISHOPSCOURT.

The Right Rev. Dr. Neligan, Anglican Bishop of Auckland, and Mrs Neligan issued invitations for four evening "At Homes." This sensible arrangement obviated the crush which has attended previous functions of this kind. But on Tuesday and Wednesday, the days selected last week, the number of guests was very large, and fully taxed the accommodation available in the reception rooms at Bishopscourt. The guests were received by the Bishop and Mrs Neligan in the drawing-room, and passed from thence through the low, rambling passages of the chapel on to the lawn, where two large marquees had been erected. These were connected with the house by covered ways, decorated with flags. In one was stationed the Garrison Band, while the other, nicely carpeted and set out with chairs and seats, served as a concert room for those listening to the music, which, by the way, was excellent. The poles of the tents were decorated with greenery, and the whole arrangement was most effective. A delicious supper was very daintily served at small tables in the alcoves of the library. The evenings were both in every way successful, and were much enjoyed by the numerous guests present.

Mr. Neligan looked very graceful in a white brocade evening robe, with silver brocade bolero and white chiffon fichu, sapphires and diamond jewels, and bouquet of violets and maiden hair fern; Mrs W. Calder, handsome black trained brocade, the bodice softened with beautiful white lace and salmon pink silk chon; Mrs G. MacMurray, rich black satin, with white satin yoke; Mrs Harold Anson wore a picturesque white satin Empire evening frock, with blue gauze scarf swathed round décolletage, and black velvet lover's knot in coiffure; Mrs Sinker's black evening frock was relieved with white Honiton lace on corsage; Miss Dudley wore an effective black evening gown, with black and white chiffon lace berthe caught with La France roses;

Madame Bouefve was charmingly gowned in a white satin evening frock with Limerick lace flounces and lovely white ostrich feather bon; Miss Mirams, pretty white silk, with turquoise blue centre and bow in coiffure; Mrs Mitchell looked distinguished in a black figured chiffon gown mounted on a silk foundation, and a wreath of Pompadour tangerines roses on décolletage; Miss Mitchellson was pretty in a rose pink crepe de chine evening frock; Miss Pulling, China blue and white water-waved silk tulle evening gown, embellished with black lace applique; Mrs Robertson, black beribboned net robe mounted on a silk foundation, with jet berthe and cluster of pink roses; Mrs Leese wore a reebecke black brocade evening gown; Mrs Kerr-Taylor was in a white satin gown, and the Misses Kerr-Taylor wore Nil green crepe, striped with silver tinsel; Miss Conolly looked exceedingly well in a black brocade evening gown with jet berthe; Mrs Pollen, smart black crepe de chine, with a lovely lace scarf; Mrs Pierce, rich black brocade, with white satin entredoux; Miss Pierce was charmingly frocked in cream crepe de chine, with lace berthe; Mrs Jackson (Remuera) wore a lovely shimmering blue and white brocade, with white Brussels lace flounce and bolero; Mrs Hooper, black satin, rich point lace fichu; Miss Hooper looked remarkably well in black, beribboned net evening frock with tangerina banksia roses spray and wreath in coiffure; Mrs Drailin, black net over a white silk foundation, and iridescent sequin yoke; Mrs W. J. Napier was gracefully attired in a black broadened silk skirt and blush rose pink crepe de chine blouse draped with a lovely white lace scarf; Mrs Lyons looked handsome in black Louise silk, the skirt gauged at intervals and inserted with cream Irish lace, wreathlet of red berries on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs. Egerton, pretty black silk chiton evening gown, bestrewn with silk motifs, and the corsage brightened with a rose pink chon; Mrs. Hayward, black broadened silk gown, adorned with cream Maltese lace fichu; Miss Hayward, orchid mauve crepe de chine evening frock, with sun-ray pleated chiffon berthe; Mrs. Duder, black crinkley voile gown, with corsage bouquet of Parma violets; Mrs. Whitaker was gowned in black trained Louise silk; Miss Whitaker, bright blue silk blouse and centre, black skirt; Mrs. Braithwaite, black lace, embroidered with sequins over silk, cluster of cerise crush roses on corsage; Mrs. Forbes Moore looked distingue in a black evening gown, with green leaves chaplet in coiffure; Miss O'Neil was attired in a rich black brocade; Mrs. J. H. Upton wore black brocade, with jet encrustations and white silk lace entredoux; Mrs. McFarland, black evening toilette, with cream Maltese lace yoke; Mrs. A. Littler was gowned in a handsome cream beribboned net over lemon-coloured satin, white late décolletage; Miss Bosawen was becomingly gowned in black Louise silk, with corsage bouquet of crimson poppies; Miss Firth, graceful black lace toilette, with emerald green silk centre and bunch of violets on décolletage; Miss Bedford, ivory silk and lace blouse, and black trained skirt; Miss Savage wore a handsome cream satin gown, and lovely white lace fichu with stole ends; Mrs. McMillan was handsomely gowned in violet glaze silk, with deep flounces on skirt of lovely Paris lace, the same lace being used for the berthe; Mrs. Hull wore a lovely gown of ivory liberty satin, beautiful Victorian lace scarf draped round shoulders; Mrs. Edwin Horton looked charming in soft white silk, filled and elaborately trimmed with black lace applique, touches of pale blue in coiffure and on bodice; Mrs. Browning, rich black tulle, handsomely trimmed with black lace applique; Miss Browning looked daintily in white brocade, prettily finished with chiffon;

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**Mrs. Foster** looked charming in a black satin toilette, the skirt finished with tiny ruffles, cream lace Victorian scarf draped round the shoulders; **Mrs. Dargaville**, lovely black silk gown, with white tucked chiffon yoke outlined with black lace applique; **Miss Dargaville** was daintily frocked in white silk voile, lace berthe caught in foam with large crink rose and pretty chine silk sash; **Miss Lee** (*Sydney*) wore a charming black be-ribbed net gown, with pink roses on corsage and in hair; **Mrs. Ware** wore a beautiful gown of oyster grey taffetas, with bouffes and encrustations of lovely black Chantilly lace; **Miss Dorothy Ware** looked sweet in black crepe de chine, with corsage bouquet of pink roses; **Mrs. Kempton** wore handsome black brocaded silk toilette, finished with lace; **Miss Gertrude Kempton** was prettily gowned in primrose yellow silk with cream lace berthe; **Mrs. Gordon**, rich black velvet gown with cream lace finishing the bodice; **Miss Gordon** wore black satin, with white lace berthe; **Mrs. Isaacs**, handsome black velvet gown, the bodice richly trimmed with lovely Irish lace and jet; **Miss Isaacs** wore a sweetly pretty gown of Nil green liberty satin with deep bouffe of acorn-ribbed chiffon, and soft chiffon outlining the décolletage; **Mrs. Benjamin**, black crepe de chine, with cream lace berthe relieved with touches of tangerine velvet; **Mrs. Elliot Davis**, pretty pale blue and white checked silk challie, with insertions of Paris lace, clusters of violets on corsage and in hair; **Mrs. Edwards** wore a very handsome gown of black tucked chiffon, richly trimmed with applique over a lace silk foundation, the bodice was softened with lace and chiffon, caught with diamond ornaments; **Miss Edwards** was effectively gowned in poppy red silk, much shirred, satin ceinture to match; **Mrs. Tewsley** wore a charming black toilette with lovely lace on bodice, chine silk sash; **Mrs. McDowell**, black satin toilette, with cream lace yoke and lovely ostrich feather stole; **Mrs. Walker**, black silk with cream lace Victorian yoke adorned with tiny pink Louis seize bows; **Mrs. Parkes** wore a graceful black crepe de chine gown with black lace berthe, the skirt was adorned with numberless black satin Louis seize bows; **Mrs. Edward Russell** was picturesquely gowned in rose pink lace silk, the bodice softened with chiffon of same shade; **Mrs. Copeland Savage** looked very pretty in black silk striped net bordered with jet over white lace silk, touches of pale blue on bodice and in coiffure; **Mrs. Robertson** wore black relieved with touches of white; **Mrs. Mackay** was gowned in black with transparent Victorian yoke of shirred net, chiffon rolean in hair; **Miss Brown**, wore a Romney gown of white silk, with pale blue brocaded silk; **Miss — Brown** was strikingly gowned in crimson chiffon laced with narrow satin bands of same shade over glaze foundation; **Miss Palmer**, black skirt and pretty white silk evening blouse; **Miss — Palmer**, dainty white silk gown; **Mrs. John King Davis** wore black silk, softened with lace; **Miss Gertrude Purchas** wore black satin handsomely trimmed with jetted lace; **Mrs. Charles Kissling** wore black velvet with cream lace

berthe caught at one side with cluster of crimson roses; **Miss Lusk** wore black crepe de chine; **Miss Olive Lusk** was in black with cream lace applications; **Miss Eames**, black silk toilette, combined with lovely white lace; white cap relieved with touches of heliotrope; **Mrs. Heather** was handsomely gowned in black silk, adorned with lovely white lace; **Mrs. Chaud Heather** looked charming in soft pink silk, the bodice trimmed with cream lace, the skirt was finished with numberless frills edged with narrow lace; **Mrs. Leslie Mair**, looked very pretty in black crepe de chine, white lace Victorian scarf draped round shoulders; **Mrs. Buller** was handsomely gowned in black taffetas; **Miss Buller** wore a lovely gown of ivory Oriental satin, with beautifully tucked front panel; **Mrs. Morton** wore black silk, relieved with lace and silver passementerie, cluster of roses on front of bodice; **Mrs. Morriby**, rich black silk evening toilette; **Mrs. Bamford** wore black taffetas, the bodice softened with lace caught with a spray of roses in front; **Miss Bridgewater**, black skirt and very pretty rose pink glaze silk blouse; **Mrs. Oxley**, white and grey silk gown; **Miss Kennedy**, silk blouse and black voile skirt; **Mrs. Wootton**, smart black crepe de chine gauged gown, with white silk yoke veiled in black lace; **Miss M. Williams**, dainty cream silk blouse and grey skirt; **Miss Dohle**, black satin frock with transparent lace yoke;

PROGRESSIVE RECHRE.

**Mr. and Mrs. Littler**, of "Boxwick," College Hill, Ponsonby, entertained about 60 guests last Friday evening at progressive euchre, which was particularly enjoyable. There were 14 tables, and play was kept up with animation until about half-past ten. **Mrs. Rees** and **Mr. Culpan** were the winners of the first prizes, and **Mrs. Osmond** and **Mr. Hanna** the second prizes. Musical items were contributed by **Mesdames Morrin and Duder**, **Misses Stevenson, Butters, Clarice Morrin, Johnston, and Messrs. Littler, Morrin (Clyde Ballantyne, and J. Patterson.** **Mrs. Littler** welcomed her guests in a pretty black brocade with cream Maltese lace yoke and jet décolletage; **Mrs. Morrin**, black silk and jet gown; **Mrs. Easton**, becoming white silk with coru lace encrustations; **Mrs. Devore** was wearing a handsome black trained glaze silk; **Mrs. Crawshaw**, black silk gown with ivory lace bolero; **Mrs. S. Hanna**, black brocaded silk gown, relieved with white; **Mrs. E. Hanna** wore a delicate pink voile frock, softened with white chiffon fabric; **Miss Maud**, dainty white voile gown with tangerine silk ceinture; **Mrs. Atkinson**, white tucked silk and lace blouse, black silk skirt; **Mrs. J. M. Geddis**, pretty azure blue glaze silk blouse, with lovely white point lace décolletage, and black silk skirt; **Mrs. R. Ballantyne**, black silk gown, with Maltese lace décolletage; **Miss Littler**, black silk evening toilette, with transparent yoke and sleeves, corsage bouquet of pink roses; **Miss N. Stevenson**, black glaze silk frock, with cluster of blush roses on corsage; **Miss Ethel Bagnall** looked pretty in blue with spray of white roses on bodice; **Miss Clarice Morrin** wore a charming frock of white lace over rose pink silk, pink ribbon threaded in her hair; **Miss L. Morrin**, dainty white silk, adorned with bright blue Louis bows; **Mrs. Brathwaite**, black silk and jet gown, with cluster of pink roses on corsage; **Mrs. Bagnall**, electric blue gown; **Mrs. Osmond**, bright rose pink brocaded silk blouse, and black trained skirt; **Miss Owen**, white silk blouse and black silk trained skirt; **Mrs. Ada Owen** looked sweet in cameo pink silk, white lace fabric and apple blossom silk ceinture; **Mrs. Weston**, pretty black silk gown with blue silk chon on corsage; **Mrs. Book**, dainty white gown with silk figured chiffon bodice, and cherry-coloured satin ceinture; **Miss Geddis**, black evening gown with white lace transparent yoke, and pink rose in coiffure; **Miss Lena Butters** looked graceful in white silk softened with white sunny chiffon, pink rose in her hair; **Mrs. Duder**, black and white spotted silk gown relieved with white and violets; **Mrs. Moir** was becomingly frocked in pale green silk and chiffon; **Miss Belle Moir** looked winsome in black with cluster of Damask red roses; **Mrs. W. J. Rees**, black silk gown with white entredeux; **Miss May Rees**, pretty bright pink silk inlet with cream Maltese lace insertion.

THE SOIREE MUSICALE AT THE FRENCH CLUB.

An exceedingly pleasant evening was that we participated in last Thursday evening at St. Andrew's Hall, when the French Club held what may be described as a guest night. The hall was very tastefully decorated, and a capital programme was submitted, the solo playing of Mr. McLean being quite a feature. After "The Marseillaise" and "God Save the King" had been sung in unison by all present, **Monsieur Boeuf** invited the guests to partake of refreshments in the room at the back of the hall. Mr. Winter, the enthusiastic and indefatigable secretary, was tireless in extending the courtesy of the Club to the numerous visitors. Madame Boeuf looked charming in a lovely pastel grey chiffon gown, with lace encrustations, Empire belt of mirror green. **Mrs. Parkes** looked distinguished in black crepe de chine, the bodice softened with lace applique and chiffon; **Mrs. Myers** wore a handsome black glaze silk gown, with beautiful Bohemian lace on bodice; **Mrs. Arthur Myers** was effectively gowned in azure blue yamaga, with lace and insertion on bodice; **Mrs. Madama Lelievre** wore a black skirt and dainty white silk blouse; **Mrs. Tewsley**, cream Renaissance lace robe over glaze, miroir green Empire belt, and corselet chon; **Mrs. Rathbone**, black crepe de chine, with jetted lace V-shaped yoke and wide corselet belt; **Mrs. Moore** was effectively gowned in black, finished with Paris lace applique threaded with turquoise blue ribbon; **Mrs. Napier**, black skirt and pretty pink glaze blouse, with lattice-work revers of white satin ribbon; **Mrs. McAndrew** wore black, and blue cloth opera coat, trimmed with fur; **Mrs. Ruck**, black skirt and handsome black velvet blouse, relieved with touches of crimson; **Mrs. Scott**, black skirt, soft white silk blouse, hand-made pink brocaded silk opera coat; **Mrs. Goodhue** wore black challie, cream satin vest, veiled in lace applique; **Mrs. Colegrove** wore a picturesque gown of reseda green corded silk, with V shaped yoke of white chiffon and Roman embroidery; **Mrs. Eliot Moss-Davis**, black skirt and very pretty blue silk blouse, with lace insertions; **Mrs. Gresham**, black, with white chiffon vest; **Mrs. Fred Kenderline**, black skirt and pretty pink silk blouse, white cloth opera coat; **Mrs. Green** wore black, relieved with white; **Miss Lusk** was prettily frocked in black crepe de chine, with Empire belt; **Mrs. Rollitt**, black velvet Empire gown, with jetted yoke; **Mrs. Pilkington**, black skirt, white silk blouse, with real lace yoke and sleeves; **Mrs. Mahoney**, lovely white glaze silk blouse, elaborately tucked, and black skirt, trimmed with ruffled ribbon; **Mrs. Anson**, black skirt and pretty green and white floral muslin blouse, Victorian lace scarf; **Mrs. Mackay**, graceful black toilette; **Mrs. H. Connell**, black skirt and dainty shot silk blouse with Maltese lace scarf; **Mrs. Robertson**, cream accordion-pleated voile gown; **Mrs. Dralain** was gowned in black and green; **Miss Corrie**, black skirt and soft white silk blouse; **Miss K. Nelson** was prettily frocked in white with crushed strawberry cloth opera cloak; **Miss Pearl Clark** looked pretty in black be-ribbed net over glaze; **Miss K. Clark** wore white liberty silk with touches of pale blue on bodice; **Miss Edwards**, dainty evening blouse and black skirt, grey cloth opera coat, trimmed with grey fur; **Miss Hull**, black skirt, pretty white tucked silk blouse; **Miss O'Neil**, black challie with cream lace yoke and Victorian lace scarf; **Miss Gordon** wore grey and white; **Miss Holland**, black skirt, dainty white silk blouse inset with lace insertions; **Miss E. Holland**, black skirt, pale blue silk blouse with lace collar; **Miss Sonthey-Baker** looked charming in a white accordion-pleated chiffon and white cloth opera coat, finished with brown fur; **Miss Girdler**, black skirt, smart pink silk blouse, veiled in lace; **Miss Gresham**, black skirt and sky blue silk blouse; **Miss Bridgewater**, black skirt and dainty rose pink silk blouse inset with insertion; **Miss McDonald**, white silk, softened with chiffon; **Miss Bellairs**, black skirt and pink silk blouse; **Misses de Montalk** wore black skirts and pretty white blouses; **Miss Eira Cooper**, black skirt and white silk blouse; **Miss Lellingham**, black skirt and very pretty can de Nil silk blouse; **Miss Taunton** looked pretty in black skirt and cream blouse; **Miss Phillips**, pink museline de soie with touches of black; her sister wore a black skirt and pink crepe de chine blouse.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,  
 July 8.  
 Last Wednesday afternoon Miss Beatrice Evans gave a most  
 ENJOYABLE LITTLE AFTERNOON at the parlour. During the afternoon musical items were rendered by Misses Deacon, Devore and G. Holdsworth, whose rich contralto voice was heard to much advantage. Dainty afternoon tea was handed round during the intervals. **Miss B. Evans** received her guests in a cream insertion muslin, tangerine Empire belt; **Miss Webster** wore a brown costume, with white stitched cloth collar, brown hat en suite; **Miss L. Webster**, navy blue and white costume, pale blue and navy hat; **Miss Deacon**, grey costume, black hat; **Miss A. Hoskin**, navy blue costume, pretty scarlet hat; **Miss Bedford**, navy costume, white coat and muff, pale blue velvet hat; **Miss R. Saxton**, navy blue costume, dark and cornflower blue hat; **Miss L. Conter** (Hamilton), pretty cream serge costume, scarlet hat; **Miss Holdsworth** looked well in a black and cream costume, hat en suite; **Miss Devore**, navy blue and cream, hat to match; **Miss Hanna**, dark navy costume, grey hat; **Mrs. Alec. Hill**, grey costume, white fur; **Mrs. Oswin**, grey costume, pretty white velvet feathered hat; **Miss Dixon**, striking costume of navy blue and white, hat en suite; **Mrs. Fletcher**, pretty blue costume, black hat; **Miss G. Holdsworth**, black, hat to correspond.

