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and Ladies' Journal

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THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Shade of King Louis the Sixteenth (to the Czar): Side with your people, sire, while there is yet time *I* was too late! —From "Punch."

Principally About People

A Rising Violinist.

Miss Vera French, the subject of the photograph on next page was born at Auckland in April, 1888 she will consequently be eighteen years of age next birthday.

She received her first lesson on the piano at four years of age, from Mr J. H. Phillpot, at present organist and choirmaster at St. Matthew's, who in the first instance actually lifted his little pupil upon the music stool and was compelled to teach her her letters, or at least as many of them as were necessary to enable her to read her notes. Subsequently she took lessons from Miss Lily Thom-on (a pupil of Mr W. H. Webbe, of Grafton-road). As she very early showed a preference for the violin, she became a pupil of Herr Zimmerman for that instrument, and finally received instruction in theory, etc., from Mr W. H. Webbe, of the Grafton-road School of Music, upon whose recommendation she was taken to England to receive further advantages.

Upon arrival in England her parents were informed that the child's New Zealand instructors had built a very sound foundation, upon which rapid progress was achieved.

At 10½ years of age Miss French appeared under Lady Gla-gow's patronage at the Queen's (small) Hall, London, with great success and very encouraging press notices, which included one from the "Times" newspaper.

One year later she went up for examination for the senior grade certificate of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., London, which she secured with the highest maximum of marks, and the first gold medal for three years. Then followed several years of assiduous study at Hove, Brighton, under Herr Mengies, principal of the famous School of Music of which he is the head. Herr Mengies recently sent Miss French to Prague, Bohemia, to receive finishing lessons from Sevcik, Kubelik, and Marie Hall's master. Miss French has greatly benefited by this change, and while at Prague played at two concerts; the first one, given by the "Scocik students," upon which occasion she played Wieniawski, Faust, and Brauch Romance; the second, under the auspices of the Prague Anglo-American Club, when she pleased her audience with Beethoven's "Sonata I." and Schubert's "Ave Maria." She was presented with a large laurel wreath on the former occasion.

Her work at Prague consisted of 12 hours daily practice. The Auckland masters are entitled to a word of praise for the manner in which they laid the foundation of a sound musical education, which the world's most gifted teachers have praised from the first.

Miss French is to appear professionally at London in April next.

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A Mighty Hunter of Game.

President Roosevelt, social reformer, peacemaker, apostle of the strenuous life, is a mighty hunter, and in a fascinating volume, "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," he relates his adventures while chasing the cougar, the bear, the wolf, and other fearsome wildfowl still to be found in the Western States. Mr Roosevelt, who is indeed the modern Admirable Crichton, has an eye for a picturesque incident, and not a little literary skill.

Here is a striking description of the killing of a cougar:—"We had been waiting below to see which direction the chase would take, and now put spurs to our horses and galloped up the ravine, climbing the hillside on our right so as to get a better view of what was happening. . . . The two fighters, Turk and Queen, who had been following at our horses' heels, appreciated what had happened as soon as we did, and leaving us, ran down into the valley, and began to work their way through the deep snow up the hillside opposite, towards where the hounds were. . . . In a few minutes the cougar jumped out of the tree down among the hounds, who made no attempt to seize him, but followed him as soon as he had cleared their circle. He came down hill at a great rate, and jumped over a low cliff, bringing after him such an avalanche of snow that it was a moment before I caught sight of him again, this time crouched on a narrow ledge some 15 or 20ft below the brink from which he had jumped.

Turk and Queen were meanwhile working their way up hill. Turk got directly under the ledge, and could not find a way up. Queen went to the left, and in a minute we saw her white form, as she made her way through the dark-coloured hounds straight for the cougar.

"That's the end of Queen," said Goff; "he'll kill her now, sure." In another moment she had made her rush, and the cougar, bounding forward, had seized her, and, as we afterward discovered, had driven its great fangs right through the side of her head, fortunately missing the brain. In the struggle he lost his footing, and rolled off the ledge, and when they struck the ground below he let go of the bitch. Turk, who was near where they struck, was not able to spring for the hold he desired, and in another moment the cougar was coming down hill like a quarter horse.

But his bolt was shot, and after going perhaps a hundred yards or so up the hill on our side and below us, he climbed a tree, under which the dogs began to bay frantically, while we scrambled towards them. When I got down, I found him standing half upright on a big branch, his forepaws hung over another higher branch, his sides pulling like bellows, and evidently completely winded. In scrambling up the pinyon he must have struck a patch of resin, for it had torn a handful of hair off from behind his right forearm. I shot him through the heart. At the shot he sprang clean into the top of the tree, head and tail up, and his face fairly demoniac with rage; but before he touched the ground he was dead.

Mr Roosevelt adds, "No one could hope to see a prettier chase. And here

MISS JULIA NEILSON,

One of the most beautiful and accomplished actresses on the English stage.

See "Drama."

MISS PHYLLIS DARE,

a charming child actress, who made a great hit in the pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood," and is now one of London's favourites.

one sees the real hunter. Of the cougar itself Mr Roosevelt writes:—

"The cougar is a very singular beast, shy and elusive to an extraordinary degree, very cowardly, and yet bloodthirsty, and ferocious, varying wonderfully in size, and subject, like many other beasts, to queer freaks of character in occasional individuals. This fact of individual variation in size and temper is almost always ignored in treating of the animal; whereas it ought never to be left out of sight. . . . Even when hunted, the cougar shows itself, as a rule, an abject coward not to be compared in courage and prowess with the grizzly bear, and but little more dangerous to man than is the wolf under similar circumstances.

The President has a much greater admiration for the grizzly:

"Bears are interesting creatures, and their habits are always worth watching. When I used to hunt grizzlies my experience tended to make me lay special emphasis on their variation in temper. There are savage and cowardly bears, just as there are big and little ones; and sometimes these variations are very marked among bears of the same district; and at other times all the bears of one district will seem to have a common code of behaviour which differs utterly from that of the bears of another district.

Perhaps the most exciting story in the book is that of Abernethy's hand-to-hand fight with a wolf. It is worth quoting in full:

"They had reached a small, unwooded creek by the time I was within fifty yards; the little wolf tried to break back to the left; Abernethy headed it.

Continued on page 24.

COUNT PAUL METTERNICH,

the German Ambassador at the Court of St. James. The count, who is a man of mark in diplomatic circles, is very popular in London, and is a persona grata at Court. During the present strained relations on the Continent, in which England is indirectly concerned, his position is anything but a sinecure.

MISS VERA FRENCH.

MR. DAVID MURRAY,

the latest addition to the coveted ranks of the Royal Academy. Mr. Murray, who was elected an R.A. in the room of the late Mr. Val Prinsep, was born in Glasgow in 1849, and commenced life in a merchant's office there. His first Academy picture was "The Vale of Corusk," in 1875. In 1883 Mr. Murray went to London. He was elected A.R.A. in 1891, and recently his rival in the contest for the higher honour was Mr Wyllie. A specimen, but it must be admitted an exceedingly poor one, of Mr. Murray's work was added to the Mackelvie Art Gallery, Auckland, some few years ago.

Bric-a-Brac.

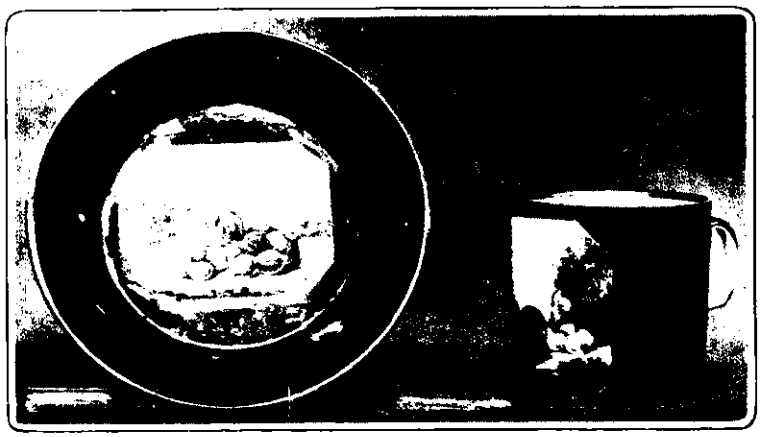
BUEN RETIRO PORCELAIN.

THE porcelain factory at Buen Retiro was really the direct outcome of the Capo di Monte works established by Charles III. of Naples in 1736, for the king took so much pride and interest in them that, on succeeding to the throne of Spain in 1759, he determined to embark on a similar enterprise at Madrid. By the king's order, and at his expense, some of the workmen from the Neapolitan factory were transferred to Madrid with their models, moulds, etc., and, after some delay, were finally established in a building erected for the purpose in the royal gardens of the Buen Retiro. It is said that Charles III. spent no less than £20,000 a year in keeping up the factory, apart from the initial cost of £115,000.

It is evident that the king took a very keen interest in his new venture, but it is doubtful whether he actually worked in the factory, as he occasionally did at Capo di Monte; but he granted special privileges to the workmen employed at the Retiro.

There is no evidence to prove the exact date when the first porcelain was made at Buen Retiro, but from certain documents in the royal archives at Madrid it would appear to have been about 1760 or 1761. The most stringent orders were given by Charles III. that no visitors were to be admitted to the works, and the sale of the china made there was also prohibited, the productions being exclusively reserved for the use of the royal family, who, however, sometimes sent them as presents to foreign courts. This latter rule was strictly observed during Charles III.'s lifetime, but on his death, in 1788, his successor, Charles IV., decided that the china should be sold to the public, and the following year two sale rooms were opened for this purpose, one in the Retiro itself, and the other in the Calle del Turco, in Madrid. In 1800, however, the Madrid warehouse was closed, owing to the very slight demand for the porcelain, for as it was mainly intended for ornament, and the price was exorbitant, only the very wealthy could afford to buy it, and this is the chief reason why, even in Spain, Buen Retiro china is so remarkably scarce and difficult to obtain.

Up till 1803 the same processes were employed at Buen Retiro as at Capo di Monte with regard to paste, glaze, decoration, modelling, etc., but at the beginning of the nineteenth century the director decided that some improvements were necessary, and despatched one of the artists to Paris, where, after much trouble, he succeeded in finding out something of the system in vogue at Sevres, and on his return in 1803 was appointed a director of the factory. Various kinds of china were manufactured at Buen Retiro, including hard and soft paste, white, coloured, glazed and unglazed china, as well as imitations of the chief European factories, and the blue and white jasper ware of Josiah Wedgwood. Flowers, groups, figures and statuettes were made, both in biscuit and in glazed and painted china, some of the latter representing the seasons, the continents, the months, and biblical and historical personages.



CUP AND SAUCER OF BUEN RETIRO PORCELAIN.

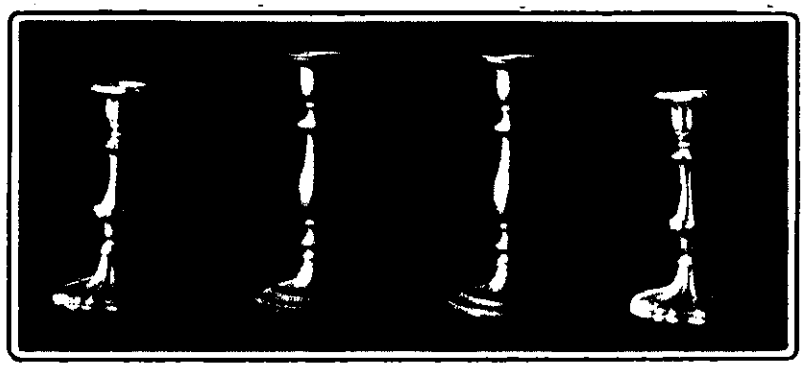
VASE OF BUEN RETIRO PORCELAIN.

FIG. III.—BARBER'S BASIN.

FIG IV.—DISH OR TRAY.

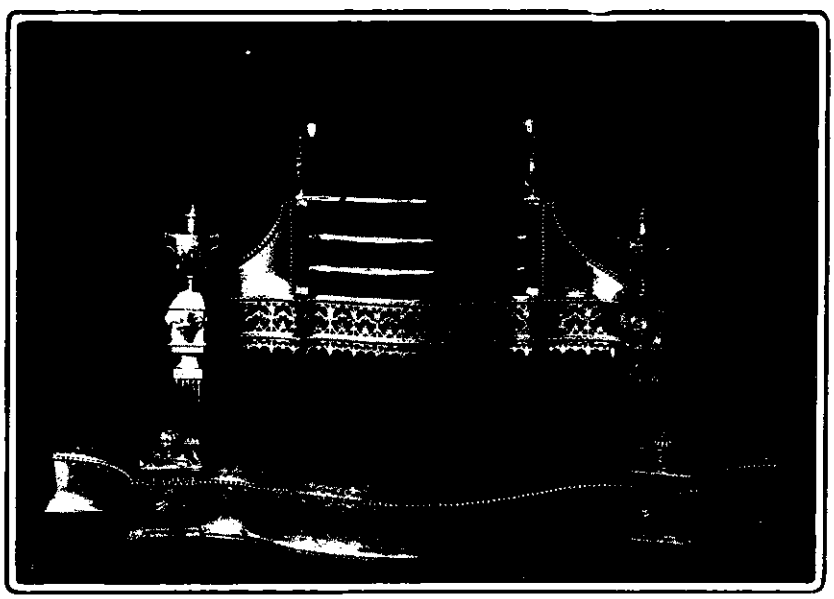
A ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.
Decorated with Plaques of Buen Retiro Porcelain.

Tutenag.



TUTENAG, 18TH CENTURY CANDLESTICKS.

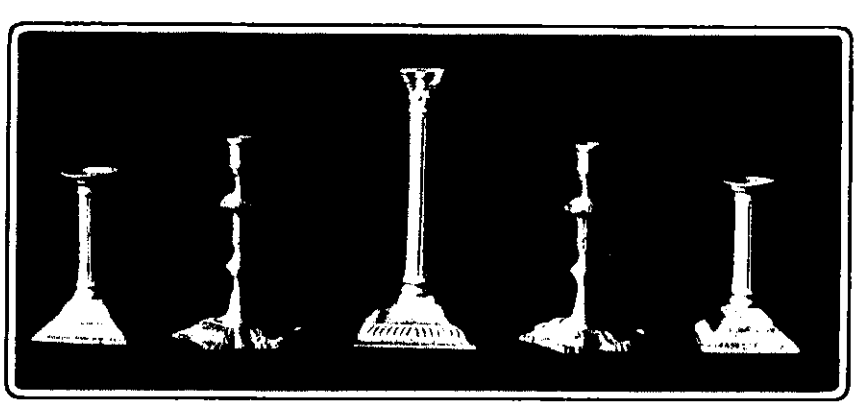
VARIOUS motives are attributed to those persons who make "collections" either of objects of intrinsic worth or of things which only attain value and arouse interest when they are amassed in all their different forms, ages, associations, or in mere quantity. Perhaps the two strongest incentives to the collector are the real love of the artistic or antique, and the desire to possess as the result of his own efforts, discrimination, and research, objects, the contemplation of which afford him the pleasure peculiar to the virtuoso. Another motive—less praiseworthy—is the wish to excite envy or arouse admiration in others, to assume a harmless eccentricity when one is incapable of otherwise achieving publicity. To be original in one's "collection" is the aim of many, for though there is a certain fashion in the so called craze, there is a great number of enthusiasts who strive to accumulate something which others have not thought of. This has led to specialising, since it is difficult to disprove that "there is nothing new beneath the sun;" but the writer ventures to suggest to those who are in search of novelty, the obtaining of all possible specimens of Tutenag at the earliest opportunity as there are very few to be had, and they will soon realise high prices when the merits of the alloy are made known, and its rarity and beauty recognised.



A TUTENAG GRATE AND FENDER, LATE 18TH CENTURY.

As far as we have been able to ascertain, there is not only no collection of Tutenag in existence, but surprisingly little is known about this interesting alloy. The following notes were only obtained after a good deal of trouble, since practically nothing has hitherto been written on the subject.

Tutenag may definitely be stated to be an alloy of copper, zinc, and nickel, though its exact composition does not appear to have been recently determined by chemical analysis. Livabius, who wrote a book entitled "De Natura Metallorum" in 1597, mentions a light-coloured bronze which he calls aes album and which he states is not zinc, but a peculiar kind of tin, shipped from the East Indies, and which, owing to the bell-like sound it emitted when struck, the Spaniards called tintinaso. In the seventeenth century alloys were brought in bulk to Europe from China, distinguished by a very light colour and considerable hardness. They were known by various names, which, however, cannot now be identified with them separately. Tutenag itself has been spelt in many ways—e.g., Tutenague, Tootnague, Tunthinag, Toothenague. In French it is written Tutenage, Toutenague, Toutenage, Tutunac, Tintenaque. In Spanish and Portuguese it is Tutenaga. The only analysis we have been able to discover is that made by Engstrom in 1776. He found it to consist of copper 40.5, zinc 44.3, and nickel 15.2. This is almost certain to be the composition of the alloy of which the articles appearing in our illustrations are made, and our readers must not be misled by the loose description of Tutenag given in some dictionaries Thus one calls it "zinc imported from China," another "Chinese silver," another "Chinese copper;" while Dr. Johnson says it is "the Chinese name for spelter, which we erroneously apply to the metal of which canisters are made, that are brought over with the tea from China. It being a coarse pewter made with the lead carried from England and tin got in the kingdom of Quintang." The great lexicographer evidently confused Tutenag with the soft lead lining of tea chests. The actual Chinese word for tutenag is Packfong, which means "white copper," and is sometimes used by English and American writers on metallic alloys. In the early part of the eighteenth century Tutenag had become an article of commerce, in which a good trade was done by the Dutch between China and the East Indies. From India it was brought to Europe, most of it going to Germany and England, where it began to be manufactured into small articles for household use and decoration about 1736. Its delicate colour and its durability induced the more skilful artificers to work upon it with the result that all the specimens which have come down to us are not only beautiful in design but are very highly finished. They might at first sight be mistaken for brass, but when a comparison is made there is no difficulty in distinguishing between the two. In colour Tutenag is a very pale yellow; owing to the nickel it contains it does not tarnish to the same coppery hue as brass does, but becomes dull without getting much darker. When highly polished it is almost white, having a soft, delicate tint peculiarly its own. Perhaps the finest example of Tutenag in existence is the grate and fender below. The excellent proportions, the graceful lines, and the delicacy of the design, are apparent in the photograph; but, unfortunately, the exquisite engraving which entirely covers the perforated ornamentation of fender and grate, and the spandrils and curves of the latter do not appear in the reproduction. Both articles have been most carefully chiselled, and no sign of casting is to be detected. In the other illustrations (Nos. 2 and 3) some idea may be gained of the care which was taken in the 18th century when designing and moulding articles in Tutenag. The modeling and the ubeness of work in these candlesticks are never found in brass; they point rather to the art of the worker in precious metals.



TUTENAG CANDLESTICKS.

From the earliest days the irregular markings on the face of the moon attracted attention, and then, as now, all agree that they form the features of a man; and whether the moon waxes or wanes, the features remain the same. Ancient astronomers regarded the dark markings as seas, but the telescope laid bare that fallacy.

In point of fact, they are low-lying plains of an enormous size, but are still styled seas by scientists. The two eyes are formed by the Sea of Showers and the Sea of Tranquility; the Sea of Vapours, the Bay of Rainbows, and the Sea of Moisture may form the nose; and the wide and gaping mouth consists of the Sea of Crises.

The lunar mountain ranges show, like those of the earth, a greater steepness on one side than on the other. The most remarkable of all the lunar features are the ring mountains, or great craters, which are very much larger than the biggest terrestrial crater. Under telescopic scrutiny the moon's surface presents many valleys, ravines, gorges, and clefts, some of which are very singular in character.

Professor Proctor and other eminent scientists agree that the moon is both airless and waterless, so that it cannot possibly be the abode of any forms of life resembling those with which we are familiar on this earth.

The quantity of matter which on this globe we call one pound would at the moon's surface tend downwards only with the same force as about 2oz 10½dr at the earth's surface.

Some Unsuspected Isle

A Romance of Modern Greece

By Blanche M. Burrell

(Concluded from last week.)

"It's do or die now!" panted Dornby. "We can only charge the line, and if that fails us, punch a few heads before they knife us: they can't have brought loaded carbines down here."

And to the right they dashed, instinctively heading for home, the sturdy little consulate at the foot of the mountain. The ledge was bare, they ran with comparatively little noise, and made better time now that the scrub no longer impeded their progress; they knew that they had passed first one, then a second of the footpads, and on they sped, breathless, desperate, the desire to turn and fight strong within them. But suddenly Dornby gave a hoarse, little cry. Down before them in the darkness shown a light—light meant men, men, weapons! And leading to it was a narrow trail made by the goats, perhaps, but an escape from the certain death which awaited them on the ledge. As Chisholm followed Dornby down the break neck slope a white shape shown up distinctly on the ledge above them, then a second and a third, till all five Greeks stood in an excited knot, looking about them for the two foreigners. They were discovered in an instant, but that instant served to put several telling yards between them and their pursuers, and the scramble down towards the light was brightened by some hope. Finally it was at an end. They were on level ground once more, and a short dash over a stubby field was all that lay between them and comparative safety. Dornby limped painfully: he had wrenched his ankle in a last leap down the mountain side. The brigands were gaining steadily: but when they threw themselves against the door of the hut there were still a few yards to spare.

"Open, in God's name!" cried Dornby, in hoarse Greek, and there was no need to call twice: the door was thrown back immediately, and Toni Borze's bent figure stood outlined in the oblong of light that had been such a friend in need.

Neithe, Dornby nor Chisholm heeded his stare of surprise: they pushed unceremoniously by him and looked quickly around for a weapon, anything with which to punish the Greeks who, like hungry wolves, still lurked outside. But Toni had sized up the situation at a glance: "My lord, my lord!" he cried, brokenly. "Set upon by your own people!" And, stooping, he would have kissed Dornby's hand.

But Dorothy drew back in astonishment, and the old man went on: "It is because they do not know you, lord!" he said. "Why do you try your people in this way? Tell them simply that you are their master, the master for whom we have been waiting so long, and they will humble themselves to the dust for this night's work!"

Dornby turned a puzzled face to Chisholm. "The old man seems to fancy that I merely have to introduce myself to those gentry on the other side of the door in order to make them leave us in apologetic peace. What do you think?"

"It's a dangerous game, but they're five of them, and I'm not up in knife-throwing," andsered his friend, glancing at the one he had caught up from the table: "at the worst, it can only accelerate the fight, and I'll be close behind you."

Without another word Dornby walked to tue door and laid his hand on the latch. He did not look the ideal lord who had come to his own at last, as he stood with torn clothes, necktie awry, hair tossed by his mad dash down the mountain. But in another instant he had thrown the door open and stood before the five brigands outside—an easy mark, if any one of them had cared to fire. Chisholm's tall figure loomed behind him, and Dornby found himself uttering a spirited address almost before he was aware of what he was doing.

"So you dared show your fangs to your master, dogs?" he cried. "For that I should shoot you down without mercy, if I cared to begin my rule by shedding traitors' blood! So, go; but see that you come not again before me as robbers of unarmed men!"

The five looked at each other in dull astonishment. "He says he is our lord. But why would the noble count wish to have us kill his next of kin?"

Dornby did not understand what they muttered, but old Toni's quick ears had caught every sound. He now stepped quickly, passed his two guests and answered the men as one having authority.

"Kill his next of kin, fools?" he said. "Can you not se that the noble count, thinking you knew all, wished to try your loyalty to your young lord, whom we have found at last? Our young lord, who pardons your crime so freely! It is by a miracle of God only that he was saved from your traitors' hands- spared to bless his people by his wisdom and mercy. A new sun has indeed risen in Ithaca!"

And with a dramatic gesture, the old man turned and fell on one knee before Dornby.

The other hesitated an instant, then as if drawn by some invisible force, came forward one by one and clumsily followed suit. Chisholm looked on with a badly suppressed smile at this correct Englishman of a day ago receiving feudal homage from a half dozen swarthy Greeks. But it was with a sigh of relief that he saw their five would-be murderers take the path that led to Vathy, and heard the sounds of their footsteps die away in the distance.

When all was quiet again. Dornby turned to their protector, old Borze, with an eager question. The man answered with a flow of words that Chisholm thought would never end, and for almost an hour the impatient consul was forced to listen to a conversation which he felt was of the greatest interest to him, but of which he did not understand one word. Finally Dornby looked at him with a smile.

"I beg your pardon for keeping you waiting so long," he said. "You must be nearly dead; but I've been hearing the most remarkable things! To give you it all in a nutshell, I am the true lord of the Megalopoli! Live and learn, eh? It seems my late grandfather hated my mother, but when Uncle Alexander married—to every one's horror, he actually married a French danseuse - his dislike transferred to his son, with interest. And it took a material form, for just before he died he made a will leaving everything he had to my mother or her heirs. That was perfectly legal, as the estate is not entailed, though for generations it has passed from father to eldest son. My uncle knew his father was bitterly angry, but he never dreamed it had gone as far as that, and he had the will read openly at the funeral when he found it existed. He may be a villain, my Uncle Alexander, but he is certainly a man of force. Toni tells me that after the first start of surprise he never changed colour, and when the lawyer had finished, he said that his father's plans had not been unknown to him, and claimed the privilege of notifying his nephew himself. Just as he had finished speaking, however, the lawyer uttered a cry. He had laid the will on the table beside him while my uncle was speaking, the wind had blown over the candle, and the whole parchment was in flames. My uncle reproached him bitterly for his carelessness, but the lawyer bettered his case somewhat by saying that there was a copy of the will in the old lord's possession, which no doubt could easily be found. Toni, who had been his master's body-servant, was questioned closely about it, but denied ever having seen it; however, it is known to exist. How much of all this was circumstance alone, and how much the result of well-laid plans, you'll have to decide for yourself. All this happened over ten years ago, you see, and I have not been asked yet to take what is certainly mine. The count put up a bluff about hunting me up, and the people were satisfied—he is not unpopular, in spite of his temper, and my mother had almost faded out of the popular memory. But I'm merely going to act in this matter; you may do the reasoning!"

"And how are you going to act, pray?" cried Chisholm, stunned by the turn affairs had taken.

"Why, find the will, with Toni's help," Dornby answered. "I'm not going to let even my uncle cheat me out of what rightfully belongs to me!"

The gray dawn had driven away the night, the east was beginning to brighten with streaks of pink and gold. The two men took leave of old Toni, and stepped out into the fresh morning air. "A new sun had risen over Ithaca," repeated Dornby, thoughtfully. "For good or evil? Who knows?"

Harris looked at the note he held in his hand, turning it over and over. It had been brought early that morning by one of the Megalopolis grooms, to be given immediately to his master, or, failing that, to Chisholm, and it was marked "important." But before going to bed that night, or rather morning, both men had given orders that they should not be disturbed till they rang; and Harris, judging by their appearance, had not wondered that they were tired. Dornby was amused by his look of horrified surprise when he caught sight of his master, hatless, ragged, and dishevelled; but no explanations were vouchsafed, and the man knew nothing of the night's adventures. So, thinking the message he held was at most an urgent invitation, he hesitated to disobey orders.

"'Important,'" he read for the hundredth time. "But how am I to know if it is so important?" He walked to the window and looked down into the court, where the groom who had brought the note still stood talking. There was something familiar about the man. With a start, Harris recognised his friend of the photograph episode. That decided him. "I ain't goin' to take no responsibility where that spyin' fellow's concerned," he thought; and a second later he was knocking at his master's door.

Dornby, wakened out of a sound sleep, was in no angelic humour. "I thought I told you not to disturb me?" he growled.

"So you did, sir," answered Harris. "But there's a note from Count Magalopolis marked 'important', sir, and I thought I'd better bring it to you."

Dornby was wide awake in an instant; he held out his hand silently, read the note through without a word; then, his face aflame with excitement, he caught up a bathrobe and slippers, and before Harris could gasp twice, was off for Chisholm's room.

"Read this," he cried, shaking his friend by the shoulder, "or rather, I'll translate it to you."

"Owing to a disturbance last night, of which it is alleged that you were the cause, a party of islanders have decided to shoot you for a meddling foreigner. It is difficult to control such men, so for your own good, I advise you to leave for the mainland as soon and as quietly as may be. I may add that none of the Vathy boatmen are to be trusted.

"MEGALOPOLIS."

"What do you make of it all?"

"The Lord alone knows," answered Chisholm, piously. "He's up to some trick, we can be sure of that; but I'm no better a mind-reader than you are."

Here some one knocked, and at Chisholm's "come," Harris appeared, an envelope in his hand.

"A telegram for you Mr. Chisholm, sir," said he.

"Perhaps this will throw some light on the count's message," Dornby leaned forward eagerly, and it was with a thrill of foreboding that he saw Chisholm's face grow blank with some emotion, and then flush angrily.

"Well, if this doesn't beat all!" he cried at last. "It takes a pair of women to lay the final straw on the camel's back, and he thrust the paper into Dornby's willing hand.

"Arrive this evening," the Englishman read, and it was signed, "Martha Hardy."

"Who- who are they?" he gasped, thoroughly horrified. "We've enough to do, Heaven knows, without playing ladies' men!"

"My aunt and cousin," answered Chisholm, gloomily. "It couldn't be worse! I knew they were making a tour of Europe, but who would have thought, at a time like this——" he paused; words were inadequate. "My aunt," he went on, after a second, "is timorous, and Helena, one of those athletic girls who rides and shoots, and all that," he finished, vaguely.

"But can't you telegraph them not to come?" asked Dornby, anxiously. "Tell them it is unsafe, that there's an insurrection on hand. If I'm to be shot, I prefer to have it done quietly and without scandal."

"So you're not going to leave?" Chisholm's face showed what he felt, and he waited his secretary's answer, half fearfully.

"Leave? No!" Dornby answered. Then returning to the question in hand, he scribbled a few words on a sheet of paper, gave it to Chisholm for inspection, then he handed it to Harris, who still waited at the door.

Continued on page 8.

Continued from page 6.

"Get it off yourself, at once," he said. The door closed behind Harris, and, having disposed of the second message, the two men fell again to discussing the first. Dornby had just declared his decision to telegraph to England for proofs of his identity, and to search Castle Megalopolis for the missing will, when Harris reappeared.

"They ain't sending no telegrams, sir," he announced.

"What!" both men cried in a breath.

"No, sir," Harris went on. "I took Mr Chisholm's interpreter with me, and he argued it out with the operator, but something is out of order, sir."

Dornby and Chisholm looked at each other dumbly; then they sighed.

"Well," remarked the consul. "We're in for it all around, sure enough. 'Tis good you made up your mind not to leave, if the Vathy boatmen aren't to be trusted, and you can't telegraph for others."

A light broke over Dornby. "By George, there's something behind all this," he cried. "I'll wager the count knew the wire was down when he wrote that note—with it in my possession I could be murdered 20 times over, and no suspicion could fall on him. He's bound to keep the estate, but it I'm not man enough to get and hold what is my own, I don't deserve much pity. I'll find that will if its behind triple bars of steel." He paused, and looked at Chisholm, then added, "I'm giving you a lot of trouble, old man, not to mention putting your very life in danger."

"Nonsense," answered Chisholm. "Didn't I ask you to come?'

Not another word was said, but from that moment they felt that they understood each other, and could defend together the warlike little consumate from friendly invasion or foe's attack. A few minutes later they separated, to dress and make what preparation they could for their guests' comfort, and as Dornby gave his final orders, several hours later, to serve tea in the garden as soon as Mrs Hardy and her daughter arrived, the thought of entertaining two ladies seemed less obnoxious than it had when he first heard of their speedy arrival.

"If she only weren't athletic!" he murmured; he knew that type.

Chisholm had posted Harris on the turret as lookout, and as soon as the man sighted the approaching boat, he started for the wharf. Dornby watcheed his friends stride off with a feeling akin to envy; he felt at that moment quite homeless and friendless. And as the three came up the path, Chisholm talked to his aunt and cousin as if he had never contemplated denying them the shelter of his roof.

"The hypocrite!" growled this straightforward Englishman.

In another minute he was bowing before Mrs and Miss Hardy, whom he had ample time to observe during tea. Mrs Hardy was what Chisholm had given him to expect, but was the daughter purely of the athletic type? He looked at her erect figure, brilliant eyes and complexion, and avowed that she certainly seemed in good physical condition, but he wondered almost angrily why Chisholm had led him to believe that their guest was a sort of feminine Buffalo Bill. Shortly after tea the ladies disappeared, and remained invisible till dinner; but when Dornby saw Miss Hardy in an evening gown, he did not think the time had been wasted on her part. The meal was a very merry one, and both men ceased entirely to regret their lost liberty when, after coffee on the terrace, Miss Hardy produced a guitar and sang those old songs so dear to exiled ears. The evening slipped by, Dornby forgot he was supposed to be living in terror of his life; and Chisholm's fears for his guests' safety were drowned for the time being in singing "Down where the Wurzburger flows."

But the next morning brought all back again, and Miss Hardy's innocent remark that she should love a hard gallop was received in gloomy silence. "What's the matter?" asked the girl, quickly, looking from one man to the other. "Of course, I don't mean that either of you has to dance attendance on me—I know you're busy a great part of the time."

"Oh, it's not that," Chisholm reassured her; "Dornby's afraid of being shot."

And in order to change the scornful amazement in her eyes to something more flattering, Dornby was forced to relate his family history for the second time.

"Well, did you ever!" was Miss Hardy's comment when he had finished, and the remark seemed to please her, for she repeated it again. "Well, did you ever! I knew Ithaca would be exciting, but I never expected this!" And Dornby felt that he had been most obliging to provide such novel amusement for this guest. "A ride? That would be too tame! We'll just spend the morning planning how to find that will!"

"For heaven's sake, don't talk too much about it, Helena, even in English," Chisholm cried. "You can never know who may be hearing what you say, and to what account it can be turned. All this may be very amusing and dramatic to you, but Dornby and I find it pretty serious!"

"I'm sure Miss Hardy means what she says," Dornby interrupted; "since she's here, she feels that she might as well be interested in what's going on. And if she helps me to find the will," he smiled, "I'm sure I'll be only too grateful."

Miss Hardy let her fine eyes rest on her defender very kindly for a moment. Then she remarked, with some spirit, "You needn't be afraid that we'll get you into trouble, Cousin Barry. I dare say we are in the way," she silenced Dornby's denial with a gesture that did not interrupt her flow of words, "but now we are here, we're going to be of use. If we'd only known what was going on, we would have stifled our curiosity as to the typical island Greek. If we must study him, however, why, we've brought it on ourselves, and will do it to our profit—and I hope to yours. I think I'd better go and inform mother that we sailed from Corinth into one of Anthony Hope's novels—she mightn't like it if it were sprung on her suddenly." And she left the room with a little laugh that rang in Dornby's ears all morning.

"You shouldn't have talked to her like that, Chisholm," he said, reprovingly, when the last flutter of her white gown had disappeared. "You'll make her feel that they shouldn't have come."

"No more they should," answered Chisholm, shortly, "but now that we've a moment to ourselves, for heaven's sake tell me what you intend to do. With the islanders ready to shoot you in the foreground and the count chuckling to himself in the wings, I've no time to brood over my unintentional offence to pretty women."

Dornby grew graver. "Do?" he returned. "I sat awake half the night asking myself that question. When I saw that the boat Mrs and Miss Hardy came in remained at the wharf all night, I thought we could send them back in it to-day, if they didn't like the prospect, but when the interpreter came back, after enquiring, he informed me that the boatmen were natives of Vathy, who refused to go to the mainland again for a week or two. Do you know what I believe?" he laid his hand on Chisholm's arm in his earnestness. "All this has been arranged by the count, from the moment he saw me in the market place. It's not too much to suspect that in his anxiety to retain his little kingdom, he watches every stranger that lands as a cat does a mouse; the Greek that found my mother's picture no doubt reported to him; the brigands were set on by him, the telegraph operator bribed. The only thing he didn't count on was old Toni Borze—Toni has saved our lives, and he'll do all in his power to endanger the count's, if I'm any judge of men. You see, unless we steal a boat and row to Greece there is no way for us to escape. The count's warning was more to insure his own safety than mine—and to-morrow or this evening, if necessary, I am going to act on a hint Toni gave me, and search Castle Megalopolis for the will. When I have it, I shall try to make Uncle Alexander see reason, and if that is impossible, Harris or you must and will bring help from the mainland."

"But how do you know that the count hasn't found it already?" questioned Chisholm.

"Why, if it were found and safely destroyed, he could afford to snap his fingers in my face!" Dornby answered. "There'd be no proof of my rights then. It's the only thing in my favour, and as soon as I have had one more talk with Borze, I'll go and find it!"

Dornby spoke so confidently that Chisholm felt it would be an easy matter for his friend to find that which his enemy had searched for many years.

"Toni can read, can't he?" he asked. "Then write him a note, and I'll carry it over to him this afternoon, there's no use in your running the risk, and none of my uncle's are eager to shoot me down."

Dornby protested, Chisholm was firm; and a vision of passing the hot afternoon in the cool study with Miss Hardy to listen to his plans, rising before him, he weakly succumbed to the American's superior will, and wrote a lordly summons to old Toni.

Ten minutes after Chisholm had left found Dornby and Miss Hardy comfortably, but eagerly, discussing ways and means in the consul's sanctum. To see them seated cosily on a couch banked with pillows in the subdued light of half-lowered Venetian blinds, one would never imagine that the two were engaged in planning a robbery; nevertheless, one idea after another was brought up, talked over, and discarded as being too easily penetrated to be practical, till the shameless young schemers were almost despairing.

"He must be clever, this uncle of yours!" cried Miss Hardy at last. "How I should like to meet him!"

And at last Dornby had an inspiration.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "How do you think it would do to ask him over one afternoon? You could talk to him and keep him here while I hunt for the will!"

Miss Hardy clapped her hands enthusiastically; the insinuation that she could keep the count chained to her side for an indefinite length of time did not seem to displease her.

"Oh," she cried, "if we only could! I know this is a serious affair for you, but while we're doing it we might as well get all the fun out of it we can!"

This view of the case had struck Dornby when he allowed Chisholm to carry the note to Borze; but he only remarked, philosophically: "If a man doesn't act on that principle he never gets any fun out of life, but I really think we've struck an idea now that's worth while. We'll give a little breakfast, show the count about, keep him as long as we can, and I hope I'll be on my way back with the will before he is ready to go home!"

"And so do I!" the girl echoed, heartily; "I'll do all I can to make him stay," she added.

"I really believe you will!" Dornby said, looking at her half curiously. "But I can't flatter myself that it will be for my sake! It's more from your love of seeing a thing through, now isn't it?"

Miss Hardy smiled. "I really do like you," she announced, "and, of course, I'm immensely interested in what you're doing — yes, and I want to see it through, too; I want to see you come back in triumph with the will, and your wicked uncle gnashing his teeth in impotent rage, and old Toni pensioned and happy. Then I expect you to say: 'Miss Hardy, without your tremendous ability and will power to aid me in the crisis we have just passed, I never would have stood on my present eminence. Thank, you, ma'am!'"

"Oh, I'll say that now!" answered Dornby. "Thank you for being so interested, and so enthusiastic, and, well, just for being!" He took her hand, as she rose to go and smiled down on her. "Why, you've helped me tremendously already, nerved me to do well and at once what I'd only have bungled if you hadn't been here to suggest things."

"Hello!" cried Chisholm, coming in hot and dusty, after his long walk. "Old Borze has your note, Dornby, and I dare say he'll turn up a little later."

Dornby's idea of a little breakfast, including the count, struck everyone favourably, even Mrs Hardy, who disapproved of almost everything else that could happen in Ithaca, past, present and to come. She did not know what lay behind it. Chisholm decided that the less they talked about their plan the better; but, eager to meet the one nobleman the place afforded, she swallowed the fact that he was the typical wicked uncle of the story books, and offered to help prepare for the event in any way possible. So the date was fixed several days distant, the invitation written, the count's cordial acceptance received, and the inmates of the little consulate sat down to wait for the morning that meant so much to them all. Dornby and Miss Hardy employed the interval in becoming better acquainted; Chisholm in getting more restless and nervous every hour of the time; and Toni in drawing an elaborate plan of his old master's apartments, and the place he thought the hidden will was concealed. It was by the merest accident that the ex-valet had discovered his master's cunning hiding place, but he was willing to use his knowledge now in favour of the English son of his former mistress, though he had kept it a secret from the man who had injured him. For Toni had his reasons for hating the Count Alexander with all the ardour of which his Greek blood was capable.

So the time passed, to Dornby at least quickly enough, for his American friend's cousin both amused and interested him. At first he had taken her as a good representative type; and he made himself agreeable to her according to his lights. But he very soon discovered that she considered herself capable of more than flirting or athletics, though she was averse to neither as a pastime; and, as is the way of the world, he began to judge her according to her own standards. She was very young; but her sage remarks and ideas of life were apt, and amused him mightily, while it interested him to hunt for her little weaknesses—her strong points were so very apparent. So the fateful Thursday dawned at last, bright and serene; and as Dornby was surveying himself and his completed toilet in the mirror with pardonable satisfaction, Chisholm rapped at the door.

He, too, was attired in frock coat, with a flower in his buttonhole, but the dignity of his costume contrasted with the nervous excitement in his keen eyes and usually self-contained manner.

"I'm glad to see you're ready," he said. "Are you sure everything is arranged between you and Borze? The slightest slip might mean—well, almost anything, you know!"

"Down to the smallest details," answered Dornby, serenely; "and I scarcely think that Toni will make a mistake.

It's all so very simple, you see. The count arrives; I welcome him. In a few minutes you appear; while we're all talking amiably, Harris hands you a telegram—the interpreter says that Nathy can receive telegrams, but not send any; so we have his lordship there. You remark, 'Basil, my boy, the reports must be gotten off to-day, especially if you expect to return home.' I, horror-struck, will exclaim that it's impossible; you must shrug your shoulders and say, meaningly, that there are still seven good hours before sunset, and that more lies before me than I can well accomplish in the time left, as it is. I look angry, beg the count to excuse my enforced absence, and stalk from the room, and if he asks you, tell him that I contemplate giving up my position for some reason. Mrs Hardy's real surprise when I do not appear at the table will in no way detract from the effect."

"Heavens, man!" interrupted Chisholm; "I've rehearsed all that a dozen times already; get on to old Borze!"

"I then proceed to my room," continued Dornby, imperturbably; "don my riding trousers and coat, so that the Megalopolis grooms will not question my sanity, and after an hour's hard galloping, reach the castle. Borze will be there before me, so I shall have no difficulty in meeting him, and together, with the help of this note from the count to his servants—I never knew I would turn forger—we will go to the old count's rooms to settle our bet, as we must leave the others to believe, and after that it's all plain sailing. Whether we will actually find the will or not remains to be seen. At least, I'll have made the effort!"

"Well, old man," said Chisholm, grasping his friend's hand, "I hope your efforts will be crowned with success; I'm sure you deserve it. We'll do our part by keeping the count busy, and so, good luck to you!"

He turned abruptly and left the room, Dornby following more leisurely. In the hall he met Miss Hardy.

"How adorable you look in that white frock," he cried, when he caught sight of her—he took the liberties of an old friend now. "You've no idea how madly jealous I feel when I think that it is not put on in my honour."

"But for your interests," she assured him, smilingly. "I have to do my poor best to be attractive; just fancy how horrible it would be if the count should grow tired of Cousin Barry and mother, and decide to go straight home as soon as he'd finished eating. I'd have to step in then and save the day!"

"And I'm as confident as you are that you could do it," Dornby replied.

"Oh, what a horrid thing to say, and when I'm really trying to help you," cried the girl. She turned away from him, and Dornby, wondering how he could have said anything so rude, was really afraid that he had offended her. His heart tightened at the thought. Why, Megalopolis might find and shoot him for a thief before he would see her again!

"What a brute I am!" he said, remorsefully. "I didn't mean to be horrid, really, and though I'm always acting like a cad, I am ready to beg your pardon like a gentleman, if you'll only let me. That's right. What an angel of forgiveness you are! Why, I wouldn't have left you like that for anything in the world!"

There was a clatter of horses' hoofs in the courtyard.

"It must be the count—good-by," said Miss Hardy, softly, as she withdrew her hands from Dornby's. "I know you'll find the will, but don't be reckless." She slipped away, and a door closed behind her. Dornby took an impetuous step after her, but as the horses in the court drew up before the door, a realisation of what he had undertaken swept over him, and he turned instead to greet Count Megalopolis.

Chisholm had rehearsed the scene that followed so often that when it actually took place he felt that he was acting from habit. Everything went smoothly; Harris' entrance with the telegram was perfection, and Dornby made his angry exit a few minutes later. As Chisholm's strained ears caught the sound of a horse being led quietly across the court, he knew that his friend was off; and after that he set himself to play his game to the best of his ability. He made a very passable host, easy, attentive, a good listener, and an hour passed quickly by. He pictured Dornby dismounting before the castle gate now, but remembered himself in time to laugh pleasantly as the count finished his little story. The breakfast was a distinct success. Mrs Hardy, though annoyed at Dornby's non-appearance, was at her best, and the count appropriated Helena to such an extent that Chisholm found himself wondering what Dornby would say if he could see it. They rose from the table. "He has either found it or given it up now," thought Miss Hardy, as she handed the count a book of views she had taken during her trip through Europe.

Megalopolis was enjoying himself, at least he seemed to be in no hurry to go. "It is so rare that I have the pleasure of such company," he explained softly to Miss Hardy. The minutes dragged on. It was hard work now for Chisholm to keep his thoughts from wandering.

"Your secretary," said the count, suddenly, "is he still hard at work?"

"On the contrary," answered Dornby's voice from the doorway. "He has finished all he had to do entirely to his satisfaction," and, immaculate in frock coat as before, his face flushed and his eyes shining with triumph, the secretary entered the room with no signs of labour about him.

Fortunately for all concerned, the count ordered his carriage a few minutes later, and was soon bidding them good-by.

"I am sorry not to have seen more of you," he said to Dornby, "but one's work must be done, and my loss is, no doubt, your gain. And with that he left them. A student of men's faces might have read a great deal in his smile as he drove homeward; but the little party in the consulate had forgotten the vanquished in the victor, for the will of old Basil Megalopolis had been found at last!

"It all went so smoothly," Dornby was saying to his little audience of three, "that I felt as if I were cheating the old fellow."

"Toni was waiting for me just where I expected him. Together we made our explanations, and the Megalopolis grooms were so taken in by my forged note that they almost anticipated our wants. They showed us up to my grandfather's apartments, which were so characteristic of the man that I'd have forgotten what I came for if Toni hadn't been there to remind me, and the old fellow's guess was so correct that we put our hands on the will in less than 20 minutes. By George, but I felt good! It was by the merest fluke in the world that Toni knew where it was. He was alone with the count when he died, and the poor old gentleman was out of his head toward the last. Well, I stuck the paper in my pocket, fed the groom, and rode off—the whole thing was so commonplace that it doesn't even make a good story."

He finished a little regretfully; perhaps since it was all over he would have preferred a hair-breadth escape or two, something worth talking about. But his three friends were well enough satisfied, the strain they had been under all morning was a thing of the past, and the victory was with them. All that remained now was to find a safe place for the precious will, and to keep Dornby out of harm's way till he could manage to escape with it. The four sat without speaking for a few minutes after Dornby had finished, till Miss Hardy broke the silence with a question.

"What do you think Count Megalopolis will do now?" she asked, "when he finds you've been to the castle? He'll know what you came for, won't he?"

Her remark was, as usual, to the point. The two men looked at her for a second without answering. "What will he do?" repeated the girl's mother a trifle nervously. She had met the count and could not imagine him doing anything very terrible; nevertheless, these Greeks were still an unknown quantity to her.

"Do?" replied Chisholm, at last. "Why, as to that, we'll have to wait and see," and with this sage remark he rose to leave the room, Dornby followed him. Moved by a common impulse, both walked toward the terrace, but were stopped before they reached it by Harris, who for the second time was bringing his master a letter from Count Megalopolis. Dornby opened it on the spot, and as he read it such a change came over his usually impassive feature that Chisholm looked at him in dismay, not knowing whether to speak or to be silent. With a sudden movement, Dornby tore the paper across and threw it from him.

"So much for his demands!" he cried. "What do you think, Chisholm? The cowardly sneak writes to me that he made it convenient for me to find his father's will, and that he expects me to hand it over to him at once. Otherwise, he will use me as he would any other common thief, and any one who aids me to escape or resist the law, meaning himself, he will regard as an accomplice! I'll shoot him down myself if he dare to lay a finger on a single person within these walls."

The man was in a passion; his quick Greek blood, which had been lying dormant all these years, was roused at last, and the Englishman in him faded away before it. But Chisholm was angry, too. He was not the man to swallow such a threat calmly, and he felt a sudden hatred spring up in him for the Greek who could "smile and smile, and be a villain still," apparently by second nature. Besides, no man receives the news that he has been outplayed at his own game with a calm indifference of spirit, and Chisholm, like Dornby, felt that it would be dangerous for the man to attempt to "inforce the law," in the little American consulate.

"Put your precious parchment in a safe place over night, I don't think even he will dare attack an American consulate, but if he does——" and the consul paused, significantly. "I'd better break the news to my aunt and Helena," he added. "Heaven knows, they came here of their own free will, but I feel sorry for them," and he hurried away.

Dornby's brain was in a whirl. He would never give up his only proof to what was lawfully his own, but neither did he wish to endanger the lives of his two helpless guests, for he knew that the count was not beyond using violence. So he hurried after Chisholm, only to be stopped by Helena, who was coming to meet him.

"Is it true," she cried, "that Count Megalopolis may kill us all if you don't give up your will?"

"Hardly that," he answered, smiling in spite of himself. "He may shoot me, for that would answer his purpose quite as well as tearing up all that paper, but wholesale murder wouldn't benefit him any."

"But can't you have him arrested?" the girl asked. "Is there no law or order? Why, we might as well be living in the thirteenth century!"

"Quite as well," replied Dornby. "Megalopolis is all the law and order of the island incorporated; so it's either do as he commands, or die—which would you prefer?"

"I certainly don't want to die," answered Helena, frankly, "but there's not much danger of my getting hurt, as you say. And if I were you, I'd keep that will and see what happens."

"So that is your advice?" said Dornby, gravely. "Well, I think I'll take it, on one condition. You shall keep the will, and if at any time you think you are in danger, you must give it up. You won't promise? Then I shall be obliged to hand it over myself."

"No! give it to me!" the girl cried; "I'll take care of it, rather than have you give it up, even on those conditions."

And grasping the packet he gave her in both hands, as if she feared it would escape, she ran toward the house, and her white-clad figure disappeared a minute later from the man who looked after her.

Dornby was left alone in the garden now—alone with a tumult of new emotions which he did not stop to analyse. For below him, at the foot of the hill on which the consulate stood, was a little patch of white, blurred and indistinct, but still visible. Soon it was joined by another and another; presently the crowd of Greeks began to move up the hill toward him, and Dornby realised that the time for action had come. He ran toward the gun-room, calling for Chisholm and the interpreter as he went, and taking down the guns

from the rack—guns which Harris had packed with no bigger game than a chamois in view—he gave his orders rapidly.

"Chaconas," he said to the interpreter, "give the two grooms and the stable boys each one of these rifles, and tell them that if they don't use them when the right time comes they may be murdered, while if they try to escape they surely will. And keep one for yourself. Harris, take mine and yours and stay by me. Chisholm, old man, there's no time to be lost, so I won't stand on ceremony of saying 'by your leave;' we'll have to see what those devils are going to do, and then beat them off any way we can." He turned, and stopped suddenly as he saw Helena standing silently in the doorway, with eyes fixed on the rifles and piles of cartridges. She looked such a sweet, helpless figure, that as he thought of the sinister band on the hill-side he turned sick with apprehension, but the wish to protect her that swept over him left him stronger in its turn.

"You see what it means to keep the will," he said to her, gently.

"Yes, I see," she answered; "but it's certainly worth it."

There was no time to say more. Harris, looking, for once in his well-trained life, more like a man than an automaton, rushed into the room.

"They're at the gate, sir," he cried. "Chaconas says they want to come in, but you'd better go and see."

Dornby took the rifle the man handed him. "Chisholm, take Miss Hardy and her mother to the safest place you can find, and then join me," he said, and he ran toward the gate. There was a confusion of sounds as he reached it. Chaconas, the interpreter, was reasoning as well as he could with the crowd outside, and the footmen and the grooms, like himself natives of Corinth, were huddled around him. There was a small iron wicket in the gate, and opening it a crack, Dornby asked the men on the other side what they wished. One among them, stepping forward, answered that Count Megalopolis had ordered them to take from the foreigners a certain paper, peaceably if possible; by force, if necessary.

"It will never be peaceably," answered Dornby, and he closed the wicket with a determined snap. "They'll try to beat down the gate in a few minutes," he exclaimed to Chisholm, who came running toward him. "I'm going up in the turret, where I can pick them off as soon as they commence operations. You station the men at the four sides of the wall to keep watch, and we'll await developments."

He ran to the little tower that overlooked the gate, and from whose top he could see plainly every man in the little crowd beneath. For an instant he stood looking down on them; then one, raising his carbine, smashed the wicket in at one blow, and another fired quickly through the opening at the consulate's protectors. Dornby hesitated no longer. He raised the rifle, and taking deliberate aim, fired for the first time in his life at a fellow being.

After that first shot he seemed no longer himself. He stood in an acrid cloud of smoke and fired again and again at the savage group of Greeks, who battered at the gate. He scarcely noticed that they had discovered him, and that their bullets were zipping past his head; or that Harris had joined him and was firing with a praiseworthy coolness; it was only when, unable to stand being picked off by two such sharpshooters, the Greeks broke and ran for shelter, that Dornby thought of anything save mechanically loading and firing. Leaving Harris to guard the gate, he started to see if Chisholm was in any need of help.

The little consulate was practically invincible from the side overlooking Vathy, as the hill was too steep and the wall too high for any man to attack. The opposite side was being defended by Harris from the tower, so Chisholm posted his men to the right and left. They were unable to see over the high wall from where they stood; they could only wait, ready to shoot at the first man who attempted to scale it.

And a cry from Harris warned them that something was being accomplished on the outside. A second later, the heads of two Greeks appeared, two guns banged simultaneously, and the walls were clear again as before. But the attack had begun again in earnest.

The men had no time to speculate on the enemy's action now—no time even to hope for their friends' safety. Greek after Greek scaled the wall, only to fall back before he could use gun or revolver. Those that managed to reach the ground safely were soon shot or clubbed down—at first; as time went on, and the cartridge boxes began to look emptier than was pleasant, they seemed to come on more rapidly, and the men began to fight with the energy of despair.

The noise of the shots drowned Harris' cry from the turret. On they fought desperately, madly—till a crash made itself heard over the noise, then another, with the sound of splintering timbers, and Chisholm realized what had happened—the Greeks had come to the gate again, had beaten it down in spite of Harris' defence, and were pouring into the courtyard through the opening they had made. The fight now was merely a scuffle; it was impossible for the consulate to pretend to hold her own. Chisholm lifted his gun to fell a Greek, whose eyes and knife gleamed with the same steely light, when a voice rose above the din—Dornby's:

"Stop! For God's sake stop!" it cried; "I'll give up the will before any more are murdered!"

"It is high time," came the smooth answer, and Count Megalopolis stepped through the splintered gate into the courtyard. He waved back his men and stood before Dornby, who, coatless and black with powder, glared at his noble uncle out of a pair of burning eyes.

"I'll save you from shedding any more blood," cried the young man to the older one, "though, as you were safely hidden while there was any fighting to be done, I can't truthfully say you have covered yourself with much more blood than glory."

"It does no good to bluster," interrupted Megalopolis, quietly; "give me the will and you shall go, otherwise——" he looked at Chisholm, Harris, and Chaconas, who had gathered around Dornby, and from them to the crowd of Greeks who half filled the courtyard. "I think you will give me the will," he finished with a smile.

"Yes, I shall give you the will," answered Dornby. "Where is Miss Harry?"

But a cry of despair from the girl's mother was his only answer.

"Oh, so she has escaped with it!" said the count, as if in explanation; "I am sorry for your sakes, gentlemen," adding to his men in Greek, "Bind them; they are our prisoners!"

