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AND LADIES' JOURNAL

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A COLONIAL SUGGESTION.

ALFRED DEAKIN: Ah! Seddon, for Heaven's sake, accept this crown. It is more than I or anybody in the Commonwealth can bear, and the country says you're the only man on earth that's fit to wear it.

RICHARD SEDDON: No, no, Alfred. Me heart's with God's own country—New Zealand—and me destiny is to enfold her to me protecting bosom; but, assuredly, now we've got to know each other, I don't see why I shouldn't run both places from me own capital.

Principally About People

The Rolleston Statue.

The Rolleston statue which was unveiled recently at Christchurch, is of white marble and is 8ft high, standing on a pedestal of polished stone 10ft high, and is placed in front of the Museum, facing towards Canterbury College buildings.

At the ceremony Sir John Hall delivered a fine eulogy of his dead colleague and friend. He spoke of the foresight of Mr. Rolleston in the setting apart of public reserves and endowments in Canterbury, and referring to his Parliamentary work, extending over 20

years, said that though many differed from his opinions there was not one who did not acknowledge his single-minded and unselfish desire to promote the welfare of the colony. He had strong faith in the future greatness and prosperity of the colony, and was anxious that New Zealand should not only be prosperous, but that its people should be well educated, with a high sense of their political duties and responsibilities. From beginning to end of his career he acted up to a high standard of public duty, and he had left an example to younger men which should be of infinite value to the public life of the country.

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Maxim Gorky Exposed.

Maxim Gorky's much-heralded tour on behalf of his "suffering, poverty-stricken, enslaved countrymen in Russia," has come to an untimely end, engulfed in ridicule (writes the New York correspondent of the London "Express"). When Gorky arrived in New York last week, he was accompanied by a lady who posed as his wife. She now proves to be Mme. Andreiva, a Russian actress, and the newspapers state that the real Mme. Gorky, with her two children, remains in Russia unsupported by her husband.

The exposure has completely upset the Revolutionary Committee. As soon as it became known that the woman with Gorky was not his wife the manager of the hotel where they were staying gave them notice to quit at once. They went to another hotel, where they were also turned out after their identity became known.

Mr. John Mitchell, the leader of the coal miners, who was to have stood sponsor for Gorky at a great mass meeting, has publicly repudiated him. Mr. H. G. Wilshire, who was Gorky's host in New York, has forgotten his daily call. Mr. Wilshire states that he paid the Russian's hotel bill, and Gorky says it is not true—he paid it himself. This has created much amusement.

The wine bill of the champion of poverty-stricken Russia was £25 daily.

In the meantime Gorky is beginning to abuse the American people, and the newspapers are retaliating by calling him a humbug. Mme. Andreiva will possibly be deported under the Fraudulent Immigrant Act as an undesirable alien.

The public dinner to Gorky has been cancelled. The couple have taken refuge in lodgings.

THE ANGLO-SPANISH WEDDING: KING ALFONSO XIII. AND THE QUEEN MOTHER.

THE VERY LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE KING OF DENMARK

PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG,

whose marriage to King Alfonso XIII. cements the friendship of two great nations.

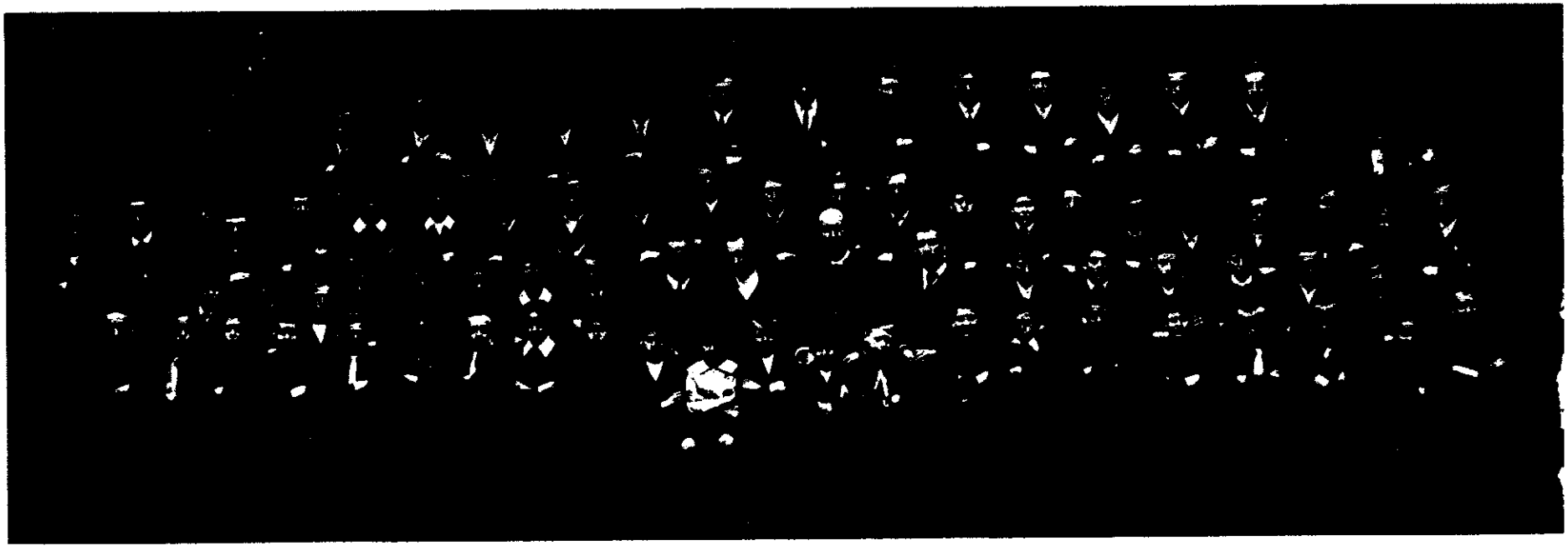
THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER,

the most wealthy hostess of the British Peerage. She was Miss Shiela Cornwallis West, and her beautiful elder sister is Princess Henry of Pless.

On the left is Maxim Gorky, who was exposed in the United States, where he went to interest Americans in "this suffering, poverty-stricken, enslaved countrymen in Russia." The other novelist is Skitaletz.

A. E. Watkinson, photo. UNION BOATING CLUB, WANGANUI, WINNERS OF THE CLUB FOURS, 1905-6.

STANDING: A. E. Anderson (3), T. P. Prideaux (2). SITTING: E. A. Nelson (stroke), R. Munro (cox), J. H. Armstrong (bow).

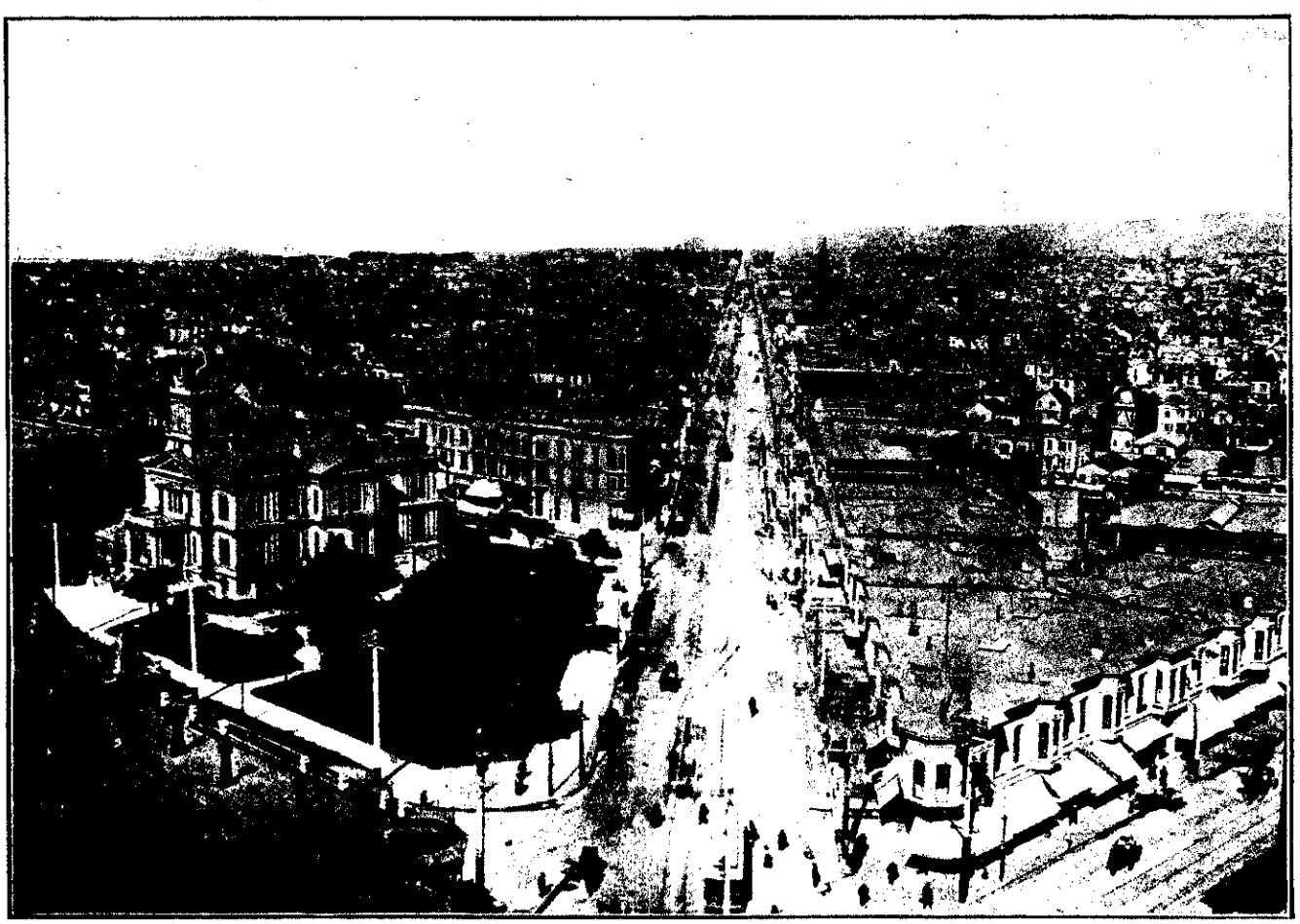


T. W. Brown, photo. MASTERS AND PUPILS AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, CONDUCTED AT "THE PAH," AUCKLAND, BY THE REV. T. P. SMALLFIELD.

THE GIANT CACTUS, ARIZONA.

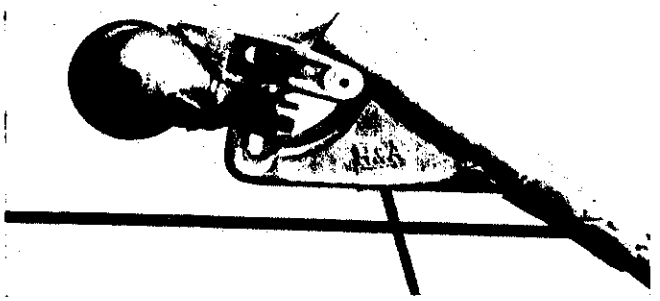
PHOTOGRAPHING "IN THE SUN'S EYE."

These two photographs are taken "in the eye of the sun" by means of a new invention by Messrs J. W. and F. L. Davis, which is claimed will enable photographs to be taken under circumstances which previously made the securing of a picture impossible.

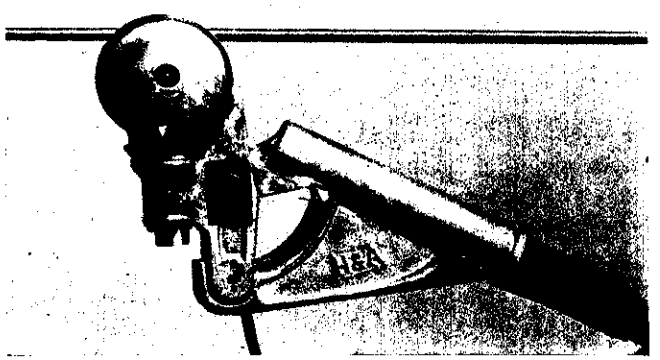


OAKLAND, CALIF., LOOKING OUT SAN PABLO AVE.

Upon the opposite or east side of the bay is this most beautiful and delightful suburb of San Francisco. It is flanked by Alameda and Berkeley, each a large and flourishing town. San Leandro and Haywards are also adjoining towns. Oakland is a favourable place of residence, and has many drives, fine scenery and a healthful climate. Redwood Peak, Oakland's highest hill, affords a magnificent panoramic view. Oakland suffered in the recent earthquake, but nothing in comparison occurred to the devastation in 'Frisco itself.



After Leaving the Wire.



In Running Position.

HOLMES AND ALLEN'S AUTOMATIC NON-FOULING, SWIVELLING TROLLEY-HEAD, INVENTED BY TWO YOUNG NEW ZEALANDERS.

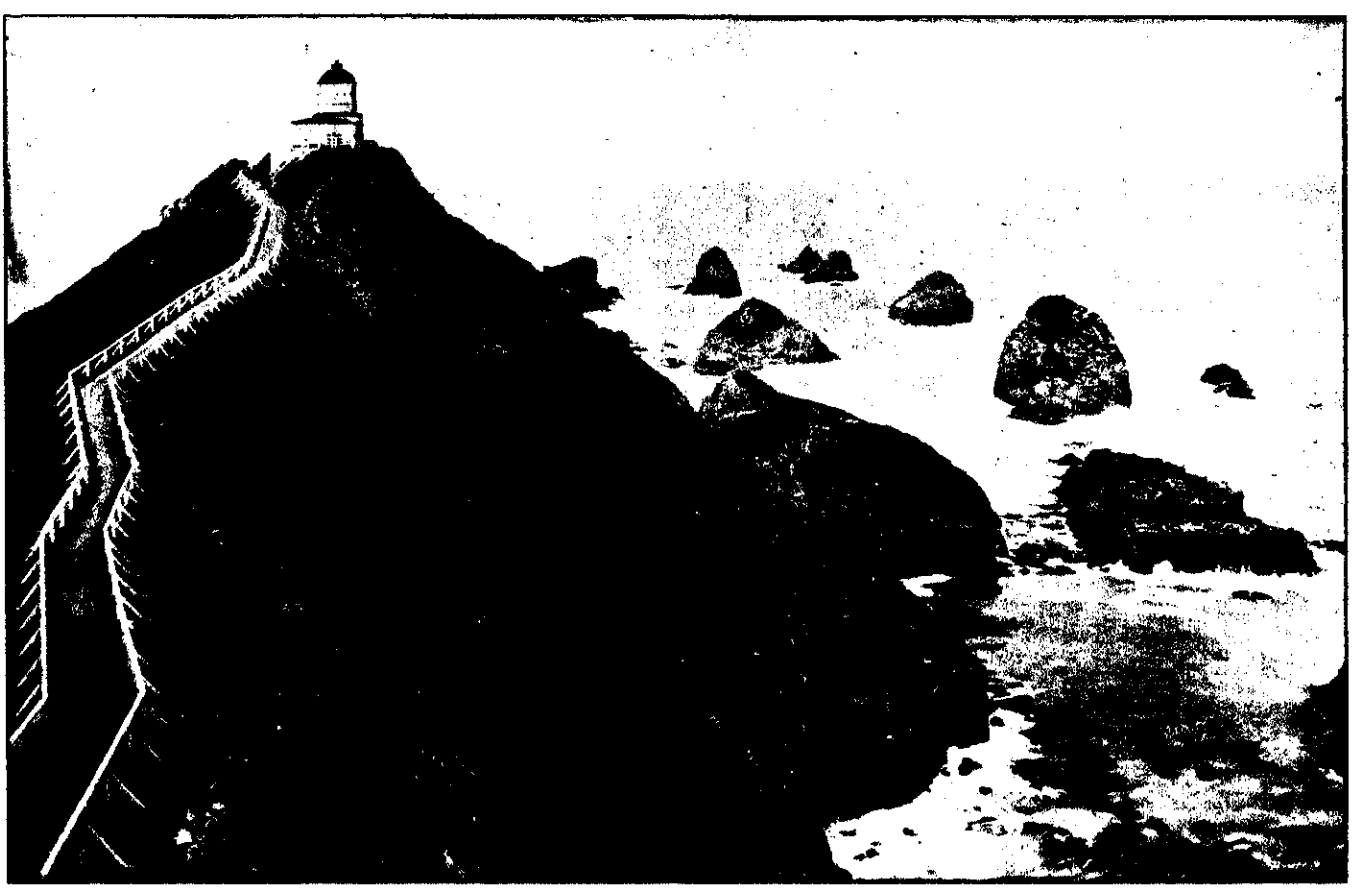
A Trolley-head for Electric Tramcars.

(Extract from "Auckland Star," May 22, 1906.)

Mr G. B. Holmes and Mr A. D. Allen, the inventors and patentees of the Holmes and Allen trolley-head for electric tramways, arrived in Auckland recently by the Ruruwa from the South with their ingenious automatic invention, which has already been patented in no less than 24 different countries. In electric tramway systems throughout the world in which the overhead trolley wire is used, the difficulty of combating such mishaps as the jumping of the wire by the trolley, and the frequently subsequent damage, has hitherto been practically insurmountable. The device patented by Messrs Holmes and Allen consists of a swivel trolley-head on an automatic pivot. The trolley-head is also on a spring cushion, which keeps it to the wire under circumstances that would send the ordinary trolley flying at a wild tangent. Should it leave the wire, however, the head collapses on the pivot, while the inclined upper arm easily slides under any obstruction. A bell is set ringing to warn the conductor simultaneously with the release of the trolley-head, which is replaced just in the same ordinary way as the usual variety. A patent electric plug contact is also among the features of this apparently perfect piece of mechanism. Since the invention was patented numerous offers to purchase its rights for various countries have been made to the two young inventors. The Wellington City Council have purchased the patent rights of manufacturing it in this colony, and intend to adopt it throughout their system.

The Common Cold.

There is no doubt, according to the London Hospital, that the ordinary nasal catarrh is a specific infectious disease. What we observe among domestic animals affords ample evidence of this. It is a familiar fact that a horse that has been wintered out, on being brought into a stable with others, is most likely to develop a cold. The coachman will say it is because the unaccustomed warmth of the stable makes him "nesh." However, disinfection of the stable before bringing animals from grass is a true preventive of the symptoms of catarrh. What occurs among domestic animals we observe, too, among ourselves. Some source of infection must be present before it is possible to catch a cold. There are places where colds are unknown. The universal experience of Arctic and Antarctic explorers is that so long as the members of the expedition are in the polar regions they remain free from colds, but on return to the mainland or to settlements inhabited by those who are in frequent communication with the mainland, they nearly always at once suffer severe colds. The same is said to be true of the men in the observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis, though they live in clouds. Colds they never take, because there are no colds to catch, until the moment they descend to inhabited regions; then they catch severe ones directly. For over two centuries the classical St. Kilda cold has not ceased to interest learned men. On this remote and rocky island of the Western Hebrides, where some 100 inhabitants dwell, colds are unknown except after the arrival of a ship from the mainland, when all the inhabitants are seized with colds, even to the babe at the breast. Afterward they seem to become to some extent immune, for many escape until the following year. The inhabitants affirm that those colds which are brought by boats from the large ports, Glasgow and Liverpool, are more severe than those brought from the Hebrides.



THE "NUGGETS" LIGHTHOUSE, NUGGET POINT, MOLYNEUX BAY.

This light is on the extremity of the bold, projecting headland, the termination of a razor-backed mountain ridge, with three rocky pointed islets nearly half a mile off. The tower is 250ft. above sea level, and the light, a fixed white one, is visible for 23 miles in clear weather.

ROUND-THE-WORLD PICTURES.

HOW TO GET TO SLEEP

NATURE, NOT DRUGS, AS A CURE FOR INSOMNIA

By DR. JOHN W. SHOEMAKER

THIS might be called the Age of Sleeplessness. Undeniably insomnia, one of the most distressing afflictions that assail humanity, is far more common to-day than ever before in the history of the world. People think harder and study more than ever before; they pursue both pleasure and business with more intense eagerness; their nerves are overstrained, and their brains driven as by whips; and last, but not least, the race has developed an appetite for drugs, which grows by what it feeds on, and which, while acquired largely in the seeking of sleep, has, when indulged beyond a certain point, the effect of banishing healthful slumber for ever from the pillow. Most of the ills that make mankind miserable are afflictions of the ignorant and, chiefly, of the poor. Sleeplessness, however, is the curse of the intellectual man, and a haunter of the bedsides of the rich and the otherwise fortunate.

But it has come at last to be realised that the drug-cure for insomnia is worse than a failure, and people are beginning to look to Nature for a remedy—not, I may happily add, in vain. Of this new idea it is that I would speak: of Nature as a sleep-bringer, and of how her means may be used instead of chloral, opium, alcohol, and other poisons, which all over this broad land have filled asylums and sanitariums with their victims.

Why do we hear so much about Lakewood, New Jersey, as a resort for rich people? Because (for one reason at least) it is a place of sleep. It is in a region of pines, the emanations of which are sedative and somniferous. Thus it is that millionaire folks have built among the trees palaces which are designed as homes for the sleepless. Worn out by social dissipation, or by the nervous strain inseparable from the business of rapid money-getting, they go to Lakewood to seek among its piney woods that soft repose which elsewhere is denied them.

Certain volatile oils and ethers contained in pine-needles are accountable for the perfume which is so agreeable to our nostrils. Their sedative effect, when one breathes air charged with such emanations, is marked and unmistakable—so that in hospitals nowadays pillows of pine-needles are commonly used to put patients to sleep. It is on the same principle that, in the hop-growing regions of this country, pillows are filled with hops, often mixed with salt or with bran. They contain an alkaloid, called "lupeline," which is strongly soporific.

On one occasion, not very long ago, I was called upon to prescribe for what was supposed to be a hopeless case of insomnia. It was that of a man in public life. He expected me to try some new drug upon him, but I said to him:

"Senator, it is within my knowledge that you own a piece of rural real estate on which there are thick pine woods. I want you to go there, with an axe and a sawhorse, and spend as much of your time as possible cutting down pine trees and sawing them for firewood."

He followed these instructions literally, and within less than a fortnight he was entirely cured. He told me that he slept "like a dead man."

Brain-workers are particularly liable to sleeplessness. Their occupation brings overstrain of the nervous system, and, when they go to bed, they toss upon restless pillows. This drives them to a

physician, who suggests a little whisky before retiring—the result being, in many instances, that the victims become slaves to alcohol.

The best thing in such a case is to keep away from whisky and other drugs and take an ocean voyage. If that be impracticable, the next best expedient to adopt is a visit to the seashore. Sea air is a wonderful nerve-tonic, its sedative and soothing effect being so marked that invalids, wheeled along the beach boardwalks, often fall asleep.

It is probably ozone that does the good work. In crowded cities there is little or no ozone, which may be called a concentrated form of oxygen, but at the seashore there is much of it in the atmosphere, and still more in mid-ocean, far away from the land. Not a very great deal is known about this colourless gas (though it has been reduced in the laboratory to a liquid), but of its healthfulness and quieting influence upon the nerves there is no question.

Exercise of all kinds is admirable as a cure of sleeplessness. People nowadays do not take enough exercise. Mechanical locomotion has made walking to a great extent unnecessary, and machinery has done away with most physical labour. Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, kept 12 women busy grinding grain day and night to supply with food a household of not more than 30 people. To-day, with the help of modern contrivances, the same amount of work will produce flour for five thousand persons.

Incidentally to active exercise, the system imbibes oxygen, the circulation of the blood is stimulated, and moderate fatigue supervenes—all of which conduce to sleepiness. But of all forms of exercise the best for this purpose is horse-back-riding. Pursued for two or three hours daily, it promotes all the functions of the body and quiets the nerves. For sleeplessness there is no better remedy, and for weak children and weak women it is particularly to be recommended.

Distractions of the mind are excellent remedies for insomnia. It is often a good idea to send a nervous patient to the play, the opera or the minstrels. His attention is called away from himself and his troubles; he comes home and goes peacefully to sleep. Nor is the effect of music to be despised. It has a tendency to soothe irritable brain-cells, and in many instances I have known it to produce most happy results.

One need hardly say that this question of sleep is one of the highest possible importance. We give one-third of our lifetime, precious as it is to us, to sleep. Without a fair allowance of sleep we cannot be well, and if deprived of it altogether we should soon die. A case is on record where a person got no sleep for nine days, dying at the end of that period. In China, long ago, deprivation of sleep was used as a form of torture, and even of capital punishment. I have known people who were actually afraid to go to bed for fear of the dread spectre of insomnia which was sure to haunt them through long hours of the night. How to banish the unwelcome visitor is the question.

I have suggested one or two expedients, but there are others. For example, if you are a victim, try the effect of a bowl of hot—not merely warm, but hot—clam-broth, or oyster-broth, or chicken-broth. It will draw the blood from the brain, quiet the nervous system and bring sleep.

What is it that happens when one goes to sleep? A complete answer cannot be given to this question, but it is known that the blood flows out of the brain, that the eyeballs are turned upward, that the pupils of the eyes become contracted, that the pulse slackens, and that the breathing becomes slower, the amount of air taken into the lungs being only about one-seventh of what it is when one is awake. Apparently, the immediate cause of waking is a flow of blood to the brain.

Obviously, then, when a person is troubled with sleeplessness, any expedient by which the blood may be drawn away from the brain is likely to be good. For, ordinarily, whatever may be the cause of the mischief, too much blood in the brain is directly accountable for the wakefulness. A hot foot-bath will often accomplish the purpose in question; or a warm glass of milk, or a cup of hot water, may so act upon the nutrition and circulation as to relieve the brain of congestion. This, indeed, will often put a restless child to sleep, or a grown person, for that matter.

The use of water outside and inside of the body is neglected. There is a great deal in the old-fashioned water-cure, though charlatans once brought it into disrepute. The next time you suffer from insomnia take a hot bath, and swallow a bowl of water as hot as you can drink it. The two together will make your skin act, stimulate your circulation, lull and quiet your nerves, and draw the blood from your brain. Hardly will you lie down before you will find yourself falling asleep.