The people here are still very keen on SKATING.

so the rinks are thronged on every possible occasion. Last week there was a hockey match, Takapa v. Star, and it created a vast deal of amusement. Among those present were Miss Hanna, wearing a navy blue costume, grey felt hat; **Mrs. Colson**, black and white silk blouse, dark skirt; **Mrs. J. Avery**, black costume; **Mrs. S. Cottier**, pale blue blouse, dark skirt; **Miss A. Avery**, black skirt, scarlet blouse; **Mrs. Paul**, navy blue costume, cream silk



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**PHYLLIS BROWN.**

vest, toque en suite; Mrs Clampton, cream silk and lace blouse, dark skirt; Miss Bayley, brown costume; Mrs Fitzherbert, black costume, grey coat; Miss N. McAllum, navy blue costume; Miss A. Brewster, red and white blouse, dark skirt, scarlet hat; Misses D. and E. McAllum, black skirts, grey jackets; Mrs Penn, navy blue costume; Miss E. Penn, pale blue blouse, dark skirt; Miss Ellis, scarlet blouse, black skirt, hat en suite; Miss L. Ellis, navy blue and white costume; Misses E. and G. O'Brien; Miss Free, black; Miss K. Free, navy blue, white fur necklet; Miss Morhead, cream blouse, black skirt; Miss V. Butt, dark skirt, cream silk blouse; Miss V. Hemmell, pale blue and white blouse, black skirt; Miss Holdsworth, black and white blouse, dark skirt; Miss G. Holdsworth, grey costume, black hat; Miss E. Bonnell, red and white blouse, dark skirt; Miss H. Evans, navy blue costume, scarlet hat; Miss M. Skinner, black; Miss D. Skinner, white tucked silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Cook, cream blouse, dark skirt; Miss Davidson, pretty sage green costume, relieved with scarlet, scarlet hat; Miss Cameron, black costume, red tie; Miss C. Cameron, pale blue blouse, dark skirt; Miss D. Bedford, cream blouse, black skirt.

Mrs Jackson and Mrs Elliott gave a most

**ENJOYABLE EUCHRE PARTY**

Last Thursday evening in honour of Miss Devore, who is visiting here. There were six tables. The first prize was won by Mrs Percy Webster; Mr V. Mackay won the gentlemen's. The hooley prizes fell to Dr. Laidlaw and Miss Pritchard. A very dainty little supper was arranged in the dining-room. Among those present were Mrs Elliott, in black silk and cream lace; Miss L. Jackson, white silk blouse, black velvet skirt; Miss Devore, white silk, pink silk Empire belt; Mrs C. T. Mills, pink silk blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Godfrey, black silk; Miss Pritchard,

white silk blouse, pale blue bows, dark skirt; Miss Short, white silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Percy Webster, cream voile trimmed with Paris lace; Miss George, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Morey, white silk; Miss — Morey, yellow silk and lace blouse, black skirt. Among the gentlemen were Messrs P. Webster, Mackay, Laidlaw, Nicholson, Mills, Jackson, Morey, Buckley, etc.

NANCY LEE.

**PALMERSTON NORTH.**

Dear Bee, July 7.  
**THE THIRD OF THE CINDERELLA DANCES**

took place on Thursday evening. It was a bitterly cold night—an ideal one for dancing. There was a large attendance, and the evening was most enjoyable. Several girls from the visiting hockey team were present. Mr. Harold Collins again played splendid extras. A dainty supper was served in the room at the back of the hall, holly and scarlet berries making a pretty decoration for the table in the absence of flowers. I must tell you of a pretty idea we had for one of the dances—a waltz. Baskets of different coloured ribbons were placed in the dressing-rooms, and each lady and gentleman took a ribbon and pinned it on his or her coat or dress, and the lady and gentleman whose ribbons corresponded were partners for that particular dance. The chaperones present were Mrs. Warburton, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Fuller, and Mrs. E. W. Hitchings. Mrs. Warburton looked very well in a handsome black silk, with black chiffon and lace; Mrs. Patterson, black silk, chiffon and black sequin insertion on corsage; Mrs. W. H. Smith, black brocade, frills of accordion-pleated chiffon on sleeves; Mrs. Fuller, black satin and chiffon; Mrs. Hitchings, white satin, deep frill of accordion-pleated chiffon on skirt; Mrs. Harden, black silk, chiffon frills on bodice, and blue silk choux; Mrs. Bagnall, cream satin, tiny frills on skirt, cream lace berthe; Miss Collins, pale blue silk, much trimmed with Paris insertion, blue tulle and forget-me-nots on corsage; Miss Wilson, white embroidered net over silk, lace and white flowers on bodice; Miss Reed, black velvet, with frills of cream lace on corsage and sleeves; Miss Waldgrave, cream tucked silk, green silk folded belt, wreaths of small pink and crimson rosebuds; Miss Dalrymple, pale pink silk, deep shirred lounce on skirt, frills of pink accordion-pleated chiffon on bodice, and sleeves and clusters of pale pink rosebuds; Miss Hayward, cream satin, cream lace berthe; Miss Armstrong, cream tucked silk, pleated frills of silk on corsage, wreath of pink roses, same flowers in hair; Miss Richter, white muslin made with small frills edged with narrow black satin ribbon, wreath of forget-me-nots; Miss Currie, white silk, and insertion, chiffon on bodice; Miss Wylds, white embroidered silver sequined net over pale blue satin, silver trimming and chiffon on bodice; Miss Elsie Wylds, cream silk, cream lace berthe; Miss Warburton, black net over black silk, cluster of pink roses on corsage; Miss Patterson, white muslin and lace, pale blue sash and touches of blue on bodice; Miss Ruby Patterson, white muslin, with pink sash and trimmings; Miss Belle Smith, fine black lace over pink silk, touches of velvet on bodice; Miss Hankins, white silk and lace, pink flowers; Miss Watson, white muslin, much tucked and trimmed with white lace insertion; Miss Gardiner, black net, transparent sleeves of same, black sequin trimming on corsage. The men present included: Messrs. Smith, Bagnall, Harden, Fuller, Gibbons (2), Burr, Vaughan, Spencer, Wylds, Collins (2), Waldgrave (2), Fitzherbert, Haynes, Stockwell, Fulton, Sim, Richter, Reed, Warburton, Button, McLean, Thynne, G. Bagnall.

**TWO VISITING LADIES' HOCKEY TEAMS.**

Hawke's Bay and Hawera, were in Palmerston this week. On Thursday afternoon there was a match, Craven College v. Hawera. This match was one of the best played here for a long time. Craven eventually winning by 4 goals to 1. Miss Dalrymple, Miss Fitzherbert and Miss Monckton played prominently for Craven, and Miss Bead scored the goal for Hawera. On Friday Hawke's Bay and Hawera played a match. The game was well contested, and ended in a win for Hawke's Bay by 4 to 2. On Saturday morning Craven College and Napier played. The Napier team attacked strongly in the first spell, and only the

fine back play of Craven saved a score. In the second spell Craven played well and secured 4 goals. The match ended: Craven 4, Napier nil.

On Wednesday evening last Mrs E. J. Armstrong, Broad-street, gave

**A VERY ENJOYABLE EUCHRE PARTY.**

There were twelve tables, and play was keenly contested, several players being very close at the finish. Miss Alice Reed won the ladies' prize, a pretty ornament. Mr. Gibbons, the winner of the men's prize, received an inkstand. Miss Mamie Reed and Mr. McKnight, the boobies, were presented with a penholder and ash tray respectively. After the presentation of the prizes a dainty supper was served in the hall, the table looking very bright with tall silver candlesticks with coloured shades. Mrs Armstrong received her guests in a handsome black brocade, white satin and lace trimming the bodice. Mrs C. E. Waldgrave wore black brocade, bodice veiled in fine black net, transparent sleeves of same; Mrs Milton looked well in a rich black silk, frills of black net, edged with black satin ribbon, trimming bodice, cluster of crimson roses and maidenhair fern; Mrs Warburton, black silk, yoke of Paris-tinted lace; Mrs Moeller, white crepe de chine, insertion on skirt, white lace yoke and frills of white accordion-pleated chiffon on bodice and sleeves; Mrs McKnight, black satin, black sequin trimming on skirt, white chiffon yoke, and blue silk choux; Mrs Nannestad, black silk, veiled in black net, frills edged with black satin ribbon on skirt and bodice; Miss Armstrong, a dainty tucked white silk, accordion-pleated silk frills on bodice and sleeves, cluster of pale pink roses; Miss Power, pale green silk, berthe and frills of cream lace; Miss Moeller, black satin skirt, heliotrope silk blouse with string-coloured insertion; Miss Collins, black brocade skirt, bright blue silk blouse with transparent yoke of fine cream lace; Miss Robinson, black net, frills edged with satin ribbon on corsage and tangerine rose, tangerine silk belt; Miss Coombs, black satin skirt, cream silk blouse, yoke of white lace, and frills of lace on sleeves; Miss Nelson, white embroidered muslin, large pink silk bow on corsage; Miss Porter, pale blue silk, frills edged with narrow white lace, touches of black velvet and cluster of small crimson roses on bodice; Miss Randolph, navy blue silk, cream lace berthe, and sprays of forget-me-nots on corsage, turquoise blue silk sash; Miss Florence Randolph, cream silk, double frill of accordion-pleated silk on skirt, chiffon and touch of pale pink on bodice; Miss Patterson, cream silk, berthe and frills on sleeves of silk lace, pale blue silk sash; Miss Ruby, black silk, bodice shirred; Miss Watson, black voile skirt, cream silk blouse over pink, yoke and insertion of Paris tinted lace; Miss Reed, black voile, design in black ribbon on skirt, berthe and frills of cream lace; Miss Alice Reed, black velvet, cream lace berthe, frills of lace on sleeves; Miss Siggs, white muslin, tiny frills on skirt, black velvet shoulder straps and belt; Miss Hankins, white muslin, and insertion over yellow, shaded brown rose on bodice; Miss Robinson (Melbourne), pale green silk, much tucked, and trimmed with string-coloured insertion; Miss Richter, pale pink brocade, white embroidered chiffon, frills on bodice and sleeves; Miss Bond, pale pink silk, frills edged with narrow white chiffon ruching, black chiffon choux; Miss Bell, tucked white silk, lace draped on bodice, and bunch of violets, violet silk sash; Miss Gwen Bell, cream voile skirt, bright blue silk blouse, blue and pink floral silk sash. The men present included Messrs Armstrong, Waldgrave (2), Warburton (2), Moeller, Milton, McKnight, Bond, Haynes, Wilson, Hutton, McLean, Smith, Vaughan, Gibbons, Taggart.

**IN THE GOLF MATCH.**

played between Pahiataua and Palmerston on the Hokowhitu links on Saturday last. The visitors were defeated by seven games to two. Pahiataua was represented by Messrs. Druce, Ritchie, Marshall, Collins, Lilly, Hare, McShane, Tossell, and McSherry; Manawatu by Messrs. A. Barraud, V. Harman, F. Cooke, P. C. Freeth, G. W. Barton, H. Cooper, E. Hitchings, A. Stewart, and P. McHardy. The results of the ladies' golf matches on Tuesday were: Seniors: Mrs. Monro (9) 111, Miss Abraham (7) 117, Mrs. Moore (12) 122; juniors: Mrs. Porritt (ser.) 142, Miss Waldgrave (17) 146, Mrs. Mollscopp (5), 148.

VIOLET.

**WANGANUI.**

Dear Bee, July 7.

**THE EGMONT-WANGANUI HUNT CLUB**

held a most successful meet last Thursday at "Waihau," Waverley, the property of the popular president (Mr. W. Brewer). The attendance was a record, there being over sixty followers, and fully as many onlookers. Sumptuous lunch and afternoon tea, were provided by Mr and Mrs Brewer in their usual hospitable style, and in the evening a ball was given to the visitors in the Town Hall. Amongst those following were Messrs O. Symes, Cameron (Rangitikei Hunt Club), A. Higgin, C. Russell, Morton, H. Nicholson, G. E. Moore, Kennedy, Gordon, S. Brewer, Hamerton, Jackson, Mitchell, D. Campion, Mr and Mrs Bryce (Rangitikei), Patterson, M. Hearn, Taylor, Murphy, Shannon (Rangitikei), Misses Crawley, Campbell, Mrs Symes, Messrs Todd, Higgin, and others.

On Thursday, June 20th, Mr and Mrs Percy Forlong gave

**A MOST ENJOYABLE DANCE**

at their residence in Campbell-street. The dining-room was used as the ball-room, and the verandahs were covered in and converted into cosy sitting-rooms. Mrs Forlong received her guests in a handsome black silk evening gown with berthe and chiffon on corsage; Mrs Vaughan wore a pale blue silk frock with sequin net on the trained skirt and fichu of same material on corsage; Mrs H. Forlong, black silk gown, relieved with cream; Miss Dodgshun, black silk and chiffon with berthe of lace; Miss McBeth (Christchurch) wore a black crepe de chine, with fichu of lace and spray of pale pink roses on her corsage; Miss Barnicoat, dainty white silk with wide fichu and sprays of pale blue forget-me-nots; Miss P. Barnicoat, white muslin with numerous tiny frills on skirt, edged with beige satin ribbon and a wide berthe, composed of the same; Miss Phillips (Canterbury) wore a becoming white silk evening gown with pale pink flowers. There were also present Misses Liffiton (2), Greig (2), Hair, McNeill (2), Rawson, Christie, Hair, Gower, Stanford, Young, Allison, Davis, G. Krull, G. Thompson (Castlemaine), Messrs P. Forlong, H. Forlong, Hair, Harold, Watson, Hardwicke, Lomas, Armour, Dodgshun, Campbell, Morrison, Fitzherbert, C. Wilson, Holderness, Van Asch (Waitotara), and others.

**A Bogey Match was played ON THE BALCHWATIE GOLF LINKS**

on Wednesday. Miss O. Stanford won easily in the senior match. Misses H. Cowper and Miss Baker tied for second place, and Mrs Cleghorn came third. In the junior match Mrs Izard and Miss P. Barnicoat tied for 1st, Mrs Dyer and Miss Brahanf tied for second place, and Miss Rawson came third. Amongst those on the links were Mesdames Holdship, Cleghorn, Dyer, Sarjant, Izard, Anderson, Misses Cowper, Barnicoat, Earle, Jackson, Baker, Knapp, Greig, Krull, Stanford, Anderson, Cave, Cleghorn, Empson, Rawson, and others.

Last week Mrs Harry Peake gave a small

**BRIDGE PARTY.**

The first prize was won by Mrs Gordon, and the hooley by Mrs J. Jones. Amongst those present were Mesdames Peake, Dodgshun, Gordon, Aldenbrooke, J. Jones, Pattle-Latt, Gudwin, John Stevenson, L. Jones, Misses Owen, Gresson, Shand, Dodgshun, and J. Jones.

On Tuesday evening Miss Brewer gave a most enjoyable

**PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY.**

The lady's prize, a pretty silver-backed notebook, was won by Miss Dorothy Cleghorn. The men's prize, which fell to Mr Bruce, was a clock in a leather case. Amongst those present were Mrs John Stevenson, Misses Brewer, D. Cleghorn,

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**E. Greig, S. Greig, Wells** (Auckland), **Dodgshun, McBeth** (Christchurch), **W. Anderson, Barnicoat, Christie, Krull, Thompson** (Castlemaine), **Young, Messrs C. Wilson, R. Stevenson, Bruce** (Auckland), **Silk, Stevenson, Anderson, Campbell, HUTA.**

**WELLINGTON.**

Dear Bee, July 7.  
I have quite a budget of news for you this week. First there was **THE NAVAL AND MILITARY DINNER PARTY AND DANCE**

at Government House, which was the first entertainment given there this season. Naturally it was eagerly looked forward to. The dinner party was an official affair—for men only, and the dance was mainly for young people who were invited at 9.30. The big ball-room at Government House, which was formerly decorated in yellow, is being done up again. This time the scheme of colour is to be white and scarlet, which should have a gay effect. Lady Plumket wore a picturesque dress of ivory satin, the corset skirt being heavily embroidered at the top with pale blue and gold. Jewelled lace outlined the décolletage, and an Empire scarf of pale blue completed the graceful effect. The Hon. Kathleen Plumket wore white satin with bouffes of lace, and a little silver embroidery. Mrs. Babington wore cream satin, with draperies of lace, and a deep belt of orange velvet; Mrs. Webb, black brocade; Mrs. Seddon, black velvet, and lace scarf; Mrs. Chaytor, ivory brocade, bouffed, with lace; Mrs. Brandon, cream brocade and lace; Mrs. Campbell, black satin embroidered in yellow; Mrs. Collins, white satin, relieved with yellow; Miss Grace, white satin and tulle with garlands of pink flowers; Miss Erica Fell wore her debutante dress of ivory taffetas with lace tucker-ruffles; Miss Fell, white spotted lace; Miss M. Fell was in pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Tolhurst, pale blue satin and lace; Mrs. I. Johnston, eau de nil satin with wreaths of roses; Miss Fitzgerald, cream satin; Miss — Fitzgerald, pale pink lace; Miss Gore, white satin and lace; Mrs. Simpson, white lace; Miss E. Simpson, white satin; Miss Lawson, green satin; Miss E. Rawson, lemon taffeta.