Miss Hardy was at that time busy manufacturing adventures of her own. From the moment that Dornby had given her the will to keep, she had felt weighed down with responsibility, and the sound of firing that soon came to her ears only added to it. It was horrible to sit in the dark study without an idea of what was going on; after a few minutes she could stand it no longer, and in spite of a tearful protest from her mother, the girl left the room and ran up the stairway to the deserted servants' quarters, from whence she could see both sides of the unequal fight. As she watched Greek after Greek join the group outside of the consulate walls she realised that it would be impossible to hold the place for any length of time, and for a moment she stood shaking with fright, picturing the Greeks swarming into the court, Dornby and Chisholm shot, herself and her mother prisoners. And a mad desire to escape seized her—a desire that was replaced by almost as mad a plan to rescue all her friends. She felt that nothing could be more horrible than standing there seeing them shot down, one by one, and a scream from the stable boy who fell writhing to the ground was enough to decide her. She stole softly down the stairs again and out into the court, where all was confusion, and making for the one wall that was not being attacked, she pushed a bench close to it, climbed to the top, and, hanging by her hands, dropped the remaining six feet to the ground below.

The rest was like some horrible dream to her. The darkness folded her around, but she let herself be guided by the sound of the ocean, hoping to find a boat before she herself could be discovered or captured, and to escape in it to the nearest island, Cephalonia, where she could hope to find some one who would understand her language and need of help. By the time she reached the shore she was bruised and scratched from her rought and tumble descent of the hill, but so far she had come unobserved and in safety, and she was beginning to take heart when the figure of a man loomed up suddenly before her. The man took a few quick steps toward her, but her half-suppressed scream changed to a sigh of relief as she recognised Toni Borze. The old Greek seemed overcome with surprise at seeing her there alone; but he, too, had heard the shots and guessed everything the girl had seen. But when, in her desire to explain and gain his help, Helena repeated "Cephalonia Cephalonia!"—the old man realised in a flash of inspiration what was expected of him. Hurrying his charge toward the shore, he helped her into a boat that was lying at anchor, and in a few minutes they were rowing for Cephalonia as fast as a very old and a very young pair of arms could take them.

But Dornby knew nothing of this desperate rescue that Helena had planned alone and was now executing. When he found himself bound by Megalopolis' Greeks, and, with Chisholm, carried into the hall of the consulate, he felt that his little visit to his mother's birthplace was about to cost him dear. But he was unprepared for the count's next words.

"The ropes are thin, but you think they will hold for an hour?" he asked one of the Greeks; and as the man replied to his satisfaction, he added, "Then fire the building!"

Dornby could not repress a gasp of horror. "Yes," said the count, as if in answer. "I could shoot you, but there would be your bodies to dispose of, while if the consulate burns and you perish—" he shrugged his shoulders. "Come men!" and the consul and his secretary were left alone.

"Chisholm!" said Dornby, hoarsely.

A sharp crackling noise was heard outside; a forked tongue of flame shot up, curling in through the open windows, and Chisholm understood.

It seemed hours later, when Dornby felt himself being dragged out of the dense smoke into the pure air that he could breathe in long gasps.

"Well, of all cold-blooded murders!" he heard an English voice say. "Thank heavens, we got here before the fire reached them."

It all came back to him then, and realising that he was no longer bound, he rose slowly to his feet. Quite a little crowd of English sailors stood about. Chisholm and Helena were close by, and on the ground, smiling quietly up at the stars, lay stretched the figure of Alexander Megalopolis.

"Did you kill him? asked Dornby, looking around him vaguely.

"He shot himself, dear, when he found he was taken, answered Helena, gently.

Dornby took a few uncertain steps toward her. "Tell me—what has happened? he asked.

She helped him to the terrace, and there, seated side by side on the very bench that had aided in her rescue, Helena told him how she and Borze had found the sailors and brought them back just in time. It took a long time to explain everything satisfactorily—so long, in fact, that Chisholm had to come in search of them.

"I say!" he cried, "have you people forgotten that there's such a thing as breakfast?"

But he saw they had forgotten it—yes, and everything else except each other and the future that spread out before them, rosy as the light that was streaking the east with gold.

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A WAYSIDE WAIF

By David Christie Murray

Author of "Joseph's Coat," Etc.

A TRIFLE over forty years ago, in the grimy middle of England, a man, a woman, and a little cart drawn by a tired donkey, left the high road north of Birmingham, and made to the left towards the Worcestershire border. The man held the reins of frayed rope, and nursed between his teeth a cold and empty clay pipe. The woman, scared and white, lolled across a roll of weather-stained canvas, closing her eyes at one moment, and opening them at another, with a monotonous indication of great fatigue and pain. It was the height of summer and the afternoon sun starred in her face with an intolerable heat and radiance. The springless vehicle shook her with anguish at every revolution of the wheels.

The man wore a narrow fillet round his forhead. His hair, which was oiled with a dirty luxuriance, paid greasy tribute to the drab velvet collar of an overcoat once stylish. This garment, buttonless from throat to ankle, failed to hide a set of tumbler's fleshings, which were stained and faded, and displayed a figure of splendid proportions. The man's walk was that of a trained athlete. The thin shoes he wore were without heels, and his level-footed gait was beautifully lithe and balanced. He was in the early prime of life, but his face was disfigured by signs of hard drinking. What with the athlete's panther walk, the hardy, roving, drink-shot eye, an astonishing personal vanity, and a look of unbreakable daring, there was something almost noble in his aspect. The fillet and the fleshings magnetised a little mob of children which trailed behind the cart.

On a sudden, the roadway swerved and dipped, and a broad landscape came into view. In the valley smoked a town, dark and sombre, and between it and the hill a score of furnace chimneys were flaming: pale tongues of fire, deadened by the sunlight, licking at tormented columns of black smoke. There was a clanking and booming there, and a dull roaring, as if evil things were chained and complaining below the flames. Far away a pastoral country spread, with scattered houses, and further still rose low hills, faintly blue, with wavy ridges, and sides flat with distance, like so many mere flat washes of thin indigo.

"Jack!" said the woman, in a husky whisper. "I can't stand it any longer. Stop. Help me to get out."

The patient little ass stood still, bracing himself with projected forefeet on the sloping road to support the weight of the cart. The man instantly put an arm about his companion's waist, lifted her to his shoulder, and slipping his hand beneath her knees, raised her as if she had been a child. It was a thing few could have done, for her position gave him but an awkward leverage, and her figure was tall and well developed. He stood nursing her for a moment as if his strength made nothing of her.

"Let me sit down," she said, "and drive away those children. They worry me, following and staring."

He obeyed her, gently in the first place, and fiercely in the second. He came back from a short angry excursion against their followers, to find the woman pressing both palms hard against the ground, whilst her glance fastened on his, and clung to it with a look of anguish. He regarded her with a gloomy pity, and then, with a single gesture of the arms, disburdened himself of his overcoat, which slipped to the ground like water. He united a set of jointed poles from the cart, dragged out the canvas bale, and, moving always with a dexterous swiftness, busied himself in setting up a tent at the edge of the open field beside which they had made their pause. As soon as the canvas was thrown over the roof-pole, and arranged about the sides, he carried the woman into the shelter he had made, and rolled a bundle of clothes into a pillow for her head. Coming back to the field, he drove the tent-pegs home, and pulled the ropes taut, unharnessed the donkey, and dragged the cart to the waste ground.

A shadow crossed him, and turning half about he saw a man in soiled heavy flannel, with a basin-shaped cap of the same stuff, carrying a tin bottle in his coal-blackened hand.

"Ah!" said the acrobat. "You look like a good sort. You won't mind taking a minute's trouble for a suffering woman, mate?"

The new-comer's face was as black as the coal he worked in, and his eyes looked as if seen through the slits of a mask, the whites grotesquely marked by contrast.

"What's up?" he asked, in the slow local drawl.

"My wife's inside here," the acrobat answered. "I can't leave her and I want a doctor. And she ought to have some decent sort of a woman with her."

"To be sure," said the collier. "I'll send my missus. Her's only a step away." He moved on, and turned again. "Anny money, gaffer?"

"Very little," said the acrobat.

"Ah! I'll fetch the parish doctor then. Eh?" He made a second start, talking over his shoulder. "My missis 'll be here in a matter o' two-three minutes."

The acrobat lingered outside the tent, twirling his empty clay between thumb and finger. A low sound of pain came from the canvass shelter, and he listened with wincing shoulders. In a few minutes a careworn woman in a shabby cotton print came breathlessly towards him down the slope.

"In here?" she asked. He nodded, and she entered, talking. "Here we be, ma'm. Let me get your bonnet off, theer's a dear. You'll be the easier for it, and as it is you're a crushing it out o' shape. There now. Mine's gone for the doctor, and he'll be back in welly no time. Theer, theer. I know what it is. Seven I've had, and the two youngest alive and well, thank God! They'll be abringin' in a bit towards their own keep, by and bye, an' then they'll be a-blessin'."

The acrobat blinked in the strong sunshine. His attitude was irresolute, but at the next sound from the tent he moved the canvass aside.

"I suppose I'm no good here, missis," he asked with a gruff softness.

"Lord bless your heart and soul alive, gaffer," the nurse answered, "not a bit o' use in the world."

"That's true enough," he said.

The nurse cast a quick upward glance at him.

"You'll find a public five score yards along the road up hill. Go and stop there."

"Yes, Jack," said the sufferer, feebly. "Go. But you'll be very careful, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, yes," he responded. "I'll be careful. Don't fret. I'll be careful."

He stooped for his overcoat, thrust his arms into the sleeves, and walked away. The nurse knelt beside her patient, on the turf. A single shaft of amber light pierced a chink in the tent, and spread into a glory on the canvas wall. The patient's left hand lay, as if in sign of self-pity, upon her breast. The nurse looked at the hand suddenly, and as suddenly from it at her patient's face.

"Pawned," said the sufferer. "Pledged last week at Nuneaton. We were hard-up, and there was nothing else."

"Him!" asked the nurse, nodding sidelong.

"No, no," the woman answered eagerly. "He'd have died first."

"I can see it in his face as he likes a drop," said the nurse, in a usual tone, as if she were used to contemplate that condition in a man. "When there like that, they'll do mostly anything."

"You're wrong about Jack," the patient answered. "There isn't a better man in the world. He'd chop his hand off if I asked him."

"I've known them like that," said the nurse: "but they won't chop off the drink for all their fondness. Now, Mine's a chip in porridge, Mine is. He's got nayther gifts nor faults to brag about."

"You're very kind to a stranger," said the patient, as the other busied herself about her. "Promise me one thing. Don't let me die without saying good-bye to him."

"You'll none die," the nurse replied. "You ain't the sort as dies. A bountiful young creetur like you might be the mother of a score, and keep her figure to the end of it. Die! Rubbidge."

The acrobat had taken his way to the forge inn, and sat in the common room there. The coal-blackened man who, in his own small way had played the good Samaritan, was there also. He had had his tea, and had got into his second best suit, and a pair of false collars like the sails of a diminutive yacht. He wore a trailing woollen comforter of many brilliant colours, and, as he sat, its ends reached to the sanded floor. Robbed of his disguise of coal dust, he was a sheepish fellow, with harmless grey eyes which seemed to feel their own gaze an impertinence. To him the picturesque vagabond looked like the citizen of another world. His very attitude marked him. He had fitted himself into a corner of the high-backed oaken bench. One slim foot, in its neat tumbler's slipper, tapped the floor, and the other was perched on the seat itself and tucked beneath his haunch. His trade had got into his finger-tips, so that when he drank, the earthenware quart measure, quitting his lips, described a circle, and alighted deftly and silently on the table, as if its landing there were the close of a dexterous exercise. He put his pipe to his lips, and, taking it away again with a rounded flourish, expelled the smoke in a dozen or more little rings, one quickly following on another. It was evident that he did not recognise the helpful stranger of the roadside.

"I've left my missis along of yours," the shy man said, awkwardly.

"Oh," said the acrobat, "you're the man I met outside. I didn't know you again. I'm sure I thank you, kindly. Drink up, and I'll call for another. Is it all right down there?"

"Her's in good hands," the other answered. "Mine's an experienced woman, Mine is."

The acrobat pulled a brass ring which depended by a wire from the ceiling, and a cracked bell jingled. A hob-nailed man shuffled in, and beer was ordered. Whilst he waited, the acrobat stood up and toyed with a handful of loose coppers in a pocket of his overcoat. Then with a thoughtful, downcast face he began to juggle with the coins, until both hands sent them spraying like a metallic fountain. The collier's wondering glance was riveted. He had never seen the like, and, for a novelty, the performance was fascinating. What made it more curious was that on the performer's part it looked entirely unconscious and mechanical. The hob-nailed man shuffled back with the beer, and the copper fountain ceased to play.

"You're a family man, I suppose?" said the acrobat, tucking himself up in his old position.

"Seven of 'em, first an' last," said the collier. "Two living."

"It's a trying time," said the acrobat, a little later. His hand and foot were beating tattoo on the table and the floor, and a thin perspiration began to shine upon his face like a film of oil.

"Yes," said the collier, "It's a bit of a worrit."

"I suppose," said the acrobat, rolling his drink-shot eyes on his companion, "you're a good husband?"

"Oh!" the other answered, too dull to be startled or surprised. "Middlin'! Why?"

"I wanted to know how a good husband feels. That's all. You are a good husband, I suppose?"

"Why, yes," his companion answer-

ed, stolidly, "as good as here an' there one."

"Now, I knew a man," said the acrobat. He paused and turned, settling his elbows on the table. "I knew a man, a chap of some education, mind me—a sort of half-gentleman—that ran away from home and took up my trade. He married as good a girl as ever breathed. In less than six months he lost a good engagement, and he had to take for a living to the road—just as I'm doing now. He took his wife off on the tramp with him. About a week before her first confinement he pawned her wedding ring, and went off on a drinking spree with it. What do you say to that?"

"Say?" said the collier. "Damn him!"

"Amen!" said the acrobat. "Now you wouldn't think that chap loved his wife, would you?"

"No," said the collier, "I shouldn't, gaffer."

"He did, though," said the acrobat, and there the conversation died. The last speaker rose from his seat, and looked from the side of the bow window, down the valley. The sun was almost on a level with the ridge, and stared heavily through a smudge of purple greys and dulled crimson. The furnace fires burned brighter against the darkened range of hills, and the town was a patch of streaked and jumbled shadows. The tent was out of sight, hidden by the curve and dip of the road.

Above the forehead of the road a horse's head came in sight, together with a silk hat, as if that were a portion of the horse's gear. The illusion was quaint but brief, for in less than a second a dog-cart and its driver came into full view. The cart pulled up at the inn door, and its occupant beckoned the tumbler with his whip-hand.

"I'm the parish medical officer," said the driver, when his call had been obeyed. "Are you the husband of the woman in the tent?"

"Yes," said the acrobat.

"She said you'd be worrying. It's all right so far. I shall be back in an hour."

He nodded, and drove on. The man stepped into the road and looked after him. The cart turned a curve, the dust its wheels had raised settled down, a bevy of fowls, which had flown with wild cacklings, came back to a strutting inspection of the high road. He noticed all the trifles before him with no interest, yet with much minuteness, and, remembering nothing of them, went back to the inn room.

A sweated man, with his shirt open at the throat, had dropped in in the meanwhile, and stood, mug in hand, before the fireless grate. He said "Evenin'," as the acrobat entered.

"Good evening, mate," said the other, and looked him up and down, noting his leathern apron and his bare, hairy chest.

"You're a black-smith, I fancy. Do you reckon to make good iron here?"

"The best made anywhere," said the Blacksmith, staring a little.

The acrobat stooped to the feeder, and picked up a poker of wrought iron.

"Is that a sample?" he asked, handing it to the smith.

The smith laid down his mug, and taking the poker in both hands turned it here and there before handing it back again.

"It's a bit o' my handicraft," he answered.

"Well, look here," said the acrobat, in a tone of braggart quiet. He squared his shoulders and pushed his wrists from the sleeves of his lose coat. Then, with a hand at either end of the poker, he began to work his wrists in such a way that the onlookers would have sworn that the iron was bending like a withe. The smith took it in his big scorched hands and tried it.

"That's a good trick," he said, "but it's sound iron."

"Sound iron!" cried the juggler. "Look here again." With a motion which seemed in no way to differ from that he had employed before, he worked for perhaps a minute. He seemed to have expended little effort when he held up the poker in halves. "Yes," he said, "you make good iron."

"By gosh!" said the smith, "that should buy a drink if thou'lt have one."

The acrobat assented, and the drink was called. He stood at the window looking down the valley. The hills were purplish black, and the furnace fires were red against them. Gaslights glimmered in the huddled shadows of the town. The beat of a distant forge-hammer was like the beating of a trouble heart.

The busy hours of "The Forge" inn came on, and the room filled. Everybody who came was shown the fragments of the poker, and the acrobat's prowess was discussed, and bragged about, and doubted. The object of interest went sullen, and planted himself in one corner, speaking with reluctant brevity when he spoke at all, but drinking freely.

The smith, planting himself in the brick paved passage, called out the company man by man, and held a whispered talk with each in turn. Finally, he stepped in behind the last man he had beckoned from his place, and, standing in the middle of the chamber, cleared his throat and spoke.

"Friends and fellow neighbours," said the smith. "It's beknown to us all, the reason why a stranger has stopped this night. It's beknown to us as it's allays a man's business to make a livin', and, above all, at a time like that. Sixpence apiece is what's been settled on, gaffer"—he turned to the acrobat—"and if so be as you like to let us have a friendly look at your line o' work, there's a sum o' nine and sixpence waiting."

"Gentlemen," said the acrobat, rising from his seat, "I am very much obliged to you. There never was a time in my life when a little money was more likely to be welcome. If you'll be so good as to wait while I fetch my tools, I'll give you as good a show as I ever gave in my life."

He was back in five minutes, with a sack, from which he drew out the ordinary paraphernalia of a juggler—plates, knives, balls of hollow brass, a strip or two of cane, and, after all these, a cannon ball.

He was a master of his trade, and the Black Country folk had never seen, and never dreamed of, anything like him. In particular, his tricks with the cannon ball delighted them. He made it play about him like a living thing, snaking across his chest or across his back from outstretched hand to outstretched hand. The smith cried out that it was hollow, but the juggler dropped it in his hands, and, being incredulous as to its real weight, he let it fall. He picked it up from the brick in the floor it had broken, and balanced it shamefacedly.

"Four and twenty pound to a bounce," he said at last, and handed it back.

"Well, now, look here," said the acrobat. "I'm going to throw this to the ceiling and catch it on the back of my neck. That's a trick you never saw before, I'll warrant."

Up went the ball, and down it came again, and at that second the door opened. The acrobat dropped, like a felled ox, and the doctor stepped into the room. Everybody waited for the end of the trick, but the man on the floor made no motion. The doctor knelt, rolled the figure over, and looked up.

"Gosh!" said the smith, catching the doctor's eye. "He's dead!"

"Dead," said the doctor, "as a herring."

Some not ill-meaning fool took the news to the woman in the tent. She held a man child in her arms, but in less than half an hour he was crying for want of warmth. For the soul of the penitent good-for-nothing, who could not mend, had called upon her, and she had followed him.

The Education of Women in Japan.

A most interesting lecture on the above subject was given in the Imperial Institute by Miss E. P. Hughes. Sir Charles C. Stevens, K.C.S.I., who presided, explained, in introducing Miss Hughes, that for many years she was the principal of the Training School at Newnham; in fact, the founding of that training college for teachers was her idea. After a time failing health compelled her to travel, and she devoted special attention to the subject of education in the Far East. For two years she lived in Japan, lecturing on that subject to both men and women.

Miss Hughes insisted that the first step towards teaching on Oriental was to understand something of the Oriental point of view of life, to realise how far the East is from the West in its ideas, manners, and customs, and to study the history of Eastern countries. Miss Hughes considers Japan a link between the West and the Far East in that it is a country governing itself, as yet unconquered, and, she believes, unconquerable—a people ready to adopt Western progress.

They are now waking up to the necessity of educating their women for the very obvious reason that the interests of men and women can never be separated, and a man receiving a good education coming back to an unsympathetic home life loses half the benefits he would otherwise have gained. The home life of the Japanese is a very simple one. All women marry, the wife being taken to the home of her mother-in-law, who in her turn may be living with her mother-in-law; so, several generations live together, and lead a very self-sufficient life.

Government is doing much to improve the education of women, and schools are being started all over Japan—elementary schools for girls between the ages of 7 and 14, after which, if they wish, they can attend high schools until they are 17, when, as a rule, a girl is married.

There is now, however, a university at Tokio, and also a training college for teachers, which, after all, is the starting point, for no Western woman, however able, can teach an Oriental as well as one taken from their own nation, so Miss Hughes believes that with a little intelligent Western help the life of the Japanese woman may be made far happier.

In conclusion, she paid a high tribute to the virtues of both men and women in Japan. Notwithstanding women being in a position of great subjection, the Japanese men are never tyrants in their homes.

An Engine-Room Affair

By Arthur H. Henderson

THE Honorable John Oswald had quite enough money of his own without there being any need for him to spend his time driving marine engines for such wages as accrue from that somewhat precarious pursuit. His many friends did not understand it; neither did they approve. For months he would live decorously at his rooms in Piccadilly, and behave as an ordinary mortal of his class. Then he would disappear. Later some acquaintance would remark that he had met Oswald masquerading as engineer on a Norwegian tripper, or patching a donkey boiler on a Highland coasting steamer. This was unnecessary and erratic. Therefore it was also foolishness.

He had served his time with a Clyde firm, and had extracted various special steam certificates out of the examiners of the Board of Trade. He never boasted, but his knowledge of marine engineering extended from the oscillating type of a penny steamboat to the latest form of turbine. He was reported to have assisted at the tinkering up of the flaw-shattered tail shaft of the liner Ocean Queen with a thousand souls on board in mid-Atlantic in an equinoctial gale; and he was said to have nearly lost his life when the tubes of a patent water-tube boiler blew out on Lord Lysington's craft half yacht and half gunboat—in the Caribbean Sea. Then he would come home, and duly attend at Ascot and at Henley like a rational person. He could discuss with equal acumen the skirt dancing of the latest professional, or the recent eccentricities of a bilge pump. He had patented a new injection valve; he was an authority on the differing qualities of steam coals. He could tell you, if he liked, of a side of sea life known solely to firemen and greasers. Wherefore, it was not to be wondered at if he came to be regarded askance by the cautious old-fashioned parents of a certain most charming maiden.

When Jack Oswald first met Nora Graham at a country house in Berkshire, he decided indifferently that he didn't like her. Nevertheless he outstayed his first invitation at the house, and then coolly—as he did most things—requested a second from his host. Soon other visitors learnt tacitly to drop away and leave the two alone. He rode with her; they shared the same punt; she sang to him after dinner. He was a slight fair man with hair just tinging grey around the temples, quiet, active, and determined. She was a tall, dark, graceful girl whose appearance attracted attention everywhere. Directly he realised that he loved her, he asked her gravely to marry him, and—she refused.

The Hon. Jack Oswald forthwith made a voyage to the Black Sea as chief on a grain boat, whose owner was a friend of his, and had no objection to the services of a highly competent engineer at lowest scale wages. Then he quietly returned to his suit as if he had never been rejected, and found that Miss Nora had meantime discovered that she liked him very much indeed. But this was where the parents unexpectedly intervened. There was the stormiest of scenes with old Colonel Graham, and there was a long lovers' walk in Kensington Gardens. This I know because both of them told me about it afterwards on two consecutive days. Then the business seemed to drop. Jack said she was far too precious to be worried more than possible, and he must wait till something should turn up to help them. Such waiting, however, is wearisome.

In June the Grahams departed to the Mediterranean for a two months' holiday on the Queen of England—one of those pleasure steamers with a mixed company of tourists, a brass band, and an itinerary which enticed the unwary by the allurements of Carthage, Athens, and Constantinople. I went in her too, and I thought Miss Nora looked a little tired with life when I met her on the tender at Tilbury. She seemed quite pleased to see me, and asked rather shyly if I knew where Jack was. I didn't; all trace of him had been lost for six weeks, until a bearded, grimy individual emerged from the engine-room hatchway one evening after dinner off Cadiz, and requested me to give him a pipeful of English tobacco.

I handed over a spare tin of my best. That second engineer was Oswald. He warned me against the spreading of scandal, and I undertook the conveyance of a certain message for him to the saloon. He knew I should hold my tongue, and he was really in love, and suffering seriously.

Mrs Graham is my aunt; I don't think I have mentioned that before. A week later she confided to me that Nora was a good girl, and seemed really getting over that unfortunate attachment to the Oswald man very well indeed. In fact, she would have been certain it was all forgotten had not her daughter betrayed rather more interest in the ship's engines than was quite seemly in a lady passenger. However, these engineers, as far as Mrs Graham could see, were a harmless hairy lot. (I afterwards heard that Nora had spoken in the strongest disparagement of Jack's pseudo-beard so that he had nearly cast it from him furnacewards.) Colonel Graham lived in the smoking-room, where he told the same stories with regularity, and Mrs Graham slumbered for an undue portion of each day. Consequently, when I found that Miss Nora had sufficiently overcome that feminine fastidiousness on the subject of oil to pay surreptitious visits to the regions of crank and cylinder, I was not surprised. Though it was all undoubtedly very wrong and deceitful.

Oswald always avowed that the weeks of that cruise were the hardest in his life. When he was off duty he would see Miss Graham playing deck games with fascinating men who were only too anxious to flirt with her. When he was on duty it was worse, because imagination pictured her encouraging them artlessly. There were the usual concerts and a dance, when he was even driven to stuff up his ears with cotton waste, which no engineer, who feels the pulse of his engines by sound as much as by any other sense, should do. He says no one can appreciate the peculiarities of a passenger vessel properly till he has experienced them from the point of view of a second engineer. The moments of compensation when he was actually able to speak to his adored one were few and far between.

One night, towards the end of the voyage, the crisis came; sometimes it does. The weather was fearfully hot, and the Balearic Islands lay abeam mistily. When you moved on the deck you panted with the exhaustion of the effort, and down in the engine-room the heat must have been terrific. I felt that something was going to happen, because everybody lay about on chairs so complainingly, and gasped. Thunder clouds rolled up from the southward, and fierce lightning streaks glinted through the distant blackness. We were steaming sluggishly into a storm.

The clack-clacking of the engines worried me unreasonably, and I knew that Oswald was down below on watch, sitting and talking to that machinery in lonely solitude. Sudden from the depths came a muffled crash, followed by the hiss of escaping steam which surged through the engine-room skylight in a manner no steam should do. A hoarse shout rang startled through the smother. Then the heavy vibration of the whirring propeller ceased abruptly, and there was a moment of nerve-trying silence.

An engineer raced along the deck in his shirt sleeves with visible perturbation. This in itself was unusual. The skipper betook himself to the bridge with speed, and without apology for his abrupt departure from a circle of admiring ladies whom he was entertaining at the time. Next the electric light went out, and amid the confusion and the darkness Nora Graham was clutching my arm, and I heard her voice saying to me quite quietly:

"Take me to him, please, at once!"

Never was an occasion when a girl had less business in an engine-room. Yet she got there, no one seeming to heed her in the turmoil. She swung herself lightly down the slippery iron ladders, deftly clinging to the shining handrails between the narrow platforms. A steady clattering clang floated up through the stokehold gratings.

The situation was serious—you could read this in the strained white faces streaked with oil and coal dust that were wrestling with that maze of bright machinery. Having all a passenger's sublime ignorance of the details of the engines on which their lives may depend, I cannot explain exactly what had happened. Something connected with the high-pressure engine had blown away suddenly, and they carried the first engineer, who had been there at the time, a limp, senseless burden, which was not good to look at, into his cabin, where the doctor shut himself up with resolution. Something else had promptly flung itself about wildly, and the next thing had jammed, and bits of flying steel had smitten other pieces of adjacent steel in a manner that cracked and embarrassed delicate cranks and levers. The result appeared—even I could see this—a state of chaos that was unsettling. And meanwhile, since the skipper—with a view to giving his passengers something to look at through their binoculars and amuse themselves by talking about—had laid his course that afternoon as close to the islands as he dared, the Queen of England was now drifting helplessly towards an evil shore in a six-knot current and a rising sea. Abeam an ominous flash came and went at regular intervals, growing staringly brighter through the darkness. This was the glare of the lighthouse perched above certain vindictive rocks, which in the finest of weather are disliked by the mariner, and for which it is difficult to see any use in the economy of Nature.

"In forty minutes we shall be ashore if you cannot get some way on her," said the captain's voice, and the labouring coal-begrimed men in a dilapidated clothes set their teeth hard to their task. A figure, face and hands black with oil and sweat crawled giddily from some curious depth on to an upper platform, and his breathing quickened. It was Oswald. His eyes were very tired, but into them there came a sudden gleam as he saw the girl he loved.

Nora Graham was in the evening dress she had worn at dinner. Her throat was bare, and her white arms shone strangely in the light of a flickering oil lamp that smoked evilly. Her hair was badly rumpled, and a coil of it had loosened and strayed over her small shoulder. She made a winsome picture standing there in the dimness against the dull background of machinery. On deck they were hoisting out the boats with speed.

"I was coming to find you," said Jack Oswald swiftly.

The girl looked at him quietly. "Oughtn't you to stay there below?"

"Yes."

"Isn't there any chance of mending it all in time?"

"Not much; a little perhaps."

Her eyes dilated. "Then why are you leaving your post?"

"To take care of you. Nothing else matters."

"Where is the first engineer?"

"Dead, I expect," was the grim answer.

"And you are the second——"

"Yes."

"Then what are you doing here?" She stamped her small foot and spoke as if he were a naughty child. "Go back at once!"

"Will you go up to the boats then?" he demanded. Something he read in her face seemed to steady him.

"No. I shall wait here—for you."

"Then I shall take you on deck," said Jack Oswald, determinedly.

There was a moment's pause. Then the girl spoke, so low her voice was almost a whisper:

"Do you really love me—still?"

"I have loved you always."

"Then show it," she said, fearlessly. "And go back below—for me."

The tense lines of the man's mouth relaxed. His arms went round her roughly, and for a second he held her close, her head nestling against his coat collar. Then he kissed her, and the colour leapt to her face like a flame. Next minute he swung himself down the ladder again, only calling to me—hitherto unheeded—as he went.

"You must look after her if I can't. And unlace those boots of yours, old fellow—now!"

My nerves were a little out of order, and I suggested to my companion a prompt return on deck. She remarked with serene unconcern that I might go if I liked, but that she should stay where she was. I remember some slight annoyance over this at the time. She followed up her expressed intention by seating herself calmly on the grating, where the grease spoilt her frock. Of course, it was folly pure and simple, but she declined to heed me at all. So she remained on that upper engine-room platform waiting stilly for whatever fate should send her, to be met together with her lover below. Some women are made like that—the best of them. I also stayed there, because I had been given charge of the first girl who had ever made me realise that love was a real thing. Also Jack Oswald was my friend.

It was uncommonly dull sitting there halfway up the engine-room by the side of the main steam-pump with one's thoughts of what was about to happen for company. My predominant desire was for a smoke, and I had left my matches in the cabin. The steam-gauge by the starting-gear, with its stupid staring dial, irritated me senselessly. Thirty of the forty minutes allowed by the captain had passed, and I seemed to hear a dull roar above the noise on deck; probably it was fancy—it might have been breakers. Nora Graham's face was white and drawn. I remember reflecting that women never look their best at sea. In fact, I came to the conclusion that they ought not to go there at all.

Suddenly without warning, just as the strain of waiting was becoming very bad, the electric light sprang out again, and blessed rays of wholesome brightness flashed over the polished surfaces of crossheads and levers. There followed a hearty shout up the speaking-tube, and the sharp welcoming of the indicator from the bridge. Huge shafts gradually revolved, and again the longed-for whirr of the propeller vibrated through the big ship. Above the slow clank of the moving machinery a faint cheer from on deck penetrated to the engine-room depths below. The Queen of England was saved.

A tattered figure ran triumphantly up a ladder, and Nora Graham rose quickly to her feet. A very dirty hand went recklessly round the thin white dress, and left an oily stain there. A grubby pair of lips smudged a soft cheek as Oswald kissed his girl for the second time that night.

"Don't Jack!" she cried, in alarm. "Someone will see us."

He kissed her again, and I withdrew. It was only what other men are always doing to others girls, but the circumstances were unusual, and I was not needed there at the moment. So I joined certain jubilant shadows that danced about wildly behind the smoke-stack on the streaming deck—till someone suggested an adjournment to the saloon for champagne. I looked over the side of the ship, and I never want to be quite so close to that portion of the Balearic Isles again. It does not look healthy from the sea, but thanks to those fellows below in the engine-room—and above all to a slender white figure who had kept their chief there—the outline of the land was rapidly growing more indistinct. A little later the skipper joined us at the table, and wiped his brow. Then he called sharply to the steward:

"Take my compliments to the second engineer, and ask him if he can safely spare a few minutes. Tell him to come here just as he is."

When Jack appeared, which he did with manifest reluctance, it was a curious scene to see those white-shirted, high-collared men and daintily dressed women, cheering him with unrestrained excitement. He partook modestly of a whisky-and-soda, and kept his back turned with care to that corner of the saloon where Colonel Graham stood on a seat and shouted. A retired Indian Commissioner proposed a general testimonial, and proceeded to draft it on the spot. Miss Nora had managed to squeeze up close to the hero of the hour, and her eyes shone enchantingly.

After the hubbub had somewhat subsided, the gentleman with the testimonial inquired weightily of the skipper the name of their preserver.

"Mr J. Oswald," replied the captain with cordial interest.

"The Honourable John Oswald," corrected a girl's clear voice, though the owner of the voice was breathlessly rosy at the moment.

A sudden shrill squeak betrayed the presence of my revered aunt. She burst through the amazed throng of passengers, and I heard Colonel Graham say, "Good Lord!" quite distinctly.

Then it was that the second engineer turned with a quick movement and caught his sweetheart's hand brazenly before them all, in a tight grasp, as if resolved to keep her against all comers. Explanations occurred tumultuously, and everybody talked at once. And the parental blessing that eventually followed was public, but not perfunctory. In fact, it made a very pretty romance, and the passengers never ceased to discuss it all the remainder of the voyage home to Southampton. Personally, I used to visit the engineers' quarters and listen quite patiently while Jack discoursed on the perfect nature of woman. Though it has never been my own fortune to win the love of a girl, yet I understand a little now what such love must be worth since I have looked into Nora's dark eyes and seen there the happiness which had come.

The last time I saw Jack was in Piccadilly, after the honeymoon.

"It is just the best thing on earth," he said, in answer to my inquiries, "to be married to the woman you love." Then, such is the inconsistency of human nature, he added almost regretfully, "But I have had to cut my engineering."

"Poor chap!" said I.

Sometimes I wonder what would have happened to us all if the lady, who is now the Honourable Mrs John Oswald, had acted differently that night.

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Here and There

The Bishop and the Beer.

A teetotal bishop in a big country centre was driving to his home, five miles out of town, recently, when his buggy broke down. Leaving it at a wayside blacksmith's, he set out to finish his journey on foot, but when a waggoner came along and offered him a lift, he gladly scrambled to a seat beside the driver. He noticed several people smiling as they passed, but the significance of their amusement was lost upon him until he was within a few yards of his home, and the local bank manager encountered him with a broad grin on his face. "I think I'll be a teetotaller myself," he remarked. "How's that?" asked the bishop, still wondering. "Well," explained the bank manager, "I've always got in in by the bottle. If I turn a teetotaller I'll get it by a cartload at a time." The bishop glanced behind him, and noticed, for the first time, that the waggon belonged to the local brewery, and he had been driving in front of 100 dozen bottles of beer.

Billets for Girls.

Billets for girls, generally so scarce, are at a premium in Sydney just now (writes "Rex" in the "Australasian"). Christmas week off is generally the stipulation of the "general servant" before engaging, and no matter if her mistress has a house full of visitors she holds her to this agreement. At such times, when the housewife is in despair, the "lady cook" steps in, and for double pay undertakes the kitchen management. Few of the guests know, as they comment on a beautifully cooked dinner, that "the chef" is an old school chum, or, perhaps, an intimate friend, for the "lady cook" remains incognito till her task is ended. Other girls offer themselves as caretakers, and with a chum have a good time at some one else's expense. On the mountains a leading resident offered a cottage rent free to any one undertaking the Christmas music at the church for one Sunday, while other girls get a change and expenses paid to the seaside with the care of a few children during holiday time.

Life and Sleep.

One of the newest fads of the medical world is the sleep cure. According to the physician who has sought to introduce his ideas among the Parisians one sleeps entirely too little. It is his argument that one lives a certain length of time, and that this time (sickness not considered) is extended over a long or short period according to the temperament of the person. He cites in support of his theory the longevity of the negroes and declares that they attain a ripe old age simply because they sleep when work is not absolutely essential.

His treatment consists of sending his patient to bed and making him sleep. Eight hours a day one may leave his bed and mingle with the world as he pleases, but not only must the other sixteen be spent in bed, but the patient must actually be asleep.

On his discharge the patient is warned that if he would live his allotted time he must husband his waking hours by spending as much time in sleep as possible. The physician declares that with a child properly trained to sleep twelve to fourteen hours out of the twenty-four the attainment of the hundredth year would be a matter of course and not an occurrence of rarity.

Mr. Jerome and Salad Dressing.

Mr Carl Hentschel tells the following story of the days when he, as the original of "Harris," was one of "Three Men in a Boat" (to say nothing of the dog). One day while on the river they were just about to lunch when a terrific thunderstorm came on. They managed to get the awning up over the boat, and then proceeded to lunch in almost total darkness. Salad figured in the bill of fare, but neither "Harris" nor "George" (who is now a bank manager) nor "Montmorency" liked the taste of it, and passed it on. "J.," Mr Jerome K. Jerome, of course, however, said that, although it was perhaps a little rich, it was a good, satisfying salad, and if the others didn't like it he would finish it himself, which he did. When the storm passed away and they could see properly again they discovered that in the darkness they had inadvertently "dressed" the salad with kerosene oil instead of the usual condiment. "J.," so Mr Hentschel avers, was afraid to smoke for the rest of the day lest he might catch fire. I am reminded that on November 24th the O.P. Club will pay the genial "Carl," as he is to his hosts of friends, a well-deserved honour in the shape of a complimentary Bohemian dinner in recognition of his services twenty-two years ago as the pioneer of the movement which resulted in the establishment of the Playgoers' Club.

Were I a Rose.

Were I a rose no thorn should dare
Wound thy dear hand, e'en though you chose
My choicest flow'r to pluck and wear,
Were I a rose.

Were I the sun, no' ray should e'er
Cause thee my ardent beams to shun.
I'd kiss to gold thy rippling hair,
Were I the sun.

Were I the sea, no wave should curl,
No tempest cause thee fear of me.
I'd yield to thee my choicest pearl,
Were I the sea.

But being just a man, my sweet,
I simply do the best I can,
So lay my heart down at thy feet,
Being a man.

—Allan Dunn, in "Sunset."

Leagues Under the Sea.

The bottom of the sea is an unknown region to most folk, yet it is an instructive and interesting subject which is well worth studying. To some extent it is comparable with the land, having plains, valleys, hills, a variety of soils, many climates, and special races of inhabitants.

About 140 millions of square miles constitute this vast submarine space, and the average depth is 2,500 fathoms, or 15,000 feet—a little less than the height of Mont Blanc.

Many years elapsed before scientists agreed that animal life of an abundant and varied character existed at the bottom of the sea at depths formerly supposed to be quite or nearly devoid of life. The earliest known instance of living animals being brought up from great depths in the ocean occurred in the Arctic Expedition of 1818, when worms and a star-fish were obtained. There is now a concensus of opinion that animals of all the marine invertebrate classes, as well as fishes, exist over the ocean bed, even to a depth of 4000 fathoms.

The enormous pressure and utter darkness do not seem to influence animal life to any great extent, but other things do. For instance, the fine mud brought down to the Mediterranean Sea by the Rhone, Nile, and other rivers is unfavourable to the existence of the denizens of the deep.

The Book of Books.

The Royal prerogative is required for the Bible to be printed.

A guinea reward is offered to anyone who first detects an error in a Bible.

The Book is among the best-printed and cheapest in the world.

The Authorised Version consists of the translation produced in 1611, and only that is included in the prerogative.

The oldest known manuscript of the Bible is now being exhibited at the British Museum. It was made in the ninth century.

Only about 6 guineas a year is demanded as a reward for the detection of errors, despite the fact that the editions are continually scanned by practised eyes.

The smallest Bible ever printed is called the "Brilliant" Bible, from being set in small type known to printers by that name. This book is three and three-quarter inches in length, two and one-half inches in breadth, and three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and weighs less than three ounces.

The Revised Version was made in 1870-84, and the copyright, or the right to print and publish it, was purchased from the revisers by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

Excepting the whale, not a single species of fish is named in the Bible.

The bare text of the Authorised Version contains 773,692 words, with 3,566,480 letters.

London, Oxford, and Cambridge are the only places permitted to publish the Bible in England.

The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times; in the New Testament, 10,684 times.

Wickliffe's Bible was the first translation made into the English language. It was translated by John Wickliffe, about 1384, but never printed.

In over thirty-three instances languages have for the first time been reduced to writing, in order to give the people speaking them the privilege of reading the Bible.

It is estimated that there are now 148,000,000 copies of the Bible in circulation, as against 5,000,000 copies at the commencement of the nineteenth century.

The "Vinegar" Bible" is an Oxford edition, published about 1717, of the authorised version. The parable of the vineyard appears in the chapter heading to Luke xx. as "the parable of the vinegar."

Since its formation, in 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society has had a share, direct or indirect, in translating the Bible into more than three hundred languages or dialects. It has put into circulation more than 104,000,000 Bibles and Testaments.

Fun Among the Shearers.

Some droll things are seen at the shearers' huts on wet days, or at night, when the hours are whiled away in mild diversion of a distinctly original kind. I well remember the trial of a wool-classer back in the eighties (says a writer in "Town and Country"). There were about 70 men on the roll, and, among these, were several exceedingly smart fellows, who had gained some legal experience in earlier days. One, in particular, made a splendid advocate. And, when the court sat to try the wool-classer for striking a tarboy, the learned judge and crown prosecutor found themselves in a tight corner. The court, however, was strictly decorous, and the sergeant's "Silence in the court!" suppressed all attempts at levity, even among the folks for the homestead, who came to enjoy the fun. The judge sat grave, in real sheepskin wig, and listened to a fervid appeal of the learned counsel for the defence. But the accused had a bevy of witnesses against him, who poured in

such volleys of damning evidence that the jury returned a verdict of guilty within five minutes after retirement, and the wool-classer was sentenced to three hours' solitary confinement in the wool-press on the following Sunday afternoon, at 3 p.m. Before that time arrived, however, he and the aggrieved tarboy were on friendly terms again, and it was thought by some that the convict would squeeze out on the lines of Sydney's influentials, through some lache of the law, or square the court somehow. But when 3 p.m. came, the police seized him, and shot him into the wool press, and there he stayed his sentence out. On being released, he threatened actual law proceedings, but a young solicitor on a visit at the station calmed him down, and "peace with honour" was arranged. Sometimes the sentence ordered the shaving off of a proud moustache or side levers, or even a full beard. And the court saw that its decree was obeyed.

British Motor-car Triumphs.

The British-made motor-car is steadily but surely ousting the foreign manufactured car from the home market.

This is the opinion of Mr S. F. Edge, who writes to the London "Express" that, practically for the first time in the history of the motor-car trade, it was found at the exhibition at Olympia that British manufactures and British ideas are being copied to an enormous extent by the leading firms of France and other countries.

"It will be familiar to motorists," says Mr Edge, "that up to 1902 the British article was rather scorned, rightly or wrongly, by foreigners. But in that year a great change came over affairs. Mr Napier built a motor-car with a powerful engine and a chainless drive, and sent it over for the Gordon-Bennett race.

"The foreigner looked on and smiled. He had never succeeded in making a car on these lines, and therefore he wrote it down as bad. But he was wrong. Thanks to the bad roads the car had to travel over, it was proved that of all the cars that started only the British-built car was correctly designed for high speed over rough roads.

"After this sweeping victory many people realised that it was possible to buy good motor-cars in Britain, and the trade has steadily grown until this year we are manufacturing at least as many cars as we have imported, and each of the next three years will see an increase. At the end of that time I anticipate that Great Britain will manufacture all the cars it uses, and that there will be almost a cessation of imports.

"Three years ago our manufacturers were taunted with being copyists of the foreign makers. To-day we see magnificent British workmanship at Olympia, and foreign firms in the position of copyists of English models, particularly the six cylinder principle."

Hunting Orang-outang.

Trapping the smaller members of the monkey family is a comparatively easy matter, but the hunter who wishes to secure live specimens of the orang-outang cannot have recourse to the usual methods, and has to employ a laborious process.

The process is based upon the fact that the orangs have a liking for certain trees, and frequent these to the exclusion of other nearby growths. They seem to regard them as a sanctuary, and flee to them in time of danger.

Ascertaining a tree particularly favoured, the hunter first drives his quarry to its branches, then, while his beaters keep up a din for the purpose of preventing an attempt at escape, the natives are set to work to chop at the trees within a radius of fifty feet all round the station fortress.

No trunk is cut completely through, but is left with just enough nibs to hold the tree in position. This work is quickly accomplished with the large corps of servants, and at a signal one of the trees is toppled over.

The chopping has been so done that the falling tree carries with it its neighbours, and in a twinkling of an eye the trees within a radius of fifty feet from the marked tree lie upon the ground, leaving the orang-outangs with no opportunity for getting away through their leafy avenues of escape.

The remainder of the process simply consists of chopping down the tree of refuge and throwing nets over the escaping orangs, in which they soon become entangled in their efforts to throw off the encumbrance.

My Tailor's Bill.

'Tis ever thus. My noblest aberration
Results in wisdom — after the event;
I never yet confirmed an obligation
Of which I didn't bitterly repent;
I never paid a tailor's bill
(And after this I never will!)
But that I shivered for the precedent.

* * * * * *

Brief was the scene, yet moving while it lasted,
At the first shock, when he beheld the Bean,
The bobbie fellow looked quite flabbergasted,
Turned a pale green, and seemed about to swoon;
While all his chorus-girl tailor-hood
Marvelled, and praised me where I stood
Balmily beaming, like the bland, grave, Moon.

Anon, with watery smile and due obeisance,
He bore the rare and curious receipt,
And gave me peace; and I, in full complaisance,
Patted him thrice; and moved upon my beat,
Pending merit, till the mood
Wanes, and I felt strange doubts obtrude,
If, in my action, I had been discreet.

True that to such impulsive generosity
Self-approbation lends a fleeting charm,
Yet, save we learn to curb impetuosity,
Our afterthoughts will fill us with alarm:
For jumper's dole and Tailor's cheque
Alike may bring a soul to wreck,
And Charity may do a power of harm.

Ay, many a vessel's lot has thus been blighted;
Mea have been unrat, even to excess;
When lo! a windfall came! They got excited,
Threw off their cloak of frugal stodginess,
Rose up, and did so carry on
That they, and all their dross, have gone
Down to Gehenna, leaving no address.

I trust that no such prodigal backsliding
May here my gentle Tailor to his fall,
The loss of one so patient, so confiding,
Would do me injury beyond recall.
His homely faith is much to me;
And, failing him, I fail to see
Whom I should honour, how be clothed withal.

And what if in his breast the Bun should waken?
What if I have but edged his Vampire-tooth?
And he should be so grievously mistaken
As to suck blood — more blood! and, void of ruth,
With foul and ghoulish lust assail
His unsuspecting clientele?
The dear gods hold him! This from "me," forsooth.

Myself, I fear him not. But much I tremble
Lest he should pass the news to other ears,
And round my gates a ravening horde assemble,
Sharp with the concentrated hopes of years.
Thinking again optimistic to find
Their patron squeezably inclined,
Till I be wearied of their vile arrears.

It is such doubts as these that come in legions;
Such thoughts as these that pierce me to the core,
While deep, deep down in mine interior regions
I hear my muffled inward monitor
Mourning the loss of such a sum
To that financial vacuum
Which as a child of Nature, I abhor!

Some Famous Pens.

Ordinary quill pens were used for signing the Portsmouth treaty. The preliminaries of peace between France and Germany, and the subsequent treaty of Frankfort, were signed by Bismarck with elaborately-prepared golden pens. The pen used for the Versailles preliminaries was presented by ladies of fashion, and the treaty of Frankfort was signed by a pen presented to Bismarck by a South German admirer, and is now in the Bismarck Museum at Schönhausen.

The drawing up of the Russo-Japanese treaty in two languages, French and English, not the mother tongues of the high contracting Powers, is a departure from modern usage. Until about the beginning of the eighteenth century, treaties between the European Powers were, as a general rule, written in Latin. Since that time it has become customary for the representatives of countries speaking different languages to prepare treaties in the tongue of each of the contracting parties in parallel columns. As an exception to the general rule, most of the treaties of the United States with Russia are written in French.

The Cost of Being Lord Mayor.

Although in the city the Lord Mayor takes precedence of everyone, including the Prince of Wales, with the exception of the King, who on State occasions asks permission to enter the famous square mile, the post is anything but a sinecure, as the holder must be prepared not only to give up his time, but also to give up from £10,000 to £15,000 of his hard-earned money. Fortunately for the Chief Magistrate, his rate of expenditure on the first day of office shows a considerable falling off during the remaining 364, otherwise the probabilities are that he would end his tenure in straitened circumstances. Fortunate for him also is the well-established precedent that renders the two Sheriffs, who receive no salary whatever, liable for one-half of the official expenditure on Lord Mayor's Day, which ought by rights to be styled Lord Mayor's and Sheriffs Day.

Fifty years ago the good citizens of London and the exalted persons invited to the banquet were in every way satisfied with a celebration costing £2700, but by degrees the procession became more elaborate, and in 1889, when Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs wore the famous jewelled collar—for which each succeeding Lord Mayor has to make a deposit before he receives it—the expenditure reached the high water mark. If the total sum spent on that occasion by the Chief Magistrate and his "eyes" (the Sheriffs) had been spread over the whole day, the expenditure (£5100) would have worked out at £212 10 per hour. In these later days the Lord Mayor's share of the bill should not exceed £2000, and may as in 1899, when the accounts showed that the pageant and the banquet cost £3000, be considerably less. It is undoubtedly London's greatest distinction to sit in the seat of honour in a gilt coach weighing four tons that cost £1,055 3/, when it left Cipriani's hands in 1757, and which, at an average of £70 per annum, has cost £10,000 since that date in repairs, but it is a distinction that only a rich man could afford.

If Women Proposed to Men.

If ever it comes to pass that women do the courting and proposing, it will be truly delicious to see the marked improvement which will take place in the general behaviour of men. They will be so nervous of not getting any proposals that they will always be on their best behaviour.

Think of the excitement when a rich heiress appeared on the scene! Hitherto it has been man's privilege to lead a girl to believe that he meant to propose to her, and when it came to the point to fold his tent, like the Arab, and silently steal away, leaving the girl to break her heart or wear the willow in any way she pleased. Therefore, it might do some men good if the tables were turned, and a little heartache and disappointment were meted out to them.

If women did the proposing, it would be interesting to watch the men who would get the most attention. Some of them, of course, would become unbearably conceited, and some of those who are most conceited now would be the most astonished men in the world.

At dances men would learn how it feels to be a wallflower. The poor, shy man, who finds it impossible to propose to a woman, would find it equally impossible to refuse her, and that type of bachelor would speedily become extinct.

The man who is gentle and considerate in his manner towards women, and treats them as though they knew something more than how to make beds and cake, would be wildly popular, and would be sure to marry the first season out.

There is one kind of man that would not get a single proposal—he who never thinks it worth while to explain things to women. She would get her revenge for generations of slights received from these lords of creation.

On what equal terms the old maid and the old bachelor would meet! No longer would the former have to bear all the brunt of the jokes and criticisms.

Sydney's Bottle-eating Shark.

The Port Jackson bottle-oh shark is a new species that begins to look for a job about Christmas time, writes "Barrier" to the "Town and Country." Fishermen say he is about 8ft. long, and whenever he spins across the harbour he rattles like a glass works in full blast. Empty bottles, even when corked, have a knack of disappearing in mid-harbour. Some fishermen say that the shark takes them in on general principles; others aver that the bottle-oh's boys sweep the harbour fore and aft during a holiday season. The greynurse and bullhead sharks seem to know when Christmas is at hand. One of the man-eating variety followed our picnic launch from Middle Head to the Spit punt recently. Couldn't shake him off. At Balmoral we took in a cargo of rocks and missiles, and started dropping them on his dorsal fin whenever he swished under our keel. Once let a bullhead think you are playing bowls on his wicket, and he will make himself at home in your vicinity. If you go for a dip, he will take a friendly interest in your movements, until you decide that a dry bath is safest. When he discovers that you have a dog on board, he will hide near a shark-coloured shoal until someone urges the bow-wow to get wet. Our friendly bullhead followed us from point to point, until one of the party, an old fisherman's daughter, whipped up her red-striped parasol, turned it ferrule down to the water, and twirled it violently with both hands. That shark did a mile in seven seconds. We didn't see him again. He probably stayed away to explain to the other sharks that we had a circular volcano on board. The fisherman's daughter told us that the Port Jackson man-eater doesn't like funny shadows. A valuable pup belonging to a swagger launch fell overboard recently. An unemployed bullhead slewed up took the pup's measure, and cut in like the busy end of a flash of lightning. The cook of the launch snatched a white tablecloth, and spread it on the water alongside the struggling pup. Shark decided to look in again the day after to-morrow. Said the cook afterwards: "Hif yer ain't got a table cloth, unfold a news-paper."

The Ordeal by Fire.

The really strong scene of the play had arrived, and the amateur hero braced himself for the effort. The house into which the wily villain had entrapped him was on fire, and his thrilling escape from the burning structure was where he was going to bring down the house.

"I am choking!" he cried. "The smoke is overpowering me!"

That would have been all right, except for the fact that there was no smoke, and it seems unreal to choke with smoke when there isn't any smoke to choke with.

"The flames!" he cried. "The flames—I feel them!"

But the flames were absent also. He glanced into the wings, and realised what had happened. Someone had damped the red fire.

It was a moment of terrible strain. Nothing relieved the situation, and he lost his head, and rambled on about the fire that no one could see. It was awful, and it was worse when a big brute in the gallery bellowed forth:

"Never mind the fire, guv'nor! Get on with your job!"

And then the actor laughed a wild, maniacal laugh, and the kindly curtain came down.

ROYALTY IN INDIA

Impressions of the Prince's Tour

From the "N.Z. Graphic" Special Correspondent

AGRA, December 2.

The Prince's visit to India is a strange admixture of Oriental pomp and stereotyped Western form, but the latter largely predominates. For one thing, the gaunt spectre of famine, that most dreaded bugbear of India since time immemorial, is stalking through the land. Throughout the north-west it is felt. In some places its grip has settled firmly on the people, notably in portions of Rajputana: in others it is more a hovering cloud on the horizon, the growing nature of which a people who have been bred to fear it but too plainly recognise and shrinkingly dread. Famine has had no inconsiderable share in framing the Royal itinerary. As an example of this I may mention that here where I write in Delhi a great review was contemplated, but had to be abandoned. There is no forage available locally for the concentration of a large number of horses, and if that difficulty were surmounted by railing it from quarters more favoured the absence of a sufficiency of water would still be a barrier. The feature of the dinner given by the Maraja of Jaipur in honour of the Prince's visit was that ruler's announcement of a further personal donation of four lakhs of rupees (about £26,000) to the famine fund. The consequence of this threatened evil, with all its attendant horrors, has been a laudable effort to make the progress of the Royal couple as little ostentatious as possible, and the endeavour to curb that lavish waste of money characteristic of traditional Indian pageantry has been largely successful in its accomplishment. The Prince is neither giving to nor receiving presents from the native rulers, and with, perhaps, the exception of some of the native States, that pomp and display that made the visit of the present King in 1875 such a remarkable demonstration is lacking. As an instance: When the then Prince of Wales made his entry into Agra the procession that accompanied him from the station had extended its gorgeous length for two miles round the old fort before he had so much as left the precincts of the station buildings. For its whole length it was a glittering snake of colour encircling the red sandstone walls of the famous fort, a chain in which Raja and Maraja moved majestically in the splendour of their richly jewelled silks on handsomely caparisoned elephants, and the horses of their bodyguards pranced and curvetted in almost equally rich trapping, or, in some cases, imperturbable looking camels more sedately carried their attendants. When the present Prince and his consort alight next week at Agra, after a small reception on the platform, they will drive in an open carriage with a mounted escort to Government House, and if the colour question could be overlooked there will be nothing to distinguish their progress from, say, the passage from Circular Quay, Sydney, to Government House on Man-o'-war Bay, or from Queen-street Wharf to the prettily situated building on the Crescent, unless it is that in Agra they will move more quickly. It is the minor character of the Oriental note that at once forcibly strikes the colonial or Englishman new to India in the greater part of the receptions and functions marking the Royal progress. And yet the English in India are a handful of thousands and the native is numbered in his scores of millions.