The Spanish women rub the backs of their children to put them to sleep. It is a good idea. Often, in cases of insomnia, a vigorous rubbing of the spine, the abdomen, and the head, will cause the patient to fall into slumber. I have myself noticed, while undergoing the attentions of a barber, that the friction of his hands on my head and the back of my neck had a tendency to make me feel drowsy.

When the baby cries and whines in the night, instead of giving it medicine (upsetting its digestion), rub its back, or put it into a warm bath. The bath will take all the congestion from its brain and spinal cord, and the little one will go to sleep the moment it comes out. How much better are such simple expedients than a resort to drugs! And what is good for a child is good for a grown person. A hot water bottle at the feet may prove serviceable in some instances; but remember always to lie with the head high, and to admit plenty of fresh air to the bedroom.

Mental work after dinner should be avoided. It causes a flow of blood to the brain, interferes with digestion, and has a consequent tendency to bring sleeplessness. Strong emotions—anxiety, joy, sorrow, or what-not—have a like effect. Actors and stockbrokers, whose lives contain too much excitement, are particularly liable to insomnia. To the busy financier, that type of the modern human engine run at high pressure, the getting of a proper allowance of sleep is the most serious of problems. His nerve-centres are exhausted, and, when

the time comes for quiet, he cannot command repose.

These unfortunates apply for help to the doctor, and he gives them prescriptions for one sleep-producing drug or another. The poison, whatever it may be, helps them for a while, but it has a tendency to lose its effect, and so the dose must be constantly increased. Once the habit is gained, sleep becomes impossible without the aid of the drug, and the last state of the victim is vastly worse than the first. Drugs, indeed, are the curse of this day and generation. People are fed with them from babyhood up, whereas, if common-sense governed, as little medicine as possible would be taken, the main reliance being placed in Nature.

Both alcohol and tobacco overstimulate the nerve-centres and render them irritable, thus tending to cause sleeplessness. Imprudences in diet have a like effect. There is too much late eating and drinking. Fashionable people, after the play, go to a restaurant and indulge in a hearty—and generally indigestible—supper. At some balls nowadays there are two suppers, one early and one late. Naturally, as a result of such abuse, the digestive functions are upset, the nervous system is forced into an unwholesome activity, and sleep is made difficult.

At the midnight hour the cafes of a big city are full of gay people eating lobsters and salads, and washing them down with champagne and burgundy. Many of them will not be able to sleep without a dose of brandy before going to bed. The next morning they wake up with an inactive liver, a feeling of lassitude, and a great desire for a cocktail as a "bracer." Nature will not endure such abuse beyond a certain point, and these people, who have such a good time while it lasts, drift after a few years into asylums and sanitariums.

During slumber nothing is asleep except the brain, and certain elements of that organ appear still to remain awake even in such circumstances. Marie de Manaceine, a writer of high reputation on this subject, speaks of the fact that a sleeper will change his position whenever he happens to be uncomfortable, and, without waking, will assume an easier posture. He will brush a fly off his face, or draw up the bedclothes which have left his person partly exposed. These are rational acts. It is an old story that soldiers frequently sleep while on the march, and dangerous feats are sometimes performed by somnambulists.

Not only does the body remain awake during sleep, but it is beyond question that the brain-centres connected with seeing, hearing, smelling and tasting retain their activities, to a considerable extent at all events—else how, in dreams, should we have visual and other sensory impressions? What is it, then, that sleeps in the brain? The spinal cord and nerves are awake, and parts at least of the mind organ are alert. Where are we to suppose that the "sleeper" is located?

This is one of the most interesting questions in all the domain of psychology. Some day, in all likelihood, we shall know a great deal more about such things than we do to-day. Science is making a special study of the phenomena of sleep, and, for one point, it is said to have been ascertained, as a result of recent experiments, that the deepest slumber is reached about an hour and a-quarter after one falls into unconsciousness, and that it diminishes in soundness gradually from this time on.

When one sleeps, the heart slows down and beats more feebly. The skin, on the other hand, acts more energetically, throwing off impurities—which is the reason why the air in bedrooms becomes foul more rapidly than that of living rooms. Young people talk more during sleep than do their elders. A study of two hundred college students of both sexes, not long ago, showed that forty per cent. of them were more or less addicted to talking in their sleep.

But the most important phenomenon connected with sleep is the outflow of blood from the brain, which seems to be not only an incident of slumber, but actually, in a certain sense, the cause of it. If we were able to examine the mind organ of a human being under such conditions—as has been done in the case of a dog, by removing a piece of the skull and replacing it with a watch-glass—we should see it grow pale and diminish in volume as slumber fell upon the person under observation.

Such being the case, it is evident that, in trying to cure insomnia, our efforts should be directed to getting rid, by one means or another, of the tendency to congestion of the brain, which, whatever the cause of it, is usually the real mischief. Drugs may serve for a while as palliatives, but their good effects are only temporary, and in the long run they are harmful and even dangerous. For which reason we should look to Nature for a cure, confident that, if one remedy does not serve, another will prove successful. Of such natural remedies there are a good many, and in these few remarks I have endeavoured to suggest some which afford a choice of methods whereby sufferers may hopefully and safely seek the blessed boon of peaceful and refreshing sleep.

Vagaries of Mathematics.

"As dull as arithmetic" is a phrase that is familiar to almost every schoolboy and is a figure of comparison that is frequently evoked by those sages who hold down empty cracker-boxes in rural general stores. The fact is, however, that arithmetic is not always half so dull as it looks. Like some of those persons who earn a livelihood by teaching it to the young, it has a dry humour and a few vagaries of its own.

One of these vagaries has to do with the figure 9, and it is thus described by William Walsh in his "Handy Book of Literary Curiosities".

It is a most romantic number, and a most persistent self-willed, and obstinate one. You cannot multiply it away or get rid of it anyhow. Whatever you do, it is sure to turn up again, as did the body of Eugene Aram's victim.

Mr. W. Green, who died in 1794, is said to have first called attention to the fact that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by any figure you like, and the sum of the resultant digits will invariably add up as nine. Thus, twice nine is 18; add the digits together, and 1 and 8 makes 9. Three times 9 is 27; and 2 and 7 is 9. So it goes on up to 11 times 9, which gives 99. Very good. Add the digits together, and 9 and 9 is 18, and 8 and 1 is 9.

Go on to any extent, and you will find it impossible to get away from the figure 9. Take an example at random. Nine times 339 is 3,051; add the digits together, and they make 9. Or, again, 9 times 2,127 is 19,143; add the digits together, they make 18, and 8 and 1 is 9. Or still again, 9 times 5,071 is 45,639; the sum of these digits is 27; and 2 and 7 is 9.

This seems startling enough. Yet there are other queer examples of the same form of persistence. It was M. de Maivan who discovered that if you take any row of figures, and, reversing their order, make a subtraction sum of obverse and reverse, the final result of adding up the digits of the answer will always be 9. As, for example:

2941
Reverse, 1492
1449

Now, 1 plus 4 plus 4 plus 9 equals 18; and 1 plus 8 equals 9.

The same result is obtained if you raise the numbers so changed to their squares or cubes. Start anew, for example with 62; reversing it, you get 26. Now, 62—26 equals 36, and 3 plus 6 equals 9. The squares of 26 and 62 are, respectively, 676 and 3844. Subtract one from the other, and you get 3168 equals 18, and 1 plus 8 equals 9.

So with the cubes of 26 and 62, which are 17,576 and 238,328. Subtracting, the result is 220,752 equals 18, and 1 plus 8 equals 9.

Again, you are confronted with the same puzzling peculiarity in another form. Write down any number, as, for example, 7,549,132, subtract therefrom the sum of its digits, and, no matter what figure you start with, the digits of the products will always come to 9.

7549132, sum of digits equals 31.
31

7549101 sum of digits equals 27, and 2 plus 7 equals 9.

Again, set the figure 9 down in multiplication, thus:

1 multiplied by 9 equals 9
2 multiplied by 9 equals 18
3 multiplied by 9 equals 27
4 multiplied by 9 equals 36
5 multiplied by 9 equals 45
6 multiplied by 9 equals 54
7 multiplied by 9 equals 63
8 multiplied by 9 equals 72
9 multiplied by 9 equals 81
10 multiplied by 9 equals 90

Now you will see that the tens column reads down 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and the units column up 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Here is a different property of the same number. If you arrange in a row the cardinal numbers from 1 to 9, with the single omission of 8, and multiply the sum so represented by any one of the figures multiplied by 9, the result will present a succession of figures identical with that which was multiplied by 9. Thus, if you wish a series of yes you take 5 multiplied by 9 equals 45 for a multiplier, with this result:

12345679
45

61728395
49382716

555555555

A very curious number is 142,857, which, multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 gives all nines. Multiplied by 1 it gives 142,857; multiplied by 2, equals 285,714; multiplied by 3, equals 428,571; multiplied by 4, equals 571,428; multiplied by 5, equals 714,285; multiplied by 6, equals 857,142; multiplied by 7, equals 999,999.

Multiply 142,857 by 8, and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last, and you have 142,857, the original number, the figures exactly the same as at the start.

The number 37 has this strange peculiarity; multiplied by 3, or by any multiple of 3 up to 27, it gives three figures all alike. Thus, three times 37 will be 111. Twice three times (6 times) 37 will be 222; three times three times (9 times) 37 gives three threes; four times three times (12 times) 37, three fours, and so on.

The wonderfully procreative power of figures, or, rather, their accumulative growth, has been exemplified in that familiar story of the farmer, who, undertaking to pay his farrier one grain of wheat for the first nail, two for the second, and so on, found that he had bargained to give the farrier more wheat than was grown in all England.

My beloved young friends who love to frequent the roulette table, do you know that if you begin with a dime, and were allowed to leave all your winnings on the table, five consecutive lucky guesses would give you £300,000.

Yet that would be the result of winning 35 for one five times hand-running.

Here is another example. Take the number 15, let us say. Multiply that by itself, and you get 225. Now multiply 225 by itself, and so on until fifteen products have been multiplied by themselves in turn.

You don't think that is a difficult problem? Well, you may be a clever mathematician, but it would take you about a quarter of a century to work out this simple little sum.

The final product called for contains 38,589 figures, the first of which are 1442. Allowing three figures to an inch, the answer would be over 10701t long. To perform the operation would require about 500,000,000 figures. If they can be made at the rate of one a minute, a person working ten hours a day for three hundred days in each year would be 28 years about it.

If, in multiplying, he should make a row of ciphers, as he does in other figures, the number of figures would be more than 523,939,228. This would be the precise number of figures used if the product of the left-hand figure in each multiplicand by each figure of the multiplier was always a single figure, but, as it is most frequently, though not always, two figures, the method employed to obtain the foregoing results cannot be accurately applied.

Assuming that the cipher is used on an average once in ten times, 475,000,000,000 approximates the actual number.

Gold in Sea Water.

M. P. de Wilde, Professor at the University of Brussels, has taken up the study of the gold which is contained in sea-water. He proposes a new method of extracting it. A ton of sea-water is treated with four or five cubic centimetres of an acid and concentrated solution of chloride of tin. The whole of the gold is thus concentrated in the complex body known as purple of Cassius, which contains gold, tin, and oxygen. It is found that the purple body is fixed very strongly upon the flaky hydrate of magnesium which is set free in sea water when we pour in lime water. The hydrate falls to the bottom with the gold attached to it. The gold is set free by a cyanide of potassium solution (about 1 in 2000), thus forming a cyanide of gold. The metal can then be extracted by a number of well-known methods. Liversidge shows that when sea-water is sent in casks the wood causes the gold to precipitate, and thus none is found in the water. M. de Wilde made experiments at the seashore in France on the west coast, and found traces of gold in the water. He considers that much of the gold is thrown down to the sea bottom, and thus it escapes us. It will be remembered that Liversidge, Professor at the University of Sydney, found from 1gr to 1gr of gold per ton of sea-water from the coast of New South Wales.—"Scientific American."

Old Gotrox (to his fashionable son): You and your set thoroughly disgust me. You could get along as well without a head as with one.

Algy: Aw—Fawther—how wediculous! Why, wheah would a fellah weah his hat?

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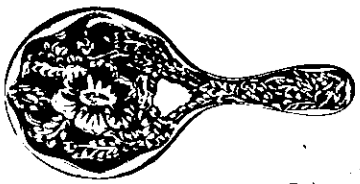

G4497—Silver-backed Hand Mirror, Newest Design, 9 in. long, 37/6.
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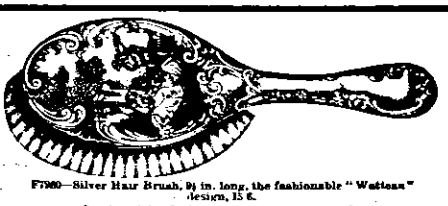

F7960—Silver Hair Brush, 9½ in. long, the fashionable "Watteau" design, 15/6.
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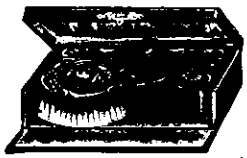

G5730—Baby's Silver-mounted Brush and Comb in Velvet-lined Morocco Case, 16/6.

No. G174—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Toilet Bottles, in 2 sizes, 10/6 and 18/6

G6031—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Puff Box, 3½ in. high, 10/6.
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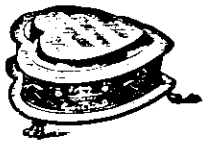


No. G4066—Heart Shape Gold-lined Silver-plated Trinket Box, 17/6.

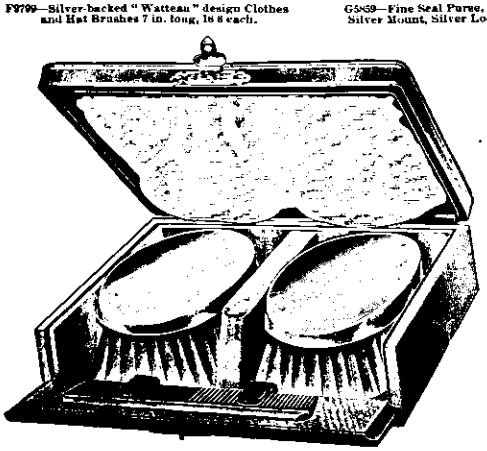
G6039—Gent.'s Silver Backed Military Brush "Angel Choir" design, 22/6.
Other designs at 21/-, 22/6, 27/6

F9799—Silver-backed "Watteau" design Clothes and Hat Brushes 7 in. long, 16/6 each.

G5859—Fine Seal Purse, Massive Silver Mount, Silver Lock, 18/6.

G5858—Real Crocodile Skin Purse, with Solid Silver Mounts and Lock, 21/6.

G3902—Cut Glass and Solid Silver Jewel Box, Two Sizes, 8½in. long, 10/6; 6in. long, 16/6.



G7506—Case containing 2 Gent.'s Military Brushes, Solid Silver Concave Backs and Comb, £8 10/-.
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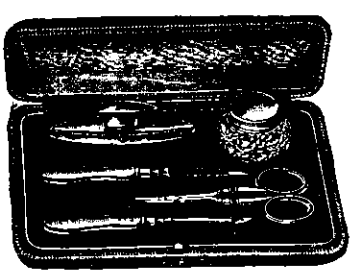

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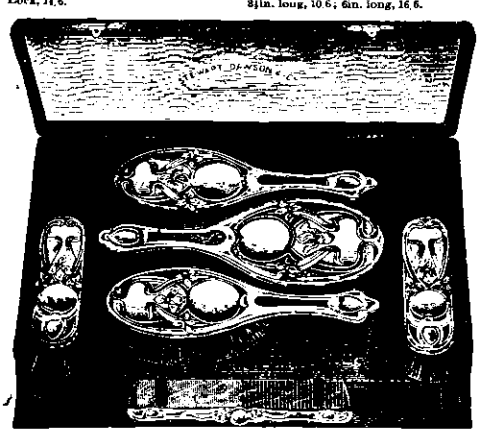

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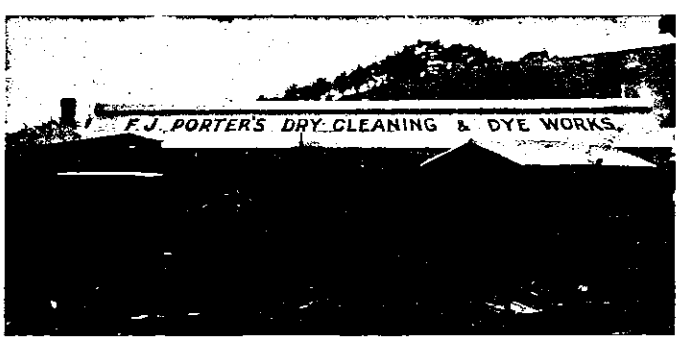

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Uncle Peter's Experiment

By G. B. Burgin

(Author of "The Shutters of Silence," etc.).

"WELL, Aunt," said Jeremy Winthrop, not without a gleam of humour, "if I'd known you wanted to choose me a wife, of course I shouldn't have married someone else; but it's done now, and there's the baby. You can't do away with facts like that; they'd both make too much noise if you tried it."

"I want to know what is the use of being a wealthy aunt," not unreasonably demanded Miss Winthrop, with a thump of her thick stick on the floor, "if I can't dictate to my heir-at-law?"

"Wealthy aunts always do kick up a row—in fiction," said Jeremy, mournfully; "that's what they're for. Else the book wouldn't be long enough. They ought to be different in real life."

"You'll find that wealthy aunts do exist for some purpose in real life," said the irascible old lady, "and are much more thorough than people in books. In real life, they don't relent, because the baby has spasms or smiles like an angel. They go on being nasty as long as they live."

"Of course, aunt," Jeremy acquiesced, in his matter-of-fact way. "You can't help having money! What's the use of it if you can't be nasty when you want to?"

"Well, I am going to be nasty."

"You are," said the candid Jeremy. "I can see that, aunt, by the expression of your eye. It's a way of yours. No one but Uncle Peter misunderstands your eye."

"You needn't be rude. Why don't you grovel, and ask me to reconsider my decision?"

"Can't grovel, aunt; I'm an Englishman. Besides, I'd look such a bounder. You know very well, too, that if I were to grovel, it would spoil all your fun; and you don't get much fun nowadays!"

"Fun!"

"Yes, fun! You oughtn't to disinherit me because I have married Maud. We had to get married just to see more of each other. Then one morning, the baby took it into her head to join the family party although she might have known she'd bankrupt us. We had our doubts about the baby at first; she squinted so much like Uncle Peter; but when she gave up squinting and had 'windy spasms' instead, we thought you'd take to her."

"Well, I didn't. I told you I didn't. She—she didn't take to me."

"You frightened her, and she howled us out of our inheritance; but she's doing her best to let bygones be bygones. I must admit that your conduct surprised us, aunt. It's those stories again. Maud thought you'd come round in time and apologise to the baby, if we left her on your doorstep. I quite expected you'd welcome us with words of sweet forgiveness, and take in the baby. Then Maud knocked that on the head by saying that, books or no books, she wasn't going to leave her precious baby on anyone's doorstep this weather; the jury would call it wilful murder, and we should both swing for it.

"Serve you right, too."

"Well, you see, aunt, there was a certain amount of reason in what Maud said, because we're both rather used to the baby, and have learned to tolerate her. I offered to take turns with Maud in watching the child from the other side of the way until you came to weep over it; but Maud said you were far too sensible to poke your nose out of doors at that time of night, unless I could hypnotise you into doing it, and that, however carefully I packed the baby in wood shavings and tied her to the knocker, the child would fall from the hamper and begin to cry. We argued until Maud threatened to go home to her mother and take the baby with her. I said I'd explain to you how we felt about this ridiculous infant, if you still persisted in being unreasonable. Shall I bring Maud and the baby to see you? It's so much more comfortable than taking liberties with our offspring and your knocker."

"I don't want to see the—the snivelling wretch," Miss Winthrop angrily exclaimed.

"She doesn't snivel—it is only a perennial dewdrop. If you won't forgive us, we shall still have to starve on two hundred a year. Well, it's rather jolly, you know. We manage to get along on it, now Maud's discovered how well pickled walnuts help down cold New Zealand mutton; and we're not going to sponge on you. You just go on being a Roman parent to us, or whatever it is, and we'll forgive you, Aunt Maria. Of course, those stories in the books don't end like that; and they mix things up so in books that I'm going my own way. When you feel better, send round for us, and we'll forgive you."

"I don't want to be forgiven," snapped the old lady.

"Of course you don't—never yet met anyone who did in real life; but then books are so misleading. You'll have to get over it, you know, aunt. We—including the baby—don't bear any malice. Leave the money to Uncle Peter."

"Peter's a fool. He says you ought to have it. I say you shan't. And after all, it's my money, not his."

"That's all right. Good-bye. I'll give your love to Maud, because she says, when you're not thinking of your money you're awfully nice to her."

"I don't want to have anything more to do with either of you or your ridiculous brat, and in no circumstances shall you finger a penny of my money."

"Well, you might have cut us off with a shilling; we could have bought another bottle of mixed pickles with it." Jeremy cheerfully declared, as he kissed her, and the old lady turned angrily away. "Give us the penny, and have all the fun you can get out of the rest of that money. Why, if I had money, I'd soon tell my chief at the bank what I think of him. He'd hear more real Anglo-Saxon from me in five minutes than he's ever come across in the rest of his life. But I must be off. Take care of your self; you're not looking at all fit."

And the handsome young fellow sauntered away as if he had not a care in the world, fully convinced that as long as Maud and the baby awaited him, nothing else mattered very greatly.

A few days later, however, he heard that Miss Winthrop had been suddenly smitten down by a paralytic stroke. Uncle Peter, who came to break the news to him, also informed Jeremy that on the night before her seizure, Miss Winthrop had declared her intention of making a will. "And now," said the penniless but good-natured old crank, beaming with pleasure, "it has occurred to me, Jeremy, that I shall get everything unless we can make an effort."

"Well, why make an effort? Don't you want to get everything? She didn't intend to leave us more than a penny. I'm awfully sorry about her, poor old dear. She might have apologised to the baby before she went away."

"Of course, I'm not going to rob the baby, Jeremy. Nothing shall convince me that your aunt didn't mean to leave you everything."

"Nothing will convince me that she meant to leave me more than a penny—that is, a farthing each for us, and a halfpenny for the baby. Besides, I call it indecent to talk about her money before she's dead, poor old thing."

"Never you mind," Uncle Peter beamed with delight. "Come round to the house with me. I've a plan in my head—a magnificent plan. Get your hat and come along."

"I'd like to see her again, poor soul" (Jeremy left off playing with the baby, who found his moustache very attractive), "just to say good-bye and tell her I don't bear any malice."

When Uncle and nephew reached Miss Winthrop's house, Jeremy was greatly shocked to see the change for the worse that had taken place in his aunt's appearance. Mr. Wilson, the family solicitor, was also there, dropping sympathy and snuff in all directions. "It's unprofessional—most unprofessional on my part,"—he said to Jeremy, "but your uncle has persuaded me to allow him to make the attempt. What a thousand pities that your good aunt should be afflicted by this terrible aspasia" (he meant "aphasia") "and be unable to give instructions about her will."

Jeremy looked mystified. Uncle Peter, however, bustled joyfully into the room with a couple of packs of cards. "He means she can't speak. Most interesting experiment," he said, to the startled Jeremy. "Haven't looked forward to such an exciting evening for a long time."

Before Jeremy could expostulate, Uncle Peter brought a card table to Miss Winthrop's bed, and sat down by it. "My dear Maria," he said to Miss Winthrop. "My dear sister, you are not in a position to make your will, so, as I know your property pretty well, I've written down on one pack of cards all the particulars, and on another pack the names of the people to whom you're sure to wish to leave it."

Jeremy made a gesture of dissent. It seemed to him perfectly monstrous that Uncle Peter's craving for originality should lead him to worry the poor old lady.

"I'm inclined to think that the Courts would uphold the validity of a will made in such circumstances," said Mr. Wilson, "provided they are satisfied of the good faith of the parties interested. It would be a dangerous precedent, of course, but, eh—I am inclined—I really am inclined—to think that the attempt might be made."

Jeremy came to the bedside and looked at the poor old wreck propped up with pillows. After all, she had always been very good to him.

"Look here, aunt," he said sorrowfully, "this nonsense is none of my doing, and I hope you'll soon be well again. I've always thought Uncle Peter as mad as a hatter."

The old lady glared angrily at him, and Jeremy felt how much she must miss her customary freedom of expression.

"We'll begin the small things first," joyously suggested Uncle Peter, who seemed to be in his element, and already talked of his sister as "the subject." "Now, Maria, you hear me, although you can't speak? I have written the word 'brougham' on this card, and placed Dr. Parkin's card opposite it. You know you promised to give him your brougham when you no longer require it. Fortunately, it's just been done up. He'll be delighted."

Miss Winthrop gave a ghastly twitch of the lips which might have meant anything.

"That signifies 'yes,'" cheerfully said Uncle Peter. "See how pleased she is."

"Parkin's a greedy old humbug. I call it robbery," cried Jeremy, going into a corner. "I'll have nothing to do with it. Uncle Peter, you'll end your days in a madhouse yet, if you aren't careful."

"You are so prejudiced, Jeremy." Uncle Peter looked ten years younger at what he considered the successful issue of his experiment. "You might spare poor Parkins the brougham without making such a fuss about it, especially as I'm going to give you my share of everything. Pity I didn't throw in the horse; he's going lame in the foreleg, though Maria, with characteristic obstinacy, never will admit it. I think the Rev. Dacre would like the library. I've often seen him looking at it appreciatively. Shall he have the library, Maria? Here are the cards. Yes; I thought so—she's more delighted than ever. Haven't seen her look so pleased for a long time. She always disliked Dacre, and this is heaping coals of fire on his head."

"I can't stand this," said Jeremy. "She didn't mean anything of the sort. She hates Dacre, and is trying to make you understand you're all wrong about it."

"Don't you be in a hurry to jump to conclusions," said Uncle Peter. "I'm coming to you in a moment. Jere—" But Jeremy had gone into the next room. Miss Maria's rolling eyes upset him; and it was unbecoming that a dying woman should suffer anger at even the summary disposal of the goods she had to leave behind her.

"Perhaps it is just as well he should not be present," suggested Mr. Wilson. "You have no doubt of the rest of the testatrix's intentions?"