The great event of the week has been the

**OLD ENGLISH FAYRE**

at the Town Hall. Preparations for this have been going on since Christmas, so all the arrangements are very complete. The interior of the hall has been built up to represent an old English village, and the stalls themselves are constructed as quaint old-fashioned houses, with gables and lattice windows. On the walls are proclamations cleverly done in old world language, setting forth the various particulars in a most diverting way.

Judging by the results at present, the proceeds will enable the Victoria Home for Chronic Invalids to be furnished in a most luxurious style. The principal stall is that of the President, Mrs T. C. Williams. Lady Plumket and the Hon. Kathleen Plumket share also an interest in the stall. Others attached to it are Lady Ward, Mesdames Dumeau (2), Wallis, Johnston (2), Edwin, Turnbull, Firth, Kirkenaldie, MacPherson. The assistants wear becoming dresses of

mauve, with faced bodices and papiers of flowered sateen, folded muslin fichus, and lacy white lace caps with lappets. An addition to this stall is a department devoted entirely to blouses and lingerie, yequet "Ye Maydes' Paradise," and in charge of it are Mrs W. Johnston and Mrs A. Dumeau. Perhaps the most popular stall is the pottery, presided over by Miss Coates, Mrs L. Blumell, Mrs Hislop, and Mrs Loughman. The most attractive art treasures are to be had here, together with pictures and repousse metal work. The costumes of the sellers are pink and pale blue. Solid satisfaction can be gained at the produce stall, whose owner, Mrs J. Barton, has been doing very good business with her exhibits. Her girls look well in peacock blue and white, with mob caps. Then there is the sweet stall, which always does good trade. The leading people here are Mesdames Fell, Richmond, Spratt, Atkinson, and Colbridge. They have a quaint, old-fashioned gait with black quilted skirts and tight-fitting bodices of coloured flowers on a black ground. Their assistants are gay in scarlet and white, with picturesque floral hats tied with red ribbons. The deep orange hue adopted by Mrs Rankin Brown and her helpers at the parcels stalls looks wonderfully well, the white fichus and black lacings heightening the effect. The ladies of South Wellington are in charge of "Ye Ladies' Delight," where Mesdames Tuke, Crawford and Butts are prominent. A beautiful carved oak settle inlaid with pewter is a great object of attraction here. Pale blue and white are the prevailing colours worn, with large floppy hats garlanded with blue flowers. Next door is the stall of Mrs Cohen, who has selected yellow for her assistants to wear, with high yellow and black hats. At the miscellaneous stall, managed by Mesdames Stafford, Fulton, and Rawson, there is a strong bevy of girls attired in crimson skirts and flowered tops, their hats being trimmed with crimson roses and black velvet. Mrs A. Pearce and Mrs Wilford are managing the tea stall with an army of assistants in white linen dresses and pink or blue ties. Cushions and tobacco are grouped together under the care of Mrs Russell and Mrs Samuels, whose helpers are clad in eau de nil. A silhouette gallery, directed by Miss Hursthouse, is a distinct novelty, and has produced some excellent portraits. The artists are appropriately attired in black and white, with huge black poke bonnets. Misses L. Brandon and C. Smith are kept busy selling a special cookery book which they have edited.

A gigantic blackbird pie is a great source of interest to the children. Nurse Holgate is cook-in-charge of the pie, inside which are concealed some wonderful things. Then, how shall I describe the Posters, whose triumphal procession is one of the features of the Fayre? The leading figure is Miss Turton, who represents Old Judge tobacco, wearing a gorgeous robe of crimson with a long train, upheld by two children, got up as cigar boxes; Miss Simpson (Golden Bee jam) has a well-carried-out dress, banded with brown and yellow velvet; Miss M. Fell (Goldner's Wedding Cakes) has a beautiful white satin frock, the three-tier skirt being elaborately trimmed with silver lace paper and orange blossom; Miss Butt (Tisdal's Fishing Tackle) is conspicuous for the neatness of her tailor-made suit of grey tweed, all the details of a sports-woman being accurately carried out; Miss McTavish (Equitable Life Assurance) looks well in an Empire dress of shaded red and flame-colour velvet with an electric star in her gold coronet; Miss M. Fell has a pale green gown, thickly sewn with greenstone (Lloyds); Miss Haybittle (Wertheim Sewing Machines) wears black velvet with white satin motifs and a Mary Stuart cap; a smart coat and skirt built of blankets is worn by Miss Macintosh (Petone Woollen Mills); an ingenious idea is carried out by Miss R. Simpson, who represents the Phoenix Assurance Company. On the opening day the bazaar was thronged with people, and the sales were very satisfactory. His Excellency the Governor made a smart, short speech in declaring the Fayre open, and then proceeded to buy generously from all the stalls in turn. Lady Plumket looked very well in a gown of golden brown velvet with a long coat of darker brown velvet, having a fur collar; her brown tulle hat had brown tips; the Hon. Kathleen Plumket had a pale blue chab dress with touches of mauve and a long blue coat to match, white velvet toque with aigrette; Mrs Babington was in pale grey cloth and a white beaver hat; Mrs C. Johnston, black velvet and gluce;

Miss Johnston, navy cloth with rich embroidery; Mrs Rhodes, black velvet.

I must find space to tell you of the amateur performance of

**"THE WEDDING MARCH,"**

which was given in aid of the bazaar funds. It was principally noticeable for introducing a new amateur star in the person of Dr. Hay, who took the part of the bridegroom, and earned unstinted applause by his clever acting. Miss Tolhurst made a charming rustic bride, and her train of bridesmaids and groomsmen were most amusing. The audience appreciated Mr Harvey as Cousin Toodle, and a good character sketch was given by Mr C. Robertson (Uncle Bopaddy). Other parts were well filled by a number of young people, many of whom appeared on the stage for the first time. After the performance all the players and their friends assembled for a very jolly supper party and dance.

**THE AT HOME GIVEN BY LADY STOUT**

last week was to enable people interested in temperance matters to meet Father Hays, who was here for a day or two. His Excellency the Governor, who had expressed a desire to meet the distinguished visitor, was present, accompanied by Captain Bingham, A.D.C., Lady Stout looked very well in black crepe de chine with applications of ivory lace. Among the guests were the Bishop of Wellington and Mrs Wallis, Mr Justice Williams and Mrs Williams, Rev. Gibson Smith and Mrs Smith, Mr Justice Cooper and Mrs Cooper, the Rev. Mr Isitt and Mrs Isitt, the Rev. Mr Spratt and Mrs Spratt, Mr T. Taylor, M.H.R., and Mrs Taylor, Dr. and Mrs Fell, Mr and Mrs Atkinson, Dr. and Mrs Mackin, Mr and Mrs E. B. Brown, Mr and Mrs Kirk, and many other well-known people. Lady Stout gives another At Home this week.

With all these attractions going on there were not many outsiders at

**THE NAVY LEAGUE CONVERSATION,**

but I hear the members turned up in force, and the affair went off very well. The speeches were commendably short, and they were followed by a pleasant little musical programme, after which came refreshments. During the evening the hon. secretary, Mr C. W. Palmer, was presented with a gold watch and chain, in recognition of the services he

has rendered the League, which have been entirely gratuitous. His Excellency the Governor presided at the meeting, but Lady Plumket, who is patroness of the ladies' section, was not well enough to be present.

Mr and Mrs E. Wahlegrave have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter "Minnie" to Mr Harry Atkinson.

**THE BUTTERFLY BALL.**

given by Miss Estelle Beere, was very much enjoyed by all present. The stage was prettily decorated with palms, and garlands of roses, and the butterflies and fairies looked quite charming as they flitted about, or danced stately minuets, interspersed with Irish jigs and cake walks; whilst the fairy queen, attended by a tiny A.D.C., made a stately progress at intervals, amongst the guests. The dancing in most cases was quite wonderful for such youthful performers. The dresses were charming. Where all were so good, it is almost impossible to say who was best, but a pretty dark-eyed girl in a yellow dress, who danced a cake walk, was undoubtedly a great favourite with the public. A little black butterfly with spangled silver wings danced very lightly and gracefully; and a child in white with pale blue satin petals hung with bells, was a miracle of pretty posing and rhythmic movement. But the sweetest of all were two fairies in the fluffiest of white frocks, and gauziest of wings, who were harnessed with ribbons and driven by an even smaller brown elf (their brother). The group might almost have come out of the nut-shell, so beloved by the fairy tale books, and they danced as lightly and gaily as this!down.

OPHELIA

**HAWERA.**

Dear Bee, July 7  
**THE ANNUAL BALL.**

given by the football club last Friday week was delightful. As this is one of the most enjoyable dances of the season, a large number of people were present from all parts. The ball-room was very prettily decorated, the football colours—amber and black—being the most noticeable feature. The floor was in perfect order, and the music supplied by the Misses Flynn was all one could desire. Dancing was kept up until about half-past two, when it was brought to a close

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by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" in honour of those footballers who are going home with the New Zealand team. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs. H. Wilson, Mrs. A. Hunter, Miss Glenn (Munnia), Misses Baird (2), Miss Carey, Miss Alexander, Miss Stinger, Mrs. W. O. Williams, Miss Lattier, Miss White, Mrs. Jury, Miss Douglas, Miss Ryan, Miss Joseph (Canterbury), Miss Leupfert, Mrs. Smith, Miss Brett, Misses Caplen (2), Misses Young (2), Miss Livingstone, Miss Sutton, Miss Clapham, Miss Graves, Miss Reilly, Mrs. Page, Miss Day, Miss Sutton, Miss Wilson, Miss Campbell, Miss Robinson, Miss Page (Wellington), Mrs. Wrigley, Miss Curtis, Miss Flynn, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Stewart (Normanby), Miss Goutts. Amongst the gentlemen present were Messrs Parkinson, Smith, Buchanan, Liddle, Glenn, Norton, Nicholson, Swinburne, G. Glenn (Munnia), Hunter (2), Glasgow (Eltham), H. Wilson, Turton, Dr. Brown, Taylor (Munnia), Nahler, Baird (2), Hamilton (Mamutahi), Williams, Trevithick, Burke (Munnia), Sullivan (Okaiawa), Greville.

Last Friday evening Mrs. G. McLean gave

**A LARGE BRIDGE PARTY**

which was very enjoyable. There were several tables, and some most interesting games were played. A most delicious supper was partaken of in the dining-room after play was over. Amongst the players were Mrs. McLean, Mrs. O'Callaghan, Miss McLean, Mrs. Meek, Mrs. Basham, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Goutts, Mrs. Brett, Miss Dingle, Mrs. Caplen, Mrs. Foyster, Mrs. Goodson, Mrs. Turnbull, Messrs McLean, Welsh, Foyster, Parkinson, Dingle, Meek, O'Callaghan, Tanks, Turnbull, Basham, Goodson.

The Haaki Hockey team (ladies), which journeyed to Palmerston North last week, returned last Saturday night. They had three matches with the following teams:—Craven (Palmerston North), Napier, and Wanganui. Sad to relate, they were beaten by all three teams, though not badly by any means. They all speak very highly of those ladies who entertained them in Palmerston North and Wanganui.

EN.A.

**WESTPORT.**

Dear Bee, July 1.

Some thirty townsmen met at the Empire Hotel last evening to bid farewell to Dr. Owen, who is leaving for Raetihi, Upper Wanganui District. The Mayor presided, and made a presentation to Dr. Owen on behalf of his friends. The doctor's health was drunk enthusiastically. He was spoken of in the highest terms, professionally and socially, and he and his family were wished every success. The speakers, in addition to the Mayor, included Drs. Dimm and McKenzie, Messrs Jackson, Track, and Riley.

The nursing staff and several lady friends of the younger patients of the hospital gave a delightful afternoon tea yesterday. The little guests thoroughly enjoyed the delicious feast provided for them, and games and music brought a pleasant afternoon to a close.

NANCE.

**CHRISTCHURCH.**

Dear Bee, July 5.

**THE CANTERBURY COLLEGE DANCE**

on Diploma Day was largely attended, and proved a great success. The chaperones were Mrs. Blunt, who looked well in a gown of black satin trimmed with red chiffon; Mrs. C. C. Cook, black satin, crimson opera cloak; and Mrs. Chilton, black silk voile relieved with white lace. Among others present were Mrs. Hugh Reeves, in pale grey satin and white chiffon; Miss Stead, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Guy Ronalds, grey voile and lace; Miss Curoft Wilson, heliotrope muslin; Miss Moore, pale green silk; Miss D. Moore, soft white silk and lace; Miss Westera, black satin; Miss Lorna Martin, cream accordion-pleated silk; Miss Ferguson, pale blue silk; Miss Secretan, white muslin; Miss Guthrie, pale pink muslin and white chiffon; Miss McOwen, black; her sister wore pale blue voile; Miss Prins, black satin and white lace; Miss Ella Harris, white and pale blue; Mrs. Wall, black; Mrs. Hertz, black crepe de chine relieved with pink, beautiful diamonds; Miss Morris, white silk and lace; Miss Imman, pink, with touches of red velvet; Miss Anderson, pale pink silk; Miss Ensor, black net, with pink roses; Mrs. G. G. Stead, a handsome gown of black satin; Miss Maling, pale green silk and lace; Miss Staveley, white silk; Miss E. Croxton, pink, with pink roses; Miss Francis, pale blue; Miss Allison, white, with pale blue; Miss Sommers wore cream and silver ornaments.

**A PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE PARTY,**

given by Miss Muriel Anderson last Wednesday evening, was immensely enjoyed by her guests. The games were most amusing—quite a change from the solemnity of bridge pure and simple. The prize, won by Miss Campbell, was a pretty silver-mounted toilet bottle. Among the guests were the Misses Denniston, Cocks, Wilson, Cook, the Messrs Jameson, Williams, Polson, Cox, Aitkin, Drs. Levinge and Gibson.

**A SMALL BRIDGE PARTY**

was given by Mrs. Bogie. The guests were Mrs. Wigram, Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Michael Campbell, Mrs. J. Palmer, and the Misses Bogie and Murray-Aynley.

**THE FENDALTON DRAMATIC CLUB**

gave a progressive euchre party on Thursday evening. There were about twenty tables. After some capital games the room was quickly cleared while the guests were being hospitably entertained, and then came dancing. The music was supplied by Miss Scrivenor's band. The chaperones were Mrs. Brett and Mrs. Bruce. Amongst others present were the Misses Collins, Shand, Bruce, Brett, Guthrie, Middleton, Martin, Croxton, Ferguson, McOwen, and Humphries, Messrs Morris, Lightband, Frankish, Tribe, Fleming, and several more of the officers of the Kaitiaki.

**THE AUSTRAL GIRTON CLUB**

held its monthly meeting last Saturday at Girton College. An excellent

programme was presented, the chief item being the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," which was most capably rendered by the members of one of Miss Freeman's elocution classes: Portia, Miss C. Robins; Nerissa, Miss T. SALTER; Shylock, Miss E. Quill; Gratiano, Miss Munro; Duke, Miss L. Treloven; Antonio, Miss Kent; Bassanio, Miss J. Kent; Salerio, Miss E. Wreathall; Clerk, Miss G. Kent. Two recitations, "The Old Sedan Chair" and "Changed," were given by Miss E. Quill and Miss SALTER; a duet, "In the Quisk of the Twilight," Misses D. Kent and M. Robins, each of whom also sang solos. The last item was an effective chorus of ladies in Japanese dress, who sang "The Jewel of Asia." There was a competition for original programme designs, the prize being allotted by ballot. Miss M. Inwood's beautifully painted programme was universally admired, and secured the largest number of votes, Mrs. Fletcher coming a close second.

**THE SOUTH CANTERBURY HOUNDS**

held their meet at "Harlan" Timaru, the residence of Mr. E. G. Kerr. There was a big field, and there were many onlookers, driving and on foot. Mr. A. Beattie acted as huntsman in Mr. Orton's absence. Among the riders were the Misses M. and E. Kerr, Shaw, Howell, Kelland, Moore, Orton and Hamilton. Mesdames Whittaker, Thomas, Harper, Buchanan and Broderick, Messrs Herbert Elworthy (acting master), Orbell, Harper, Davy, Rutherford, B. Kerr, G. Kerr, Captain Chifford. After some good sport a move was made to Mr. Kerr's house, where a very large party was entertained with afternoon tea by the Misses Kerr and their sister (Mrs. Wilkins). Mr. Elworthy, in returning thanks, paid a graceful compliment to his host by saying that the "Harlan" meet was always looked upon as one of the most popular of the season. Hearty cheers were then given for Mr. Kerr and family.

**THE CHRISTCHURCH HOUNDS**

met on Monday last at Bromore, Ashburton, when there was a capital day's hunting. Among those who were in at the kill were Messrs Bond (Master), Selby (Huntsman), Gerard, Acton-Adams, Neave and Miss Gerard.