ARRIVAL AT BOMBAY.

The Renown, looking quite yachtlike for a vessel of her formidable build and proportions, dropped anchor in the beautiful bay on which Bombay is situated on the morning of November 9. This was not the date originally fixed, and the modification of the first programme may therefore be said to have made it a coincidence that the Prince should first set foot on Indian soil on the birthday of King Edward. In the bay were the flagship of the Indian station and several cruisers, and in addition the Government had concentrated its fleet of a few ships, including the Dalhousie, which will be remembered in colonial waters as the floating home of the contingent sent to see the colonies and be seen. A Portuguese man-o'-war had also steamed in the previous day from Lorenzo Marques, and so when the lot started blazing away to signalise the arrival, and had in addition to honour the birth of King Edward, what with the assistance of the shore forts, there was as good an imitation of a bombardment as anyone could wish to see.

That much-discussed person, Lord Curzon, about whom many Anglo-Indians cannot say too much in praise, and possibly a greater number cannot say too much in blame, was on hand to welcome the Prince and so close his strenuous vice-regal terms of office. Off to the Renown he went, and later was followed by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bombay, Lord Lamington, who, if I remember rightly, served a term as Governor of Queensland. With Lord Lamington were most of the Civic and Government dignitaries for presentation to the Prince. The official landing was not till four o'clock, though the Renown came to her mooring shortly after 11 in the morning. When the Prince and Princess steamed through the fleet every vessel manned including the Dalhousie—he landed at the Apollo Bunder (beloved spot of the Bombayite), at a point between the magnificent Taj Mahal Hotel—the work of the man who built for building's sake—and the artistic yacht club, where there are twelve hundred members and but thirty yachts, and the elite of Bombay meet on the lawn for tea on Tuesdays and Fridays, and, I have heard it maliciously said, to talk scandal. The landing was much what it might have been anywhere. There was an immense canopy—shamiana they call it here—and under this the authorities said to the Prince just those things that would have been said in Ottawa or Capetown, and he replied in just such terms as could be safely foreshadowed by any moderately intelligent person. A picturesque touch was given by the presence of sumptuously attired rajahs, and the fact that one the Maharaja of Kholapur, I believe it was—laid his sword first at the Prince's and then at the Princess' feet. The drive to Government House on the aristocratic Malabar Hill was through the Venetian pole, cheap flag and stereotyped arch decoration common to all countries. In the native quarter, however, the inscriptions were in some instances a trifle unorthodox. One arch had the words blazoned on it, "Tell father we are happy." Along Queen's-road, which is lined with fine shade trees on either side, black faces peered through the heavy foliage like so many monkeys. In one case a poor tree, which had evidently received the proverbial last straw, gave way under the excitement of the Royal approach, and its occupants tumbled on top of a closed carriage and the horse that drew it. It says much for the toughness of the meagre-looking Indian and the quietness of the horses that no one was seriously injured.

THE FUNCTIONS IN BOMBAY

were of the usual character. On the second day the Princess opened a fine new street named after her, and the Prince a people's fair. On the third day the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the Royal Museum of Western India. The present museum is a miserable affair, but the new building in the heart of the city on the crescent—a great open space, affording the finest site in Bombay—promises to be worthy of a country where there is much of interest to collect and a city that can boast so many exceedingly handsome red sandstone buildings. It was on the afternoon of the third day that the Princess attended a lady's purdah reception in the Town Hall, which must, I should imagine, have interested her more than anything else in Bombay. She received distinctive welcomes from Parsi, Hindu, and Mahommedan ladies.

RECEPTION BY THE PARSI LADIES.

A description of the ceremony at the hands of the Parsi ladies will be sufficient to indicate the character of the others, while in itself it was also probably the most quaint. It is styled the Buddha Vihran ceremony, and consisted of an egg and a cocoanut being successfully passed seven times round the head of the Princess, and afterwards broken. The meaning hidden in this ceremonial—quite deeply to those uninitiated—was that if in the seven circles of the world any evil assailed Her Royal Highness, it might be destroyed like the egg and the cocoanut, and in its destruction be turned to good, as the broken egg and nut provide nourishment. Water in a dish was then passed seven times around the head of the Princess, indicating that rain, the sign of plenty in this land, might be her lot, and the throwing of a handful of rice over her head symbolised that she might have such an abundance of food as to be able to scatter it about as a lady bountiful. Finally, the lady performing the ceremony pressed her knuckles against her own temples until they cracked, signifying that the Princess might be invulnerable to all evil. The marking of the brow with red powder in the Hindu Arts' ceremony was dispensed with; so are even the most ancient of forms modified when the comfort of Royalty is involved.

The Parsi community in Bombay is one of the most interesting features of the town. Exiled many years ago from Persia, they command a big financial influence to-day in this part of India. Their ideas as to the disposal of the dead are not in favour with the European population, but no one would venture to deny their gruesome interest. Imbued by their religion with the conviction that the body when life has passed is unclean, and that earth and water, and more especially fire, must not be utilised in its destruction, they have a novel way of overcoming their scruples. On the summit of fashionable Malabar Hill is a beautiful garden. In it are what are known as the Towers of Silence. These are circular structures, the walls of which are about 20ft high. The interiors are paved in the goldiron pattern, sloping down in three divisions to a central well. Through a little black door in the wall the attendants take the body, and, in the case of a man, place it on the topmost part of the gridiron, if a woman on the lower stage, and if a child on the third stage that nearest the well. The vultures, that at any time the visitors may see perched in scores on the walls of the towers, leave little but the bones in the course of half an hour, and when these are dry they are swept into the well, where eventually as dust rich and poor commingle in a way impossible in life. All drainage from the well goes through the most extensive course of filtration before passing into the harbour. The birds are rather repulsive, not only for the reason that they are hideous to gaze upon, but also because they gorge to such repletion that often they are to be seen lying down on their sides on the top of the wall, and Malabar Hill residents are particularly averse to the system, as they have regularly to traverse the road immediately below, and the vultures when distracted and circling overhead are occasionally careless with fragments. But the garden is really beautiful, and too much cannot be said in praise of the way the Parsis keep it. The system would have fewer drawbacks in the middle of the Sahara. But this is somewhat wide of the Prince's tour.

The illuminations in Bombay were really fine, some of the buildings had as many as twenty thousand little variecoloured oil lamps, and, as they were difficult of access and had to be lighted separately, the task was one requiring to be set about the previous day. Bombay is built on an island, and the wide sweep of Back Bay on the opposite side to the shipping port, along the margin of which the main road runs to Malabar Hill, made an especially fine circular sweep of coloured light.

VISIT TO NORTH-WESTERN PROVINCES.

After leaving Bombay for the north-west provinces the Prince's party penetrated country that sustained more the generally accepted idea of Indian magnificence. The landscape hardly fits in with preconceived notions. For the most part it is arid, a desert sparsely covered with the babul tree, the wretched cactus plant, and wholly devoid of that luxuriance of vegetation which is the crowning glory of more habitable regions within the tropics. The cultivations, owing to the absence of the monsoon rains are few and wretched looking this year, and a host of grey monkeys disporting by the wayside is accepted as a welcome relief from a cheerless prospect. But the north-west is the place where the Maharajahs and the lesser native chieftains flourish. At Indore, the first stop made out of Bombay, there were no less than 52 native chiefs present for the Royal arrival. They were especially resplendent at the Durbar next day. A Durbar, it may be explained, is simply the equivalent of an English levee. There is no king below the heavens more gorgeous than a Rajah when he dons his Durbar habiliments. Fancy a coat of silk [illegible] plentifully covered with gold embroidery such as the ellajah of Rutlam [illegible] torily displayed, or a costume [illegible] blue velvet with broad commencement of gold cloth, and [illegible] and gold, such as the very ample pro

portions of the Maharajah of Charkari gladdened the eye with, and attempt to conceive fifty such costumes, and a vast display of glittering jewels, then keep still and conjure up the tout ensemble. It is really a display suited to a Williamson pantomime. Probably the most interesting figure was that of the little Bhegum of Bhopal, who, in her dove-coloured satin and lace veil surmounted by a gold crown, was a quaint little figure, and left the spectator curious as to the face that the light veil so thoroughly hid from view. A garden party at the Residency seems rather a tame business for such an assembly, but that was the extent of the diversion, and the Prince opened the King Edward Hall.

RECEPTION AT UDAIPUR.

Udaipur, the narrow streeted and picturesquely situated, the most Indian of all Indian cities, while it did not present the band of carnival attired native chiefs, introduced an Oriental element that so far had been lacking. Here the State elephant with heavily gilded howdah participated in the reception, while the way was kept by State retainers in chain armour. The Udaipurites retain the right to carry weapons, and every man of any consequence goes about grasping a sword about half way down the scabbard. His ability to put the weapon to use in case of emergency is more than doubtful, but the right to carry weapons has passed from the Indian in most other parts, and the perogative is here jealously guarded. The magnificent white Palace of the Maharajah here on the borders of a lake and extending to the islands on it, is exceptionally fine, and it was magnificently illuminated, as was also the lake when Prince and Princess crossed on the second evening of their visit to a State banquet.

VISIT TO JAIPUR.

In strong contrast to the tortuous ways of Udaipur is Jaipur, with its broad streets laid off at right angles on the most approved principle. Jaipur is, I think, the quaintest town I was ever in. Its buildings, even a great proportion of the Maharajah's Palace, are painted with one shade of paint—something between mauve and pink. It looks as if an enormous shipment of paint had been bought cheap. The colour is relieved by narrow lines of white and designs of a varied description, also in lines of white, the width of which does not vary a fraction of an inch. One unkind correspondent called the painting an imitation of the birthday cake design. To me, as long as I looked above the first storey—some have three, four, and even five storeys—the impression was one of stage scenery, and as if the walls were of the texture of cardboard. Once the eye rested on the ground floor the effect was largely dissipated, for this portion, occupied by little cube-like shops, full of food stuffs and native wares, is anything but stage-like, and the assortment of Roman-nosed goats and fawn-coloured cattle, to say nothing of smaller domestic fry that wander on the pavement and make occasional efforts to rob the grain merchant of his carefully guarded heaps, further destroyed the impression of stageland. The Maharajah levee gave the Prince probably the quaintest reception that he will receive on the present tour. Lined up as a guard at the station were the state swordsmen, or nagas. Their costumes were something to marvel at. They were dressed in tight silk sleeveless vests, with short breeches, the first row in vivid green and the second in brilliant red. Foreheads and limbs were smeared with ochre, and with straight swords quivering in the air and small round shields stuck out in front as they struck menacing attitudes, they were a fearsome sight. On one side of the road to the Residency the Maharajah's twenty elephants were placed at intervals, their huge heads and great flap-like ears painted in intricate designs of red; on the other camels gazed across the road, with a look that I find purely idiotic, and some people regard as deep.

A TIGER HUNT.

It was here that the Prince had his first tiger hunt. Out beyond the magnificent palace of amber, now hardly ever used, in the sparse desert vegetation which by courtesy is called jungle, the machan was erected, and good fortune favoured the hunt, for the beaters brought a tiger within 120 yards of the Prince. Whatever else Prince George may or may not be, he is a fine shot, and at the first essay he brought down the galloping brute, although two further shots were necessary to despatch it. Strangely enough, it was at Jaipur that King Edward encountered and killed his first tiger. A second day's shooting was not fruitful in unearthing another of the kings of the jungle. There was an Oriental strain in the way the Maharajah had the tiger borne into the dining hall for all to see at the State banquet that he gave on the second night of the visit. Animal fighting also the Maharajah of Jaipur provided for his guests, but it was witnessed by the staff only.

And so the Prince passed from Jaipur to a hunting camp at Bikanir. Here a two days' shoot prematurely ended the existence of some thousand or so sand grouse, as well as other small game, and the progress North was resumed.

THE RECEPTION AT LAHORE.

Lahore did not produce anything that was very novel, or I should imagine very entertaining to the visitors, but the same cannot be said of Peshawur. Here almost at the mouth of the famous Khyber Pass, on the uttermost confines of the great Indian Empire, the people themselves are a sufficient change from the north-west provinces to afford an ample diversion. They are a wild people, with whom existence is a hard matter—life is cheap, and feuds bitter and long. Everything they are, also they look, so that the concourse watching the Royal passing from the station to the Gokhatri would rivet the attention and remain long in the memory. The Pathans from the borders, who were so thickly sprinkled through the crowd of more mild Indian types, are not demonstrative by nature, and this occasion did not greatly disturb their impassivity, although they gazed with disturbing fixity and displayed no lack of interest in what was occurring. The Durbar was a marked change from the succession of levees en route. The brilliant costume was absent, but the strong individuality and the fine physique common to the couple of score of border chiefs who attended must have been a welcome change. It was rather amusing to see these same men unbend at the garden party given in the afternoon by Colonel and Mrs Deane at Government House. The function was of a class to which they were somewhat unfamiliar, and their expression of amiability must have been rather a trial to the flesh. In one or two cases either the effort was too great or they did not attempt it, notably Mahdi Khan, the notable Waziri leader. To this old man's influence was attributed most of the attacks of the Waziris in years past. So old that his age has almost become legendary, he is still a tall upright figure, black browed and as rugged as the crags with which he is so familiar. Wrapped in a dull red quilted coat, and his head covered with a black turban, he preserved an air of stern reserve. Possibly, having never given rein to the lighter emotions, he is now too old to express them, and his countenance can but reflect the calm of an exhausted turbulence.

DRIVE INTO KHYBER PASS.

But the most thrilling event of the Heir-Apparent's frontier experiences was his drive into the dread Khyber, though it was unmarked by incident. Possibly it might have been otherwise had not the most elaborate precautions been taken. As the Royal carriage penetrated deeper and deeper into the narrow defiles of this historic pass, and the barren mountains rose frowning on either hand, and more closely shut in the narrow way, not a living being was discernible to the naked eye on the grim mountain sides. But with a glass khaki-clad figures could be picked out on every point of vantage, alert for the slightest movement on the bare hills. Never was the Khyber more closely guarded, and though no untoward incident was anticipated, and the attitude of the tribesmen was believed to be friendly, the care displayed indicated that the time has not yet come when the authorities are prepared to treat the warlike hillmen casually. They pay them the tribute of every precaution on the frontier. Almost on the site of the battle of Ali Majid lunch was prepared. On the suggestion of the Prince the men of the Khyber Rifles made a sham attack on one of the hills at Landi Kotal. Here, after lunch, the Prince and Princess reached the farthest point north that they will touch on their pilgrimage, and, turning, soon had India again before them, with its round of Darbars, programme of official openings, and interludes, that it is to be hoped they will find more amusing, if not equally instructive.

Concerning the Shanty.

The shanty and the shanty-keeper have both bulked large in Australian song and story. Lest any critic might use the above statement in disparagement of the local bard and author, it would (says "E.S.") be as well to state that in the older lands the inn and its host have played no small part in poetry and literature. Good wine and good company have always been good "copy," and the gathering of pilgrims or travellers in wayside inns, and their doings, have served two writers, so far from each other as the author of the "Canterbury Pilgrims" and Longfellow. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at that in Australia the bush inn, licensed or unlicensed, and its keeper and users, should supply the incidents, actions, and scenes of much of our song and story. Writer has experience of shanties on goldfields, coalfields, railway works, and in sundry out of the way districts. Many he knew carried on the sale of drink merely as a side line to keeping boarders or other legitimate trade. This class of shanty generally originated in the requests of its ordinary patrons for the boss or mistress to get a drop of something in, and save them long walks in search of drink to far away towns or licensed houses. In perhaps a dozen different boarding-houses writer has stayed in there was always a bottle or two of grog on hand, and good grog at that—better grog than could be obtained at the nearest hotel. At pay-time a keg of beer would make its appearance, with the result that the boarders and their friends, instead of going to town or the nearest hotel and getting on a debauch, which led to loss of work, and perhaps the sack, got gently mellow, never missed their meals, and were sure of a good reviver in the morning. I have known large employers who preferred the shanty boarding-house to the licensed hotel, and objected strongly to the efforts of the authorities to suppress them at the complaint of regular traders. The contractor had ways of his own of dealing with a shanty if it became a hindrance to his operations; whereas the hotel, which was sometimes a take-down as well as a boozery pure and simple, could defy him and interfere with his operations, and still keep within the law. I have even known employers get up grog and retail it cheap and pure to keep men from going afar and faring worse. Shanties are a subject about which much may be written, much that is humorous, tragic, or pathetic. Owing to the more vigorous liquor laws and their still more vigorous administration, the shanty-keeper is disappearing, but several of him I have known were not bad sorts.

BY "WHALEBONE."

TURF NOTES.

Settling over the A.R.C. Summer Meeting takes place next Monday.

The Ohaupo Racing Club have received record entries for their annual meeting.

Soultfish broke down while contesting the Thames Cup, and is to be treated to a spell.

The racehorses Pharos and Waiwera were shipped back to New Plymouth by the Karawa last Tuesday.

Mr G. G. Stead's team, Huascar, Cuneiform and Nightfall, were shipped to Lyttelton by the Victoria last Tuesday.

E. Cutts left for Lyttelton on Saturday in the Talune with Clanchattan, Kirriemuir, and Glenowlet.

Geo. Price, the well known southern horseman, is at present spending a few days holiday in Auckland.

During the A.R.C. Summer Meeting several would-be purchasers were after Leonator, but no business resulted.

A Southern exchange has it that the Wellington pencillers have decided that when the cash is deposited they will pay out the full dividend.

The brown filly by St. Hippo—Natator mare that appears amongst the nominations for the Takapuna Summer Meeting is a half sister to Leonator.

The negotiations for the purchase of the pony Resurgam were not completed, and the mare is still the property of Mr D. McKinnon.

Mr E. J. Watts' horses, King Billy, Starshoot and Melodeon, in charge of T. Quinlivan, jun., were taken back to Napier by the Victoria last Tuesday.

We have to acknowledge with thanks receipt of complimentary ticket for the Whangarei Racing Club's annual meeting, which takes place on the 12th and 13th inst.

During the A.R.C. Summer Meeting, Mr H. O. Nolan, acting on behalf of a client, asked Mr Stead to put a price on Cuneiform. The answer was that the colt was not for sale.

A large number of local sportsmen intend making the trip to the Whangarei Racing Club's annual meeting, which takes place next Friday and Saturday, the 12th and 13th insts. Excursion fares have been arranged for.

Several of the visiting trainers lost no time in shipping their horses home after the A.R.C. Summer Meeting, and a number of their charges, after racing on the concluding day, were shipped that evening for their various destinations.

Although R. J. Mason shipped his horses home last Tuesday, he did not leave himself, and he has been enjoying a few days' holiday in Auckland. Mason left on Saturday by the Talune in charge of a number of bloodstock purchased at the recent sales.

There was a lot of foul riding in the Pony Race at Ellerslie on the concluding day, and one horse in particular was given a lot of attention. Unfortunately the parties concerned did not deem it advisable to lodge a complaint with the stewards.

The dust nuisance was very prevalent at Ellerslie during the recent summer meeting, and although the authorities made every effort to cope with it by the liberal use of their cart, the high wind blowing brought the dust over in clouds from the Great South Road.

The New Zealand Trotting Association have endorsed the action of the Auckland Trotting Club in awarding the Insulation Handicap to Harold Abdallah. Consideration of the Logan case, reported by the same club, was adjourned until next meeting.

A two-year-old likely to see a much better day is Celtic, by Seaton Delaval—St. Margaretta, owned by Mr M. McLean. Although Celtic failed to gain a winning bracket he showed great promise, and as he has the appearance of one that time will do a lot for, he will probably be seen to better advantage by the autumn.

The totalisator investments for the four days at the A.R.C. summer meeting total the enormous sum of £84,272, an increase of £15,852 on last year's amounts. So far the club are £19,888 10/ ahead on this season's workings. The amount estimated by the Chairman as required to be handled to counteract the exclusion of the bookmakers was about £50,000.

The successful sires at the A.R.C. Summer Meeting were:—Leolantis, Seaton Delaval, Cyrenian, Flintlock, and Multiform, with three winners; Hotchkiss and Jet d'Eau had two each; and Clanranald, St. Leger, Gipsy King, Merriwee, Soult, Torpedo, Phoebus Apollo, Rampart, Menschikoff, Castor, Reynard, Sabretache, and Australian one each.

The list of winning trainers at the recent A.R.C. Meeting is easily headed by C. Coleman with six winners; J. O'Driscoll, T. Quinlivan, Jr., F. Macmanemin had three each; H. French and R. J. Mason had two each; and E. Cutts, T. A. Williams, R. Hall, P. Conway, Lindsay, T. Clark, G. Absolum, J. George, W. Smith, Irwin, C. Weal, W. King, and A. Mitchell one each.

B. Deeley and L. H. Hewitt are together at the head of the list of winning jockeys with five winning rides a piece; H. Gray had four; F. Davis three; V. Cotton, Brown, M. Ryan, H. Sparkes, J. McGregor, S. Fergus, had two each, and Phillips, J. Sceats, and Erickson one each.

In certain quarters Merry Delaval's victory has been credited to H. Howe, but this is incorrect, as the Seaton Delaval mare has been an inmate of A. Mitchell's stable at the Shore for some time past. Although Merry Delaval appeared in the race card as owned by Mr W. Handley, this is not so, as Mr Handley disposed of her a month or six weeks ago to Mr W. Verran.

Undoubtedly the best of the local two-year-olds seen out at the A.R.C. Summer Meeting was Cambrian, by Cyrenian—Miss Annie. After running third in the Great Northern Foal Stakes to Kirriemuir and Huascar, he won the Criterion Handicap on the second day with 9.4 in the saddle, and on the concluding day was just defeated by Conductor, by Cyrenian—Melodia, to whom he was conceding 21lbs.

It is mentioned in an English exchange that Chasseur, the property of M. Michel Ephrussi, the dual winner of the French Derby and Grand Prix, is the biggest winner in France with £28,219; Val d'Or, thanks to the Eclipse Stakes, follows with £15,624; Genial and Gouvernant, in the same stable as Val d'Or, come next with £12,424 and £11,623 respectively. Clyde, the Oaks winner, wins £9420; Macdonald II., with the Prix du Conseil Municipal, claims £7024; Rataplan, the winner of the Grand Prix de Vichy, secures £6273. Prestige, the crack two year old, has won £6035 for M. Vanderbilt; Brienne, £5224; the unfortunate Jardy, £4806; and Presto II., the conqueror of Pretty Polly, £4276.

People who only see Ellerslie at race times can form very little idea of the amount of work put in by the caretaker (Mr C. Hill) and his staff to keep the course and surroundings in order. Now that the club is under new management I would venture to suggest to the committee of the club that they take into consideration the question of granting their employees on the course a holiday once a year, say of a week. The men work holidays and even Sundays, when necessary, while they do not enjoy the Saturday half holiday being on till 4 p.m. Of course, the job is a fairly comfortable one, as there is no lost time through wet weather, etc., but still stuck in one place from year's end to year's end without a break is very monotonous, and I am confident the matter only needs bringing under the notice of the committee for them to act.

Notwithstanding many disappointments, through an epidemic in the stable, M. Blanc, for the third year in succession, heads the list of winning owners in France with over £60,000 to his credit. Last year his horses won him £65,000, and brought him within measurable distance of the Duke of Portland £73,858. In 1903 M. Blanc's horses won £45,000, which is also a record score for France, and his winnings in three seasons amount to £170,000, this representing but a part of the profits, as he has the stud fees of Flying Fox and other stallions, whilst he sold two of his horses recently for something like £32,000. M. Blanc's principal winners were Val d'Or (three races of £15,600), Genial (six of £12,400), Gouvernant (eight of £11,600), Jardy (two of £4000), and Caius (seven of £3500). M. Blanc's winning two year olds were principally fillies, Blue Fly, Belle Fleur, and Belle de New York, all by Flying Fox, though he also secured a race with Amases, who is also by Flying Fox, and is a full brother to Ajax and Adam.

The following is a list of the winning owners at the recent A.R.C. Summer Meeting:—Mr T. Williams, £1125; Mr C. W. Coleman, £825; Mr G. G. Stead, £700; Mr D. O'Brien, £637 10/; Mr J. George, £550; Mr E. J. Watt, £505; Mr J. O'Driscoll, £500; Sir George Clifford, £462 10/; Mr L. Coleman, £325; Mr Lionel Williams, £310; Mr W. C. King, £240; Mr A. H. Lennard, £235; Mr A. Champion, £165; Mr A. Hughes, £160; Mr B. Armitage, £145; Mr M. McLean, £145; Mr F. W. Arnold, £140; Mr W. Davies, £140; Mr C. Weal, £125; Mr W. Foss, £115; Mr E. W. Alison, £110; Mr C. Lovett, £100; Mr G. F. Moore, £100; Mr S. G. Lindsay, £90; Mr R. Cleland, £85; Mr S. Humphreys, £85; Mr W. A. Scott, £80; Mr W. Verran, £80; Mr D. Stewart, £75; Mr H. Waldron, £70; Mr A. Telfer, £50; Mr A. Morgan, £50; Mrs Walter Davies, £25; Mr J. K. Hodge, £25; Mr R. Hannon, £20; Messrs Williamson and Currie, £20; Mr J. B. Williamson, £15; Mr L. B. Harris, £15; Mr B. T. Hawkins, £15; Mr E. Hassey, £10; Mr F. McGovern, £10; Mr J. McNicol, £10; Mr J. McGlashan, £10; Mr A. Tooman, £10.

When Melodeon ran such an erratic course at the finish of the A.R.C. Handicap, certain scribes at once jumped to the conclusion that the horse was trying to savage the other competitors. This, however, was not so, as the display was entirely due to the fact that the hood and blinkers with which Melodeon was racing in became disarranged and obscured the horse's sight, with the result that he undoubtedly interfered with several of the competitors, but principally with Mahutonga and Armistice, either of which may have reversed places with the winner but for the interference. The use of the hood and blinkers, it is argued, should not be allowed—but why? They are in use all over the world, and because on one occasion they come adrift and cause interference they should never be used again. It would be just as reasonable to argue that because Hewitt lost one of his stirrups while riding Multiform in the Derby, and badly interfered with King Billy, that the use of stirrups should be disallowed. The occurrence was purely accidental, and while there is racing there is sure to be accidents.

After the disgraceful scenes which were witnessed at the outside totalizators at Ellerslie, while people were trying to make their investments for the Auckland Cup, a large number were throwing the blame on the totalisator proprietors, Messrs H. H. Hayr and Co., purely in the supposition that their staff was unable to cope with the business. That this was unfair to Messrs Hayr and Co. was plainly evidenced on the concluding days, as after the committee had met to devise some means to prevent the crowding, and acted on the report of Mr Hayr, who explained that the want of proper races to the machines was the cause of the trouble (which they at once had rectified) there was absolutely no reasonable cause for complaint. It will be interesting to know that the tickets sold at the outside machines for the four days totalled no less than 67,470, an average of 16,867½ a day, as against 50,537 handled inside, an average of 12,634¼ per day. With such a volume of business being transacted, one would expect a little crowding, but the manner in which the work was got through reflects the greatest credit upon the management of Mr H. H. Hayr, and the efficiency of the staff under him.

Thus the English writer "Rapier":—Echoes of the de Wend Fenton case linger and are likely to do so for some time. One scribe "denounces the secrecy with which Jockey Club investigations are held," and the folly of this complaint must surely be obvious after a single moment's thought. Suppose investigations were held in public—that is to say, that reporters were allowed to attend and record evidence. The Jockey Club is not a privileged tribunal as a court of justice is, and the witnesses who bore adverse testimony would not be protected from possible actions in the law courts. The stewards of the Jockey Club are dealing with a subject they understand; it is practically certain that in a court of law judge and jury would equally be ignorant of the subject, and, knowing nothing of racing, evidence as to bets, etc., which would convey a very direct and certain significance to experts would mean nothing to his lordship on the bench and the dozen puzzled "bulwarks of liberty" in the box. The stupidity often displayed among special jurors can only be realised by those who have been frequently caught to serve, or by counsel who know how jurors can be bluffed and beguiled. Is it very likely that witnesses would come forward and speak out?

The London "Sportsman's" Continental correspondent says that the thoroughbred class of the permanent Hippic Congress has elected M. Edmond Blanc, breeder and owner, as well as a member of the Chief Stud Council, as its president. M. Jean Joubert, who is well known in the racing world, and would openly resent the idea of the Government making a book had he not occupied a position in the Stud Commission investing him with a certain amount of official responsibility, has been nominated secretary. The body referred to has had to devote its attention to certain questions interesting to their colleagues and the turf generally. Among the matters for consideration is the expressed intention of certain railway companies to increase the rates hitherto charged for the carriage of thoroughbred horses by 25 per cent. Under existing rates, racehorses are only charged half the ordinary tariff, but probably the strain on the resources of the different companies owing to the increased number of horses travelling gives a basis for the demand made. Another question affects the surplus receipts of the different racing societies. It is suggested that the total amount of receipts made by the racing societies shall, after payment of the expenses assented to by the Government auditors, be entirely devoted towards the increase of the amount of added money distributed among winning owners.

Says an exchange:—It is greatly to be hoped that early next year, and throughout the season, matches will be made and run, for it would be a melancholy thing if this form of sport were to be discredited because of the unfortunate "race" between Flail and Pitch Battle. For the moment match-making is a discredited business, and it therefore behoves good sportsmen whose names carry confidence to bring it again into good odour. It is, of course, a quaint "double event" to win the Two Thousand and be warned off in the same year, but for the present Mr de Wend Fenton's name drops out; it is past history; and it appears that the pink and white striped jacket which came so near to carrying off the Two Thousand of 1885 (and would in all probability have got the race had Fred Archer on Paradox been objected to), is not to be seen for an indefinite period. A well made match is a particularly interesting race. It may be assumed that several good judges on each side think that the horse they are backing up, I do not mean merely setting on, will win; for though there are not a few independent owners, in my experience a match is generally the result of consultation and argument. In a straight match the odds ought never to be more than about 11 to 8 on either, unless since the contest was arranged one of the animals concerned has directly or collaterally done something brilliant. A few good matches would rehabilitate that branch of sport; if owners do not make any for early next year, single-handed opposition will be left under a cloud.

An English paper says that the French Government has already inserted the thin edge of the wedge into Turf legislation. The appointment of certain members of the Committee of the Societe d'Encouragement, independent of the Jockey Club, gives those who benefit by the funds obtained from the "Mutuals" a deliberative voice in those councils where the integrity of the Turf has to be pitted against those who, as owners, jockeys, or horses, are potent factors or units in the lottery provided by the State. Gate receipts have fallen off. The public who formerly paid their 20fr. for admission to paddock and ring find that they can play up their broad silver pieces just as well for a franc on the heath, while the friends of the Government have advised that, for the convenience of those who "take an interest in racing," it would be well to follow the example of the Germany Racing Societies and found offices in the city with telephonic communication to the course, so as to permit those who are prevented by business from attending the meeting having the usual facilities accorded them. The Ring maintains its expectant attitude, although here and there bets are offered and accepted under the rose at "Mutual" prices. The shrewd man can cover his speculations and minimise his loss by investments at the machine. In the meantime many "small industries" have sprung up, and it is said that the "bonnets" who stand round the offices where the payment of winnings is made, do not lose their time indicating to friends the man who is worth "slipping."

As to hurdle races we may derive some illuminating lessons from the programme under consideration. They seem to teach, as already hinted, that where the smallest nuggets are distributed, the rush for gold is exceptionally keen. No fewer than eight three-year-olds were stripped to gallop at their best pace "over the sticks" for 24 sovs, and the wagering was sufficiently brisk to please connoisseurs. They had gauged the situation with some degree of accuracy, since the second favourite first beat the first favourite by half a length, whilst some of the others are likely to do better after they have had more practice. Such stamina as they may possess is generated too slowly, and one is not inclined to fear risks associated with a bursting of the heart. A maiden hurdle race of 24 sovs, a convenient mounting so as to escape penalties, also attracted eight runners; it was a very spirited affair. All seemed to be trying to the best of their ability, and some of the jockeys were riding so hard a long way from home that the prize might have been colossal instead of infinitesimal. The owner of the winner was entitled to applause, for he did not get much else. After paying his jockey, his trainer, his travelling expenses and other inevitable charges, such as the cost of taking a racehorse along the country without being heavily [illegible] for a [illegible], there would be little or nothing left for himself. The love of sport is, however, its own reward; men who hanker after the loaves and fishes must look elsewhere. What sweeter gratification than to win a race, even if it is only a little one, and the takings have been almost [illegible]? "No matter how small the stake," says a practical authority, "there will always be plenty of horses to run for it, and if their owners were shaken up en masse, few coins would trickle from the conglomeration." Nobody can expect to race for next to nothing during the winter and in sense [illegible] point.

When Banana went out to [illegible] the

Gratis. Stable Race on the opening day of the A.R.C. Summer Meeting, the owner, Mr A. H. Peck made no secret of the fact that if his horse were beaten, a record for the course must have to be established. After the horses had gone about three parts of the journey, Pergus, the elder of Ramiha, was hard at his mount's tail was asked to have it with the leaders, and he finished outside of a place, the race being run in 2.47 2-5ths of a second faster than the previous best. Ramiha was not started on the second day, but on the third day he was on hand to contest the New Year's Handicap Race, and, taking charge go, far-away from home, he never left the mark in front winning easily in 3.45, and beating a record for New Zealand. Ramiha's performances were certainly impressive, but to none more so than the horse's owner and trainer, as while they supported him strongly on the opening day, their investments on the third day were very small; in fact, it was only at the last minute that they decided to accept odds and give him a run. The stewards, in dismissing the protest, were satisfied that there was no fraud, but had evidence of the support given the horse (which has since reached them unofficially, and much was, unfortunately for the owner, undeniable at the times) been forthcoming on the ground, they would have had very little trouble in entirely exonerating the parties concerned.

Says "Ranger": To be content frequently with small remunerations seems to be the fate of the hardest workers. They become so thoroughly absorbed in their toil that any ideas which they may have once cherished as to making money are gradually abandoned as futile, if not impossible. Thus, during the winter campaign, we see many ex-horses galloping long distances over big fences for a trifling stake. The less said offered—it is an old story—the more people appear to want it, and, also, the more desperate are their struggles to taste the sweets of possession. Sundry curious points call for notice in this relation. At a recent successful meeting under N.H. rules, for instance, the value of the most important prize was £6000, and there were plenty of runners. It may be urged that they did not go very fast, but there is little reason to doubt that they went as fast as they could, especially towards the finish, and that, whether they won or were "down the course," they very probably had enough when the race was ended. A bad horse doing his best takes more out of himself, so to speak, than does a superior performer who wins with his head in his hand. This, too, is an attractive field, as scheduled in the programme under notice, namely, "open light-weight steeplechase of about three miles." Five starters and competitors were saddled for that event; they were all backed, apparently, as if their owner were asking to make the game pay a little by way of terrific speculation; and, happily, visitors had a nice long run for their money. If they had seen an ex-racing scrambler on the fat for thousands of pounds, they would not have enjoyed such a glorious feast of genuine racing as that provided, with a series of large jumps thrown in so as to increase the risks and to intensify excitement. It is wonderful what it takes to pay the piper, having regard to the small sum he receives if he is perfectly successful. "Nobody but an enthusiast," said a cross country patron, "ought to be at this game; and, as well he may," he added, cheerfully, "what money ex-racehorses have when their sponge goes up is not enough to buy boot polish, much less boots." True words are often spoken in jest even when the jester is unfamiliar with his subject.

The Hunter walked for the colt by Rose and Wells in the best price since 1903, when Monaltrie, by Hotchkiss—Fernie, brought 1,000gns. The highest prices brought at the various stude around Auckland are as follows:—

		Gs.
1897	Forest Queen, by Musket—Syrinx, Mr T. Chirnside	1700
1897	Beryl, by Musket—Onyx, Mr T. Chirnside	1000
1898	Necklet, by Musket—Locket, Mr J. Marshall	650
1898	Steadfast, by Nordenfeldt—Nelly Moore, Mr W. R. Wilson	1025
1899	Fullback, by Nordenfeldt—Fraility, Mr W. R. Wilson	500
1901	Manipulator, by Nordenfeldt—Fraility, Mr S. H. Cochrane	2425
1901	Cuirassier, by Nordenfeldt—Nell Moore, Mr S. H. Cochrane	1050
1902	Haruru, by Nordenfeldt—Fraility, Mr W. R. Wilson	2100
1903	Nordette, by Nordenfeldt—Orelia, Mr S. Hordern	900
1904	Accumulator, by Castor—Fraility, Mr S. Hordern	1255
1904	Cravat, by Castor—Necklace, Mr S. Hordern	2050
1905	Edith Cavell, by Castor—Fraility, Mr G. Wright	450
1906	St. Cuan, by St. Leger—Sapphire, Mr T. H. Lowry	510
1897	A Fair, by Castor—Cissy, Mr G. Stead	450
1898	Lancaster, by Hotchkiss—Fraility, Mr J. Fookshanks	2100
1900	Hotspur, by St. Leger—Hilda, Mr J. Mesman	1050
1900	Royal Artillery, by Hotchkiss—Rose of Wellington, Mr G. Stead	1400
1901	St. Hilda, by St. Leger—Hilda Mr G. G. Stead	600
1902	Royal Fusilier, by Hotchkiss—Janet, Mr T. H. Lowry	560
1903	Monaltrie, by Hotchkiss—Fernie, Mr E. W. Alison	1200
1904	Januarys Marcella, by Hotchkiss—Rose of Wellington, Mr F. Tyler	900
1904	Hotchkiss—Sea Rock, by San Francisco—Miss Gladys, Mr G. G. Stead	500
1904	Conductor, by Cyrenian—Melodia, Mr C. Weal	450
1906	Bay colt, by Soult—Rose and Waite, Mr A. Tuttle	1100

On the subject of breeding, a writer in an exchange puts the following: Happily there is a bright as well as a sombre side to the present-day turf picture, for it ranks among its notable some of the best personalities in the State, while country gentlemen of high station and prestige devote much time and attention to, and derive much pleasure in, the breeding of the thoroughbred. Fortunately, gentlemen in holy orders are not debarred by the ethics of their profession from the pleasures attendant upon farming or the study of the laws relating to the procreation of plant or animal life, and many of them take as much active interest in raising a good horse as does the man who dreams of big betting races and a broken rail. If the clergy were debarred from stock raising, the world would never have known and appreciated the many picturesque figures in breeding who have gained world-wide renown in the show rings of Great Britain and even Australia, as cattle, sheep, and horse breeders. Foremost among clergymen whose names find a place on the English Stud Book was the late Rev. Mark Sykes, a relative of the great Sir Tatton of that ilk, and, therefore, kinsman to the present Sir Tatton, who amicably fills the illustrious farmer's place in Yorkshire, and has maintained the Sledmere Stud on lines even more gilt-edged than in the days of the most famous Sir Tatton, who has been thus enshrined by "The Herald" and every writer on farming and blood stock breeding that flourished in his day. The present Sir Tatton's most famous patronage was La Fleche, for whom in consequence of the French opposition he was compelled to pay 1,600 guineas. A few days after that Baron Hirsch's great success at which Grafton was purchased for Australia at 1,600 guineas—there was a large and representative gathering of noblemen, gentlemen, farmers, and stockbreeders at a luncheon in connection with a local show in Yorkshire, and the duty of proposing an important toast devolved on the rector of the parish. This was a delicate task for a gentleman of his position to tackle at that time, for just then the value of the Napoleon of stud was rampant throughout the land, and the leaders of that formidable host were monopolising the greater part of the thoughts of many parts of agriculture. They endeavoured to emasculate and bring into operation the absolute "Doc Marten A 1" to prevent his hunting, were loudly calling upon somebody to plough up the racecourses and farms, and other heresies of insanity, and virulently attacked the Prince of Wales and the then Prime Minister (Lord Rosebery) with voice and pen for participating in sport. The Nonconformist wave caused a good deal of alarm among English sportsmen at the time, as they had the influence of several Ministers as well as powerful newspapers behind them. Considering his cloth and the probability of a split or schism in the anti-sporting ranks, it was merry of the reverend gentleman mentioned in the previous paragraph to face a little army of newspaper reporters and publicly eulogise Sir Tatton Sykes for the pluck and patriotism in rescuing the best mare (a racehorse in fact) in England from exportation to the Continent. The sturdy Yorkshire parson told his hearers that so long as the gentlemen of England kept the best mares in the country, so long would the English thoroughbred reign preeminent as a racehorse. The Irish clergy dabble to a much greater extent among horses than do their English brothers of the cloth, and I am told that it is not at all an unusual sight to see a local or visiting P.P. at every meet of hounds either as a spectator or, more or less active participator in the run. Of course there are Irish bishops, who do not approve of the Church soldiers taking part in a fox chase, and it is on record that one issued a chase ordering all his subordinates to withdraw from the sport. One of the priests in this bishopric, who bred and broke his own hunters, was much disturbed by the order, but he got over the difficulty in truly Irish fashion. The hounds were running north, and "this Riverence" was in the front rank going beautifully, when suddenly the M.F.H. spotted him and called out, "Why, Father Tom, I thought the Bishop debarred you from foxhunting." "Faith, so he has, but I'm not hunting. I'm making a sick call." "Who's sick?" "Dear Mrs O'Brien." "Why, you're going in the opposite direction to Mrs O'Brien's cabin." "Faith, so I am. Divil's cure to this horse, he always takes me the wrong way, and I am of opinion that it's little use in trying to stop him till the hounds check." The winner of the last Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase, the cross country Blue Ribbon, was bred by a parish priest stationed in the neighbourhood of Lord Dunraven's estate in County Limerick, where his Australian-bred sire, Kilkham, a brother to Cranbrook, died duty. Mentioning this to an Irish barrister, resident in Sydney, he promptly replied, "Why, half the jumpers in Ireland are bred by the clergy." Stallion service is very much cheaper in Ireland than in England. A horse that could command 20 guineas in England would not be supported at more than five in Ireland, and then not at all unless passed as sound and free from hereditary disease by the arrest of the Irish Breeding Society. Therefore, a poor Irish priest is in a very much better position to indulge in a little stock-raising than is his English compeer.

Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting.

The A.R.C. summer meeting was concluded at Ellerslie on Tuesday. The weather was unfavourable, a strong westerly wind blowing, raising huge clouds of dust, which made matters very unpleasant, while just after the second race was run heavy rain fell, and the times for the various races were put back a quarter of an hour. As it turned out the rain proved highly beneficial, as it ceased after a while, and though the wind still kept fairly strong, there was no dust, and the rest of the meeting was got through with very little discomfort. The attendance was large. His Excellency the Governor (Lord Plunkett) and the Vice-Regal party were again present, and remained till after the running of the seventh race. As on the previous days the various officials got through their duties in a highly satisfactory manner. The totalisator investments during the day totalled £39,765 10s, an increase of £4579 10s on last year's amount. The sums handed during the four days ran into the large sum of £84,375, an increase of £4,355 as compared with the last summer meeting. Particulars of the racing are as follows:—

GOODWOOD HANDICAP of 100sovs, second horse 15sovs. One mile.

827½—Mr A. Thompson's Full Cry, 9.0 (Hewitt) 1
54—Mr A. Townson's Bonomiana, 8.7.. 2
626½—Mr L. Coleman's Leonator, 9.0.... 3

Also started: 46, Akarana; 401, Jewellery; 254, Zenska; 171½, Lady Hume; 46½, Lucrece; 129, Brenside; 484, Volante; 38½, S. Gilmaid; 17½, Vanguard. Roderick scratched.

When the field came in sight Leonator was in charge, but a little further up Lucrece was in the lead, followed by Leonator, Full Cry and Bonomiana, with Brenside at the head of the others. Lucrece was still showing the way as they went through the cutting and across the top strip, but as they turned for home Leonator had a slight advantage from Lucrece, Full Cry and Bonomiana. Leonator was still in front when the distance was reached, when Bonomiana headed him, and as she was going easy in front it looked as if she would score, but Full Cry was not yet done with, and putting in a late run, just got up in time to win by a head. Leonator was two lengths further back third; Lucrece was fourth, Lady Hume fifth, and Scotsmaid last. Time, 1.46½. Dividends: Inside, £4 9, and £9; outside, £2 4 6 and £4 10.

SYLVIA HANDICAP of 150sovs. Six furlongs.

245—C. Weal's Conductor, by Cyrenian—Melodia 1
683½—F. W. Arnold's b c Cambrian, 9.5.. 2
231—M. McLean's ch g Celtic, 6.9..... 3
1025½—Duart, 8.0 0

Celtic bung a bit when the barrier was lifted, Conductor being quickest to get away, and the latter led to the cutting, with Cambrian, Duart and Celtic following in that order. Crossing the top stretch Conductor was still showing the way, the other three being almost together, and in this order they turned for home. At the turn Conductor ran wide, and lost a lot of ground. In the run to the winning post the whips were out all round. Conductor finished gamely under punishment, and lasted long enough to win by half a length from Cambrian, who ran a great race under his heavy load. Celtic was half a length away third, and Duart a long way back, last. Time, 1.17 4-5. Dividends: Inside, £4 10; outside, £2 9 6.

GRANDSTAND HANDICAP of 300sovs; second horse 50sovs. 1¼ mile.

204½—C. W. Coleman's b g Landlock, aged, by Flatlock—Dreamland, 8.8 1
44½—A. Champion's b g Heroism, 6.7.... 2
504½—E. J. Watts' ch g Starshoot, 8.3.... 3

Also started: 406, Parituna, 8.7; 606½, Scotty, 8.6; 228½, Gladstone, 7.10; 202½, Gamble, 7.6; 501, Armistice, 7.5; 145, Waipuna, 7.4; 131½, Te Aroha, 7.3; 84½, Delaura, 6.9; 324, King Paul, 6.7; 156½, Moneyform, 6.7.

There was a long delay at the start, Starshoot, Landlock and Waipuna giving a lot of trouble, but eventually Mr O'Connor pulled the ribbon to a beautiful start. Starshoot was the first to find his feet, and he led past the stand, followed by Parituna, Scotty, and Landlock, with Heroism last. Going out of the straight Landlock shot to the front, and showed the way along the back, two lengths in front of Starshoot, who had Parituna and Paul at his heels. Landlock maintained his advantage as they went through the cutting and across the top stretch, where Scotty and Starshoot were racing together in second position, just clear of Parituna, Waipuna and Delaura, with Heroism making a forward move, and in this order they turned for home. At the distance Landlock still had his advantage, and though Starshoot, Scotty, Parituna (in the centre) and Heroism went the rails and threw out strong challenges, they could not reach the leader, who won comfortably by a couple of lengths from Heroism, who finished fast and beat Starshoot by a neck for second honours. Scotty was fourth and Parituna fifth, with Gladstone last. Time, 2.10 2-5. Dividends: Inside, £4 8 and £10 10; outside, £2 4/ and £9 15/.

THE ELEVENTH ROYAL STAKES of 250sovs; the owner of the second horse to receive 10 per cent, and the owner of the third horse 5 per cent. out of the stake. For two, three and four year olds. Weight for age. Six furlongs.

756—Mr G. G. Stead's b c Cuneiform, 3yrs, by Musket—Sea-Bee, 8.9 (Hewitt) 1
283½—Mr D. O'Brien's br c Mahitia, 3yrs, by Multiform—Heriot, 8.13 (Davis) 0

220—Sir Geo. Clifford's b f Glenowlet, 3yrs, by Cinnamon—Madowla, 8.7 (Cotton) 0

Dis—Mr J. W. Fussell's br c Apollonius, 3yrs, by Phoebus Apollo—Janet, 6.11, including 3lb over (Brown) 0

*Multifid and Glenowlet ran a dead heat for second place.

Glenowlet shot out when the barrier lifted, and she secured the way through the entire two lengths in front of Cuneiform, who was a length in front of Multifid, with Apollonius last. The same order was maintained as they raced across the top stretch and entered the straight. At the distance Glenowlet and Cuneiform were together, with Multifid coming fast next the rails. An interesting race home was witnessed, Cuneiform, however, always having a bit the best of it, and winning with a bit in hand by half a length. The judge was unable to separate Multifid and Glenowlet, and bracketed them together for second honours. Apollonius was a long way back last. Time, 1.14 2-5. Dividends: Inside, £1 3/—Multifid 4/, Glenowlet £1 1/; outside, 11/6—Multifid 4/, Glenowlet 10/6.

WINNERS OF THE ROYAL STAKES.

	Time. m. s.
1895—Blockshot, by Maxim	1 16½
1897—Gold Medalist, by Medallion	1 16½
1898—Gold Medallist, by Medallion	1 16
1899—Screw Gun, by Hotchkiss..	1 17½
1900—Screw Gun, by Hotchkiss..	1 16 2-5
1901—Renown, by Dreadnought..	1 15 1-5
1902—Royal Artillery, Hotchkiss	1 16½
1903—King Log, by Stopshot	1 16½
1904—Machine Gun, by Hotchkiss	1 15 3-5
1905—Northumbrian, by Multiform..	1 15 2-5
1906—Cuneiform, by Multiform..	1 14 2-5

THE AUCKLAND STEEPLECHASE (Handicap of 30sovs; second horse to receive 4sovs and third horse 1sov out of the stake. About 3½ miles.

813—Mr J. O'Driscoll's ch g Pharos, aged, by Jet d'Eau—Opawa mare, 9.7 (Ferguson) 1

885—Mr H. Waldron's br g Inniskillen, 6yrs, by Fraternity—Nightingale, 11.8 (Howarde) 2

1254—Mr R. Hannon's b g Hautapu, aged, by Mitiora—Lady Sarah, 9.12 (Walsh) 3

Also started: 442, Nor'-west, aged, 10.12 (Seton); 4564, The Swimmer, aged, 10.5 (M'Gregor); 88, Loch Fyne, 6yrs, 9.7 (Towers).

Hautapu was first to get going, and the order at the first fence was Hautapu, Loch Fyne, Inniskillen, Nor'-west, Pharos, and The Swimmer. Inniskillen ran up into second position as they raced up the hill, and the positions as they took the jumps at the top were: Hautapu, Inniskillen, Pharos, The Swimmer, Nor'-west, and Loch Fyne. As they came to the water Inniskillen was on terms with Hautapu, the positions of the others being unchanged. After they jumped the water Nor'-west swung out and went along the back Inniskillen, waiting for his head, was in the lead, followed by Hautapu, Pharos, The Swimmer, Nor'-west, and Loch Fyne, and that was the order as they ascended the hill the second time. At the first fence on top of the hill The Swimmer struck hard and came down, but was afterwards remounted, but could never get up to the rest of the field. As they raced to the double Pharos, pulling Jorgus out of the saddle, was on terms with Inniskillen, and at the end wall he was in the lead, and from that out the race was virtually over, as although Pharos ran down his fences, nothing got near enough to trouble him, and he ran home an easy winner by 20 lengths from Inniskillen, who outstayed Hautapu and beat him three lengths for second honours. Nor'-west was fourth, 30 yards away; Loch Fyne fifth, and The Swimmer last. Time, 8.12. Dividends, £3 15/ and £1 17/6.

Nor'-west and Inniskillen were both lame when they pulled up.

WINNERS OF THE AUCKLAND STEEPLECHASE.

	Time. m. s.
1877—Mr F. W. Marks' Ravey, 11.5	—
1878—Mr O. C. McGee's Auckland Kate, 11.9	—
1877—Mr O. C. McGee's Perfume, 10.7	—
1878—Mr O. C. McGee's Perfume, 12.4	—
1879—Mr P. Butler's The Agent, 12.7	10.53
1880—Mr R. Ray's Lone Hand, 13.0	—
1881—Mr P. Butler's The Agent, 12.8	11.18
1882—Mr S. Morris's The Don, 11.9	—
1883—Mr H. Lunn's Canard, 11.2	8.53
1884—Mr J. Leonard's Chandler, 10.12	9.25
1885—Mr W. Weston's Linwood, 9.7	9.36
1886—Mr W. E. Carter's Alaric, 10.5	9.10½
1887—Mr J. P. Leonard's Falcon, 10.0	8.47
1888—Mr Tatham's Franks, 10.0..	8.42
1889—Mr N. Becky's Recruit, 9.0	8.55
1890—Mr J. Rae's Orangeman, 12.0	8.58½
1891—Mr G. Wright's Orlando, 12.5	8.59
1892—Mr C. R. Hewitt's Sealine, 11.8	8.39
1893—Mr W. Paul's Maggee, 10.7	9.30
1894—Mr J. Sutton's Despised, 11.11	8.47
1895—Mr E. Gilpin's Rascius, 12.0	8.38
1896—Mr R. T. Hanga's Tirites, 11.12	8.37
1897—Mr J. Rae's Levanter, 11.9	8.51
1898—Mr H. T. Gorrie's Motel, 9.8	8.19
1899—Mr G. Comer's Magpie, 10.0	8.53½
1900—Mr F. Chaffe's Nor'-west, 12.0	8.27
1901—Mr J. Warner's Cannongate, 10.12	8.13 1-5
1902—Mr P. H. Ross' Feltigear II, 10.7	8.15
1903—Mr J. Marshall's Cannongate, 12.5	8.4
1904—Mr M. Beehie's Princess of Thule, 10.6	8.4 2-5
1905—Mr J. Ronalson's Up-to-Date, 11.3	8.21 1-5
1906—Mr J. O'Driscoll's Pharos, 9.7	8.13

THE NEWMARKET HANDICAP of 2sovs each; second horse to receive 5sovs, and third horse 1sovs out of the stake. Six furlongs.

1174—Mr W. C. Ring's b m Catalufy, 5yrs, by Sabrelache—Offchance, 6.12 (Gray) 1

426—Mr A. H. Leonard's b g Carl Rosa, 3yrs, by Seaton Delaval—Vesta Rose, 7.3, including 2lb over (Scott) 2

356—Mr A. Telfer's br g Nervine, 4yrs, by Phoebus Apollo—Eve, 7.1, including 4lb over (Erickson) 3

488—Hohoro, aged, 9.10 (Cress) 0

450—Lady Annie, 5yrs, 8.11 (Julian) 0

1464—Franklin, 5yrs, 7.12 (Buchanan) 0

2053—Cauchattan, 3yrs, 7.12 (Cottam) 0

122—Black and Gold, 6yrs, 7.10 (Smith) 0

2244—Notorial, 5yrs, 7.6 (Brady) 0

2554—Miss Winnie, 6yrs, 7.3 (Brown) 0

37—Le Beau, aged, 6.7 (Jones) 0

199—Rex, aged, 7.0, including 7lb over (Beeley) 0

Black and Gold rushed to the front when the barrier lifted, followed by Miss Winnie, Certainty, Carl Rosa, Rex, and Lady Annie, while Notorial was slow to move. Crossing the top stretch Miss Winnie took charge, and she was first to turn for home, with Lady Annie, Certainty, Rex, and Carl Rosa close up. At the distance Hohoro, Nervine, Lady Annie and Certainty were all in line, and the quartette were all hard at it. At the lawn rails Certainty drew out, and although Carl Rosa put in a run and passed the others, he could not reach Certainty, who won by half a length, Carl Rosa beating Nervine a neck for second honours. Hohoro was close up fourth, and Lady Annie fifth. Time, 1.16 4-5. Dividends: Inside, £17 19/ and £1 13/; outside, £3 19 6 and 16 6.

THE AUCKLAND PLATE of 275sovs; second horse to receive 40sovs and third horse 15sovs out of the stake. Weight-for-age. One mile and a half.

938—Mr G. G. Stead's ch m Nightfall, 4yrs, by Multiform—La Notte, 8.11 (Hewitt) 1

768—Mr Lionel Williams' ch g Mahutonga, 5yrs, by Quilt—Maude, 9.1 (Buchanan) 2

1174—Mr R. Cleland's br c Apollonius, 3yrs, by Phoebus Apollo—Miss Gladys, 8.0 (Brown) 3

464—Sir Gilead, 5yrs, 9.4 (Julian) 0

Apologue was first to break the line, but as they passed the stand Nightfall was on terms, and going out of the straight she had a length's advantage of Apologue, with Mahutonga next, and Sir Gilead last. Apologue lost his place as they went to the seven furlong post, Mahutonga displacing him, and at the cutting Mahutonga was on terms with Nightfall, and the pair raced in company across the top stretch ten lengths in front of Apologue with Sir Gilead last. At the head of the straight Nightfall and Mahutonga were still together, but when they got to the distance it was seen that Nightfall easily had Mahutonga's measure, and although he finished as straight as an arrow under punishment, he could make no impression on Nightfall, who won with the greatest of ease by a length. Apologue was a dozen lengths away third, five lengths in front of Sir Gilead. Time, 2.36 1-5. Dividends: Inside, £1 15/; outside, 17/6.