"Not the slightest," said Uncle Peter, who was enjoying himself tremendously. "Now Maria, just for form's sake, I've written on this card 'I give, devise, and bequeath, direct, limit, and appoint, all the rest, residue and remainder of my real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever the same may be or consist of, unto, and to the use of my beloved nephew, Jeremy Winthrop.' Ah, I see by the expression of your eyes how I have interpreted your wishes."

If he did, he was a most sanguine man; for Miss Winthrop's eyes glared at him.

"So lucky I thought of this plan," beamed Uncle Peter. "Maria always was such a methodical woman; it would annoy her immensely to depart without settling things. If she could only express her sentiments, poor woman, I've no doubt I should be surprised at their warmth."

"I've no doubt you would," said Jeremy, re-entering the room. He came up to the bed and looked affectionately at the stricken old lady. "See Aunt, I'm not going to have you bothered in this way. Uncle Peter means well, but he's an idiot. I'm just going to tear up those nonsensical cards and send for Maud to look after you. The baby must hang on to the housemaid for a day or two."

"But you're spoiling all my pleasure," sadly interrupted Uncle Peter. "No one ever thought of such a scheme before. Besides, it doesn't hurt her. You know how fond I am of Maria, and how grateful I am for her kindness in lending herself to so interesting an experiment. I haven't had a chance of writing to the papers about anything for the last six months, and this is sure to interest everybody."

"I don't care if you don't get a chance for the next six years," said the indignant Jeremy. "It's perfectly disgraceful to go on playing cards like this when if you let her alone she might get better."

"No, she wouldn't. You don't understand your Aunt! she's so thorough. She'd never be so thoughtless as to get well and spoil my experiment. Though Maria's often said harsh things to me

about my fondness for port, I'll not miss this chance of being good to her and of helping her to do you justice. Maria always looks like that when she's pleased."

Maria glared horribly at her brother, and made a noise in her throat like the rasping of a nutmeg grater.

"You see how absurdly prejudiced you are, Jeremy. She's trying to say she hopes you will make a good use of your property. Nothing could be plainer. Mr Wilson has seen Maria's condition, and with what absolutely correctness I have carried out her intentions. I've no doubt she meant me to live with you after her—her departure. You'll find me very useful with the baby. I've always had a theory of my own that babies are fed too much, and I should like to try a series of experiments on yours. Why, what on earth are you doing!"

With a sudden gesture, Jeremy tore up the cards. "If Maud hears what you mean to do with the baby, she'll have you assassinated as the only way of saving the child's life. Now, Mr Wilson, I wonder you countenance this absurd scheme of my Uncle's. Get your hat, Uncle Peter, and come home with me. Good-bye, Aunt. You're not getting as much fun out of your money as you expected; but you shan't be tortured in your last moments by this well-meaning visionary."

"You are quite right, Jeremy. Brother Peter always was rather more or less an idiot, generally more," said Miss Winthrop, sitting up in bed and casting a look of withering scorn at her discomfited brother. "I've had my suspicions he was yearning to try scientific experiments—scientific!—on me!—on me. Besides, Mr Wilson told me all about it so I pretended to be ill just to see what he'd do. Now I know, and if ever you do it again, Brother Peter, I'll send you and your experiments to the Workhouse."

"Don't be so stony, Sister Maria," said the crestfallen Peter. "How was I to know you were only shamming! Don't send me to the workhouse. You know perfectly well how I hate going to a place where I can't get my port regularly. Besides, they'd make me put on striped trousers and a flannel shirt. I don't mind dying for my country, but nothing shall induce me to become a 'flannelled fool!'"

"And they'll make you break stones, before they give you any breakfast," vindictively said Miss Winthrop. "Well, I'm glad of it. Fetch baby, Jeremy. If that brother of mine dares to interfere with her food, I won't go to see him in the Casual Ward on visiting days. Pleased expression, indeed! Why, I glared at him the whole time! Is there anything else of mine you'd like to give away, Brother Peter, before you start for the Workhouse? I've never succeeded in making you eat porridge all these years; now you'll have to put up with 'skilly,' and you won't like it."

"Have mercy, Maria," implored Peter. "Dont' be too harsh to your only brother. How was I to know you were shamming! In the general interests of scientific research, individuals should not consider their feelings. Scientific——"

"Fiddlesticks," snorted Miss Winthrop.

"Don't send me to the workhouse, Sister. Who's to look after the garden? You won't let her send me away, Jeremy? Workhouse officials are so—so meddling."

"And so are you," said the indignant Miss Winthrop. "Go to your room, sir, get into bed, and don't presume to leave it until I give you permission. Jeremy," she added, as the crestfallen Peter crept away, "it's no fun quarrelling with you. I daren't stay alone in the house with that man. Fetch Maud und the baby, and live here. We'd betetr end up in the way the books do, after all."

"Of course," said Jeremy. "We must keep Uncle Peter away from the baby, though."

"Certainly. Now, if you'll ring for my maid, I'll get up and dress."

"Uncle Peter meant well," pleaded Jeremy; "and he hasn't had a letter in the paper for a long time."

"Drivelling idiot!" snapped Miss Winthorp. "He never shall have again, if I can help it. Any respectable Workhouse is too good for him. 'Pleased expression,' indeed. Go and fetch the baby."

"Let him have his dinner," pleaded Jeremy, preparing to depart.

"Not a morsel," said the vindictive Miss Winthorp. "He's made me stay in bed all day long, and I'll keep him there all the evening without any dinner. Scientific research, indeed."

Jeremy left the room, and looked in on Uncle Peter.

"Does she mean it?" asked that worthy, ruefully sitting up in bed. "It was all for your good, Jeremy. Maria always was vindictive. Shows such a nasty spirit, too, when she has come back from the verge of the grave. I'm so hungry! Paltry, I call it. Paltry! Can't you smuggle me up a bottle of bass and some sandwiches? Maria is so—so arbitrary."

"Not a morsel," said the inexorable Jeremy, "unless you promise never to meddle with the baby."

"I swear!" said Uncle Peter, with solemn fervour: "that is," he added as an after-thought, "if you don't put too much mustard on the sandwiches."

The Praise of Women.

A poet's compliment to a woman, or to women, is one of the prettiest and pleasantest exercises of words. Francis I. of France once said that a court without women would be like a year without a spring, and a spring without roses; and Malherbe, who was a poet, said that there are only two pretty things in the world, women and roses, and only two dainty morsels, women and melons.

Then, Chateaubriand said: "Man without woman would be gross, rude, and solitary, and would ignore the grace which is the smile of love. Woman hangs around him the flowers of life, like those forest creepers which adorn the trunks of oaks with their perfumed garlands."

In his pretty little book, "Opinion of My Friend Jacques on Women of Mind and the Mind of Women," F. J. Stahl says: "The mind of women has every kind of relation to the diamond. It is fine, it is precious, it has a thousand fires, a thousand rays, it has facets which radiate in every direction, it dazzles and betrays itself, even in the shade, when the slightest opening is made. It cannot be shut up in the jewel-box; it must be seen."

Fontenelle said: "Among women modesty has great advantages. It augments beauty, and serves to hide ugliness."

"A young girl was walking in a garden," said an enthusiastic French poet, "and the flowers began to speak. 'You are prettier than we are, fair damsel,' said they. 'Fresher,' said the rose of May; 'more vermilion,' said the pomegranate; 'whiter,' said the lily; 'sweeter,' said the jasmine; 'more graceful,' said the meadow-queen; 'purer,' said the virgin-spike; 'chaster,' said the orange-flower. The young girl knew nothing of the language of the flowers; her fair, open countenance fell upon each of them without blushing, and she admired them, all without knowing the praises they were giving her. But, perceiving half-hidden among the herbage the blue-eyed violet, she stooped toward it, gathered it with her delicate fingers, and after having inhaled its perfume, placed it near her heart. 'How happy is the violet!' said the other flowers."

We can hardly omit here the saying of Schiller: "Honour to women! They scatter celestial roses on the pathway of our earthly life; they weave the fortunate bands of love; and under the modest veil of the graces they nourish with a sacred hand the immortal flower of noble sentiments."

Stutts (who stammers): Miss d-d-Dimple—d-d—Dollie!—I lul-lul-lul—lul-lul-love you! W-wu-will you b-b—Wu-wul you b-be mum-mum-mum—wu-will you b-be mum-my wu-wu-wu—mum-mum-my wife!

Dollie Dimple (coyly): Oh, Mr Stutts! I—I hardly know how to answer you!

Stutts (desperately): Ac-ac-ac-sus-sus—accept my pup-pup-proposal or I'll sus-sus-sus—or I'll sus-sus-say it all over a-gug-gug-again!

DOROTHY OF THE MILL

Robert Barr in "The Idler"

A PAINTING of Elmsdell Mill might truthfully have been labelled "Peace." It occupied a romantic situation near the head of the valley. Above it lay the large mill-pond, or small lake, just as you choose to call it, placid in the moonlight, its margin, however, shaded by drooping trees, whose branches bent to drink, as it seemed, of the clear, still water. The pond was needed as a reservoir of power, for the mill was far up that valley, and the stream at this height was small. Lower down, where the rivulet became a river, there were mills in plenty that had no pond, and needed nothing more than a narrow channel cut to feed their small wheels. But Elmsdell Mill, to make the most of what water it had, possessed a wheel of great diameter, that the leverage of its spokes might make the most of the liquid force at its command. The stone mill itself was overgrown with ivy, and overshadowed by tall elms, and coming from the north, one would not suspect its existence, were it not for that mirror of a pond, which seemed framed with a green girdle. But the southern end of the mill was bare white stone in its lower story, overtopped by timber and plaster in the gable, and was a landmark for miles to any traveller coming up the winding road by the stream, he seeing the mill with its fringe of trees topping the upper valley.

It was a scene emblematic of the sweetest peace, yet was far from being typical of the state of affairs in England, for that grim fighter, Cromwell, himself, was camped but half an hour's ride away down this vale of seeming content, resting from his latest battle, where he had put to flight those who scorned him, scattering them like chaff before the wind, and Dorothy, as with her apron she rubbed the white dust from the semi-obscured end window of the mill, saw a mounted man and a dozen foot soldiers hurrying up the road towards the mill. Dorothy was discontented with Cromwell, and thought him a most unreasonable man, yet had she cause for congratulation if she had only paused to think. Only the day before had a great fear been lifted from herself and her mother. News of a fierce battle had come to them, and after that, silence and racking anxiety, for her father and her two stalwart brothers were all three among Cromwell's forces. News of the conflict had been carried to that secluded vale by men who brought cartloads of wheat which were weighed into the mill, each man accepting a statement on paper of the weight of his load, written by the miller's wife. The incursion of grain was entirely unexpected by the two women in the cottage on the opposite side of the road to the mill, and all the bringers could say was that they had been ordered by the officers of the Parliamentary army to deliver what wheat they had to Elmsdell Mill. One wise yeoman said he thought it was because the mill stood so secluded, thus less likely to fall into the hands of the Royalists, noted throughout the land as being scandalously ignorant of their own country, while every inch of the shire was known to the Cromwellian soldiers, and in this surmise the old yeoman was doubtless right. These men said a terrible battle had been fought, but what the outcome was not one of them knew. Their duty was to bring wheat to the mill, and they were inclined to suppose that the less they interfered in the affairs of the mighty, the better for them, for no man yet knew how the cat was to jump, although all admitted Cromwell seemed to be having the best of it.

The first tidings that all was well with their own folk came by mounted messenger up the valley, hurrying his horse so that the women, seeing him come, had their worst moment ere he spoke, their tremor of fear augmented rather than assuaged by seeing on near approach that the speeding messenger was a neighbour's son, Standfast Standish by name, and yet in spite of this suspense Dorothy's fair cheeks coloured, and her eyes were downcast as young Standish sprang from his horse.

"What has befallen? What has befallen?" cried the miller's wife.

"The Lord has given us a great victory," said Standish solemnly, "and has crushed the ungodly."

"Yea, yea," cried the woman, "but what about my man and my two sons?"

"They are well," said Standish, "untouched, though they were in the thick of it."

"Thank God, thank God," repeated the wife two or three times, and then Dorothy looked up, saying with something almost of reproach in her tones—

"Why, then, did you ride so fast? You frightened us."

"I ride, Doll, under orders that are not to be slighted. When Cromwell himself gives the word, horseflesh or manflesh must not be spared. His orders are to grind, grind, grind, and turn the corn into meal; the army must be fed."

"How are we to grind?" demanded the girl, "when he has taken our millers from us?"

"There lies the water; there stands the mill. Is there no corn?" asked the young man.

"Corn enough; the mill is full of it," replied the girl.

"Then Cromwell says 'Grind.'"

"Does he expect me to do it?" she asked.

"He cares not who does it, so 'tis done. That is Cromwell's way," replied the lad.

"You will eat here before going farther?" interrupted Mistress Mitford.

"I go no farther," said the lad.

"Surely you go on to your own home if but to let them see you are safe and sound?" protested the miller's wife.

"I have no such leave," replied Standish, "and must return at once; indeed, I scarce dare spare time to eat, but if you have a mug of ale——"

"Tut, tut," cried the good woman, "come in. There is ale in plenty, and a meat pie on the table such as you do not get in the army. Dorothy will hold your horse till you come out again."

"Indeed," said the young man, archly, "I shall put her to no such task, but shall tie the horse's bridle to this ring in the wall, so that Dorothy may accompany us within"; and he cast a meaning glance from under his steel cap at the girl, who tossed her head indifferently.

"You need not so trouble yourself, Mr Standish," she said; "I make nothing of holding a horse, even for so long a time as you take to a meal."

The young man made no reply to this flippant remark, but securely tied the leather strap to the iron ring, then turning to her, the mother having disappeared within the cottage, he said earnestly—

"Doll, my time is short, but I hope it will be long enough for the small word 'yes.'"

"Indeed," said she, "'tis the longest word in the language for what it entails. Become a general, Standfast, and I'll say yes right speedily. You know how ambitious I am, yet imprisoned here in this dull valley, with nothing happening."

"You do not value your good fortune," said the young man, solemnly. "Things happen elsewhere that are ill to look upon. Thank God for the quiet of the valley."

"I do," said the girl, instantly, falling into his own mood of seriousness, "I do whenever I think of what is beyond."

"Then, Doll dear, will you not make the day brighter for one who has to go beyond, by saying the word I ask of you?" and with a clumsy attempt at lightness he added, "Something will happen at once in this quiet valley if you do." Thereupon he made an attempt to encircle her waist with his arm, but she whisked away from him.

"The word 'no,'" she said, "is even shorter than the one you mentioned. If you wish for brevity why not accept that?"

Before he could reply Mistress Mitford appeared at the door.

"I thought you were hurried," she said. "Your meat and malt are waiting for you."

"You will come in with me?" he whispered, pleading to the girl, who with flushed cheeks kept the distance more than arm's length between them.

"Yes, I shall come," she pouted, "I think I am safer by my mother's side than by yours," and so the two entered the cottage, the valiant Standish attacking the pie with no less valour than he had displayed in battle a few days before.

Mistress Mitford sat opposite him, and Dorothy some distance apart, the elder woman plying him with questions regarding the fight, which Standish answered with some reluctance, evidently wishing to forget it all. He had been a farmer before he was a fighter, and was not yet hardened to slaughter.

"'Tis none so bad," he said, "when the fight is on, and one's blood is up, but afterwards, when the night falls and the groaning is heard while we search the battlefield, 'tis a doleful business, and, after all, whoever is right, and whoever in the wrong of it, 'tis sad to see Englishmen fight Englishmen. Frenchmen, now, were a different matter."

"We are all God's creatures," said the woman, shaking her head in despondency.

"Not Frenchmen," protested young Standfast, and neither of the two women was sure enough about it to contradict him.

After the meal the young man rode down the valley again, satisfied in body, if not in spirit.

And now the two women were confronted with the problem of working the mill. "Grind," commanded Cromwell, and he was not one to be disobeyed. It is likely that if the miller had not been blessed with two strong sons who acted as his assistants, wife and daughter might have understood better the machinery of the mill, but as it was they were at a loss how to proceed. If they turned on the water, they might wreck the machinery, and thus, although obeying in the letter, there would be disobeying in the spirit, with the problem of feeding the army thereby rendered more acute.

After much labour they filled with grain the huge bin shaped like an inverted pyramid, through which the wheat flowed to the stones, and then they determined to send a messenger to camp and request the presence of either the father or one of the two sons. This was done the morning after the visit of Standish, and now Dorothy stood by the four-obscured window, rubbing its panes with her apron, watching the approaching cavalcade and wondering if this were the expedition sent to her rescue. In that case Cromwell was slightly overdoing it; she had asked for one man, not for a dozen.

As the procession came near, she recognised her father among the foot soldiers. A miller never distinguishes himself on horseback, so old Mitford trailed a pike instead of being one of Cromwell's mounted Ironsides.

A cavalryman took his stand in the middle of the road, while the foot soldiers rapidly surrounded the mill. The upper half of the door was open, Mitford, followed by two or three men, unfastened the lower leaf and entered, his daughter coming forward to meet them.

"Why is the mill not working, Dorothy?" he asked, anxiously. "Didn't you get the General's command?"

"Mother and I were afraid to let on the water, fearing we might destroy the mill, instead of making meal."

"Tut, tut," cried the old man, impatiently, "the mill would come to no harm. I'll show you what to do, when we have finished our business. Have you seen any loiterers about?"

"No."

"None in cavalier dress?"

"Not one."

"Lord Dorincourt was taken prisoner, and has escaped. He is thought to have come up the valley, and may be concealed in the mill. Come, my lads; I know every nook and cranny where even a rat might hide. If his lordship is here, we'll soon have him out."

The old building was searched from raftered attics to moss-covered cellars dripping with water, but no trace of the Royalist was found within its walls.

"He is not here, I'll vouch for that," reported the begrimed miller to the man on horseback.

Everyone was then set at beating the bushes and thicket surrounding the pond, but this, too, was labour lost. Meanwhile the miller turned on the water; the great wheel slowly revolved and the flour came pouring out.

"There's nought to do but keep the hopper full and work till the pond runs dry, which it will not do for some weeks yet," said the father.

Then the man on horseback gathered his followers, and departed fruitlessly down the hill again. Dorothy stood by the transparent pane and watched them until they were finally shut out from her sight.

With a sigh she turned from the window, and then was startled by hearing a half-smothered voice cry:

"In the Fiend's name, Madam, are they gone? If so, I beg of you stop the mill."

She knew not from whence the voice came, but instinctively she turned to the lever, shut off the water, and the roar of machinery ceased.

"Who are you, and where are you?" she demanded.

For answer there were various sounds as of a man trying to clear his mouth so that he might speak. Then two hands appeared over the edge of the bin, whose load of wheat was still not perceptibly diminished, and a dishevelled head of blond, curling hair rose up between the hands until a pair of sparkling eyes regarded her.

"A thousand thanks, my lady, for stopping the grinding stones. A moment more I had been gone between them, and the flower of my youth pulverised into flour for the Parliamentarians; curse them."

"You were in no danger," said the girl severely. "How came you here?"

"Are you alone, my Lady?"

"Yes," replied the girl, backing towards the door.

"Let us thank God for that. Will you place me under further obligation by closing the door? Someone might pass, and really my apparel is in such a disarray that I have no anxiety to receive company."

"You are Lord Dorincourt," she said accusingly, without moving to realise his request.

"Oh, no, no, my fair girl," replied the unseen mouth, while the visible eyes laughed. "I am in reality Oliver Cromwell, but am so ashamed of the title that only the duress in which I find myself compels me to admit it."

"You are Lord Dorincourt," she repeated, with conviction.

"I was once, my lady, but not now, not now. I assure you I am a changed man, and I defy my dearest friend to recognise me. My doublet is as full of corn as ever were the tightest boots of the most bunion-footed Puritan that ever stepped."

"How dare you speak with levity, considering your danger?"

"Madam, you have just informed me that I am safe from the millstones."

"Yes, but not from the upper and nether millstones of the law."

"Dorothy, I am in no trouble from that source. To reach the hands of the rebels I must first be betrayed, and there is too much kindness in your eyes to send even so worthless a fellow-creature as I to his death. In those charming and beautiful eyes I read, alas, disapproval of myself, but I see there is no capital sentence, Mademoiselle Dorothy."

He had now raised himself up along the slanting boards until his head and shoulders were above the rim of the

bin. His doublet was fine, though sadly torn, but a tatter of throat gear remained to him, and his neck was scratched as if with brambles. His left arm he used with evident difficulty, and she saw the doublet cut away at the shoulder, and stained red as if from a wound but recently received. Her eyes moistened at this knowledge of his pitiable condition, so jauntily carried off, as if it were, upon the whole, a huge joke.

"How do you know my name is Dorothy?" she asked with less of accusation in her voice than had hitherto been the case.

"I heard your father call you so. 'Tis a lovely name, and lovingly I dwell on it," then seeing in her eyes a return of that disapproval which he had formerly noted, "I have a sister Dorothy, and an anxious girl she is this day, I warrant you, though her brother may have a jest on his parched lips, while mouth and throat are like the great desert with chaff and dust of the corn. Thus I venture to call you the Lady Dorothy, and again implore you to close that gaping door."

"No one passes this way," she said.

"Your pardon, Lady Dorothy, but those who have just gone may return. Surely you are not afraid of a wounded man?"

"We Puritans," she said proudly, "have no reason to fear; we can defend ourselves."

"Egad, Madam, and you speak truth," cried his lordship, laughing, "I can testify to that. I wish I had your courage. I fear the door opening upon the highway."

Without another word she went to the door and closed it. He made an attempt to throw a leg over the rim of his prison, but the exertion was too much for him, and he fell back groaning, his face going white like the flour that powdered the walls.

"Be not in such haste," she said, and taking a small step-ladder she set it up against the bin, mounted lightly, and held out her hand to him. He smiled wanly up at her, and with her help was soon down upon the floor of the mill.

"Would you care for a mug of ale?" she asked him.

"Ale? Is there such a blessing in this ill-fated land? Has not that damned brewer—I humbly beg your pardon, Madam, I'm a wicked man and forgot myself—but that brewer Cromwell has driven ale and every other good thing out of the country he encumbers, thus ruining his own trade, curse him. Ale, did you say? It seems incredible. But angels may work miracles, therefore I shall believe that ale exists. And, Dorothy, a crust of bread for a starving dog!"

The girl, her compassion touched, fled to the house. The coast was clear, for her mother had walked down the valley with her father. When she returned he seized the tankard with an almost wolfish glitter in his eyes, and brought it near to his cracked lips. Then he thrust it from him and held it aloft, while his left hand removed the tattered hat, his wounded arm with difficulty obeying his will.

"The King! God bless him!" he cried.

"My lord, you dishonour hospitality," said Dorothy sternly. "I brought you the drink for no such toast."

He consumed half of what was in the tankard, before he set it down and replied, this time with more soberness than he had hitherto evinced—

"The texts are not all on your side, my Lady Dorothy. 'Fear God and honour the King,' says the good Book. The hospitality of no household in England is dishonoured when I obey the Bible, and pray God to bless the English King. Unfortunate men! Would that my prayer were as potent for him as this good ale is for me."

The young man was seated on the lowest step of the ladder which still leaned against the bin of the hopper. His first thought had been to his thirst, and so he had taken a long drink from the generous flagon. Now, as he set it down on the stone floor, he remembered his supplication for a crust of bread when he saw on the broad trencher a heaping-up of meat pasty. He reached the trencher to his knees, and placed it there, then looked up at Dorothy with a smile, half whimsical, and wholly winning. She stood between him and the closed door, the light from the southern window enveloping her in luminous relief against the dark background of the wall. Her fair face was shadowed with perplexity, as she looked down on the young man smiling up at her, who, starving as he was, left for the moment his appetising dish untouched. He guessed her thoughts, and read his fate in those glorious, sombre eyes. She was a true daughter of that vigorous race which had crumpled up the aristocracy of England as if it had been flimsy tinsel, which the young man began to suspect it really was. He saw that the girl pitied him as a hunted wanderer, but would nevertheless deliver him to his enemies as a traitor to his country. He knew that threats or persuasion would alike be useless, while wounded and exhausted he could not overcome her by physical force and thus accomplish his escape. Not even quiescence on her part would ensure his safety. He must cross the marshy moor above the mill from which this stream took its source, and that journey were impossible unless he had a guide who knew the way. On the other side of the desolate moor, he was a free man once more. So he looked up at her smiling, and she looked down on him with deep melancholy. There was something in his glance and smile that filled her with vague uneasiness; she, the country maiden, he, the man of the world. Her eyes, clear and unpolluted as the crystal stream that turned the wheel; his, shadowed by the reflection of the city in fouler waters far below. She shivered a little, not relishing his scrutiny, and said, with impatience—

"Sir, why do you not eat?"

"Dorothy, I dare not, until the problem in your mind is solved."

"There is no problem," she said shortly.

"Ah, yes, my lady, there is. Duty says harshly, 'Give him up to his foes;' humanity whispers, 'Mercy blesses her that gives and him that takes.'"

"I shall do my duty," she said, drawing a long, quivering breath.

"Then, congratulations, Madam. The conflict is ended, and I shall not so wrong your gentle soul as to pretend that the victory has been welcome to you. Take away the trencher."

The young man leaned back wearily against the rounds of the ladder. His eyes closed, and his face went to a chalky whiteness. Then girl with a gasp of sympathy took a step nearer to him.

"Surely you will eat?"

"Take it away; its very aroma is maddening to me. I have had nothing to eat for three days, save a mouthful of throat-parching corn while buried in this bin."

"Then why do you refuse now when plenty is offered you? We do not starve our prisoners."

The young man sat up again, and was so inconsistent as to offer himself momentary refreshment from the lips of the flagon. The brief draught seemed to revive him.

"My Lady Dorothy, I am no prisoner of yours, nor are you authorised to hold me. I surrendered to your compassion, not to your vengeance. It is because of you I dare not eat. Were I in the tent of the most barbarous Arab that rides the desert, and did I break but a crust of bread with him, my life were sacred in his hands; yes, to be defended from peril even at risk of his own. Shall a Christian maiden in a civilised land be lower in the human scale than a heathen savage? Christ forbid! whose words, "Neither do I condemn thee," should ring in every woman's ears."