**AN "AT HOME"**

was given by Mrs. Derisley Wood (Ashburton) on Tuesday afternoon as a farewell to Mrs. J. S. Tennant, who is going to live in Wellington. The invitations were only sent to members of the Golf Club, of which Mrs. Tennant has been a most active member, as well as being the captain. The ladies presented her with a lovely silver jewel case, the presentation being made by Mrs. Snodgrass, the president's wife, in a very graceful little speech. Delightful afternoon tea was served in the dining-room. The ladies present were Mesdames Wood, Snodgrass, Tennant, Seymour, Salmon, Friedlander, Cox, Gibson, Clark and Crisp, and the Misses Fullarton, Bullock and Pooks. Mrs. Snodgrass now holds Mrs. Tennant's former position as captain of the Golf Club.

**THE CHRISTCHURCH GOLF LINKS**

are frequently crowded with players. The arrival of a professional coach on

the Shirley links increases the general interest, and no doubt we will soon show a marked improvement in our style of play. A return match between the two ladies' clubs was held on the Hagley Park links on Monday. Both clubs mustered in force, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent. A number of games were played, and Shirley was victorious. Miss Stead was unable to play owing to having sprained her wrist. An enjoyable afternoon was served at the hut. Among other's present I noticed Mrs. Wilder (Feerside), Mrs. Wigram, Mrs. A. Murray-Aynsley, Mrs. T. Cowlshaw, Mrs. G. Gould, Mrs. Kettle, Mrs. Archer, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. G. Hamner, Misses Reeves, Kitson, Murray-Aynsley, Campbell, Talart, Turnbull, Kettle-Symes and Denniston. The players looked very smart in their new scarlet motor caps. The lists of the matches for the ensuing month make very interesting reading for those who go in for this ancient and royal game.

**THE SKATING RINK**

is still well patronised, especially on Saturday evenings, when we are sure of meeting our friends. Among those present I noticed Mrs. Kettle and her two daughters, Mrs. Guy Ronalds, Miss Craneroff, Wilson, Miss Symes, Miss Craneroff, Miss Middleton, Mrs. R. D. Harman, Miss Guthrie, Miss Spooner, Mrs. and Miss Barker, Messrs Cotterill, King, Douglas, White, and ever so many more.

**THE ANNUAL HUNT CLUB BALL**

at Amuri is to take place to-night. Several Christchurch people went by the early train. It is sure to be largely attended, being one of the most popular balls of the year. I hope to give you an account of it in my next.

DOLLY VALE.

The "ROYALISTE" IS THE CORSET THAT WEARS BUT DOES NOT WEAR OUT THE WEARER.

Auckland Agents: MILNE & CHOYCE, Ltd., Queen-st.



(COMPLETE STORY.)

# THE HARMONY OF DEATH

## By C. Whittier Tate

### HOW A DIABOLICAL SCHEME WAS DISCOVERED IN TIME AND MADE TO ACT AS A BOOMERANG.

As I sat beside Saintsbury in the pew near the front of St. Luke's I felt a nervous chill come over me, and must have shivered perceptibly.

It was the wedding of Leonora Curtysse and Wilson Carroll. We were listening to a violin solo, composed and rendered by Victor Satolini, a protege of Saintsbury, and it was probably the thought of the performer, as well as his strange music, which so affected me, for I invariably associated the fellow with the several members of the cat family.

Oddly enough, I recalled at the moment the first occasion on which I had met the Italian about a year before. It was just after Saintsbury returned from Rome with his "find," as he called the violinist.

I entered our rooms late one afternoon and found my friend listening in rapt attention to this fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, playing at random some fantastic creation of his own wild brain. I remember now that I had felt that same chill then, for the sight of the musician and his peculiar music repulsed me.

He was graceful of form and carriage, his features were exquisitely moulded, and his brilliant black eyes flashed frankly upon me as I entered. Yet in the sinuous movement of his arm as he skilfully manipulated his bow, as well as in a certain indefinable expression of his eyes, there was something feline.

Now, as we sat in the church, Saintsbury perceived me shrug my shoulders once or twice, and then spoke sharply: "What is the matter with you, Carl?" he snapped.

"I'm blessed if I know, Jim," I replied, "but I wish that confounded Italian friend of yours would stop his infernal wailing."

Saintsbury smiled. "Once you take a dislike to a chap, Carl, angels couldn't convince you that you're wrong. Satolini is a genius, and his work is marvellous."

"So is the devil's," I growled in an undertone, for the bridal party was coming down the aisle.

I observed Leonora as she slowly marched past our pew, and it struck me that she appeared strangely agitated. Her face was even paler than usual, and her naturally calm eyes wore a wild, distracted look.

Once, in the few moments during which I could observe her closely, she cast a quick, nervous glance over to where Satolini was concealed in the bower of palms. I knew that she was a very nervous and high-strung girl, but I had not supposed that the ceremony would have quite so noticeable an effect upon her.

I whispered as much to Saintsbury, who granted something unintelligible in reply, for he, too, seemed rather out of key.

When I turned back the wedding party were ranged before the altar, and the bishop was slowly advancing toward them. I noted that the organ accompaniment softly died away, and the soloist proceeded for a few bars alone. Then suddenly he struck an odd chord, and followed it by one which I am totally unable to describe. Sober to say that a convulsive tremor seemed to pass through the listeners, and we squirmed about uneasily in our seats.

My glance was riveted on Leonora at the moment, and I saw a violent trembling take possession of her, following which she swayed slightly, and then sank in a heap at her father's feet.

Wilson Carroll, the groom, had a moment before come through the door from the sacristy, and he ran forward to catch her, but before he could reach the spot, she lay on the marble steps.

For a moment there was silence among the astonished spectators, and then confusion reigned, those who had come to see a fashionable wedding feasting instinctively that a tragedy had taken its place.

And, indeed, it was so. Dr. Thorne, the Curtysse's family physician, hurried up the aisle and hastily examined the girl, only to announce that she was dead.

Dead! A shudder passed through the assembly of relatives and friends, and the stricken groom stood there beside her father in silence—grief too great for words to express had swept over their hearts.

The white-haired bishop, who so often had stood in death's calm presence, tried to say something comforting, but he failed miserably and broke down.

I turned to Saintsbury, but he was gone! This was a surprise, for he had said nothing to me when he left, and I wondered where he had disappeared to.

Facing about, I caught sight of Satolini leaning against one of the choir stalls. His cold, handsome features wore a cynical smile as he observed the group at the foot of the steps. He was speaking, and his snave voice seemed like the purring of a cat.

"Miss Curtysse has been poisoned," he said; "it is a matter for the police, my friends."

To add to the general confusion, the two policemen who had been stationed at the entrance now entered the building, and pushed their way down the crowded aisle to the little group of excited persons on the altar steps.

At this moment I saw Saintsbury slip out of the door which was used by the organist for access to the music room. He beckoned me to precede him out of the church, which I did, nothing loath to leave that scene of consternation and death.

Once outside, Saintsbury quickly joined me, and we proceeded in silence down the street.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he finally asked.

"I had no idea," I replied slowly, "that Leonora had such a weak heart." "Neither had I," he remarked, "but Carl, do you realise that Miss Curtysse was murdered?"

"Murdered!" I exclaimed in wonderment, for Satolini's remark had made no particular impression on me. I regarded it merely as an expression of the suspicious nature of the Italian. "What do you mean?" I added. "Poisoned?"

He was silent a moment, as if weighing the possibility of my last query.

"Not exactly," he replied; "my theory of the means by which the crime was committed has not been fully developed as yet. I must have time to investigate."

"But who would have done such a thing?" I demanded incredulously. "Leonora could not possibly have had an enemy in the world."

"As I told you, I have not yet worked out my ideas, and must have time to go into it fully."

"Go into it!" I echoed, for the thought of the Hon. James Saintsbury, a wealthy young litterateur and artist of considerable distinction, turning detective was astounding to me. "But really, Jim, hadn't that better be left to those usually employed to ferret out these affairs?"

"No, Carl," he replied, dogmatically, "I am going to investigate this matter on my own account. But let us hurry, for I leave town to-night, and must start as soon as possible."

I inquired where he was off to, for I knew that he had no previous intention of quitting London.

"To Paris for a day or two on an important business," he answered shortly, and I knew my friend too well to pursue the theme further.

We soon arrived at the building in which the bachelor chambers we shared together were located, and on entering, Saintsbury proceeded to pack up a few articles in his portmanteau.

He departed that night without further reference to the subject of Leonora's death, except to advise me, for information as to how the crime was not committed, to follow the results of the police investigations, as detailed in the papers.

My friend, although he possessed the

artistic temperament, was nevertheless exceedingly practical, and he was intensely interested in applied science. When anything aroused his curiosity, he followed the effect to its cause with a thoroughness which was extraordinary.

His scientific researches were marked with a penetrative ability, and such a complete lack of sentiment, that I realised he would make an admirable amateur sleuth. I regarded his judgment as uncommonly accurate, and was convinced that he had perceived some detail of this affair which had escaped all the rest.

The newspaper theories as to the cause of the tragedy, I found, were about equally divided between heart failure from the excitement and poisoning. The coroner had taken up the matter, an inquest was set for the third day following, and during the interim an autopsy was to be performed.

I was much surprised to see that Victor Satolini had been placed under arrest on suspicion, having been heard to make some threats against the deceased. The groom, so the papers stated, was prostrated by the shock, and knowing Wilson as I did, I regarded it as little less than miraculous that he had survived the blow.

I was at a loss to see how Satolini had been connected with the crime, if, indeed, any had been committed. Saintsbury, I remembered, had picked the fellow up in a dance hall in Rome, where he was playing, and being a musician of considerable accomplishment himself, my friend was struck by the Italian's remarkable rendition.

He spoke to the man, who turned out to be a highly educated gentleman of good family, having until recently occupied the position of professor of psychology at the university, but because of his faith in various of the occult sciences, which he widely aired, the authorities had dismissed him; and, being unable to secure a similar position, he had sunk into the employment in which my friend found him.

(Saintsbury, I might mention, has travelled widely in the East, and is an authority and wild enthusiast regarding all branches of occultism.)

So, drawn by common interests to the man, and enamoured of his wonderful music, Saintsbury took him under his ample financial wing and brought him to London, where he had secured many lucrative appointments for him, and had introduced him to a few of his intimates. Among these was Miss Curtysse, with whom the Italian immediately fell headlong in love. She seemed dangerously interested in him for a time, and then suddenly refused to receive him again at her house.

Satolini became very angry, and vowed revenge for his rebuff, but both he and Leonora preserved silence as to its cause. When the engagement of the girl to Carroll was announced, he heartily told my friend that they would never be married, but Saintsbury was too well acquainted with the Italian's passing fits of temper to take any serious notice of his threats.

Time had passed on and Satolini seemed to have forgotten the incident. When the day for the wedding was set he asked Saintsbury to use his influence to have him appointed soloist to play during the ceremony, promising to compose a bridal march especially for the

occasion. My friend had readily obtained Carroll's consent, and Satolini certainly fulfilled his promise of an original composition.

Thinking these facts over, I could not perceive any evidence against the Italian, save a possible motive; and detest him as I did, still I could not believe him capable of deliberately poisoning the girl.

The day before the inquest was appointed to be held, a packet was delivered me by a special messenger, who stated that he had brought it direct from Paris. It contained a short note from Saintsbury, which gave me no information as to the mystery, and contained a letter addressed to the prosecutor, with the request that I deliver it personally immediately upon receipt. Saintsbury mentioned that he would be obliged to remain in Paris several days longer.

I visited the prosecutor, who was an acquaintance of ours, and presented the letter. He read it over while I waited, and from a scrutiny of his face I gathered that he was astonished at its contents.

When he laid it aside, however, he mentioned nothing of its purport, and I left the office considerably mystified.

That evening the papers stated that the autopsy had revealed nothing, and the conclusion of the physicians was that death had resulted from perfectly natural causes.

On the following day, when the inquest was called, it was adjourned for a week, at the request of the prosecutor, pending the newspapers' stated, further investigations. Satolini was held, awaiting the result of the inquest.

I was completely bewildered by this turn of affairs, and now impatiently looked forward to the return of my friend, who, I felt sure, would clear up the matter.

In the meantime the public lost interest in the case, which was referred to as "a very sad affair." The press made some scathing remarks about the detention of the musician on insufficiency of evidence, and I could not but feel that they were right.

A day or two later, I received a letter post-marked Rome, in which Saintsbury said that he was still gathering evidence, and would not arrive in London until the time for the inquest, at which he requested my presence, stating that "I would have the surprise of my life," but giving no definite details of what to expect.

The day for the hearing came at last, and I journeyed to the Coroner's Court with a feeling of suppressed excitement. There was but a handful of spectators present, and the prosecutor immediately opened his case.

Dr. Thorne testified that the deceased had a very weak heart and in his opinion had succumbed to the unexpected excitement. The physicians who had performed the autopsy stated that no traces of poison could be found, and they one and all subscribed to Thorne's theory.

Several persons testified that they had heard Satolini make the threats against the deceased which had caused his arrest and detention.

I looked about for Saintsbury, but he was not in the court-room; and the prosecutor appeared to be too busy to interrupt with idle questions just then. My glance then wandered over to where Satolini sat beside his lawyer.

He was apparently rather amused at the proceedings, and regarded the witnesses with a supercilious smile. He nodded faintly to me, but an occasional gleam in his eye brought back the old feeling that I was in the presence of a great, human cat.

## HOW TO CURE HORSE AILMENTS.

Eminent Veterinary Surgeons strongly recommend **CONDY'S FLUID** as a Speedy and absolutely Certain Cure for Sore Backs, Sore Shoulders, Broken Knees, Grease, Thrush, Wounds, and Cracked Heels in Horses (see Veterinary Book on bottle)

Condy's Fluid is sold by all Chemists and Stores. Beware of local Substitutes, all of which are inferior in Composition and in Strength. CAUTION—Ask for, and Insist on having "Condy's Fluid."

Still, if the man was guilty, I reflected, he certainly was a remarkable actor. The coroner looked wearily at the clock several times while the examination dragged along, as though he would like to be relieved of the formality and dismiss the matter then and there.

Just as the evidence seemed about exhausted, and as I fancied that the coroner was impatiently preparing to discharge the prisoner, Saintsbury burst into the Courtroom, followed by a short, dark gentleman, apparently a Frenchman.

"The prosecutor immediately arose. 'Your Honor,' said he, addressing the Court, 'I have one other and a most important witness who will tell us what he knows about this affair. Mr James Saintsbury will take the witness stand.'

The coroner appeared disgusted at this delay, but my friend was sworn. He told of his meeting with Satolini and of bringing him to England, of the introduction to Leonora, the Italian's vain infatuation for her, his threats, and all the details which I already knew. He stated his facts in a clear, incisive voice, absolutely void of all sentiment or passion, as though he were lecturing on a subject which he knew thoroughly, but in which he had no interest.

He went on: "I attended the ceremony, where I had obtained permission for Signor Satolini to play an original composition for the wedding march, and during his rendition of it I noted that it was an extraordinary piece, and that it had a varied, though noticeable, effect upon those who heard it. With me it produced a sensation which I have felt but once before, when I listened to a snake charmer in India who controlled the performances of a most vicious reptile by the weird music which he produced with his violin.

"As Miss Curlyse passed the pew where I was seated, I observed her features very closely, and noted that she had the peculiarly tense look of one who is hypnotised. She walked up the aisle as if under the influence of a spell, and the music then took on a still more extraordinary tone.

"As she stood before the altar, the organ accompaniment ceased, the soloist continuing for a few bars alone to where the composition reaches a first or false climax." At this point a most remarkable chord appears, such a one as could only be produced by a master-violinist."

Saintsbury paused a moment, looking

earnestly over the Courtroom, and then he went on:

"Possibly you gentlemen have read something in regard to the new theory of musical hypnotism. If so, you will appreciate, in a measure, what I am about to explain.

"Signor Satolini was, up to a year ago, professor of psychology in the University of Rome, from which I have just returned. He was dismissed from that position because of his views concerning certain psychological phenomena, including hypnotism and various branches of occultism, which have not general sanction in conservative institutions.

"He is an accomplished musician, and a short time before his dismissal he published a brochure on his theories of musical hypnotism, a copy of which I have, although its circulation was suppressed by the Roman authorities. In it he sets forth the result of a number of experiments, such as the hypnotising of various persons, notably women, by peculiar notes and series of chords rendered on a violin, also the effect of music upon cats, mice and snakes; and relates several instances where he succeeded in producing the death of a dog by striking certain chords, which, he states, shattered the animal's nervous system.

"Then he draws his deductions that it would be possible to kill a human being by the same means, and that women would be more susceptible than men, also arguing that highly nervous persons are more readily affected by music than others.

"Satolini at one time exercised quite an influence over Miss Curlyse, by means, I have just discovered, of his remarkable music; to such a degree that she became afraid of him and refused to see him when alone. This angered him greatly, and he started to me, when her engagement to Mr Carroll was announced, that they would never be married.

"He was well acquainted with her exceedingly nervous temperament, and taking this into consideration he prepared to carry out his threat by composing a piece for her bridal march of such a nature that it would place her under hypnotic influence, and then, at the climax, he sprang upon her already badly shattered nerves a chord calculated to break her high-strung nervous system."

Satolini's counsel jumped up. "I object, your honor, to this nonsensical parade of wild ideas and unproved theories," he shouted.

There was a long argument between the lawyers, the coroner finally deciding to admit it, pending an examination of the precedents.

"Go on, sir," he said to Saintsbury. "I have with me M. Dupre, professor of psychology at the University of Paris. He is a recognised authority along this line, and he will presently corroborate my statements," said Saintsbury calmly. "But first, I wish to play over Satolini's 'Bridal March,' the score of which I obtained from the music rack during the commotion following the tragedy in St. Luke's. There is upon it some hand-writing of his, which I can identify," he added.