WINNERS OF THE AUCKLAND PLATE.

	Time. m. s.
1899—Multiform, by Hotchkiss, 9.0	2.39½
1900—Seahorse, by Nelson, 8.0....	2.38 3-5
1901—Advance, by Vaugard, 9.0....	2.37 3-5
1902—Cruciform, by St. Leger, 7.11	2.41
1903—Cruciform, by St. Leger, 8.11	2.38½
1904—Gladsome, by Seaton Delaval 7.11	2.36 2-5
1905—Mahutonga, by Quilt, 8.11.....	2.40
1906—Nightfall, by Multiform, 8.11	2.36 1-5

THE PONY HANDICAP of 10sovs; second horse to receive 1sovs and third horse 5sovs out of the stake. Five furlongs.

1173—Mr W. Handley's ch f Merry Delaval, 3yrs, by Seaton Delaval—Merry Maid, 6.11, including 2lb over (Erickson) 1

409½—Mr L. R. Harris' ch m Sonoma, 5yrs, by Seaton Delaval—Maratea, 9.4 (Speakman) 2

427—Mr P. James b m Storyteller, 4yrs, by Leolanthe—Fairy Tale, 7.13 (Buchanan) 3

486—Lady Warwick, 4yrs, 9.13 (Davis) 0

1904—Lucresone, 3yrs, 8.9 (Gray)..... 0

163—Inspiration, aged, 8.2 (Griffin)... 0

1784—Whakatupoto, 5yrs, 7.5 (Beeley).... 0

199—Dr. Quest, 6yrs, 7.4, including 4lb over (Sceats) 0

1914—Resurgam, aged, 7.3, including 2lb over (Sparkes) 0

689—Etu, aged, 6.11 (Jones)..... 0

208—Rapid, aged, 6.9, including 2lb over (Brown) 0

95—Little Mabel, 5yrs, 6.7 (Brady).... 0

Sonoma was first to begin, but Merry Delaval immediately rushed to the front, followed by Dr. Quest, Sonoma, Etu, and Resurgam, and in this order they raced across the top stretch. Merry Delaval was first to turn for home, where the field closed up, and an exciting race to the post was witnessed, Merry Delaval winning by a neck from Sonoma, with Storyteller a neck away third, and Lucresone fourth, and Inspiration last. Time, 1.5 3-5. Dividends: Inside, £20 5/ and £1 18/; outside, £10 2 6 and 19/.

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Auckland Trotting Club's Summer Meeting.

The Auckland Trotting Club brought their summer meeting to a close on Saturday last at Epsom. The weather was dull and threatening at the commencement of the racing, and when the programme was about half way through, steady rain set in, and lasted well till the close. Although the weather was adverse, there was a good attendance, but the rain interfered with speculation, and the amount handled at the race stand, £2884 10/, was £951 short of last year's amount. For the three days of the gathering the totalisator under Messrs W. H. Mabel and Co. put through £4971 less, which shows a decrease of £2371 on the amount for the corresponding week last year. Mr Jas. Hill officiated as Judge, Mr Geo. Reid as handicapper, and Mr C. Thorp as starter, the latter gentleman performing as usual. The racing throughout the day was interesting, and Mr F. W. Edwards, the handicapper, is entitled to a word of praise for his work. Throughout the gathering there was not a discordant note, which reflects great credit on the secretary, Mr C. F. Mark, and the various officials. Mr T. King had charge of the catering department, which is a sufficient guarantee.

Racing commenced with the Trial Trot Handicap, which attracted a field of ten, Stranger being the only withdrawal. Punters were a bit mixed in their choice, Eureka, Tataraimaka, Lissie Bing, and Hion Heal were all well supported. Gory Lass was the first of the Hunt horses to get going, and she showed the way till about three furlongs from home, where Tataraimaka caught and passed her, and trotting steadily, went on and won by four lengths from Gory Lass, who was ten lengths in front of Eureka, the latter spoiling a good winning chance by breaking badly. Time, 3.37 4-5. Dividends, £1 19/ and £1.

All the scrapers came out for the Pony Trot, and Cleveland's Pride was installed favourite. The race provided an exciting finish, as after Cleveland's Pride and Fibre had made the running to a furlong from home, the stretch mare Mangonui put in her claim, and the three fought out an exciting finish, Mangonui prevailing in the last stride, and winning by a head from Cleveland's Pride, with Fibre a length away third. Time, 2.45. Dividends, £1 9/ and 6.

Kilderkin declined his engagement in the New Year Handicap, a pony galloping event. Lady Nannie was made a warm favourite with Storyteller next in request. The race was a pretty one to watch. Lady Nannie, Storyteller, and Hurihuri raced abreast till the dip was reached, when the former showed out slightly, and she was first to turn for home, just in front of Hurihuri. At the distance Lady Nannie looked all over a winner, but Gladys Rose, coming with a long sustained run, caught the favourite at the end of the stand, and gradually wearing her down, won an exciting race by half a length. Hurihuri was three lengths away third. Time, 1.26. Dividend, £3 1.

The Presidents Trot saw the whole eleven acceptors go to the post, and of these Bell Car was most solidly supported, he carrying just twice as much money as Waitekauri, the second in demand. Bell Car was early in the lead, and he soon had a commanding lead, which a bad break, however, greatly decreased, but although the back markers got within half a dozen lengths of him, he was never extended again, and resting the remainder of the journey at a pulling even gait, he had no difficulty in winning with the greatest of ease by twenty lengths from Waitekauri, who was two lengths in front of Harold Abdallah. Time, 3.14 2-5. Dividends, £1 2 and 15/.

There were no withdrawals from the High Class Trot, the eight acceptors lining up at the post. Mistle and Mint, which were bracketed on the machine, were the popular fancies. Taihoa, from the Hunt, was in front for half the journey, when Mint took charge, and she led to the entrance to the straight, where she was passed by her stable companion Mistle, the latter going on and winning by two lengths from Mint, who, though tiring badly, lasted long enough to beat Taihoa a length and a half for second honours. Time, 3.46 2-5. Dividend, £1.

The rain that fell made the track greasy, and this was responsible for Lady Warwick, Sonoma, Lucresone, Storyteller, Orange and [illegible] falling in the Consolation Handicap, but this was picked out as the cause of no accident. When the barrier lifted Rapid [illegible] the first, closely attended by Resurgam and Girton Girl. Just after going through the dip Rapid stopped and came down, and by interfering with Resurgam, Girton Girl first to turn for home and although Resurgam made a great effort to get home in the run in the straight, favourite kept her at bay, winning by the [illegible] length and a half, with Frederick four lengths further back third. Time, 1.7 3-5. Dividends, 19 and 15/. T. E. Cotton, the rider of Rapid, escaped unhurt.

The concluding event of the day, the Telephone Handicap, saw Baxter Rose, Rosebud, Happy Rock, Rose Queen, Empress, Lissie Bing, and Miss Rue decide their engagements, the good field of twelve, however, going to the post. Prince Tuxie was made favourite, with Norval second in request. Prince Tuxie was quick to settle to his work, and he led to the dip, where Norval headed him, and he later turned for home with a couple of lengths advantage. In the run to the post the two-year-old, now turned, and Prince Tuxie got on terms fifty yards from home, but his hind feet slipping on the greasy going, Norval gained a length, which he maintained to the finish. Miss Hazen was four lengths away third. Time, 3.40 4-5. Dividends, £1 15/ and 9/.

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TAKAPUNA JOCKEY CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

The following weights have been declared by Mr Evitt:—

TAKAPUNA CUP of 350sovs. One mile and a half.

	st lb		st lb
Landlock	9 0	Miss. Delaval	7 2
Scotty	8 10	Jewellery ...	7 0
Putty	8 9	Monoform ...	7 0
Gladstone ...	7 13	Zoe La	7 0
Geordie	7 9	Helmsia	6 12
Waipuna	7 7	Rookby	6 12
Akaroa	7 3	Lovelyk	6 12
Te Aroha	7 3	King Paul ...	6 10
Ironmould ...	7 2	Southfish	6 7
Cyrano	7 2		

RANGITOTO STEEPLECHASE of 125sovs. Three miles and a-half.

	st lb		st lb
Inniskillen ...	11 9	Pierre	9 10
Kanana	11 2	Loch Fyne ...	9 5
Sol	10 13	Merrysome ...	9 7
Swimmer	10 7	Brigham	9 1

THE GENERAL ENTRIES.

The following is a list of the general entries received in connection with the Takapuna Jockey Club's Summer Meeting, which takes place on January 27 and 29 and February 3.

FIRST DAY.

Maiden Plate.—Henry Havelock, The Raven, Hurihuri, Lady Clements, Semimaid, Ruffy, St. Tui, Discoverer, Little Mabel, Hiro, The Lark, Aqua Regia, Pukekohe, Girton Girl, Whakatupoto, Bromide, Lord Seaton, Brigand, Lerisia.

Calliope Handicap.—Misette, Le Mascotte, Primo, Conductor, Migasa, Duart, Apollonaris.

Zealandia Handicap.—Black and Gold, Gwenlad, Notorial, Avalanche, Nervine, Hohoro, Takaroa, Desdemona, Syren, Miss Winnie, Mataura, Alba Rose, Le Beau, Certainty.

Ferry Handicap.—Tui Thakamhau, Sir Hector, Baltimore, Blueskin, Freestad, Hiro, Silk Web, The Lark, Frederics, Idol, Kereru, Engraver, Matangi, Pukekohe, Aristocrat, Lady White, Omaii, Brownlily by St. Hippo—Natator mare, Forgette.

Orewa Hurdle Race.—Ramano, Cuirassier, Loch Fyne, Vexation, Sol, Khiana, Seabird.

Pony Handicap.—Miss Cuirassier, Merry Delaval, Lady Warwick, Sonoma, Forth, Inspiration, Resurgam, Lucresone, Solitary, Etu, Girton Girl, Whakatupoto, Storyteller, Lady White, Rapid, Orange and Rue.

Stewards' Handicap.—Black and Gold, Akarana, Franklin, The Raven, Lady Warwick, Kilderkin, Leonatar, Discoverer, Hohoro, Lucresone, Annoyed, Siren, Loveslyk, Millie, Puff Cry, Geordie, Cutralaro.

SECOND DAY.

Mosha Handicap.—Tui Whakamban, Sir Jester, Harrigee, Rueskin, Freebird, The Lark, Bird, Mel, Kerera, Engraver, Silky, Matangi, Pukekoke, Aristocrat, Omati, Legerite.

Handicap Maiden Hurdle Race.—Frank Dodd, Cuirassine, Seatonia, Lerida, Frankton, Te Papa, Lochard, Leo Fevo, Le Beau.

Suburban Handicap.—Black and Gold, Noteorind, Gwendad, Lady Clements, Soultmaid, St. Tui, Avalanche, Discoverer, Nervine, Hoboro, Takaro, Desdemona, Syren, Aqua Regia, Ben Blair, Miss Winnie, Mataura, Alba Rose, Certainty.

Pony Handicap. Miss Cuirassier, Merry Delaval, Hurliburl, Lady Warwick, Sonoma, Forth, Kilderkin, Resurgam, Little Mabel, Lurcence, Mutseuvre, Solitary, Kia, Girton Girl, Whakatupoto, Storyteller, Lady White, Rapid, Orange and Blue.

Hobson Handicap. Misere, Primo, Conductor, Mignon, Duart, Azoff.

Anniversary Handicap. Akarana, Black and Gold, Franklin, The Raven, Lady Warwick, Bally, St. Tui, Leomator, Geordie, Polycaste, Lucrece, Annoyed, Lovelink, Millie, Delania, Full Cry, Certainty.

THIRD DAY.

Marine Handicap. Misere, Sir Rupert, Lady Cressy, Le Mascotte, Don Quez, Skylark, Azoff, Apodosaris.

Waiwera Hurdle Race.—Banana, Frank Dodd, Cuirassine, Loch Fyne, Lerida, Vexation, Frankton, Sol, Khama, Scalbird, The Frenchman, Te Papa, Leo Fevo.

Borough Handicap.—Henry Havelock, Black and Gold, Gwendad, Inspiration, Noteorind, St. Tui, Discoverer, Freebird, Hoboro, Takaro, Desdemona, Syren, Engraver, Aqua Regia, Ben Blair, Miss Winnie, Mataura, Pukekoke, Aristocrat, Mataura, Alba Rose.

Summer Handicap. Akarana, Franklin, The Raven, Lady Warwick, King Paul, Bally, Rookby, Avalanche, Leomator, Landlock, Geordie, Nervine, Polycaste, Gladstone, Annoyed, Syren, Lovelink, Millie, Zuleika, Delania, Full Cry, Lord Seaton, Certainty.

Pony Handicap.—Miss Cuirassier, Merry Delaval, Lady Warwick, Sonoma, Forth, Inspiration, Resurgam, Little Mabel, Lurcence, Frederick, Solitary, Kia, Girton Girl, Whakatupoto, Storyteller, Lady White, Rapid, Orange and Blue.

Devonport Handicap. Black and Gold, Akarana, Noteorind, Lady Clements, Kilderkin, Freebird, Hoboro, The Lark, Takaro, Lucrece, Aqua Regia, Miss Winnie, Lord Seaton, Certainty.

Pound Steeplechase.—The Swimmer, Loch Fyne, Pierre, Brigham, Sol.

Welter Handicap.—Henry Havelock, Akarana, Franklin, Baltimore, King Paul, Soultmaid, Kilderkin, Bally, St. Tui, Sir Gilead, Hira, Polycaste, Lucrece, Annoyed, Lovelink, Zuleika, Pukekoke, Bromide, Le Beau, Lady Warwick.

Additional nominations may have been lodged at Devonport.

Whangarei Summer Meeting.

WHANGAREI, this day.

The following weights have been declared for the Whangarei races:

Flying Handicap.—Noteorind 9.5, Alba Rose 9.2, Discoverer 8.11, Ben Blair 8.10, Lady White 8.5, Nervine 8.3, Lady Clements 7.11, Fieramosca 7.11, Celerity 7.9, Lunetta 7.6, Omate 7.5, The Scotchman 7.5, Muthema 7.5, Matangirau 7.4, Peregrine 7.3, Lady French 7.0, Henry Havelock 7.0, Ngawha 6.12, Luck's All 6.9.

Publicans' Purse. Leomator 9.5, Sir Gilead 8.10, Annoyed 8.6, Bonomiana 7.11, Lavadel 7.10, Soulfish 7.0, Pamperla 7.0, Kola Nip 7.0, Mechanic 7.0, Agrapus 7.0, Lerida 6.12, Doctor 6.12, Quebec 6.10, Silvermine 6.7.

Whangarei Cup. Leomator 9.0, Sir Gilead 8.5, Delania 8.4, King Paul 8.3, Annoyed 8.3, Lovelink 7.10, Nervine 7.6, Lavadel 7.5, Seatonia 7.3, Pamperla 7.0, Soulfish 7.0, Doctor 6.10, Brian O'Lin 6.10, Luck's All 6.10.

First Handicap Hurdles. Cuirassine 11.0, Loch Fyne 11.0, Te Papa 10.5, Major 10.5, Lincoln 10.5, Corporal 10.3, Lerida 9.8, Sir Albert 9.8, Leo Fevo 9.8, Seatonia 9.5.

Railway Handicap.—Noteorind 9.0, Alba Rose 8.12, Annoyed 8.10, Bonomiana 8.3, Discoverer 7.10, La Cigale 7.10, Lallah Rookh 7.4, Lady Clements 7.4, Aqua Regia 7.0, Kola Nip 7.0, Celerity 7.0, Matangirau 6.10, Agrapus 6.10.

Welcome Stakes.—Alba Rose 8.12, Ben Blair 8.7, Lady White 8.0, Discoverer 7.12, Fieramosca 7.10, Lady Clements 7.6, Muthema 7.5, Celerity 7.4, Omati 7.0, The Scotchman 7.0, Peregrine 7.0, Matangirau 6.12, Ngawhai 6.10, Henry Havelock 6.10, Lady French 6.10.

Kensington Stakes.—Alba Rose 8.12, Ben Blair 8.7, Discoverer 7.12, La Cigale 7.12, Fieramosca 7.10, Aqua Regia 7.4, Omati 7.0, The Scotchman 7.0, Kola Nip 7.0, Matangirau 6.12.

Settlers' Handicap. Lavadel 9.0, Pamperla 8.8, Brigand 8.0, Bar-the-Door 8.0, Lady Lanta 7.10, Doctor 7.10, Brian O'Lin 7.10.

As Mr E. Hall has evidently overlooked the new rules re the starting of handicaps at 9st, the weights for the Welcome Stakes and Kensington Stakes will have to be revised.

Kamo Races.

The following are the results of the Kamo races:—

Handicap Hurdles.—Peter Simple (D. Munn), 1; Marksman (W. Gosnell), 2.

Maiden Hurdles.—Lady Lanta (W. Gosnell), 1; Fortification (Mr. Hodge), 2.

Kamo Handicap.—Pamperla (Frank Porter), 1; Native Rose (Frank Moran), 2.

Pony Race.—Neptune (Gilbert Clotworthy), 1; Rearangi (W. Gosnell), 2; Ngawhai (F. Porter), 3.

Publicans' Purse.—Lady Lanta (W. Gosnell), 1; Matangirau (F. Porter), 2; St. Patrick (Geo. Goodshirt), 3.

Handicap Trot.—Paddy 1, Kitty 2.

Settlers' Handicap.—Bauchus (S. Hodge), 1; Lady Howitzer (W. Gosnell), 2; Neptune (F. Porter), 3.

The meeting was considered very satisfactory, the attendance being very good. During the day the Hikurangi Brass Band discoursed various pleasing selections, and no hitch occurred to mar the day's sport.

Otamatea Races.

MATAKOHE, Tuesday.

The following weights have been declared for the Otamatea Racing Club's meeting, to be held on January 19:—

Maiden Plate.—The Abbott 8.12, Terence 8.12, Ngarunui 8.7, Tennis 8.5, Buggins 8.0, Ping Pong 7.12, Galvanic 7.12, Otara 7.6, Vesper 7.6, Bonny Morn 7.6, Gipsy M. 7.6, Queen 7.6.

Hurdle Race.—Merrysome 11.6, Warrigal 11.0, Silvermine 9.12, The Abbott 9.0, Buggins 9.0, Terence 9.0, Kelso 9.0.

Pony Race.—Silvermine 8.12, Valima 8.0, Galvanic 8.0, Ping Pong 8.0, Bonny Morn 7.6, Vesper 7.6, Opae 7.6, Ruarangi 7.6.

Otamatea Cup.—Henry Havelock 9.10, Merrysome 9.8, Sir Alberton 8.12, Jessamine 8.10, Bar-the-Door 8.7, Warrigal 8.7, Silvermine 8.0, Brigand 8.0, Terence 7.7, The Abbott 7.7, Lady Regel 7.0, Fortification 7.0, Ping Pong 6.12, Valima 6.12.

Matakohe Welter Handicap.—Jessamine 10.4, Mosher 9.0, Lady Regel 9.0, Texas 8.10, Tennis 8.10, Valima 8.6, Buggins 8.4, Kelso 8.4, Otara 8.4.

Flying Stakes.—Henry Havelock 9.12, Lunetta 9.7, Jessamine 8.12, Brigand 8.4, Sir Alberton 8.0, Silvermine 8.0, Bar-the-Door 7.12, Texas 7.10, Lady Regel 7.10, Satan 7.0, Terence 7.0, Galvanic 6.7, Ping Pong 6.7.

Whatawhata Races.

HAMILTON, Tuesday.

The results of the Whatawhata races, held yesterday, were:—

Handicap Hurdles. — A. Wilson's The Frenchman 1, G. Bettley's Lady Mry 2, J. Harker's Fairy 3.

Maiden Plate Handicap of 8sovs; 1 mile. —F. R. Windsor's Rouseabout 1, J. Harper's Ruskaka 2, A. R. Cassidy's Freehold 3.

Whatawhata Cup Handicap.—F. White's Agrapus 1, J. Harper's Te Tautwha 2, T. Kemptlorae's Sophia 3.

Hack Race of 7sovs; 7 furlongs.—Thos. Kemptlorne's Aldershot 1, M. Laxon's Lottie 2.

Ladies' Bracelet.—J. Harper's Te Tauiwha 1, G. Bettley's Lady May 2, F. R. Windsor's Rouseabout 3.

Flying Stakes.—A. Lang's Stepney 1, F. White's Agrapus 2, J. Harper's Ruskaka 3.

Hawke's Bay Races.

NAPIER, Tuesday.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Summer Meeting was concluded to-day. The attendance was large for a second day. The weather was fine, though dull in the morning. In the afternoon a heavy shower fell, but this lasted only a short time, the remainder of the day being fine. The racing, on the whole, was much better than on the first day. The totalisator put through the sum of £6513, making a total of £14,085 for the two days, an increase of £2884 on last year's figures.

Acton Hurdles. — Monarque 1, Florio 2, Lady's Link 3. Time 3.20.

Dividends — £2 3/ and £1 3/.

Second Race. — Medallist 1, Soultina 2, Sylvrie 3. Dividend, £3 1.

Scurry Hack. — Mobility 1, Flower Girl 2, Oasis 3. Scratched — Lord Rosebery and Lebeccio.

Summer Handicap of 8sovs; once round. —Ballynerty, 7.6, 1; Operetta, 6.10, 2; Lyrist, 8.0, 3. Also started: Heywood. Operetta led until half way down the straight, when Ballynerty put in a strong run, and after a game struggle won by nearly a length. Time, 1.34. Dividend, £6 9/.

Nursery Handicap of 6sovs; 5 furlongs. —Grand Slam, 7.6, 1; Pluck, 7.2, 2; The Squatter, 7.3, 3. Also started: Golden Gate, Idaeus, Rutumuata, Wai Ariki, Corazon, and The Duchess. Pluck was in front until reaching the distance post, where Grand Slam joined issue, and, getting the best of a capital finish, won by three-quarters of a length. Time, 1.6. Dividends, £3 16/ and £1 7/.

Epsom Handicap of 50sovs; once round. — Cinque, 10.7, 1; Orvx, 9.2, 2; Martyrfield, 8. Also started: Paikea and No Shot. No Shot led for six furlongs, when Oryx took command, but in the straight Mr Stead brought Cinque along with a well-timed rush, and won all out by a bare length. Time, 1.58. Dividend, £5 12/.

Matapairo Hack Handicap of 50sovs; 7 furlongs. — Tonderghie, 8.7, 1; Pantaloon, 8.0, 2; Te Hauke, 8.0, 3. Also started: Lolret, Floral, Electric Gun, and Matatika. Time, 1.30 1-5. Dividends, £2 10/ and £1 15/.

January Handicap of 70sovs; 7 furlongs. —Polyanthus, 8.2, 1; The Stake, 7.6, 2; Sylvrie, 8.7, 3. These were the only starters. Polyanthus led all the way and won comfortably by a length. Time, 1.31 2-5. Dividend, £1 10/.

Wairarapa Races.

SECOND DAY.

MASTERTON, Tuesday.

The Wairarapa Racing Club's meeting was concluded to-day at Tauherinikau in showery weather. The course was heavy. The sum of £2833 was put through the totalisator, making £10,736 for the meeting, against £14,142 for the corresponding meeting last year. The results are as follow:—

Racing Club Handicap, 1 mile and a distance.—Baris, 9.0, 1; Martian, 9.5, 2; Capulet, 8.9, 3. Also started: Aberathoa, 7.7; Spoil, 6.12; Letherin, 6.10; Silverlode, 6.7. Won by half a length. Time, 2m. Dividends, £2 5/ and £1 14/.

Russell Handicap, 7 furlongs.—Sir Percivale, 6.7, 1; Wiud, 8.3, 2; Variation, 7.9, 3. Also started: Exmoor, 9.13; Tikarawa, 8.3; Spoil, 7.6; Fancywork, 7.5; Seagull, 7.2; Galahad, 6.7; Holly-Tolly, 6.7. Won easily by several lengths. Time, 1.30 3-5. Dividends, £6 19/ and £2 5/.

Rawiri Handicap, 4 furlongs.—Alisa, 10.5, 1; Sardonyx, 7.8, 2; Inglenook, 8.8, 3. Also started: St. Albert, 7.9; Miretta, 7.8; Cexswain, 7.7. Won by a length. Time, 1.2 4-5. Dividends, £3 1/ and £1 8/.

Rangitikei Races.

MARTON, Tuesday.

The totalisator returns for the two days amounted to £16,895. The following are the later results:—

Telegraph Hack. — Apa 1, Wangaehu 2, Federation 3. Also ran: Maraehinse, Pomegranate, Ceewa, and Handwhenua. Won by a length. Time 1.19 1-5. Dividends — £3 2 and £1 5/.

Clifton Handicap. — Ropa 1, Flotilla 2, Delamere 3. Also ran — Recoil. Time 1.52 1-5. Dividend, £4 4/.

Sandon Hurdle Race.—Wild Cat 1, Kohonui 2, Levant 3. Also ran: Valima, Detonator. Won by a length. Time, 3.2. Dividends, £2 5/ and 17/.

Killeymoon Hack Handicap. — Victoria Park 1, Bonheur 2, Prospector 3. Also ran: Present, Kaimere, Rosegrove, Lion Heart. Won by a length. Time, 1.36 4-5. Dividends, £2 11/ and £1 1/.

Greatford Stakes. — Nonette 1, Black Reynard 2, Submarine 3. Also ran: Rapids. Won by half a length. Time, 2.1 4-5. Dividend, £3 5/.

Tramway Hurdle Race.—Ontario 1, Dalby 2, Inglewood 3. Also ran: Weary Bill, Cassiopea, Lion Heart, Kangaroo, Levant. Won easily by several lengths. Time, 2.58 3-5. Dividends, £4 15/ and £2 1/.

Rammi Welter Handicap.—Captain Shannon 1, Rustique 2, Ropa 3. Also ran: St. Clair, Mussell, Flotilla, Marinella, Recoil. Won by two lengths. Time, 1.20 2-5. Dividends, £3 16/ and £1 9/.

Parewanui Scurry.—Windy 1, Destruction 2, Splendid Idea 3. Also ran: Clifton, Akowa, Lomaria, Kai Ewin, Apples, Zelma, Ioaha, Paper, Chinchinata, Almira, Spikie. Time, 52 2-5sec. Dividends, £3 13/ and £1 16/.

Wellington Racing Club's Summer Meeting.

WELLINGTON, Saturday.

The following handicaps have been declared by Mr Pelbock for the Wellington Racing Club's summer meeting:—

Anniversary Handicap, one mile.—Starshoot 9.2, Ghoorka 8.13, Auratus 8.12, Exmoor 8.12, Convoy 8.9, Boris 8.6, Black Reynard 8.4, Rose Madder 8.0, Tirole 7.13, Makaroff 7.13, Regulation 7.12, Dexterity 7.11, Lyrist 7.11, Ropa 7.9, Chamchattan 7.8, Wind 7.3, Flaxbeen 7.3, Prelude 7.3, Tikarawa 7.2, Antigone 6.13, Clanburn 6.13, Capulet 6.12, Aberration 6.12, Hydrant 6.9, Seagull 6.9, Spoil 6.7, Letherin 6.7, Flotilla 6.7, The Stake 6.7, Quickfire 6.7, Fancywork 6.7, White Ribbon 6.7.

Telegraph Handicap, six furlongs.—Soultion 9.4, Master Alix 9.2, Hoboro 8.13, Cuneiform 8.13, Petrovna 8.13, Signalman 8.11, Ballarat 8.11, Chivalry 8.8, Black Reynard 8.7, Boris 8.5, Jeanne d'Arc 8.5, Alisa 8.4, Boomerang 8.4, Stronghold 8.4, Delaware 8.0, Marguerite 7.11, Sir Tristram 7.11, Delamere 7.8, St. Clairner 7.8, Petticoat 7.8, Prelude 7.8, Pas Seul 7.5, Jolly Friar 7.3, Medallist 7.3, St. Bill 7.2, Tomorrow 7.2, Waitati 7.0, Eden 6.12, Matakokiri 6.7, Arc Light 6.7, Quickfire 6.7, White Ribbon 6.7.

Electric Handicap, five furlongs.—Master Alix 9.5, Petrovna 9.2, Chivalry 8.13, Ballarat 8.13, Alisa 8.9, Stronghold 8.9, Glenowlet 8.3, St. Clairner 7.13, Sir Tristram 7.13, Delamere 7.11, Prelude 7.10, Pas Seul 7.8, Inglenook 7.8, Gawain 7.7, Medallist 7.5, St. Bill 7.5, Waitati 7.4, Miretta 6.13, The Seer 6.7.

Handicap Hurdle Race, one mile and three-quarters.—Waitarere 11.0, Sheepwell 11.0, Catspaw 10.12, South Star 10.10, Tatune 10.8, No Shot 9.8, Geologist 9.7, Kalmoe 9.5, Kaingahoi 9.2, Ransom 9.0, Garry 9.0, Brenda 9.0, Error 9.0.

Nursery Handicap, four furlongs.—Ivanoff 8.12, Golden Gate 8.7, De Witte 8.3, Munjista 7.13, Lady Landon 7.9, Grand Slam 7.9, Chicane 7.9, Loftus 7.8, Kaserikoff 7.7, Volume 7.6, Moscow 7.2, c by Conqueror—Money 7.2, Frisco 7.2, Snowstill 6.11, Kurawaka 6.11, Carrissima 6.11, Strathdillan 6.11, Frisco Maid 6.11, Tangimoana 6.11, Mahuta 6.11.

Tongariro Hack Handicap, one mile.—Bourrasque 9.7, Pushful 8.13, Pretty Maid 8.13, Maui 8.11, Glenullin 8.10, Dulcinea 8.7, Togoa 8.7, Lady Wayward 8.7, Declination 8.2, Southern Cross 8.2, Tonderghie 8.1, A.P.A. 7.12, Tekanui 7.10, Early Grove 7.7, First Vein 7.5, Merriwal 7.3, Moloch 7.3, Windy 7.0, Moral 7.0, Aotea 7.0, Benair 7.0, Taitsihar 6.13, Soultmaid 6.7, Splendid Idea 6.7, Czarenna 6.7, Secret 6.7, Gold Lead 6.7.

Ruapehu Hack Handicap, six furlongs.—Nobility 9.2, Maui 8.13, Gazeley 8.11, Dulcinea 8.9, Declination 8.7, Arc Light 8.4, The Seer 8.4, A.P.A. 8.0, Tekanui 8.0, Aorangi 7.13, Sylvan Tide 7.9, Farley Grove 7.9, Rose Petal 7.9, Devonia 7.8, Tupona 7.8, First Vein 7.7, Scrap Iron Jack 7.7, Probability 7.4, Aotea 7.4, Hukanka 7.4, Lethe-bue 7.3, Kluku 7.2, Total 6.12, Pomegranate 6.12, The Voucher 6.12, Czarenna 6.12, Pat 6.12, Ben Seo 6.7, Hill Song 6.7, Queen's Messager 6.7, Soultmaid 6.7, Diaha 6.7, Xavier 6.7, Secret 6.7, Skye 6.7, Maura 6.7.

THE WELLINGTON CUP.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

The following are the acceptances for the chief event to be decided at the Wellington Racing Club's summer meeting:—

THE WELLINGTON CUP of 650sovs. One mile and a half.

	st. lb.		st. lb.
Achilles	9 6	Melodeon	7 4
Nightfall	9 4	Black Reynard	7 3
Martian	8 13	Makaroff	7 2
Vladimir	8 11	Delamere	7 2
Paritutu	8 8	Lyrist	6 13
Putty	8 3	Ropa	6 12
Auratus	8 0	Cyrus	6 4
Solution	8 0	Spoil	6 7
Armistice	7 6	Clanburn	6 7

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday.

In Otago the new year was ushered in with quite a number of country race meetings. At the Wyndham meeting on January 1st the Dreadnought gelding Sirius beat Juniper in the New Year Handicap, and subsequently won the District Welter Handicap. Crichton carried 10.4 to victory in the Flying Handicap, while Bill Perkins appropriated the Open Welter Handicap.

At the Cromwell meeting Flower o' Clutha beat Visionary in the Cromwell Handicap; but next day the latter turned the tables on her conqueror in the Jockey Club Handicap. The Cajolery horse Toney won the Flying and Farewell Handicaps, and Tugela annexed the Grandstand Handicap.

The Palmerston Cup, the principal event decided at the Palmerston South meeting, fell to Bulawayo's half-brother, Quagga, and the Shag Valley Handicap to Obligado, a gelding by The Workman, who also won the Maiden Plate. The Muskerry Dudu mare Lolah appropriated the District Handicap, and the Cuirassier horse Transport the Farewell Handicap.

At the Waikouaiti meeting Catheron, by Obligado, defeated Lolah in the Hawkesbury Handicap, but the latter afterwards won the Bray Handicap. The Goodwood Plate fell to Octave, by Obligado, who was followed home by the ancient Maremma.

The first day's racing of the Southland Racing Club was held in most disagreeable weather, and was marred by a couple of accidents. In the New Year Hack Welter Handicap J. McGuire, the rider of Eremah, had his foot injured by collision with a post, and it was found necessary to amputate one of his toes. In the Flying Handicap Canada fell, and Captain Kettle blundered over him, with the result that Jamieson, the rider of Captain Kettle, had one of his legs broken, and Canada injured his shoulder.

Astrakhan, the three-year-old brother to Petrovna and Master Alix, is still troubled with intermittent lameness.

I hear good accounts of a two-year-old colt by Birkenhead—Merganser, who is in training in Southland.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

The local racing world is still seasonably quiet. Riccarton is deserted, and it is likely to be in that state for at least another week. The entertainment that Canterbury race-goers have had during the holidays has been a trotting meeting and a few picnic race meetings, at which there was no tote. At one of the latter, held under the auspices of the Tinwald Racing Club, the principal event, the Tinwald Cup, was won by the Hotchkiss—Lady Augusta gelding Thunderer. Silent Member won the Grandstand Handicap; Contest, by Manticher, the Maiden Plate; Gold Reef, by Gortoft, the Domain Welter Handicap; and Conqueress, by Conqueror, the Consolation Handicap.

At another, the Methven Sports and Racing Club's annual race meeting, the Methven Cup was won by Silver King, and the Ladies' Purse by Tomiti, by Manticher. The other two racing events fell to Hawke's Bay-bred horses—Miss Hamilton, by Captain Webb—Lady Hamilton, appropriating the Mount Hutt Handicap, and Thyrtla, by Apremont—Thyra, the Flat Race Handicap.

Mr G. L. Stead has bought the jumper Numa in the North Island. The price paid for the horse was 90gs.

It is stated here that Kirriemuir has gone amiss in one of her knees. If the report is true Sir George Clifford has no reason to look back with pleasure at the recent Auckland meeting. The great Northern Foal Stakes will hardly compensate him for being deprived of the services of two such-fine performers as Quarryman and Kirriemuir, but in the case of the latter it is to be hoped that the lameness is only temporary.

Major George, who has been on a visit to Christchurch, went out to Riccarton and renewed acquaintance with his old champion Nelson.

The only incident in local sporting circles worth mentioning is the recent raid on the premises of the local bookmakers. Most of the best known of the local fielders are under remand to appear before the Court on a charge of keeping common gaming houses.

Mr Frickdander has still further reduced his fast diminishing stud by the disposal of the stallion Finland to Messrs Ellsworthy Bros., of South Canterbury.

Mr Wankiyn, the secretary to the Canterbury Jockey Club, who has been on a holiday visit to Australia, has returned home.

(By Telegraph.—Special to "Graphic.")

CHRISTCHURCH, Monday.

The local sporting world is still very quiet. It is likely to begin to brighten up soon, however. Several absentees (still

horses and many who have been either to the West Coast or in the North Island, have returned, and in a few days all those teams without engagements at Wellington will be home again. Meanwhile local racegoers will find a little amusement at the Hororata Racing Club's annual race meeting, which is set down for to-morrow. This meeting is always enjoyable, and this year promises to be no exception to the rule. The following horses may run forward in their respective engagements:—Bangor Plate, Petrovna; Hororata Cup, The Mohican; Farmers' Plate, Buccleugh; Flying Hack Race, Ettarce; Welter Handicap, Munderer; Haldon Stakes, Hilarity.

W. Pirie left his North Island team at the Hutt, and ran down for a brief visit last Saturday to see how his home team was faring. He states that Martian is keeping sound, and progressing satisfactorily, but that Teitsiher is suffering from shin soreness. If Martian continues to improve he should certainly be dangerous in the Wellington Cup.

The Sydney-bred horse Narrangeri has changed hands, having been purchased by F. P. Claridge, who has placed him in F. Holmes' hands.

F. Jones has taken up his quarters under Hobbs, and for the future will act as first horseman to the Racecourse Hotel team. Most of the team are well, the two-year-old Ivanoff especially so, but Field Gun, the Hotchkiss—Gannet colt, is troubled by one of his knees, which has been blistered.

The rain which fell on Friday did a great deal of good to the training tracks. The tan track has been widened, and the work of re-erecting the semaphore on the new site opposite the stewards' stands is nearly finished.

Two Riccarton residents have met with accidents recently. Mr S. Wilson, the former owner of Rosemere, had a leg broken while engaged in farming work, and F. Dillamore sustained a fractured leg when Orkau fell with him at the Tinwald meeting on New Year's Day.

Messrs T. Campbell and B. Reid, who were present at the Auckland Racing Club's summer meeting, returned to Christchurch on Saturday.

If Achilles is at his best he ought to take a great deal of beating in the Wellington Cup. On the Auckland Plate running Nightfall should hold Mahutonga safe, but Martian, fit and well, may beat both of them. Windhuir has a chance, and Parkstuta, Putty, Savoury, Amarina, Convoy, Armistice, Makaroff, Lyrist, and Ropa should all be worth watching.

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English Racing.

Australasian sires do not make a brilliant show in the list of winning sires for the English racing season of 1905 now closed. Taking them alphabetically, we find that Absurd's progeny at racing here have won four races worth £680; Aurum II. has a race and a half to his credit, worth £1057; and the repatriated Bill of Portland is represented by eight winners of 16 races, worth £2414 10/; Carbine has been the most successful of the Australian sires, his stock having won 20 races, worth £5491; but Merman cuts a poor figure, with two winners of four races, worth £317 all told. Patron is represented by a single winner of a race worth £407, and the dead Trenton by four winners of 10 races, aggregating £1772.

Deducting Bill of Portland's contributions, the progeny of Australian sires running in England this season have between them accounted for 43½ races, worth £8730, twenty-three animals contributing to this amount.

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SALE OF CAMBRIA AND GLENORA PARK YEARLINGS.

A MOST SUCCESSFUL SALE.

One of the most successful blood stock sales held in Auckland for some time was that of the Cambria and Glenora Park yearlings, which were submitted to auction yesterday by Mr H. O. Nolan on behalf of the N.Z. Loan and Mercantile Co. In all 21 lots were offered, which realised 781gns. There was a large attendance of sportsmen and others, and bidding was brisk. Included in the number were Sir Geo. Clifford, Bart.; Sir Robert Lockhart, Bart.; Hon. James Carroll, Dr. Newman, Major Pitt, Messrs A. Yuille (Melb.), M. McCrae, D. Stewart, R. Duder, G. Bennett, A. Kidd, M.H.R.; F. Lawry, M.H.R.; H. Mehlhuish, A. Hughes, W. Lyons, S. Bradley, M. Mills, W. Handley, F. Earl, G. Currie, E. R. McCrae, C. Parker, C. Cooper, F. W. Edwards, J. Sewell, M. Taylor, T. Dwan, and several of the leading trainers.

The first lot to be offered was the colt by Seaton Delaval — St. Edith, which went cheaply at 35gs to Mr Doig, Wellington. A bay colt by Eton—Bequest was let go at 15gs, and was one of the bargains of the sale. The bay filly by Cyrenian—Anna, after starting at 50gs, quickly ran to 95gs, at which price the Messrs Duder Bros. secured her. A bay filly by Soult—Chiara fell to Mr G. Robinson at 145gs, while Mr F. W. Edwards got a nice colt by Soult—Gold Web for 50gs. There was not much competition for the bay filly by Eton—Rapid, Mr Parker getting her for the small outlay of 30gs. "The colt of the season," was Mr Nolan's comment when Lot 8, the brown colt by Soult—Rose and White was led in the ring. A beautiful colt, looking every inch an aristocrat, it did not need a very good judge to tell that there would be keen competition for his possession. Mr Hughes gave the colt a start at 300gs, and quicker than one could write it down he advanced in 50-guinea bids to 1100gs, at which price Mr A. Yuille (Melb.) silenced the opposition and secured him amidst applause.

Several New Zealand sportsmen Hon. J. Carroll, Messrs Mason, George, Hughes, and A. Kidd, M.H.R. were competing for the colt, but the weight of foreign capital was too much for them. This is the highest-priced colt yet reared at Glenora Park. There was only one bid of 50gs for the bay filly by Eton—Guinevere, which fell to Mr F. MacMaomin. A nice bay colt by Cyrenian—Miss Annie, a perfect little gentleman in appearance and one of the nicest colts yet offered at Cambria Park, ran from 200gs to 320gs, when he fell to the bid of Mr J. Thorpe, the Ellerslie trainer. A filly by Soult—Mauserine fell to Mr T. Dwan for 50gs, and a nice brown colt by Soult—Inamorata was knocked down to Mr M. Mills, Taranaki. A nice, shapely bay colt by Eton—Irma was a bargain at 145gs. Mr Martin Taylor securing him. A big chestnut filly by Cyrenian—Lute only excited one bid (100gs), going to Mr E. Heaton; but the brown colt by Soult—Hotcherina was the subject of keen competition. Starting at 300gs, he quickly advanced to 750gs, which was Mr J. Thorpe's bid. A bay filly, half-sister to Landlock, by Cyrenian, a racy-looking young lady, was cheap at 185gs. Mr C. Coleman being the purchaser. A black colt by Soult—Lady Emmeline, that looked almost ready to race, was another that brought about keen bidding. The first bid, 100gs, was immediately capped by 110, and then he advanced in leaps and bounds to 450gs, Mr A. Yuille again silencing the opposition. A bay colt by Cyrenian—Spring was purchased at 400gs by Mr J. Sewell, Oamaru; and a bay filly by Eton—Lady Agnes at 55gs by Mr G. Tighe. A black filly by Soult—Satanella (half-sister to St. Paul, St. Clements, St. Ursula, etc.), quality all over, ran from 50gs to 250gs, Mr A. Kidd, M.H.R., securing her. A nice filly by Cyrenian—Amadyomene was at 35gs knocked down to Mr W. Handley; and Dr. Newman secured the last lot on the catalogue, a filly by Soult—Merry Maid, for 60gs.

The 21 lots sold realised 781gns, an exceptionally good average of 1814gs.

Sales were as follows:—

Bay colt, by Seaton Delaval—St. Edith, 35gns, Mr Doig (Wellington).

Bay colt, by Eton—Bequest, 15gns, Mr Cooper (Masterton).

Bay filly, by Cyrenian—Anna, 95gns, R. Duder.

Bay filly, by Soult—Chiara, 145gns, G. Robinson.

Brown colt, by Soult—Gold Web, 50gns, F. Edwards.

Bay filly, by Eton—Rapid, 30gns, C. Parker (Gisborne).

Brown colt, by Soult—Rose and White (brother to Wairiki), 1100gns, A. Yuille (Melbourne).

Bay filly, by Eton—Guinevere, 50gns, F. Macmanomin.

Bay colt by Cyrenian—Miss Annie, 320gns, J. Thorpe.

Brown filly by Soult—Mauserine, 50gns, Mr Dwan (Wellington).

Brown colt, by Soult—Inamorata, 100gns, M. Mills (Taranaki).

Bay colt by Eton—Irma, 145gns, Martin Taylor.

Chestnut filly by Cyrenian—Mute, 100gns, E. Heaton.

Brown colt by Soult—Hotcherina (brother to Marshal Soult), 520gns, J. Thorpe.

Bay filly by Cyrenian—Dreamland, 165gns, C. Coleman.

Black colt by Soult—Lady Emmeline (brother to Cordon Rouge), 450gns, A. Yuille.

Bay colt by Cyrenian—Spring, 400gns, J. Sewell (Oamaru).

Black filly by Soult—Satanella, 250gns, A. Kidd.

Brown filly by Eton—Lady Agnes, 55gns, G. Tighe.

Chestnut filly by Cyrenian—Amadyomene 35gns, W. Handley.

Brown filly by Soult—Merrymaid, 60gns, Dr. Newman (Wellington).

Origin of the Bluejackets.

The use of the blue uniform, faced with white, which originated with the British navy, but which has been widely copied, was suggested by a riding habit worn by the Duchess of Bedford.

It had been determined to clothe the sailors of the navy in a distinctive uniform, and George II. deputed the matter to the then Duke of Bedford, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Admiral Forbes. At the conference the Admiral suggested that red with blue facings, or vice versa, would be the most appropriate, since these were the national colours.

The Duke agreed with him as to the appropriateness of the suggestion, but explained that His Majesty had that morning seen the Duchess in the park in a riding habit of blue faced with white and had given orders that the uniform of the navy should carry out this idea.

Other nations, seeing the effectiveness of the combination, adopted the idea, and now in most navies of the world the uniform is the same—blue and white.

THE HEALTH OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

The manufacturer of Eumenthol Jujubes draws attention to the following remarks which appear in the "British Medical Journal" of May 13 last:—

"Still more striking testimony to the efficiency of the Japanese medical service came from Sir Frederic Treves, at the dinner of the Japan Society, held on May 3rd. That distinguished surgeon said the Japanese were helping us to solve many of the problems which had been a terror to all European armies. British troops entered war with many determinations. One of these was to have 10 per cent. sick. This was what they were accustomed to, and they got it. Now, the Japanese were quite content with 1 per cent. sick—and they got it. Sir Frederick Treves did not say how our allies achieved this result. We (the "British Medical Journal") will therefore venture to suggest an explanation. It is not that the Japanese are superior to us in the practice of the healing art, but simply that they apply knowledge which they have learnt from Western nations more effectively to the necessities and emergencies of war." Some additional details are, however, given by A. Newcombe M'Gee, M.D., in the May number of the "Century Magazine." And the explanation of the low rate of mortality is, first of all, the great attention paid to sanitations; every case of sickness being treated as contagious, and rigorously isolated. Dr. M'Gee further mentions the daily consumption by every soldier of several creosote pills as having contributed largely to the result. It is in the administration of creosote as prophylatic that the manufacturer of Eumenthol Jujubes is particularly interested. As long ago as June, 1899, Mr W. A. Dixon, public analyst of Sydney, certifies:—"Following up experiments of your Eumenthol Jujubes, I have made a comparative test of them and creosote, and find there is little difference in their bactericidal action." This is endorsed by the "Lancet" laboratory report of November, 1901, which says:—"According to bacteriological experiments this result is likely to be gained, as in the experiments tried the jujube proved to be as effective bactericidally as is creosote." From the foregoing the use for "Eumenthol Jujubes" as a prophylatic may be realised, especially as everyone is not able to take creosote for any great length of time without some such discomfort as loss of appetite, nausea, etc.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Quaint, dainty, delicate: "Quality Street" has easily pleased all who have seen it in Auckland. Its freshness, and purity, its exquisite half-tones of pathos and humour, and its beauty of what in literature we call "style," mark it as one of the most charming of Barrie's productions. It possesses all the qualities which have made the author the most successful playwright of to-day, and its interpretation is entirely adequate. It will be played for the last time this (Wednesday) evening, and those who have not seen it should not miss the opportunity if they prize what may be truly termed a charming evening in the best meaning of that much misused word. On Thursday and Friday "Niobe" is to be staged, and as Mrs. Brough appears in her famous impersonation of Niobe all smiles two vast audiences are sure to welcome her. On Saturday and the early nights of the following week "Little Mary" is to be played, and for this the present writer predicts the record houses of the Brough or indeed any other season. Positively everyone seems bent on seeing the play, which has added a new euphemism to the English language.

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Miss Olga Nethersole recently gave a special matinee performance in Toronto in aid of the Queen's fund for the unemployed. The matinee realised about £260.

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Mr. Alfred Dampier in the next few weeks will be leaving on a trip to the Old Country for the benefit of his health, which during the past twelve months has

been anything but satisfactory. There is no more highly esteemed gentleman connected with the profession than the actor-manager, and it would be a graceful and well deserved compliment if he were tendered a testimonial performance prior to his departure. Both the artists and the public would thus have an opportunity of showing their appreciation of his many excellent qualities. Mr. Dampier will be accompanied on his trip by his wife, Miss Rose Dampier, and young Alfred.

Miss Brune's first act when she arrived in Melbourne on Christmas Day, after a long and arduous journey from Sydney, exemplified the strength of her predilection for swimming. Almost as soon as she was out of the train she and her companion hurried off to St. Kilda, where for an hour they luxuriated in the refreshing waters of Hobson's Bay. Then Miss Brune "returned to earth," and was ready for the many friends waiting to receive her.

Having in view the enthusiastic reception accorded "The Girl From Kay's" both in Melbourne and Sydney, there can be no doubt that had it first been done in Australia by the Royal Comic Opera Company instead of by Mr. George Edwardes' Gaiety Company, it would have run for at least three months in each city, and possibly have created a new record in rivalry to "Florodora," "Paul Jones" and the rest of the record makers. "Veronique" will succeed it at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, and for its first production there Mr. Coventry's latest impressions from the London rendering of the piece will be utilised to the improvement of the acting generally.

A valuable member of Mr. Williamson's managerial staff has returned to duty in the person of Miss Minnie Everett, who for many months past has been seriously ill. She has been assigned to the Gilbert and Sullivan Company to assist Mr. Henry Bracy in the production of "Utopia, Limited." For Miss Everett is something more than the very capable arranger of dances in which capacity she is known to the play going public. She is a born stage manageress, and many a suggestion of hers regarding new or better ways of handling the chorus or of improving the principals' business, has been gratefully accepted and utilised by the official stage manager at the time. Her influence on the production of "Utopia, Limited" will doubtless have the same benefit.

The year just commencing bids fair to be a very entertaining one from a theatrical point of view, judging solely on the promises of Mr. J. C. Williamson, to say nothing of developments which may be expected to take place. A busy time is before his various companies, especially with regard to the Royal Comic Opera Company. Mr. Williamson contemplates the first production in Australia of "The Spring Chicken," "The Duchess of Dantzig," "The Little Michus," "My Lady Madcap," and "The Blue Moon" for certain, while it is by no means unlikely that one or more of the other attractions in musical plays, the rights of which have been acquired by Mr. Williamson, may be added to the list. Mr. "Jerry" Coventry, who arrived by the India in the early part of the week, with a brain full of the latest ideas in stage management, to couple to his own extensive experience, will have the direction of them for Mr. Williamson. Miss Ettrell Brune's next new part will in all probability be the heroine of Dorothy Vernon, of Haddon Hall, a romantic drama based on Charles Major's novel of the same name, and later in the year her repertoire is to be increased by the addition of a few other pieces selected for the express purpose of bringing into prominence her high qualities as a tragedian and a comedian. With the Gilbert and Sullivan Company matters will apparently go on much as they are doing now—at any rate until the public show a decline in appreciation they now evince for their efforts. That event is still manifestly distant, and with no less than eleven pieces in their repertoire the periodical tours of the clever company should for several months meet with good results. Mr. Williamson loses the Knight-Jeffries Company at Easter time, much to his own and every playgoer's regret, but their place is to be filled by a new combination from America. Other negotiations involving visits from players with international reputations from the United States, England and Europe are also in active progress.

The open-air fete in aid of the Theatrical Charities' Fund, which was organised by the Royal Comic Opera Company and the Gilbert and Sullivan Company at Princes Court a fortnight ago, resulted in a most satisfactory financial return. The total sum contributed by the 16,000 people who thronged the resort amounted to £1350, and of this over £300 was absorbed in payments on agreed percentages to the Princes Court Proprietary, and to the various side shows. Of the £1000 available for the fund, advertising, catering and other disbursement accounts for £200, leaving £800 net profit, a sum quite sufficient to meet all the monetary demands on the fund for the next twelve months. Congratulations are due in generous measure to Mr. George Lauri, who organised the fete, and to the hundreds of zealous helpers who assisted in the pronounced success achieved.

Sir Squire Bancroft spoke eloquently for the drama at the Lyceum Club, where he and Lady Bancroft were among a distinguished circle of guests invited to luncheon by Mrs Oscar Beringer, who occupied the chair. In the course of his remarks, the eminent actor, who was greeted with loud cheers, said there was a remarkable affinity between the words of Shakespeare and the pages of Holy Writ. The same inspiring truths so abounded in both of them as to prove plainly that the illustrious poet was a devout student of Scripture. There could be no firmer bond—no sweeter union—between the Church and the Stage: it must for all time be the strongest link that ever yet was forged, for both books were eternal. Mr T. P. O'Connor, M.P., responded on behalf of politics, Mr Anthony Hope replied for literature, and Mr Forbes Robertson was the mover of a vote of thanks to Mrs Beringer. Mrs Forbes Robertson was also among the company, which included the Bishop of London, and others present were Miss Esme Beringer, Miss Vera Beringer, and Mr and Mrs H. V. Esmond.

Mr John Lemmone, the Bantist, so popular in New Zealand, has earned for himself the name of bush music missionary, for he takes small concert companies to most of the accessible parts of New South Wales, and numbers one or two hundred towns on his list. Only his peculiarly perfect knowledge of the State and personal familiarity with local magnates at each townlet enable him to make a financial success of a business that is likely before long to attract the enterprising American here. The travelling is very rough and varied in method. Bullock-waggons and river boats help the peripatetic artists at their need. Such tours are not lacking in humour. Mr Lemmone is rich in anecdote. A conversation with him is a series of silhouettes of famous people. Now a fascinating Patti picture—the bird-bright little woman, in younger days, darting out of her dressing-rooms, away from her maids, and pirouetting to the sound of the flute he has been warming in the greenroom behind the platform. The audience wait, growing impatient at the delay, but Madame must finish her frolic ere returning to finish her toilette with her distracted dressers. Through these reminiscences Melba moves—a figure of moods and caprices, often splendidly generous. Mr Lemmone played with her ere Fame crowned her, and recalls the occasion on which she sampled the acoustics of the then new Freemasons' Hall in Melbourne, which her father had built. The doors were not completed—the workmen still hovering to hear the greatest of sopranos sing "Dear Heart." Since then there have been many occasions on which his flute has mingled with her pure voice. One of these has a fairyish, unreal seeming. On a certain evening he went with her to a fine residence in Mansfield-street. An agent arranged fees and details. In a small drawing-room about eight people were casually seated, evidently after dinner—the women in glittering evening dress, the men wearing orders. On an erected dais appeared one after another Melba, the famous Mdlle. Delna, Edward Lloyd, Victor Maurel, the basso, Sarasate, and the chief of harpists, John Thomas. That quiet little evening's music cost thousands of pounds. So the rich mildly amuse themselves in London. Next day it occurred to Mr Lemmone to wonder whose house it was—for whom he had played—and he asked Melba. She shrugged her shoulders. "Don't know."

Our Illustrations

NEW LAUNCH FOR THE TOURIST DEPARTMENT.

Last week the Government Tourist Department shipped per the s.s. Wanaka, for Lake Manapouri, a steam launch of the following dimensions: Length 40ft, beam 8ft, depth 4ft, draught 2ft. 6in. The hull was built by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe, of the best heart of kauri throughout. The launch has a fine roomy cabin, covered with permanent wooden awning. The cockpit is covered by a removable canvas awning. The cabin and cockpit are well finished. The launch is licensed to carry 42 passengers. The machinery was supplied and installed by Messrs. E. Porter and Co., and consists of Messrs. Simpson, Strickland and Co.'s set of patent quadruple engines, with a Thornycroft type high pressure boiler, by which sufficient steam for working the machinery can be obtained within ten minutes from the time of lighting the fire. The launch, which has been named the Manurere (Flying Bird), was finished under Inspector Warbrick's personal supervision, and has been passed by both Inspector Warbrick and Mr Wetherilt (Inspector of Machinery), the little steamer in every way coming up to expectations. A speed of eleven miles was obtained on the trial runs, which proved most satisfactory. The launch is intended for Lake Manapouri, Otago, and left per s.s. Wanaka last week for the Bluff. Upon arrival the Manurere will be transferred into a railway truck and conveyed by rail to Mossburn. The journey from Mossburn to Lake Manapouri (fifty miles over hilly country) will be completed by bullock waggon. Inspector Warbrick superintends all the transit arrangements, and accompanies the launch until safely afloat on the lake. The enterprise shown by the Tourist Department in placing a valuable and comfortable launch of the Manurere type upon a lake so inaccessible speaks highly of the desire shown to meet tourists and make travelling on the Southern Lakes popular. We understand the steamer's run upon the lake will be upwards of fifty miles per day. This launch is the first of several the Tourist Department intend placing upon the Southern Lakes, which will bring the different points of interest within easy reach of tourists.