"Eat, I beg of you," said Dorothy, with a sob.

"As a prisoner?" he asked, looking searchingly at her.

"No, no, as a hungry man. Finish your flagon, and I will refill it."

By the time she had returned with the brimming flagon, the pasty had well-nigh disappeared. All his old jauntiness had returned to the tattered noble.

"I swear to you, Dorothy, war is a stern schoolmaster. I understand now what I never could fathom before, why Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Yesterday I lay prone in a thicket of my own plantation. It was a foolish place to hide, for they said, 'He will make up the valley to his own estate,' and as I lay there with the Roundheads beating the bushes within twenty paces of me, the thought came to me, 'This land in which my face is buried is my birthright, and gladly would I sell it for a mess of pottage.'"

When the repast was finished Dorothy took trencher and tankard to the house, and on her return the young man bolted the upper half of the mill door, which at the same time automatically sealed the lower half.

"I distrust this door," he said, seeing the girl seemed slightly alarmed at his action. "When it is open any chance passer-by may enter, and then it is too late to hide. Now he must knock."

"There are no chance passers-by in this lonely district," said the girl.

"Then there are those who come by design, and they are still more dangerous."

The young man had scarcely finished his sentence when the reality of his apprehension was made audible to them. There was a clatter of iron-shod hoofs on the hard road.

"A troop of horse!" he whispered, and, seeing all colour leave her face, he added, as if she were the one in danger, "They are like to pass on, I think."

The first part of the sentence was as correct as the last part was inaccurate. A strenuous voice rang out; a voice the girl had never heard before, but which thrilled her with instant fear.

"Halt! Dismount, and surround the mill."

"By God, Cromwell himself!" cried the young man, his right hand instinctively reaching his swordless hip. "Cromwell here, and I weaponless," he added bitterly, as his empty right hand swung round to his side again. "Would I had a thousand lives to exchange for his pestilent existence! But to be trapped like a rat!"

"Come this way," said Dorothy, as she raised a trap-door, "hurry, hurry."

The young man followed her down into the dark and the damp, stumbling awkwardly. She, however, knew her road, and threw open a door in the outer wall that allowed some light to filter into the gloom. Outside was the dim skeleton of the great wheel.

"Step in here," she said breathlessly, "if the water is turned on you will have to walk for your life."

She bolted the door upon him, and was on the upper floor an instant after, closing down the trap-door.

"Open!" cried a voice from the outside, while a sabre-hilt smote three blows against the timber.

Dorothy instantly pulled back the bolt, and threw open the two leaves of the door. It needed no introducer to identify for her the scowling man in steel breast-plate who stood before her.

"Who are you?" was his demand.

"Dorothy Mitford, sir, daughter of the miller."

"Why is the mill silent when I ordered it to grind?"

"It has been stopped but a short ten minutes since, sir. It was grinding all morning."

"Why was it stopped ten minutes since?"

"It is the dinner hour, sir."

"As I came up I saw you fly back and forth between the cottage and the mill. What were you doing?"

Fear had given place to anger at this rude questioning, so abrupt and discourteous, and this before all these men standing behind him, among whom, with heightened colour, she recognised Standfast Standish.

"Sir," she said, "I must be fed as well as your army."

A grim smile flickered for an instant round those masterful lips, then disappeared as quickly as it came. He made no comment upon her pertness, but turned to one of the men and said:

"Go into the cottage, and see if two have dined there. Have you seen any strangers about?" asked Cromwell as before.

"In the morning there was a dozen, searching the mill. The only one among them that I knew was my father."

"You saw no one else?"

"I have not been out of the mill, sir, except to prepare food. I have been grinding all morning, and no one has entered these doors except myself."

"What is that ladder doing standing against the hopper?"

"I have been filling the hopper with corn."

At this juncture the man returned from the cottage.

"There is one empty trencher, sir, from which one person has fed."

Cromwell strode into the mill, and up the steps of the ladder, thrusting his sword half a dozen times down through the grain. Lucky for Lord Dorincourt that he was elsewhere. Satisfying himself that nothing but wheat was within the bin, the General descended, casting a suspicious glance at the girl, and said:

"We have traced him here. I am certain he is within these walls."

"I am certain he is not, sir," replied Dorothy, with all the assurance of exact truth. "My father knows every cranny of this mill, and he searched thoroughly."

"Humph," growled Cromwell, "begin the grinding again, and if he is among the machinery, let him take peril of it. Your reason for the stopping of the mill seems scant enough."

The girl walked promptly and proudly to the lever, drew it towards her, and instantly the low rumble of machinery began. She paid no further attention to her visitors, but went calmly to the scupper out of which poured the warm meal, and fingered its flow critically.

Cromwell's eyes never left her, and again the slight smile chased the darkness from his countenance as he saw the testing of the meal, an action well known to him, for he was a miller himself, but was now about to be discomfited, for he lived in a flat country where the water-wheels are small, and it never occurred to him that a water-wheel might act as a prison for a man.

The General set his men at the second search of the mill, and this time the scrutiny was thorough enough to satisfy anyone. He himself went outside, and mounted his horse, awaiting stolidly the result of the investigation. Relieved from the eye of the master, Standfast Standish chose the lower portion of the mill as his ground for search, that perhaps he might exchange a word with Dorothy. She received his greetings coldly enough, and seemed still offended at the treatment the General had accorded her. Standfast himself, although he feared and admired his chief, was indignant that her word should not have been instantly taken, and he said this emphatically to Dorothy, which won him a kindlier look than he had yet obtained from her; then, seeking further ground of advantage, he said with enthusiasm:

"I know a place none of them have searched—the water-wheel. I'll go down the trap-door and look to that myself."

The indifference fell away from the girl like a cloak flung off.

"You will not," she said.

"Why not? He might be there."

"He could not be there unless I led him to the wheel. There would be only one chance in a thousand for him to happen on the trap-door."

"But," objected the stubborn youth, "a trap-door is exactly what an escaped prisoner would look for."

"Even if he found it," she urged, "he would descend into darkness, and be little likely to find the door to the wheel."

"Still, it is possible," he persisted, "and there is no harm in looking."

"There is the harm that I forbid you."

"Why?"

"Are you General Cromwell that you should question me thus?" she asked, with rising anger, her eyes ablaze.

The young fellow gazed at her in astonishment, which gradually changed to an expression somewhat approaching distrust.

"General Cromwell," he said slowly, "seems to be much more far-seeing than I am. I am determined to search the wheel."

"Very well," she answered decisively, "do so, and take the penalty."

"What is the penalty?"

"That you never speak to me again as long as you live. I will not have my word doubted by two men in the same day, though one is the highest and the other the lowest in the army."

With that she turned from him, and once more placed her trembling hand in the flow of meal. Out of the corner of her eye, however, she saw that her lover made no move to put his resolve into execution.

The men came down from the upper part of the mill, and reported the fruitlessness of their quest. A bugle-call rang out, and those who surrounded the mill came hurrying to the road.

"Tell the girl to come here," said Cromwell. When she stood before him he went on:

"Are you alone in this mill?"

"No, sir, my mother is with me, although absent at this moment."

"Have you a brother?"

"Two of them, sir."

"Where are they?"

"In General Cromwell's army."

The General looked around him.

"Is any man here a miller?" he asked.

There was no response, until young Standish stepped forth.

"I am a miller," he said, a deep frown on his brow. The girl opened her mouth to contradict him, but closed it without speaking.

"You will remain here," said Cromwell; "the mill must run night and day until every sack of corn within it is ground. The woman will look after it in the daytime, and you at night."

Cromwell wheeled his horse towards the south, his men falling in, two and two, behind him. The girl, without a word, re-entered the mill, Standish following. She went to the window, looking again through the pane that again needed dusting, watching the cavalcade now trotting smartly down the valley.

"Well, Dorothy," said the young man, "how much longer are you going to keep Lord Dorincourt in the wheel?"

"Until Cromwell and his men are entirely out of sight," she replied, firmly, without turning round.

"Who led him to the wheel?"

"I did, the moment I heard the clatter of the horse. You said yesterday it was a pity Englishmen should kill Englishmen, therefore I attempted to save one man."

"Oh, his life has never been in danger; we do not kill our prisoners."

"Very well, then, stop the mill and take him out. He is unarmed and wounded, so his capture will be safe enough. Take him out with you to the camp."

"Dorothy, you heard me say I was a miller."

"Yes, and I knew it was not true."

"I am willing to learn from you, Dorothy; but that is not the point. I am here by the General's orders as miller, not as soldier."

"What difference does that make?"

"The difference that if you are interested in Lord Dorincourt's life, or, rather, his liberty, I do not violate my oath as a soldier by leading him to safety across the moor."

The girl whirled round.

"Will you do that?" she cried.

"Yes, if you bid me."

"He is a poor, forlorn creature," she said, "even if he is a lord. Stop the mill, Standish, and I will release him."

She raised the trap-door, and descended, while he pushed in the lever and throttled the mill. It was indeed a forlorn object that appeared out of the darkness of the trap-door, a man drenched and dripping, but laughing nevertheless, though somewhat ruefully.

"I declare, Dorothy," he cried, as he came blinking into the daylight, "I shall never forget you, and I swear that you will never forget so comical a wretch as I. All I need now is an oven. First I was powdered with flour, then plastered with water, and thus the dough about me calls for the baking, and I am a walking loaf."

"This young man," said Dorothy, somewhat breathlessly, "will lead you across the moor in safety."

"Egad," cried Lord Dorincourt, glancing without enthusiasm at Standish, "his uniform whispers that he is more likely to take me into Cromwell's camp."

Standish's fist had clenched angrily as he noted the familiarity with which the young lord spoke to Dorothy, and his lips closed into a firm line.

"I will answer for him, my lord," she said, "because he who risks his liberty in your service is my promised husband."

The dripping lord made his most profound bow.

"Young man, I congratulate you. You adore the Queen, even though you fight against the King."

But Standish heard him not; his face was aglow as he gazed at the blushing Dorothy.

Quite Irish.

After tramping a long, weary way, an Irishman remarked that he did not see why they did not put the milestones nearer together.

In an Irish newspaper there once appeared the following announcement: "Owing to lack of space a number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

Speaking of a serious illness, an Irishman said: "I lay spanchless for six weeks, and all my cry was wather, wather!"

A certain Irishman, in speaking of his wife, said that she was most ungrateful, for when he married her she did not have a rag to her back, but in a little while she was covered with them.

When told that a certain stove would save half the fuel used in an ordinary one, an inhabitant of Cork declared that he would buy two and save all the fuel.

An Irish servant was told to tell a man that an engagement had been made to meet him at noon. "And what shall I tell him if I can't find him," answered Pat.

"It is a great comfort to be by yourself," said an Irish lover, "especially if your sweetheart is with you."

In sentencing a prisoner an Irish judge said: "You are to hang, and I hope it will be a warning to you."

Orpheus on the Chug

THE proprieties are not extinct in Spearfish. A person, for instance, who occupies a seat in the front row of the Palace Theatre is not expected to lean over the orchestra rail and bat violinists with his sombrero. Therefore I accepted the usher's suggestion, seized big John Heffren by his elbow, and escorted him up the aisle. John is a gentle giant, and did not complain. We went to our room in the hotel.

"Dang fiddlers, anyhow!" he said. "I mistrust 'em worse 'n Injun-raised ponies. Order up a smoke and I'll tell you."

He bit the end of a cigar with unusual viciousness and sprawled on the bed.

"'Twas when I was wintering Circle-Dot horses on the Chug. Wintering horses is like canned soup. No variety—every day the same. One morning I pulls on a shirt and cuts over to old man Bailey's, who run a little outfit nigh to the town of Lucky Bottom. I'd knowed him down in the Panhandle, and he was kind o' glad to see me again. We lied to each other in his front room till finally he propounds a inquiry, does I love jell tarts? I made answer that I certainly could accommodate 'em, and he steps to the door.

"'Ada, my girl!' he shouts. 'Move in the pastry for my friend Mr. Heffren'; and with that in she comes, laughing, bare-armed, rattled, and pinky.

"I was all choked up in a minute. There was half a dozen long-legged cow-punchers trailing her—old man Bailey's hands. He made me acquainted, and we sat down around the platter, thick as a bartenders' convention. By-and-by I sheep-eyed yours.

"'But you ain't eat none,' says Barlee. 'You ain't done yourself no credit,' says John Heffren.

"'Maybe not,' I remarks. 'There's too much sugar in the vicinity of these here tarts to make 'em easy eating.'

"The old man's daughter sort of wing-tipped me with her blue eyes.

"'You can have 'em just as you like 'em,' Ada says, 'next time you come.'

"'Thank you kindly, ma'am,' says I. 'My observations weren't meant to bear down on the cookery, which is sure enough Frisco.'

"Well, so it went for a fortnight. That Ada girl, sir, she had me. I was rolling over and playing dead whenever she handled the strap but the worst of it was, I was only one of a herd. Those cow-punchers of Bailey's was roped, same's me. Every time I called on the blue-eyed miracle I'd find some of those yearlings sitting close in the game. One night I talked it out with myself.

"'Look a-here, you love-lorn Romeo,' I said; 'that gang of suitors must be stampeded. Them half-baked wolves must be learned to distinguish betwixt a Pecos River man and Rocky Mountain goats.'

"So I tied on my six-shooter and hit the breeze for Bailey's, but with misgivings. Shows how love will loco a fellow! Honestly, I hated to bend a gun. For why? If I tore things up and down at the old man's, he'd have it in for me for discomposing his help, and give me the gate for good. Hands ain't plenty on the Chugwater in snow time. Reflecting this, I stopped off at the Lucky Bottom Emporium after a new cravat, for I was dressing high that winter. There I run against the fiddler; and if I'd unloaded my forty-five into him right then I'd 'a' made money. Why, his name alone would 'a' warned me off if I'd my senses. It was Ignatius. Ignatius! Well, dog my cats!

"I'd seen Ignatius in Deadwood years ago. He was the greatest man with a fiddle in the Black Hills, bar one. That one was me.—Oh, I don't blame you for being surprised.—I'm as much ashamed of it as you are, but I was a big chief on a violin in them days, although I'd never let on about it in Lucky Bottom. Now then, here was this Ignatius stranded with his fiddle-case under his arm, and asking me for to winter him. He was a good-looking dago, and he snivelled the way they do. I unbelted for a couple of powders at the bar, and then, sir, the idea struck and left me hands up.

"You see my kid brother got so drunk once that he enlisted in the cavalry, and was promenaded out to a little one-troop post to lost-and-gone beyond Kootanie. The kid, he smuggled his concertina with him. Do you know what happened? That troop shrunk. Them warriors faded away. Deserted. It's a gospel fact. You take music amongst lonely men who ain't used to it, and it makes 'em want to travel. Ask cattlemen or soldiers. I knew a nigger with a piccolo who upset labour conditions on the Belle Fourche one summer so we had to hire Mexicans before we spotted the trouble. A piccolo's the worst, 'cause it's kind o' melancholy, but a fiddle's mighty unsettling.

"'Sure!' thinks I, slapping the bar-rail of the Lucky Bottom Emporium. 'I'll slide this here Ignatius into Bailey's outfit for a week, and he'll unwind melodies of despair, continous. Then the punchers will vacate the locality, and the maid,' says I, 'is mine.'

"Crazy? Yes, indeedy. I was in love. Anyhow, I gets the old man to give this dago a job patching fences, and, without saying too much, I lays out his tunes for him; and then I sits back in the peep-chair and follows the run of the cards.

"Say, it was funny. I thought nothing could be mournfuller than yowling coyotes, but coyotes was a merry fandango alongside of Ignatius. Those boys of Bailey's would gather around that troubadour in dejected attitudes, and just look and look and look. When he tore off 'Annie Laurie,' I felt kind o' like a sheep-herder myself.

"Marden was the first of 'em to quit. One night when Ignatius was cutting the heart out of 'Oh, Promise Me,' this Marden fetches a hollow sound from his chest and he says he'd wished a bracelet onto a girl in the U. P. eating-house at Rawlins, and he guessed he'd pull his freight. Next evening I tipped off the dago to turn loose on the mother music. That's the real stuff, after all—'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me,' 'Home Sweet Home,' and the lullaby out of 'Ermine.' Well, sir, that cinched it. 'Twasn't two days before Scar-nose Beaumont waltzed up to the old man, coughing good, and 'Give me what's coming to me, Mr. Bailey,' he says; 'I ain't seen my folks since Leadville was a camp.'

"That's the way of it. Once you have men going silly, they're like geese; and the tougher the men, the geesier they get. This Beaumont, he was needed by the gallows artists of three States.

"Finally here comes Bailey over to my shack with a face on him long as Sundance Butte.

"'Heffren,' says he, 'my outfit is powerful short-handed. I'm p'intedly being exterminated,' he says.

"'Too bad,' says I, chuckling sideways. 'What do you reckon the cause of this here emigration movement?'

"'I suspicion the dago,' says he.

"'Well,' I says, 'get shut of him.'

"Bailey looked shameful.

"'Have you heard Ignatius rip off "Heel Trovy-tory"?' says he. 'It's everlasting soothing, and me and Ada's sort of stuck on it.'

"Right there I smelled Injun, and I reared up and had a secret conference with that fiddler behind Bailey's corral.

"'But where'll I go to?' he says.

"'That ain't my business, Ignatius,' says I; 'but you must go before I whale that hide off'n you.'

"'I ain't got a cent,' says he. 'Maybe you can stake me, Mr. Heffren.'

"I was flat broke myself, with buying candy and diamond rings and such kedidoes for the blue-eyed marvel. Ignatius, he snivels.

"'Don't weep,' says I, 'for it's plumb nenseating. Me and you will pull off a musical swarry down to the school-house, and you can pass the hat and accumulate stage fare.'

"'Good,' says Ignatius. 'Now it is time for me to give Miss Ada her music lesson.'

"'Nary lesson,' I says, collaring him. 'You'll go back with me to my specs, and I'll turn a key on you. If you ever speak to Miss Ada again, you'll be shy considerable epidermis, my Norwegian nightingale!'

"I brought him home with me and locked him up, and then I harnessed my old fiddle and went into private training. Nobody knew I was hot cakes on a violin, and this swarry was just my chance to spring it on 'em. I allowed to round up Lucky Bottom in the schoolhouse, and put it all over that Eyetalian before Ada, so's he wouldn't be in the same reservation with me when it come to a show-down on fiddling. I calculated just to use that Ignatius for a pacemaker.

"The town of Lucky Bottom wasn't more'n a wide place in the road, but it was the most dancingest settlement ever I saw. The folks flocked to that swarry like mosquitoes to a white horse. They boiled into the schoolhouse till it bulged. Outside you couldn't have dug up a inhabitant with a steam shovel. I met old man Bailey at the door.

"'Watch out Ignatius doesn't talk none to Ada,' says I.

"Bailey give a wink. 'You bet,' he says, 'I'll stick to Ada closer'n bacon rind,' he says.

"Abie Kraus that kept the emporium, he was foreman of the swarry. 'Ladies and gents,' he calls, 'before the grand march there is to be a musical mess on fiddles by Professor Ignatius of Paris, France, and Mr. John Heffren, Esquire, of Lucky Bottom. Hats off!'

"The dago hopped the platform and lit in. 'Peared to me he was gun shy, or something. He just trotted through the 'Chickadee Polka,' as wobbly as a tenderfooted pony in a cactus patch. Presently the boys begun to waft to the door, and 'twasn't long before twenty Lucky Bottomers was outside rolling cigarettes and talking cow. Even old man Bailey and Ada begun to paw and look restless. I laughed. This was going to be easy. I could make medicine with a fiddle that would hold the bunch indoors till sun-up, if I needed.

"'And did I? You can speculate I did. I knew what them Lucky Bottomers wanted. Those shorthorns didn't want no 'Chickadee Polka,' but 'The Maiden's Prayer,' and that intermezzo what-a-pity out of 'Rusticana.' There's the goods when you really aim to throw people. I swells out my bosom and says I to my fool self: 'Here is where none of these mavericks leaves the room till I onropes 'em;' and with that I cut in to sod down the dago.

"Well, sir, I had 'em in one spin of the wheel. They packed around that platform tighter'n calves in a branding chute. Old man Bailey was in the front row, and the tears was on his face big as flapjacks. Me, I was proud! I turned loose 'Rock of Ages' and looked up at the clock. I'd held the herd six minutes, and I swore to make it 20, and then unblanket my 'Suwanee River' stock, which I reasoned was good for ten minutes more. 'This is the freeze-out of Signor Ignatius,' says I, bearing down till the catgut screamed murder. 'This is where I bury Ig so deep the prairie dogs will be upstairs to him!'

"You wouldn't 'a' blamed me if you'd saw the schoolroom. The whole of Lucky Bottom that night was dangling on the end of my fiddle bow. We'd 'a' been there yet if a string hadn't burst in the middle of 'Weep No More My Lady.' But it was thirty-two minutes then.

"The crowd gave a moan like cattle waking up in the morning watch. Old man Bailey came out of his trance and rubbed his eyes.

"'Where's Ada?' he mumbles.

"'Anybody seen 'Ada Bailey?' says Kraus.

"I jumps up on a chair, 'Where's the dago?' I yells, 'Where's Professor Ignatius of Paris, France?' and a tumultuous moment thereupon ensued."

My friend Heffren arose slowly from the bed, and I passed him the water-pitcher in sympathetic silence.

"Eloped?" I ventured.

John nodded. "There was a letter for me pinned onto the schoolhouse door," he continued. "It read: 'Dear Friend—Would say that you sure can hold an audience. No more at present from yours till death, Ignatius.' P. S. Ada sends love.'"

He replaced the pitcher with elaborate care, and slouched across our bedroom to the window.

"They'd drove off our horses," he said. "They must 'a' been doing that about the time I was enchanting the old man and the rest into innocuous desuetude with 'The Last Rose of Summer.' Well, they was over the Little Smoky before we catched 'em, and by that time they was married. It turned out all right. The professor's got a steady job at the Orpheum in Cheyenne, and he treats her fine. If he didn't I'd make holes in him!"

The open door of the Senate Saloon shone dully on the opposite side of the street, and out of it drifted the tremulous wailing of a violin. Heffren grabbed his pistol from the table, but I protested.

"One measly shot!" he begged. "I despise 'em so!"

I was obdurate.

"If you could 'a' tasted Ada's tarts!" sighed John Heffren.

Edward Boltwood.

It is not generally known that many peculiar customs that have been regarded as fashionable had their origin in the physical disabilities of distinguished leaders of fashion.

Several years ago the present King of England, who was then Prince of Wales, was so unfortunate as to have a boil under his right arm. As a result of this, when he shook hands with his friends, he was compelled to raise his right hand and elbow to the level of his chin. For several years thereafter this method of shaking hands was common in the "smart sets" of two continents.

Through illness, Philip the Good had to have his head shaved. Shaven heads, accordingly, became fashionable at his Court.

The daughters of Louis XI. hid their very large feet in long dresses; hence trailing gowns.

Scientific and Useful

VERSATILITY OF CATTLE.

Cattle furnish, apart from meat, no end of articles in common use. Your toilet or laundry soap is made from their grease; the curled hair in your chair and the bristles in your shoe-brush are from their tails. As for the sheer again, your combs are made from his horns; your tooth-brush handle and mouth-piece of your pipe were once part of his thigh-bone; your knife handle comes from his shin-bone; the buttons on your coat, and your wife's hairpins are from his hoofs; neat's-foot oil represents his sinews; and the prepared food you throw to your chickens is reduced from his blood. Also, the pepsin you buy at the druggist's is made from a pig's stomach. The grease extracted from the wool of sheep, after slaughter, is converted into potash.

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THE NOSE IN MUSIC.

Why are we able to use our right hands so freely and yet are so clumsy with our left? To remedy this, people are demanding that right and left-handedness should be taught in schools along with reading, writing and arithmetic. Dr. W. H. Cummings, the Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, in London, says that the knack of using both hands is essential to the proper playing of some instruments. In fact, an organist needs to employ many muscles. Besides both hands, he has to work stops and pedals with his feet, knees, and even with his back; while the pianist sometimes uses his nose "to get in a middle note." Carl Maria von Weber (1786—1826), the composer, wrote a piano piece which a friend pronounced unplayable, as one chord had a note in the centre which could not be reached by either hand. "Ach, see me do it," answered the author of "Oberon" and "Der Freischutz," and he struck the note with his nose.

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VALUES OF SAWDUST.

Sawdust and wood waste form the raw material for a score of by-products. Your newspaper is made of wood-pulp from sawdust; your cabinetmaker uses solid blocks of fine higly polished wood made from sawdust mixed with gum or alum. Sawdust is also used in making certain acids, tar, charcoal, wood pavement, and for producing the naphtha with which you clean your gloves. Even the needles of pine trees are now made into a fibre used in stuffing sofa cushions and as a wadding for overcoats.

Acids which were formerly allowed to escape into the air as gases are now saved and used for bleaching your sheets. Good perfumes are made from the ill-smelling oils resulting from the distillation of whisky. Even the skim milk of creameries is prepared as a sizing for paper.

You may sell the old bottles and broken glass in your cellar, by the way, to certain manufacturers, as material for the artificial stone which forms the pavement in front of your house.

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RADIUM CLOCKS.

There does not appear to be any sufficient reason why radium "clocks" should be so called except that they are calculated to "go" for a long time without attention. This, in fact, is their most popular feature, and it is calculated that these interesting scientific toys contain in themselves sufficient energy to keep them in motion for about two thousand years. From a tiny glass tube containing a small quantity of radium two thin aluminium leaves depend. The negatively-charged rays continually emitted by the precious mineral cause a like charge of electricity to collect upon the metallic leaves, with the result that they repel one another until one of them touches the side of the containing vessel and looses its charge. Then the leaves fly together, and begin again. With a period of about 40 seconds, this process goes on continuously, and will do so, it is believed, for a score or so of centuries unless the thin metal leaves wear out in the meantime. The little instrument, which, it may be remembered, is the invention of the Hon. R. J. Strutt, is made by Martindale of London in convenient form for demonstration in the lantern, for which it makes an exceedingly interesting subject.

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A NEW INDUSTRY.