The prosecutor passed him up the sheets, together with a violin, which I instantly recognised as Satolini's. It was a very fine instrument, made by Medard, one of the most famous successors of Stradivarius, and had a remarkable timbre.

I learned afterward that my friend had obtained it on his way to the court at the Italian's rooms, where he, was well known by the servants.

Saintsbury was tuning the instrument, and all eyes were turned in his direction, when suddenly Satolini leaped from his chair. Before he could reach the door two bailiffs seized him, but he seemed to writhe out of their grasp as some great sinuous animal might have done, though he was finally subdued and the coroner ordered that he be handcuffed.

The fellow's lawyer now came over to his manacled client and they whispered together for some moments; then the counsellor turned to the court.

"Your honor, we object to the playing of this selection in evidence," he said.

The prosecutor was on his feet instantly, and a lively legal battle ensued, in which the latter was again tentatively victorious.

Satolini then asked permission to leave the court-room while the piece was being played, but the coroner denied the request.

Saintsbury explained a few points regarding the music, and then began to play. He was an accomplished violinist and rendered the piece well.

As the theme developed we became strangely restless, and I am sure that every one there felt the spell of the composition. I glanced over to where Satolini sat, and was surprised to see that he had completely broken down.

His head was sunk, his lithic body was lurching up, and he resembled, for all the world, a ferocious beast finally driven to bay. From time to time he glared wildly at Saintsbury.

The violin wailed out the notes and there were few of us but would have liked to cover our ears and hear no more. Yet the thing fascinated me, and we appeared, it struck me, like persons passing through a terrifying dream.

Saintsbury finally struck the chord which he claimed had caused Leonora's death, and I saw every one about me shudder from the effect of it. The room was much smaller than the church, and we were under the direct influence of the music.

There were several succeeding bars, and then I saw Satolini suddenly struggle to cover his ears, forgetting the handcuffs about his wrists. At the same instant Saintsbury struck the final chord. Satolini uttered a shriek and sprang; from his seat, then a convulsive shock seemed to run down his spine and he fell to the floor. That last chord had been even more intense than the one which killed Leonora, and it was several moments before any one sufficiently recovered from its effects to pick up the Italian.

Dr. Pierce, the coroner's physician, was the first to recover, and he hurried over to where the musician lay and turned the body over.

"He is dead," he exclaimed, after a hasty examination.

It was true—Satolini had been killed by his own wild creation. It was Saintsbury's theory that the fellow had accurately judged the point at which his own animal-like system would be shattered and had originally intended to play on to the end and thus commit suicide, but that after he had killed the girl he lost

his courage. Certainly he was unable to control himself in the court-room when the suicide chord was reached, and died like the coward he was.

None of those there will ever forget that very irregular session of the coroner's court, and we agreed that the score of the "Bridal March" should be immediately destroyed, for though fortunately no one save its creator suffered from the effects of the nerve-shattering composition, there is no telling what a public rendition of it might have caused.

## HOUSEMAID'S KNEE.

### Zam-Buk a Reliable Remedy.

"While in service at Ballarat," says Miss Jane McKormack, of Queensbury-street, North Melbourne, "I contracted what is commonly known as 'Housemaid's Knee,' and was thus compelled to leave my situation. I came down to Melbourne for a rest, and applied several liniments supplied by the Chemists to my knee, but the results were not satisfactory. Seeing Zam-Buk advertised, I decided on trying it, and purchased a pot. After a few weeks of this treatment all the pain and inflammation was driven out, and my knee was again quite sound, as if nothing had ever been wrong with it. I never fail to recommend Zam-Buk to fellow-sufferers."

Zam-Buk is a proved cure for Piles, Eczema, Boils, Running Sores, Sore Leg, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc. As an embrocation for Strained Muscles and Tendons, Zam-Buk, rubbed well into the parts affected, is unequalled. As a household balm for Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Pimples, Blackheads, Sore Throat, Sore Chest, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and Sore Feet, Zam-Buk is invaluable. From all Medicine vendors at 1/6, or 3/6 family size, containing nearly four times the quantity, or from the Zam-Buk Co., 39 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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# FLOPALONG

By Helen Mathers

Author of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," Etc.

**S**HE flops," said Sarah, looking through the window at a little pigeon of a girl in a white frock and pink ribbons, sitting under a tree.

"I like people who flop," said James Farthing. "It's a treat to come across a person who does nothing, and looks nice doing it. 'Produce! Produce!' is the parrot-cry of the day. Everyone is trundling a wheel, big or little, till the earth's a pandemonium of whirling wheels—and to what end! Spiritually or morally, do we improve, are we more cultivated than the Greeks and Romans—do we breed any great statesman, preacher, novelist, or painter? And as we haven't the energy or vitality to do anything good, I say that the man or woman who sits tight, and doesn't raise a dust with his confounded wheel, is a godsend to lookers-on."

"I christened her Floपालong," said Sarah, in her dense, one idea'd way, "from the first moment I saw her come lopping round the corner on board ship. She walks so badly."

"An aggressive woman, with her nose in the air, is my pet abomination," said James, glaring.

"But a girl may carry her head well without being that," said Sarah with an aggrieved air. She carried her own very high indeed.

"When will you women realise," he said wrathfully, "that what you admire in another woman, a man doesn't?"

Sarah sniffed.

"I suppose you don't want quite an idiot," she said. "That which is wanting cannot be numbered," she added significantly. "I am rather anxious about her, because, however a man flops, he has always a woman to help him, and sit around with him—a girl hasn't."

James Farthing snorted, and took a pull at his pipe before he spoke again. Sarah hated tobacco, but the house was his, he let her live in it, while he spent most of his life in China—for the hardest workers are always the most generous givers—it's the bone-lazy men who 'won't' work, that grudge every copper they spend, preferring rather to go short themselves and stint others rather than make an effort.

"A man who flops is a holy terror," he

said, "a female floper is oftener than not, a rest. The child's father had a liver, he and her mother lived in the hottest climate of the world for years—and how can you expect her to be jumping all over the place like a girl born of healthy parents in this confounded island?"

"A defective liver will account for a good deal of apparent lethargy," admitted Sarah. "There's gout in her family, too—and when the nerves are like worn-out elastic—"

"Rubbish," said James curtly. "Half the brilliant work in the world is done by gauty people—the worn-out elastic sort—as you call them—I always get 'em if I can. It's her restfulness that's delightful—no trace of gout there."

"She has no conversation," said Sarah. "James Farthing looked at her, scorn over-spreading his rugged face.

"There's the conversation reminiscent," he said, "mostly to your own glory there's the conversation anticipatory—nearly always incorrect—and there's the natural talk about the affairs of the moment, that you get with the best-bred people, who never give a clue in talking, to their past and future—that is how the child talks."

"Prattles," said Sarah. "Her conversation certainly is not stimulating to a man's intelligence."

"When I am with a woman, Ma'am, I don't want to be made to think. I take her as a relaxation. I want to be pleased and soothed. Woman should be a pillow, not a corpse reiver!"

"Judging by her weight now, I should say Floपालong will be pillow, bolster, and feather-bed, too, in a very few years," said Sarah unkindly. "If she ever marries, it will be a penny novelette and a dressing-gown, from morning till night."

"So long as she keeps 'off' cheap science, she'll do," said James, "and the husband who loves her will easily keep her out of untidy ways. It seems to me there are always a lot of boys around—one with curly hair, remarkably good-looking, is most devoted to her."

"Oh! she attracts men," said Sarah drily. "Men love a fool—she makes the clever ones so blatantly satisfied with their own brains, and the dull ones so comparatively brilliant in her company, that one and all they are enchanted with themselves—and her!"

"It's a very pleasant feeling, ma'am, I assure you," said James, almost as if he were smacking his lips.

Sarah thought what coarse creatures men were, then said spitefully:

"So Samuel Johnson seemed to think when a young lady, talking about Sterne's letters, pleaded that they were pathetic and affected her. 'Why,' said he, smiling and rolling himself about, 'it is because, dearest, you are a dunce!'"

"You bet, she was a pretty one," said James with gusto, "like the little girl out yonder."

Sarah looked at him sharply. This big, clever, truculent man was well off, he was going back to China shortly, where he was high up in the service—why should he not take with him this little incubus of a Floपालong who had neither father nor mother to define her faults as graces, and expound her beauties to a reluctant world? Mrs. Farthing, the name struck Sarah as so suitable—she would never want, or be worth more than a farthing's worth of anything! And life in the East, which is usually provincial to the last degree, and practically lived in a tea-saucer, surrounded by eyes, would suit her to perfection—she would always live for little interests, not great ones.

"You altogether under-rate her character," said James, just as if he read Sarah's thoughts. "She is true and staunch to her friends—sweet tempered—a gentlewoman in every word and act, as by birth—and what more do you want?"

"Um," said Sarah thoughtfully. She was thinking how cheap a trousseau is for hot climates—and washing frocks cost so little—white of course—and the girl's sin of laziness would not matter in the least out there.

"As to your great beauties," went on James, "I hate 'em. You meet a beauty after long years—face, eyes, figure, all more or less out of focus, and you don't recognise 'em—then they strike you—askew. Heaven preserves the man who goes through life as caretaker to the remains of his wife's good looks!"

"Floपालong's husband will have quite another mission," said Sarah, with refreshing acidity of tone. "He needs to be rich, for by the time she is forty, he will have to enlarge doorways, and charter private omnibuses in which to take her about. Twice round her waist will be once round the park, as somebody once said of a certain fat lady!"

"So long as it's my own park, I don't mind," growled James. "There are worse diseases in the world than fat. To my mind a scraggy, wrinkled woman is an abomination."

Sarah Syntase drew herself up. She prided herself on a figure that second-rate dressmakers characterise as "gentle," and the man's remark struck her with the force of a verbal, merciless snip shot.

"We cannot all be puddings," she said, with biting emphasis, and a glance thrown to a particular little pudding in the garden.

"Sugar and spice, and all that's nice," said James Farthing maliciously, as his eye followed hers. "Some puddings are delicious. I think most women—and the women who write about women—are cats—cats—cats! Every man and cutting thing they say is at the expense of a sister-woman—and though they don't know it—of themselves. Floपालong, as you call her, will never be a scratcher!"

"No—a flop-along—along—along! hasn't the energy."

"She had energy enough yesterday to pick up a child with a broken head, followed by gnat, useless crowd, her dress all smudged with blood, and take him home," said the man angrily.

"Oh! she is good hearted enough," ad-

mitted Sarah reluctantly, "but her minor faults—her unpunctuality—"

"Punctuality has nothing to do with women—young ones, I mean. 'Punctuality,' said Louis XIV, 'is the politeness of kings. It is also the duty of gentlemen, and the necessity of men of business.' No mention of girls, you see—who ought to be jolly little animals, enjoying themselves for all they are worth. They have so many things to do that they like, naturally they don't count time as their elders do. Later in life, when there's next to nothing that they like to do, they'll regulate themselves by the clock—and not be half so interesting. Never be hard on young people, they have all their troubles before them—make 'em and keep 'em happy if you can."

"You put happiness before everything," said Sarah reproachfully.

"And you," he said sadly, "have hugged your rag-doll fetish of renunciation to your bosom until it almost seems to pulse and glow with real life. Believe me, for all of us, the world is full of joys we can enjoy without hurting anybody else."

Her face changed, for the moment the real woman broke through, but she remained silent.

"It is true," he said, speaking for her. "We say no—no—to this and that, at the banquet of life—and one day we find ourselves sitting alone at a bare table—there is no feast spread for us any more. He that will not when he may, when he will, he shall have nay." There's all the wisdom of Solomon in that tag of an old rhyme."

But Sarah had recovered herself, with a sense of indecency in having for a moment shown her unclad mind. She had hurriedly redraped it, yet he judged her the more kindly for that glimpse...

"Nature insists on experience of some kind," he said to himself, "she has had hers." Aloud he remarked, "I can understand it is an anxiety to be left with



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your sister's, and my cousin's child to bring up. But I think it is much harder that she should have lost her parents just when she wanted them most. You know how they adored her," he added abruptly. "I think if I had charge of her, I should always feel they were near me, watching jealously to see if I were kind to her."

Sarah shivered, and looked round in a way unbecoming in a person of her sound common sense.

"Do you know," she said, lowering her voice, "I have had that feeling too—and when I am severe with the child—as I have to be sometimes to get her into more orderly ways, I have a positive expectation of getting a real but impalpable lay on the ears from my sister's spirit!"

He laughed somewhat roughly.

"Go on feeling that," he said, "so long as you take care of her. A poor little woman-child"—he stopped abruptly, then went on, "You see no matter what a man suffers, or what bad times he has, he is always 'the captain of his soul'—a woman isn't of hers—some man—or woman—is the superior officer she has to obey. And if that officer is a bully, that woman's life is—hell."

"She has everything that she can possibly want," said Sarah. "At twenty-one she will have money of her own—"

"She has everything in short, but being first with any one person in the world," he said, and got up from his chair, and went straight out into the garden.

Little Floplong looked up as he came near her: she had very beautiful, grey-blue Irish eyes, with thick dark lashes; her hair untouched by scissors, and densely dark and silky, curved cunningly above her low brows; and a lovely pink colour came into her cheeks as he sat down beside her, while she moved her white skirts to make room for him with a little womanly, helpless hum.

For he was like water to her in a thirsty land, the expatriated English in China are like one big family, united against foreigners; whenever James Farthing was with her he brought close to her the old Eastern life that she remembered, and the father and mother

that she so passionately regretted. His brusque ways did not alarm her—he had found out that a man may have savage manners, yet be a gentleman at heart, just as a gentleman outside may be a savage inwardly, and a great sense of happiness flooded her little being as she sat beside him.

"It is pleasant here," he said, only he was not looking at the garden, but at her. For let a man say what he will, it is the physical in a woman that attracts, or repels him, and it was the pleading beauty of the girl's eyes, their colour and expression, not her situation, that had made him constitute himself her knight with Sarah from the first.

"Aren't they pretty?" she said, and held up for him to see a number of silly little picture-cards, over which she had been poring, and he nodded—even took one or two in his big hands, while she prattled about them in a rather sleepy rich little voice that gave earnest of her quality as a sweet singer.

Last night she had sung to him most of the old ballads that he loved—he had found himself wondering if the twenty-first and succeeding centuries would rejoice in them as he did, because no new ones had been written in the twentieth—and then she had played to him some pretty little airs, all the things she did and talked about were little....She herself was perhaps the smallest of them all, with a tiny foot and hand, and though she was plump enough, what a trim plumpness it was!

The heart of the big man yearned over her as she chattered happily to him, and looking from time to time into his face with those lovely eyes that almost suggested a tragedy, past or to come.

He drew her on to talk of her father and mother—the latter, one of those bright women, who create their own atmosphere wherever they go, who are beloved, courted, and who almost invariably die young as though the flame of life burned all too brilliantly in them to last long.

Somehow all the trifling things seemed put by when the girl spoke of the two who had adored her, the colour left her cheek, she was only nobody's child, among stranger's with no one to keep the thorns from her feet, to call her

gentle, not dull, restful and sympathetic, instead of lethargic and silly, to take delight in those "pretty ways" that Sarah found so childish, and that men loved.

2 If no diamonds, or suit, dropped from her lips, neither did an unkind word be thought of any one under heaven. To James indeed there was a gentle wisdom in some of the things she said, peculiar to very young people who have seen much sorrow. He had always noted that there was nothing giddy or flighty about her, evincing no special predilection for men's society, perhaps that was why they sought hers.

They talked so long that the shadows came down, and almost hid their faces from each other, talked till all the girl's innocent heart was laid bare to the man in its purity and truth, and he found himself thanking God that in these days of emancipated womanhood, a little Floplong was still to be found.

Presently, quite soberly, he asked her to marry him, somehow, without asking her. He was sure that the curly-headed, handsome boy counted for nothing whatever in her life. She had always liked people older than herself.

"I am fifteen years your senior," he said, "and I shall have to take you to a shocking climate"—he did not add, for he was but a man and selfish, "that helped to kill your mother."

Floplong's heart leaped, and her beautiful eyes shone through the dusk, she loved the languid Eastern life to which she had been born, hated the bustling, English ways, and Sarah's narrow creed, but more than all, she loved the big, strong man, who had ranged himself on her side ever since, a month ago, he had come as a guest to stay in his own house, making her feel that at least one person did not question the validity of her right to exist.

When she had promised, and he had kissed her, he put his long arms round her, his great head on her soft shoulder, and with her tender little buzzings in his ears, closed his eyes with a deep sigh of content.

"Thank God for a dear little fool," was his last thought as he fell asleep that night.

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"I had Rheumatism a great deal worse than anyone I know. When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured me they did more than all the doctors and medicine put together. They are the only real cure for Rheumatism," said Mr John Lewis, the well-known mining engineer, who only recently left New Zealand to take up a responsible position in Charters Towers, where he is counted as one of the most straightforward and honourable men.

"I never had a pain or an ache in my life until Rheumatism began to cripple me a few years ago," added Mr Lewis, whose splendid physique bears out his boast that he never before had a day's sickness. "The Rheumatism came on gradually by my life again. It started out very slowly. The pain in it was something awful. Then the disease spread to my legs. From my knees down I was crippled with the pain. My legs felt as if they had been crushed till every house was crooked. They swelled up, showing what a bad state my blood was in. When I pressed my finger into the flesh, a dent stayed behind just like a thumb. No words can paint what I suffered. If a cure was not found I would scream. I couldn't bear even a sheet over me. When I moved I felt as if I were being torn to pieces. I was an absolute cripple and suffered fearful agonies day and night.