Principally About People

Continued from page 3.

and rode almost over it, and it gave a wicked snap at his foot, cutting the boot. Then he wheeled, and came toward it, again it galloped back, and just as it crossed the creek the greyhound made a rush, pinned it by the hind leg, and threw it. There was a scuffle, then a yell from the greyhound as the wolf bit it. At the bite the hound let go, and jumped back a few feet, and at the same moment Abernethy, who had ridden his horse right on them as they struggled, leaped off, and sprang on top of the wolf.

"He held the reins of the horse with one hand, and thrust the other, with a rapidity and precision even greater than the rapidity of the wolf's snap, into the wolf's mouth, jamming his hand down crosswise between the jaws, seizing the lower jaw and bending it down so that the wolf could not bite him. He had a stout glove on his hand, but this would have been of no avail whatever had he not seized the animal just as he did, that is, behind the canines, while his hand pressed the lips against the teeth; with his knees he kept the wolf from using its fore-paws to break the hold until it gave up struggling.

"When he thus leaped on and captured this coyote, it was entirely free, the dog having let go of it, and he was obliged to keep hold of the reins of his horse with one hand. I was not twenty yards distant at the time, and as I leaped off the horse he was sitting placidly on the live wolf, his hand between its jaws, the greyhound standing beside him, and his horse standing by as placid as he was. In a couple of minutes Fortesque and Lambert came up. It was as remarkable a feat of the kind as I have ever seen."

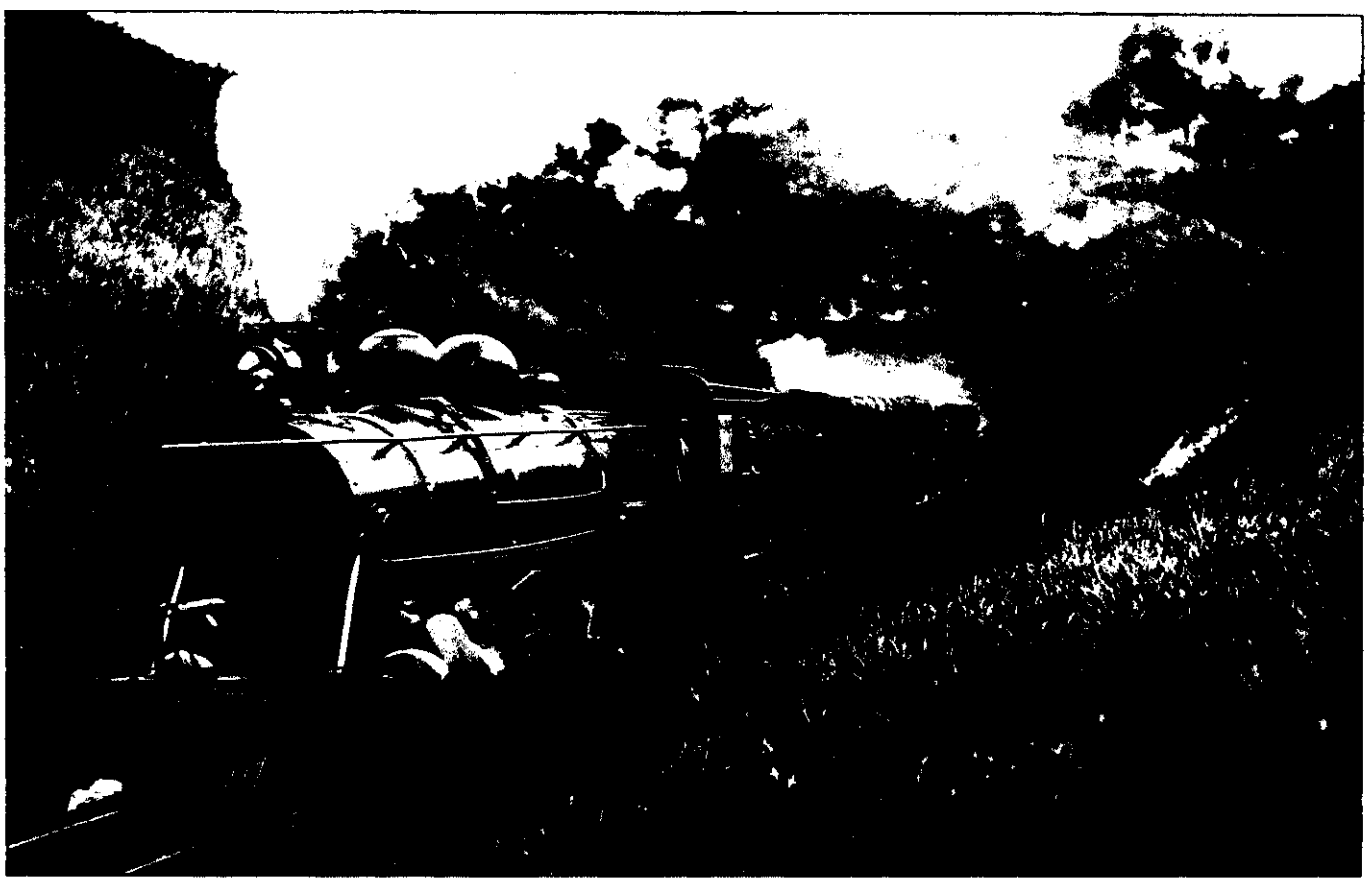
Mr Roosevelt has some wise words to say about the true sportsman and the false.

"True sportsmen, worthy of the name, men who shoot only in season and in moderation, do no harm whatever to game. The most objectionable of all game destroyers is, of course, the kind of game butcher who simply kills for the sake of record of slaughter, who leaves deer and ducks and prairie-chickens to rot after he has slain them. Such a man is wholly obnoxious, and, indeed, so is any man who shoots for the purpose of establishing a record of the amount of game killed. To my mind, this is one very unfortunate feature of what is otherwise the admirably sportsmanlike English spirit in these matters.

The custom of shooting great bags of deer, grouse, partridge, and pheasants, the keen rivalry in making such bags, and their publication in sporting journals, are symptoms of a spirit which is most unhealthy from every standpoint. It is to be earnestly hoped that every American hunting or fishing club will strive to inculcate among its own members and in the minds of the general public, that anything like an excessive bag, any destruction for the sake of making a record, is to be severely reprobated."

Altogether, the man who loves the slaughtering of beasts and the man who does not will both find much that is delightful in this volume.

APPROACHING THE TUNNEL, PARNELL SIDE.



EMERGING FROM THE TUNNEL, NEWMARKET SIDE.

IN PURSUIT OF THE SPORT OF KINGS.

WHAT WILL MEN AND WOMEN SUFFER IN THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

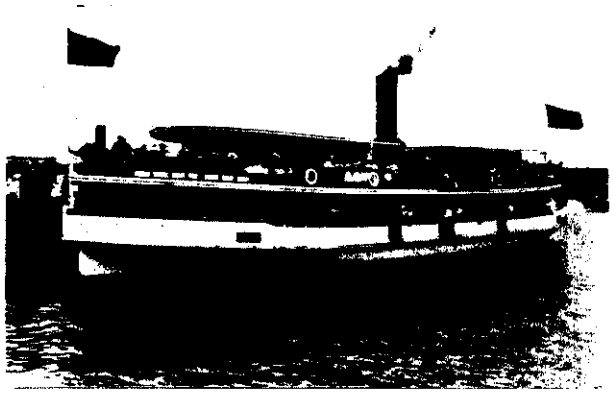
These two photographs show an Auckland race train, mainly composed of cattle trucks, approaching and emerging from the Newmarket tunnel. From the amount of sooty smoke generated on the severe up grade, it must be obvious that the passage through the tunnel is somewhat of an ordeal. The public growl, but bear it all the same.

WALLACE, THE NEW ZEALAND THREE-QUARTER, GETS INJURED.

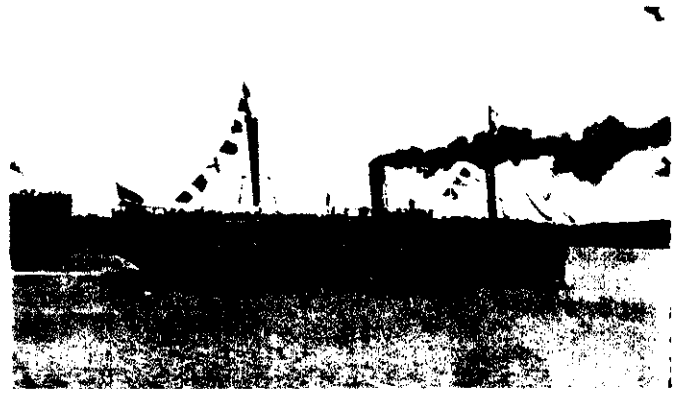
THE "ALL BLACKS" SECURE THE LEATHER AT A LINE-OUT.

Bowden Brothers, photo. NEW ZEALAND GETS AWAY.

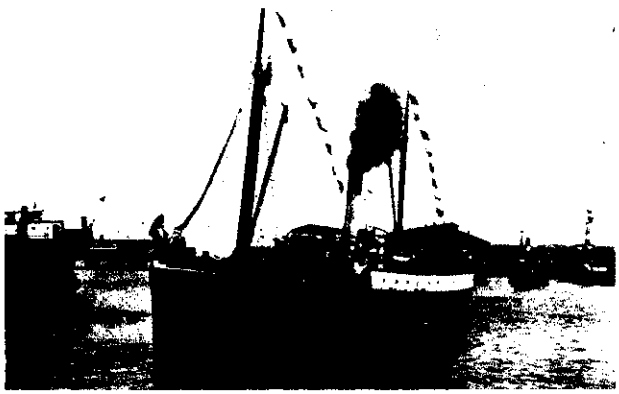
INCIDENTS IN THE NEW ZEALANDERS' MATCH AGAINST SCOTLAND, WON BY THE COLONIALS, 12 POINTS TO 7.



THE KESTREL OFF FOR TAKAPUNA, ETC.



BY THE APOURI FOR MAHURANGI HEADS.



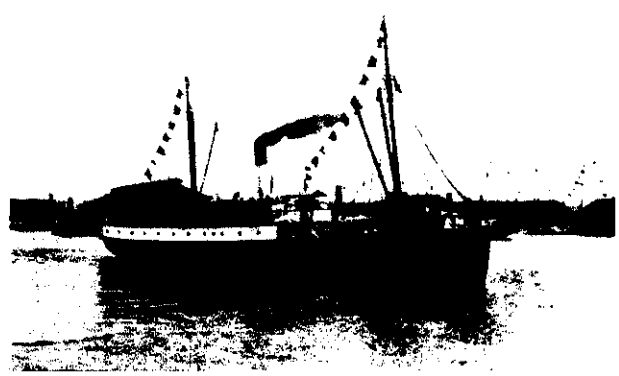
THE WAIMARIE FOR COWES' BAY.

THE RUSH FOR THE TRAMS.
Observe the enterprising gentleman who scrambles in by the window.

HOME AGAIN BY TRAM.

RACEGOERS IN THE CATTLE TRUCK "TRAIN DE LUXE" THOUGHTFULLY PROVIDED BY THE DEPARTMENT.

BY THE CLANSMAN FOR KAWAU.



OFF TO WAIHEKE REGATTA.

SOME WAYS IN WHICH AUCKLANDERS SPENT THE HOLIDAYS.

THE NORTHERN COMPANY'S CHELMSFORD AND APANUI OFF TO WAIHEKE.

SOME OF THE THOUSANDS CARRIED BY THE DEVONPORT FERRY COMPANY TO RANGITOTO, ST. HELIER'S BAY, MOTUTAPU, ETC.

HOLIDAY JAUNTS AT NEW YEAR'S TIME.

LANDING AT THE JETTY, TAKAPUNA.

SEA URCHINS.

ROUND THE ROWING BOATS.

PADDLING ON THE BEACH.

HOLIDAY JAUNTS AT NEW YEAR'S TIME: ON THE BEACH AT TAKAPUNA.

WAIRARAPA SCOTCHMEN HOLD HIGH CARNIVAL: CALEDONIAN SPORTS AT MASTERTON.

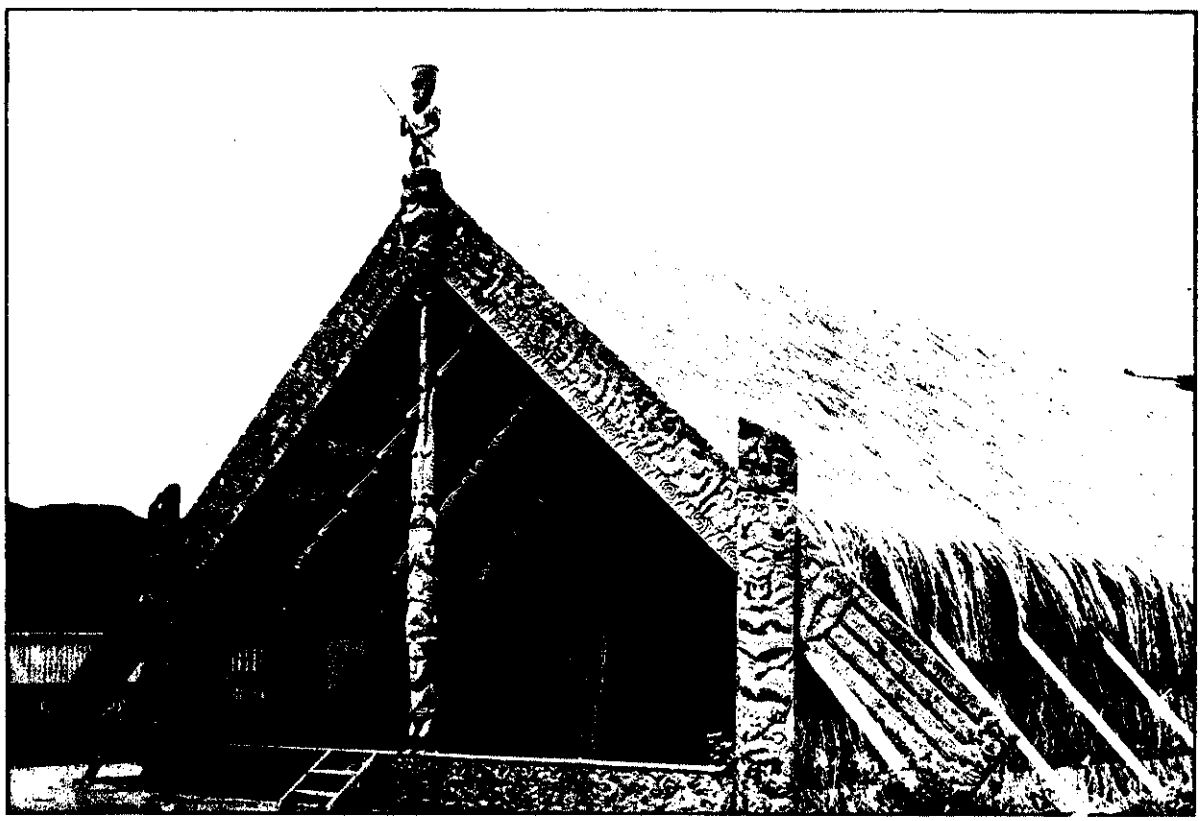
1. Start for the one-mile bicycle race. 2. "Kiltie" Smith meets some old friends. 3. A braw piper. 4. First in the hammer throwing. 5. The Highland fling. 6. The gathering of the clans.

New Carved House, Whakarewarewa

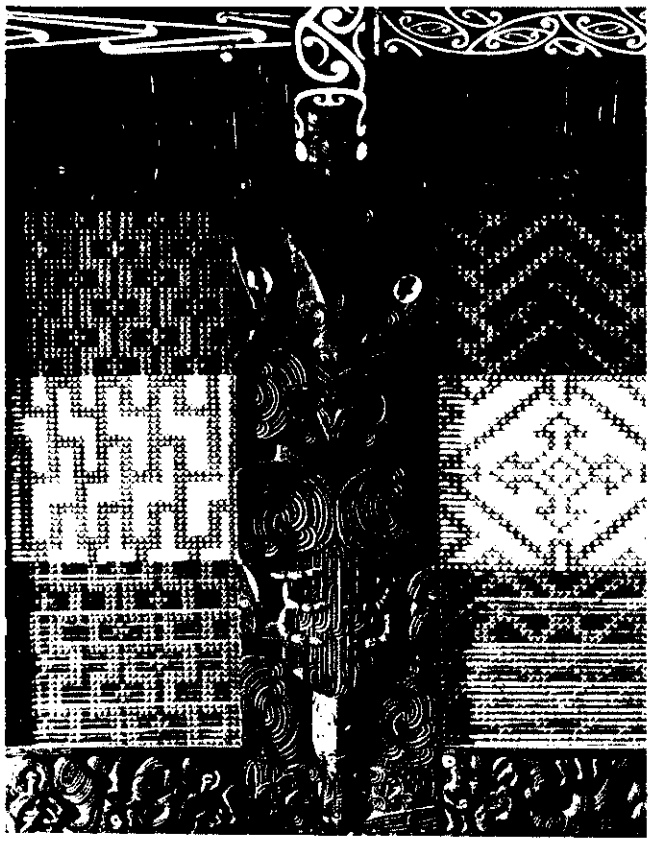
A Unique Building

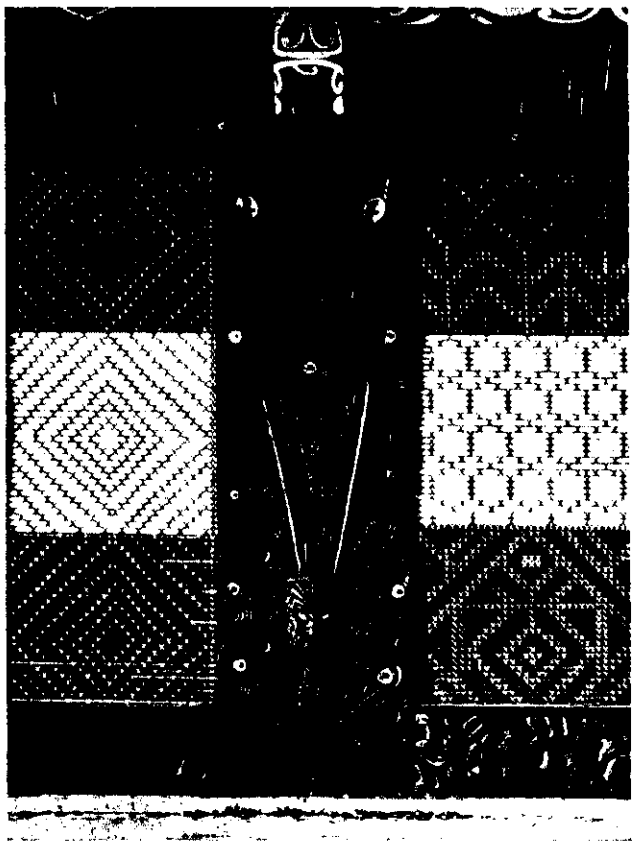
The weird attractions of Whakarewarewa will soon be supplemented by the sight of an interesting carved house which Captain C. E. Nelson, the host of the Geyser Hotel, has had erected near his establishment. For many years the Captain has collected Maori carvings, and he is an enthusiastic admirer of the grotesque but symmetrical figure carving which was executed with wonderful skill and patience by the Maoris of a couple of generations ago. Utilising a large number of these old carvings, and engaging Maoris to produce modern examples of the craft, Captain Nelson has been able to construct a carved house which is certain to create a considerable amount of antiquarian interest, besides the attention which its picturesque appearance will receive from tourists. The house is of imposing size—70 feet long by 25 feet 6 inches in width—and it is secluded from the roadway by a typical Maori palisade of manuka. The bargeboards of the front gable are 20 feet in length, and over two feet broad. Every inch of this large surface has been neatly carved, four expert Maoris occupying nearly three months upon the task. The centre pole, surmounted by a fighting figure, is carved the whole of its twenty odd feet, the figures representing Tinirau with his two children, who were born connected by a belt of skin, similarly to the Siamese twins. A pair of lizards, of legendary significance, are seen crawling down the pole towards Tinirau and his curious children. The front, executed in kakaho (reeds), is divided into perpendicular panels by the variegated kakaho. The single door and window, with their frames, are beautifully carved, and, unlike the other wood, are coloured black. On the heavy sliding door, consisting of a single kauri slab, is depicted the grotesque and fearful image of the witch Kurangaituku, whose treatment of her husband is the theme of an interesting Maori legend. Hatu Patu, the unfortunate husband of the evil Kurangaituku, disappeared within a rock, so the designers of the house appropriately arranged that the witch's outstretched hands are towards the window, upon which appears the figure of her husband. When the window panel opens Hatu Patu gains the shelter of the rock, represented here by the walls of the house. Inside the scene is even more interesting than outside, for here is an unequalled collection of old Maori carving. No fewer than 41 large carvings are ranged around the walls, making panels filled with prettily stained raupo. The carvings represent gods, etc., and the natives have names for them all. Every rafter is decorated with Maori designs, brightly coloured, harmonising well with the glistening-eyed wooden figures around the walls. Three dozen large mats are being made for the floor, and this is practically the only thing needed to complete the house. It has been built after the Maori fashion, lower at the back than the front, so as to secure an evenly-lighted interior. Neke Kapua and Tene Waitere were the head men responsible for the modern carvings, while Te Pirihi and Rangiwhenua executed the scroll painting. The beautiful reed work was done under Tene's direction. This interesting sight will be open to the public when the statue of Major Kemp (Te Keepa) is unveiled at Whakarewarewa early in March.

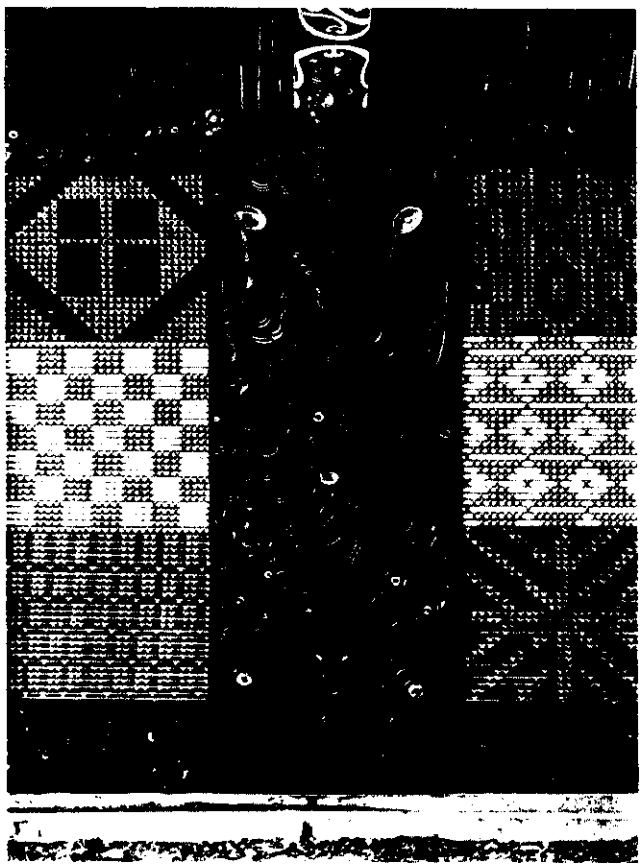
A BOY'S HAKA AT WHAKAREWAREWA.

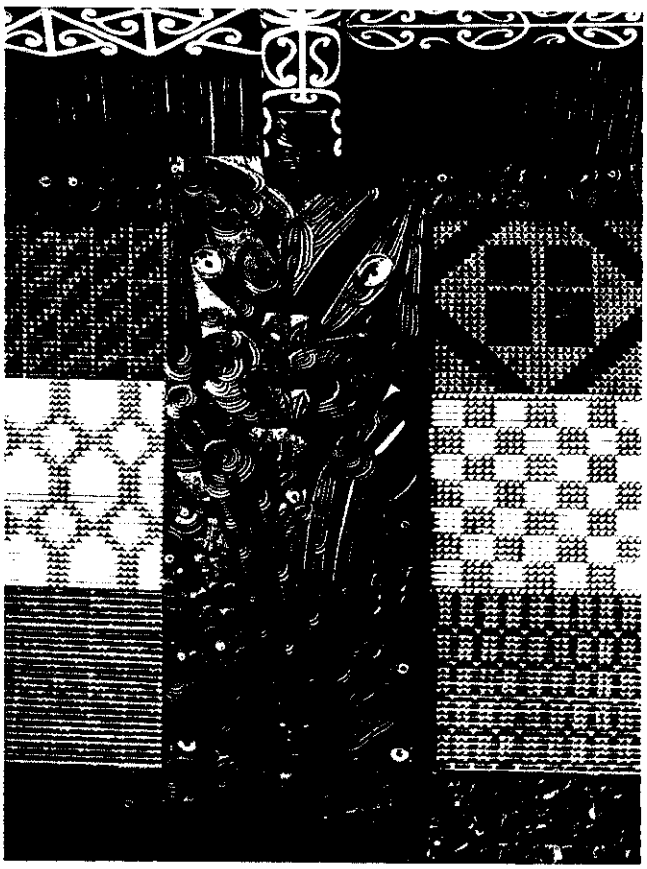


Parkerson, photo. THE SPLENDID NEW CARVED HOUSE AT WHAKAREWAREWA, ROTORUA.

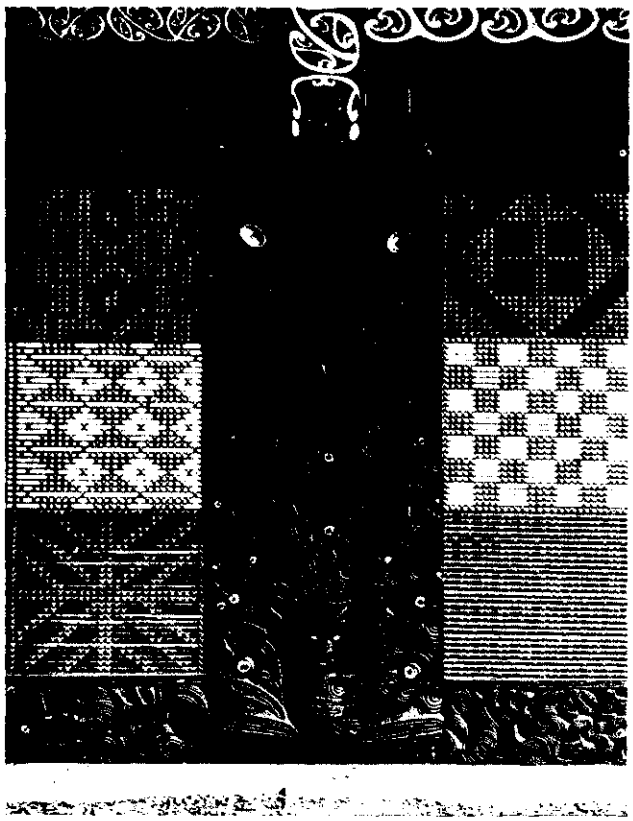


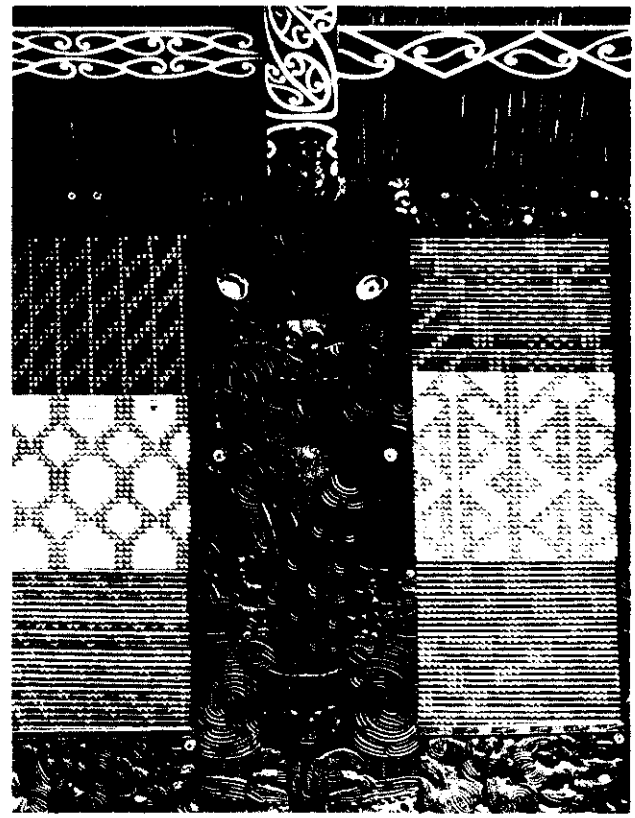


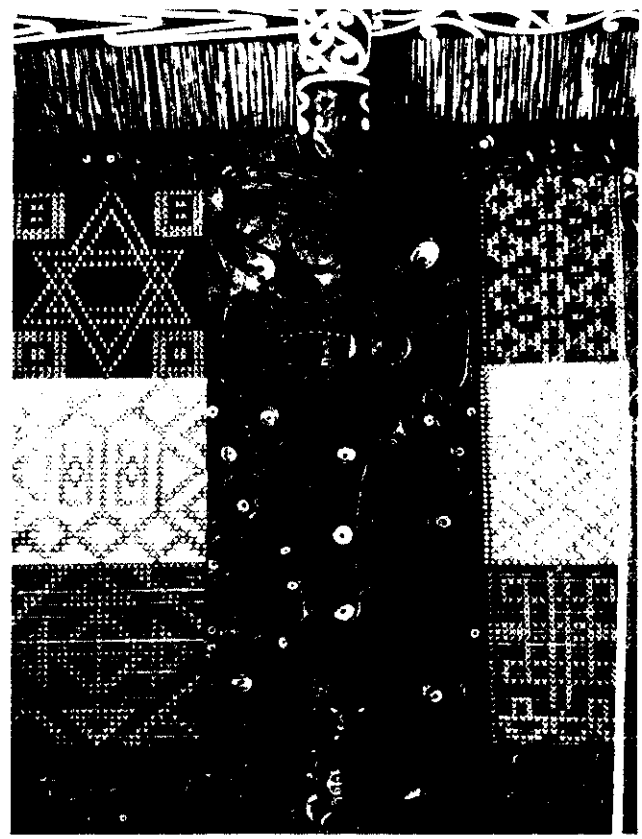




PANELS IN THE MAGNIFICENT NEW CARVED MAORI HOUSE AT WHAKAREWAREWA, ROTORUA.







PANELS IN THE MAGNIFICENT NEW CARVED MAORI HOUSE AT WHAKAREWAREWA, ROTORUA.

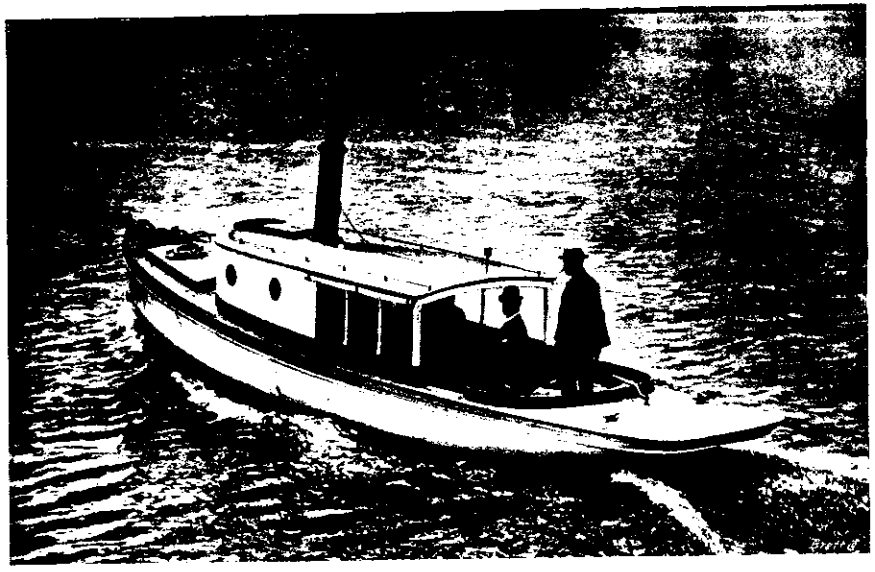
Schaef, Sarony Studio, photo. CANTERBURY REPRESENTATIVE CRICKETERS,

who were defeated by Otago by 82 runs, and beat Wellington by 34 runs.

BACK ROW: D. Fisher, D. McKenzie (Umpire), S. Orchard, J. S. Barrett, S. T. Callaway, D. H. Thomson (Manager), S. Lambert (Umpire). MIDDLE ROW: K. Oliver, J. H. Bennett, A. B. Sims (Captain), C. Boxshall, E. H. Franklin. FRONT ROW: H. Whitta, W. Patrick, C. B. Robinson, Scour, A. Anthony, J. D. Lawrence.

Schaef, Sarony Studio, photo. WELLINGTON REPRESENTATIVE CRICKETERS.

BACK ROW: R. L. Salmon (Secretary Wellington Cricket Association), K. H. Tucker (Captain), H. Hickson, W. S. Brice, T. H. Jones (Scorer). MIDDLE ROW: E. F. Upham, J. P. Blacklock, W. Gibbs, W. P. Redgrave, J. J. Mahoney. FRONT ROW: H. W. Monaghan, C. P. Blacklock, J. Hutchings.

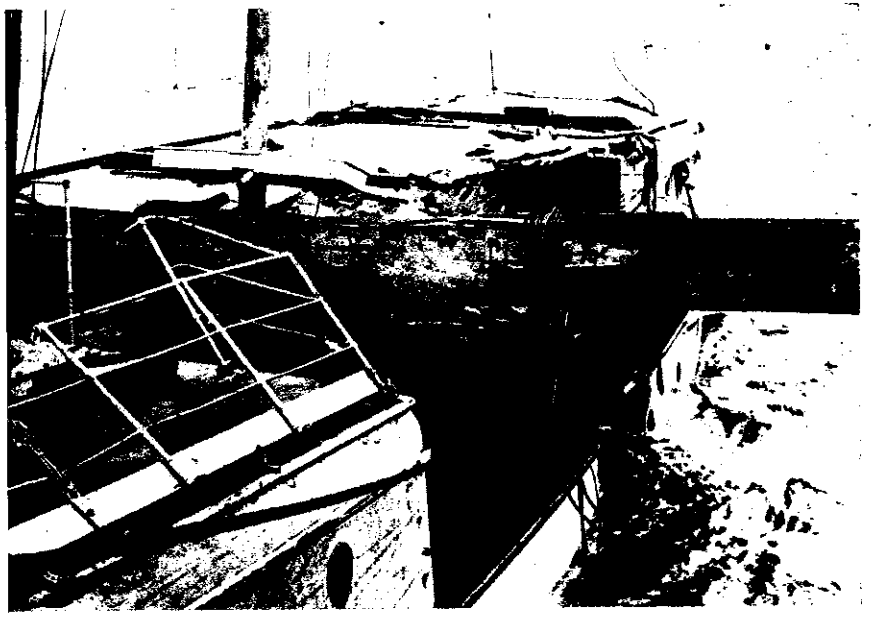


See our Illustrations.

THE NEW LAUNCH MANURERE (FLYING BIRD), BUILT TO THE ORDER OF THE TOURIST DEPARTMENT FOR THE TOURIST TRAFFIC ON LAKE MANAPOURI.

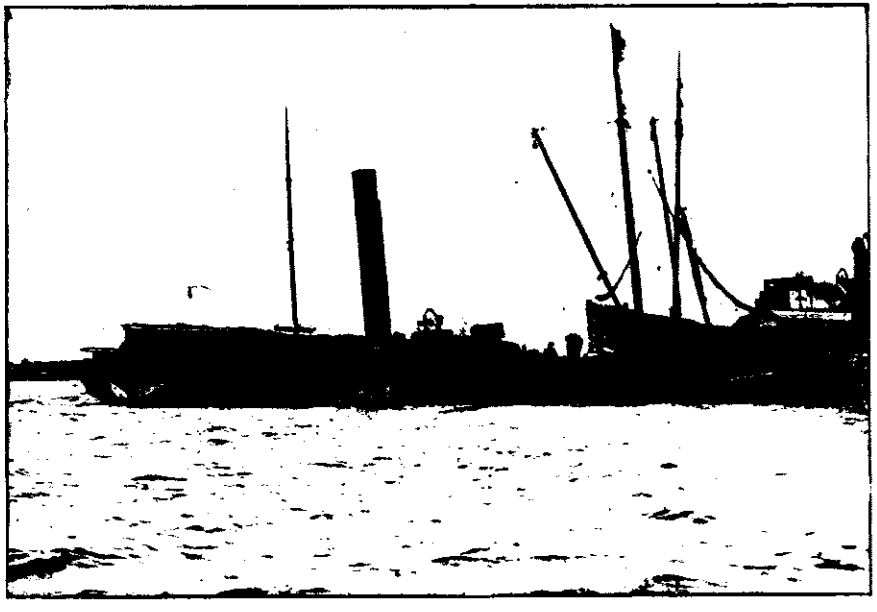
AFTER THE HOLIDAY: BACK TO WORK IN A GUM-DIGGER'S CAMP.

A WEEK AFTER THE ACCIDENT: THE KAPANUI'S MAST AND FUNNEL ABOVE WATER.



WHERE THE STEAMER WAS STRUCK BY THE CLAYMORE.

A NEAR VIEW OF THE HOLE, WHICH EXTENDS FURTHER BEYOND THE CABIN HOUSE.



AS SHE NOW LIES IN MECHANICS' BAY.

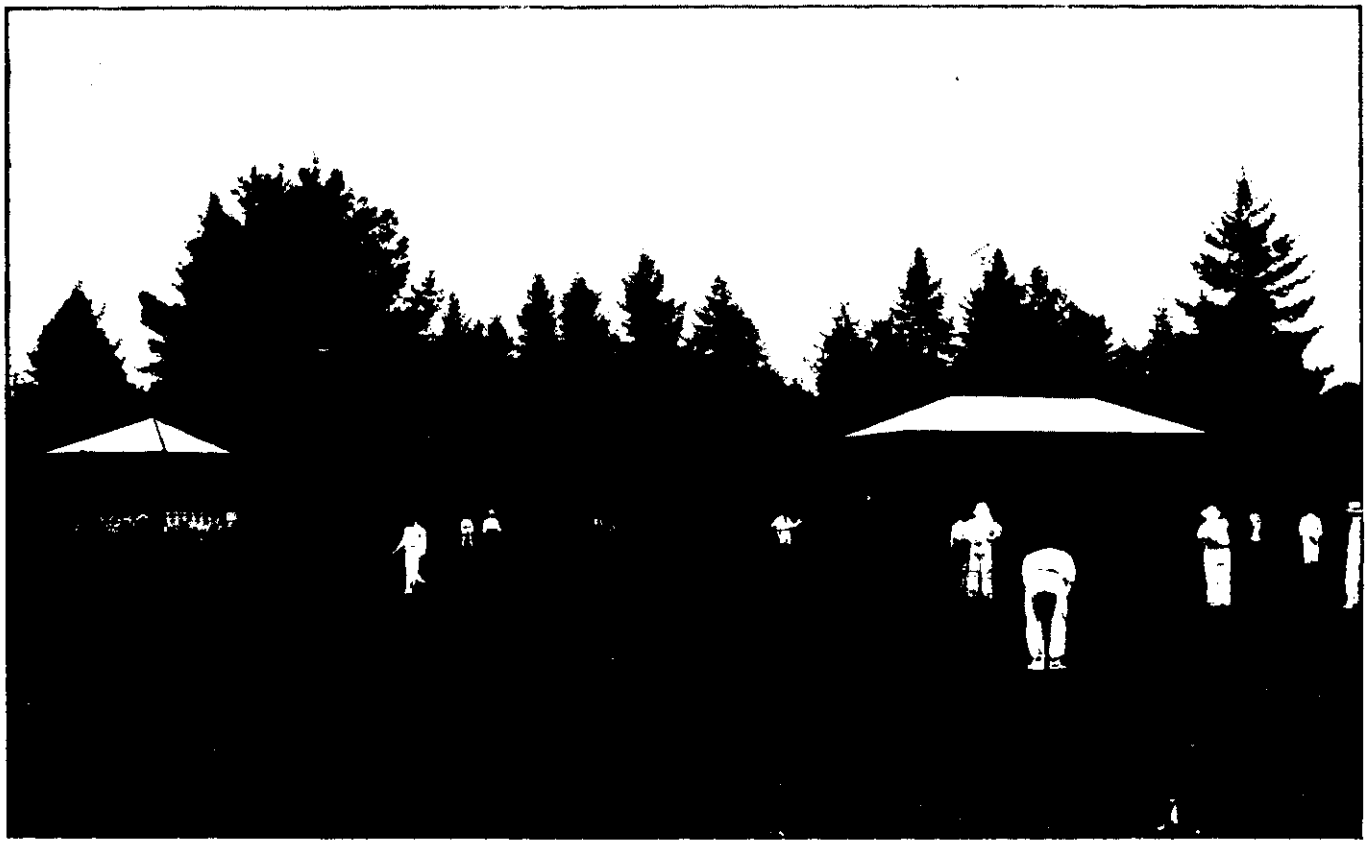
THE ACCIDENT TO THE SETTLERS' COMPANY'S S.S. KAPANUI.

RAISING THE SUNKEN STEAMER, WHICH FOUNDERED OFF NORTH SHORE ON DECEMBER 23, AS THE RESULT OF A COLLISION WITH THE S.S. CLAYMORE. FIVE LIVES WERE LOST.

Frith, photo.

THE AUCKLAND LIEDERTAFEL ON A COUNTRY TOUR.

1. In the Lobster Bath, Ohinemutu Domain, Rotorua. 2. "The Order of the Bath." 3. A Waiata quartette "al fresco." 4. It couldn't be "two up," could it? 5. A group taken en route.



"THE OVAL" IN THE PARK.

AT THE BOWLING GREEN.

MASTERTON, THE LARGEST TOWN IN THE RICH WAIRARAPA VALLEY.

REGATTA DAY AT COWES' BAY, WAIHEKE.

FOUR SNAPSHOTS TAKEN FROM THE BEACH OF THIS FAVOURITE NEW YEAR FUNCTION.

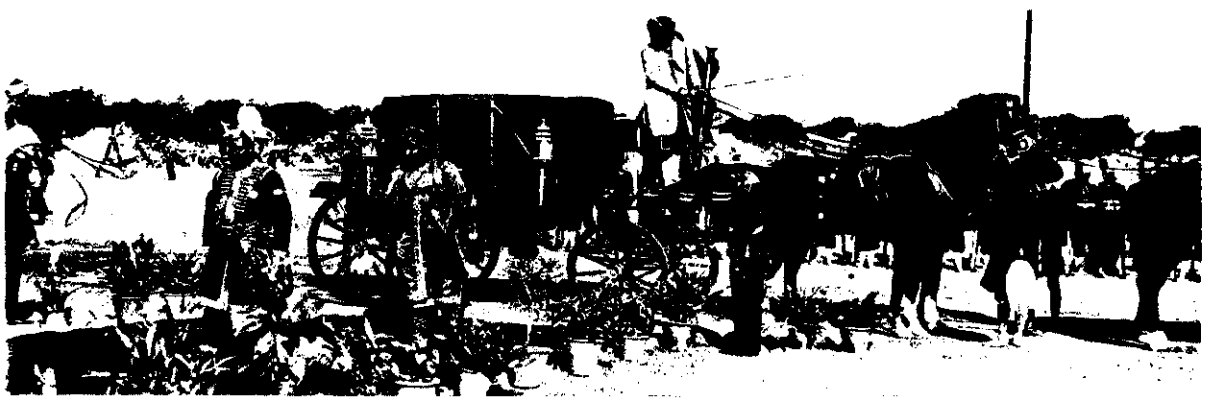
THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT TO AUCKLAND'S MAIN THOROUGHFARE.

ENDEAN'S BUILDINGS, THE HANDSOME NEW STRUCTURE AT THE CORNER OF QUAY AND QUEEN STREETS, WHICH HAS VASTLY IMPROVED THE VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE WATER FRONT.

ARRIVAL OF THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL, VEILED.

THE MAHARAJAH OF REWA.

THE MAHARAJAH OF DEWAS.



Bourne and Shepherd, photo. THE MAHARAJAH OF DHAR.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO INDIA.

CELEBRITIES AT THE BRILLIANT DURBAR AT INDORE, IN CENTRAL INDIA, THE FIRST PLACE STOPPED AT AFTER LEAVING BOMBAY.

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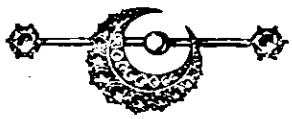

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G2512—Real N.Z. Greenstone and 9ct. Gold Brooch, 16 6

F7032—9ct. Gold Brooch, set 2 Rubies 1 Diamond, 21/-

G6398—5 Diamond Ring. 18ct Gold, £10; Size Larger, £15

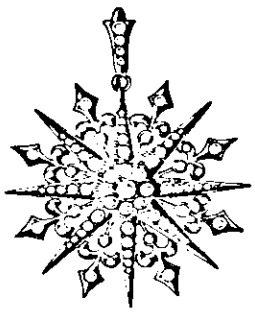
F4851—15ct. Gold fine Pearl Spray Brooch, £4.

E7459 - 18ct. Gold 2 Diamond 3 Ruby Ring, 32 6

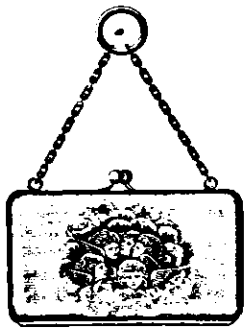
G2791—18ct. Gold, Diamond, Ruby and Pearl Ring, £4 10 -

G8884—18ct. Gold, 3 Sapphires, 2 Diamonds, £3 10 -

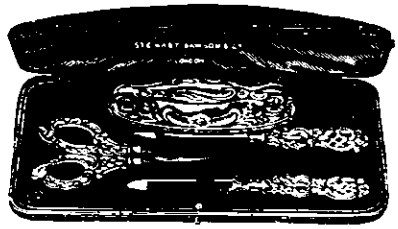
G3372—18ct. Gold, 3 Sapphires, 2 Diamonds, £5 10 -



G861 15ct. Gold and Pearl Pendant or Brooch, £9 15 -

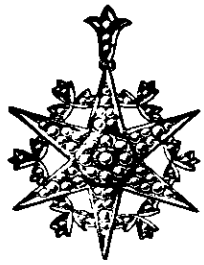


GS705—Solid Silver Purse, with Chain and Ring, £1

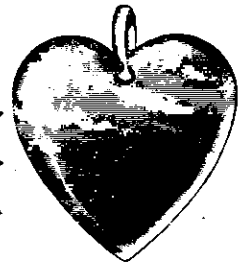


Solid Silver Manicure Set in Morocco Case, £3 Others at 21 -, 25 -, 35 -, 50 -

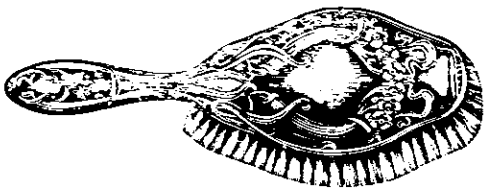
G7053—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Hairpin Box, 7 6



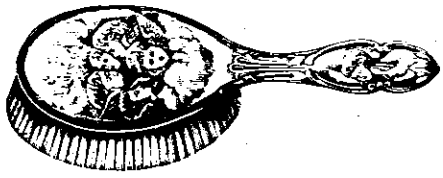
G748. 15ct. Gold and Pearl Pendant or Brooch, £5 15 -



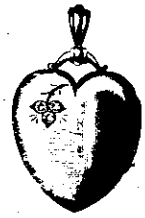
G4088—Greenstone Heart Pendant, 16 6



G3823 - Silver-backed Hair Brush, 37 6

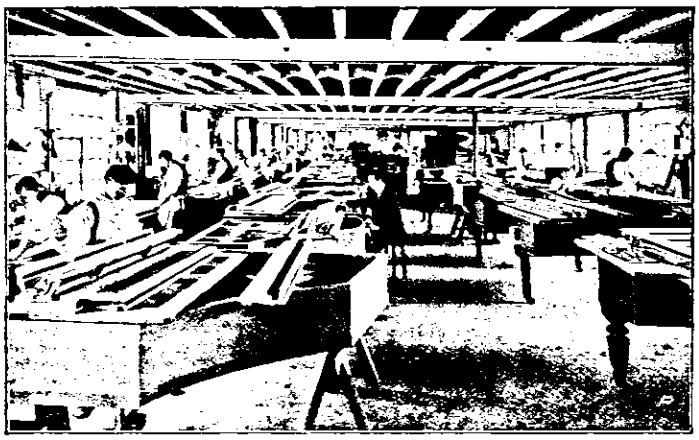


G2169—Silver-backed Hair Brush, 15 6



G4782—9ct. Gold and Pearl Locket, 22 6

F4963. 9ct. Gold Cross, 14 6 15ct. Gold, 27 6



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191 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

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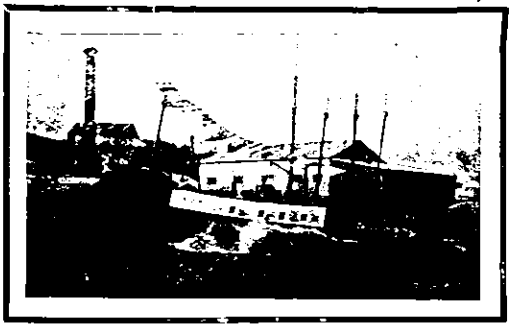


OIL and STEAM LAUNCHES on Sale and Built to Order.

Designers and Builders of Oil Launch Petrel, winner of Auckland Regatta; Billy Richardson, winner of North Shore Yacht Club Race; Miro, Champion 25ft. L.R. Clipper Scow Vesper and Ketch Albatross, the fastest of their classes in Auckland, and others too numerous to mention.

ESTIMATES and DESIGNS FURNISHED

Late Society Gossip.

HAWERA.

Dear Bee, January 5.

We have at last come to the end of the holidays, and Christmas is just as far off as ever it was. On the whole the weather was good, but Christmas Eve was quite spoilt by downpours of rain, which must have made a considerable difference to trade as very few people ventured out. Quite a number of Hawera people went holiday-making. Some up the Wanganui river, others to the New Plymouth races, and Opunake races, but most of the holiday makers have returned again, and Hawera is once more at work.

On New Year's Day the Hawera Caledonian sports were held as usual. In the evening the annual Caledonian concert was held in the Opera House and as usual there was a packed house. Amongst those present at the sports and concert I noticed: Misses Caplen (2), Mrs Sloan, Mrs Nolan, Misses Nolan (2), Miss White, Misses Baird (3), Miss Carey, Mrs and Miss Brett, Miss Douglas, Miss Queenie Glenn, Miss Hunter, Miss Flynn, Mrs Wilson, Mrs D. E. Fantham, Mrs F. Fantham, Miss E. Penn (New Plymouth), Mr and Mrs Wallace, Dr. Westenra, Miss Buchanan, Mr Swinburne, Miss Whittaker, Messrs Trevethick, Chalmers, Douglas, Glenn, Hunter, Whittaker, Suisted, etc.

ENA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, January 6.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BAZAAR

opened on Boxing Day and continued during Christmas week, proved a great attraction to visitors and townsfolk alike. The theatre was requisitioned for the occasion, and the numerous stalls were decorated with many-coloured lattice work, and boughs of artificial peach-blossom. Attractive wares were offered for sale, and raffles were a feature of the bazaar. The fancy stalls were resided over by Mrs Clarke and Mrs Bennett. Mrs Connop was in charge of the refreshment and sweets stall. The last-named lady also arranged a charming series of fancy dances. Money was circulating freely, with the result that £400 was taken during the week.

On New Year's Day a large number of people wended their way to

THE WAITARA REGATTA.

The day was perfect, and the events more evenly contested, with more exciting finishes than on previous occasions. Altogether a most enjoyable day was spent. A few of those present were: Mrs Roy, in purple grey voile, black chiffon toque; Miss Roy, pretty fawn linen, scarlet belt, and hat to match; Mrs Matthews looked well in black silk with black Valenciennes lace hat with a large yellow rose; Miss Morey, white blouse, grey pleated skirt, white hat; Miss Nichol (Auckland), grey costume, smart white hat; Miss Fraser, white Indian muslin, scarlet hat with a wreath of cream roses; Miss Skinner, white flowered blouse, voile skirt, green crinoline hat; Miss L. Skinner, grass lawn embroidered in pink, hat with poppies and green leaves; Miss Kent (Auckland), black silk with cream lace, smart green and white hat; Miss Winnie Kent, navy blue cambric with white spots, red belt and hat; Miss B. Rennell, black with black lace hat; Miss M. Humphries, champagne voile with cream lace, black hat; Miss H. Humphries, white silk, pretty hat; Miss E. O'Brien, tucked white silk, hat with red roses; Mrs Dent, fawn cloth, black hat.

NANCY LEE.

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1s. has been sent to the writer of this verse— Mrs. A.F., Collingwild, Nelson:—

"What makes your frock so snowy white—
Your blouse a dream, so fresh and bright—
While mine has lost its colour quite?"
Why, "SAPON!"

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best short four-line advt. verse about "SAPON" wins each week. SAPON wrapper must be enclosed. Address "SAPON" [Oatmeal Washing Powder], P.O. Box 835, Wellington.

The Royal Tour to India

Indore Durbar

The Rulers of Central India

Surely Indore must be esteemed the ugly duckling of the capital towns of India? (writes the special correspondent of the "Times of India," on November 16). It is too modern to possess any antiquarian interest, for it was not until after the death of Malhar Row, the shepherd's son who established the Holkar dynasty, that Ahalya Bai built the city, and in 1818 that the Court was removed to the new centre. It is too prosperous to have the picturesqueness sometimes associated with poverty, not prosperous enough to possess the architectural beauties in which from time immemorial, pious Indians have loved to spend their wealth. It is essentially middle class, unlovely and characterless and the only centres of any real interest are the Residency, where their Royal Highnesses are staying, still scarred with the bullet wounds of the mutiny, and the Residency gardens. Now, however, it is relieved by the unwonted bustle and animation of the thousands who have streamed into the town to join in the general rejoicings. There are 60 chiefs in camp and their followers crowd the narrow streets. More interesting still are the rustics from the country side, hardy Maratha peasants with wisps of turbans and coarse country dhoties. The English guests are splendidly housed in a model camp in the Residency grounds, each entrance to which is guarded by British infantry in scarlet and sepoys in their light full dress.

Quite early to-day the stillness of the fresh morning air was broken by the familiar booming of salutes. The assembled chiefs of Central India were performing the office of "mizaj pursi;" that is, calling at the Residency to inquire after the health of their Royal Highnesses. It was originally intended that the Prince of Wales should visit the camps of some of the chiefs informally, in the course of a morning ride, but, owing to the fatigues of the journey, this purpose had to be abandoned. The day, therefore, opened with the "mizaj pursi," and this was the prelude to the great State event of the visit the "public durbar" at which the ruling princes, gathered in honour of the visit of their Royal Highnesses, were presented with the pomp of ceremony, a venerable custom that attaches to these functions.

The scene of this Durbar was a large shamiana pitched near the Residency, with harmonious hangings of red and gold and the Star of India blue and gold-embroidered. On a crimson carpet at the far end stood the dais, covered with cloth of gold, with the State chairs, a silvern one for the Prince and a smaller seat a little in the rear for the Princess, under a handsome canopy borne upon four silver pillars. On either side of the central aisle sat the chiefs in order of precedence. The Rao of Khilchipeer as the junior of those received being the first to arrive and the Begum of Bhopal the senior, last. The chiefs wore their finest robes and most costly jewels and their scarcely less gorgeous followers sat immediately behind.