The making of pillows and mattresses stuffed with sponges instead of feathers or horsehair has been commenced in Florida, and according to a note in the "English Mechanic," results appear to be promising. Sponge is said to have all the springiness and resilience demanded of a material used for bedding, and to have certain advantages over feathers and other materials at present in use. It is said that the use of the new material results in the production of pillows and mattresses which cost only two-thirds the price of those made in the manner at present in vogue, and the sponge is very considerably lighter even than the proverbial feather with which a pillow is stuffed. The arrival of samples in England will be eagerly looked for by those unfortunates who are always seeking for a promising means wit hwhich to woo the fickle goddess of sleep.

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WIND AND RAILWAY PUNCTUALITY.

The "man in the street" knows little of the tremendous deterrent effect a fresh gale of wind, blowing sideways, has upon the progress of a train. Take a modern bogie coach of average size as being 50 feet long, and about 10 feet high; consequently we had a superficial area of 500 square feet per carriage opposed to the wind, which multiplied by 8lb. representing the pressure of wind friction on each square foot, when the wind is travelling at just over 50 miles on hour, a total force of 4000 lbs. is bearing simultaneously throughout the train, which, if containing 10 vehicles, would equal 40,000 lbs., independent of engine and tender. The above pressure would be grinding the flanges of all the wheels against the rail, and if the cone of flange was at all worn, there would be a greater tendency for the wheel to grip, and thus act as a break. With this information before them, readers will understand why many heavily-loaded trains arrive, some 10 or 15 minutes late, when a strong wind is blowing.

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THE PORT OF LIVERPOOL.

At a recent meeting of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, it was mentioned that they were proposing to make a new dock at the Victoria Wharf, Birkenhead. The dredging at the bar and sea channels was continued, and ninety-two million tons of sand had been removed since 1890. The depth was now twenty-seven feet at low-water spring tides. The probable cost of their contemplated new works would be a little over £4,000,000, and it would take seven or eight years to complete the works; but they considered the expenditure was wise and necessary to meet the requirements of business. With regard to the controversy continually going on about the position of Liverpool among the ports of the world, Mr. Robt. Gladstone, who presided, thought they might take it as pretty well established that Liverpool had the second place at any rate, if not the first. Lately he had seen some very interesting figures prepared at Washington. The figures referred to the trade of the great ports of the world, and showed that the trade of London was worth £261,000,000, a year; of Liverpool, £237,000,000, since corrected to £250,000,000; New York, £221,000,000; Hamburg, £198,000,000; Antwerp, £147,000,000; Marseilles, £86,000,000; Calcutta, £59,000,000; Bombay, £51,000,000; Singapore, £43,000,000; and Sydney, £38,000,000. He thought that showed the position of Liverpool in the world's trade to be very satisfactory. With reference to the enormous number of passengers—emigrants and ordinary passengers—who arrived and departed from Liverpool in the course of the year, the total was 274,000, of whom 37,000 were cabin passengers. At London the total was 23,000, including 16,000 cabin passengers, and Southampton 72,000, and of these 27,000 were cabin passengers.

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CHECKING CONSUMPTION.

A practical step has been taken by the Borough Council of St. Pancras, London, with a view to checking the spread of pulmonary tuberculosis, which is so often unwittingly propagated by sufferers who are ignorant of even the simplest precautions. The Council have inaugurated a system of voluntary notifications, and have provided the doctors of the district with the necessary forms. They have pointed out that the consent of the patients should always be obtained before the forms are filled in, and they undertake that the information so obtained will be treated perfectly confidentially, and will in no wise be used to the detriment of the invalid. That is to say, nothing will be done to prejudice his or her chances of obtaining further employment. On receipt of the notification by the Council, the sufferer will be supplied with instruction as to the best way of preventing the complaint from spreading to others, and those interested will learn from the same source how to disinfect the apartment recently occupied by a consumptive. Those who desire it will be given information regarding the societies and institutions through which segregation may be obtained, but no action will be taken to secure segregation except on the written request of the patient. The Borough Council intend to render sufferers all the assistance they can, while, at the same time, not in any way interfering with the patient's prospects of employment or acting against his wishes. In other words, they do not contemplate interfering in any way with the liberty of the subject, whether or not that liberty is prejudicial to the interests of the rest of the community, but where they can they will do good by ensuring that the patient shall not do harm through ignorance.

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THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

The relations between Frenchmen and Englishmen are now of such a cordial nature that it seems an opportune moment to revive the ancient scheme for connecting the two countries by a tunnel under the Strait of Dover. Despite the new turbine steamers and the reduction of the sea passage to less than an hour (in favourable circumstances), the fear of mal de mer still exerts a powerful deterrent influence on would-be travellers. It would be a very different thing if it were possible to take train straight from Charing Cross to the Gare du Nord without so much as a change of carriages. The old objection to the project that it makes our island more vulnerable to Continental enemies in time of war is really of little account in these days of submarine mines, for the tunnel could be blown to atoms at an hour's notice should the exigencies of warfare demand it. The scheme has been modified lately in the light of modern conditions, and it is now proposed to construct a twin-tube like the "Twopenny Tube" in London, the trains being run by electricity. The route has been altered so as to make use of a stratum of grey chalk which runs all the way under the Channel, and offers good facilities for boring and tunnel construction. It is proposed that the tunnel should rise from the sea at both end, and enter the cliffs at a considerable height above the beach. This alone would appear to settle the military objection at once, for a couple of well-directed shots from a battleship would destroy the connection between the tunnel and the land, and cut off the submarine communication between the two countries. It is to be hoped that the scheme will now be allowed to go through.

VERSE OLD AND NEW

For Clothes.

Thank God for clothes!
Not that they shield us from the winter rude,
Not that they foster social rectitude
And cloak deficiencies—for none of those;
But for the warm uplift that furbelows
Can kindle in this sorry human clay—
The glory and the strut of fine array;
Thank God for clothes!

Thank God for dress!—
That through the darkest day can send a gleam,
When some long-pondered frock comes home a dream;
That glorifies the marriage rites, and, yes,
Lends to bereavement caped becomingness;
That gives us courage to confront our fate—
Illusions shattered, but our hat on straight!
Thank God for dress!

Thank God for frills!
Let others praise for house and food; I praise
That still there lurks enchantment in my days
While shops are bright with raiment; that the thrills
Of purple and fine raiment nothing kills;
That though I die to music, drama, art,
Still will a silken rustle rouse my heart!
Thank God for frills!

—Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

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A Ballade of Dismay.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

Ballades I've written many times
To Gladys, Rosabel, or Fay;
I've sung in merry little rhymes
Their radiant charms and raiment gay.
But hoops, I hear, are on the way
(See "Fitter's Fashion Magazine"),
And how can I indite a lay
To Phyllis in a crinoline?

I might ring out my Muse's chimes
About a summer girl's array;
Even a coat like poor old Grimes'
My fertile fancy might portray;
A kirtle or a negligee,
Tunic, pelisse, or gaberdine;
But I look forward with dismay
To Phyllis in a crinoline.

'Twill surely be the worst of crimes!
Against the fashion I inveigh!
They are unfit for Christian climes,
Those things that swish and swirl and sway;
They make a ludicrous display,
They pitch and sidle and careen,
A sonnet I will ne'er essay
To Phyllis in a crinoline.

ENVOY.

Dame Fashion, save us! Pause, I pray!
Reflect on this impending scene:
The Flat-iron on a breezy day,
And Phyllis in a crinoline!

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The Diner's Safety Valve.

[At a fashionable restaurant a well known gentleman whistles daily after dinner.]

If aught of yore had dulled my knife,
Or cook had burned the gravy,
I used to grumble at my wife
Or thunder at the slavey.
No longer now I shout and scream
Or urge the maid's dismissal;
By way of letting off the steam,
I whistle.

When blades rebounded from the veal,
Or beef resembled leather,
It was my wont to say a deal
About the regions nether;
But now, if dishes turn out queer,
Or meat is fat and gristle,
Instead of "What is this, my dear?"
I whistle.

Digestion waits on appetite,
Or eagerly or slowly,
According to the gammon's "height,"
Or weight of roly-poly;
And should the winds disagree,
No more with wrath I bristle,
But simply strike a minor key,
And whistle.

It is a privilege to dine,
And praise or blame the victual,
Approve or otherwise the wine,
In manner non-committal.
That all may inwardly digest
This delicate epistle,
No further words I use; the rest
I whistle!

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The Little Sister.

(By Theodosia Garrison.)

When days are dreariest,
When the nights are long,
Sudden on the creaking stair
Sounds her careless song;
Sudden on the darkened sill
Falls a footstep free,
And the little sister comes
Back again to me.

Blithe and gay and jubilant,
All her words a jest,
Laughter on her merry lips,
Youth upon her breast,
Happy dreams within her eyes,
Daring days to be—
So the little sister comes
Back again to me.

And she hath the eyes I had
When the world was new,
And she hath the heart I had
When the world was true.
And my very name she bears—
Ah, so close our tie!
Just the little sister now
Who one day was I.

Strange that she who knew no tears
So my tears should wake;
Strange her very happiness
My own heart should break.
Oh, so other than myself,
Two, yet one, are we—
Little sister of my age
Comes she back to me.

Not a wistful ghost she comes—
Better so, perchance—
But with lips too fain to sing,
Feet too fain to dance.
And I turn my eyes from her
Eyes she must not see!—
When the little sister comes
Back again to me.

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My Triumph.

Sweeter than any song,
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact,
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wring;
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter for they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said,
And life the sweeter made.

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far-off blown,
Your triumph is my own!

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

—D. Wither.

☼ ☼ ☼ ☼ ☼

The Sunny Way.

Here is a song for the country,
Whereever its blessings may fall;
There's sunlight enough in God's heaven
To warm up the hearts of us all.

Here is a song for the country,
With beautiful banners unfurled;
There's still love enough all around us
To bless and to brighten the world.

The same love that sings to our sorrow—
A star in the shadows of night,
That whispers full sweet of to-morrow,
And lifts up and leads us to light.

—Frank L. Stanton.

☼ ☼ ☼ ☼ ☼

The Simple Life.

["Miss d'Esterre....would like husbands to be sent to such a school as hers for a month or so to be taught how to share the domestic worries of a household and lighten the "simple life" wife's burdens by undertaking the dirtier duties. One great advantage in a husband and children, says Miss d'Esterre .... is the way an intelligent wife and mother can utilise them in the household. The husband's sphere during working-time would be the kitchen, where he would do such rough and dirty tasks as boot-cleaning and knife-polishing." — Extract from "School for the Simple Life."]

When, weary with a heavy day,
Edwin rejoins his wife,
He cannot rest, because, you see,
He leads the Simple Life.

For tho' he works his brain all day,
Until it fairly spins,
'Tis only on returning home
That drudgery begins.

That row of boots must all be blacked,
The knives be polished bright;
A stack of wood is waiting there
Which must be chopped ere night.

The scuttles he must fill with coal,
Until his back be bent.
Whatever else a husband is,
He is convenient.

He has no time to smoke a pipe,
Or read the evening news;
His energies he concentrates
On polishing his shoes.

Domestic bliss he cannot know,
He rarely sees his wife;
She, too, is busily engaged
Leading the Simple Life.

No wonder Edwin wishes back
Those complicated days,
When servants took effective charge
Of all the household ways.

Song of the Sea Children.

The fishers are sailing; the fleet is away;
The rowlocks are throbbing at break of day.

The cables are creaking; the sails are unfurled;
The red sun is over the rim of the world.

The first summer hour is white on the hill;
The sails in the harbour-mouth belly and fill,

Each boat putting out with the breast of a gull
For the mighty great deep that shall rock them and lull.

There, there, they all pass out of sight one by one—
Gleam, dazzle, and sink in the path of the sun—

The last tiny speck to melt out and be free
As a rose-leaf of cloud on the rim of the sea.

—Bliss Carman.

☼ ☼ ☼ ☼ ☼

Mischievous Cupid.

One summer's day, all in a shady lane,
Pranced Cupid, laughing loud with saucy glee;
His tinsell'd shafts were ready by his side,
While looked he round for sport right merrily.
At last there came in sight
A youth upon his right.

Now mischief-making Cupid looked away,
And saw a dark-eyed maid come singing by.
They passed—those two young souls—yet spoke no word;
But Cupid, hidden, might have heard a sigh,
For down he aimed a dart
That pierced the young man's heart.

Then on they walked awhile, and Cupid flew,
Till by-and-by the maid sat down and thought;
The rascal shot her heart with woes of love,
Well pleased that he came not out for naught;
Then laughing on he went,
With that day's sport content.

No Escape.

Boracic acid in the soup,
Wood alcohol in wine,
Catsup dyed a lurid hue
By using aniline;

The old ground hulls of cocoanuts
Served to us as spices;
I reckon crisp and frigid glass
Is dished out with the ices.

The milk—the kind the old cow gives
Way down at Cloverside—
It's one-third milk and water, and—
And then—formaldehyde.

The syrup's bleached by using tin,
And honey's just glucose,
And what the fancy butter is
The goodness gracious knows.

The olive oil's of cotton seed,
There's alum in the bread;
It's really a surprise to me
The whole damned race ain't dead.

Meantime all the germs and things
Are buzzing fit to kill;
If the food you eat don't git you,
The goldarned microbes will.

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Here and There

The Same Old Song.

There's a bit of consolation
The unlucky fellow has,
Who loses all his money on a horse.
It was all because he followed
Some one else's bad advice.
Which was not the thing he should have done, of course;
But he never fails to tell you,
With a reassuring smile,
That had he followed his own judgment
He'd have won a handsome pile.

Quite Right.

The young man had been invited to attend a church social, and when he arrived he found that it was a "Conundrum Party," and that each person was expected to propound at least one conundrum of his own devising.

When his turn came he asked to be excused until later in the evening, saying that he must have time to think up a good one. So he was passed over until the very last, when the master of ceremonies asked him if he were ready.

"I am," he said. "Why is this conundrum like the first meal you eat on your first trip across Cook Straits?"

And when everybody said they would give it up, he said that was the answer.

Monotonous Top Hat.

"The deadly gloom and monotony of men's dress—one of the scandals of the age—is traceable to class inequality and the scramble for wealth," said Mr Henry Holiday, the well-known artist, in a lecture on "The Influence of Social Conditions on Dress," to the members of the "05" Club in London.

"There was a time when sumptuary laws regulated the dress of the different classes," he continued, "but free Briton did not tolerate this, and there are now no longer any sharp distinctions between the dress of the different grades of society.

"John Stuart Mill declared that it was the chief aim of people to get out of one rank of society into the class above it, and it follows, therefore, that each class endeavours to dress like the one above it.

"The aristocrat wears a top hat, a black tubular coat and light stove-pipe trousers. The wealthy merchant or banker is compelled to dress exactly the same. To introduce the smallest mark of individuality, or to indicate by one's dress one's calling in life, would be to lose caste. There is a ridiculous understanding in society that a gentleman is a man who does not earn his own living, and it is, therefore, incumbent on every one 'in society' to wear a dress which looks as though its owner could not do any work in it.

"In the same way the larger trader copies the merchant, and the smaller tradesman apes the man above him, and so on right down the scale, until even the working man turns out on Sundays in the top hat, black coat, and stove-pipe trousers. If there were no classes no one would be afraid of losing caste, and consequently every one would consult his own comfort and convenience in dress. We can hope for no radical change in our dress until we have altered our social system. So long as the greed for profit continues, so long will our dress be vulgar."

Quite Irish.

A Philadelphia dealer in pet stock has an aquarium of trained goldfish. These fish, when the man holds a small wand of redwood an inch above the surface of the water, leap over the wand in graceful dives. Indescribably pretty, like miniature porpoises of gold, they look as they vault over the red wand. A little silver bell swings above the tank and a silken cord descends into the water. The fish, when hungry, take the cord in their mouths and ring the bell. They will feed from the man's hand. If he holds morsels of food just out of the water, they will leap up and snatch the food from his fingers. It took him nearly a year to train them.

The Ink They Used.

Half-a-dozen commercial travellers were one evening gathered at a certain country inn. Each one in turn was endeavouring to outshine his neighbours as regards the extent of the enterprise he represented.

"Why," said one, concluding a description of his firm, compared with which all the co-operative stores combined were but coffee-stalls—"why in my business they spend three hundred pounds a year in ink, merely to book the orders in the counting-house."

"Oh, indeed," said the man that dealt in silk. "That's a mere nothing to what my firm spends in ink. Only last year it saved a matter of three thousand pounds in the expenses of the counting-house, merely by omitting to cross the t's and dot the i's."

A New Species.

An English Church vicar, who had been given a charge in a very rural part of England, one day met one of the natives, a bluff old gamekeeper, who was returing from a day's shooting. By way of starting a conversation the good vicar asked him if there were many Episcopalians in the district.

"Well, parson," answered the keeper, "my brother John says he shot one yesterday, but, speaking between ourselves, I think it was just a weasel."

A Broad Hint.

"Last week," said Jones to some friends at the club the other night, "an old friend of mine who had been ten years away came into the office just as I was leaving. We had been friends at school, so I asked him to come home with me to dinner. There was no time to warn my wife, so I explained that he would have to take pot-luck.

"Well, he came and we sat down to dinner. I rather pride myself on my claret, and my guest appreciated it as only a man who has been away from home for years can appreciate good wine; between us we soon finished the bottle, and I asked him if I should open another, making sure he would say yes. To my surprise, he said he really wanted no more, and the more I pressed him th firmer his refusal became; and the firmer his refusal became the more I pressed him. But it was no good, and when dinner was over, he hurried off almost at once.

"Rather surprised, I joined my wife in the drawing-room."

"'I can't think why you kept pressing Mr. Blank to have another bottle of wine, when all the time I was kicking your foot under the table to make you understand we hadn't another bottle in the house.'

"Now, I don't mind telling you," concluded Jones, "though I didn't tell my wife—that it was not my foot that she was kicking!"

Music as a Stimulant.

Only those perhaps who have to work hard with their hands realise how stimulating is the effect of music upon their powers, and how much more speedily and adroitly manual labour is accomplished under such conditions. This idea of music and work combined has been acted upon by many English employers, who find a little outlay on melody in the midst of their workers to be an excellent innovation. A huge musical box is used at one large factory, a gramophone on a vast scale at another, while yet another establishment has a superintendent whose duty it is to play and sing to the various work girls committed to her charge. For nowadays the "hand" in a London factory does not work under the grinding conditions at one time so sadly prevalent; she has her clubs, her musical evenings, her little social dances, and nights upon which she gets thorough and practical instruction with regard to the making of her own frocks and hats. All these things have the most refining influence, and music not the least potent of them all.

An Editorial Correction.

A certain provincial paper once published an appreciation of a retired general who had taken up his residence in the neighbourhood.

On the day following the particular issue, the editor was surprised to receive a copy of his paper, together with an indignantly-worded letter from the aforementioned general.

"To refer to me, sir," the letter began, "as 'the hero of a hundred fights and a bottle-scarred veteran,' is an insult such as I have never experienced in the whole of my thirty years' service."

The editor sighed, and glanced at the copy inclosed. Too true! There, underlined in blood red, was the very phrase to which the general had referred. So, snatching up a pen, the editor resigned himself to a letter of apology, in which such terms as "an unfortunate printer's error" stood out conspicuously, and concluded by promising an apology and correction in the next issue.

Thus appeased, the general awaited the appearance of the corrected edition. It came that evening, and the hero "of a hundred fights" read these lines:

"We much regret to announce that a most unfortunate error crept into our 'Appreciation of General Sir Hubert L——.' In it we referred to the gallant officer as 'the hero of a hundred fights and a bottle-scarred veteran.' We feel quite sure that all our readers must have realised that such an allusion was far indeed from our thoughts. Of course, the passage should have read, 'General Sir Hubert L—— is the hero of a hundred frights and a battle-scared veteran.'"

A double special correction in the same journal pointed out that the "r" was superfluous in the word "frights," and, of course, should have been placed instead in the word "scared."

Lighthouses.

The first lighthouse ever erected for the benefit of mariners is believed to be that built by the famous architect Sostratus, by command of Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt. It was built near Alexandria, on an island called Pharos, and there was expended upon it about eight hundred talents, or over £200,000.

Ptolemy has been much commended by some ancient writers for his liberality in allowing the architect to inscribe his name instead of his own. The inscription reads: "Sostratus, son of Dexiphanes, to the protecting deities, for the use of seafaring people." This tower was deemed one of the seven wonders of the world and was thought of sufficient grandeur to immortalize the builder.

It appears from Lucian, however, that Ptolemy does not deserve any praise for disinterestedness on this score, or Sostratus any great praise for his honesty, as it is stated that the latter, to engross in after times the glory of the structure, caused the inscription with his own name to be carved in the marble, which he afterward covered with lime and thereon put the King's name. In process of time the lime decayed, and the inscription on the marble alone remained.

A Neat Reply.

Here is an anecdote once related by Herbert Spencer—who, by the way, was rather heavy in hand when he undertook to play story teller. Apropos of Huxley's humour he described a dinner of distinguished authors:—

Over their cigarettes they fell to discussing their various methods of commencing to write.

One said he wrote and wrote, tore up, then wrote again, and so on.

George Lewes, who was present, looked surprised, and then cried out:

"Oh, I'm not like that. I commence to write at once, directly the pen is in my hand. In fact, boil at a low temperature."

"Indeed," cut in Mr Huxley, "that is very interesting, for, as you know, to boil at a low temperature implies a vacuum in the upper region."

Lewes himself was the first to lead the shout of laughter which of course greeted this clever repartee.

ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES

PAT'S BLESSING.

A visitor to Ireland was bidding farewell, and said to an attendant:

"Good-bye, Pat."

"Good-bye, yer honour. May Heaven bless you, and may every hair of your head be a candle to light your soul to glory."

"Well, Pat," he said, showing him a bald pate, "when that time comes there won't be much of a torchlight procession."

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WHAT THE GROCER COULD DO.

Johnny's grandpa was explaining to Johnny about a conjuror he had seen, and about the wonderful tricks he did, and finished up by telling him of the hat-trick—how this man could bring oranges, eggs, and fancy boxes all out of an empty hat. Johnny wondered, but then said quickly:

Grandpa, that is nothing to what the grocer up our street can do."

"Why, Johnny, what can he do?"

"Oh, he can give us the 1/10 and 1/6 butter all out of the same tub."

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AN ARTIST'S EXCUSE.

Lady (who has pestered artist with questions for hours): "All your marine pictures represent the sea as being calm. Why don't you paint a storm once in a while?"

Artist: "We painters in oil can't paint a storm. I have often outlined a storm on the canvas, but as soon as I begin to spread on the oil-colours the waves subside, and the sea becomes as calm as a duck-pond."

Lady: "Well, I've read about the effect oil has in calming the waves, but I had no idea it was so effective as all that."

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WHY HE FAILED.

A Volunteer was endeavouring in vain to stop the encroachment of a stout gentleman during a procession.

"I tell you I can't get back," said the trespasser; "the crowd's pushing me forward."

Then an officer came along.

"Won't get back? Make him," said he. "Put the butt of your rifle in his chest. Don't tell me you can't; you are the stronger man of the two."

The private hesitated.

"Yes, sir; I know I'm the stronger man," he said. Then desperately he added: "But he's my employer, sir."

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A LESSON IN BOXING.

"What are you going to do, John?" asked Mrs McFazzle, as her husband unwrapped a pair of boxing-gloves.

"I'm going to give Johnny some lessons in self-defence," he answered. "Every boy should know how to take care of himself in an emergency. Come on, Johnny, I won't hurt you."

Twenty minutes later Mr McFazzle returned with his hand on his face.

"Get me a piece of raw meat to put on my eye, and the arnica bottle."

"Why, you don't mean to say that Johnny——"

"No, I don't; of course I don't. Johnny's sittin' out in the garden now in sorrow and repentance. I've discovered that the only way to teach that boy is with a strap."

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JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

A young and well-dressed woman entered Charing Cross Telegraph Office the other day, and wrote out a dispatch to be sent to Manchester. She read it over, reflected for a moment, and then dropped it on the floor and wrote a second. This she also threw away, but was satisfied with the third and sent it off. The three telegrams read:

1. Never let me hear from you again!
2. No one expects you to return!
3. Come home, dearest—all is forgiven!

WHY CABBY WEPT.

A cabman once drove a lady and her little girl from Euston to Charing Cross. On the way a particle of dust entered the eye of the driver, causing him considerable annoyance.

On arriving at their destination the lady gave the cabby just the bare fare, and then, this being the first opportunity the cabman had, he took out his handkerchief and attempted to extract the cause of his pain.

The little girl, perceiving this, spoke a few words to her mother, and then ran back to the Jehu, saying:

"Please, cabby, mother says you are not to cry; here is another sixpence."

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NEVER AGAIN.

There is a certain judge who rather prides himself on his vast and varied knowledge of law. The other day he was compelled to listen to a case that had been brought up from a lower court.

The young practitioner who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious. He brought in all the elementary text-books, and quoted the fundamental propositions of the law. At last the judge thought it was time to make an effort to hurry him up.

"Can't we assume," he said blandly, "that the Court knows a little law itself?"

"That's the very mistake I made in the lower court," answered the young man. "I don't want to let it defeat me twice."

Yet it did.

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AN UNPRINCELIKE PROCEEDING.

When George IV. was Prince Regent he visited Doncaster, and at the time His Royal Highness was suffering from a cold.

One day the Royal party were showing themselves to the people from the balcony.

"Which is the Prince? I must see the Prince!" cried an excited old Yorkshire woman who had come to see the first gentleman in Europe.

"That's him," said a bystander, pointing upwards, "him with a handkerchief in his hand."

"Him!" cried the old lady in profound contempt. "That the Prince? Why, he blows his own nose!"

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SERVED HIM RIGHT.

A man went into a furniture dealer's the other day and asked to be shown a certain thing labelled 10/6.

"Really," exclaimed the shopkeeper, "there must be a mistake."

"I can't help that," exclaimed the man, "it's your fault if you've put the wrong price on it."

"Excuse me, I—"

"No, I shan't excuse you. Show me the article."

After seeing it, he bought it and went away satisfied.

"Well," said the shopman, "that is a good 'un. I put a 10/6 label on by mistake when it ought to have been 5/6."