"For the next five or six years, until I was finally cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I was never free from the dread of this torture," Mr Lewis continued. "Sometimes I could just hardly hobble home, double-shuffling one foot before the other. Occasionally, I was better for a spell, and able to work—but a couple of hours later one of my nates would have to take my place, and send me hobbling home again, doubled up with the agony. Every year, for three or four months at a stretch, I would have one of my bad attacks. Life then was one long agony. God only knows how I bore the pain. I went to fancy work, and so I had when I lay flat on my back with my feet propped up on three or four pillows, higher than my head. But it was agony beyond words to get me into that position. I could have shrieked with pain every time they touched me. But every morning I had to be lifted from my bed to the couch—and then lifted back at night. I felt as if every bone in my body, double-shuffling one against the other. I could not move my toes without sending a spasmodic pain right up my legs. Many a time I had to clench my teeth with the pain, while an agonised sweat beaded off my face. At last I was worn right out with the long-drawn agony." Mr Lewis went on: "I grew thin and pale, and had hardly the strength of a child. I had no appetite and no interest in life. Sometimes the pain didn't let me get two hours' sleep in a week. Nothing did me the least good. My legs were bathed in hot water till they were pre-heated—but the Rheumatism was just as bad as ever. When the doctors failed, I tried every remedy I saw advertised to cure Rheumatism. I threw away £300 in this way—and didn't get one hour's ease in return. I had a last hope. I had a last doctor. My last doctor would help me. Many a time I prayed for Death. If I had had poison I would have taken it. I had lost all faith in medicine, and Mrs Lewis had had work making me give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial." Mr Lewis concluded: "To my surprise they did me good from the jump. The second box gave me a bigger appetite than I had for years. I looked up heart, and after that every day did me good. The pain ceased up and the swelling went down. I gained in strength and weight. My insides loosened, and my nerves grew steady. At last every trace of Rheumatism was driven out of my blood. Today I am one of the healthiest men in the district. I have been drenched to the skin many times since—but the Rheumatism has never come back, so I know I am cured for good."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mr Lewis by driving the rheumatic poison out of his blood. They actually make new blood—just that, nothing more. In the same way, they drive out the germs of other diseases, and build up the blood to carry healing, health and strength to every nook and corner of the body. Right here, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured the worst cases of bloodlessness, indigestion, biliousness, liver complaint, kidney trouble, weak lungs, asthma, influenza, headaches, back-aches, neuritis, rheumatism, nervousness, spinal weakness, skin complaints, and the special ailments of girls and women whose blood supply becomes weak, scanty, or irregular. If anyone tries to pain off substitutes on you, get the genuine Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington 3/ a box, six for 10/6, post free. Medical advice given free.

Stamp Collecting.

The Gibraltar 10c. carmine stamp of 1889, with value omitted, sold by auction in London for £15.

The 5s. blue stamp of Trinidad is now appearing in a much deeper shade than that of the first printing.

British New Guinea has now added a 2/6 stamp to the current set. The colour is brown and black.

Norway has added a 25 ore lilac and 50 ore brown violet to the current issue of stamps.

Gwaber has now a Christmas stamp bearing the King's portrait. The colour is olive green.

For Dahomey a 50c brown on azure stamp has been issued with the name in blue, instead of rose as formerly.

Three new values have been added to the current set of Hungary on the new watermark paper:—1 filler grey, 25 blue, and 50 magenta.

The following new colours are announced for the stamps of Santander:—5c. pale blue, 10c. dull red, 20c. emerald green, 50c. rose lilac, 1p. deep blue, and 3p. rose.

In connection with this it is of interest to note that a block of six Niue stamps, four with violet and two with green surcharge is offered in London for £25.

Several overprints are reported on the post-cards of Abyssinia, 5c centimes being 1 garish blue, also 10 centimes, and 20 centimes. The overprint is in aniline red.

Tasmania has now a post-card with the portrait of the King. The design is similar to the well-known one, the only change being the substitution of King Edward's picture for that of Queen Victoria.

A fine specialised collection of Barados stamps, mounted on cards, including provisionals, 1d. on half 5s., dull rose of 1878, a very fine unsevered pair, and two single specimens (the three varieties), sold for £49. The collection included 278 used, and 62 unused specimens.

The insurgents in Paraguay looted stock from the Post Office of Villa del Pila at the end of 1904. Stamps have now appeared overprinted in black in three lines in script, "Gobierno provisoria, 1904." On the second type stamps of 1904, with date at top, the overprint appears on the 1 centavos apple green, 2 do. orange, and 5 do. blue, also on the first type of 1904, with date at foot on 10c brown, 20 rose red, 30 dark blue, and 60 mauve. In the light of current events in Russia the question arises whether collectors may expect a special issue of stamps from the tiny floating republic on board the warship at present held by the mutineers. If there is a printing press on board they might be able to make money out of the gullibility of collectors, by issuing stamps with all sorts of varieties by changing occasional letters, or merely by incompetent printing. The more the errors the better appears to be the worth of specialists in new issues.

Some interesting correspondence appears in E.W.N.N. with regard to the first issue of the New Zealand penny stamp, overprinted for use in Niue. Mr. W. Gray, secretary, states that the stamps were overprinted at the Auckland Post Office in November, 1901, & at the instructions given were that indel-

ible ink of dark green colour was to be used, that Mr. Maxwell, postmaster at Niue, had been questioned, and stated he was quite certain that no stamps of the first issue overprinted in violet were sold by him. Mr. Gray adds, "It appears clear, therefore, that the violet overprint is a forgery." To this E.W.N.N. adds a foot note that the specimens discovered were received direct from Mr. Maxwell. The editor adds, "We are quite willing to believe that he did not notice the unusual colour, as he did not make

any remark thereupon in his letter, but there is not the slightest doubt as to their genuineness. We reconcile their existence with Mr. Gray's very definite statement that the whole 1200 stamps were surcharged in green, by the hypothesis that the ink used in their preparation had been previously saturated with violet ink—and that insufficient green ink was at first applied to convey the colour. At least two vertical rows of a sheet had been overprinted before the pad was sufficiently re-inked.

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# Children's Page

## COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

## COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—What a lovely walk you must have had that wet Monday. Fancy walking out to Ouchunga (do you mean from town or Newmarket?) in the pouring rain. I love being out in the rain, especially when it is not windy. I think your suggestion re cousins' names and black marks would be excellent. You ask whether I have any post-cards of Nellie Stewart, Cousin Kate. Yes, I have one that was sent by the company as an advertisement, similar to the one you had in the "Graphic." Wasn't this morning lovely, Cousin Kate? I, having a bad cold, did not go to school today, so spent most of the afternoon and morning in the sun on the verandah. Did you go to "A Moorish Maid?" Cousin Kate? Mother and father went on Saturday evening, but were very disappointed in it. Mother thought Cissie Sandford the best. Poor Cousin Ruby seems very much to want to know who you are, doesn't she, Cousin Kate? I see you are going to greet her next time you see her with "Hallo, Cousin Ruby." I wonder would you do the same to me? Now, dear Cousin Kate, it is getting late, so I must say good-night. With whiffs of love to yourself and the cousins.—From Muriel J., Auckland. N.B.—What has happened to our other cousin Muriel?—M.G.J.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—We did indeed have a lovely walk the day we went out to Ouchunga, in spite of the rain and mud. We met the rest of our party at the top of St. Stephen's Avenue, but of course we had to walk from the bottom of Gladstone-road, and I had been to town in the morning, too, so I think I had quite enough walking that day, don't you? It was an excellent idea, as far as advertising goes, to send round those post-cards of Nellie Stewart. Nearly everyone seemed to have got one. Did you see the souvenir photographs of her that were given out at the theatre the night before the end of the season? They are horrid, and not in the least like her, and the colouring is so crude. What a lucky girl you were to have a cold to prevent you going to school on those lovely days we had. I was dying for something to keep me away from the office, but could not even manage a sneeze. I just love sitting in the sun basking on clear frosty days, don't you? Yes, I went to "A Moorish Maid" on the Saturday, the last night. I think I expected too much. Everyone said it was splendid, so of course I thought it was going to be so good, and was consequently a little disappointed. Next time I see you by yourself I will certainly greet you, if you like. I have often thought of doing so, but did not know whether you would like it or not.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I did not mean to be so long writing to you, but we don't seem to have much time to write except on Sunday. We are at school all day, and at dancing on Saturday, and we go to bed at 7. I had my birthday two weeks ago. I was seven years old. I got a silver button-hook, two embroidered handkerchiefs, a book of Grimm's Fairy Tales, a birthday cake, and a game called snakes and ladders. Have you ever played it? We like it very much. Baby had his first birthday last week. We gave him a rocking-horse, and he rides it so nicely. He also got a silver napkin ring, some red shoes and silk socks, a rubber bulldog, and a big stuffed doll. His name is Clive. You said you had forgotten it. I have to go to school now, so good-bye. Best love from us all.—Cousin Tui. P.S.—Dorothy and Jack will write next week.

[Dear Cousin Tui,—You must be very busy with such a lot to do, and it is indeed good of you to write to me and the other cousins. What a fortunate girl you are, and what a lot of friends you must have. No, I have never played that game with the queer name. How does it go? Grimm's fairy tales I have read and thoroughly enjoyed. Your baby brother was also most lucky. Is his rubber bulldog anything like Buster Brown's Tiger? Let us hope not, for your sake. Buster is a delightful little fellow to read about, but I think he would be somewhat of a rival in the house. Give my kind regards to Dorothy and Jack.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Why my letter arrived later last week than usual I do not know, as I always write on the same evening (Thursday). I have just been reading a book called "Good Wives," by Louisa M. Alcott. Have you ever read it, Cousin Kate? I think it is a very nice book, being mostly about girls. We are now back at school after our week's holiday. As our examination is in about three weeks' time I have a good many lessons to look up. Here are a few puzzles, Cousin Kate, which will perhaps be a little more interesting than the rest of my letter: (1) Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in Europe? (2) Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves? (3) Why is early grass like a penknife? (4) Why are dancers like mushrooms? I will tell you the answers in my next letter, if you do not know them. I must conclude now, with love to yourself and all the cousins.—From Cousin Erene (Ponsanby).

[Dear Cousin Erene,—I am afraid we must blame the post office people, but they are usually so very careful and exact that one is loathe to accuse them of carelessness. No, I have never read "Good Wives," but my aunt Mrs. and thinks very much of it. Good luck for your exam. The puzzles you finish up with are indeed puzzles. I can't even guess one of them. Let us hope the other cousins will be more successful. The Berlin one seems familiar, but if I ever knew it I have quite forgotten the answer. Talking about capitals, of course you know that old riddle, "How is it there are never any lunatics in the capital of Spain?"—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you very much for the pretty little badge. I am afraid I will never keep up a regular correspondence, so you will only get a letter from me once a month. I often wonder if the cousins think me rude reading all their letters, but they are so interesting I can't very well help reading them. Did you go to "A Moorish Maid?" We went, but I didn't care for it. You said no news was the general cry; I am sure it is. I haven't been reading much lately. I have not much time, because in the middle of the term the lessons are always in full swing. You seem to like Wellington very much; I went agree with you in that. I like Auckland the better. Did you enjoy your holiday? I hope you did. Give my love to all the cousins.—From Cousin Audrey (Parnell).

[Dear Cousin Audrey,—Very glad you liked the badge. Once a month is not very often to write, is it? Don't you think you might reduce the gap a little? You say you like reading the cousins' letters. Why not give some of them the same pleasure by writing nice, long letters yourself? Then you need not have the slightest diffidence about reading

their letters. I may mention, however, Cousin Audrey, that all the cousins are quite welcome to read all the letters—in fact, that is what they are printed for. I am glad you like Auckland. It is undoubtedly the prettiest spot in New Zealand; but Wellington has such a grand winter climate. Yes, thanks, I had a pleasant holiday, although there was a good deal of rain.—Cousin Kate.]

## The Tale of Miss Polly Wog Wog.

This is the tale of Miss Polly Wog Wog, Who lived in the midst of the country of Bog. Of brothers she numbered one hundred and four; Of sisters, two hundred—or possibly more; No matter. Whatever the total might be, She never was lacking for playmates, you see. So hide-and-go-seek and pom-pom-pull-away She played in the mud and the water all day; For water and mud were the young Wogs' delights— They frolicked there, dined there, and slumbered there nights.

Miss Polly was vain—though we hardly would call Her face or her figure attractive at all. Like most of her family, be it here said, She was seven-twelfths tall and the rest of her head. Yes, Polly was truly exceedingly plump— But her tail was the thing that was making her vain! Her father cried: "Shame!" and her mother cried: "Pie!" Her brothers said: "Gooae!" And her sisters said: "My!" And dreadful misfortune would happen, they voted, To a girl who was acting so silly and proud.

But the more they entreated and threatened and warned, The more their advice and their efforts were scorned. And Polly went wiggling and wriggling about— Such airs! You would think she was some speckled trout! But ah! she encountered a terrible fate, Which, just as a moral, I'll briefly relate: She kept growing ugly! But that's not the worst— She swelled so that one day she suddenly burst. And alas! she was changed to a common green frog. What an end to the tale of Miss Polly Wog Wog!

## IN MICROBELAND.

Mama Microbe: "Now, be good, and go to sleep, or the Board of Health man will get you."



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See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

So It Is.

Mr. Quibbles had engaged a new office-boy. He was a raw-looking youth, but Mr. Quibbles prefers them that way: they aren't such an anxiety as the smart brand.

One of Maddock's first tasks was to copy a letter, and, as is the custom in lawyers' offices, the letter and copy were read over together.

"Dear Sir," read Maddock—"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th ult."

"Maddock," interrupted Mr. Quibbles, "what does ult. mean?"

For a moment an expression that was absolutely blank overspread the features of the new youth; then it cleared, and a smile of conscious knowledge took its place.

"Please, sir," he said, "it's what they say to the soldiers when they want 'em to stop!"

When Johnny Spends the Day.

When Johnny spends the day with us, you never seen the beat O' all the things a-happenin' in this ole house an' street. Ma she begins by lockin' up the pantry door an' cellar. An' every place that's like as not to interest a feller. An' all her shiny ornaments a-stickin' round the wall. She sets as high as she kin reach, fer fear they'll git a fall. An' then she gits the umfucky an' stickin' plaster out. An' says, "When Johnny's visitin', they're good to have about." I tell you what, there's plenty fuss. When Johnny spends the day with us!

When Johnny spends the day with us, he puts his books away. An' says, "How long, in thunder, is that noonaunce gonn' to stay?" He brings the new lawn mower up an' looks it in the shed. An' hides his stroop an' razor 'tween the covers on the bed. He says, "Keep out that liberry, whatever else you do. Er I shall have a settlement with you an' Johnny, too!" Says he, "It makes a lot o' fuss. To have him spend the day with us!"

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DON'T GET WET. TOWERS' FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING. THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY. Includes an image of a person in a raincoat.

Rain Fairies.

BY DOROTHEA CRAWFORD (Aged 16)

"Oh, Auntie!" cried Alan, bounding out of the nursery door, and seizing on his aunt when she was half-way downstairs. "One more story, please! There is just time for one before tea. Oh, please!"

"You insatiable little tyrant!" laughed Aunt Rose, suffering herself to be drawn into the nursery, however. "You had three stories this morning, Alan, and I cannot remember any more."

"Make one up," suggested Alan, coaxingly. "You do make up such nice stories, Auntie."

Auntie laughed again, and kissed him fondly. "I don't know what will happen to my head if this wet weather lasts much longer," she said, sitting down in the big rocking chair, by the window. Alan curled himself up on the carpet at her feet, and looked up at her expectantly.

"I like fairy stories best," he reminded. "Think something about rain fairies, Aunt Rosie. There are rain fairies, aren't there?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. Give me time, pet, and I will do my best." And the pretty auntie gazed despairingly at the thickly-falling rain-drops, as if seeking inspiration from them. After a silence of about five minutes, Aunt Rose began:

"Once upon a time" (Alan smiled contentedly) "there was a little water-sprite, who lived in a big ocean with thousands—nay, millions—of companions very like himself. He was a very pretty and very, tiny little fellow, and he generally dressed in a suit of sea-green, but sometimes he changed it for blue."

"Is that the reason that the sea is sometimes green and sometimes blue?" broke in Alan.

"The very reason. There are so many tiny water-sprites that when they change the colour of their coats they change the colour of the sea also. Well," continued Auntie, "up to the time of which I speak this little fellow had spent all his life playing in the ocean, riding on the backs of fish, and getting into all kinds of harmless mischief. Perhaps he even played with the toes and pulled the curls of the water-babies, of whom we hear in that pretty book of Kingsley's which I read to you last week—"

"I liked that," interrupted Alan. "I wish I could find a water-baby, Auntie."

"If there are such things, which I don't doubt," smiling a little. "This little water-sprite must have known all about them, for he was such a jolly, merry, good-tempered little chap, that he knew and loved everybody, and everybody knew and loved him. Indeed, he was a favourite with the Queen of the Sea herself, and had the free run of the palace. Altogether little Dickon (as he was called) was very contented with his home, and had no wish to leave it. One very bright, hot morning, however, when he was riding on the top of a wave, he happened to look up at the sun, and it suddenly struck him what a very wonderful thing it was. He looked again, and it seemed to him that the lovely blue sky was a much more desirable place than the cool green water. And then he felt very unhappy, for he had never before known what it was to want something which he had not got. The more he thought and looked, the brighter and more beautiful the sun appeared; and presently dozens of little sun-sprites gathered round him as he sat dreamily on the crest of the wave, crying, 'Come up, come up, little brother, and play with us in the sky. Look at these lovely golden ladders. You could run up them in a moment.' And they danced up and down the sunbeams, singing and tossing their golden curls about, till Dickon was quite dazzled with their beauty. But still he did not quite make up his mind to go, for he remembered a time when he had gone to a submarine school and written in a submarine copy-book a sentence which ran very much in this way: 'Look before you leap!' only, perhaps, 'dive' or 'swim' was substituted for 'leap.' So the sun-sprites sang still more sweetly, pointing up at the sky: 'Look, there are many of your companions already gone up there! See that white cloud, it is just a crowd of water-sprites. Let the Sun be your king, as he is theirs and ours!' The longer the little sprite looked at that fair blue playground with the wonderful shining king in the centre, the safer it seemed to him the leap would be. And just then a special friend of Dickon's came

hurrying by, and began to climb one of the sunbeam ladders. 'Are you coming up?' he cried, 'I am going; I have the Queen's permission!'