Soon after the Begum had taken her seat Her Royal Highness the Princess arrived, attended by the Lady Eva Dugdale; wearing a graceful costume of pale heliotrope with a toque to match. The Princess entered quietly through the portal behind the Dais; then to the thunders of the Royal salute His Royal Highness drove up and a state procession of his staff and the political officers preceded him to the Dais. His Royal Highness wore a white naval uniform, slashed with the Indian Empire ribbon, and his staff were also in white. Major Daly, agent to the Governor-General in Central India, asked permission for the Durbar to open and, consent having been given, the picturesque ceremony of the presentation commenced.

First came the graceful little Begum of Bhopal veiled in a lilac Burka and wearing a pale blue robe. Her Highness, who was far more self possessed than many of the robustly masculine chiefs, enjoyed a unique privilege; she alone among the assembled rulers offered no nazar. The Maharajah of Rewa, a dashing figure in lilac and green followed; he, like all the other chiefs, presenting his nazar which was touched and remitted. The Maharajah of Orcha was resplendent in a pale blue watered silk streaked with salmon, and the ribbon of the Indian Empire; the Maharajah of Datia was again conspicuous by the simplicity of his attire and his splendid jewels; the Raja of Dhar wore a royal blue surtout broidered with gold. His Highness of Dewas, senior branch, cardinal, and his colleague of Dewar, junior branch, lilac silk.

The Nawab of Jasra was splendidly arrayed in royal blue and a salmon pink turban; Rutlam in a white surtout and emerald green; Charkhari made a fine figure in royal blue and emerald green, and Basin in pale yellow and green. So the gorgeous procession went on. His Royal Highness graciously acknowledged every salute and the white and scarlet clad chobdars behind the State stairs dipped their chowries of yaks tails and bore aloft the golden chatri and the blazing Suraj Makhis. The mere recital of these primary colours may suggest something of barbaric crudeness and display, yet so perfectly did they harmonise with the environment and spirit of the scene that there was never a suggestion of harshness or of a jarring note. The retirement from the throne was an ordeal several chiefs found no little difficulty in facing, but although some boggled in walking backwards, there were no conspicuous lapses from etiquette.

Is it not a remarkable illustration of the power woman wields in the world, even in the East, that the principal figure in this great gathering of Chiefs from all parts of Central India should be a woman, and one, too, who is closely veiled to all men save to those of her immediate family, the clever, capable, ruler of Bhopal? At the reception of the Royal visitors it was on the Begum of Bhopal, shrouded in her burka, that all eyes were bent. At the Durbar the Begum was not only the first in order of precedence, but the cynosure of all eyes as she paid homage to the Heir-Apparent alone amongst that assemblage offering no nazar, for that form of tribute was remitted in the case of Bhopal by Lord Lansdowne in 1891. This afternoon Her Highness had the honour of being accorded a private audience by the Prince of Wales at the Residency, and of showing there the historic treasures of Bhopal which are to be housed in the Museum, which is an important branch of the monumental Victoria Memorial at Calcutta. These treasures include priceless embroideries, the armour and weapons of the fighting chiefs, who carved out a kingdom for themselves in Central India in the chaotic days preceding the arrival of the British, and portraits of Bhopal sovereigns.

This afternoon, though in double purdah behind the veil, and within her tent, the presence of the Begum could be felt at the garden party. Her Royal Highness, for whom Major Daly acted as spokesman, conversed with the Begum at first through the curtain of the tent, and then Her Highness came forward in her Durbar Dress. To acknowledge her appreciation of this honour, her stalwart sons, the heir to the gadi, and the commander of the State forces, were presented to Their Royal Highnesses, as well as the youngest Sha, the charming boy of eleven years, who acted as Lord Curzon's page at Delhi. To-night again Her Highness is to be invested with the G.C.I.E. Who can say that woman has not still a great part to play in India?

One other pleasant episode in the day merits chronicling. In the midst of these State ceremonies the poor were not forgotten. Through the considerations of the camp demonstration committee, the bataki was beaten in the streets, inviting all who would to feast in honour of the Royal visit. So at five o'clock the maimed and leper and the whole, the mendicant and the refugee from inhospitable Warwar, met at the Dhar Kothi, and were nobly regaled on puris of flour and wheat fried in ghee, on sweetmeats and vegetables. After sunset the Mahomedans who gave, still celebrating their fast, joined the throng. No one in Indore necessarily went hungry, and all were made to feel that this feast was in honour of their future King and Queen.

An eventful day closed with a State dinner, an investiture and a reception.

How to Really Save in Housekeeping.

Far too many housekeepers are wasteful in little things, which seem to escape their attention. Let us take bread, for example. It is not altogether an inexpensive item, and not a crumb should be wasted.

When bread begins to grow stale, dampen the crust, and put the loaf into a hot oven for ten minutes, or a slow one twenty minutes, when it will be thoroughly "renewed." Or it may be cut into slices half an inch thick, and toasted over a slow fire to dry it thoroughly, then put away in a paper bag for future use as a "bed" for hashed meat or fish, broken or cut into squares for soups, stewed tomatoes, etc.

Slices, and parts of slices, crusts, and small bits, may be put on a tin plate and set in a slow oven to dry and brown lightly. When thoroughly done, chop fine, and put away in a covered jar to use as a thickening for soups, or to roll veal cutlets, fish, etc., in before frying.

Economies in soap are small, it is true, but it pays to look after even little things, whether the income is limited or not. Here are a few hints:

Do not let soap stand in water that has drained from it when it has been put from your wet hand.

When the hand-soap gets too small for convenient use, put the pieces into a jar, and when sufficient pieces have been saved cover with hot water. When cooled you should have a nice-sized cake of soap.

Do not use too much soap in the dish-water, and for two reasons: It is bad for the hands as well as for the purse. Most dishes are well cleaned with plenty of clean hot water and clean dishcloths; only the very greasy ones ever need soap. But the cloths and dish-towels should be kept absolutely free from all impurities.

THREE OF A KIND.

The three fates had just met in conclave.

"Yes," they proudly boasted; "we are the original sewing-circle."

Declaring a bit of gossip was too killing for anything, Atropos cut off a thread.

Out of Season

One of the pleasures open to huntingmen in the off season is the acquisition of good horses for the coming campaign. Quite an amusing book might be written on the subject of the various ways in which we become possessed of horses—good, bad, and indifferent. The long purse, we know, is the key to most of the good things of this life, and the man of means, provided he has fair judgment also, need have very little trouble in getting half-a-dozen decent hunters together. In that case, one of the hunter-dealers presents the fairest mark to aim at, because a trial over the fences can nearly always be had on the premises. But if you are not well endowed with this world's wealth there are many cheaper methods of going to work than this. And never having felt the oppression which comes of possessing too much money, and having always hunted from my boyhood's days, I have had, as may well be imagined, a fairly catholic experience of the cheap (though not necessarily nasty) order of hunter.

There can be no doubt but that one may be carried right well, if a lightweight, by horses which make extremely little money. A friend of mine, some time since, bought for forty sovereigns a rare-shaped horse, up to weight, and a good performer; he afterwards won three steeplechases with him, and hunted him hard for four seasons. I picked up a very useful horse for twenty-five guineas at the Hatmaker, which won a good steeplechase after carrying me the whole of one season. Another that I bought, a perfectly sound five-year-old, without a character of any sort, for twenty pounds, made me a capital lightweight hunter for five years—though I own to her having given me fourteen falls in the first season. The best timber jumper I ever rode I bought for less than thirty pounds, and I remember a friend of mine, Captain Simpson, R.A., picking up a four-year-old at Tattersall's for twenty guineas on which I have seen him successful in three or four point-to-point races, and she was also an extraordinarily good hunter. One has only to pause and think to be enabled to give a score or more of such cases occurring within one's own experience. One horse I bought out of a London hansom; another that had been running in a 'bus; both turned out first-rate hunters, though the former was very hot-headed with hounds.

At a somewhat early period of my life, I had an unaccountable craze for hunting thoroughbred weeds. In fact, I never felt so happy as when I had acquired some shadowy-looking wretch, with a long pedigree, out of a training stable. It never seemed to dawn on my benighted understanding that a little elementary jumping practice might not be entirely thrown away on the brutes. I would buy one of these three or four year old "spectres" one day and hunt it the next. I took countless tosses, but then at twenty-five one never gets hurt, and most assuredly I never learnt wisdom from my too frequent acquaintance with Mother Earth. No sooner had one of the "rips" got some idea of jumping a country into its head than it was probably sold to make room for "another of the same," and then the tumbling about process would all begin again de novo. Most of the brutes whose prices came within my modest means, had ewe-necks and no shoulders to speak of; they were almost hard-pullers, and yet wouldn't face a curb-bridle. Riding to hounds on these things could never be called dull! Assuming, however, that you have backed the winner of the Cesarewitch, or that some kindly-disposed relative has "shuffled off this mortal coil" and left you a big legacy, you cannot do better than betake yourself to one of the establishments of the hunter-dealers, situated—if we may believe the advertisements—"half-an-hour's drive from the Marble Arch." Here, or a little further away from the great metropolis, we may see them over a country—more or less natural—and ride them over fences. But we must not go there thinking to get a forty or fifty pounder, you know! If we intend to patronise Mr Martingale's select establishment, we must not forget to bring our cheque-books with us.

Arrived at the dealer's yard, we ring the brass-handled bell outside "the office," and are at once admitted into a room about the size of the interior of a brougham. The walls are almost covered with sporting prints—and what a mine of wealth they are to the sportsman's memory!—whilst whips, spurs, and a fox's mask, brush, and pads also lend their aid to the ornamentation of the little apartment.

Mr Martingale, the proprietor of the place, takes off his hat and politely inquires what he can do for us. Having explained the object of our visit, he invites us to follow him across the freshly-gravelled yard to the long low range of stabling, with its green-painted half-doors and black hinges. Here you are met by a nattily-turned-out groom in gaiters and a white linen jacket, and duly introduced to a light-fleshed chestnut horse, whose heavily-bandaged forelegs are not straight enough from the knee downwards to bear close inspection. Before his clothing can be stripped off, you shake your head, and Mr Martingale, quick to "read the signs," says:

"Don't care for this horse, sir?" Well, "Don't care for this horse, sir?" Well, he's not everybody's horse, of course. Done a bit of work, and wants a little conditioning good horse, too, but—"

You pass on to box number two. Here you find a long, raking bay horse, with ragged hips, drooping quarters, but, as though by way of compensation, limbs fine as a star, and hard as bars of steel. And what a grand shoulder, too? A horse with a shoulder like that couldn't fall.

"Joe, just strip this horse. He's by Flutterer, dam by Victor. Irish horse, of course."

"But," you object, "I thought Victor had been dead ever so many years. Didn't he die in—"

"Oh, that Victor, yes—this horse's dam is by the other Victor, you know."

You didn't know, but let it pass. As all buyers of Irish hunters are aware, "dam by Victor" is an almost stereotyped pedigree. That Victor must have lived to be at least eighty-five and wear spectacles, and that he must have got something like a thousand foals per annum, with praiseworthy regularity, in order to make these pedigrees correct, is one of those details beneath the serious attention of the average horse-dealer!

Stripped of his clothing, the big bay fills the eye as "all over a hunter." Not a beauty perhaps, but he looks like galloping, and jumping too.

"That's a horse a gentleman like you would appreciate. Grand goer, very resolute, and no country too big for him."

His first words are an implied compliment to your horsemanship. No man resists that. Two men I know have refused peerages; but I have yet to meet the human being who declined to accept praise on the score of his own prowess in the saddle. You begin to think Mr Martingale is a man of considerable discernment.

"Can I have a saddle on him, Mr Martingale? I should like to see how he moves," you say.

"Certainly, sir. Joe, just slip a saddle and bridle on him, and ride him up to the paddock.

Then, turning to lead you back to the "office," he adds:

"Perhaps you'd like to step inside while we're waiting, the wind's chilly out of the sun."

Mr Martingale is far too old a campaigner to allow his customers to get cold and uncomfortable before sallying forth to ride an unknown horse over fences. Rather would he seek to comfort the inner man and warm his exterior ere exposing him to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," as Shakespeare hath it, in the jumping paddock.

"Just one glass of this curious old sherry," asks the dealer, persuasively. And you graciously consent, "as it's so chilly." You also accept one of those nicely-rolled, fat-looking Intimidads which he offers you. And then, feeling at peace with all men, you draw on your dogskins, and, assuming a more or less uninterested demeanour, stroll into the paddock beside Mr Martingale, and then proceed to examine the good horse as he stands, his forelegs well out in front of him, awaiting your inspection.

After running your hands down his limbs and mentally noting that they are clean as on the day he was foaled, Mr Martingale turns to you and says:—

"You'd like to see him move, sir? Joe, just take him into the big paddock. This way, sir—we'll go the short cut."

The bay, with light, corky action, moves off down the yard, and you and your guide pass through a white-painted hand-gate, into a grass enclosure, in which are erected obstacles of almost every description under the sun; gorsed hurdles, swing-gates, a ditch, a bank, and, in a dip of the meadow, a sharply-cut, shallow—you know it is shallow because you put your stick into it when Mr Martingale wasn't looking—brook.

Joe, whose mission in life it is to ride anything at anything, has by this time taken the good bay horse up to the far end of the paddock, and now, in obedience to a wave of the dealer's hat, puts his mount into a slow canter. You watch him intently as he heads for the first flight of hurdles, and with smooth, powerful strides, and his hocks well under him, he clears them with a good foot to spare. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he pops over the swing-gate and gallops down to the artificial brook. As he gets within a few feet of it, you think you notice that he "sniffs at it" a bit, and that, for just one moment, he seems to "go in the breeching." But a sharp job of Joe's spur converts doubt—if, indeed, it was a doubt—into resolve, and again the horse acquits himself well. Then the workmanlike son of Flutterer is pulled up and again stands before you, and Joe heads over his withers to pat the hard, muscular neck, now held in a becoming arch probably induced thereto by the clever manipulations of his rider.

"Perhaps you'd like to have a leg over him yourself, sir? I know you can put 'em over a country——" charming little emphasis on the "you" in this sentence. Mr Martingale really is a man of great observation. He evidently sees at a glance whether a fellow is a horseman or not. Couldn't wrangle with a man like this over a paltry five or so—and that being the case, why you naturally like to get on 'em, and see what they're made of, for yourself. Every horse in my stables is open to the fullest trial," he adds, with a wave of the hand indicative of frank ingenuousness.

The stirrup-leathers being quickly let out a couple of holes (why are amateur horsemen of all classes invariably longer in the leg than the professionals, I wonder?) you soon find yourself on the bay's back. If you ever had any doubt as to the horse being a hunter, that doubt disappears as he hoists you cleanly over the gate, and gallops smoothly and easily on towards a flight of hurdles. These surmounted, you think you'll have just one turn over the water, and then you really must buy the horse: he is just what you want, and as good at one form of jumping as another. He is bold, temperate,—here, hi, what, hullon! What the deuce is the matter? The bay has distinctly "turned it up" at the brook! And then you call to mind the momentary hesitation and the job with Joe's spur the time before.

Back you go, give him a fair run at it, and this time, despite a certain "screwing" and an awkward flinging of his head into the air, you are over the "puddle," and safely landed on the far side. Your enthusiasm for the bay has been a trifle damped, and you feel that he must redeem his character before you can quite decide to add him to your stud, so you take him well by the head, and put him at the highest gate on the place. Once more he acquits himself to admiration. This horse is evidently a nailing good timber jumper. One must, perforce, pass over that objection which he entertains for cold water. After all, do we not share the idiosyncrasy ourselves?—unless it is labelled "for outward application only." The bay is such a powerful mover, too—in truth, he shakes one about rather from the very fact that he possesses such immense hind leverage: not quite such a pleasant hack, perhaps, as he looked when the crafty Joe was on his back; but then, we must remember that we cannot go to Birmingham and get horses made for us, neither can we be measured for them as we should for a suit of clothes. We will just see, now, what Martingale is asking for him. Mr Martingale, however, is far too astute a judge of human nature to allow a customer to stand and cool down in the middle of a field, under the baleful influence of "chill October's" nipping breezes. As soon as you commence to inquire about the horse's price, he breaks in gently with:—

"Let's step inside, sir. The wind's raw, and you won't be wanting to catch a cold just as the season's beginning."

You acknowledge the force of this argument, resign the good bay to Joe—together with a slight gratuity to that excellent horseman—and step inside once more. It cannot be denied that the genial warmth of the bright, cheery fire, and —"Well, then it must only be just one glass more, Mr Martingale—it really is very curious old wine, this"—and a fresh cigar, as your last was lost in the refusal at the water—all exercise a certain soothing, easy-going feeling in your mind. And when Mr Martingale speaks, you feel less reluctance to face the depleting of your banker's balance than you would have done had you been shivering in the middle of the paddock.

"He's worth two hundred guineas of anybody's money, sir, that horse is. A good horse, sound, and temperate, and one that's up to a bit of weight. Not that that's of any use to you, sir; I know," he adds, and you feel rather glad he did say that. Not that you are at all shy on the subject of your weight, of course; still, knowing that you have been going up a bit lately, you don't want people to imagine that you are really getting heavy—that would be too ridiculous. "—and to you, sir, I'd say one hundred and eighty—guineas," he adds, evidently judging from the expression of your face that you are rather sweet on the horse.

A little more conversation; another look at the big bay as he stands in his box placidly munching a lock of sweet-smelling hay; a return to the office, and then the deal is clinched by Mr Martingale's remark—

"I should like to see you with that horse, sir, I should indeed, and I'll tell you for why. He's a good horse, and a generous horse; but, he's a horseman's horse, and it ain't everybody who could ride that horse as he should be ridden. That's why I want you to buy him, sir. Now, you see my reason."

See! Why, how could one fail to see? Martingale is evidently a man whose judgment of good horsemanship is undeniable. And as you said before, you really can not haggle with a man like that over a few sovereigns. So, with a feeble "think you ought to make it pounds, you know?" you fill in the body of a cheque for one hundred and eighty guineas, give full directions for transferring the new purchase to your own stables, and then drive back to town with the comforting reflection that your afternoon has been well spent, and that you have really got hold of "a workman."—By Fox Russell.

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Rev. and Mrs C. Tisdall (Rotorua) have gone to Tauranga for three weeks.

Rev. Stoops, B.A. (Onehunga), is visiting Rotorua.

Mr and Mrs Savage (Auckland) have just paid Rotorua a visit.

Mr and Mrs Pridham (New Plymouth) are visiting Rotorua.

Mrs Dodwell (Wellington) is in Rotorua holiday making.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mills, of Christchurch, are on a visit to Auckland.

Dr. Reid and Mrs Reid went South by the Rotoiti last week.

Mr and Mrs Lawson and the Misses Lawson (2) (England) are staying at Lake House Hotel, Rotorua.

Mr and Mrs Arch Clark and family, of Remuera, Auckland, are staying at Waiwera House, Rotorua.

Mr B. T. Chaytor (Otamarakau), who has been visiting Rotorua, has returned home.

Mr W. H. Phillips, of the Thames, who has been fishing in Rotorua, has returned to the Thames.

Mrs C. A. Luxton Loney, of Sydney, is at present on a visit to her father, Mr Justice Edwards, Auckland.

Mr I. Hopkins, Government Apiarist, is making a tour of inspection of the apiaries of the Auckland province.

Canon Haselden was a passenger to Auckland by the Aupouri from the Great Barrier last week.

The Hon. S. T. George, M.L.C., accompanied by Mrs. George, returned from the South by the Rurawa last week.

Dr. Pabst, who has been on a lengthy visit to Australia, returned to Auckland on Sunday by the Manuka.

Mr and Mrs R. McCallum (Blenheim) have just paid Rotorua a visit. They returned home, via Taumarunui and the Wanganui river.

Miss Dobson (Hobart) and her friend, Miss A. Thomson (Christchurch) are staying at Brent's Bathgate House, Rotorua.

Mr W. D. McLean, manager of the Onehunga branch of the National Bank of New Zealand, left for New Plymouth by the Takapuna last week.

Mr S. Goldreich, a member of the central executive of the International Zionist organisation, is at present in Auckland on behalf of that body.

Mrs B. Ireland (Auckland), who has been staying at Waiwera House, Rotorua, for some time, has now gone to Tauranga.

Miss Chrystal (Gisborne) has just returned to Auckland from a visit to Rotorua, and is staying with friends at Remuera.

Mr Guy H. Scholefield, a member of the literary staff of the "New Zealand Times," is paying a visit to Auckland on holiday leave.

Mr Ponder, a member of the South Australian Parliament, is coming to New Zealand to investigate political and municipal matters.

Mr Ferguson, purser of the Taiune, who has resigned from the company's service, has been succeeded by Mr M. P. Caffin, late of the Tavinui.

Miss Draper (Remuera), who has been on a long visit to the West Coast, has returned to Auckland. Miss J. Draper is visiting friends in Christchurch.

Mr. W. H. Wanklyn, secretary to the Canterbury Jockey Club, returned to New Zealand from a holiday trip to Australia last week.

Mr. R. Turnbull, who has been an overseer on the Paeroa-Waihi railway for some time, has been transferred to Taihape.

Amongst visitors from England in Rotorua are Mr and Mrs Turner-Turner, Mr and Mrs Topham, Mr and Mrs Jose, General Buckle, Mr Fletcher, Mr Pollock, Mr Watkin.

Mrs Willoughby Kenny (Auckland) is visiting her sister, Mrs A. L. Wilson, at her residence "Tumai," Wellington. Miss Kenny is on a visit to Dr. and Mrs Kenny (Te Aroha).

Mr. G. F. Gray, the organiser of the Liberal and Labour Federation, has been spending a few days in the Northern Wairoa district as the guest of Mr John Stallworthy, M.H.R.

Captain Turner, of Rotorua, who has been road engineer in the Public Works Department for some years, retired at the end of the year, and will act as engineer to the Rangitikei Board.

Mr A. Hamilton, Auckland manager of the Westport Coal Co., left for Westport last week on a business trip. Upon his return he will travel to the East on behalf of his company.

Dr. Bruce, ex-Moderator-General of the Presbyterian Assembly of Australia, contemplates a visit to New Zealand. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he is still in active work.

Mr J. E. Henrys, the well-known handicapper, is paying a visit to Auckland, and is going to Rotorua on Wednesday with Mrs Henrys, who accompanied him to Auckland.

Major Nelson George, who recently returned to the colony from England, is at present in Auckland, but Mrs George is remaining in the South for a few weeks before coming North.

Amongst Wellington visitors in Rotorua are Mr and Mrs H. Morton, Miss Tolhurst, Miss Tulley, Miss Walters, Mr and Mrs and Miss Wilson, Miss Coates.

Among the passengers from Sydney by the steamer Manuka was Captain Edie, superintendent of the Department of Navigation in New South Wales, who is about to take an extended trip through this colony.

Mr James Hay Paris, manager of the firm of Messrs H. E. Partridge and Co., was last week presented by Mr H. E. Partridge with a gold watch and chain suitably inscribed, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of his joining the employ of the firm.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott, of Mount Eden, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding last week. A large number of friends and relatives gathered in the Masonic Hall to participate in the festivities, among the guests being the Rev. Gray Dixon, Mrs. James Connor, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, and a number of grandchildren.

Mr F. H. Wood, formerly auctioneer of the Wairarapa, and now a resident of Tauranga, has just returned from a month's trip South, and finds considerable interest is being taken in Tauranga land by settlers in Taranaki, Wairarapa and Canterbury, many of whom express their intention of investing in Bay of Plenty properties.

Auckland visitors in Rotorua last week included Mr and Mrs Walker, Miss Barry, Mrs Street, Mr and Mrs E. Anderson, Miss Rook, Miss Walker, Mr and Mrs O. Wilson, Mr Meldrum, Miss Barry, Miss Browning, Mr Henry Miller, Mr and Mrs Young and family, Miss Horton.

Mr James McCullagh, son of Mr McCullagh, of the firm of McCullagh and Gower, Queen-street, was a passenger by the Makoia to Sydney, en route for London, where he intends to remain for a few years to gain experience in a London drapery establishment.

Constable Nixon Scott will resign from the police force at the end of February, after 31 years of continuous service, 27 of which have been spent on the Wairoa. Mr Scott is having a residence erected at Mount Roskill, where he intends living after his retirement.

His Excellency the Governor and Lady Plunket, who have been on a visit to the Northern islands and bays in the Tutanekai, visited Russell on Saturday, and returned to Auckland on Tuesday. While in Whangarei His Excellency stated his intention to officially visit the Northern centre.

Miss Gertie Campion has had another serious relapse since her return to Melbourne from South Africa. The doctors have ordered her removal from Melbourne, and Mr Bert Royle has communicated with Sir Joseph Ward in an endeavour to arrange for her admittance to the Cambridge Sanatorium for Consumptives.

The Hon. Charles Mair'e Ramsay, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, has been pleased to confer on Bro. Wm. McCullough, District Grand Master of the North Island of New Zealand (Scottish Constitution), the position of honorary Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. Information of the conferment of one of the highest honorary positions that the Grand Lodge of Scotland bestows came to hand by the last Frisco mail.

At a meeting of the Council of the Victoria Institute, London, held on the 20th November, the "Gunning Prize," of the value of £40, open for competition to all Members and Associates, was awarded to the Rev. John Urquhart, of Auckland, New Zealand. The subject of the competitive essay was "The bearing of recent Oriental discoveries on Old Testament History." Six essays were sent in, and the second in merit, receiving an honorarium of five guineas, was awarded to the Rev. A. Craig Robinson, Rector of Ballymoney, Co. Cork.

It is understood that the Rev. Percy Williams will accept the position of acting-Warden of St. John's College, which has been offered to him. The matter will come before the General Synod in 1907. The Rev. Williams was born at the Bay of Islands and was educated at Christchurch, New Zealand, and Cambridge University, where he took his M.A. degree. For some two years he was curate of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, and on his return to New Zealand was curate of St. Sepulchre's, Auckland. As a member of the Melanesian Mission his work in the Islands was interrupted by an attack of fever for a time, though he subsequently returned to his work. Some three months ago he returned to New Zealand, and at present is staying in Hawke's Bay with relatives. The Rev. Williams takes considerable interest in athletics and was a member of the Grafton Football Club.

Bishop Stuart, of Persia, and formerly Bishop of Waiapu, New Zealand, arrived by the Victoria from Sydney last

week. He resigned his colonial bishopric in 1894 in order to take up mission work in Persia, where he has had a most interesting career. In 1850 he went out to India with French to found St. John's College, Agra, after which he joined Relsch at Juldalpore, and started the C.M.S. High School there. Bishop Stuart was secretary for the North India Mission from 1861 to 1872. In a recent letter the venerable missionary says: "My daughter and I returned last week from a tour of over one thousand miles in our own conveyance in this readless country, where the only good driving was over the deserts, where there was only a mule's or a camel's track. But through 'journeying mercies' we got safely through, with only two accidents, in which only the phaeton sustained damage, and we escaped unhurt. We visited both Tezd and Kerman, our mission stations between this and India, being away half of March, April, May, and June."

The following have been staying at Waiwera for the holidays: From Auckland—Mr. Geo. Jackson, Mr. T. M. Jackson, Miss Smith, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Lyons, Junr., Mr. Turner, Mr. Belstan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Frater, Misses Frater, Mrs. Maclean, Colonel and Mrs. Abbott and child, Miss Ritchie, Miss Savage, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Jackson and child, Mrs. Proude, Masters Proude, Mr. and Mrs. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Reed, Misses J. R. Reed, Master Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Carr, Masters Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Spragg, Miss Franklin, Mr. Wigg, Mr. Mogenie, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson and child, Mr. and Mrs. Maguire, Miss Shaw, Miss Alderton, Mr. Jacobson, Miss Taylor, Mr. H. Gillies, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Finn, Mr. John Mowbray, Mr. W. R. Mowbray, Mr. Swales, Mrs. and Miss Whitson, Miss Edwards, Mr. Raynor, Mr. Greig, Messrs. Norton, Mr. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, Miss Bloomfield, Mr. and Mrs. Gilfillan, Miss Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Miss Knapp, Mr. Brown, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Turner, Mr. Brodie, Mrs. John Menzies, Mr. Jim Menzies, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Murchie, Mr. J. Murchie, Miss Murchie, Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Larner and family, Mr. Gelston, Mr. and Mrs. Bach and child, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Jones, Mr. and Miss Brodie, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. McQueen, Mr. Finlayson, Messrs. Helluby, Mr. Morley, Messrs. Drummond, Mr. Dalton, Mr. Houghton, Mr. Carter, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Hanna and family, Mrs. Payton and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bewes, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. H. Walker and families, Miss Mowbray, Miss Mary Mowbray, Mr. Douglas Mowbray, Master Bob Mowbray, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, family and party (12), Mr. and Mrs. J. Seccombe and family, Mrs. Laurie, Mr. Winks Mowbray, Master E. Mowbray; from Cambridge, Mr. Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Hally, Misses Hally, Masters Hally, Mrs. Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor; from Wellington, Mr. Justice Cooper, Miss Cooper, Miss Dawson, Mrs. H. A. Waters, Mr. C. Ross, Mr. A. E. Potts, Mr. W. Thomson; from Waihi, Mr. W. M. Jackson; from Shannon, Mr. Fred Ross; from Papatoitoi, Mr., Mrs. and Miss McLaughlin; from Pokeno, Mr. and Mrs. Larsen; from Fiji, Mr. John Murchie.

HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE.

Miss Goldsmith (Napier) has gone to Wellington on a short holiday.

Miss M. Dinwiddie (Napier) is spending a holiday in Dunedin.

Mrs Sainsbury (Gisborne) has been staying a few days in Napier.

Mrs Henley (Napier) is at Pohui, where she is staying for the holidays.

Mrs C. Cato has returned to Napier after spending a fortnight at Pohui.

Mrs Cargill and family (Napier) are spending a holiday in the country.

Miss Fell (Nelson) is staying in Napier with her sister (Mrs Lindo Levien).

Miss Hewlings, of Napier, is spending a few months in the country, and is the guest of Mrs Saunderson (Patoka).

Mrs and Miss Rawson have returned to Wellington after spending a few days in Napier.

Miss Hindmarsh, who has been spending a few months in the country, has returned to Napier.

Mrs Perry, of Masterton, who is on a visit to Napier, is staying with her sister (Mrs Mackay).

Mrs Bowen and family are away from Napier for a week or two, spending a holiday in the South.

Mr and Mrs Adair Blythe have returned to Napier after a long visit to the Old Country.

Miss Ethel Simpson has returned to her home in New Plymouth after having spent a short holiday in Napier.

Lady Campbell and her two daughters have gone to Wellington, where they intend spending a few weeks (writes our Napier correspondent).

TARANAKI PROVINCE.

Miss V. Miller, of Christchurch, is visiting her New Plymouth friends.

The Misses Kent, of Auckland, are visiting Mrs W. H. Skinner, New Plymouth.

Mrs and Miss Cuthbertson, of Nelson, are spending a few weeks in New Plymouth.

Mr Monroe, of Wellington, has been spending a few days with his relative, Miss Buchanan, New Plymouth.

Judge and Mrs Kenny have left Nelson for a while, and are staying in New Plymouth.

Mrs Alan Douglas and Miss Douglas, New Plymouth, have gone to Christchurch for a few weeks.

Mr and Mrs A. C. Fookes, New Plymouth, have gone for a trip to the Southern Lakes.

Mr and Mrs E. Rawson, of Masterton, are staying for some weeks at the Terminus, New Plymouth.

Mr G. G. Shaw, of Cambridge, has been spending his holidays in New Plymouth with his mother, Mrs Courtney.

Miss D. Bedford has returned to New Plymouth from the North, where she had been for the Christmas vacation.

Miss M. Evans has returned to Wellington after spending two weeks in New Plymouth.

Mrs and Miss Graham are here from Palmerston, and are staying at Niger House (writes our New Plymouth correspondent).

Mr F. Halse and Mr J. Dewar, both of the King Country, are spending their holidays in New Plymouth.

Miss Williams (Christchurch) is at present the guest of Mrs White, at Hawera.

Miss G. Shaw's many friends will be pleased to welcome her back from Wellington, where she has been spending a year in studying at the School of Art (writes our New Plymouth correspondent).

WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Captain Hughes was a visitor to Palmerston North at Christmas.

Miss N. Abraham has returned to Palmerston North from Christchurch.

Miss Waldegrave (Palmerston North) has gone on a visit to Christchurch.

Mr Grey (Palmerston North) has gone for a trip to Rotorua.

Mrs A. Blundell, of Wanganui, is staying in Palmerston North with friends.

Miss Cotterill, of Christchurch, is the guest of Mrs G. Saunders, in Wanganui.

Mrs and Miss Earle, of Wanganui, are staying at the Royal Oak in Wellington.

Miss Cameron, of Wanganui, has gone to Picton for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Watson are staying at Koneparu, Pelorus Sound.

Mr. F. Rolleston (Timaru) has been paying a visit to Wellington.

Miss Baker (Wanganui) is making a stay in Wellington.

Mr A. Sherriff and his two sons have gone to Rotorua for the holidays (writes our Wanganui correspondent).

Mr and Mrs J. A. Young, of Wanganui, have returned from an enjoyable trip to England.

The Rev. T. Porritt, of Greytown, is staying in Wanganui with his son (Dr. Porritt).

Mrs Oldham, of Taihape, is the guest of her sister (Mrs John Stevenson) in Wanganui.

Mr and Mrs C. J. Greenwood and family, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to Mangahiahu.

Mrs Mowatt, of Hunterville, was in Wanganui for the Brough-Fleming Company's season.

Mrs A. Sherriff and Miss Page, of Wanganui, are staying with friends in Rangitikei.

Mr. F. Jackson and Miss Jackson (Wanganui) are on a short visit to Wellington.

Mrs. and Miss Black (Wanganui) are spending two or three weeks in Wellington.

Mrs George Humphreys and her children (Wanganui) are spending the holidays at Plimmerton.

Mr Fairburn (Wanganui) has returned from his visit to Auckland and Rotorua.

Mrs and Miss Moore, of Wanganui, has gone to Christchurch to visit relations.

Mr. H. Arkwright, "Overton," Marton, has returned home after a stay in Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull are back in Wellington from Featherston, where they have been staying for the races.

Mr and Mrs Imlay Saunders, of Dannevirke, have returned to their home after a visit to relations in Wanganui.

Dr. and Mrs. C. Prendergast Knight are spending two or three weeks at Port Underwood.

Miss Fitzgerald (Wellington) has gone to the Wairarapa to visit Mrs. John Barton.

Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson and Misses Atkinson and Hursthouse are camping out in Queen Charlotte Sound.

Captain and Mrs. Gisborne (England) have gone to the West Coast Sounds on the Waikare's excursion. They return to Wellington in a few weeks' time.

Mr A. E. Remington, M.H.R., has retired from business with a view to devoting the whole of his time to his Parliamentary duties.

Miss Sutton (Napier) is at present in Wellington staying with Mr. and Mrs. Ewen. The Misses Ewen are spending the holidays at Port Underwood, where there is a large party camping out.

The Hon. T. Ogilvie Grant and Mrs. Ogilvie Grant lately arrived in Wellington from Christchurch. They are at present in lodgings, while they look about for a house.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hume are at present staying with Colonel and Mrs. Hume, Wellington. They arrived from South Africa last month, and intend to live in New Zealand.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Crawford and Miss Crawford (Wellington) are going to England in a few months' time. It is still uncertain how long they mean to be away.

Mrs. Westall, Miss Todd, and Miss Fannin, who came from Napier for the lawn tennis championship meeting, have returned home after a stay of a fortnight or so (writes our Wellington correspondent).

Mr. and Mrs. Ward and Miss Ward left Wellington by the Ionic for a trip to England. They will probably be away about a year. During their absence Mr. and Mrs. Finch will occupy their house on Talavera Terrace. Miss Ledger (Nelson) goes to England with them.

The Misses Hurst are back in Wellington after some weeks in Australia. While in Sydney they were present at the marriage of their brother, Mr. S. Harcourt, and Miss Deans. From Sydney they went on to Melbourne for a week or two, and then left for Auckland, where they spent Christmas before returning home.

Miss Holmes, who has been away from Wellington for over a year, has returned again. While away she visited Australia, Europe, India, and Burma, besides other places in the East. After a short stay in Wellington she went on to Dunedin to see her friends and relations there. While in the South she intends going the West Coast Sounds trip.

Visitors to the Palmerston North races included Mr Gaisford (Hawke's Bay), Mr and Mrs F. Waldegrave (Wellington), Mr and Mrs Godfrey Pharazyn (Feilding), Mr and Mrs Godfrey Baldwin (Levin), Mrs Dan Riddiford (Marton), Mrs and Miss Bennett (Hawke's Bay), Mr and Mrs Cato (Hawke's Bay), Miss C. Smith (Wellington), Mr and Mrs Blundell (Wellington).

SOUTH ISLAND.

Miss Deans, who has been the guest of Mrs. Fraser, St. Clair, Dunedin, has returned to Riccarton.

Mr. H. Abraham is staying with Mr. Justice Denniston and Mrs Denniston, at Armagh-street, Christchurch.

Mr. George Humphreys and his daughters leave Christchurch early in the year for a trip to England.

Miss Sommervile (Wellington) is at present staying with Mrs. Deans (Riccarton).

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cotterill and family, of Christchurch, are spending the holidays in Timaru.

The Misses Mears (Christchurch) are staying at Mount Grey, where Mrs. Ensor is entertaining a large party.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ormond (Hawke's Bay) are staying with Mrs. Wilder, at Fernside, Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Goring Thomas (Auckland) are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilkin, at Merivale, Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Otterson have arrived from England on a visit to Christchurch. Mrs. Otterson is staying with her sister, Mrs. Ranald Macdonald, at Hambleden.

Mr and Mrs George Helmore and family, who have recently returned from their visit to England, intend residing in Christchurch. Mr Helmore still retains his practise in Rangiora, and will also practise here, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson (Cashmere) have gone to Culverden with their family for a holiday visit, lasting some weeks, during which time Mr. and Mrs. Polhill will stay at Cashmere, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

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 3d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

CHEATOR.—On the 5th January, the wife of Staff Sergt.-Major A. Cheator, of a son; both well.

EATON. — On January 4th, 1906, at her residence Beafield View Rd., Mr and Mrs L. W. Eaton of a daughter; both doing well.

ELLIOT.—On December 31, at Wapiti avenue, Epsom, to Mr and Mrs William Elliot, a daughter.

SINGLE.—On January 3, at the residence of Mrs Geo. Grey, Union street, the wife of George Dunmore Single of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

JONES—JENKINS.—On November 15th, 1905, at Free Methodist Church, Mt. Eden, by the Rev. J. W. Smith, John, eldest son of J. Jones, Auctioneer, of this city, and Liverpool, England, to Evelyn Elizabeth, second daughter of Wm. Jenkins, Wellington, New Zealand.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

KINLOCH — ROBERTS. — At King's Walden Church, Herts., Eng., on the 27th December, 1855, by the Rev. Richard Hull, rector of Stondon, Beds., uncle of the bridegroom, Edward Brockbank, fourth son of the late George Kinloch (Kilbry), London; grandson of the late Rev. John Hull, J.P., of Herts. and Beds., M.A., and fellow of Trinity, Camb., for many years vicar of Shillington and rector of Stondon; grandnephew of the Rev. Edward Hull, chaplain to the Institute for the Blind, Liverpool; to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Mr Richard Roberts, of Winch Hill, and "The Heath," King's Walden, niece of Mr and Mrs Priest, of Ickleford, Herts., and granddaughter of the late Mr William Roberts and Eleanor (nee Whitbread) his wife, of "The Parsonage," King's Walden.

DEATHS.

ARMSTRONG. — On December 15th, at her late residence, "Malifa," Apia, Samoa, Jane Aurelia, relict of the late Captain A. G. Armstrong, in her 68th year.
Irish papers please copy.

BRABANT. — At San Francisco, on 23rd December, 1905, Arthur Henry, the beloved husband of Sara Brabant, and third son of Herbert W. Brabant, Stipendiary Magistrate, Napier age 37. (By cable.)

CHEVIS. — At Market Rd., Epsom, on November 3rd, 1905, William John; aged 3½ months; and on December 29th, James, aged 6 months; dearly beloved twin sons of James and Rosalind Chevis; deeply regretted.

CLIFFORD.—At No. 6, Gundry-st., Newton, John Clifford, the dearly-beloved husband of the late Jane Clifford, late of Edwin-street, Newton, after a short illness.
Loved by all who knew him.

CRAIG. — On January 4th, 1906, at the Auckland Hospital, David Craig, late of Thames; aged 67 years.
Deeply regretted. Thames and Waihi papers please copy.

ELLWOOD.—On January 5, at her parents' residence, Lincoln-st., Annie Gertrude, the dearly beloved child of John and Nellie Ellwood; aged 7 months.
"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

HIGGINS.—On January 5th, at his late residence, Panmure, Daniel, the beloved husband of Catherine Higgins, in his 78th year.

HOLT.—At his mother's residence, Sydney Samuel, the dearly beloved son of the late Samuel and Jane Holt, after a long and painful illness. Gone but not forgotten.
Inserted by his loving brothers and sister, Auckland.

HOLT.—On January 5th, 1906, at his mother's residence, 30, Burton-st, Sydney, Samuel, the dearly beloved eldest son of Jane and the late Samuel Holt; aged 36 years. (Late of Auckland.)
Deeply regretted.
Inserted by his loving brother, T.H.

GERAGHTY.—On January 1, at parents' residence, Tuakau, Michael Patrick, son of Terence and Annie Geraghty; aged 5 months.

HEAVEY. — On December 23rd, drowned in Kapanui-Claymore collision, Frederick Charles, the dearly beloved fourth son of Sarah Jane Osborne, and step son of J. T. Osborne; aged 16 years.

HUNTER. — On January 5th, at the residence of her son in law, Mr John Fleming, Grafton Rd., Margaret, widow of the late William Hunter; aged 84 years.

JONES.—On January 6th, at her late residence, 88, Wellesley-st., Janet, relict of the late Charles Jones.
Interment private.

JONES.—On January 6th, at her late residence, 88, Wellesley-st., Janet, relict of the late Charles Jones, and beloved mother of Ruth and Minnie Jones; aged 72 years.

LOCKE.—On January 3, 1906, at the Auckland Hospital, Samuel Joseph, the dearly beloved son of John and Annie Locke, of Lower Albert street; aged 21 years and 8 months. Deeply regretted.

KIRKWOOD.—On January 3rd, at Rotorua, May Eleanor, eldest daughter of the late Capt and Mrs Ellewall.

LYLE.—On December 31, 1905, at his residence, Surrey street, off Richmond road, Grey Lynn, James Lyle, formerly of the Glasgow Bakery, Wellington street, in his 74th year. Passenger by the Indian Empire, 1862.

McLEOD.—On December 31, 1905, suddenly, at the Auckland Hospital, Alexander Norman, beloved husband of Maud McLeod, late of Melrose, Devonport; aged 37 years. Deeply regretted.

MacLEOD. — At Te Aroha, on January 2, Norman Reed, the dearly loved second son of John N. and Kate E. MacLeod, of Gordon Settlement; aged 3 years.
"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

McSKIMMING. — At the residence of his son in law, J. H. Dalton, Pah Rd., Epsom, suddenly, on Sunday, William McSkimming.

MOTION.—On 6th January, 1906, at his parents' residence, Avondale, Joseph Frank, dearly beloved only son of P. E. and J. M. Motion; aged 25 years.

MUIR. — On January 4th, at his late residence, Remuera Rd., James Muir, aged 80 years.

MURPHY. — On January 1st, 1906, at her parents' residence, Surrey Crescent, Grey Lynn, Elsie Mary, dearly beloved infant daughter of J. and B. Murphy; aged 5 months.

RAYNES. — On January 4th, at his late residence, Seaview Rd., Remuera, George, the beloved husband of Fanny Raynes, in his 60th year.

REID. — At the residence of Mrs Savory, Ponsonby, in her 75th year, Mary Ann, relict of the late James Reid, late of Mount Albert and Downpatrick, Co. Down, Ireland.

STAPLE. — At Beresford-st., on January 2nd, 1906, Mary Ann Ellen, dearly beloved wife of Samuel Staple, late of Somerset, England; aged 54 years.
Home papers please copy.

TURNER.—On January 6th, at the Auckland Hospital, the husband of Mary Ann Turner, of Avondale, in his 70th year.
His end was peace.

YOUNG. — On January 7th, 1906, at his parents' residence, Eden-st., Newmarket, William Joseph Breveg, dearly beloved infant son of William and Henrietta Young; aged 11 months.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Lieut. W. S. Davenport, R.N.R., formerly of R.M.S. Athenic and now of H.M.S. Glory, youngest son of Captain Davenport, R.N.R., and Miss Ida Beatrice Oxtoby, eldest daughter of Mr H. D. Oxtoby, of Newington, East Riding, Yorkshire.

The engagement is announced of Miss Violet Westbury, daughter of Mr. E. F. Westbury, Balfour road, Parnell, Auckland, to Mr. W. L. Cardno, son of the late Mr. W. W. Cardno, of Auckland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ina Hector, second daughter of Sir James Hector, of Petone, to Mr W. Barton, eldest son of Mr John Barton, Upper Hutt.

The marriage of Miss Constance Hector and Mr L. Saxby (Gisborne) will be celebrated at Easter (writes our Wellington correspondent).

The engagement is announced of Miss Clara A. Briston, youngest daughter of the late Mr W. H. Briston, of Akaroa, Canterbury, to Mr Douglas H. Morrison, eldest son of Mr W. B. A. Morrison, "Wapiti," Epsom, Auckland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jessie Brown, eldest daughter of Mr John Vigor Brown, of Napier, to Mr Arthur Cornford, second son of Mr H. A. Cornford, solicitor, Napier.

The engagement is announced of Miss Webb, daughter of Colonel Webb (Wellington), to Mr L. Hewitt, Christchurch.

The engagement is announced of Miss St. George, daughter of Mr Douglas St. George, chief postmaster, Hokitika, to Mr Ernest O'Brien, of the Government Survey Department.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eileen E. Palmer, fourth daughter of Mr Chas. E. Palmer (Napier), to Mr John Selwyn Hood, second son of Col. Charles Clifton Hood (Durham Light Infantry), Surrey, England.

Orange Blossoms

BASLEY—CURRIE.

A very pretty but quiet wedding was solemnised at the residence of the bride's parents, Wood-street, Ponsonby, on Friday, December 22nd. The drawing room was used for the ceremony, being decorated by the bride's girl friends, an arch being erected in the centre of the room and decorated with lycopodium, sweet-pea, and Christmas lilies, from the centre of which was hung a wedding bell. The participating parties were Mr Percy H. Basley, third son of Mr G. W. Basley, of "Te Akau," Parnell, and Miss Topsie Currie, youngest daughter of Mr. J. Currie. Miss Vivian Andrew was bridesmaid, and the bridegroom was supported by Mr J. Guthrie Currie, eldest brother of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked exquisitively sweet in a lovely dress of pearl white crepe de chine over glace silk, drapings of beautiful old Limerick lace, the gift of her mother; her wreath was of orange blossoms, which supported the long tulle veil, embroidered with true lover's knots. The bridegroom's gifts to his bride were a beautiful pink and white cameo bracelet and two rings to match. The bridesmaid was attired in cream and pink printed voile over pink glace, becoming pink chiffon hat. She wore a lovely pink and white cameo brooch, and carried a pretty bouquet, the gifts of the bridegroom. The guests were restricted to the immediate relations of the bride and bridegroom. The following are some of the dresses worn:—The bride's mother wore a rich black silk taffetas trimmed with lovely black silk lace; Mrs Basley, black silk, becoming lavender bonnet; Miss Basley, checked voile, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and glace silk, pretty lilac hat; Miss M. Basley, lovely grey glace silk, cream point lace trimmings, hat to match; Mrs Mason looked sweet in navy glace silk, becoming white hat with tulle and pink roses; Mrs C. P. Murray wore a biscuit-coloured voile over pink glace silk, lovely pale blue and pink hat; Mrs Keyes, navy voile, and black hat; her daughter looked pretty in white muslin, and green hat with white and green ostrich feathers; Mrs Andrew was daintly gowned in white muslin, inset with navy insertion, burnt straw hat with clusters of pink and crimson roses; Mrs Walker, black brocade dress, black hat with ostrich feathers. The happy couple departed for a short tour of the Waikato and goldfields.

HANCOCK—STUART.

There was considerable stir in Colombo on November 25th, on account of a naval wedding, which was celebrated at the St. Peter's Church on that date. The bridegroom was Lieutenant R. L. Hancock, R.N., of H.M.s. Sealark, and the bride was Miss Millie Stuart, of Wellington, New Zealand. The service was choral. The bride, who was given away by Mr D. Marshall (manager of the Bank of India, Colombo), looked very handsome in an exquisite gown of ivory chiffon satin, the bodice having a fichu of Mechlin lace, which also formed the ruffles to the elbow sleeves. She carried a lovely bouquet of white flowers tied with a "Sealark" ribbon. Her two sisters, Misses Norah and Olive Stuart, who were the bridesmaids, wore graceful dresses of white crepe de chine, with quillings of lace and ribbon, and hats of white crinoline wreathed with roses veiled in lace. The bridegroom presented each with a sapphire ring, and to the bride he gave a sapphire pendant set with diamonds. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mr and Mrs Marshall, the bride and bridegroom being conveyed there in a carringe drawn by a party of bluejackets, and decorated with the Union Jack. Dr. H. Simpson, R.N. (H.M.s. Sealark) was best man. After the reception Mr and Mrs Hancock left on their honeymoon, which was spent at Kandy and Nuwara Eliya, prior to taking up their residence at Colombo for some months. Some beautiful presents were received, including a large number of cheques. The gifts from the officers and from the men of H.M.s. Sealark were particularly handsome, and gave evidence of the popularity of Lieutenant Hancock.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, January 9.

BROUGH-FLEMMING COMEDY COMPANY.

A number of superb toilettes are worn by the ladies taking part in the Brough-Flemming Comedy Company, at His Majesty's Theatre. Miss Beatrice Day, in the first act of "The Walls of Jericho," wore a lovely blue satin interwoven with silver, and wide lace inset round the hem of skirt, forming a train, headed with shimmering silver motifs. In the second act she wears a graceful champagne chiffon over white glace, with yellow silk French stitchery edging and between the frills, a blue chine silk ceinture, and a butterfly bow on front of corsage. Among the many pretty gowns worn by Miss Teiuple are an exquisite cream chiffon, with hand-painted pink roses, and deep ecru lace flounces forming a fan on train; a pale grey mousseline de soie, with large silver grey spots, having white lace flounces on the skirt to the waist. Miss Winifred Fraser's choice among her many dainty frocks are a soft cream crepe de chine, inset with wide lace, mounted on a pink silk foundation; and a becoming white muslin. The frocks worn in J. M. Barrie's delightful comedy "Quality Street" are charmingly picturesque and quaint, the scene being laid in England in the Empire period. Of those present among the audience I noticed: Mrs A. M. Myers (the Mayoress), who wore a superb black paillette chiffon evening robe, and white coque feather stole; Mrs Coleman, black evening gown; Miss Coleman, white tucked Oriental satin blouse, and a black skirt; Mrs Thompson (Taranaki), white silk evening frock, and pearl grey coat; Miss Durgaville, white silk evening frock, and crimson coat; Miss Devereux, white silk; Miss Lucas, rich cream brocade; Mrs Rayner, champagne chiffon, with irridescent motifs on yoke, and ermine stole; Miss McLeod (America), white, and cream coat with emerald green velvet applique; Mrs Lyons, cream brocade evening gown; Mrs Neil, black taffeta with cream transparent lace yoke; Miss McCreagh, black evening frock with white lace bretelles; Miss Williamson, cream silk evening frock; Mrs Thorpe, black toilette; the Misses Thorpe, white silk evening frocks; Mrs Marsack, black and tangerine striped silk evening frock, with roleaux of shaded yellow velvet; Mrs Scott, black gown, with handsome silver and jet yoke, and transparent net sleeves; Mrs. T. E. Hart, blue silk and lace; Miss Edwards, pretty light evening frock. Miss Ruddock, dainty white silk; Mrs. Ranson, who wore a black Louisine silk gown trimmed with handsome cream silk lace insertion; Mrs (Dr.) Gordon was gowned in black silk with jet corsage, and becoming cream coat; Mrs Alfred Nathan, black crepe de chine, and black and white lace tucker; Miss Rose Nathan, very pretty forget-me-not blue silk evening frock, with cream lace motifs bestrewn on tulle berthe; Miss Marks, white satin; Mrs Bodle, black taffetas, with cream lace motifs; Mrs De Clive Lowe, dainty cream crepe de chine, trimmed with rose pink silk ruching and Louis bows; Mrs McMillan, grey brocade; Mrs Bull, heliotrope silk blouse and black skirt; Mrs H. Bull, white silk evening frock, and lace scarf; Mrs Brough, white chiffon blouse, black trained skirt, and black satin coat with handsome ecru lace capette; Mrs Watt, blue taffetas silk, with white lace transparent yoke; Miss Gorrie, pretty orchid shade of heliotrope glace evening frock, and cream lace scarf; Mrs H. Bloomfield, white silk evening gown, and exquisite net scarf embroidered with crystal bugle beads; Mrs Murray, white silk, and handsome cream brocade coat; Miss Thorne George, black evening frock; Mrs Nichol, black chiffon with jetted berthe; Miss Parsons, cream silk; her sister wore a black evening gown, and a dainty white Indian silk scarf spotted and bound with red; Mrs Friend, black and blue striped evening gown; Miss Pierce, cream silk; Miss Percival, black chiffon frock, with cluster of coral pink Pompadour roses on corsage; Miss Minnet, pretty blush pink crepe-de-chine with yoke of lovely ecru Honiton lace; Mrs Kinder, black toilette; Mrs Jowitt, champagne coloured chiffon voile, evening toilette with Maltese lace, berthe and pale blue silk ceinture; her sister wore a dainty white silk and lace frock; Mrs H. Wilson Smith, white silk and lace gown with corsage bouquet of crimson geraniums; Mrs Culpan, black silk and lace evening gown; Miss Culpan wore a becoming turquoise blue silk gown; Mrs Brimblecombe, handsome black lace and jet evening toilette.

A.R.C. SUMMER MEETING.