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OUR LANGUAGE AGAIN.

A Spaniard entered a chemist's shop the other day and startled the assistant by remarking: "I vant somethings for a cow."

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed the astonished shopman.

"I haf a cow—a bad cow!" replied the excited foreigner.

"I think you want a veterinary surgeon, don't you?" asked the chemist.

"Ah! you not understand. I haf a cow in my chest—you hear? See!"

"Oh, I understand—a cough!" replied the chemist. "Of course I can give you something for that."

The puzzled foreigner is still wondering why, if b-o-u-g-h is pronounced "bow," c-o-u-g-h doesn't spell "cow."

Books and Bookmen

"A DARK LANTERN." Elizabeth Robins; William Heinman, London.

That this novel has been written by one of the feminine sex is written large all over it. Yet it is so admirably written that one regrets that the writer, like so many of her sex in the literary field, should (to use a nautical phrase) sail the boat "Reserve" so close to the wind as to make it an almost impossible feat for it ever to make port again. The sensational, problematical, and analytical novel we have had ad nauseam, the vivisectional is a little too much. The story opens where Katharine Dereham, fresh from her French Convent, is making her debut in society at a large party given by Lady Peterborough, her godmother, with whom she has lived as an adopted daughter since the death of her mother, and during the protracted absence of her father, Colonel Dereham, who is stationed with his regiment in India. Lady Peterborough is a great leader of the society known in London as the Upper Smart Set. Several Royal ties have honoured Lady Peterborough with their presence on this occasion; amongst them Prince Anton Waldenstein, who is presented by Lady Peterborough to Katharine.

"My god-daughter, your Highness," Lady Peterborough had said hurriedly, and turned to see who next, after her Grace of Lancaster, should be allowed a word with the Princess.

The foreigner, hardly looking, bowed with German military precision, and then his eye suddenly fixed. "Oh," he said, "did I see you—weren't you at the last Drawing-Room?"

"Yes," answered the girl.

"Of course you don't remember me——"

"I do remember you."

"No! where was I?"

"You stood behind the Princess Marie, and your uniform was——"

"So"—which he pronounced "Zo;" with that exception his English was quite unforeign—"So! you did notice," he laughed. "Was that because I stared so?"

"Not all because of that," she smiled back, "though it made me more nervous than ever."

"Were you nervous, then?"

"You saw that I was more nervous than anybody—that was why you——" she hesitated.

"Why I stared so?" he asked, amused.

"——why you laughed. It wasn't very nice of you."

"Upon my word, I didn't guess the least in the world that you were nervous. You seemed unusually composed."

"Then why did you laugh?" she demanded.

As he stood silent looking at her and still smiling, "Ah!" she said quite low, flushing on a sudden—— "Something was wrong! Of course I thought of that. But it was too late to help it. . . . and I've never known what it was." She seemed to wait.

"What it was?" he repeated.

"Yes, what was wrong."

"Will you dance?" he asked, quickly looking round as the first bars of a waltz sounded from the ball-room.

"No, I won't dance. Nor laugh, nor speak, nor eat ever again!" she said tragi-comically.

"What! You don't mean to take me to supper?" He leaned against the wall and contemplated her. While one of the suite, also detached, stood near talking with Bishop Brailton, the crowd round the rest of the royal party—little inner circle and larger one outside—all moved slowly away towards the small drawing-room off the ball-room, and the unfeatured mob flowed in between.

"It was something—something"—she was very serious now, and the school-girl look was gone, but school-girl words were on her lips—"something you don't like to tell me." As still he made no answer: "Something too dreadful to put into words."

"Quite too shocking," he assured her.

But the brutality of that nerved her. "Nobody else seems to have noticed that I did anything odd."

"Oh, they spare your feelings." She glanced up at him half laughing, half dismayed. Then, gravely recalling other testimony—"They said my curtsey was all——"

"Oh, yes, that was all——"

"And I didn't get tangled up in my train!"

"No-o," he said, still seeming to enjoy some malicious remembrance.

"Which was it?" she said uncertainly, "my feathers or my hair that was wrong?"

"Nothing wrong with your hair," he said, looking at it in such a way as to recall her from that wonderful day of the Drawing-Room to the yet more vivid present. She grew a little confused under his bold admiration, but making a clutch at self-possession

"Come, then," she said, seeing that the royal party with Lady Peterborough and a favoured few had disappeared in the direction of the music—"after all, I see it will be best to drown the memory of that Drawing-Room."

"I shall remember it always," he whispered, as they joined the dancers.

He had to take a lady of high degree down to supper, but audaciously he telegraphed "be sorry for me," and though the young debutante smiled back radiant, she felt the occurrence to be in the nature of a loss almost too heavy for "seventeen and a bit" to bear.

And still the pain of it was a thing nearer far to joy than any other gladness she yet had known. For did it not have its centre and its source in this gay and gracious, gently mocking, utterly beguiling soldier, who smiled your heart out of your breast, and left in its place a strange sharp rapture that now and then, as you tested its edge, took the breath like a rapier thrust—pricking you to a sense of life, beside which all the days before were as dead, and confined and without memorial?

The night wore on in a dream. The debutante danced, and laughed, and learned through one avenue and another that no coming out for "long and long" had been so brilliant. Lady Peterborough was told that her god-daughter would be the rage—"She has a something——" "She is apart——" "She will set a new fashion in beauty." And all the while the little school-girl, who should perhaps have been tucked up in bed, was thinking with thumping pulses, "Does he like my hair? Will he ever forget whatever the dreadful thing was at the Drawing-Room? Yes, he certainly likes my hair—— Oh, but when he smiles!"

He danced only once again with her, and at the cost of Bertie Amherst's waltz, too, so slow had this Prince Anton of Breitenlohe-Waldenstein been to realise how all the men were asking her "keep one for me."

While they danced, he asked her if she was to be at the State Concert. And he looked as if life hung upon her "yes."

She was coming? Ah, then, "at the Concert——"

Was it a great swelling roar of music and of laughter, that filled her ears like the sea—no, hush! it was the sound of her own blood beating in her ears.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"Say?"

"Yes, about the Concert."

"Why, that we shall meet." Then, as she kept looking down and said no word: "I suppose you don't care about that?" Still the eyelids were unlifted, and the waltz swayed them like an outside power to which neither in the least contributed, only lent themselves in a mood of rapturous yielding. "But I care," he whispered, as if the long pause had not been.

And at the end he only said: "Auf Wiedersehen."

After what seems an eternity to Katharine, the night of the State concert arrives, where, instead of the tete-a-tete she has hoped for she gets only a glimpse of him and a stately bow, and two days later reads in the "Morning Post" that Prince Anton Waldenstein had returned to Schloss-Waldenstein in the Riesengebirge. Soon after this Katharine pays a visit to her father Colonel Dereham, who is now retired and living in London in chambers, and is taken by him to an "At Home" at Lady Wick's, the widow of the Mayor of a provincial town who had received Knighthood. Here she meets Garth Vincent, who tells her he has seen her at the opera a year before. Garth Vincent is totally different to any man she has ever met, and while Katharine does not exactly like him, thinks him interesting, and likens his face to a dark lantern. She is rather disconcerted when Vincent asks her for her town address, which she gives as Hill-street, Colonel Dereham's address. Vincent calls, and is told by the servant that Katharine's real home is with the Peterboroughs. He calls there, and is made to feel keenly the distance between the Peterborough's world and his, and is dismissed, seemingly, finally. There is an amusing description given of the society at Lady Wick's, which is a good many stratas below that of the Peterboroughs. Three years later Katharine (who has never forgotten him) meets Prince Anton in Rome, where he renews his suit so publicly and persistently that society begins to couple their names adversely, there being no announcement of their engagement. Prince Anton then makes a proposal to Katharine, which she in her innocence does not understand, and asks for time to prepare her trousseau. A day or two later comes a note of farewell, "I must report myself at Berlin."

She wrote to him anxious but trusting little letters, and got back tardy, noncommittal answers that any eye might see. Without a doubt, Kitty thought, he was in some trouble, family or State. Being who he was, he was one of those few to whom no general rule applies. This thought was the key to her whole relation to him.

But, oh, the waiting was hard. Eight months dragged by.

She wrote to him, enclosing her latest photograph. Was he going to Rome again this spring, or would London see him? And would he send her the long-promised picture of himself?

He would "bring it," came the glorious answer.

And in April he did. If he had had "trouble," no hint of it hung about him now. Nor yet about his picture, a delightful water-colour sketch doing the Prussian uniform gay justice, and the handsome face no less.

And he was just the same. No, more adorable—and again the sun shone and all the waiting and the Winter were forgot.

Just one cloud on the horizon that Kitty's eyes could see. Colonel Dereham was ill; certainly too "seedy" at present to pay his respects to, or even to receive the Prince of Breitenlohe-Waldenstein. His old occasional headaches were grown chronic. There were times when the girl became a prey to fears too dark for formulating—days when he shut himself up and refused to see her, or even Mrs Heathcote. For as time went on there was less ceremony about this friendship. But when he did re-appear, although he sometimes looked ill enough, still he was usually cheerful, in his old light way, and his daughter would be reassured. He had an inveterate dislike to explanations, or any sort oof soul-searching. If he resented the asking of questions, even by Kitty, he certainly seldom put them himself. The more striking, therefore, his unprefaced demand one day—

"When are you going to marry?"

"Why, I . . . I don't know."

"Don't they ask you?—the idiots."

"Not all of the idiots, father dear."

"Humph! I know of three who do."

"Do you?" a little wickedly. "I wonder if I know them."

"Bertie Amherst, Sir Philip Craybourne, and Hastings."

"Oh, those——"

"Well, what are you waiting for? Aren't they splendid enough for you?"

"They aren't so very splendid."

"They're three of the best matches in England."

"Y-yes, I suppose they are."

"You're waiting to fall in love, I suppose."

"Oh, no"—a little guiltily—"I'm not waiting for that."

"For what then?"

She stood silent.

How could she say for what she was waiting?

"I don't think it will do you any good, Kitty" (he was uncommonly serious for him)—"to have people saying you are keeping up a desperate flirtation with Breitenlohe-Waldenstein."

"Do you hear people say so?" Unconsciously her emphasis measured great distance, for the Heathcote woman held the farther end of the tape.

"Well, they do. And it's the second season they've said so. Won't do you any good, my dear."

Another time when some society paper reported at length a bal masque at Peterborough House, with a significant reference to Prince Anton and Miss Dereham as Lancelot of the Lake and the lily maid of Astolat: "I don't know what that old Peterborough woman is thinking about," repeated Colonel Dereham with an ill-humour very unusual in the most amiable of men.

More to the point was what Lord Peterborough thought. For the first time in thirty years he precipitated a scene with his wife. It ended stormily. He would speak to Waldenstein. That threat reduced Lady Peterborough to terms. Let him wait for twenty-four hours. It was far easier to wait than to forge ahead. The huge effort had exhausted the old man's scant energy. Yes, he would wait twenty-four hours.

He and Katharine avoided each other. She knew he disapproved of her, and he knew she knew. No need of words there.

But between Waldenstein and Lady Peterborough, a long conference behind closed doors. Again after dinner she took him away to her boudoir to show him some of her new findings. But almost at once a servant came to Katharine in the drawing-room: "Her ladyship asks you, please, to bring her your book, miss—the book that came home from the binders yesterday."

"Which one? Oh, the Prosper Merimee?"

"Yes, miss," said the footman, relieved at not having to tackle the name. Kitty went with the volume in her hand to the pink and white room opening on to the conservatory. Only Anton was there. She hesitated on the threshold.

"I had a message from——"

"Yes, it's all right." He drew her in and shut the door—looked at her a moment, coming closer as he did so, till suddenly he caught her to him. His action had the air of an overmastering impulse. Yet he was not so carried away but he could wonder, as his arms closed round her, where she got her flame-like uprightness—there seemed nothing firm enough in her physique to serve as framework for so tall, reed-straight a creature. She was one of those girls whose slender bones seem to lack hardness while they have elasticity. He laid a hand on her waist—absurdly small. Wrists so slight; and all so pliant. The youngness of her was like the youngness of a child. He kissed her.

"Why did you leave me, if you love me like this?" she whispered. "You've never told me why."

"It was because I loved you like this that I left you."

"I don't understand the least in the world."

"No, dear angel, of course you don't. Dear, dear little innocent!" He kissed the hand on his sleeve, lifted the other, took the green and silver book out of her grasp, laid it on the writing-table, and fell to kissing the small fingers that had held it, kissing them one by one. "But Lady Peterborough understands perfectly. Ah, that's a clever woman. But then she knows the life. You see, my beautiful, there have been great difficulties." Just as she had guessed: "You can't conceive what huge difficulties—Lady Peterborough realises."

"Yes, yes," the girl protested, "I can understand all that better than you think."

He had put her into a great chair and sat upon the arm, drawing her close against him. "Well, if you can understand, so much the better. It hasn't been easy. Far from it."

"Dear Anton," she murmured. He had gone through harassing scenes at Waldenstein for her sake—perhaps, who knows, they are making him leave the army; even give up his rank! "Tell me about it," she whispered.

"Well——" but he fell to murmuring endearments in caressing German. Suddenly he got up and ran his white fingers through his upstanding brush of yellow hair. "I'm frightfully in love, you know," he said argumentatively. She smiled. Did he think it necessary to point that out? "They'll say I've lost my head." (Poor Prince! to have even at this moment to think of "they.") "My only defence is: I can't help it. C'est plus fort que moi. I can't let you go."

"Of course not."

"No, it isn't exactly 'of course,'" he said, smiling; "but I can't let you go." Again he kissed her: brow, eyes, "Mondwinkel." "But you'll understand and make things easy—help me all you can."

"Indeed I will."

"You won't forget that I've made great sacrifices for your sake——"

"I will never forget that."

He stood directly under the electric light by the great green marble mantelpiece. His fine fresh-coloured complexion steamed pink and satiny in the strong illumination; his hair looked like spun glass, and the defiant upturned moustache, catching the downward flooding light, seemed more metallic-golden than ever.

And he loved her—he was her knight, this splendid creature.

"The great thing (you'll agree with me in this, my beautiful) is to have no delay."

"No."

"And you—you'll like living in Hungary?" he asked, after a second's hesitation.

"I shan't mind where we live." As he looked at her reflectively she added: "But it would be delightful to be part of the year at Waldenstein, wouldn't it?"

"No," he said with decision. "It's no use to begin that——"

"Our English Princess is so seldom there."

"But my mother is always."

"Won't she like me?"

Transported to the Waldenstein circle, he answered absently, "She may not care about—about this kind of arrangement."

The girl half rose. "What is it you mean, what 'arrangement?'"

"Why, a—what I'm proposing. A private marriage. Something in her eyes made him add hurriedly: "You said you could understand my position."

"You—you mean 'private' just for the present—till you are able to announce it?"

"My dear child, you see unfortunately, you aren't—you have every grace except rank. We can't get over that."

"Can't get over it?"

"No. And we, in Germany, are great sticklers for——"

"But you said—oh, what was it you said?—the great huge difficulties were got over. What did you mean? Please, please speak plain. I—it hurts me so dreadfully——"

She stood up, facing him with bewildered eyes.

"It's all right," he said soothingly, with a hand out to bring her back: "I shall always love you best."

She drew away shaking with a sudden cold excitement. "Does a private marriage with me mean——"

"Everybody will understand it's all right," he repeated. "Nobody will think any the less——. Why, it's been done in your own Royal Family."

"You don't mean—Anton, say you don't mean I may live to see another woman your real wife."

"If ever—probably never—in any case you would be my real wife, too."

"Too! Too!"

Devil take the unlucky little word, he thought. It stung like a wasp.

She had shrunk back from it away, away to the middle of the room, with both hands up, barrier-wise, to shield her wound; and a pitiful young face looked over, only half crediting the extent of her hurt.

"Don't look like that," he prayed; "you make me miserable."

As slowly, doubtfully, he came towards her with out-stretched hand, his signet caught the light. Her wide eyes fixed upon it. Old words rose up above the chaos in her mind: "Knight, thou hast done thyself great folly, for this shield ought not to be borne, but by him that shall have no peer that liveth."

"—— you make me miserable," he was saying.

"I—I don't want to make you miserable 'too.'" Her voice was so faint, he was afraid she was going to faint. "Don't," she cried, shrinking, and with eyes still fixed on the ring, as though it emitted an evil spell newly apprehended. "I—I was 'all right,' as you're learned to say—I—I—— Oh, I wish I had died last year."

She fled from the room.

Next day Prince Anton calls. Katharine refuses to see him then or ever again. The following summer a marriage is announced between Prince Anton and his second cousin, Duchess Margaretha of

Hildesheim. Several years later Katharine and Prince Anton meet face to face in Paris. Rumour had of late linked Anton's name with that of Madame Baria (the great singer). Later he tells Katharine that his wife has gone off in a frantic rage to her brother in Pomerania, and means to divorce him. He also tells her that his amour with Madame Baria has been conducted with a view to that end. Now, did Katharine understand? Katharine understood so well that next day she left her godmother behind in Paris and joined Lord Peterborough in Devonshire.

Anton, not daring to follow her there, rained upon her such Liebesbriefe as only a German can write. Not merely mixing reverence with passion, others have mastery of that craft, but conveying what he would with a naïve simplicity, a naked directness, as electric as disarming. An effect, this, due chiefly to the language in which he wrote, lending itself to that combination of the raw truth that goes home, and the sentimental that sounds so much more possible in German than in English—poetising, philosophising, appealing with every practised phrase of the man who has made this theme his study as well as his pastime. The same letters in English would have missed their mark; spoiled by that shrinking of the heart from the phrase-worn commonplace, its significance chiefly ironic, reminiscent of long abuse. The old things said in another tongue came charged with the excitement of discovery, wearing a freshness as of Eden.

And he made good his claim to being more than a soldier. Not only sent her books as time went on, wrote about them pertinently. In his more impassioned moods, made and sent dedicated to her little Gedichte, that because they were not notably bad seemed brilliant.

But for all their hitting the mark, Liebesbriefe and Gedichte got for their return:

"It is no use. I wonder at your lack of knowledge of womankind. This 'kind' of woman, you should know, I am not."

And again:

"Your Highness is very daring. You will even be writing to me of Tugend as well as of Liebe. I do not know if 'Virtue' is as strong in me as Pride. I only know that, although my feeling about you keeps me from anyone else, it will equally keep me from you."

"Until the divorce!" he interpreted by return with the comment: "Strange what cruelty so gentle a being can wilfully inflict." In each after letter confident reference to the divorce. Then proceedings were already instituted.

Anton finds a great ally in Lady Peterborough, who has all along been in favour of the morganatic marriage, telling Katharine that they had an illustrious example in their own Royal family, totally over-looking the fact that while one was a marriage of love in the highest sense of the word, the other was a marriage in which no feeling was, on his side at least, except that of sensuous gratification, only to be obtained through the portals of lawful marriage, after every unlawful means had failed. News from time to time reached her privately of the progress of the divorce, and tired at last of the importunities of Lady Peterborough and Prince Anton, she consents to go with Lady Peterborough to Berlin to meet Anton. In Berlin Lady Peterborough receives a letter from Anton, saying that he regrets not being in Berlin to receive her, and suggesting that she and Miss Dereham should come two-thirds of the way the following day by train to meet himself and his cousin (Graf Wilhelm) for half a day's coaching in the Sachische Schweiz. They go, and after the drive are taken to Wilhelmsruhe, the seat of the Graf, to see his art treasures, and drink Russian caravan tea. After tea Anton proposed to show Katharine the Porcelain Room, Lady Peterborough being left behind to be entertained by Graf Wilhelm. He leaves the room to find out the hour at which their train starts for Berlin, and in his absence the servant brings in the evening mail. He drops a letter by accident at Lady Peterborough's feet, addressed (in a beautifully clear feminine hand) to Prince Anton, and on Lady Peterborough asking him if he had ever seen the hand-writing before, tells her that it is the hand-writing of Princess Margaretha, who writes to the Prince every day, and is wretched if she does not receive one in return. In a flash Lady Peterborough sees that there has never been any question of divorce, and that Anton's story of the divorce proceedings has been a tissue of lies from beginning to end, in order to obtain Katharine's consent to what would have proved a mock marriage. Now, Lady Peterborough, though steeped in worldliness, was not a wicked woman, and she resents in every fibre of her body the great wrong that was to be done to Katharine. The moment the Graf returned she demanded Katharine's presence, and the carriage to take them to the station, but is told that Anton and Miss Dereham are gone out to see the cathedral. Lady Peterborough leaves for the station, and insists on calling at the cathedral en route. Not finding Katharine either there or at the station, she goes back to Wilhelmsruhe, and declares her intention of not leaving that place until she sees Anton and Katharine. In the meantime Anton has been driven to the cathedral with Katharine, but does not attempt to alight. He gives the order "home" to the coachman, and tells him to drive to the clock tower entrance. They reach it, and Katharine is taken upstairs to a small room, lamp lit and luxuriously furnished.

"I want to hear——" she began.

The faint scent that always clung about him — tobacco, Russian leather, and some discreet hint of flowers—came towards her like a tide. It closed about her.

"It is settled at last!" he said.

"The divorce?"

"That you are mine."

"Then the divorce is granted."

He stopped her mouth with kissing. Even in that headlong moment, the horrible intuitiveness of woman descended on her like a curse—or like some blessing won through anguish. As she lay that moment passive in his arms, the great struggle of her life went forward in her soul: "He has been deceiving me!" The old turmoil of the mind that a lie, or even dread of lies, produced in her, gave her the sense that all the securities of life must failed her, all standards were in the dust.

If this man did not speak true, then was chaos come. The main fact of existence was not that she was shut in here alone with him—not that he was every second nearer losing what was left of self-command—these things were obscured by the horror of "the lies." But where was her own quick sense of truth? Why was she taking so meanly its betrayal? And with a shuddering distinctness she saw why it was that she was lamed.

Truth violated even in the secret places of the heart may be trusted to wreak this revenge, deadening perception, hampering revolt. And in the secretest place of all, Katharine Dereham had known. "I have felt it coming all the afternoon: each turn of his thought, each rush, and each recoil and doubling—deep down in my heart, fathoms below admission even to myself, I have been conscious of it all. No innocent maiden trapped. His accomplice, I."

Yet for all the moment's rude unveiling of herself to herself, she saw in flashes pictures of a Katharine Dereham who should play at being caught, stand a sympathetic figure in the general eye while she tasted the sweet of yielding.

"Anton," she said, "the divorce is not granted."

"She is Catholic," he whispered thickly, holding her closer and looking into her face with half-shut eyes.

"She is right. And the Church is right, and you and I are wrong, all wrong, Anton." She spoke monotonously, with filling eyes. He laid his face on hers. She drew away, but gently.

"It would have been kinder to write me the truth to England," she said.

"You and I would not be here if I'd done that."

"No—and I at least would have been spared some of this pain." She turned blindly to the door. A quick movement, and he interposed between her outstretched, shaking hand and the high-up ancient latch of heavy iron.

"There is no time for more now," she said. "I will go back to Lady Peterborough."

"No!"

"Oh, yes——"

"I do not mean you to go back." She opened her lips. He stopped her. "You don't in your heart want to."

"Lady Peterborough——"

"Lady Peterborough has gone."

"She would never do that."

"I tell you she has gone without you. On my honour" (Katharine shivered) "she is gone."

She sat down in the nearest chair, staring at the lamp. Although he came and knelt beside her, his low words seemed to reach her from a long way off things he had never dared to say plainly before, about the consecration of a great love, about the holiness of freedom in these high affairs. "Petty middle-class principles" had no application to people such as they.

"I seem to see," she said at last, "how well you have prepared me to hear all this. Little by little, since we met in Rome, you have—— No, why should I blame you? It is myself who is to blame, for letting go, one by one, the things that—that I believe I cannot live without, Anton."

"What things?"

She shook her head slowly, and the tears rose again to her eyes.

"You can't give them to me, after all." She drew her hands away from under his lips, and, crying softly, she rose up. Not seeing the door for tears, she yet moved towards it.

"Hush! stop! You don't understand; one must speak so carefully. You are lifted up or hurled down with a phrase. I saw you shrink when I said how easily that "marrying with the left hand" could be done to-morrow. I meant to-night—and what's in the left hand less than in the right——" he took her shaking fingers away from the high latch.

"No, no, you must not touch me. I—I can't think when you do." But his arms were round her. That he did not kiss the face was because the face was hidden. Over the bowed head he poured out an excited torrent half in German, half in English—his boundless devotion; his loyalty, that being the man he was, no witnessed vow nor legal form could ever hope to coerce, but that she, the lady for ever remant in his heart, would find her vassal and her slave—— As suddenly she lifted her white face, and looked at him, he recoiled: "No, no!" he exclaimed, as if she had spoken—and then on a lower note, "You are a statue—not a woman."

They stood there breathing quickly in the silence, looking in each other's eyes.

Then, muttering something in German she did not catch, he set his broad back against the oaken door, and looked down upon her with every feature set.

She came closer. He did not move an eyelash.

"Open the door," she said.

"Do you imagine for a moment that I shall?"

"It is impossible for you to keep me here against my will."

"You speak as though such a thing had never been done."

"It never has been. Not"—the trembling lips smiled faintly—"not since woman realised——"

"I am better informed. I know of cases."

She winced inwardly. Baria, one? Oh, no, she were the Prince's favour like a jewel or a feather. But had some other confronted him here in the tower—or elsewhere heard these words? The sense of moral sickness made her physically faint.

"You have not known a case like this. Not where the woman really did not want to stay." She interrupted his prompt asseveration. "Oh, yes, where she pretended—pretended very well. But not really wanted to—meant to go, as I do."

He only shifted his position slightly, leaning more heavily on the door. Standing so, looking at each other, they heard steps. Anton turned sharply, and held a hand ready to shoot the heavy bolt.

"If you do that," said Katharine very low, "I shall call out."

"Anton!" Graf Wilhelm's voice pitched cautiously.

"Well."

"Come here. I must speak to you."

An instant's reflection, and Prince Anton opened the door a few inches, standing with hand upon the latch and face to the intruder. Katharine never moved from behind the door—every sense strained to make effectual use of the interruption.