"I will go," said Dickon, feeling that away from the Sun there would be no happiness for him. 'Wait for me but a moment,' and he dived down, till he reached the Sea Queen's Palace. Thousands of sprites were passing in on the same errand as himself, and though the Queen felt a little sad at losing so many of her children, she answered, 'Yes, go if you must,' to their eager request, for she knew that it was no use trying to hold them once they had felt the call of the Sun. Every day that call was answered by millions of her subjects, but the Sun King could not keep them—they all came back in the end, and with that she had to be content.

So the tiny sprites hurried joyfully away, and Dickon among them, and in a few minutes they were scaling the sunbeam-ladders, each wrapped in a white cloak of water. They climbed and climbed till they reached the sky, and the sun sprites were very charming companions. They played merrily in the blue air, and were very happy. But by-and-by a hoisterous wind came blustering along and swept the water sprites far inland, where they could no longer see their Mother Ocean when they looked down from their play, but only a brown, parched land, which made them shudder to look at, it was so dry.

They wrapped their water-cloaks tightly around them, and began to wish that they had stayed at home.

"It is very hot," Dickon said grumblingly; and "it is very hot," echoed all the others, beginning to look quite cross, as if it was not their own fault for coming where they might have reasonably expected it to be hot. Even the

merriest of folk get cross sometimes, and, like the little girl who possessed a curl in a very becoming place, when they are cross they are—"

"I'm glad it was a little girl," interposed Alan.

"I have known a little boy with a curl in a somewhat similar position," remarked Aunt Rose merrily, but a certain little boy who unobtrusively did possess curls thought it best to take no notice of this observation.

"Go on, please," he said, and Auntie continued.

"The sun-sprites were much surprised at this. It is just comfortable, they declared cheerily, 'it is not a bit too hot,' and neither it was—for them. But it was a great deal too hot for the water-sprites. It affected their temper, and they looked so black on discovering that everybody did not agree with them—a failing, by-the-by, which is not altogether confined to water-sprites who are uncomfortable—that the people down below said, 'There will surely be a thunder-storm soon, that cloud looks so dark.'

Then the sun-sprites, who did not like to have anything dirty or disagreeable or bad-tempered in their beautiful clean sky, said, 'You must go away from here, unless you will look pleasant.' The naughty water-sprites shouted back, 'We won't look pleasant, and we won't go away.' And the noise of so many little water-sprites shouting at the tops of their little voices was so great that the folks below said, 'Hark, is not that thunder? Now for the storm.'

"If you will not go away," said the sun-sprites, "we must make you! It is our business to keep the sky clean; and how can our king shine down to the

Continued on page 57.

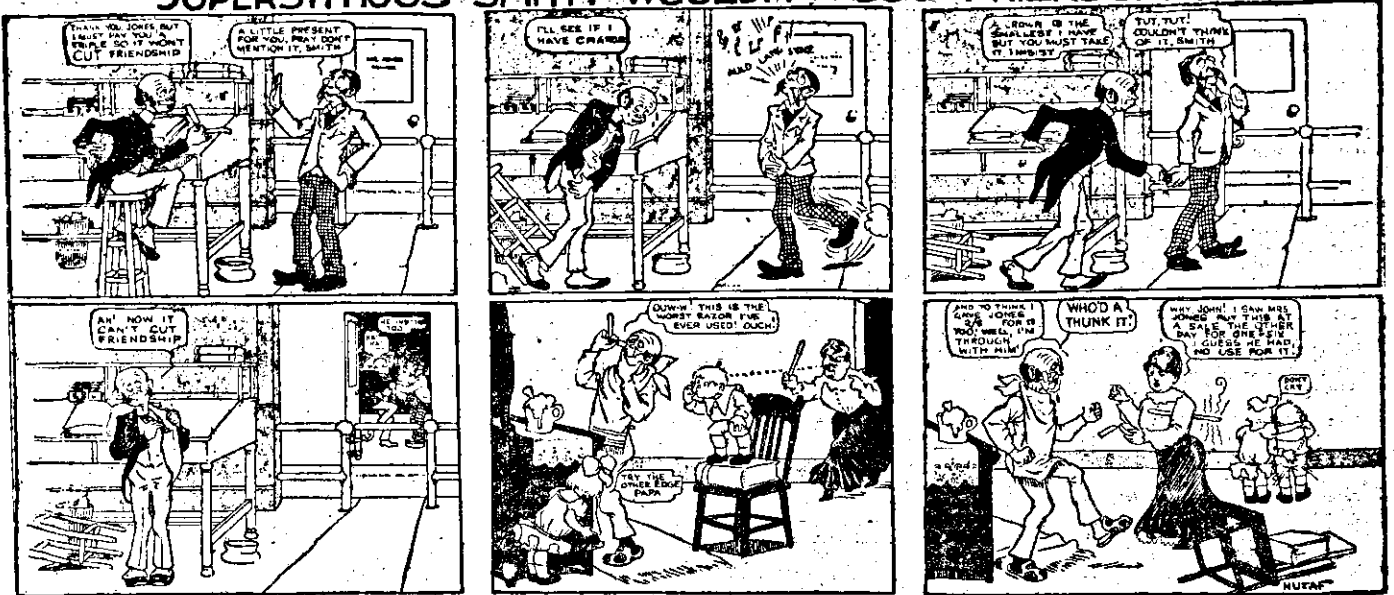
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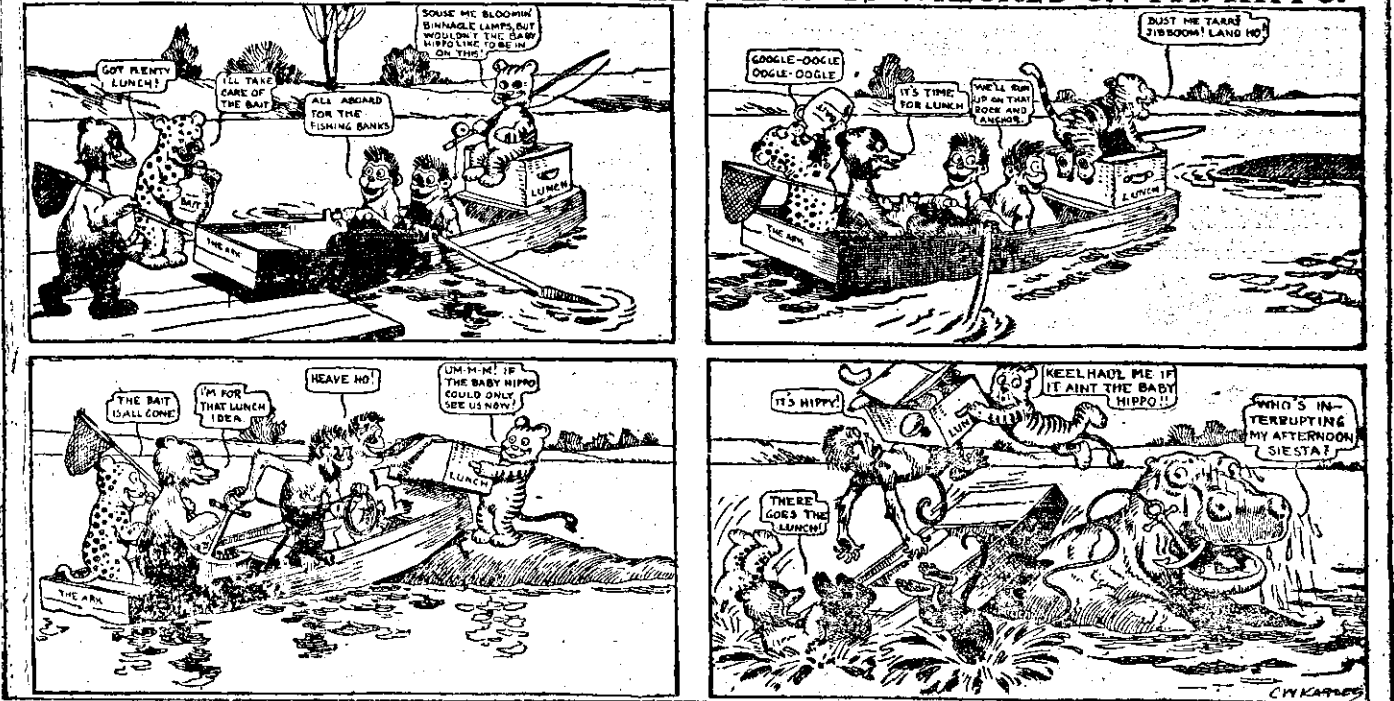
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# BOVRIL

and drink

# BOVRIL

for there is nothing like

# BOVRIL

# PEEK-FREAN'S

# VENICE WAFERS

ARE SIMPLY DELICIOUS



Continued from page 55.

people on the earth if you get in the way, looking like that! They were peaceable little bodies, and did not want a fight if they could help it.

"No, the water-sprites were certainly not comfortable themselves, where they were, and as they knew that they were making other people uncomfortable, they should have acted like gentlemen, and gone when they were asked. No gentleman ought to stay where he is not wanted. But these obstinate little

sprites simply put on defiant expressions, and prepared to battle for their footing. The sun-sprites gathered together their forces, and a great fight began, in which the forces of the sun were ultimately victorious, because they were both stronger and more numerous. As the water-sprites grew tired, they began to fall down to the earth, a few here and there at first, then thousands and thousands, as the victors pushed them out of the sky. The people rushed to their doors to look out, but the water-cloaks made the sprites invisible, and

they thought that they were only drops of rain.

"Little Dickon fell into a river, and very glad he was to be in water again, though it was so muddy that he would have scorned it any other time. The river was running very strongly and swiftly, and Dickon went with it, though he had no idea where it was going to. 'It knows itself, I suppose,' he thought, 'and I will know in the course of time, so for the present I had better go to sleep.' To sleep he went, but still the river carried him on, borne

safely and swiftly on its broad brown bosom, till it finally laid him down in the cool green ocean again. When Dickon awakened, he was lying on a bit of lovely pink coral, and with a whoop of joy he swam off to tell his friends of his adventures. And now," said Aunt Rose, "here is nurse with your tea, so run along, little rascal, and don't expect any more stories for at least a week."

"That means to-morrow," said Alan rogusivity; "you said a month this morning, Auntie."



HE REALLY  
COULDN'T  
HELP IT

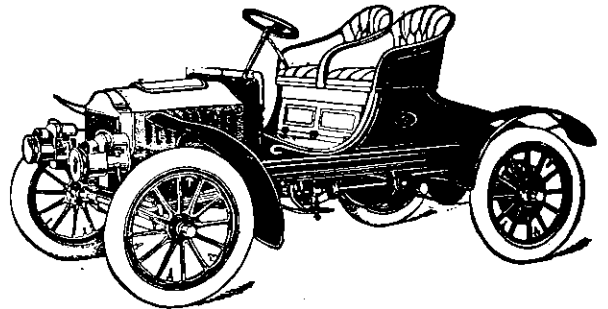
# LITTLE SAMMY SNEEZE

HE NEVER  
KNEW IT  
WAS COMING



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## 'CHAMPION' FLOUR

April 13, 1905

# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## Diary of a Young Wife.

(By Dorothy Dix.)

March 2.—Ah, how easy it is to be perfectly happy, though married, if one only knows how—if one only goes about attaining domestic felicity scientifically, instead of trusting to luck to get along without family spats.

Do not think me conceited, dear diary. I take no credit to myself for knowing exactly how to make matrimony one long glad song. I owe everything to that noble journal, the "Ladies' Home Companion," and to the writers in the Women's Page of the daily newspapers, who give recipes for insuring connubial bliss so plain that a child could follow them. It makes me shudder to think that but for this wise counsel I, too, might be one of those foolish, ignorant women who think that you can deal with a husband on a plain, ordinary, aboveboard platform like you would with another woman.

No wonder there are so many divorcees! And how sad it is when you reflect that they could all be avoided if only the woman had taken the precaution to learn, before marriage, as I did, how to manage a husband and make home happy. I was reading again to-day the rule for making a man's own hearth the most fascinating spot on earth to him. It said:

"The first duty of a wife—a duty, alas, too often neglected—is to entertain her husband of an evening when he returns home wearied from his day's labours. Music, games, conversation on the topics in which a man is interested—these make the hours between dinner and bed-time fly all too quickly."

What incontrovertible logic! How impossible that any one could make a mistake with such a rule as a guide!

March 3.—I must confess to you, dear diary, that when I read about the influence of music in the home, and the powerful adhesive qualities that it had in sticking a man to his own fireside, I felt quite discouraged, for I am as stone deaf as Tribby. I know but two tunes, and one of 'em is "Yankee Doodle" and the other one isn't, and I am not always certain which is which, but I determined not to be knocked out of the matrimonial ring by a lack of musical ability.

So, when Aunt Maria asked me what I would like for a wedding gift, I asked her for a piano with one of those patent attachments that you play with your feet, and they sent along about a barrel of music. Thus I was prepared for every contingency, and as soon as dinner was over I went to the piano and began grinding out something—either Wagner or ragtime, I couldn't tell which.

But do you know, dear diary, that

the influence of music in the home has been greatly exaggerated? At any rate, it didn't soothe Jack. At the first note I saw a kind of expression of pain and horror pass over his face that I can't even yet account for. At the second piece I observed that he grit his teeth and burrowed his head under the sofa cushions, and at the third he yelled out:

"Look here, Mary, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but if you must caterwaul on that beastly thing, for pity's sake do it in the daytime when I am off at work. I tell you that home-made music is what drives men to drink. I'm a mild and long-suffering creature, but I warn you right now that if you torture another tune out of that patent inquisition I'll wreck the furniture."

March 4.—I was just crazy to finish a new novel I am reading. I had gotten the hero and heroine to the most exciting point, where a word would determine their fate, and I was wild to know whether they said it or not, but, thank heaven! I remembered my duty in time. The recipe for entertaining a husband says that there is nothing a man finds so exciting and exhilarating as a little game of cards with his wife.

So I got out a deck of cards and proposed a game. Jack assented, after a slight hesitation, but with a strange pained, weary air. I thought, There wasn't anything to play but casino, as we had no cribbage board, and didn't know how to play it if we had had one, and for three weary hours (while I was bored stiff) we stilled our yawns and played kindergarten games. Finally Jack said:

"If you are so keen on cards, why don't you join one of those hen bridge clubs that meet in the afternoon? Of course, you know I want to make you happy, and there are mighty few sacrifices I wouldn't make for you; but, by Jinks, playing a two-handed game is one of 'em. Two evenings of it would send me to an asylum for feeble-minded."

March 5.—I offered to recite for Jack this evening—I used to be thought to do "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night" with a great deal of feeling. He said he would love to hear me—some other time; that he had a sudden headache. I hadn't noticed him feeling ill at dinner.

March 6.—I have been reading up on the subjects that interest men, so that I can converse interestingly with Jack. To-night he was reading his paper, and I said:

"I see the market gave away in spots,

and that the price of X Y and Z went down a point and a-half."

"Huh!" he grunted.

"Did you read that in the papers about that baseball player stealing bases? Such a respectable-looking man he seemed, too, in his picture!" I asked.

"Huh!" he grunted.

"I see the wise ones are predicting that Mary Jane is the coming colt." I went on.

"Huh-huh!" he snorted.

"What do you think of the President's Venezuelan policy?" I continued. "Great snakes, Mary!" he cried, "can't you let a man read his paper in peace? The minute I settle down for a nice, quiet, comfortable evening at home you turn on the phonograph or want to do some fool thing. Can't you keep still for a single minute? Anybody would think you have St. Vitus' dance, the way you hop about, or that you were the press agent of a continuous vaudeville show."

At these cruel words I cried, and Jack apologized, but I'm all mixed up in my ideas. I wonder if you can entertain a man by letting him alone. That isn't in the rules, but the recipe I had learned doesn't seem to turn out just right somehow.

### Women and Bargains.

It is an unquestionable fact that the majority of women have a perfect mania for bargain-hunting, and that far too few will realise that an article which is not required is dear at any price, no matter how low the price may be. A victimised husband has been writing to a contemporary, giving some of his experiences of his wife's mania for "auctifionitis" and bargain-hunting. "My shop," he says, "is like a broker's house," and is stuffed with incongruities. Every drawer is filled with cloth to be 'made up' and wearing apparel to be 'made down,' while hats which never have been, and never will be, worn can be reckoned by the dozens. The whole family wear boots either too small or too large, while the children may be wearing furs in summer or muslins in winter, as the 'bargains' happen to come in.

"This weakness in women may afford an excellent subject for a joke," he continues, "but it has another and serious side. There is an appalling amount of

subterfuge and duplicity practised by wives to keep their husbands in ignorance of how their money is spent, and the wrong does not end there, for the money is diverted from its proper use, and even necessities cannot at times be had in consequence of giving way to this silly passion for buying."