The Auckland Racing Club brought their Summer Meeting to a close on January 2nd, when the weather was anything but delightful. Lady Plunket wore a charming gown of white cloth, with gold Oriental embroidery and real lace, and a brown velvet toque with brown ostrich feathers; the Hon. Kathleen Plunket was in a cream cloth coat and skirt, faced with pale blue, and a white hat; Mrs Braithwaite was gowned in a pale grey silk, with touches of cream, and a dainty grey toque; Miss Braithwaite, white cloth tailor-made costume, with a dainty white vest and a green trieorn hat with green feather; Miss Almond was in a reseda green chiffon voile, with a green hat and a cream lace pelerine; Mrs Gorrie wore a light brown cloth tailor-made costume, faced with fawn, and a charming brown toque; Mrs Duthie was daintily gowned in a white embroidered muslin, with a charming green hat with autumn tinted leaves; Mrs (2. Bloomfield looked charming in a black chiffon voile, with a V-shaped yoke of cream lace, and a pretty Tuscan hat; Mrs E. Horton was attired in a charming gown of pink floral muslin, with Valenciennes lace and insertion, and a pretty floral toque; Mrs Henderson, charming gown of spotted silk, with cream lace yoke, and a dainty white toque, with clusters of pink clover; Mrs Alfred Nathan looked charming in a white and heliotrope floral muslin, with bows of heliotrope ribbon, and a lovely hyacinth toque; Mrs Eliot Davis, grey and white check coat and skirt, braided with blue and silver, dainty white vest, and a charming white toque; Mrs T. Hope Lewis was gowned in a black chiffon voile, with a white V-shaped lace yoke, outlined with blue velvet, and a charming green toque; Mrs Guy Williams wore a grey tailor-made costume, with a dainty white vest, and a grey hat wreathed with red berries; Mrs H. Nolan, white cloth coat and skirt, and a pretty floral toque; Mrs Bodle was charmingly gowned in a sapphire blue chiffon voile, with bands of apple green velvet, veiled in lace, and a cream lace yoke, and a becoming hat to match; Mrs C. Brown, brown heather mixture coat and skirt, with a dainty white vest, and a black plumed hat; Mrs Cotter was attired in a sapphire blue costume, with a cream lace yoke, and a charming blue floral toque; Mrs Black, black crepe de chine, with cream lace and insertion, and a becoming black hat; Mrs Donald wore a pale grey Louisine gown, with white lace, and a charming white toque, and white feather boa; Mrs Sharman, navy blue cloth tailor-made costume, with a dainty white vest, and a becoming toque to match; Mrs Coombe was gowned in a white serge coat and skirt, and a smart white and pink toque; Mrs Ranson, charming gown of navy blue voile, with a V-shaped yoke of white lace, and a pretty toque to match; Mrs R. B. Lusk was in a pale grey coat and skirt, and a black picture hat; Mrs H. Marsack was in a white embroidered linen, with a Tuscan hat, swathed in white; Mrs Louisson was gowned in a

grey silk voile, with a becoming black toque; Mr Stewart Reed wore a Nil green linen costume, with a dainty white vest and a white hat; Mrs B. Cossing in a white and blue striped linen, with a pretty Tuscan hat; Mrs Ralph, blue cloth coat and skirt, pretty cream vest, and a black and white toque; Mrs Caro was gowned in a black shirred yamaga, with a black lace yoke, and a pretty black toque; Mrs Hamlin was gowned in black, with a black and white hat; Mrs. Lawson wore an oyster coloured voile, with a shaded heliotrope belt and a pretty violet toque; Mrs. W. Churton, dark blue voile, with a white lace yoke, and a becoming white toque; Mrs. Martelli, in a white cloth skirt, dainty white shirred silk blouse, and a black plumed hat; Mrs. Walker wore a handsome black silk gown, with a black and heliotrope hat; Mrs. Barter was in a dark blue tailor-made costume, faced with white, and a smart black hat; Mrs. Weches, blue linen coat and skirt, with a dainty white vest, and a blue and white toque to match; Mrs. Masefield wore a sapphire blue shirred silk, with a white lace yoke, and a becoming white hat; Mrs. Owen, biscuit coloured cloth costume, and a charming white toque; Mrs. Cusenne, brown cloth coat and skirt, faced with white, and a smart brown hat to match; Mrs. Witchel, pale green costume, faced with velvet of a darker shade, and a green toque; Mrs. Jones, pale grey coat and skirt, and a pretty black and white toque; Mrs. Proctor wore a dainty white linen costume, with a becoming white lace hat; Mrs. Sinclair, heliotrope and white flecked tweed, with a charming violet toque; Mrs. J. Neil was gowned in a sapphire blue voile, with a cream lace yoke, and a blue hat to match; Mrs. Hume, navy cloth coat and skirt, dainty white vest, and a Tuscan hat swathed with blue; Mrs. Devereux wore a black and white striped flannel coat and skirt, and a black and white toque; Mrs. Gordon, dark grey tweed costume, with a white lace collar, and a black and white bonnet; Mrs. A. Gordon, navy cloth tailor-made, dainty white vest, and a blue and white hat; Mrs. Nicol, grey summer tweed costume, and a black toque; Mrs. Grey, pale grey tweed coat and skirt, pretty lace vest, and a grey toque to match; Mrs. Young, dark grey and white tailor-made costume, and a becoming black hat; Mrs. Benjamin wore a charming gown of pale grey, with a becoming grey and white toque; Mrs — Benjamin, sapphire blue skirt, with a white lace yoke, and a black picture hat; Mrs. Cottle was gowned in a pale blue glace, veiled in black lace, and a black toque relieved with blue; Mrs. Coney wore a white ring spotted linen, with a white hat wreathed with pink roses; Mrs. Lapraik, blue cloth tailor-made costume, faced with white, and a smart blue toque; Mrs. J. Anderson, navy and white spotted silk, and a black picture hat; Mrs. Kerr-Taylor was daintily attired in white, with a pretty white toque; Mrs. Henry wore a holland coat and skirt, with pale green embroidery, and a black and white toque; Mrs. Edgecumbe looked charming in a pale grey silk voile, with touches of cream, and a becoming black hat; Mrs. Clapcott wore a black silk costume, with a cream lace scarf, and a black and white bonnet; Mrs. C. Otway was in a pretty pale grey costume, and a black picture hat; Miss Gorrie wore a white cloth coat and skirt, dainty white vest, and a black hat swathed with dull pink ribbon; Miss Buckland, in a white cloth costume, with a Tuscan hat garlanded with green; Miss —. Buckland was in cream, with a cream hat with rushed Valenciennes and a cluster of pink roses; Miss George was charmingly gowned in a pale blue frilled muslin, with white lace yoke and a cream hat with pink roses; Miss Denniston, dainty white embroidered muslin, with a charming pink hat wreathed with roses; Miss O. Lusk wore a white linen coat and skirt, with a black hat; Miss Le Camp was in a grey striped flannel coat and skirt, and a smart black toque; Miss Percival, black canvas voile, with a white lace yoke and a green ceinture, with a Tuscan and black hat; Miss Torrence was gowned in a coral pink figured silk, with a cream lace yoke, and a white lace hat garlanded with red leaves; Miss Worsp wore a charming gown of shrimp pink figured muslin, with cream lace and insertion, and a becoming black hat; Miss B. Worsp was in a white silk costume, with knife-pleated frills, and a white hat to match; Miss Louisson wore a pink muslin picture frock, with white Valenciennes lace yoke, and a white hat wreathed with pink roses; Miss Davy, dainty grey and white figured muslin, with a smart black toque; Miss Towle, dark red tailor-made costume, pretty white vest, and a pretty Tuscan hat; Miss —. Towle wore a dark blue coat and skirt, with a becoming cream hat with clusters of red roses; Miss R. Nathan was in a charming gown of pale blue check taffeta, with a dainty hat to match; Miss Cotter was daintily gowned in a pale pink muslin, with a V-shaped yoke of Valenciennes, and a white hat wreathed with daisies; Miss W. Cotter wore a brown silk voile costume, with cream lace yoke, and a charming hat to match; Miss Pearl Clark, in a pale heliotrope silk, with faggotted seams, and a black plumed hat; Miss L. Atkinson was in a black cloth skirt, pretty pink and white floral silk blouse, and a becoming Tuscan hat; Miss Maud Atkinson wore a dark blue costume, with a white lace collar and a Tuscan and black hat; Miss Ehrenfried was gowned in a white muslin, profusely trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion, and a pretty Tuscan hat with shaded flowers; Miss H. Gordon wore a pale fawn voile, with a cream lace yoke threaded with green ribbon and a Tuscan hat; Miss Cowen was in a pretty pink figured muslin, with cream lace and insertion, and a becoming hat to match; Miss Bagnall, in a sapphire blue voile, with a white lace yoke, and a small black toque; Miss Little wore a charming white muslin, with a blue ceinture, and a pretty white hat swathed with blue; Miss Young was in a pretty grass lawn costume, inset with twine-coloured lace, and a black picture hat; Miss Spicer, white linen costume, with a black hat garlanded with lilac; Miss Devereux, holland costume, dainty white vest, and a becoming black hat; Miss Caro was daintily frocked in a cream voile gown, with a pretty black hat; Misses Kerr-Taylor were attired in white barred muslins, with pretty pink hats; Miss Eva Percival wore a dainty white tucked muslin, with a Nil green ceinture, and a white hat swathed with green; Miss Ida Percival was in a white embroidered muslin, with a white gem hat; Miss McDonald, blue and white figured voile, with cream lace and insertion, and a small blue and white toque.

PHYLLIS BROUN.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, January 5.

On Saturday afternoon Dr. and Miss Schumacher gave a most enjoyable tennis party at their residence, Palmerston-road. Miss Schumacher wore soft white silk frock with many frills, pink and blue belt, large black hat; Mrs Reynolds wore black voile, and black and silver hat; Mrs Winter, cream serge costume, heliotrope chiffon hat; Mrs E. A. Pavitt, pink linen, black chip hat; Miss E. Williamson, soft white silk, lace yoke, blue hat with pink roses; Miss M. Williamson, cream costume, white hat with pink rosebuds; Miss Eva Barker, white muslin, burnt straw hat with large pink rose; Miss Barker, biscuit-coloured voile, white hat, pink roses; Miss C. Reynolds, white muslin, large white silk hat with green bow; Miss W. Reynolds, white muslin, white hat with wreath of marguerites; Miss V. Williamson, navy blue muslin, white straw hat trimmed with pink roses and black tulle; Miss M. Dunlop, pale blue muslin, hat to match; Miss C. Boylan, white linen, white tulle hat, dark green velvet bands and pink roses; Miss C. Foster, white linen, small white hat; Miss Hoskins, cream skirt, pale blue silk blouse, floral hat; Miss Agnew-Browne, biscuit-coloured muslin, cream and pink hat; Miss A. Bradley, white muslin, burnt straw hat, and yellow rose; Miss M. Bradley, white muslin, pale blue belt, white hat; Miss E. Wachsmann, grass lawn frock, black hat; Miss B. Bradley, white muslin. A delightful afternoon tea was served in the garden.

At Bushmere on Friday Miss S. Evans gave an afternoon tea for the Misses Rutledge, who are returning to the home in Melbourne in a week's time.

At the Whataupoko tennis courts on Saturday Mrs W. Barker provided afternoon tea.

At Kaiti courts Miss Adair gave tea.

Miss Ethel Whishaw, who has been a nurse in the Gisborne Hospital for three years, has gone to her home in Dannevirke, from where she is to be married.

ELSA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, January 5.

There is not much news this week, as nearly everyone is absent from Napier for the holidays. The weather was fine and bright for the Christmas vacation, and most people took advantage of it and left town.

On Tuesday Mrs Dean gave a most enjoyable picnic. A large drag conveyed the people to Tongoio, and in spite of it being rather windy everyone spent a very happy day. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs Dean, Misses Dean (2), Mrs Levien, Mrs Pierce, (Wellington), Mrs Shaw, Miss Kennedy, Miss Shaw, Miss Goldsmith, Mrs P. Shaw, Miss Fell (Nelson), Miss Jardine, Mrs Bilton, Miss Margoliouth, Miss Todd, Miss Fannin, Mrs Duncan, Messrs. Bilton, Levien, Goldsmith, Russell, Dean, Loudoun, Margoliouth, Shaw, Bell, Thorborne (2), Jardine, Russell.

MARJORY.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, January 7.

The weather was perfect for both days of the

PALMERSTON RACES,

and the attendance was a record. Among the many beautiful dresses worn I noticed Mrs Alan Strang's white cloth Newmarket costume, white chiffon stole, white hat with deep pink roses; Mrs Watt Strang wore a lovely pale blue voile, trimmings of Paris lace and pale blue glace kilting, white hat with flowers and foliage; Mrs Jack Strang, blue cloth, cream lace vest, white hat; Miss Green (We England), white linen coat and skirt, floral straw hat with navy satin ribbon and fawn quill; Miss Reed (Wellington), champagne embroidered voile, white stole, cream hat with champagne tulle and pale mauve flowers; Mrs F. Riddiford, grey costume, black glace belt and pipings, black hat; Mrs Dan Riddiford (Marton), cream and pale blue zibeline cloth, Eton costume, collar of deeper shade of blue, black hat with black tips; Mrs Cooper (Pahiatua), strawberry coloured voile with deep cream lace insertion, fawn stole, brown hat with Tangerine roses and aigrette; Mrs R. S. Abraham looked well in a white embroidered costume, small black toque with aigrette; Miss Abraham, pretty cream embroidered voile, lemon touch of pale blue in bodice, cream hat with cerise roses; Miss Marjory Abraham, white muslin beautifully embroidered in silk, white hat; Mrs Lionel Abraham, champagne voile, much gauged, black hat with white aigrette, pale green and black parasol; Miss Hewitt, deep pink with cream lace yoke, Tuscan hat with cerise roses; Mrs Cotter (Greytown), a very striking costume of black silk floral muslin over black glace, cream lace vest, crossover frills edged with ruchings over black glace, white stole, black sequin toque with wreath of for-

get-me-nots; Miss Cotter (Greytown), cream embroidered voile, cream hat with lace and white flowers; Mrs Warburton, black silk, bodice handsomely trimmed with white silk embroidery, Tuscan hat with black flowers and foliage; Miss Warburton, pale blue cloth Eton costume, pale blue hat with white lace; Mrs C. Waldegrave, black silk voile, deep yoke of cream lace, black hat with black and white tips; Miss Waldegrave, cream canvas voile, with cream silk braiding, pale blue chiffon hat; Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, white muslin and lace, white lace hat; Mrs Frank Waldegrave (Wellington), champagne embroidered voile, transparent lace vest, pale green hat; Mrs S. Fitzherbert (Feilding), pale blue cloth, two capes on shoulders edged with lace, burnt straw hat with brown and fawn tulle; Mrs Revington Jones (Feilding), pale blue cloth Eton costume, pale blue straw hat with white wings; Mrs A. McBeth (Kiwitea), white and heliotrope floral muslin, toque of violets; Mrs Blundell (Wellington), bright blue voile, cream lace insertion, fawn and green straw hat with wreath of pink roses; Mrs Hankins, black voile skirt, cream silk blouse, long cream coat, cerise floral hat; Miss Hankins, pink floral muslin, folds on skirt edged with white lace, white lace hat with wreath of pale pink roses; Mrs Fitzherbert, navy and white cloth coat and skirt, navy toque with glace bows; Miss Fitzherbert, grey muslin and white lace, cream hat with pink roses; Miss Loris Fitzherbert, grey muslin and lace, white lace hat; Miss Fookes (New Plymouth), grey voile, white lace yoke, grey hat with grey silk edged with white lace; Miss Smith (Wellington), cream serge coat and skirt, cream hat with pink roses; Miss Collins, white linen, green linen collar and strapping, floral hat; Mrs Percy Baldwin, cream serge skirt, cream silk and lace blouse, violet floral toque; Mrs Pharazon (Feilding), cream and pale green floral muslin, darker shade of silk sash, burnt straw hat with cerise roses; Mrs Godfrey Baldwin (Levin), white embroidered linen, burnt straw hat, with wreath of deep pink roses; Miss Randolph, navy and white spotted voile, cream lace yoke, yellow and green floral hat; Miss Nicholl, white linen, white hat with white ruching; Mrs Douglas (Hawke's Bay), white linen coat and skirt, grey stole, pink floral hat; Miss Ellie Robinson, cream serge Eton costume, burnt straw hat with crimson roses and foliage; Miss Belle Robinson, cream voile, cream hat with pale blue and pink satin ribbon; Miss Doris Robinson, white muslin and lace, cream hat with pink and green satin ribbon; Mrs Bennett (Hawke's Bay), black silk, white lace yoke, black and white tulle bonnet, black and white tips; Mrs Cato (Hawke's Bay), grey plaid silk, white lace vest, white hat with black velvet ribbon and white wings; Mrs Bennett (Blenheim), grey voile with Paris lace insertion, grey and pink tulle toque, with grey feather; Miss Eva Bennett (Hawke's Bay), cream and pale pink floral muslin, burnt straw hat with scarlet flowers; Mrs Millton, black and white spotted muslin, cream hat with pink roses; Miss Irvine, navy and white check silk, navy hat with pink flowers; Mrs Louisson, grey Eton costume, pale pink cloth collar, cream hat with ribbon and pink roses; Miss Armstrong, navy blue voile, cream lace yoke, cream hat with pink roses; Miss Alice Reed, cream serge coat and skirt, pale blue hat; Mrs Bell, black silk, cream lace yoke and medallions, black hat; Mrs Tripe, pale grey voile, white lace yoke, wide grey and pink floral glace belt, black hat with tips; Miss Bell, white linen Eton coat and skirt, white hat with wreath of white daisies; Miss Gwen Bell, white linen, floral hat; Mrs A. Bell, pink floral muslin, pink toque; Mrs Gifford-Moore, electric blue cloth, white embroidered silk revers, pink chiffon toque with aigrette; Mrs Buick, fawn crash coat and skirt, violet toque with white tulle; Miss Buick, navy blue voile, cream lace fichu, burnt straw hat with pink and crimson roses; Miss Lily Buick, pink floral muslin, burnt straw hat with pink and green satin ribbon; Mrs Wood, navy blue cloth coat and skirt, white revers, cream straw hat with pink and white roses; Miss Wood, cream voile, wide pale blue crossband, pale blue hat; Miss Clara Wood, cream, cream hat with cerise flowers; Mrs J. M. Johnston, white linen coat and skirt, white hat with pink and fawn ribbon; Mrs J. Pascal, heliotrope and white floral muslin, cream hat with lilac; Mrs Elsie McLennan, grey cloth coat and skirt, Tuscan hat with violet pansies; Miss Slack, white embroidered muslin, floral hat; Mrs Knight, navy blue voile, cream lace trimming, black hat with tips; Miss Knight, pale pink voile, brown tulle hat; Mrs Jamieson, white embroidered coat and skirt, black hat with tips, blue parasol; Mrs Dean O. Shute, cream serge coat and skirt, brown hat with brown tulle; Mrs Hallan, white muslin and lace, black hat with white tulle and black and white tulle tips; Mrs Bunting, pale grey voile, pale blue floral toque; Mrs F. S. McRae, cream embroidered muslin over pale blue satin, floral hat; Mrs Jounnaux, white linen coat and skirt, white hat with white ruching; Mrs Loughnan, white Linen, pale pink silk belt, black and white toque.

VIOLET.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, January 5.

Nearly all Wanganui seems to be away holiday-making. There is therefore a great dearth of social news. Several small private picnics were given last week, and a number of people were camping out for Christmas at the Kai Iwi Beach, but the weather has been anything but favourable.

Amongst some smart toilettes worn recently I noticed: Mrs Banks, in a beautiful silk muslin with a floral design of pink and pale yellow roses on it, and festoons of deep cream silk lace on the skirt and corsage, dull green shaded straw toque with a large bird at the side; Mrs Williams, in a pastel blue canvas gown with wide swathed belt of a deeper shade of silk, full bodice with yoke of champagne lace, gauged elbow sleeves with a fall of champagne lace to the wrist, pretty cream straw toque with wreath of tiny heliotrope flowers in it.

HUIA.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, January 6.

The most interesting thing I have to tell you this week is the wedding of Miss Millie Stuart and Lieutenant Hancock, which was celebrated in Colombo. Of course, it is a month ago now, but accounts of the ceremony only arrived by the last mail. It was so nice for Miss Stuart having her mother and two sisters with her, the two girls, of course, being bridesmaids. The wedding took place from the house of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, the latter being a great friend of Miss Stuart's. The navy was present in good force, and altogether it seems to have been the cheeriest and gayest wedding imaginable. Mrs. and and Miss O. Stuart are now on their way back to New Zealand, but Miss Nora Stuart has gone on to England, where she will spend about a year before returning home.

Wellington is still wearing a holiday air, though people are beginning to find their way back. A good many country people have been here shopping at the sales, which have begun unusually early.

Several people from Wellington have gone the Sounds excursion, which seems to grow more popular every year.

Last Friday a good many people went to Mrs. Grace's to say good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Grace, who have gone back to South Africa, after a sojourn of several months here. Mrs. Grace wore black crepe de chine, with a vest and cuffs of delicate lace; Miss Grace had a pretty ivory voile, with a deep Empire belt; Mrs. Walter Grace was in tinted ninon de soie, with ruffles of lace. Among the guests were: Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. and Miss Johnston, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Tweed, Miss Fell, and several others. Miss Grace's marriage to Mr. Dalziell is to be celebrated before Easter, after which they and Mrs. Grace are going to England.

On Friday Mrs. Edwin gave a small but pleasant tea in honour of her nephew and niece, Captain and Mrs. Gisborne, who had arrived the preceding week from England. Mrs. Edwin wore black voile over glace, with quillings of satin. Miss Edwin was in white silk, with black lace insertion; and her sisters were in pretty muslin dresses, with chine sashes; Mrs. Gisborne wore a very smart gown of hyacinth blue taffetas, with narrow kiltings of silk; the yoke was of Irish lace, which also formed ruffles to the elaborate elbow sleeves. satin straw hat with plumes of shaded blue; Miss Harding was in pale green voile, and a black hat; and her sister had a pretty floral muslin; Mrs. H. Harding wore black tailor-made, and a black picture hat; Mrs. Johnston was in black crepe de chine, with a black and white bonnet; Miss Johnston, black glace, and smart black hat; Mrs. Wallis, figured voile, and floral hat; Mrs. Crawford, white cloth, and rose pink toque; Mrs. Travers, white cloth, and shaded mauve hat; Misses Coleridge pretty muslin dresses; Mrs. A. Duncan, grey coat and skirt, and smart hat.

On Wednesday Miss Morrah gave a small garden party. The day was lovely, and the spacious garden looked its best. A good deal of croquet was played during the afternoon. Miss Morrah wore a dress of biscuit linen, and a becoming lace hat; Mrs. Morrah, black crepe de chine; Miss — Morrah, figured voile dress. Among the guests were: Mrs. Plunkett Cole (Australia), wearing blue and white spotted voile, and a smart hat; and Miss Cole, who wore white muslin and Valenciennes lace; Misses Seed, Dransfield, Von Dadelzen, Quick, Butts, Harding, Simpson, Edwin.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURC H.

Dear Bee, January 3.

A BRIDGE PARTY,

given by Mrs. Wardrop at the bank on Saturday evening, was immensely enjoyed. Mrs. Wardrop wore a lovely gown of brown chiffon and Maltese lace; Mrs. Lee (Sydney) wore grey taffeta and white lace; Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, a pretty white lace gown, over glace; Mrs. Boyle, a lovely gown of grey crepe de chine and tulle; Miss Boyle, a dainty white frock; Miss Lee, white silk net over satin, with touches of pale blue; Mrs. Pyne looked well in pink crepe de chine and lace; Miss Denniston, black crepe de chine; Miss H. Denniston, a pretty pale pink taffeta; Mrs. Kettle, cream silk, with lace and net overskirt; Miss Kettle, white silk and lace; Mrs. Wigram wore cream silk; and Miss Reeves, red.

Mrs. H. J. Beswick (Fendalton) gave a small

GARDEN PARTY

on Monday, which was a glorious day for such a gathering. During the afternoon several games of tennis were played. Delicious tea and fruits were much appreciated. Amongst the guests were: Mrs. Ranald Macdonald, Mrs. Otterson (England), Mrs. and Miss Kettle, Mrs. J. C. Palmer, the Misses Godby, Mrs. Wigram, Mrs. Godby, Mrs. George Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rhodes and several others.

A DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT

was given in the parish schoolroom, Sumner, by the members of the Ladies' Cricket Club. Mrs. Robert Chapman, Miss Selby and six other ladies, wearing pretty white muslin frocks and mob caps, trimmed with blue ribbon, and accompanied by eight gentlemen in uniform, gave some very pretty action songs with choruses. Among the best were: "Egypt," "Cosey Corner Girl," and several coon songs, such as "Good Morning, Carrie." There were some capital tableaux, including, "Where Are You Going To, My Pretty Maid?" by Miss Chapman and Mr. E. Comerford (ancient version), and Miss Barker and Mr. P. Wardell (modern); "Comin' Thro' the Rye," by Miss Daisy Preston and Mr. Martin. Mrs. Chapman, in fishwife costume, sang "Caller Herrin" remarkably well; Miss M. Jennings gave a graceful skirt dance; the Misses Selby and Williams a step dance; and Messrs. C. L. Hawkins and Marriner recited. The accompaniments were played by Miss Grace Jennings.

THE AMUSEMENTS

of the week have been the "J.P." and the West's pictures. Among the audience at the "J.P." I have noticed: Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Loughman, Dr. Alice Moorhouse, Mrs. and Miss Ogle, Mrs. and Miss Deans, Miss Somerville (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. Wigley, Mr and Mrs. Harris, Mrs. and Miss Symes, Miss Anderson, Miss Campbell, the Misses Julius, Mrs. and Miss Allen and Mr. and Mrs. McKellar.

At the Canterbury Hall the West's pictures and the Brescians have been drawing full houses. It really is a wonderful entertainment, and well worth seeing.

All the world and his wife being out of town touring, visiting or camping, there are few society doings to tell you of at present. DOLLY VALE.

"Editorial Wild Oats"

"Editorial Wild Oats" is the title of a book by Mark Twain fresh from the press. It is printed in very large type on very small pages, but even so, it is only eighty pages long, and can be read in an hour, says an American magazine. But it is certainly funny. The sketches—which have all appeared in print one time or another—are elaborate burlesques on country journalism of the days when Mark Twain was a boy, and are certain to amuse all old-timers among editors. A fair sample of the style and matter is the account of "my first literary venture":

I was a very smart child at the age of thirteen—an unusually smart child, I thought at the time. My uncle had me on his paper (the weekly "Hannibal Journal," two dollars a year, in advance—five hundred subscribers, and they paid in cordwood, cabbages and unmarketable turnips), and on a lucky summer day he left town to be gone a week, and asked me if I thought I could edit one issue of the paper judiciously. Ah! didn't I want to try! Higgins was the editor on the rival paper. He had lately been jilted, and one night a friend found an open note on the poor fellow's bed, in which he stated that he could no longer endure life, and had drowned himself in Bear Creek. The friend ran down there and discovered Higgins wading back to shore. He had concluded he wouldn't. The village was full of it for several days, but Higgins did not suspect it. I thought this was a fine opportunity. I wrote an elaborate account of the whole matter, and then illustrated it with villainous cuts engraved on the bottoms of wood type with a jackknife—one of them a picture of Higgins wading out into the creek in 'is shirt, with a lantern, sounding the depth of the water with a walking stick. I thought it was desperately funny, and was densely unconscious that there was any moral obliquity about such a publication. Being satisfied with this effort I looked around for other worlds to conquer, and it struck me that it would make good, interesting matter to charge the editor of a neighbouring country paper with a piece of gratuitous rascality and "see him squirm."

I did it, putting the article into the form of a parody on the "Burial of Sir John Moore"—and a pretty crude parody it was, too.

Then I lampooned two prominent citizens outrageously—not because they had done anything to deserve it, but merely because I thought it was my duty to make the paper lively.

Next I gently touched up the newest stranger—the lion of the day, the gorgeous journeyman tailor from Quincy. He was a simpering coxcomb of the first water, and the "loudest" dressed man in the State. He was an inveterate woman-killer. Every week he wrote lushy "poetry" for the "Journal" about his newest conquest. His rhymes for my week were headed, "To Mary in H— l," meaning to Mary in Hannibal, of course. But while setting up the piece I was suddenly riven from head to heel by what I regarded as a perfect thunderbolt of humour, and I compressed it into a snappy footnote at the bottom—thus:

"We will let this thing pass, just this once; but we wish Mr. J. Gordon Runnels to understand distinctly that we have a character to sustain, and from this time forth when he wants to commune with his friends in h—l he must select some other medium than the columns of this journal."

The paper came out, and I never knew any little thing to attract so much attention as those playful trifles of mine.

For once the "Hannibal Journal" was in demand—a novelty it had not experienced before. The whole town was stirred. Higgins dropped in with a double-barrelled shotgun early in the forenoon. When he found that it was an infant (as he called me) that had done him the damage he simply pulled my ears and went away.

My uncle was very angry when he got back. But he softened when he looked at the accounts and saw that I had actually booked the unparalleled number of 33 new subscribers, and had the vegetables to show for it—cordwood, cabbage, beans and unsalable turnips enough to run the family for two years!

The sketch entitled, "Journalism in Tennessee," contains a lovely picture of the editor of the "Morning Glory and Johnson County Warwhoop." Says Mark:

When I went on duty I found the chief editor sitting tilted back in a three-legged chair, with his feet on a pine table. There was another pine table in the room and another afflicted chair, and both were half buried under newspapers and scraps and sheets of manuscript. There was a wooden box of sand, sprinkled with cigar stubs and "old soldiers," and a stove with a door hanging by its upper hinge. The chief editor had a long-tailed black cloth frock-coat on, and white linen pants. His boots were small and neatly blacked. He wore a ruffled shirt, a large seal ring, a standing collar of obsolete pattern and a checkered neckerchief with the ends hanging down. Date of costume about 1848. He was smoking a cigar and trying to think of a word, and in pawing his hair he had rumpled his locks a good deal. He was scowling fearfully, and I judged that he was concocting a particularly knotty editorial. He told me to take the exchanges and skim through them and write up the "Spirit of the Tennessee Press," condensing into the article all of their contents that seemed of interest.

I wrote as follows:

SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS.

The editors of the semi-weekly "Earthquake" evidently labour under a misapprehension with regard to the Ballyhack Railway. It is not the object of the company to leave Buzzardville off to one side. On the contrary, they consider it one of the most important points along the line, and consequently can have no desire to slight it. The gentlemen of the "Earthquake" will, of course, take pleasure in making the correction.

John W. Blossom, Esq., the able editor of the Higginsville "Thunderbolt and Battle Cry of Freedom," arrived in the city yesterday. He is stopping at the Van Buren House.

We observe that our contemporary of the Mud Springs "Morning Howl" has fallen into the error of supposing that the election of Van Werter is not an established fact, but he will have discovered his mistake before this reminder reaches him, no doubt. He was doubtless misled by incomplete elections returns.

I passed my manuscript over to the chief editor. He glanced at it, and his face clouded. Up he sprang, exclaiming: "Thunder and lightning! Do you suppose I am going to speak of those cattle that way? Do you suppose my subscribers are going to stand such gruel as that? Give me the pen!" I never saw a pen scrape and scratch its way so viciously, or plow through another man's verbs and adjectives so relentlessly. Pretty soon: "Now, here is the way this stuff ought to be written." It now read as follows:

The inveterate liars of the semi-weekly "Earthquake" are evidently endeavouring to palm off upon a noble and chivalrous people another of their vile and brutal falsehoods with regard to that most glorious conception of the nineteenth century, the Ballyhack Railway. The idea that Buzzardville was to be left off at one side originated in their own fulsome brains—or, rather, in the settlings which they regard as brains. They had better swallow this lie if they want to save their abandoned reptile carcasses the cowhiding they so richly deserve.

That ass, Blossom, of the Higginsville "Thunderbolt and Battle Cry of Freedom," is down here again sponging at the Van Buren.

We observe that the besotted blackguard of the Mud Springs "Morning Howl," is giving out, with his usual propensity for lying, that Van Werter is not elected. The heaven-born mission of journalism is to disseminate truth; to eradicate error, to educate, refine, and elevate the tone of public morals and manners, and make all men more gentle, more virtuous, more charitable, and in all ways better and holier and happier; and yet this black hearted scoundrel degrades his great office persistently to the dissemination of falsehood, calumny, vituperation, and vulgarity.

Later in the day, the editor went out to dinner, leaving Mark in charge, with these directions:

"Jones will be here at three—cowhide him. Gillespie will call earlier, perhaps—throw him out of the window. Ferguson will be along about four kill him. That is all for to-day, I believe. If you have any odd time, you may write a blistering article on the police—give the chief inspector rats. The cowhides are under the table; weapons in the drawer—ammunition there in the corner—lint and bandages up there in the pigeon-holes. In case of accident, go to Lancet, the surgeon, downstairs. He advertises—we take it out in trade."

He was gone. I shuddered. At the end of the next three hours I had been through perils so awful that all peace of mind and all cheerfulness were gone from me. Gillespie had called, and thrown me out of the window. Jones arrived promptly, and when I got ready to do the cowhiding he took the job off my hands. In an encounter with a stranger, not in the bill of fare, I had lost my scalp. Another stranger, by the name of Thompson, left me a mere wreck and ruin of chaotic rags. And at last, at bay in the corner, and beset by an infuriated mob of editors, blacklegs, politicians, and desperadoes, who raved and swore and flourished their weapons about my head till the air shimmered with glancing flashes of steel, I was in the act of resigning my berth on the paper when the chief arrived, and with him a rabble of charmed and enthusiastic friends. Then ensued a scene of riot and carnage such as no human pen, or steel one either, could describe. People were shot, probed, dismembered, blown up, thrown out of the window. There was a brief tornado of murky blasphemy, with a confused and frantic war dance glimmering through it, and then all was over. In five minutes there was silence, and the gory chief and I sat alone and surveyed the sanguinary ruin that strewed the floor around us. He said: "You'll like this place when you get used to it."

Rather crude humour, as a whole, but undeniably funny.

GRAND LARCENY

The Story of a Business Steal

By William Hamilton Osborne

SMITHSON, of Bleecker and Smithson, swung into the superintendent's office and laid a bundle on his desk. "Tommy," he said, "there are the pay envelopes. Better go over them a bit. I didn't check them up on account of the rush. I guess they're all right, though."

The superintendent nodded, shoved the bundle into a big pigeonhole upon his desk, and then strode into the workship. He was too busy now to bother about a little thing like the pay roll. Smithson, of the partnership, returned to his own private office.

This left the superintendent's office almost alone—save for the presence of one person. This individual was Haggerty. Haggerty was young—19 years of age or so, but exceptionally intelligent and business-like. He had entered the employ of Bleecker and Smithson some five years before and had been steadily advanced. He had seen Smithson enter with the envelopes, had heard the conversation, and had noted with considerable satisfaction the unusual haste of both men. Bleecker and Smithson, manufacturers of skates, were working under enormous pressure; the Bleecker and Smithson was fast coming to be the only skate on the market, and the demand for it invariably distanced the supply. Haggerty himself had been rushed, but not too rushed to consider minutely his own individual interests, necessities, and—pleasures.

He waited an instant until he seemed quite secure from interruption. Then, without the slightest attempt at concealment, he strode to the superintendent's desk and drew from its pigeonhole the bundle of pay envelopes. He untied the string and shook them loose upon the desk. When he had done this he swung easily upon his chair and faced the door.

"I thought, Tommy," he said, "that I'd sort these over for you and check them up." He spoke to empty air. The superintendent was not there, and he knew it. He was merely trying his voice, was Haggerty, rehearsing his part in the event of interruption. But now he no longer dawled over his task. Abstracting an envelope here and there, he hastily rifled it of its contents, thrust its contents into his trousers pocket, and then replaced the empty envelope within the bundle. Then he thrust the bundle back into its pigeonhole. Then he seized a pattern from his own desk and sauntered, whistling, into Smithson's private office.

"Mr Smithson," he said, "Tommy's so blame busy that I can't get his mind down on this pattern. I want you to look at it. Two or three of the men swear by it, but it seems to me that it isn't up to snuff."

Smithson looked it over. It wasn't up to snuff—Haggerty was right. He had observed that which even the superintendent had overlooked. Smithson scratched his head.

"Look here, Haggerty," he suggested, "it's Saturday and it's 11.45. Mr Bleecker is out trying to pacify Alcock and get a bit more time on this Peter's contract. Suppose you run down and see Seabury about this pattern and get him to make it right, see Peddy about the straps, and oh, say, by the way—here's a lot of cash and some cheques just come in since I deposited this morning. We don't want to keep them here over Sunday—especially the cash. Suppose you stop at the bank on your way down." Haggerty nodded. "You don't have to come back," continued Smithson, "except—oh, of course, you want your pay." He rose and started for the next room. Haggerty watched him. Then Smithson came back and dropped into his chair.

"Oh, you can get it Monday," said Smithson, "or," he added, "you can stop at Tommy's house to-night. I'll tell him to keep yours out and take it with him."

Haggerty shook his head. "You forget, Mr Smithson," he returned, "that you advanced it to me out of your own pocket just three days ago. Tommy can turn it over to you, and that will make us square. Good-bye."

Haggerty went to the bank and made his deposit. He went to Seabury's, and saw Seabury about the pattern. And then he went to his boardinghouse and dressed himself.

Down at the Bay that afternoon a sorrel mare and a black horse with necks stretched to the limit, and each with a pair of wheels and a bit of gaudy colour trailing out behind, found, as they had found before, that the eyes of many thousand men were on them—that many thousand men were forgetting to breathe and were remembering only to look while the sorrel and the black scampered side by side down a dusty track. There was a great momentous silence upon the crowd—nothing to be heard save an expectant rustle.

Suddenly all this was changed. There was a wild shout coming, it is likely, from the throats of only half-a-hundred men. These men had seen the outcome, had known that the little mare had stretched her neck a little farther under the wire and had come home just a nose ahead of the game. The rest of the crowd went wild, but the rest of the crowd didn't know. It was shouting because the few had shouted—each of the many thousands believed that his money was well placed. A man with a megaphone appeared at the front of the judge's stand and a lettered sign was set up and a bit of colour tossed to a diminutive driver down below.

It was Cleopatra; the little mare had won. Then followed sounds that meant something—a yell of triumph that rent the skies a sudden rush to the bookies' tents—and a wail of anguish that was felt more than it was heard.

As for Haggerty, he strode from the trap biting his lips and digging his nails into his moist palms as he went.

"I thought this time," he muttered, "that the Friar——"

He swung aboard a trolley car with the rest of the crowd. The car started up and sped along.

"Fare," yelled the conductor into Haggerty's ear. Haggerty flushed and swore a strange oath.

"Let me off," he cried, "I clean forgot." The conductor let him off and smiled. Haggerty had forgotten that he was cleaned out—forgotten that in his eagerness he had put up his every cent, to back the Friar. His every cent and some of his concern's besides.

That night Haggerty tapped nervously at the door of a little cottage on Maiden Lane. "I—I'm late," he said to a girl of his own age, perhaps a little older; "I'm late, Kitty. I was going to take you over to New York to-night, but the fact is," he added, truthfully, "I—I didn't get my pay envelope to-day. We'll go another time."

The girl, who was quite as well pleased to have a quiet tete-a-tete with Haggerty, smiled a satisfied smile and bade him sit down and make himself at home. She was a pretty girl, this Kitty of his, and she knew how to make Haggerty talk—about the shop, his plans, himself. But to-night she was unable to succeed. Haggerty was distraught—he would not talk. During one of the many periods of silence the girl picked up the evening paper. Upon its first page was emblazoned the counterfeit presentment of Cleopatra, the winner at the Bay.

"I've never seen a horse race," said the girl, more to make conversation than for any other purpose, "some day, Billy, you must take me down, somewhere, I don't care where, to see a race."

Haggerty half groaned. There swept over him a sudden impulse to kneel down at this girl's feet and tell her everything—to make a clean breast of it to her. It was a good impulse, and it passed. Its place was taken by a multitude of half-angry thoughts in which the girl had a place. After all, Haggerty resentfully told himself by way of justification—after all, what he had done he had done on her account. He wanted to get ahead—he wanted to save money and make money—for her. And this was what had come of it. He began already to feel hardly treated—he was scared; he was angry with himself and angry with her. But he said nothing. He rose finally, glanced at a clock, and seized his hat.

"Sure," he answered her mechanically, "sure I'll take you to a race some time—and glad to, Kitty. I must be going. Good night, little girl."

She lifted up her face—dear little girl that she was—and kissed him. And Haggerty strode forth that night and walked the streets, wide-eyed and sleepless. For Haggerty was a criminal and he realised it. He had been guilty of grand larceny.

He did not know what had taken place back at the shop after he had left. But things had happened.

Haggerty had not been gone twenty minutes from Smithson's private office that afternoon when Tommy, the superintendent, rushed into Smithson's presence.

"I guess you didn't check these up, Mr Smithson," he remarked, drawing forth a few empty envelopes, "you'll have to cough up more coin."

"W—what," gasped Smithson, "let me see 'em." He took the empty envelopes and read the names upon them.

"W—why," he stammered, "I filled these—two of these I remember perfectly. I had trouble in getting the right change in 'em. Somebody has taken 'em. That's what."

It was Tommy's turn to burst into exclamation points. "No," gasped Tommy, "that can't be—that's impossible. There hasn't been anybody in there. Not a soul—except you and me—and Haggerty."

A door opened and Bleecker, the senior partner, entered. Bleecker was a man of stern countenance and somewhat pious of demeanour. He was a pillar of the church and he never drank, smoked, chewed, or swore. He was a thorough business man.

"What about Haggerty?" he demanded blandly of Tommy and his partner. The other man told him that it was nothing about Haggerty in particular but that somebody had robbed the pay envelopes and that they couldn't quite account for it. In the vernacular of the shop Bleecker immediately flew up in the air. Coming down to earth again, however, he resolutely pursed up his lips.

"We'll find out who did it," he remarked, "and mighty soon at that."

The three sat down and went over the matter in detail, from the time that Smithson had filled the envelopes to the instant that the superintendent had made the discovery. Bleecker, a suspicious personage, would have been ready to accuse either Tommy or his partner had there been the slightest occasion for it. As it was he had to comment upon the laxity with which the money had been left in the superintendent's desk.

"I'll take the blame of that," said Smithson. "I ought to have locked it up, but we've been so rushed."

"Yes," answered Bleecker dryly, "and the rush has made us lose enough hard cash to eat up the profits on nobody knows how many pairs of skates. Fine way to rush. Now, let's get down to business."

They got down to business, and the upshot of it was that Smithson remembered that he had sat at his own desk in full sight of the superintendent's door from the time of the delivery of the envelopes to the time of the discovery of the shortage. The superintendent, singularly enough, had been instructing two new hands whose benches were within sight of the other door of the superintendent's office—and there were but two doors. And meanwhile no one had been inside save Haggerty.

"All right," commented Bleecker; "now we'll search Haggerty's desk and see what we can find."

They broke it open and found—some racing sheets. And there were some private memoranda in the handwriting of Haggerty relating to his success and failure at the track.

Bleecker grunted. "The old, old story," he commented; "that's enough for me."

But Smithson protested. "I don't know about that," he said.

Bleecker snorted. "I don't want any better proof," he answered.

The superintendent coughed nervously and turned red in the face. "I—this is a hard situation for me," said the superintendent. "I have as much faith in Billy Haggerty as anybody." He stopped and drew from his pocket a small round disc of mother-o'-pearl. "Haggerty would have, as a rule," he went on, "no business around my desk. When—when I discovered what was missing I—I picked this up. It's a button. It's the same kind that Billy wears on his blue shirt. I found it on my desk. I—I'll go a step further. When I opened up the bundle it dropped out. I didn't want to say this," he added in genuine distress, "but I've got to be straight with you. If Billy did this thing you've got to know it—it isn't for me to keep it back. I don't know," he went on somewhat forlornly, "I think I'd rather have done you up myself than have him do it."

Monday morning Haggerty was himself again. He whistled as he entered the shop and hung up his coat. But he did not whistle long. Bleecker summoned him into his own office. There were Smithson and the superintendent, both looking sheepish and uncomfortable. Bleecker acquainted Haggerty of the nature of the charge against him. Haggerty straightened up and looked each man in the eye.

"No, sir," he said to Bleecker, "I did not do it."

Bleecker then produced the racing memoranda. Haggerty flushed but held his own. "Of course," he admitted, "I play the races now and then. Who doesn't? You won't find five men in ten here in town who don't. That isn't the point. I didn't take your money. Why," he continued turning to Smithson, "you gave me some money to deposit in the bank. There's the book. Isn't it all right? If I wanted to steal, why didn't I steal then? As for the rest, you have a number of new hands about. I don't know who took your money. All that I know is that I did not."

The superintendent's glance was fastened on Haggerty's blue shirt. There was a button missing—a mother-o'-pearl button, and the loose threads that once had held it straggled down untidily. Bleecker saw the glance and followed it up.

"Then," he said with a sneer, "then, Haggerty, perhaps you will be good enough to explain what you were doing at the superintendent's desk, and just why this button was found among the envelopes—tell us that?"

Haggerty never moved a muscle. He was unprepared for this it is true, but between Saturday night and Monday morning he had well rehearsed his part—he was prepared for anything. He looked at the button, and looked at his shirt, and looked Bleecker unwaveringly in the face.

"I can't explain anything," he answered, "that button seems to have come from my shirt, and if you found it on Tommy's desk well and good. I can't help that." He paused a moment. He was considering whether to charge this crime upon the superintendent—whether to insist that Tommy was putting up a job. In an instant he saw that it would be a mistake—saw that it would rob him of the friendship of Tommy, and perhaps of Smithson, and he couldn't be quite sure how much they knew. "That button," he continued, "might have been on Tommy's desk a dozen times and nobody would have noticed it. I didn't even know that I had lost it. But I care nothing for that. I didn't take your money. That's all I know."

"If you didn't," insisted Bleecker, "who did?"

"I didn't," returned Haggerty, "I am very sure of that."

They told Haggerty he could go back to his desk. He did it. Then they put their heads together.

"Send for an officer," directed Bleecker. But Smithson shook his head.

"What!" went on Bleecker, "don't you think he did it?"

Smithson nodded gravely. He had watched Haggerty with care. "He did it all right," returned Smithson, "I'm sure of that. I wasn't sure on Saturday. I'm quite sure now. But I wouldn't gaol the man. He's too young."

"But he lied to us," screamed Bleecker. "If he'd make a clean breast of it I wouldn't care. But he lied, understand, he lied——"

Smithson nodded once more. "There are times, you know, Bleecker," he said, "when a man has got to lie—when he must lie."

But Bleecker wouldn't hear of it. "A man who lies——" he began. But Smithson rose.

"All men lie, Bleecker," he returned. "It's commoner than stealing and more respectable. I've got to say for Haggerty that he had to lie. He ought not to have stolen, but having done it he had to lie out of it."

"He'll take the consequences of it then," retorted Bleecker. "I'm going to 'phone for the police."

But Bleecker didn't 'phone for the police. They talked it over very carefully—very carefuly indeed. Smithson's council prevailed.

"I don't believe," said Smithson, "that this young fellow will ever do a thing like that again. I don't indeed. It would be criminal for us to ruin his career and ruin him, even after what he's done to ruin it himself."

They did not arrest him: they discharged him. He protested his innocence did Haggerty, but they were adamant, even unto Smithson; they discharged him and he went.

That night in the little cottage in Maiden Lane Billy Haggerty did the thing he couldn't help doing in the presence of the little girl who loved him. He broke down and told her all about it—told her the truth. He didn't save himself.

"And I should have been assistant superintendent in two months, Kitty," he wailed; "think of it—assistant superintendent. In two years superintendent, either there or somewhere else. I'm a fool—a fool. I'm worse," he added in anguish of mind, "I'm a liar and a thief."

The girl become a woman on the instant—stretched forth her hand and touched him gently on the arm.

"I'll stick to you, Billy." It was all she had to say. It was all that Billy wanted all he asked for; and when Billy Haggerty left her that night he saw in her eyes a new light that said to him with all that it implies. "Go thou and sin no more."

"I'm going, Kitty," said Haggerty, answering the light in her eyes, "I'm going to turn over a new leaf. It's right-about face—if you'll only stick to me."

Haggerty started in to get work. It was easy to start in, but harder to get it.

"Where have you worked? Why did you leave? Have you a recommendation?" This was the stereotyped interrogation. Haggerty had nerve, and he went back to Smithson.

"Mr Smithson," he said, "I've got to get work and I have got to have a recommendation. I've been brought up in this business, and there's no reason why I should start in at the bottom of the ladder again. I want a letter from you people. Can't you let me have it?"

But Smithson shook his head. "We discharged you, Haggerty," he explained firmly, "for a certain reason. We can't send you to some other concern with an endorsement. It wouldn't be right or fair to them."

Haggerty went away disconsolate, and little by little the cause of his discharge crept out. It cannot be said that any one of the three—Bleecker, Smithson, or the superintendent—ever mentioned the cause of Haggerty's discharge, but it is quite certain that within a month the men knew all about it, and Haggerty's friends slowly found it out. Haggerty had sowed the wind and he was reaping the whirlwind.

"All right," said Haggerty to himself, "I'll start in, then, at the bottom rung."

He did. He went over to East Monroe to Jepson's. Jepson's was a skate factory—a smaller one than Bleecker's. Haggerty started in to make skates; he knew how. He was intelligent and of an inventive turn of mind. He worked and worked and worked. One day he stepped into Jepson's office and held out a model.

"Mr Jepson," he said to the proprietor, "here is a skate that will knock the spots off of the Bleecker and Smithson. Look it over, please."

It was three months later that he took the girl that loved him in his arms and whispered in her ear. She was five years older now.

"Kitty," he whispered, "we can marry, you and I and right away. Jepson and I are partners, little girl. We've a small concern, but I can make a living now for two—a good one. Now we can marry. We've waited long so very long," he added with a smile that was half a sigh, a sigh that was half a smile.

The girl hid her face in his sleeve. "Billy boy," she whispered gently.

* * * * * *

The Green Store in New York was built along gigantic lines. Everything it sold was made for it upon contract in the best possible manner at the lowest possible price. The manufacturer who could get the Green Store's patronage could well afford to neglect each of his other patrons. But it must be remembered that the Green Store demanded the best work at the lowest price.

At this juncture it was getting in bids for an enormous quantity of skates. It sent proposals to Bleecker and Smithson, of Monroe, and to the Jepson Manufacturing Company, of East Monroe. Jepson was dead, and the proprietor of the Jepson concern was William Haggerty. Haggerty was only thirty-two or thirty-three, and he had been uniformly successful. People said that he was getting rich. Bleecker and Smithson were falling to the rear.

One day Bleecker, now an elderly man, sat in his office mopping his face. "We're up against it, Smithson," he said; "our balance is exhausted and our credit is getting pretty well n. g. I don't know," he complained hopelessly, "just what we're going to do."

He handed over the specificationse and proposal of the big Green Store.

"If we could swing that contract, Bleecker," said Smithson, "if we only could, it would be the making of us. I don't see," he went on, "why we couldn't do it. We certainly could make the skates well, and in our present condition we certainly must afford to make them at the bottom price. A few cents on every pair—even a cent, perhaps—would put us on our feet. And once we're on our feet," he concluded resolutely, "I'd like to see anybody get us off—again."

They figured on the contract, and sent their figures in. Haggerty also figured, but with more assurance. He had had one of the Green Store's big contracts, and had made money on it. He was sure of getting another, and being sure he did perhaps a foolish thing. The first time he had come within an ace of falling down on the time limit. This time, he assured himself, he would take time by the forelock. At the same time that he sent in his bid he sent to a steel concern a mammoth order for steel plate. The plate came, and he stamped it out.

"Nothing like being ready," he told his men.

One day Smithson, all smiles, entered Bleecker's office with a whoop.

"Hooray," he yelled, waving a piece of paper in his hand, "we've got it—we've got it, Bleecker."

It was the order for the Green Store skates. Bleecker looked at it and brightened up for an instant. Then he frowned, and in his turn handed a document to Smithson. Smithson wilted. It was a summons and complaint in a suit of Seabury's against the firm for labour and materials—returnable in twenty days.

"Great Scott!" groaned Smithson, "and we can't pay it either."

Still, they went to work on the Green Store contract and sent in an order for steel. The steel company answered at once. They wanted cash. Smithson wrote the steel company about the contract, and the company retorted that it didn't care about the contract; that the Green Store didn't pay for six months after due date, and that the steel company wanted Bleecker and Smithson's money right away. They tried another steel company with similar success. Smithson called on this concern in person.

"But I'll tell you what," said the agent of the company, "you might do this. Jepson thought they'd get this big contract that you've got—if they had they could have swung it all right. But they bought steel of us—paid cash, too. They've cut it up. Why don't you go to see them? Maybe you can make a deal."

Smithson reported to Bleecker. Bleecker's eyes danced.

"The very thing, Smithson," he exclaimed eagerly, "the very thing. Haggerty will let us have that stuff at cost if we pay for the labour on it. Besides," he added slowly, "Haggerty doesn't know just what our condition is."

"We ought to tell him, then," said Smithson, "otherwise it wouldn't be a square deal. It wouldn't."

"But," protested Bleecker, "we could pay him out of the contract price in six or seven months."

"How do you know?" retorted Smithson. "We may be sold out before six or seven months."

"It is not my purpose, Smithson," said Bleecker, "to misrepresent to the man. I shan't tell him anything. I'll simply say that we'll take the goods off his hands. I won't tell him one thing or another."

"Well," returned Smithson, slowly, "we're insolvent now, and if we've got to go to the wall it's better to go honourably than dishonourably. Besides, if, knowing we are insolvent, we take this man's goods, we're guilty of a fraud."

"Well, well," returned Bleecker, "I'll go down and see him anyway. I'm the buyer, and it's my business. I'm pretty honest, I think, and I don't expect to turn dishonest at this late day."

Half-an-hour afterwards he was in East Monroe closeted with Haggerty. Haggerty and he had met from time to time, but, unlike his demeanour on a former occasion, Haggerty never met him without flushing more or less. Now, however, both men were all business, and Bleecker knew that when he was pitted against Haggerty he was pitted against a thorough business man. He came to the point at once. Haggerty assented. He was glad to accommodate, and he was glad to get rid of his surplus raw material at cost.

"Mr Bleecker," he said, finally, "you don't mind my asking the questions that I always do on such occasions? This is a large transaction. Your concern is perfectly able to pay for this bill of goods, isn't it?"

Bleecker was still a pillar in the church, but as he sat and looked at Haggerty there ran through his mind the saying of his partner, "There are times when a man has got to lie." If there ever was a time when a man was forced to lie it seemed to Bleecker that now was the time and he was the man.

"Oh," he answered, "we're good as gold. We could pay you now, but we don't want to. We want to let this big contract take care of itself. If Smithson is agreeable," he aded, "I'd just as lief we'd pay you a bit of interest into the bargin. But, oh yes, we're good as gold, Bleecker and Smithson. Well, I should say so. Yes."

"I thought so," returned Haggerty. "I'll send the goods right over."

Now Bleecker had not intended to say as much as he did say, but it came spontaneously enough, and he reasoned with himself that this statement of his which had been taken down unknown to him by Haggerty's stenographer was nothing but a pardonable exaggeration.

"At any rate," he told himself, "we've got the goods."

A few days later Haggerty was uneasily smiting the air.

"Jackson," he told his private man, "I wish you'd go out and make a few inquiries about Bleecker and Smithson. I don't want to get caught; this is a big bill they've bought, and I've got to be sure. You might find out what you can."

His man went, and the first concern he approached was Seabury's. Seabury was the man who had sued Bleecker and Smithson and against whom he was about to take judgment.

Jackson opened his eyes to the limit, jotted down the details, and went the rounds.

He came back and reported. Haggerty opened his own eyes. "Seabury," said his man, "is the only chap who's pressing them. But he's got it in for them; he's going to get judgment, and he's going to issue execution. If he does it——"

"If he does it," returned Haggerty, "then everybody else jumps in, and the concern will go to smash. And then——"

"And then," said Jackson, with a smile, "the rival house of Jepson—our house—will be A No. 1 in these diggings. I'm afraid—the cock of the walk. I guess," he added dryly, "we can stand it."

"But," protested Haggerty, "the bill of goods we sold 'em?"

"That," returned Jackson, "is easy. You have Bleecker's fake statement about that. It's false. Rescind the sale and get Cowen, Covington and Blackwood to replevin the stuff and get it back. It's a cinch. That's what we did in the Holyoke case."

"Bleecker lied to me," said Haggerty slowly, "and he had no business to—a man like him——" He stopped short.

"Jackson," he went on, "don't wait. Let me have your information and I'll think it over. There's no hurry about it, and I want to think over it for a while."

He thought it over. He knew that by merely pressing a button on his desk he could set in motion the wheels that for Bleecker and Smithson would become the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, crushing life and crushing honour with it.

"Bleecker and Smithson," he mused, "Smithson—there's the rub." He stopped again. Suddenly he sat up straight. "What should I have done," he thought "had I been in Bleecker's place when he bought that stuff? What should I have done? By George! what did I do—what did I do—once upon a time?"

Seabury had granted Bleecker and Smithson an extension of five days. On the fourth day of that extension they sent once more to Seabury, and Seabury came, but with reluctance.

"Seabury," said Smithson, "we'll do this. We'll give you a big slice of the profit in the Green Store contract—double the amount of your claim. We'll give you notes payable in six months. We'll do anything. You're the only man who's pressing us. We'll——"

"It's the man who presses that gets his money," returned Seabury. "You fellows can't carry out that Green Store contract. Don't I know? Can't I see? If I don't get it now and get my money I don't get in at all. I'm going to enter judgment and do it right away."

Seabury left, brushing against the postman as he entered. The postman threw down a batch of letters, and Smithson began to open them. Suddenly he gasped and stared.

"Bleecker," he exclaimed, "Bleecker. Look at that."

It was a cheque—a cheque for the exact amount of the Seabury claim and costs. With it was a small, thin piece of paper, and on the paper was written but a word or two:—

"Restitution—with interest compound

"Restitution — with interest compounded.—Wm. Haggerty."

Smithson sprang to the window and threw it open. "Seabury," he screamed, "Seabury, come back—come back."

That night there was a strange light in the eyes of Haggerty and an unwonted happiness of manner. He entered his home upon the hill and caught up young Billy in his arms and pressed Mrs Billy to his heart and laughed aloud with joy. "What," demanded Mrs Haggerty, "does all this mean?"

Haggerty flushed, and he looked at Mrs Haggerty with a glance full of meaning.

"It means, Kitty," he answered gravely, "that after many years I have confessed."

"And been forgiven?" she inquired.