Graf Wilhelm's whisper, perturbed, angry, reached her distinctly, as he jerked out in indignation German: " . . . the devil to pay downstairs. She refused to go without Miss . . She has insisted on returning here."

"Good God!" the Prince ejaculated under his breath.

"She is questioning the servants," the man outside added in growing agitation. "You mustn't expect me——"

"What on earth are you talking about?" the Prince's words were addressed to Graf Wilhelm—but they merely marked time. The real question was put when the hand, dropped from the latch, was held out in silent appeal to the woman behind the door—the fingers groping and trying to fasten on her arm. She seemed not so much to refuse as not to notice that vain asking for connivance—for courage to carry the fight to a finish.

Katharine came quietly round behind the Prince, and over his shoulder nodded to the man without.

"Already train time is it?" she asked in even tones.

At sound of her voice Prince Anton drew himself up suddenly another man.

"I am sorry if we have kept Lady Peterborough waiting," he said. "We will come at once."

Shortly after this Lady Peterborough dies, and Katharine goes abroad with Lord Peterborough. Her views have changed considerably, and she often finds herself regretting Lady Wick, or rather that strata of society to which Lady Wick belongs. She has, in addition to finding Anton worthless, the horror to discover that her father is a confirmed slave to opium. Much that before had been mysterious is now clear to her, and the shock, acting on an already weakened nervous system, almost brings her to a state of dissolution. At this stage she is persuaded by her friend, Mrs Bruton, to consult Garth Vincent, the great nerve specialist. She does so, and is ordered the rest cure, which means in her case six weeks' entire isolation from every living soul except doctor and nurse. No letters, newspapers, or indeed any news of the outside world is to reach her. The decription of Garth Vincent, as the professional man, the nurses, and the routine of the six weeks, is more than ordinarily interesting. Sufficient it is to say that the cure is a success, and Katharine at the end of her convalescence finds herself in love with the once-despised Garth Vincent. She also finds that Lord Peterborough has died, and her father re-married. Though left very wealthy, with renewed health and beauty, and numbers of true friends, Katharine feels more keenly than even that no true women's life can be perfect without its crown of love. Though Garth Vincent has never ceased to love her, he is thoroughly determined that she shall, to use a figure of speech, be brought to her knees to him before he lifts her up to walk with him hand in hand to the end of their life's journey. When a woman is in love she may be said to live on her knees, and so it was not very long before Garth and Katharine were married. Commonly speaking, everything is over to the looker on when the hero and heroine of a story are married. But to the married, life is only just beginning. Just as the grape with its delicate bloom is gathered, put through the press, and after the fining process, emerges wine, the quality of which is determined first by the soundness of the raw material, and the care with which the various constituents are commingled—so is the life of two made one. After their marriage, Garth Vincent—now Sir Garth—and Katharine go back to London, where little by little Sir Garth sees Katharine slipping back again to her old friends and world, in which he has no place. He becomes furiously jealous of Lord Falconbridge, an old friend of her youth. Katharine has written poetry, all her life, more or less. Of this Sir Garth is unaware, and one day finds her showing a certain white vellum book (which he has always seen locked) to Lord Falconbridge, and is furious that he, Lord Falconbridge, should be allowed to see what had hitherto been kept secret from him. Things go from bad to worse with them, and one day, Katharine returns to find that Sir Garth has sent her baby away, with its nurse. She follows it to High Winstone, where Sir Garth has a house, only to find that Sir Garth has suddenly re-called child and nurse to town. Mrs Bruton, her friend, lives quite close to High Winstone, where she is now entertaining a large house party, to which Katharine has been invited, but has refused from motives of expediency. But now she determines to go there, but had scarcely arrived when she hears Sir Garth's voice asking for her in the hall. Katharine is afraid, and her friends deny her presence there, and Sir Garth, unbelieving, starts for home. Katharine, in the meanwhile, has left by another gate, and is being driven home in Lord Falconbridge's car, trusting to reach there before Sir Garth. She does, and gives her maid instructions to tell Sir Garth that she cannot see him until morning. Then she went to her room.

On the dressing-table lay the white vellum book, wrenched and marred, the lock broken off.

Well, he had seen the Baby's Songs—what then? Why was she trembling? It was as if some of the heat and tumult of the passion with which he had torn the book lingered yet about the ruined thing to touch her with contagion. She could see him doing this. His bootless errands to London, and to Little Matley, would not have made him gentler. Oh, why had she fled away? She might have known it would only make things worse. "I must keep my head," she said to herself as she hid the shattered book in a drawer. "I may have to save him from himself to-night. To-night? No!" her nerves cried out. "To-morrow. He would see clearer then." She crossed the room to bolt the door, paused, listened, opened it cautiously, went out and stood at the top of the stairs. All quiet. She went back and rang her bell.

"Was the octagon room got ready for the nurse?"

"Yes, m' lady," said the sleepy maid.

"Take Sir Garth's things in there. Ask him, when he comes, please not to disturb me. I hardly slept last night."

"He's gone to London, m' lady——"

"Just move his things and quickly. I am very tired."

For all that, when the maid at last was gone, and the doors locked and bolted, Katharine did not go to bed, did not even undress. She turned out the blazing light, drew up the blinds, and sat by the open window facing the gate. The time dragged leaden. Surely he ought to be back by now. The sleepy maid would be giving in to weariness. He might not get the message——

She left the window and threw herself on the bed. Vividly a vision of him stamped itself upon the dark, Garth as he had stood there that morning at the foot of the bed, his quick brown fingers moving in that horrible way, and his slow lips saying: "If you did I don't know what might come."

Hush! was that a horse galloping? "I'd think that must be Garth if I didn't know he had the dog-cart." While she listened for wheels, the moments passed.

More than once she said to herself, "I must keep my head." The sense was all about her of impending horror. She sat up suddenly. Someone was moving in the house. Not he, for she would have heard him driving in at the gate.

The handle of the door turned. She held her breath.

"Open the door!" he said.

She had meant to answer, if at all, quietly, from the bed, but the voice brought her to her feet, carried her across the room.

"Wait till morning, Garth."

"Open the door!"

Silence. She looked at the bolt, saying to herself, with exultant terror, that it was strong. And still as she stood on the inside, he stood there without, waiting, but straining to send every sense through the barrier between them.

The woman, holding her breath on the other side, felt as if those fierce eyes were forcing sight through the thickness of the wood. The sound of his breathing came to her. Every nerve in her body was conscious of the intensity of his listening.

"Open the door, or I'll——"

She recoiled, and waited rooted there, till she heard his quick step going down the corridor. Thank God! She turned up the light, and with uncertain fingers felt for the clasp of her necklace. At that instant

the dressing-room door was tried — was shaken.

"I shall not open the door till morning——"

Before the words were fairly out, a great noise burst upon the quiet. That sole barrier between her and what was to come, the solid door, shivered and cried out. A sound of crashing and splintering followed hard—a sound to her shrinking nerves as if the very foundations of the house were being broken up, and as by some explosion, scattered to the winds of heaven. With that last harsh splintering, the second of the lower panels gave way. Vincent had stooped and was coming in, head lowered like a bull, red-eyed, maddened. He did not advance upon her, but upon the other door, still locked, bolted, chained; and now his eyes were making circuit of the room.

"What are you looking for?" she said.

He came close. She fell back before his advance, until arrested by his words, for the words were like a cry for help. "Don't ever do it again. Say what you like to me—but don't ever lock me out. It makes me see red!"

Her fictitious strength was suddenly gone. She sank into the chair under the light. As her upturned eyes rested on his tortured face, something strange in experience, something altogether new seized hold on her, and in her heart, which she had hardened, was suddenly like molten wax—for looking in his face was like looking in an open wound. While her wide eyes filled, the form before her that had seemed to her iron and granite made man—slightly it swayed.

"Garth!" She held up her hand.

A ragged, stifled cry came out of his lips, and he was on his knees, his face hidden in her lap. No anger of his had ever seemed to her so terrible as that torn and tortured cry. It was like some convulsion of inanimate Nature, dwarfing the narrow human experience, beggaring her of words, leaving her trembling and dumb. That cry of his still sounded in the silent room. It lived on, long after it had left his lips. It cried again from the cornice. It echoed from window to door. She held her clasped hands shaking to her breast, looking about wildly, as if to find him help. Then as her eyes fell upon the figure crouching at her feet, and she realised him kneeling there like a little child, she began to sob softly above his hidden face. So often she had said in her heart, "If only you really loved me," she never knew that, bending over him now, she said the words aloud, until she heard him answering: "It is because of that. You can say anything you like. Don't lock me out."

"I never will again," she answered, laying her cheek on his hair.

"Garth, I was at Little Matley when you came to-night. I heard you asking . . . . . " Still no sign. "Blanche lied because she thought—she knew, I was afraid."

He repeated: "You were afraid?"

"Oh, yes, I was afraid. I am afraid now; but I have to tell you. It was because I was afraid I came by the old coach road in a motor-car—— Lord Falconbridge brought me home."

"I know he did."

"How could you know?"

"I rode through the wood. I saw you pass."

She waited, knowing that she and the man at her side had skirted disaster close that night.

"Please tell me, have you been jealous, Garth?"

"You haven't thought much about me of late," he said in dogged self-defence—"the nearest you came to that, was to think of the child."

But although it was so untrue, the saying shed a light.

"And through it all"—she framed his face between her hands—"do you mean that you loved me through it all?"

"It's not to be helped that I love you."

She laughed upon the edge of tears.

"Oh, Garth, Garth, there's nobody in all the world, but would think it a disaster to be you or me—and yet how do they, those people who have lived calm, unshaken lives, how can they be sure of each other, as you and I are sure?"

But he had no more words to-night than common.

"If any power but death," she ended softly, "could have parted you and me, we should not be together now."

"No," he said.

"What about the future? when the black moods come again——" She clung closer to him.

"They won't—so long as you make me feel I am near to you. And that no one else is," he added fiercely.

Ah, she was to take care of the Future.

Involuntarily she said, "And the Past?"

That term for him seemed strangely contracted, for like one confidently calling on a witness on his side, "You forget," he said, "the months here before the baby was born?"

"If I have, I never will again," she answered. "The Past," for her, too, should mean that tender, happy time.

After all these months of waiting for him to speak, after being so sure that her love must inevitably win from him the story of those other years—who and where, and how and all the rest—now, waking beside him in the dawn, it suddenly came over her that she should never know these things. He would love her well—of that she was assured—and he was steadfast unto stubbornness. But she would never get him to lift the veil. And for a moment the thought chilled her. But the late realisation of the truth was at last sun-clear. He had none of the artist's reflex pleasure in contemplating himself in pain. His way was to drum the circumstance, and then do all he could to forget it. Even if he remembered, memory would never get so far as speech. If he had few words for present need, he would have none at all for the past. All these weeks in London, she had felt the barrier of the unknown years rise between her and him high, impassable, impregnable—and for a while the barrier had shut out joy. But only for a while. She saw by the light of the new morning that what she had deplored as a flaw in the faith that she hoped to establish between them was no flaw of his making. It was a thing essential, inevitable—part of the human lot. She had thought that other husbands, close to their wives in sympathy and devotion, told them their past. But did they? Not one had told, or could tell everything. To any but the least sensitive, even the vaguest reminder of these things set the nerves jarring. And yet this source of pain lay behind every marriage made late enough to be founded on the rock of proved fitness. Her good fortune it was that Garth would never make those old days live again, by any word of his. They seemed the more securely dead. They were as if they had never been.

Garth Vincent is an uncommon but not an impossible type of character, autocratic, thoroughly truthful, and single minded. Understanding little, and sympathising less with the subtleties of the feminine mind, which is at once their charm and their repulsion—for man—he may be said to be more interesting to read about than easy to live with. But someone has said, "Give me a man," and to that someone may be given Sir Garth. "Put not your trust in princes," is a saying as old as the hills. Prince Anton Waldenstein is a thoroughly despicable character, without a single redeeming feature. To liken him to Machiavelli would be to do Machiavelli injustice, since Machiavelli stooped to duplicity for love of country. Lord Peterborough is a good type of the English aristocrat. His nobility is shown by his refusal to have Katharine made aware that he was about to die, for fear of retarding her recovery. Katharine is a wonderfully strong character of the type that is made perfect through weakness, and in spite of her sufferings one could not wish her different. Brought up amongst people whose highest aim was to kill time, and whose moral code was of the flimsiest, she formed her own ideals and lived up to them as far as was humanly possible, and at last won as great a measure of happiness as is permitted to mortals. Lady Peterborough had all the faults of her class, but redeemed them in part by her loyalty to Katharine when her honour was menaced. The book is so excellently written that one cannot but reiterate the regret that so good a writer should prostitute her talent to the rending of that veil of reserve, and the vivisection of everything her sex holds sacred. DELTA.

THE SIN OF LABAN ROUTH. — Adeline Sergeant. Digby, Long and Co., London.

In these days of complex plot and doubtful moral, it is refreshing to come across this delightfully simple story of sin committed and mercifully condoned. Laban Routh has come into possession of the land he farms by the disinheriting of his elder brother. This brother dies, leaving one girl (Esther), to whom Laban Routh, a hard, dour man, grudgingly gives a home. His two sons, Stephen and Hilary, are both in love with Esther, but it is not until they are grown to manhood that anything like serious rivalry takes place between them. But the winning of an artistic honour by Stephen, which Hilary thinks he has more right to than Stephen, brings matters to a crisis, and ends in a terrible quarrel between the two. This quarrel takes place on the side of a cliff, and in the struggle which ensues Hilary falls over the cliff into the river below. Search is made for his body, but it cannot be found, and Stephen, in his first grief, thinks himself his brother's murderer. Peter Preston, a lawyer's clerk, who is the evil genius of the Routh family, and a suitor for Esther's hand, witnesses the quarrel, and attempts to extort blackmail from Stephen for silence. But Stephen, who is thoroughly upright, refuses when he hears that a part of the price to be paid is Esther's hand. Stephen goes home and confesses his share in Hilary's death to his father, who is stricken down with the illness which shortly after causes his death. He, in his turn, confesses that Preston has been for some time in receipt of blackmail from him for hiding the fact that another and later will had been found by Preston which would have the effect of making Esther sole heiress. Routh sends for Esther, confesses how he was tempted by Preston, and how he fell, and begs her to show her forgiveness by marrying Stephen. Esther, who loves Stephen with all her heart, and who is unaware of the part Stephen has had in Hilary's death, readily consents. In the meantime Preston, who has been dangerously ill, leaves his bed, anxious to learn how things are progressing at the farm. As he nears the house he sees that something unusual is in progress, and is told that Stephen and Esther have been that day married. He sees Esther, and tells her of the part Stephen has played in Hilary's death, and seeing that Esther is ignorant of it, persuades her that Stephen has wilfully deceived her. Stephen, in his turn, had been under the impression that Laban Routh had told her everything. Esther leaves Stephen on their wedding day, and, going up to London, consults a friend, who knows both she and Stephen. This friend absolutely refuses to believe any evil of Stephen, and Esther returns home full of remorse for having doubted him. As she nears home she meets Stephen. Explanations and reconciliation follow, and also happiness, as it turns out that Hilary, after all, was not drowned, but had hidden away until he could meet his brother, who he at heart really loved, calmly. Hilary emigrates, Preston dies, and the married lovers are left in undisputed possession, and marital felicity.

DELTA.

ROUND ABOUT THE COLONY

A Strange Case.

Twenty-seven years ago Mr George Meores, of Waimangaroa, fell on a broken bottle, portions of which entered his body. Recently he was admitted to the Westport Hospital suffering from an accident, and while there Dr. MacKenzie took from his back the last remaining piece of glass—three-quarters of an inch by an inch in dimensions—the remnant of the twenty-seven years old bottle.

The Despised Pine.

The new forests of the province are now being cut for timber (remarks the "Christchurch Press"). At St. Leonards and Mount Thomas, in North Canterbury, the pinus insignis trees planted 30 years ago are being cut down and sawn into boards and scantlings. The timber is expected to be useful for building and carpentering purposes. Some of the trees, it is understood, allow of boards being cut to a width of nearly two feet. A quantity of the timber has already found its way to the market.

Quite Right.

A remit affirming the desirability of paying the Leader of the Opposition in the House a salary of £1000 a year was before the Canterbury Provincial Conference of the Farmers' Union. It was rejected with much emphasis, however, the president remarking that when the proposal was before the last Colonial Conference it met with scant sympathy. Apart from other objections, many delegates thought the Opposition Leader might find the position too comfortable and well-paid, and therefore hob-nob with the Premier with a view to avoiding trouble.

Lessons of Thrift.

An admirable work is being done by school savings banks in encouraging the rising generation to take care of the pence. These institutions are run on a copper basis, but substantial sums are accumulated, nevertheless. At the last meeting of the Canterbury School Committees' Association, for instance, it was stated that the bank at the Opawa School had eighty depositors, and a total saved of £32, after about eight years. At Woolston a bank was started a year ago, and there are now eighty depositors and £47 13/3 accumulated. It was decided to urge the Education Board to afford all possible facilities for the establishment of such banks.

Knocked Over, But Not Shot.

During the height of the pitched battle between No. 1 and No. 2 troops of the East Coast Mounted Rifles on the Repongaere hills on Wednesday (says the Poverty Bay "Herald"), a dramatic and exciting incident occurred. A sergeant of the attacking forces was pushing forward up a steep face in the bold attempt to capture an important position, when a sergeant on the ridge above levelled his rifle, blazed away, and a sure "kill" resulted. Immediately upon the flash of the firearm, the attacking sergeant fell and rolled with a sickening thud to a ledge below, where he lay for at least a quarter of an hour. The incident caused much consternation to the soldier higher up, who had wild ideas of a genuine fatality, which he thought must have been caused by a shot cartridge accidentally getting in amongst the blanks. Hurried investigations, however, relieved all anxiety, for the man was only "dead beat" as a result of nearly a couple of hours' vigorous military tactics on the hills.

A Brave Man.

The plucky action of a New Zealander prevented a serious accident, if not a fatality, in Sydney the other day. An elderly woman was walking down Upper George-street, and, not noticing that an electric car was approaching from behind, commenced to cross the track. The car was almost on top of her, and it seemed that nothing but a miracle could prevent an accident, when Mr. J. F. McCarthy (who was ascertained to be the manager of the Addington Workshops at Christchurch) jumped in front of the car, and with an effort almost threw the woman off the track. The car struck Mr. McCarthy on the shoulder and threw him clear of danger.

Expressive.

Thus a Masterton resident in acknowledging four cases of pears purchased for him at an auction sale not a hundred miles from Napier:—"Thanks for pears. P.N.'s herewith. They are the best 'keeping' pears I ever clapped eyes on—they are firmer than rock, and concrete is a fool to them. I've made about fifty attempts to sink my teeth into one of them, but have miserably failed each time. I then tried to make a dent in one with the axe, but struck fire instead. P. succeeded in getting a chip off one of his and was foolish enough to try and swallow it. It nearly cut his throat on the way down. They would make a splendid masons' plumb bobs—heavy, well shaped and exceedingly durable. My little girl is using them for tops, so it is satisfactory to know that they serve some purpose."

Quick Work.

Twelve months ago the parishioners of St. Mary's, Timaru, resolved to commence the collection of subscriptions for the purpose of completing the church building, at an estmated cost of between seven and eight thousand pounds. It was determined to obtain £5000 in cash or promises before commencing the work. At the annual meeting on Tuesday evening, the committee which had been appointed for the purpose was able to report that as a result of ten months' work it had within £250 of the £5000 minimum, and over £2000 of it in cash, and it was confident of being able to commence the building work early in the spring. On the suggestion of the vicar, the Ven. Archdeacon Harper, it was resolved to hold a gift Sunday, in aid of the fund, on August 26, the anniversary of the consecration of the present building.

What the Schoolboy Doesn't Learn.

The deficiencies of the Dunedin youth who seeks a position in a mercantile office were shown up at a meeting of the Dunedin School Committees' Association recently. A Bond-street merchant said:—"There is a great inarticulate growl about the instruction given in our public schools. On behalf of the merchant class, I may say that when we get a boy from the primary schools in the office, we have to begin and teach him the things he should have learned years ago. I have had a good many boys through my hands for office work, and it is my experience, as well as of all the men I have met, that when we get a boy from the public schools, we have to begin again and teach him simple addition, and it is three or four years before we can break him of the abominable writing he learns at school. It is a third fact that we have to teach him manners."

Two-up at Raurimu.

There was a flutter in the "two-up ring" at Raurimu, on the North Island Main Trunk railway works, recently, just after the last pay. The coins had been spinning merrily for some hours, when suddenly the cry of "A nob!" was raised. The penny with two heads had probably been robbing the whole crowd for an hour or two, and the navvies immediately, in a state of fury, threw themselves upon the thief and commenced belabouring him, while those on the outskirts set up yells of "Duck him!" "Boat him!" "Knife him!" His pockets were searched, but there was no money in them, and the culprit then challenged the best man in the crowd to fight. The champion underhand axeman of the bush took up the challenge. Candles were procured, and a ring formed, while the pugilists stripped for action. The fight was a very severe one, and the culprit put up such a good exhibition that he was able to withdraw with something better than even honours, and to escape from the crowd. An eye-witness of the incident states that if the crowd had had anything like free access to liquor the thief would have been killed.

The Rest Cure.

Mr Seddon has gone to Australia for three weeks' rest.—News item. Anybody can read for himself how much he is enjoying the rest. A reposeful reception soothed his arrival, followed by a tranquil banquet and a peaceful conference with Australian legislators. Next day he made a serene and unexciting train journey to the Hawkesbury College, and, according to the newspaper reports, spent a calm sequestered hour with the gentle student in his native lair, returning to a further dose of conference and a banquet in the evening, and every day after that so far R. J. Seddon has been making restorative train journeys, taking courses of nerve tonic banquets, and going in for mental recreation in the shape of interviews, shipping conferences, speeches and other forms of quiet rest. By the time he returns he will have had a real enjoyable holiday after his own heart. Meantime, while his back is turned, it will add greatly to his enjoyment and comfort to learn that his friends have seized the opportunity to talk reconstruction and utter veiled threats about what is going to happen with Sir Joseph Ward away. The most violent of his opponents would hardly descend to that.—"Christchurch Truth."

Schoolboys on Strike.

The boys who promoted a "strike" at a New Plymouth school on Empire Day "fell in," says the Taranaki "Herald." The boys, 92 in number, after interviewing the secretary of the Board and the chairman of the School Committee, returned to the school, all except four little chaps, arriving about 10.30 and were told by the headmaster that they would be admitted at 11 o'clock. From that time till 2 o'clock, the work of the school went on as usual, as if nothing unusual had happened. At 2.15 all those who had turned up at the proper time in the morning were assembled in the gymnasium, and after a short address by the headmaster as a mark of appreciation, were allowed to go. The others, representing pupils from all the standards from I. to VI., remained, the younger ones being allowed off at 3 o'clock, but those from Standards IV., V. and VI., remaining till 4.30. Mr Dempsey massed those in one room and had a long, interesting and profitable conversation with them, occasionally interrupted by cheers from the Recreation Gounds, where a football match, Star v. Tukapa, was in progress. The master and the boys were in complete sympathy, and the latter seemed to fully realise that their conduct was foolish and unconstitutional. The "strike" is hardly likely to be repeated.

Wild Pigeon's Nest.

In a speech before the Wellington Acclimatisation Society, Mr R. C. Bruce mentioned that he had never found a wild pigeon's nest. Mr A. Hansen writes to the "Post" from the Penearrow Head Lighthouse as follows:—"While stationed at Puysegur Point Lighthouse, about twenty-three years ago, I found a colony of pigeons' nests on a high ridge between the lighthouse and Cromarty. The nests were all built on the bushy branches of the silver pines, which mostly cover the sandstone ridges in the locality. The architecture of the nests was of the usual wild pigeon character, i.e., ragged and open. The eggs and young birds could plainly be seen through the nests when standing beneath them. None of the nests were more than ten feet from the ground—some of them only half that height. The nests contained both eggs and young birds. I took a young bird to the lighthouse and reared it. It became very tame, and would follow me anywhere. I had the bird for about six months, when it disappeared." Mr Hansen adds that there are keepers now in the lighthouse service who can vouch for the accuracy of the foregoing statements.

New Tourist Route.

Mr G. W. C. Moon, the agent of the Tourist Department in Christchurch, who with Mr E. H. Montgomery, the Department's Auckland agent, returned to Greymouth last week from a visit to South Westland, predicts that there will be a large influx of tourists to the Coast during the months that the International Exhibition is open. Although the present hotel accommodation in the southern part of the district is not quite satisfactory, it is understood that it will, in some instances at least, be remedied before next tourist season sets in. As the result of the visit of the Tourist Department's agents it is quite likely (says the "Argus") that a great difference will be made in the tours on the Coast mapped out for visitors. Hitherto many visitors by coach from Christchurch have come no nearer Greymouth or Hokitika than Stillwater Junction, whence they have gone northward to Reefton and thence either to Westport or Nelson. In future stress will probably be laid by the Department on the wonders of South Westland and the beauties of the coach drive from Jackson's to Kumara.
Round Colony—Graphic.

Our Illustrations

AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION.

THIRD NOTICE.

Mr. E. W. Payton, one of the vice-presidents of the Society, is represented by several charming oils, mainly representative of Rotorua Lake and the surrounding country. There is nothing calling for very much remark one way or the other. Mr. Payton has a grasp of his medium and profession as a landscape painter, and he has shown his favourite holiday resort under those pleasant atmospheric conditions in which he delights and which always win (and justly) a large coterie of admirers amongst visitors to the exhibition. "Sumner, Rotorua," and "Fairy Islets" are particularly good examples of Mr. Payton's work, and, though smaller, "Ngongotahu, Ohinemutu," is a little gem which will appeal to all who love that fine mass under the hundred aspects under which one sees it from day to day at Rotorua.

Mr. Tristram is a prolific exhibitor, and some of his work is exceedingly good. It cannot be denied, however, that he is better in his landscape work than in his portrait. The picture of Mr. Gerald Jones is by no means felicitous either in pose or execution. "A Road at Mangere," "The Wharf at Gisborne," "The Railway Wharf, Auckland," "Pohutukawas," are, on the other hand, quite equal to the best this clever artist has given us in former years, which is certainly saying a good deal.