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

A great victory has been scored by women in France, for a committee of grave and reverend signors have been revising the marriage code in France. They have decided to leave out the word "obey" in the words of the service for the woman, and to insert the word "love" for both. As a lady writer remarks, it is quite time the same thing were done with our own matrimonial service, for some women omit the word "obey," some mumble it over, and the rest habitually disregard it in practice; and the husband is lucky if he is regarded as an equal, for in many cases he is much the inferior.

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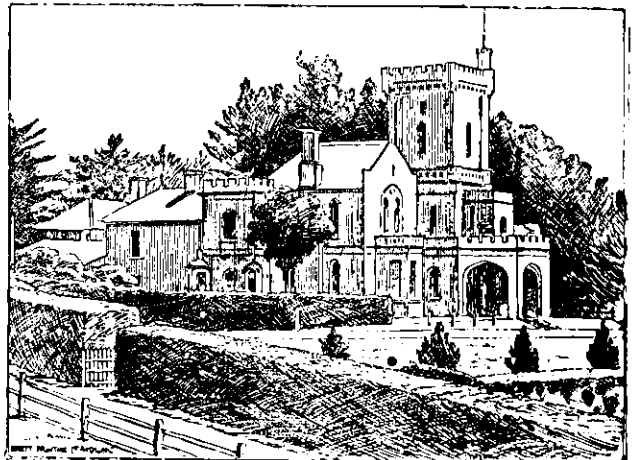
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ESTIMATES and DESIGNS FURNISHED

# A Little Talk About Married Lovers.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

In all probability Eve was the only attractive young woman who never won the too marked admiration of some married man during her lifetime. It falls to the lot of every young woman, or widow usually, to find herself the recipient of ardent glances from eyes which ought to look elsewhere, and to hear tender caresses in a voice which becomes dull or irritable when it makes utterance in the domestic circle.

Therefore, Miss or Madame, if you are conscious of being the divinity of some married adorer do not imagine your case a solitary one. Do not invest it with a wonderful halo of romance either, and convince yourself that so beautiful a sentiment never before knocked at the portal of a human heart, nor allow it to dominate your life under false pretences.

There is but one course for any self-respecting and sane-minded woman to pursue under such circumstances. She must cease to see or hear from the man—she has no right to call lover.

It may be difficult to arrange, but when anything on earth must be done, there is always a way to do it. Perhaps the man is your employer, perhaps he is your physician, perhaps he is the husband of some near friend or relative, who would not understand your absence from her home. All these complications are difficult to untangle, but there are situations far more difficult ahead of you unless you take the path of retreat at once before the way of escape is cut off.

It is useless to say that you can go on and conduct yourself in such a discreet manner that no harm will befall anyone. If you do not care for the man, if the love and passion are all on his side, then indeed you may be able to control the situation by staying near.

There is nothing better than cold water for the extinguishing of a fire, if the fire has not become a conflagration.

But if you are hiding in your heart any affection for the man which you would not like to have him or his wife or the world know existed, do not undertake to continue the association.

No matter how self-controlled you are, no matter how unselfish and high your ideals, the suppressed emotion will make itself felt, as suppressed steam makes itself known.

A man and woman who entertain an intense love for each other cannot hide the fact from others, no matter how they may try. When they believe themselves most successful they are frequently making the story legible reading for even defective eyes.

I have seen a young woman who talked long and loudly of her high ideals, and who really by temperament and education was incapable of indulg-

ing in an amour, attempt to live down and force a married man to live down a mad infatuation. She devoted herself to the wife and never permitted the man to see her save in the presence of his amiable and phlegmatic spouse. Yet the sensitive plate when held up to the sunlight does not so truly display the image imprinted thereon as the faces, voices and manner of these two people displayed their infatuation to even the casual observer. When they believed themselves immune from even a suspicion their enemies and the coarser minds of earth were attributing to them an ignoble liaison, while their friends and finer minds were pitying them for the ineffectual effort to conceal a hopeless love.

Had the young woman possessed good commonsense with her ideals she would have managed to avoid the man for sufficiently long periods of time, until the infatuation died of starvation.

Of course, you and the man will say that such a love as yours can never die. That may be. There are great passions which stand the test of time and absence and silence, and yet have power to stir the hearts which hold them while life lasts. But the sorrow and pain which made the parting of the ways necessary dies with the passing of time, and only the sweet and dear memories of the love remain.

However painful may be the effort on your part now to place distance and silence between you and the man you have no right to love, remember that this pain will lessen with the drifting away of the months and years, and that new experiences, events, joys and sorrows will compel it to occupy a less important place in your memory and life.

I should not have said the man you have "no right to love."

We have a right to love whoever calls forth love. But we have no right to interfere in the life of a third person and to make sorrow and misery for that one in order to drink our fill from love's chalice. And if you know that you are receiving far more of a man's thoughts than he is bestowing upon the woman he introduces as his wife, then indeed it is time you absented yourself from his presence, and taught him to forget you in such measure as he may.

One fact is proven by a little observation: Nine cases of infatuation of every ten are forever obliterated from the human heart by prolonged absence and silence. One alone bears the test of time.

This being the case, busy yourself with the method of an almost certain cure of your malady.

However impossible it may seem at first, if you set your mind to work you will find a way to extricate yourself

from the position which seems to necessitate your association with this man.

Fate never shuts an immortal soul in a den of lions, and gives it no chance of escape and no weapons of defence. Look, and you will find a sliding panel or an open window or a secret stairway.

In finding the path out of our difficulties we also find character. There is no glory in fighting a fire with your hands, only to be burned and scorched for life. Better save yourself and send the fire engines to subdue the flames.



## Fashionable Flavours for Medicines

Being a man of excellent wisdom, the doctor seldom makes remarks about his patients, but that day he was so mad he couldn't help himself.

"That woman," said he, "is a dashed fool."

"What has she done?" asked a listener.

"She has insisted upon my flavouring the medicine for which I just wrote out a prescription with Swiss lilac, because that is her favourite perfume."

"Did you do it?" asked the listener.

"Yes, I had to. 'I won't take the stuff if you don't,' said she. 'You won't take it if I do,' I said. 'You won't be able to. It will be so nasty you can't swallow it.'"

"But that argument never feazed the woman. 'It is lilacs or nothing,' she said. 'I'd rather die than be inconsistent.'"

"So I gave her lilacs."

"It is queer, anyway," proceeded the doctor, "about the flavouring of medicine. I don't know whether you know it or not, but styles in flavouring extracts used by druggists change with the seasons, the same as hats and coats and dinner table decorations. Last spring the majority of prescriptions compounded tasted like sweet peas. Before that peppermint was the favourite, now it is lavender. Peppermint, by the way, has its innings most frequently as a popular essence. There are a good many people who don't like peppermint, but there are more who do, and it comes into favour about three times as often as any other essence. For one thing, it mixes with other ingredients more harmoniously than other extracts, and there are some doctors who are old fashioned enough to stick to it year in and year out, no matter what their more up-to-date brethren may be using for a time. Fortunately, the flavour of a prescription has nothing to do with its efficacy, so if a doctor feels like it he can make a fool of himself, as I did just now, and satisfy the whim of a fashionable patient by flavouring her tonics with an essence that mingles her perfumes without endangering her life. However, freak flavours are not calculated to make a disagreeable drug more pleasant to the taste, and after a few experiments of that kind most doctors, at the request of the patients themselves, go back to lavender and sweet peas and the ever reliable peppermint."



## A Russian Matrimonial Rumour.

For a long time past it has been an open secret that the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia and the Princess Victoria of Coburg, the divorced wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse, were very much in love with each other and desirous to be married. He was, it will be remembered, most wonderfully rescued from the explosion last year on the Petropavlovsk, and it was then rumoured that for the young couple all would end happily. There were, however, many difficulties in the way. To begin with, they are cousins, and the Greek Church does not approve of such marriages; then the Princess was the divorced wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse, brother of the Czarina and the widowed Grand Duchess Serge, who strongly disapproved of the match. It appears now, however, from a report which seems trustworthy, that the young couple have at last taken matters in their own hands, and have been married secretly, in which case neither the Emperor nor Empress can have anything further to say.

## A Japanese Music Hall.

A returned traveller adverted to the music halls of Japan with an air of disgust.

"We wouldn't like them here," he said. "They are too refined and subtle. Only poets and college professors would appreciate them. Audiences of the American type would imagine themselves in a museum or a church."

"Take, for instance, the songs. 'The Japanese song must be subtle and brief. I heard a singer come out and sing:—"

"Born in no road car,  
Endless the railway,  
How shall poor I reach  
Station at last?"

"That is the translation that my Japanese companion made of this song for me. The meaning of the piece was that the singer's love for his lady was lifelong. The railway typified life and the station typified death."

"The man who sang the song was listened to with profound silence. The silence continued for several minutes after he was done, and then there came an outburst of applause. The people were pleased. They were tickled to death. A great hit had been made."

"So the singer gave an encore. It was a marriage song, and it ran:—"

"Sleeping beside thee,  
No need of a pillow;  
Thy arm and my arm,  
Pillows are they."

"Can you imagine the reception that such songs as 'Born in no road car' and 'Sleeping beside thee' would get in an American music hall?"



## President Roosevelt and Mothers.

One cannot but admire the President of the United States for the health and vigour he throws into everything he undertakes, and his earnest desire to improve matters in connection with the vast State he controls; but one cannot help thinking he goes sometimes a little beyond the mark. He has just lately again been holding forth on the blessedness of large families, and arranging a National Congress of Mothers. He drew up terrible charges against the selfishness of those—as he chose to put it—who prefer life in flats with only one child—or two at the outside—to the ordinary homelife with a large family. He even went so far as to call the parents of small families self-indulgent, cold, and shallow-hearted; but here one cannot help thinking that the same might more truly be said of those who bring a numerous family into the world, regardless of how they are to be brought up, and oblivious to the fact that all professions, occupations, and trades are already overcrowded. For men it is bad enough, but for the woman worker it is far worse.

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which not only puts shine on them, but softens into them. Thus, in addition to making the surface of the leather look more beautiful than it could be otherwise made to look, it increases its wearing qualities, renders it pliant to the foot, and altogether more pleasant and comfortable to walk with. Boots never look so ornamental, and are never so useful, as when treated with this acidless blacking.

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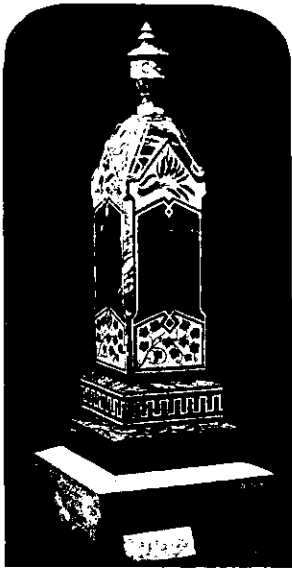
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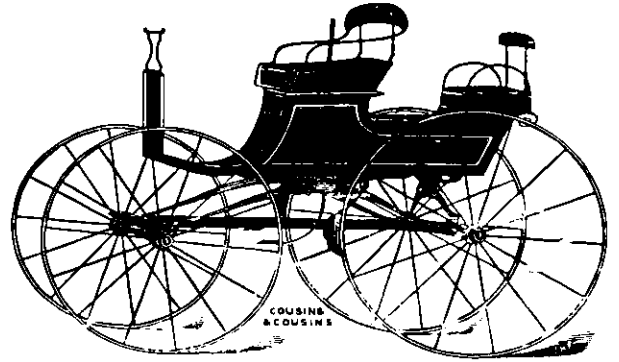
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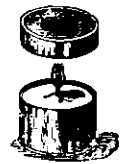
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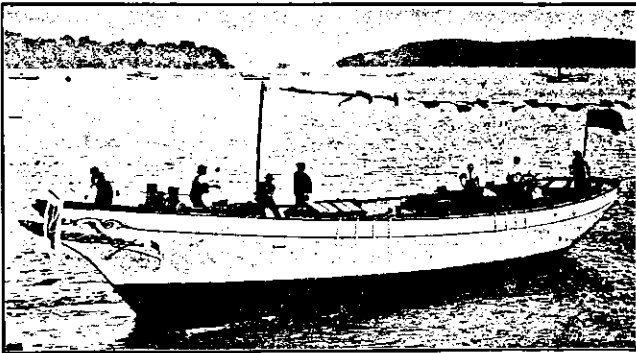


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# THE WORLD OF FASHION

(By MARGUERITE.)

Some of the models for afternoon blouses seem to have been specially designed with a view to using up the short lengths of pretty material which so many of us possess, and have almost despaired of ever using. A very pretty, effective, and



**ECONOMICAL AFTERNOON BLOUSE,** and one which the home dressmaker should be able to manage without any difficulty, might be built on the lines of the model illustrated in our sketch. Three short remnants of different material could be employed to advantage in the construction of a smart little bodice of this kind. Silk of any description, crepe de chine, or velvet would serve for the bodice and upper part of the sleeves; any pretty piece of lace or guipure in our possession would make the vest and upper sleeves; while the flieu would look charming in chiffon, net, or gauze. If preferred, the sleeve might finish at the elbow, with a frill of lace showing beneath the turn-back cuff.



The accompanying cut portrays one of the more elaborate of the new models in plaited blouse dresses for girls. However, its elaborateness is in its looks, not in its making, which the home dressmaker will make light work of with the pattern. The chemisette is removable and may be made of contrasting colour or of white tucked lawn or dotted muslin. The huge box plaits of the skirt stitched to yoke depth give it a much-desired jaunty effect.

There seems no lack of novelty in millinery, and Dame Fashion has now taken a fancy for small shapes, as all the most fashionable ones are smaller than those of yesteryear. Nearly all the shapes, however, unite in the one characteristic, and either turn up high at the back and slant downwards to the nose, or are turned up at the sides.

Among the newest shapes are the polo, or "pill-box," the latter name describing their shape exactly. They are small and round, and are made either of straw or tulle, and are only about three inches high. They need, however, a good deal of management and wearing to look well. The Marquise shapes are very popular, a fact due chiefly to their becomingness, as they are of modified tricorne shape, and can be bent to fit the hair in a very convenient way. One I have seen was of straw, each plait shading from green to brown, trimmed with brown panne velvet, and a cluster of greeny brown flowers which was both smart and becoming.

The Breton Sailor is to the fore again, but this season is sharply tilted up at the back where a large cache-peigne of flowers, foliage, and ribbon

makes a smart finish. The Louis XV. hat, a variety of the "tricorne" shape, is very smart, but is worn at the sides with a bunch of flowers and roses. Tulle and chiffon are materials largely employed in the manufacture of the hats, but I need hardly say that though it is extremely dainty and pretty, it is not advisable for those who have to study economy.

Roses and violets, used both together and separately, will be among the favourite flowers this spring for millinery purposes. Tiny hats are covered closely with Parma violets, and having for sole trimming a cluster of damask roses on one side. Or perhaps the little hat is made entirely of white violets, and then the roses may be of deepest yellow or palest pink.

Hats that are carried out in various picture shapes, both in glace silk and in moire, are also being lavishly trimmed with roses. The flowers are used sometimes alone simply to border the crown or lift the brim off the hair, and sometimes in company with Paradise plumes or long ostrich feathers. Many of these roses are tinted in various weird and unnatural colourings, includ-

ing many shades of purple and pale blue, violet, green, and terra-cotta, which are infinitely more curious than becoming.

## THE NEW HIGH BELT

is greatly in favour just now. It appears on fully half the street gowns and costumes in one form or another, as well as on many of the indoor and afternoon frocks. Now it is this pointed belt which, more than anything else, gives their character to the winter frocks. An old dress may be made to look quite smart and up to date by its addition. Fortunately, it is one of those important accessories which may be successfully manufactured at home. A soft pliable material, such as taffetas, scupline, or Liberty satin, should be chosen for this purpose. The belt must be cut and fitted to the figure with as much care as a tight-fitting bodice. But, to be a complete success, it must also be accurately boned, not only at the back and front seams, but all round, and with good firm whalebone, so that it will keep its shape and clearly define the waist.

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THIS HAT IS MADE OF CORN-COLOURED LEGHORN, WITH BLOWING TULLE ON THE BACK AND PEACOCK FEATHERS ON THE CROWN.



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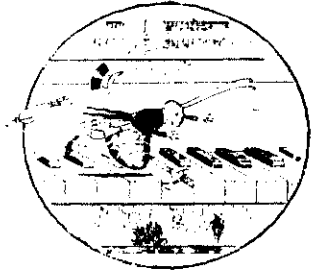


This pretty bodice design was introduced for the winter season, and gives promise of becoming very popular. The sleeve is exceedingly full, being doubly shirred along the front seam, while the cavalier cuff and deep undersleeve complete a charming design. If an evening blouse is desired this bodice will prove unusually attractive made low neck and with sleeves ending at the elbow.



A very charming and not in the least exaggerated form of coiffure, the Paris double roll, one turned up and the other down, with a most graceful adornment of gold leaves, worn as the picture shows them, with the points turned towards the centre.

# THE GRAPHIC FUNNY LEAF



### FINANCE.

Touchem: "I say, Cashley, can you let me have five dollars for a week?"  
 Cashley: "Sure, my boy. Just take it out of that ten dollars you owe me and keep it for another week."

Mr. Bugg: Gee! This must be a terrible earthquake—the mumbering is something fearful.



"IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT?"



"Mag, it's grand—it's more than grand—it's elegant!"



Mrs. Newlywed: Oh, Jack, I'm so glad to get back! And so you really dreamed of me every night since I've been away?

Mr. Newlywed: Yes, dearest! And then I'd wake up and find it was only a blind slamming, or the alarm clock going off, or something like that, you know.



SUGGESTION FOR A FANCY DRESS PARTY.

"My Lady Nicotine."



The Doctor: What, judge, have you really forgotten the way we boys used to steal Farmer Perkins' melons? Why, I thought you boasted of having such an excellent memory.

The Judge: I have an excellent memory, doctor—it is under perfect control.