Haggerty did not answer. He didn't know. But the answer is clear to any man who will take the trouble to go over to the town of Monroe to order skates. He will find that where there were two skate factories there is but one. He will find that that one—the Haggerty-Bleecker-Smithson skate concern—can satisfy his wants, and that it is better qualified to do so, it may be, than any other factory in the world.

—From the "Sphere."

A Ten-Thousand-Pound Note

By Bennett Copplestone

ONE Saturday afternoon in April Mr. James Bellamy, bank clerk, was working in his front garden at Teddington. The wind was blowing hard, and the neat flower-beds were littered with drifting paper.

"I wish people would burn their confounded waste-paper," muttered Mr. Bellamy, "instead of chucking it into my road."

He bent to the task of cleaning up, and as he crushed the scraps of paper into tight balls, he tossed each one over his front fence. Mr. Bellamy was not more consistent than his neighbours. Suddenly, in the midst of his useful labour, he stopped, while in the act to throw one of the balls into the road. He was a bank clerk, and his highly educated fingers recognised the familiar texture of that which they held. Therefore, instead of throwing the bit of paper away, Mr. Bellamy straightened it out and looked at it carefully. Then he crumpled it up again, cast it on the ground, and seized a hoe. For some minutes he worked frightful havoc among the roots of his rose tree.

"Hullo!" he cried, staring at the ruin. "This will not do. I must be calm. Some neighbour is playing a joke upon me."

Once more he picked up the piece of white paper and went with it into his house.

"I must look into this," he murmured, smiling. "For a moment I was quite taken in. It is really a very creditable imitation."

He unfolded the banknote without emotion. "The sum is handsome," said he. "Ten thousand pounds! The joker might have made it a million while he was about it. But the joke is lost upon me. Most men, who had not been trained in a bank, would really have believed it to be genuine. That is not the case with me, for when I hold it up to the light, the imitation——" The clerk turned pale and gasped. "Bless my soul!" he muttered. For fully five minutes he held the £10,000 note against a window pane, and then dropped, exhausted, into a chair.

"Bless my soul!" he whispered again. "It is the real thing."

When his faculties had reshaped themselves, Bellamy was able to observe that the note had been issued by the Bank of England just three days before, and that it bore no marks of ownership upon it. Then, in order to gain time for thought, he locked the valuable document in his cash-box, and returned to his garden.

One is pained to have to record that Mr. Bellamy instantly decided to say nothing to his wife of his surprising discovery. This secrecy was due not to lack of affection, but to distrust of the female moral instinct. He felt sure that Mrs. Bellamy would give expression to an inconsiderate eagerness to discover the true owner of the note; whereas he himself, though strictly honest in all his dealings, was more than willing to give his luck a chance.

During the next few days, Mr Bellamy's placid face gave no sign of the agitation which it concealed, and he continued to cast long columns of figures with accuracy. Habit had taught him how to fulfil his daily duties without drawing upon his intelligence, and the mind of the man was thus conveniently set free to think in the midst of his work. His experience as a bank clerk was a sound guide to him. "The chances," thought Bellamy, "are at least 1000 to 1 that the note has been stopped, and that it is waste paper except in the hands of a bona fide holder for value. Now I am emphatically not a bona fide holder for value. Picking up property in one's garden does not carry a title to it; such is the scandalous partiality of the law. One who picks up, say a sovereign, may keep it without much hurt to his conscience, because an unmarked coin cannot be claimed by its owner. A banknote, on the other hand, is as easily identified as a house. It is possible that even now my silent retention of this note brings me within the shadow of punishment. This is a grave matter, and from minds less far-sighted than mine the future might conceal dangers. Let me trace the probable course of events.

"As soon as the owner of the note discovers his loss he would telegraph to the Bank of England particulars of its number and date. He would then either wait for an ignorant finder to present it, and to be detained by the Bank, or he would advertise, offering a reward for the return of his property. He has not advertised in any newspaper which I have watched; therefore, he is waiting for presentation. Now, not being a fool, I shall not present it. Neither shall I attempt to send the note abroad. It is too big, ten times too big. How, then, can I make a profit out of my discovery? Clearly by myself discovering the owner, and by putting discreet moral pressure upon him in order to extract an adequate reward—say £500. I could do nicely with £500 just now. Honesty such as mine is surely worth an adequate reward."

Being satisfied of the shrewdness of this reasoning, Mr Bellamy drew up an advertisement and sent it to several London journals, prudently avoiding that one which was commonly favoured by his wife. He had doubts whether Mrs Bellamy's untrained moral sense would grasp the commercial integrity of his plans; that she would fully appreciate the propriety of accepting a reward, when it took the desirable form of £500, he had no doubt whatever. With these subtle reasonings did Bellamy justify his secrecy.

His advertisement was ingeniously drafted. He announced the discovery in Teddington of a wandering banknote for a large amount, and he invited the owner to send full particulars for identification to "J.B." at a certain address in London. The address was that of his tobacconist. Thus he aimed at getting the name of the owner before he himself disclosed his own.

The advertisement appeared, and Bellamy awaited an answer. To his immense astonishment, not one came.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said he, after another week had passed. "This clean beats me."

A far cleverer man than our Bellamy might reasonably have felt astonishment. That a £10,000 note should wander about near London on the wings of the wind without any attempt being made by its owner to recover it was beyond ordinary British experience. There was quite an Oriental flavour about this placid indifference to legal tender.

"I am beginning to doubt," said Bellamy, after yet another blank week, "whether this amazing owner has even troubled to stop payment of his note. What is £10,000 to him! The income of a day, an hour, a minute! Let the finder keep it, and be happy! The man must be a billionaire." A momentary distrust of his own practised sense drove him to a renewed scrutiny of the note. "There is no doubt of its genuineness," he concluded. "I would accept it any day at the office, and I have been a cashier for fifteen years. It is a Bank of England note, sure enough."

The failure of his efforts to find the owner brought him some feelings of disappointment. He had reckoned to clear £500 without risk, and he not unreasonably held that five hundred sovereigns in hand were worth twenty times that sum in paper of doubtful negotiability. "The chances," he observed, "are still heavily in favour of the note being stopped, though they are not nearly so great as they were. Why, in thunder, is not my advertisement answered?" He had friends in the Issue Department of the Bank of England, and he had some thought of getting the list of stopped notes examined on his behalf, but he shied at the risk. No issue clerk would endanger his situation to gratify the mere curiosity of an acquaintance, and Bellamy shrank from giving a better reason than curiosity. Indeed, Bellamy was rapidly finding himself in the suspicious man's dilemma — he could not move without trusting someone, and he feared that trusting anyone would take him a long stride towards a prison.

Many readers may wonder why Mr Bellamy did not walk boldly to the Bank of England and present the note for payment. He had done no wrong. The note had been blown into his garden, and he had made a real effort to discover its lawful possessor. The spoils of discovery were fairly his due. If the note were stopped, he could explain how he was driven to present it; if it were not, he would be the richer by a couple of hundredweight of sovereigns. There was no danger, and a prospect of vast reward! A man without Bellamy's special knowledge would very probably have taken this bold course, and, perhaps, have retired from business on the spoils of his courage. But in Bellamy, the bank clerk, knowledge was too great for such courage. He was aware that he ought at once to have carried the lost note to the Bank, explained how he had found it, and left it to the Bank itself to trace the owner. And being a bank clerk, no plea of ignorance would avail with a British jury if he sought to negotiate the note as his own. He was not a dishonest man gold flowed through his hands every day, and not a coin had ever stuck to them still it must be admitted that his conduct in the matter of the £10,000 note was not honest, either in that which we have told or in that which we have yet to tell. But he had only £250 a year and a rising family, and £10,000 put a heavy strain on virtue.

Mr Bellamy found the note in April, and though all his plans concerning it were fully thought out before summer came, yet the piece of paper lay hidden

in his cashbox until the last week in July. On the 25th of that month his annual holiday began. "I will run over to Boulogne for a week," said he to his wife, "and then take you and the boys to Deal for a fortnight." He embraced Mrs Bellamy in farewell, and as her pretty eyes filled with tears at the shock of parting, his heart grew sore within him. He longed to tell her why he was going, and the risk he was about to run, but he dared not. "It is for her and the boys," he murmured, "all for her and the boys. She will forgive me when it is over."

Mr Bellamy left London for Boulogne that evening, and early next morning Mr George Montgomery engaged a room at the Hotel de l'Europe. At noon on the same day Mr Montgomery walked to the Boulogne office of the Credit Francais and sent in a card to the manager. Instantly the manager, a fat Belgian, strongly flavoured with Jew, rushed out of his room.

"My Lord," cried he in fluent English, "I grieve that you should wait even for an instant in this public office. Will milord condescend to honour my poor apartment?"

"Sir George Montgomery, Bart.," read the manager when his visitor was seated before him; "Sir George Montgomery, Bart., of Oaklands Hall, Cheshire. I await with eagerness the proposals of Sir George Montgomery, Bart."

"I have not come to borrow money," said Bellamy.

"Ah, no. An English milord, of Oaklands Hall, Cheshire, in need to borrow money! I laugh."

"The deuce you do," muttered Bellamy. "Fancy running a bank to this tune. I want to pay some money in," he said aloud.

"To pay money in!" screamed the Belgian. "What condescension! What gracious patronage!"

"I wonder if all the clerks talk like this," thought Bellamy. "Thank heaven, I am an Englishman."

"And with how much of his wealth does milord deign to entrust us?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand francs," said Bellamy.

"Magnifique!" yelled the Belgian. "How great a people are the English!"

"Let us get to business," said Bellamy brusquely.

"Ah, milord is calm. The English are a great people. Two hundred and fifty thousand francs, ten thousand English pounds, and he is calm. Milord would speak serenely of a milliard!"

"I have come to France," said Bellamy, "to purchase certain properties, and I have brought £10,000 with me for the purpose. Now, I do not care to carry this sum in my pocket book, or to leave it at my hotel. I wish, instead, to place it on deposit with you at seven days' notice."

"At interest?" queried the Belgian sharply.

"Four per cent.," said Bellamy.

"Milord plays with us poor Frenchmen. Four per cent., and seven days' notice! Milord must be content with 3 per cent."

"Four per cent.," returned Bellamy firmly, for he was determined to play a part which made suspicion impossible.

"Three and a quarter per cent.," pleaded the Belgian.

"Four per cent.," said Bellamy.

The manager was wrapped about with gesticulations expressive of remonstrance.

Bellamy rose to go. "Please yourself, monsieur," he said; "I can deposit the money upon my own terms in Paris."

"Ah! these terrible English," groaned the Belgian. Milord shall have 4 per cent.; but will he not concede a little in his turn? Allow us fourteen days' notice of withdrawal."

"Seven days," said Bellamy.

The manager spread out his hands in despair. "We are crushed by the English. Four per cent. and seven days' notice; what profit is there in terms like these?"

Bellamy drew out the £10,000 note and laid it on the table.

"Ah! it is all in one note. The Belgian lifted the piece of paper, and gazed at it with reverence. "What a picture, what an incomparable picture it presents! I cannot bring myself to refuse so fair a masterpiece." He scribbled a receipt, and passed it to Bellamy, who moved to leave the room. "One moment, milord. Milord will pardon me, but it is usual in cases like this to charge a small, a very small, commission to cover the cost of changing a note. Milord will pay a very small commission?"

"Not one farthing," said Bellamy.

When he reached the street, Bellamy wiped his forehead and breathed heavily.

"So that is done," he murmured. "Now, if the note has been stopped, Sir George Montgomery will speedily disappear; but if not, he will presently draw a large cheque to the order of Mr James Bellamy."

On the following morning, Bellamy, who dropped his baronetcy at the hotel doors, was sitting in the smoking-room reading the English papers when a waiter approached him.

"Is monsieur Sir George Montgomery, Bart.?" asked the man.

"Curse the fool," groaned Bellamy as those sitting near him gaped at the title. "Why do you ask?"

"I have here a letter addressed to Sir George Montgomery, Bart., and knowing that monsieur's name—"

"All right," snapped Bellamy; "give it to me."

The note was from the Belgian bank manager, and ran as follows:—

Milord.—The condescension of your visit yesterday, and the brilliant flavour of your conversation rendered confused an intellect which is usually master of itself. But the genius of the English is too bright for common minds; it dazzles and blinds them, whether in the peaceful paths of commerce or on the glorious field of battle. Ah, milord, I am by birth a Belgian, and the recollection of Waterloo ever calls tears to my eyes. What genius was there in the great Wellington who led us Belgians to victory! But pause, I am now a Frenchman and so to write is treason. Helas!

Your swift mind will leap to my meaning. The Credit Francais has rules, and each client, however nobly born, gives to us a reference; it is of presumption inexcusable, but I am the slave of rules. Will milord graciously favour me with the name of his English bankers?

Accept, milord, etc.,
Auguste Leblanc.

The book of the English peerage called "Debrett" omits milord's honoured name. How great a fault is that of M. Debrett! I laugh.

"Oh, the deuce!" groaned Bellamy. "He has been looking me up in 'Debrett.' Confound the man. I had hoped he was even as complete an ass as he seemed. It's very difficult to be honest. I have swindled no man, for have I not repeatedly invited the owner of the note to declare himself? Yet it looks very much as if I shall be compelled to forge a banker's reference. Thank heaven for one thing—I am outside the jurisdiction of the English High Court."

Sir George Montgomery, Bart. (he wrote), has received the communication of M. Leblanc, and has noted its contents. He would have supposed that £10,000 in English legal tender was a sufficient reference, especially as he was merely depositing the money for a short time with the Credit Francais. He must ask M. Leblanc to continue to hold the sum deposited to his credit until Sir George Montgomery, Bart., has communicated with his English bankers. The errors in "Debrett's Peerage" have no interest for Sir George Montgomery, Bart.

The rest of that day passed without any reply from the manager, and Bellamy felt in greater comfort. His principal object was to get the note presented to, and cashed by, the Bank of England, and he still hoped to get this done without calling in the help of forgery. Once the great question of the negotiability of the £10,000 note was determined, he did not care how soon he got quit of the Credit Francais. All this time Bellamy had looked upon his advertisement as a thing which was completely done with; but he was now to be abruptly reminded of the permanence of print.

He had instructed his wife to forward letters to him at the Poste Restante, Boulogne, and on the morning succeeding his correspondence with M. Leblanc he found a packet awaiting him at the Post Office. Among the letters was one having the appearance of a bill. He opened it in some annoyance, and then shivered with surprise and terror. For the outside cover enclosed a second envelope addressed to "J.B." "Heavens!" he wailed. "It's the billionaire at last!"

His first impulse was to destroy the letter unread; but his native honesty—and, it must be admitted, his prudence—compelled him to overcome it. The appropriation of unclaimed property was in quite a different moral category from the stealing of that which was claimed, and was besides alarmingly dangerous. And it had been made fifty times more dangerous by the steps which he had recently taken to realize the note. So he decided to read the letter, and to be guided by its contents. It ran thus:

Sir,—Your advertisement has been before us since April last, but as our client had unfortunately lost his memorandum recording the number of his banknote, as well as the note itself, we were unable to establish an earlier claim to it on his behalf. He is now in possession of the number, and we are prepared to prove the following facts: On April 11 last our client, while in Bushey Park, dropped his pocket-book and a banknote for £10,000 was blown from it and could not be recovered. The note is dated April 9, and is numbered A/32,000184. We find that it has not been presented for payment. If the large note which you advertised as being found by you is the one which our client has lost, will you kindly put yourself into communication with us. We may add that our client wishes to compensate you for the efforts you have made to discover his identity, and to express his sense of your integrity in making no effort to dispose of the unclaimed property.

Your obedient servants,
Gatepaths.

"Gatepaths!" shrieked Bellamy. "And I thought to squeeze a reward out of the note's owner. I shall be lucky if I can save my own skin. One could humbug the Lord Chief Justice more easily than get round Gatepaths."

A second perusal of the letter only increased his concern. "They are soft and purring now that they believe in my integrity, but what will happen when the note is presented through the Credit Francais? Gatepaths' bloodhounds will be let loose on Sir George Montgomery, Bart., and it will take all James Bellamy's wit to save himself from arrest. The money is hopelessly lost to me, and my character will go the same way. My poor Ethel!"

Wild schemes of escape took fantastic shape in his mind. He pictured himself working a passage to South America in a cattleship, or making his way, pick in hand, to the Transvaal goldfields. His fears were so insistent that it was some time before the voice of reason could get a hearing. "Why not," spoke reason, "why not recover the note from Leblanc before it can be sent to England?"

"Ah!" Bellamy rushed to the office of the Credit Francais and beat upon the manager's door.

"Milord," cried M. Auguste Leblanc, "what happiness! I feared that, after my epistle so discourteous, milord would turn away his countenance from me."

"Quick," cried Bellamy, "I have changed my mind. I want my money back at once. Give me the £10,000 note. Quick!"

"Milord, it is impossible. Let milord pause to consider. Let——"

"Oh, stow that," roared the baronet, falling into the angry vernacular of the clerk. "Hand over my money or I will compel you to put up your shutters."

The verbose politeness of the Belgian instantly fell away from him.

"Sir," he drawled, "you forget the four per cent. interest—and the seven days' notice of withdrawal."

"The devil!" cried Bellamy, cursing the beautiful scheme of bluff which had pleased him so much two days earlier. "Never mind the notice or the interest. I will excuse you the interest, and give you £20 down if you will waive the notice."

"It is impossible, sir," returned the

manager coldly; "the Bank of England note has already been sent to our London office."

"When?" sharply asked Bellamy.

"By this morning's mail."

"Ah!" Then the Englishman turned on the Belgian and put forth the fiery energy of his race. "A form of withdrawal, quick." The form was produced, and filled upon the instant. "Give me an acknowledgment of the notice to show to your London manager. That will do."

Before another half-hour had passed Bellamy had packed up his bag, paid his bill at his hotel, and caught the afternoon boat for Folkestone. "It is a race between me and the Post Office," he muttered grimly, "and the betting is about even. For the Post Office has had three hours' start."

On arriving in London he was relieved to learn that the morning mail from Boulogne would not be delivered in the city until after business hours. He could, therefore, wait until the London office of the Credit Francais opened next day, and then, as he observed, "with only moderate luck I shall be able to save my character."

The London manager had just settled down to his letters when our Bellamy broke in upon him. "Monsieur," cried the visitor, "my business is urgent. Oh, you're an Englishman. That's a comfort." Bellamy's spirits rose.

The bank manager smiled.

"Sir," went on Bellamy, "after a course of French politeness the incivility of an Englishman will be inexpressibly welcome to me."

"I trust I shall not be uncivil," said the manager, laughing.

"It would seem homelike if you were. But I am taking up your time. This is my business. Three days ago Sir George Montgomery deposited £10,000 in one banknote with your Boulogne office. The terms were 4 per cent., and seven days' notice. My name is Bellamy, and I am Sir George's authorised agent. He writes that he wishes to withdraw at once the very same note which he paid in."

"That will be difficult."

"I believe not. I am instructed that the identical note is among your letters this morning."

After some search the manager found it. "You want this back at once?"

"Yes, at once. Here is the deposit receipt, signed by M. Leblanc. Here is his acknowledgment of Sir George's notice of withdrawal. And here is my authority to receive the money, signed by Sir George Montgomery."

"You will pardon me, Mr. Bellamy, but I have not the honour to know you, and the request is unusual."

"Oh, I am in the business myself," said Bellamy easily; "I am a cashier in the North-Eastern Bank. You can send round and verify my identity if you like. As for the unusual character of the request, that is Sir George's affair, not mine. I am merely carrying out his positive instructions."

"I see. Still, what about the seven days' notice?"

Inwardly reviling the barrier which his own foolish ingenuity had built up, Bellamy slowly replied:

"We will drop the interest if you will drop the notice."

"It will make rather a mess of our books."

"Will £20 make your books look better?"

"Oh, come, Mr. Bellamy, we are not such sharks as that. I am willing to oblige Sir George Montgomery; but the business would be more regular if he allowed the note to be presented, passed through our books, and credited to a current account. Then he could draw a cheque for the £10,000 at once."

Bellamy turned cold. The proposal was so reasonable and businesslike that objection was difficult, yet the presentation of the note would ruin him.

"I can only say," he observed with a fine pretence of indifference, "that my instructions are to recover the note itself. I have not been favoured with Sir George's reasons. If you like, I will telegraph and put your proposal before him."

"If you will be so good," returned the manager. "In the meantime I will lay the banknote aside. In any event, I could not have handed it over to you without a verification of Sir George Montgomery's signature. Shall I wire to Boulogne for this?"

"Please do so. I will call again to-morrow morning." And Bellamy went away sad at heart. His character, by which he held his situation and earned bread for his wife and children, was threatened through the formalism of a bank official who did not know, and could not be told, of the terrible stake for which his visitor was struggling. To him it seemed utterly unimportant in what form Sir George Montgomery recovered his money so long as he got it back; while to Bellamy the form was everything. He could not take to Gatepaths anything but the actual note which had been lost.

"Well, Mr. Bellamy," said the manager next day, "have you communicated with Sir George Montgomery?"

"Yes," answered Bellamy, "and he seems as set upon that note as if it was his only child."

"By the way, Mr. Bellamy, who is Sir George Montgomery? I cannot find his name in 'Debrett.'"

"The Credit Francais has a passion for 'Debrett,'" murmured Bellamy. "Ah," said he aloud, smiling, "you should ask Sir George himself. It is a subject upon which none but strangers venture. He is claimant to a dormant baronetcy, and, pending the admission of his claim by the College of Heralds, has invested himself with the title. There are lots of these claimant baronets about whom the reference books refuse to recognise. They bear the same relation to the admitted article as 'reputed' pints do to the imperial bottles."

"That explains it; I was puzzled to account for the title. Well, I suppose that he must have his note. His signature is all right, and you are all right — for I have inquired. You will give me a receipt?"

"Willingly," cried Bellamy, and a minute later the fateful document was once more in his pocket. "At last!" cried he, and flew away in a cab to the offices of Gatepaths, solicitors.

He told how he had found the note, omitting all particulars of its subsequent adventures, and joyfully handed it over.

"Did you expect to get anything for this, Mr. Bellamy?" asked old John Gatepath. "Some men in your position might have been tempted to keep it. It has never been stopped."

"But I didn't know that," said Bellamy.

The solicitor laughed. "And if you had, you might have acted differently? Well, well, it is not fair to cross-examine you as to possibilities. As a matter of fact you have behaved most honourably, and my client has given me express directions concerning you."

"Indeed!" said Bellamy, anxiously. "He doesn't know anything about me, does he?"

"No. But he considers that the man who found his banknote, and tried to find him, and who patiently kept £10,000 in perfectly negotiable paper for three months, waiting for the owner to declare himself, deserves an adequate reward."

"Reward," muttered Bellamy, "adequate reward! It is reward enough to be able to bring it back."

"To a person of your high character, perhaps it is. Yet my client wishes to supplement the immaterial reward of conscious virtue with something more substantial." The solicitor took a cheque-book from a drawer. "He thinks that £500——"

"It is wonderful," muttered Bellamy; "the very sum——"

The cheque was written and acknowledged, and when he went into the street Bellamy's hands were shaking. "My nerves are upset," he whispered. "I want a change."

Mr. Bellamy's family were at their early dinner when he burst in upon them.

"I am back sooner than I intended," he shouted, "and we all start for Deal this afternoon. Ethel, we will stay at an hotel the whole time, and you shall have a rail holiday from housekeeping."

"But can we afford it, James?"

"Afford it!" he yelled. "Afford it! Look at that!" And he cast the cheque upon the table.

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' CORESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—The Christmas holidays are over, to my great joy, as everything seems to be turned upside down in the celebration of them. Santa Claus was unusually profuse this year, my stocking proving quite too small for his generous gifts. Amongst them was a small camera, and I have been snap-shotting everybody and everything within reach ever since. Every time Jack (our terrier) sees it, he instinctively poses, and is getting the complaint known as "swelled head," and thinks no picture complete without his phiz in it. The kittens, on the contrary, make a bolt whenever they see me with the camera, looking upon it in the light of an infernal machine, and liable to go off at any time. Did you see "Ivy of York?" Mother and I went. We thought the piece nicely costumed and mounted, and the acting as good as amateur acting generally is; but the tableaux were dreadfully out of place, and the waits interminable. In common justice, Ivy should have won Geoffrey, and the Spanish widow have been sent about her business. We determined never again to go to a theatre to see an amateur play, as, naturally, one feels more critical amid professional surroundings. How delightful it must be to live under a landlord with such artistic taste as Mr Hoskins, whom Cousin Doreen tells us about! The Appian Way is a name to conjure by. I have a little picture of "The Appian Way" in my mind's eye, and I wonder if it in any way resembles the original; and the game counts, too, how productive of amity. I should think the tenants must feel like members of one family almost. Would Cousin Dorcea exchange pictorial cards with me? I should like to have some of the settlement. I have received nearly thirty this Christmas from "Grandie" cousins and English and colonial friends, and am getting very proud of my collection, which is a very varied one. I read with great interest Cousin Alison's letter, commenting on the apathy and excessive regard for appearances shown by the colonially-born South African girl. She has been pleased to invite your and my opinion as to whether it is not ridiculous to care so much as to what people may think about our doing one mean and things. You have spoken, and I will with your permission, constitute you chair, and address you for our esteemed Cousin Alison's benefit on "Conventionality versus Unconventionality." I say it is not ridiculous. Firstly, because convention is one of the safe-guards of society, and we cannot afford to despise it. Conventionalities are often very stupid and galling to the independent minded, but all laws, whether social or otherwise, are made for the weak, and as the majority are weak, the strong have to endure for them, which is easy when strong. Secondly, to be able to fly in the face (as it were) of convention, one must be unusually strong-minded, or highly gifted in some way. The girl who does so, generally speaking, finds herself the odd one out, which would, of course, be hateful. When in Rome, do as Rome does, is a rule that has been found to work very well, and to save a lot of trouble. If Cousin Alison is naturally unconventional, she will at all events err in very good company, as she is near Miss Rhodes (the sister of the late Cecil Rhodes), who is said to be one of the most unconventional creatures living (a sort of Grenadier in petticoats). But she is good, kind, and clever, and a good deal of unconventionality may be pardoned to such as are any one of these. And, in conclusion, whatever of convention is conceded in one's public life, to save offending or hurting the feelings of those who are sticklers for it, our private lives are all our own, and in thought we may be as unconventional as we please. To quote Shakespeare, in a truly Shakespearian sense: "To thine own self be true." If to be unconventional is natural to anybody, it will be, if not always admired, at least respected, as what is really sincere always is. I do hope Cousin Alison will not think me priggish. I have only written what I feel. As regards work, it could never be ridiculous for a girl to work. Lots of people work who have no monetary need to, as an outlet for superabundant energy of brain or physique. But one hears on all sides about the numbers of people who cannot find employment, and the question naturally arises, whether a girl who did not need to would be justified in so doing, to the detriment of her poorer sisters. But surely there are lots of things a girl might do in her own home, even though she may not have domestic duties to perform. Poor me! No day is ever long enough to get through all I have to do. I would give anything for more leisure, in which to read, write, and ruminate in. Mother and I always read the "Graphic" letters together, and she saw that Cousin Alison had referred to her South African friends, so she has desired me to say that her friends were colonially-born of English parents. That she met them on the occasion of their first visit to England, which lasted six months, during which time she was meeting them continually, and twice stayed for some weeks in the same house. She often chaperoned them, owing to the illness of the relative who brought them over, and found it a most delightful duty, so full of energy and enthusiasm were they. One collected coins, and one day all the party, paying a visit to the British Museum to see the coins there, the man in charge was so pleased with her solid knowledge of coinage that he gave them a round robin to visit the Museum next day, and see some rare antique coins not usually shown to the ordinary public. Another collected stamps and pictorial post-cards, just then coming into fashion; while the other two had musical gifts far above the average. But, as you say, the bringing up has a great deal to do with it, and these girls had been brought up in a cultured atmosphere. Two of them were grand-daughters of a late Bishop of London. I think, by-and-bye, when Cousin Alison gets more into the swing of things, she will find plenty of girls with similar ta-tes to her own. Besides, hobbies are highly infectious. Africa is a country very much talked about. It seems to have always been the thorn in England's flesh. "Africa for the Afrikander" is not by any means a new cry. Marion Crawford, in his "With Edged Tools," says, "For Europeans, this place is accursed. The Almighty speaks His mind very plainly sometimes, and in some places—nowhere more plainly than on the West Coast of Africa, which place He wants for the black man. We of the fairer skin have Australia now; we are taking America, we are dominant in Asia, but some how we don't get on in Africa. The Umpire is there, and He insists on fair play." Whether this may be regarded in the light of prophecy or not, it is at least a warning. I saw and heard while in England so much of the horrors of that dreadful climate and war, that I do not think all the wealth of Croesus would tempt me to live there. But we English are very retentive, and I do not think that Marion Crawford will ever live to see its cession, either to the black or the other fellow. A friend has lent me a book by Ruth Fisher, called "On the Borders of Pigmy Land." It looks very dry, but it is splendidly illustrated, is topical, and I am sure very instructive, so I shall treat it as a home lesson, as the information will be useful some day. I have just finished Baring Gould's "Perpetua," a story of ancient Gaul, now named "Nimes." I wonder whether you remember an old nursery rhyme that runs like this:—

"One and two, drops of dew,
Three and four, shut the door,
Five and six, pick up sticks,
Seven and eight, lay them straight."

It sounds very childish, does it not? If you have not heard of the original use it was put to, it may interest you to know that in the beginning of the third century this rhyme (which has, of course, been corrupted through time) was used in the ceremony that preceded the sacrifice of human life. The story is too long to tell in the fag end of a letter, so will devote another letter to it if you care to hear it. On Boxing Day father, Lyn, and I went to Kawau. The boat was dreadfully overcrowded, and I did not care very much about the trip, but Bon Accord is really beautiful. New Year's Day we took train for Hunua, and walked to the falls, which were on private property. We paid our sixpence, and walked across a paddock of oats, then down a very steep and rugged cliff, crossed the top of the falls, then down another cliff, where we obtained a very fine view of the falls. They are not very high, but all round the pool, or basin, into which the waters fall, the mosses, ferns and vegetation are so green and luxuriant that it makes altogether a very beautiful picture. We reached home about 9, having enjoyed our day in the country very much. With love to yourself and all the cousins, I remain, your loving cousin, Hilda.

[Dear Cousin Hilda.—An accumulation of office work, other than cousins' letters, prevents my doing more than almost barely acknowledging your long, interesting, and excellently argumentative letter. You put the case for convention very well, but I have not leisure to go into the debate again now, though I should like to. By the way, you inadvertently, I expect, attribute "With Edged Tools" to Marion Crawford, whereas it is the late Henry Seton Merriman's best book, though "The Sowers" runs it very close. Do you not like all his books? I used to look forward to a new novel by him with immense anticipation and pleasure, though to be sure the last one or two, Roden's Corner," etc., were far below his average. His death certainly has robbed us of a clever and observant writer. Do please tell us all of the legend, or tradition, rather surrounding the "One Two" nursery rhyme. I am sure it will be most interesting. Now, I must stop, but will write at length next week.—Cousin Kate.]

* * *

Dear Cousin Kate,—I did not write to you last week because nothing was to be found to write about. On Sunday a steamer came to Pahi to bring the volunteers up from Auckland to the shooting, which took place here on Tuesday and Wednesday. Some people came from the Thames. In the evenings the people had scratch dances in the drill hall. The next shooting match will take place at Whangarei. The Waipu military sports will take place on the third of next month. A great many people are going from here to see them. To-day my father, I, and a gentleman were getting in hay, in which were a great many thistles. The grass seeds got down my back, so I went for a swim. Yesterday my father found a quail's nest, in which were thirteen eggs. On Friday I went to the Sunday-school picnic, and also to my sister's place, where I saw about ten little pigs. The old one looked very fierce. It blew so hard there that the safe was blown away. I found two hens' nests, in which were two eggs. I must now tell you about the birds and mice Kitty caught. One day when I was lying outside she fetched a big rat, and tried to make me eat it. I kicked her and the rat ran away, but she kept bringing it back, so I threw it into a tree and then she went away. She always would bring them to me. I do not keep my badge locked up, but often wear it. I must close now. With love to all, I remain, Lindsie.

[Dear Cousin Lindsie.—Unlike you, there has been so much to do and to write about this last fortnight that I have not been able to find time to write at all. The town has been so very full of people and so busy that it was quite hard work walking down the street without bumping someone. Did you go and watch the volunteers shooting? I should think it would be very monotonous after a little while. Your cat was better than one we had a little while ago, who would catch the rats, then bring them to us to kill, which was horrid, because we could not kill them, and yet we felt that it would be worse to let them go. It was all right if my father or one of the boys were at home; but it nearly always happened when they were away. At least, we decided that the only thing we could do was to get the biggest brick we could find and drop it on them and kill them that way; but it was awful, and we used to hate it so. We were very glad when she went away. Did you get a nice lot of Christmas presents? I did, and just the very things I wanted most. Wasn't that lovely? I went out to the races at Ellerslie all four days, and enjoyed them so much. Don't you love horses? I think that is one of the lovely thing about living in the country, you can always have horses and ride and drive as much as you like. What did you do with the quail's eggs? Do you ever blow them and keep them? My brother has quite a big box full of all sorts of birds' eggs, the worst of it is they break so easily, don't they? —Cousin Kate.]

THE PATTERN EGG.

"See what I got!" cried Bobby, a city-bred boy, as he came running from a chicken-coop, holding in his hand a china egg.

"Oh, go put it back!" exclaimed Mabel, his six-year-old sister. "That's the egg the hen measures by."

Tit for Tat.

"I'm going to blow the biggest bubble of you all; the bigegst bubble that ever was seen," said Irene, generally called Dan.

"To be sure you will; girls do everything better than boys nowa days," said Val tauntingly. "Go ahead, Dan; let us see!"

Dan dipped her pipe into the basin of suds, let it gather them for a few minutes, puffed, stopped, and shook the pipe clear several times before she finally allowed one bubble to gather and grow.

There is an art in the blowing of bubbles. You must not be too slow or too quick, the bubble must get time to form properly, and then be launched at the right moment, as it loosens from the pipe when just full blown.

No one had done this properly. The bubbles were poor, half-grown little things that did not know how to sail away high in the air; they were not strong enough, and after a short try to find wings, fell sadly over the first thing they could manage to fall upon.

Alfred's last, after a feeble flutter, popped into Nurse's lap, where in a minute it would melt over her work, while so many baby bubbles, as Irene contemptuously called them, lighted down on Edith's doll that she left her own pipe in the basin, and sat down on a stool, holding Queenie tightly—the doll had been named Queen Wilhelmina, after the young Queen of Holland, but the name was too long except for grand occasions, so she was just Queenie.

Irene's bubble grew bigger and bigger. If only it did not snap off and fall flat without flying at all! You know that is always a danger when you blow too long.

But no, it grew and grew. How beautiful it was! — silver and gold, green, purple, blue, all the colours of the peacock's tail and of the dragon fly's wing, with a hundred more as the rays of light peeped in at the window, and came and danced upon it.

Edith could scarcely breathe as she watched, expecting every moment to see it sail up. Then she saw Val, with a mischievous laugh, push his pipe forward to prick the lovely shimmering ball which Dan was just going to launch.

Irene saw it too, and put out her hand to stop him. She succeeded, but alas, alas! there was a breath too short or too long, perhaps her hand shook; something went wrong, however it was, and lo! the big, beautiful bubble shrank shivered, trembled as if it knew, and was very sorry to know, that never was it to take flight, never to float away on the air like a crystal moon, everyone looking at it in delight, and crying "How lovely!" No, this poor bubble was not to have that happy moment.

It tried very hard to right itself and keep on swelling and growing, but in vain. Down it flopped, a poor broken-up thing, a mass of white froth and foam, which melted into little watery rills and began to trickle away.

"Oh, what a pity!" cried Edith, hugging Queenie so tightly in her excitement that she nearly smothered the poor doll. But Dan was so angry when she saw her beautiful bubble a broken heap upon the ground, that she dashed her pipe down after it, and made a rush at Val, crying:

"You horrid boy!"

Val ducked and ran. He did not much care whether Dan pinched him or pulled his hair—he despised girl's powers of hurting or of fighting; still Dan was like a tiger-cat when roused, and if she caught him he might have to fight in earnest in self-defence. So he dodged in and out, in and out, round the room till he saw his chance and dashed out of the door, downstairs, rushing for an open window, from which he jumped into the pleasure ground below, hoping Dan would not venture to follow.

It was a stiff jump for a girl, but Irene was as active as a squirrel, and took it without a moment's delay, only, however, to see Val flying across the grass, and making for a shrubbery in whose mazes he would soon be lost.

She tried to catch him up before he could gain it, but he ran faster. Still there was only a couple of paces between them; she could have caught him if he had been a girl with a frock flying behind, but there was nothing to grasp, and with a whoop of triumph Val vanished.

"Coward! Coward! to run away from a girl," cried Irene. It relieved her feelings. Then she heard Val's voice singing:

"Tit for tat,"
Said Pussy Cat;
"Tit for tat," said she.
And she tried to scratch,
But she wasn't a match,
She wasn't a match for me!"

"You just wait and see if I'm not," cried Irene. She could not bear being laughed at, and she did feel she must look rather ridiculous as she stood there baffled, and listening to the doggerel which Val trolled out at the top of his voice, ending up with:

"Tit for tat,"
Said Pussy Cat;
"Tit for tat," said she——

"All right," she called back. "Tit for tat. You just look out, Val!" and the boy's mocking laugh defied her to do her worst. Well, so she would, but what? His knife was safe in his pocket, else she would have hidden it, and she could think of nothing else to lay hands on. Stay! there was the rabbit-hutch. Suppose she let the rabbits out! Yes, that would do.

She found her way to it quickly, and opening the little wicket gate, got inside the enclosure, forgetting to close it, however.

But for this it would not have been such a bad bit of mischief — it would only have given Val a troublesome hour to hunt for and put them up again.

Yet Irene felt ashamed of herself as she put her hand on the bolt of the hutch, ashamed of wanting to vex her brother by the petty revenge. However, she drew the bolt back.

There were the three pretty rabbits contentedly munching fresh cabbage leaves. They knew Irene, and were not frightened. She stroked them, half resolving to close the door and slip away, leaving them inside. But quiet as they looked, the big brown eyes were watching the open door, the nostrils began to sniff the air that came through; in a second they bolted past Irene, and commenced to gambol outside.

And then a terrible thing happened. Val's Irish terrier Pat flashed like lightning through the gate which Irene had neglected to close.

The rabbits scattered and flew, Irene screamed, while Pat darted first after one, then after another. He was very young, or he would have fixed on his quarry at once and brought it down. As it was the three little scut tails bobbing here and bobbing there caught his fancy in turn, as they scuttled from side to side, and he ran yapping after one, only to be tempted by another.

This was but for the first few moments; then the savage instinct to kill, not merely to worry, grew strong, and he went for Snow, the prettiest of the three. Poor little thing, how she ran, not knowing in her blind terror where she was going. In vain; the dog reached her, she felt his hot breath, his teeth set for a vicious snap which would have choked the life out of Bunny in a moment, when Irene flung herself between them with arms outstretched, one receiving the bite that was meant for Snow, the other holding Pat by the neck with such passion of strength that, struggle as he might, he could not free himself. He kicked, he bit, he fought, for his blood was up, but the girl would not let go.

"Val! Val!" she cried, feeling herself hard pressed; but Val was already there.

He had heard her first scream and run to know what it meant.

Pat was quiet enough when he saw his master, and glad to sneak off without the thrashing he knew he had earned, but which Val was too concerned to give him.

"Oh, Dan!" he cried, when he saw her bitten wrist. "This is a bad job!"

But all Dan's concern was that the rabbits might be got safely back into their hutch, and when this was managed and the poor little scared creatures began to recover, she told Val what she had done, and he forgave her.

"I was a beast to tease you so, old girl," he said; "but I won't ever again. And I say, Dan, you may play cricket with me, for you're as plucky as any boy." And Dan sobbed with joy.

MARY GORGES.

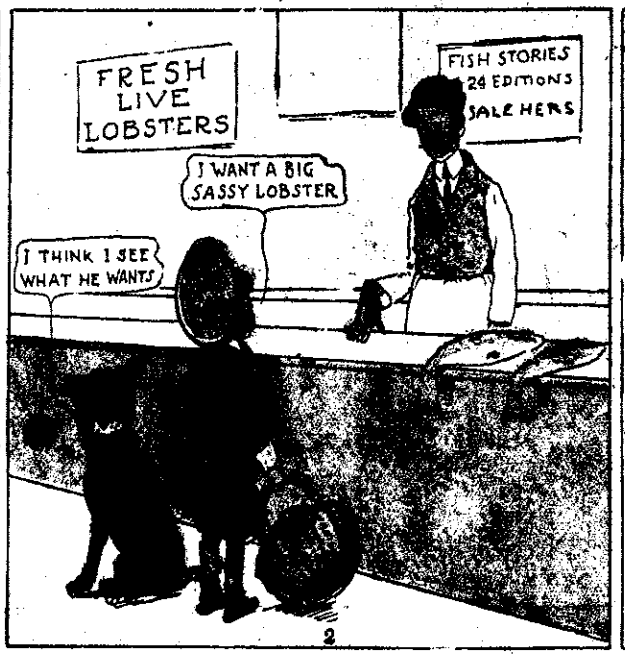
Subject Lobsters

The dictionary says that the lobster is "Homarus Americanus" and "genus homo spendibus-his-money cus. both best when well done. A lobster does n't know that when his money gives out his friends give out and that if his money holds out his health wont. The lobster is not a generous soul, he is a sucker. The lobster does n't know that wine and lobsters go always together and that the lobster gets well broiled. There would n't be much champagne if there were not much lobsters to pay for it. He is mostly shell, there is not much of him when the shell is gone. He is popular with society and lunatics.

That's all.

BUSTER BROWN

HE SLIPS OFF THE RESOLUTION WAGON AGAIN




FANS FOR SALE
ICE CREAM AND TEA IN THE INFANT CLASS ROOM
NO THANKS
5¢ A GRAB
4
ICE CREAM AND TEA IN THE INFA
NIT, NIT, AND JAMAIS D'LA VIE - NOT WITH YOU!
WONT YOU HAVE A GOOD GRAB?
HE'S ON
5¢ A GRAB
5
ICE AN
WELL, WELL, HERE'S DEAR LITTLE BUSTER TRYING TO HELP THE FAIR
IN INFANT CLASS ROOM
ONLY FIVE CENTS EVERY LITTLE HELPS THE CAUSE
5¢ A GRAB
6
FANS FOR SALE
WELL I'LL TAKE A GRAB TO MAKE THINGS LIVELY AND WHOOP'EM UP A LITTLE
5¢ A GRAB
7
FANS FOR SALE
ICE CREAM AN
8
WELL I'VE BEEN MIXED UP WITH A LOBSTER AGAIN
RESOLVED
THAT SOMETIMES IT IS AWFULLY HARD TO BE GOOD. IT IS VERY HARD TO BE REALLY NATURAL THESE ARTIFICIAL DAYS. I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT SO LONG AS I AM HONEST I'M RIGHT, BUT STILL IT WAS A LACK OF TACT FOR ME TO PUT THAT POOR LOBSTER IN THE BAG. IT CERTAINLY DID N'T MAKE ME ANY FRIENDS OF COURSE I HAD A GOOD LAUGH. BUT NOW I AM VERY SORRY AND ASHAMED I WISH I COULD PRACTICE WHAT I PREACH. IT WAS A CRUEL WAY TO USE A POOR LOBSTER. I HOPE OTHER BOYS WONT BE AS BAD AS I AM, BECAUSE THEY CANT BE HAPPY UNLESS THEY ARE GOOD. IT ISN'T POSSIBLE. I'M NEVER HAPPY WHEN I'VE BEEN BAD
BUSTER BROWN
R.F. Outcault
9

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Celebrating the Silver Wedding.

By LINDA HULL LARNED

(Author of "The Hostess of To-day.").

When a couple reach the twenty-fifth milestone on the marriage road it is usually the zenith of their prosperity. When this prosperity is harnessed to happiness, with good health to drive it, there must be a celebration of some kind in order to mark the passing of a quarter of a century of well being.

The fortunate couple may give a silver reception to a crowd of friends and acquaintances, or a dinner to a few old cronies. As a compromise between the two they may have a supper to which the nearest and dearest of friends, both old and new, are invited. If the affair be a dinner or a supper, husband and wife will not only receive the guests together, but contrary to ordinary rules of procedure, they will go to the dining-room together and sit side by side, as they did on that memorable occasion a quarter of a century ago.

Occasionally a happy couple celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary by taking another wedding journey a la Howell, and sometimes they do both, making the social function a fit ending to their tour for selfish pleasure.

Whatever the function may be, either large or small, formal or without ceremony, it is usually an occasion of serene, silvery dignity, and bears no resemblance to the rollicking jollifications that have marked former celebrations.

The invitations should be engraved in black on white cards, with the date of the two weddings as the only signification of the reason for the function. On the other hand, if one wishes to carry the silver idea to its extreme limit, the invitations could be made of silver paper engraved in white, or they could be of white with the lettering in silver. The first suggestion is, however, rather the better form, as those who have reached this goal are generally too settled or too near to being middle aged to be extreme or freakish.

The more sober minded and conservative will simply fill the home with white flowers and adorn the table with more white flowers—perhaps in a huge silver loving cup. There should be some delicious wedding cake in white boxes tied with silver gauze ribbon, and the bride should wear a silver grey gown. This is for the sedate pair, whose heads, as well as their lives, are crowned with silver. To this couple a few intimate friends would send some choice gifts in silver, although there might be no reference to a silver wedding anniversary in the invitations.

But there are others who have been married just as long, to whom life has not been dealt out quite so strenuously. They are still young and full of joyful spirits, and because their sons and daughters are either safely married or are off at school or college they are ready to throw off all care and to dance and play golf and motor—in fact, do all things that keep folk from being old-ish and settled. It is the fashion now to be young, though really old in years and experience, so to such as these the doings of the silver wedding anniversary may be carried to any extreme, provided it always conforms to good form.

These hosts will probably trim everything in the house with silver paper. They will hang silver tinsel from the chandeliers, and there will be a silver marriage bell beneath which the bride will be resplendent in white lace and silver spangles. Silver flowers may adorn her head, or a silver butterfly on the tip-top of her magnificent pompadour, and she will wear a silver necklace and perhaps a stomacher of silver. All of this jewellery and the bell, too, may be made of brightly polished tin for the occasion, or they may be covered with silver paper. Silver tissue ribbon may be used profusely, and even silver paper tablecloth and napkins may be secured for the occasion.

An orchestra concealed behind a screen of flowers and silver tissue should play the familiar airs of long ago to the accompaniment of a string of silver bells.

If the table is in white there should be nothing but silver upon it. Even the flowers in the centrepiece could be white paper touched up with silver paint. Silver coated candles set in silver candlesticks, under silver filigree shades, are the proper thing for the ends of the table, while around the centrepiece one could have a wreath of silver leaves or a silver ring in which are set twenty-five candles. These candles could be lighted before the guests assemble in the dining room, or the guests may light them, each one giving a toast to the bride and bridegroom. If the bride is a good raconteuse she should light the candles, telling a short story of each year of married life, or repeating the happenings of each year. For instance, she might say this: "This is the year we went to Europe," and "This is the year that Harold was born," or "This is the year that we built our new home," and so on. This would be interesting to a few personal friends, and it would be easy of accomplishment, for there is scarcely a year in one's life in which something worth recounting does not happen.

There should be a cake for the bride to cut in which there should be a thimble, a penny and a ring, and those drawing them should know how to apply the significance. If the function be a dinner, silver gauze ribbon or white satin ribbon could be used as runners from the centre piece to each place, upon the end of which there should be a silver star bearing the name of each guest in white paint, or the place cards could be made in the form of balls out of white cardboard, with date and name in silver paint. There should be silver baskets for the food, and the bonbons done up in silver paper should repose in silver receptacles.

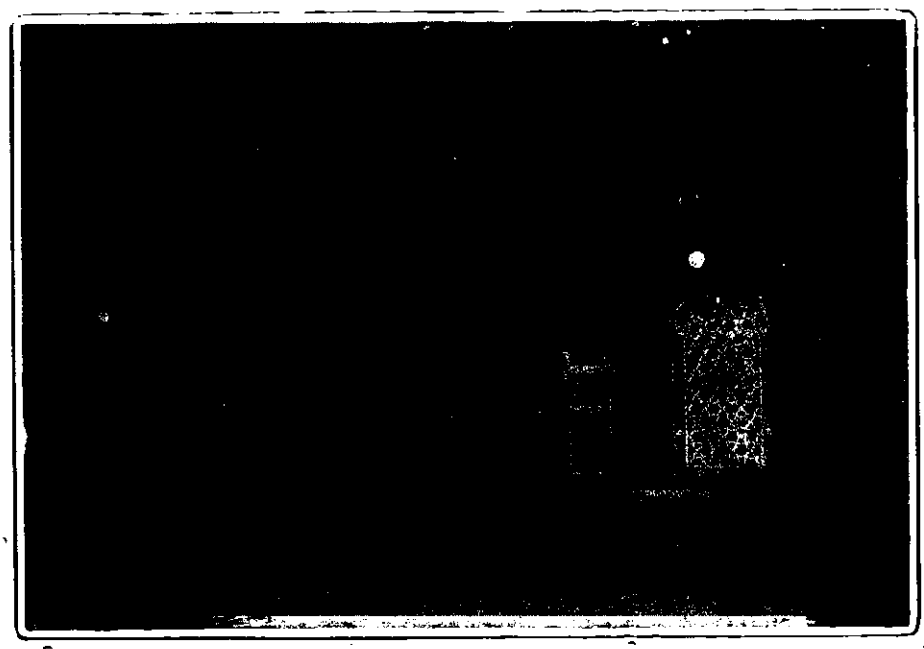
The most appropriate ices are in the form of wedding bells in white, at the top of which there is a spray of orange blossoms tied with silver gauze ribbon. These sprays may afterward be fastened to the dress or coat as a wedding favour, as they are provided with pins for that purpose.

Even if one does not celebrate, the silver wedding is a delightful stopping place in which to take account of the number of friends one has secured during this quarter of a century of married life, and none but those to whom happiness has been granted will care to punctuate the day by joyful festivities.

LINDA HULL LARNED.

THREE ROYALTIES, WHO HAVE ALWAYS BEEN CLOSE FRIENDS.

Queen Alexandra, Queen Helene of Portugal, and Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, mother of the King.



A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF INDIAN WORK.

The famous ballroom in Lord Brassey's house in Park Lane, London.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

(By MARGUERITE.)

This is a little linen frock of palest green tone which is absolutely charming. A deep, shaped yoke of white linen is continued in two long fronts to the waist, and is embroidered in a powdered design of leaves and flowers in shades of the tenderest green and palest mauve. As the frock is intended for hot weather wear the throat is left completely bare, and the yoke edged by a narrow insertion threaded with pale mauve ribbon; while the buttons fastening the front are of the same delicate shade. The rest of the bodice is very simple in shape, having three wide tucks on each side of the front, and elbow sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs of the embroidery. The equally simple skirt has a plain panel front, having on each side of it wide graduated tucks, which are released below the hip to give the requisite fulness at the hem. The distinction of this gown lies in its elegant simplicity, a simplicity which should offer no difficulties to the home dressmaker, to whom I would warmly commend it as quite the prettiest lingerie frock I have seen this season.

AN EXQUISITE FROCK

in a delightful shade of grey was one of the many gowns which formed the trousseau of a very smart bride. A wonderful voile, as filmy and diaphanous as a silk muslin, was the material chosen for this frock, and to give additional delicacy of colour, it was made over a foundation of pure white silk. The effect was indescribably charming, the high lights being practically white, the lovely grey tones showing only in the many folds. Of course, to obtain this effect the dress was exceedingly full. The bodice had a little round yoke of faintly yellowish lace, the exact tone of old lace, laid over another yoke composed of innumerable ruckings of the voile. Four or five of these ruckings appeared below the edge of the lace, and then the released fulness was drawn in soft, graceful folds to the under-arm seam. Just in front the folds parted sufficiently to allow of the escape of a dainty jabot of the same yellowish lace, arranged to fall in three coquilles to the waist line. A waistband of pansy-coloured velvet gave a delicious note of colour, a note repeated in the many-coloured pansies and velvet binding of the accompanying hat of faintly yellow straw.

SIMPLICITY AND BEAUTY IN CHILDREN'S CLOTHES.

In actual line children's clothes have not greatly changed from those of last season, but each year augments the quantity and quality of work upon them. The machine-stitching which trims the tailored suits and dresses in the heavier washing materials is of the best, and inside the garments are as beautifully finished as the outside.

One-piece frocks are still much worn by girls below eight, though maids above twelve wear the pleated models in the same style.

A yoke of some sort is a feature of almost all the washing frocks seen in the thinner materials. It may be round, square, "V" or "U" shaped, or it may encroach in effect, if not in reality, upon the tops of the sleeves with much of the old droop. In this case the stripe of embroidery or lace used will often continue for one or more rows round the tops of the puff sleeves, thus making the shoulder even longer.

This old broadening of small shoulders is quite a feature of the season's styles. The drooping shoulder yokes are made in a number of ways, gauging forming one effect for materials thin enough to stand it.

The sleeves of the little dresses are various lengths; short, full-elbow puff being preferred for more babyish arms, while older girls wear them three-quarter or wrist-length.

With the piques, which begin to show a fine braiding, coarse washing laces are frequent trimmings, but some of the prettiest of the washing dresses are very plain. Delightful pompadour effects are seen in many of the new cottons; tiny flowers in natural colours run over narrow pale blue and pink stripes against a rich, cream background.

PRETTY FROCKS FOR COUNTRY AND SEASIDE.

These dresses are made with a rural simplicity, with a little gathered bodice and plain, gored skirt. If there is not a high yoke and cuffs of washing embroidery the neck is cut out and the sleeves are short. In such a case the ever popular guimpe of lawn, lace, and tucks is worn with it.

Nainsooks, dotted and embroidered Swiss muslins, and even the fine, inexpensive lawns make lovely little white dresses, while some lawns and muslins come with little pin dots or tiny buds of flowers all over them. Two-piece dresses are best for those "dressier" frocks, as no amount of the most cleverly achieved flare, sloping out from the long waist can give the requisite amount of fulness. For the shorter the skirt the fuller it seems to be.

Among the washing cottons for everyday girl wear, black and white cottons are much seen. In narrow stripes and tiny checks these give very stylish effects, especially as it is fashionable to combine the white and black with scarlet.

The big straw sailor hat may take this vivid note, also the silk tie or leather belt; but sometimes a red washing cotton is used for pipings, or narrow biases for the black and white frock. It may also be trimmed with white-stitching or herring-boned with red, for black, white, and red are a very smart combination.

One pretty little model in black and white striped cotton was made with a full skirt and short coat edged with a white cambric frill, headed with red embroidery. Pierrot frills of the same trimmed the neck and sleeves.

For summer coats many clever ideas have been evolved, which include loose coats of white flannel, serge, and heavy linen. A useful model is the coat cut to hang loose from the shoulders, gaining fulness in the back from a wide, inverted box-pleat just between the shoulders.

With muslin dresses hats are worn, with the soft, full crowns and little ruffles of embroidery rather than lace, although lace is used, too, but preferably in combination with embroidery. Large straw hats with drooping brims are worn with the simple cottons, untrimmed except for a huge bow of wide, soft ribbon that droops with the brim.

A PRETTY SUMMER FROCK.

The hat sketched would commend itself to many people on account of its chic simplicity. A fine black crinoline straw, quaintly trimmed with soft white velvet ribbons and a huge jet buckle, with a cluster of white feathers resting on the bandeau at the back. This model is charming in any fancy straw, and wings could be substituted for feathers to make it the most useful of headgear.

APPROPRIATE.

"Jessie's fiance proposed to her in a cab."

"I would call that a hansom offer."

FATAL.

"Poor Perkins has gone broke."

"Why, what did it?"

"He took money matters out of his wife's hands and ran the house on business principles for two weeks."

Mr Gauzewing: "I understand that Miss Moth has announced her engagement to Willie Firefly."
Mr Fuzzbuzz: "Yes; another case of the moth and the flame."

RACING TERM—WAIT FOR AGE.

Minister: Do you take this man for better or worse, till death parts you?
Bride—I should prefer an indeterminate sentence, I think.

Beggar (on receiving sixpence): God bless yer honour! The saints preserve ye! May the heavens be yer bed!
Benevolent, but Modest, Old Gentleman: Not at all—not at all!—"Punch."

AS THEY SAY ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

A touchback.

A bad pass.

A fair tackle.