Amongst exhibitors whose work may be singled out for special notice is that of Mrs. Walrond. She has lost none of her old time skill in the painting of flowers, as witness the picture of Gaillardias, one of the best flower paintings in the exhibition, which, by the way, is particularly strong in this branch of art. But, as was the case last year, flowers attract Mrs. Walrond less now than landscape, seen under certain atmospheric conditions, giving softness and subdued values. In this branch of her profession Mrs. Walrond has made remarkable strides, and some of her little pictures, notable "Rainy Weather," "The Edge of the Lake," and "An Autumn Evening," are amongst the most admired in the exhibition.

Amongst the flower painters, Miss Ethel Baker and Miss Blomfield are two very strong exhibitors. Miss Baker is very finely represented, and her pictures of geraniums (125) is a really magnificent bit of colouring, while roses (135), tea roses (161), are most admirable examples.

Miss Bessie Blomfield has made wonderful advances this year, and her study of fruit and flowers entitled 'Autumn" is remarkable alike for the rich beauty of the colouring, the cleverness of the composition, and admirable treatment of the chrysanthemums.

Mr. Chas. Blomfield is represented by one or two paintings which meet with much popular favour, the best being, perhaps, "The Fern-clad Banks of the Wanganui," though both in this and in another favourite picture there is something of the hardness which has seemed to creep into Mr. Blomfield's otherwise excellent work during the last year or so.

Mr Drummond's "Afternoon in Autumn" and "On the Coast," while pleasing enough pictures, cannot compare with some of the pictures he has given us in some previous exhibitions. Both are, however, well worthy of their place in the exhibition, and everyone would have been sorry if he had not been represented. But we hope Mr. Drummond will be back to his earlier "form," if one may use that word in connection with art, next year.

Mr. Morton Masters is again represented by several portraits of dogs and horses: No. 100, "Chummie," and a remarkably clever one-hour study, "Harness Pony," are, perhaps, the best, but the collie portrait "Wave" is also good.

Miss St. Clair Tisdale has, too, some praiseworthy animal studies, "Laddie," the portrait of a collie, being particularly good.

In the downstairs room a set of coloured characters by Mr. V. Hunt are particularly worthy of notice. Those of Dr. Bakewell, Sir John Campbell, Mr. Louis Steele, and a well-known amateur actor, Mr. Warren, are as good as anything we have yet seen in this branch of art.

Miss Ellen von Meyern contributes some excellent examples of her skill as a portrait painter, also one or two fancy heads or studies, and a nude painting of Eve. With regard to the last, it would probably have been better had the picture not been exhibited, for while paintings of the nude are acknowledgedly within the legitimate field of art, some of the greatest pictures in the world being from nude models, yet it is generally conceded that it is only very perfect representations of "the human form divine" which can be hung in public exhibitions without offending the susceptibilities of a large section of lovers of Art. Miss von Meyern's forte is certainly in portrait painting, and in this very important branch of Art she again shows very decided talent, her various portraits fully maintaining the reputation she has earned for herself at previous exhibitions. No. 190 is full of expression and intelligent work, and all who know the sitter for No. 89 must admit it is a faithful and admirable likeness. As a painter of portraits Miss von Meyern should have a future before her decidedly on the bright side. In her fancy heads she is scarcely so successful, the work giving the impression of being more hurried.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CAPPING DAY.

AN INTERESTING CEREMONY.

The ceremony of capping the graduates of the year of the Auckland University College took place at the Choral Hall on May 31, and was very largely attended, in spite of the unpleasant weather. The students had their fun, but everything was good-humored, and although the interjections were calculated to be discomposing to the speakers, they were apparently amusing to the audience. The majority of the students occupied the gallery at the rear of the hall, and whenever a squeak was heard as from a child's penny trumpet, it was the sign that the note was being sounded by the conductor, prior to an outburst of what might perhaps be termed melody. When the Hon. C. C. Bowen, M.L.C., Vice-Chancellor of the University, arrived, accompanied by the Registrar, the Professorial Board, and the members of the College Council, the students sang to the tune of "A Pirate King" the following verses:—

SALVE, PRAECLARISSIME.

I'm the Chancellor of the 'Varsity.
A personage of high degree,
I sit here in my regal state,
And cap each humble graduate.
I represent you (exes free),
At places over the Tasman Sea.
(But they did not show much honour for)
Your very majestic Chancellor.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

For I am the Chancellor,

CHORUS.

You are. Hurrah for our Chancellor!

SOLO AND CHORUS.

And it is, it is a glorious thing,
To be (your) Chancellor.
(our)

I strive to preserve my dignity.
For I'm Lord High Boss of the 'Varsity
Ou students' songs and noise I frown,
I try to put their revels down.
And rules are passed at my dictate,
To curb the undergraduate.
For I'll let them see as I've said before,
That I am the 'Varsity Chancellor.

CHORUS.

You'll be overwhelmed to hear me say,
Last year you behaved in a proper way.
I backed the Profs. in the Cant. Coll. row
(A proper course you'll all allow)
One word before I end my sour,
When I am dead you can't go wrong,
In making Mick (so learned in Law)
The N.Z. 'Varsity's Chancellor.

CHORUS.

The Vice-Chancellor made an able speech, in the course of which he dwelt on the advantages of a classical education.

MR JOYNT'S REMARKS.

The Registrar of the New Zealand University then arose to speak, but when a meek voice from the gallery said, "Please we want to sing," he resumed his seat, and the students sang the "Haere mai" again.

The Registrar then said that for the first time in the history of the New Zealand University a degree had been conferred on a blind student.

This evoked prolonged applause, during which the students gave "Three Cheers for Chitty," and sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The Registrar said the examiners in England, on whose reports the degree was awarded, were quite unaware that they had been judging the work of a blind student. With regard to the degrees of Master of Science and Master of Laws, the Registrar explained that they had not the full value of the other degrees until the charter was received showing they were recognised by the Crown. The diplomas were given on that occasion for what they were worth, and would receive their full value when the usual recognition by charter was received.

The graduates for the year then marched up to the front, the students singing in good time, to the tune of "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," the following verses:—

VITA NOSTRA TRAVIS EST.

Undergraduates are we of the Auckland 'Varsity.
We have spent ourselves in building up the brain.
As we burn the midnight oil, worn with intellectual toil,
We are haunted by this dolorous refrain—

Cram, cram, cram, for that diploma;
Cram, cram, cram, for that degree
When each hoary-headed Prof. has been duly pensioned off
We shall still be cramming at the 'Varsity.

We've experienced the woes of concocting Latin prose
To be mauled about by Tubby's ruthless pen:
We have heard his bitter jibes, as our errors he describes
With a grim, Satanic humour now and then.

With Prof. Thomas in the lab., we have studied how to stab
Horrid things that, slowly dying, squirm and kick;
Jabbing scalpels in and out, we have groped our way about
In the palpitating vitals of a chick.

Then the young but gloomy Max, with his languages will tax
What remains to us of sanity, until
With his Goethe and Racine we are slowly turning green,
And in dreams with Andromaque we grapple still.

Though so terrible our lot with the Profs. that we had got
We were meek, but yet the Council spoke our doom.
Though our misery they saw, they have brought along two more
Will the schoolroom or the coalmine be our tomb?

THE CAPPING.

The following graduates of the year were then presented to the Vice-Chancellor by Professor Talbot Tubbs, and were presented with their diplomas:—

Bachelor of Arts: Hector Kenneth Burns, Ernest Chitty, Aune Forsyth Ironside, Lionel John Mytton Mackay, Charles Frederick Chipman Miller, May Bloxsome Robertson, Thomas Francis Warren.

Bachelor of Science: James Henry Arams, Edward Caradus, Frederick Palliser Worley.

Bachelor of Laws: William Phillips Endean, William Ernest Moore, Leonard Travers Pickmere.

Bachelor of Music: Florence Bertha Williams.

Master of Science: Colin Fraser, John Ernest Holloway, Frederick Palliser Worley.

Honours in Science: Colin Fraser, first-class honours in geology.

Master of Arts: Mona Martha Brown, Fergus Gale Dunlop, Elsie Mary Griffin.

Honours in Arts: Mona Martha Brown, third-class honours in political science, also third-class honours in mental science; Fergus Gale Dunlop, first-class honours in languages and literature (English and French); Elsie Mary Griffin, first-class honours in natural science (botany).

Master of Laws: Robert Norman Moody.

Honours in Law: Robert Norman Moody, second-class honours in contracts and torts, jurisprudence, and trusts.

Senior scholarships have been won by Edward Caradus, in chemistry, and Anne Forsyth Ironside, in natural science (botany).

Professor Talbot Tubbs stepped forward to say a few words when the capping ceremony was over, but was compelled to resume his seat and wait while the students sang, to the tune of "Listen to My Tale of Woe," the following verses:—

CARMEN DOLOROSUM.

Down to Christchurch we took our flight,
Listen to my tale of woe!
Our hopes were high, and our prospects bright,
But we didn't win — though of course we might
Quite right! We might!
Listen to my tale of woe!
Our efforts made the spectators smile;
Listen to my tale of woe!
We lost in pace what we gained in style
Witness the walk and Dunlop's mile
Let's smile Awhile!
Listen to my tale of woe!

Chorus:

That's how it is, you'll find.
Auckland College gets left behind,
Just because we do not mind — Don't mind — Don't mind,
Listen to my tale of woe!

Though Dick has promised a grant alright,
Listen to my tale of woe!
We cannot hit on a decent site,
And public men to the dailies write
And skite. And fight!
Listen to my tale of woe!
And I'm as sure as I'm sure that I'm
Telling you this tale of woe!
That the sun will set in the morning prime,
Ere we get a Coll. in this sunny clime—
No rhyme—This time,
Listen to my tale of woe!

The College paper has come once more
Listen to my tale of woe!
And lis much the same as it was of yore
With its "Social Life" and "Esprit de corps"
And more—Galore!
Listen to my tale of woe!
A perfect knack these rags have got
Of printing stuff that interests not;
And students say "Great Scott, Oh what
A Lot—Of rot."
Listen to my tale of woe!

CHAIRMAN OF PROFESSORIAL BOARD.

Professor Tubbs referred to the progress of the University College of Auckland. In 1886 the number of students was 32, in 1894 it reached 56, in 1902 the total was 102, and in 1906 they had 140, which he considered marked very material progress. It also marked the increased popularity of—(a voice, "It's Latin, professor")—University education, for that was voluntary. Primary education was compulsory, by the expression of the will of the State. Secondary education was to a great extent also compulsory, by the will of the business community, therefore the higher education of the University was the popular one, because it must rest upon the public recognition of its value. (Applause. The Auckland College had an uphill battle at first, as it was not the direct outcome of popular demand. For a long time its work was unknown to the general public, as was also the actual location of the building. It was only a few years ago that a gentleman who got into a cab and asked to be driven to the Auckland University College was taken up to Surrey Hills. Since then the college had progressed, as was shown by the figures quoted, and it looked forward now to a larger sphere of usefulness, but that meant dependence upon the co-operation of the public. If the public desired higher education, there must be adequate provision made for the Auckland College. It was hard for people to understand that what appeared the most useless study was often the most useful. (Chorus from gallery: "When it rains, we put out our tubs.") For instance, higher mathematics were not of direct service in ordinary life, for in business what might be termed the trickery of figures was required, making them check themselves. (Chorus, "Second lap.") The degree of

Master of Arts, though it might seem in appearance the most useless, was still the most useful and most popular. The University being removed from political and business life, might be said to rest in the shade of back-water. A university was not required to produce an epic poet, for instance. Infant life the State had claimed for its own, but he felt that the three years that could be claimed under a conscription system for military service might be allowed to a small percentage of the population able to recognise the value of university education. Let them say with Aristotle that "the highest aim of education is the noble employment of leisure." (Chorus: "Last lap.") Professor Tubbs concluded with the following verse by Cowper:—

Duties of close attention, thinking heads—
Become more rare, as education spreads.
The trackers beat around one general
Circle and entertain us or we die.

The students then sang another song with a final line, "And my name is Talbot Tubbs," after which three cheers were given for Professor Tubbs and "For he's a jolly good fellow" was sung.

The Vice-Chancellor said they would like a few remarks from one of the students. (Applause.)

Mr. E. de C. Clarke, rising in the gallery, said that the students felt much gratified at being allowed a legalised voice in these proceedings. On their behalf he would like to call attention to the fact that the Auckland University College was being rather neglected by the business people, who should take an interest in it. The University was a place where business men might be trained, and for that reason he thought the business men of Auckland should take more interest in the College. The want of a proper site for a college was evidence of the absence of zeal for higher education. Though athletics were not the main object of university life in Auckland, as evidenced by their exploits at the Christchurch carnival (laughter), still it would do them no harm to pay some attention to athletics, but they had not even a playground at the College. (Laughter.) Yet all primary schools had them. Mr. Clarke then referred to the great courage and ability shown by their blind student, Mr. Chitty, and said he felt sure next year he would take the next step. (Applause.)

This ceremony then terminated as usual by singing "Gaudeamus."

CHICAGO MEAT PACKING DISCLOSURES.

ALLEGATIONS WHICH LED UP TO INVESTIGATION.

It was early in the present year that the London "Lancet," the leading medical journal in the world, printed four articles upon the insanitary condition of the Chicago stock yards, written by a "Special Sanitary Commissioner." These articles attracted wide attention, and pictured a most revolting state of affairs. Then Mr. Upton Sinclair made a study of the yards for the purposes of writing a novel, which has just recently been published. The allegations were too dreadful to be allowed to pass, and an agitation resulted in the setting up of a Commission to investigate. The cables inform us of the publication of the Commission's report and the horror caused by the revelations. The principal allegations of the spectator are given below:

I.—"At Chicago the cattle step out on the bare earth which they soil and contaminate. . . . At Anderlicht, near Brussels, the stables for cattle awaiting slaughter are built with the same care as hospital wards."

II.—"The first or most obvious defect of the stockyards is the absence of slaughterhouses. Here living animals are treated in exactly the same manner as is ordinary raw material. The Chicago stockyards consist of a number of factories instead of slaughterhouses. Slaughtering, it need hardly be said, should be done on the ground, but the ground should be rendered water-tight by a special non-slippery, convex, and elaborately drained paving. The surrounding structure should be built exclusively of iron, glass, or enamelled brick. Of course, there should be no upper floor, and there should be ventilation above and on both sides. That is how slaughterhouses in the technical sense of the term are built."

III.—"The exportation of pork products from Chicago to Germany, Austria, France, and Denmark is prohibited unless accompanied by a certificate issued, not by any local authority, but by the Government of the United States itself. The entire American nation thus pledges its honour that no product that has not been carefully examined under the microscope shall be exported from Chicago to those countries. As for American citizens or for British citizens it does not matter. They may swallow trichinae wholesale; no one seems to think it worth while to attempt to protect them. Yet it was formerly shown that of the hogs taken to market three per cent were infected with trichinae."

IV.—"In these dark places the meat falls on the floor and comes in contact with the dirt from the boots of the workers and the bacilli from the sputum of a population among whom pulmonary tuberculosis is more prevalent than among any other section of the inhabitants of Chicago. Close at hand there are closets, and they are in some places only a few feet from the food. These closets are at times out of order, deficient, defective, or entirely devoid of flushing. There used to be no provision whatsoever for the workers' meals and they had to eat amid the filth in which they worked. Even to-day and after many protests and agitations, there are no proper lavatories for the workers to wash themselves conveniently and to change their clothes before they begin handling the food which is sent from Chicago to all parts of the world."

V.—"The dirtiest work (where the entrails are taken out) is done in the closest, the darkest, and the dirtiest place, instead of being carried on in the open air, or under such slight shelter as would not prevent the free access of air and sunshine. It would be quite impossible to disinfect such premises. There are innumerable rafters, sharp angles, nooks, and corners where blood, the splashing of offal, and the sputum of tuberculous workers can accumulate for weeks, months, and years."

VI.—"Natural disinfection cannot take place because daylight and the direct rays of the sun cannot reach the greater part of the interior of the buildings where the work is done, the meat is handled, and the tuberculous attendants expectorate. That the surroundings are foul, that in any case there is something wrong in the conditions of the work or of the workers, is shown by the fact that the smallest scratch or cut will result in blood poisoning if the wound is not at once treated with a strong antiseptic."

VII.—"It is obvious that the destructors (the tanks in which the condemned tuberculous carcases, entrails, and offal are destroyed) should be placed in a far-off and isolated corner. Any condemned carcase should at once be removed well away from all the buildings where food is prepared. Nothing of the sort is done. . . . The lid of the destructor is removed within a few feet of meat that is to be eaten. The promiscuity of the two occupations, the examination and destruction of diseased carcases and the preparing, the cutting up, or the washing of carcases that are not diseased, is most disgusting and reprehensible."

Mr. Upton Sinclair, whose book has played such a prominent part in the exposures, says: "The inspection of meat was so lax that several Governments of Europe have been led to pass laws restricting the importation of American meat. As the result of this, the packers now provide for a thorough microscopic examination of all meat intended for shipment to Europe. In the course of inspection it is found that one and one-half per cent of the pork killed contains trichinae. There is no microscopic examination of pork intended for sale in Great Britain or the United States—which means simply that we eat our own one and one-half per cent of trichinae, in addition to the one and one-half per cent of the share of Europe. Another deadly disease of hogs is tuberculosis; tuberculous pork is full of ptomaines, a deadly poison. All of the inspecting for this disease in one of the largest concerns is entrusted to two Government inspectors, and the most casual observer may satisfy himself about these inspectors, as I did, by watching them let twenty or thirty hogs pass by without even a glance. . . . All the best meat goes to Europe. That which is found utterly spoiled and impossible of sale is either ground up into sausage or canned. The filthiness which I have found in the canning and sausage departments could scarcely be set down in print. There is never the least attention paid to what is cut up for sausage. There comes back from Europe old sausage that has been rejected and that is mouldy and white. It is dosed with borax and glycerine and dumped into the hoppers and made up again for home consumption. The sausage meat is stored in great piles, and water from leaky roofs drips over it, and thousands of rats race about on it. One can run his hand over these piles of meat and sweep off handfuls of the filth of rats."

THE GREAT ICEFIELDS OF THE GLACIERS AT FRANZ JOSEF AND THE FOX GLACIER.

(By E. W. CHRISTMAS, Artist.)

The Franz Josef Glacier, West Coast, New Zealand, is said to be the most beautiful glacier known. It certainly is the most wonderful. About eleven miles long, rising from some thousands of feet, it comes down to within seven hundred feet above sea level. It is a glorious sight to see these vast peaks of ice standing some hundred feet high and glistening in the sunlight with their border of purple and grey rocks and scarlet rata-covered hills; then away above all this stand the great vasty snow peaks and ridges of the Spenser, Drummond, Franz Josef and a score of others. Twenty miles further south lies the Fox Glacier, smaller, but in many ways just as beautiful as Franz Josef. It is easier by far of access; in fact, one can manage to cross it without the aid of an ice axe. Both glaciers are so far little known to tourists, but the Tourist Department are now making the journey fairly easy, so that by next year the trip can be made without any inconvenience. The stages are easy, and accommodation is very good. The journey is made from Greymouth, via Hokitika, thence via Ross to Waiho, or Franz Josef Glacier—a trip of about 90 miles, accomplished in three days by coach. The scenery on the way is most beautiful, interesting, and ever changing. Comparatively few people have yet visited the district, and I am the first artist ever to have "done" the glaciers, and claim my large picture, "The Icefields of the Fox Glacier," is the first picture ever painted of that glacier. This, with others, I have been commissioned to paint by the New Zealand Government, and are to be exhibited at the International Exhibition. There is no doubt, to my mind, that these glaciers will shortly become one of the leading attractions to visitors and tourists visiting New Zealand.

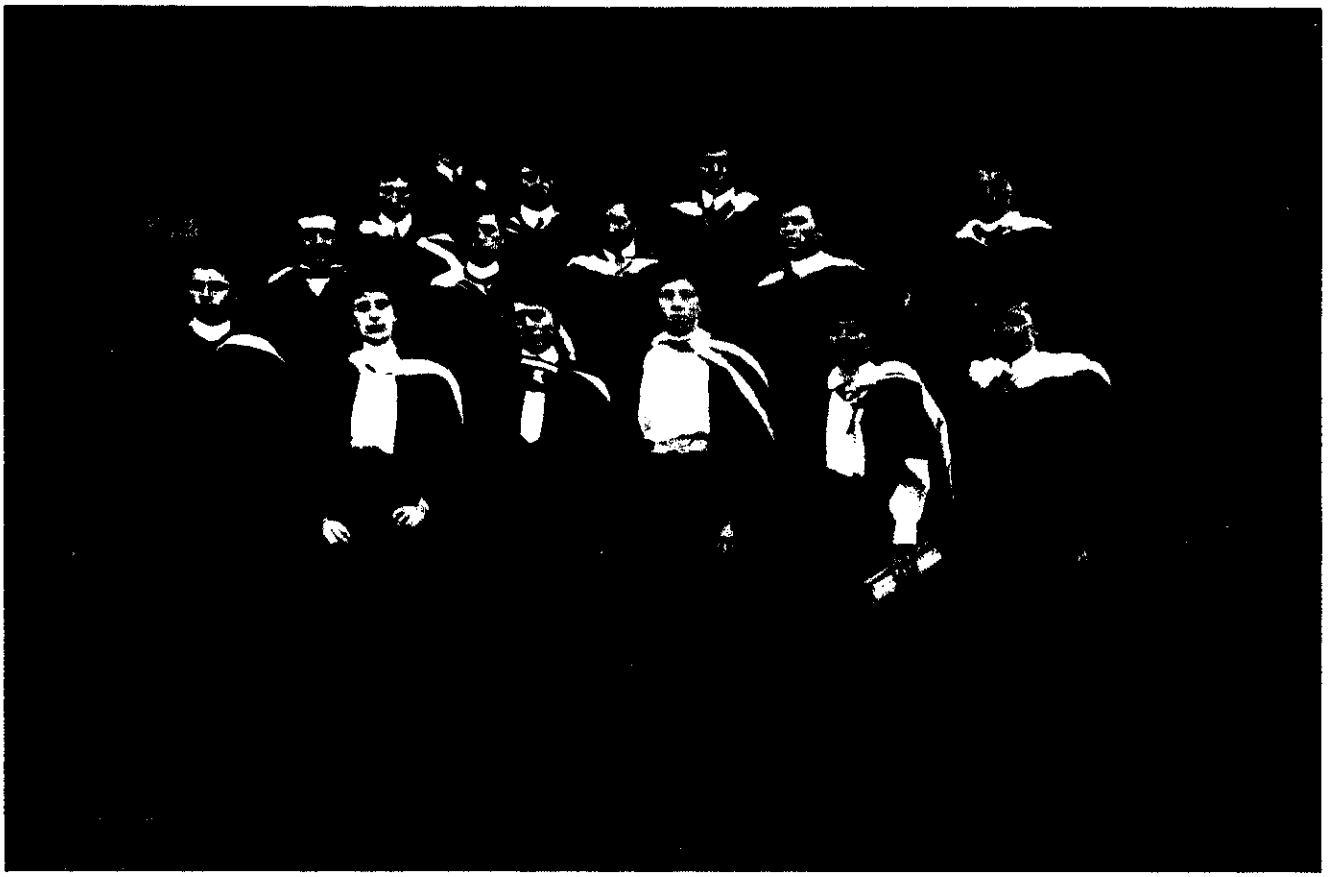
THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1s. has been sent to the writer of this verse—Miss M.C., No. 89, Alameda Terrace, Wellington:—

Throughout the land proclaim the news,
Tell every friend and neighbour—
That all of those who SAPON use,
Save money time and labour.

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 635, Wellington.

Cdy neg: C12,371.



THIS YEAR'S GRADUATES.

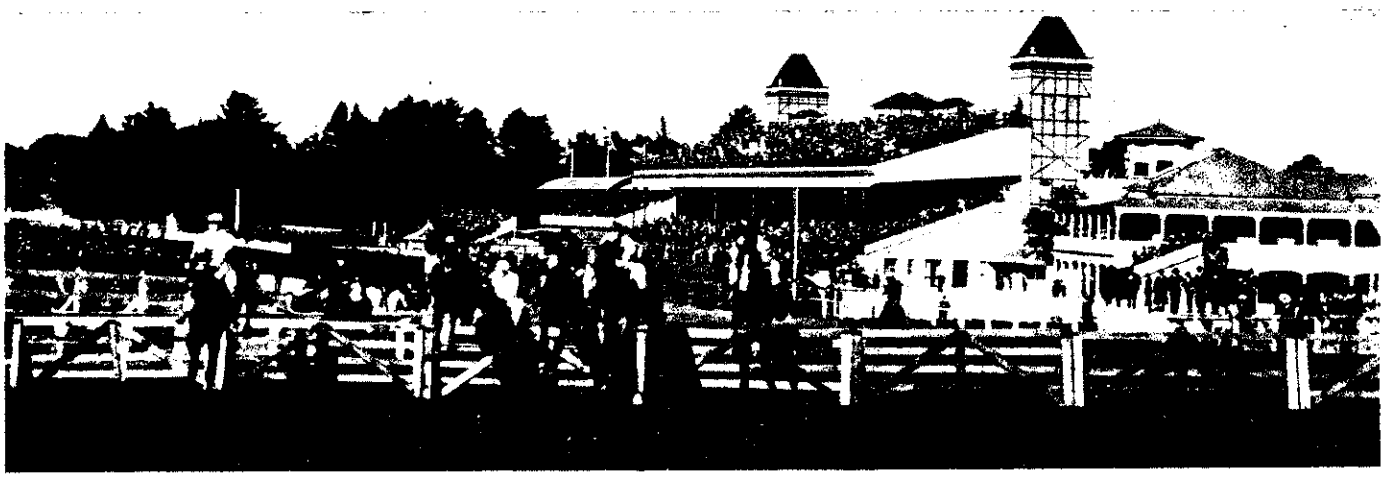
See "Our Illustrations."

THE UNDERGRADUATES.

CAPPING DAY AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

START FOR THE CORNWALL HANDICAP.

MAIDEN HURDLE RACE—AT THE LAST OBSTACLE.

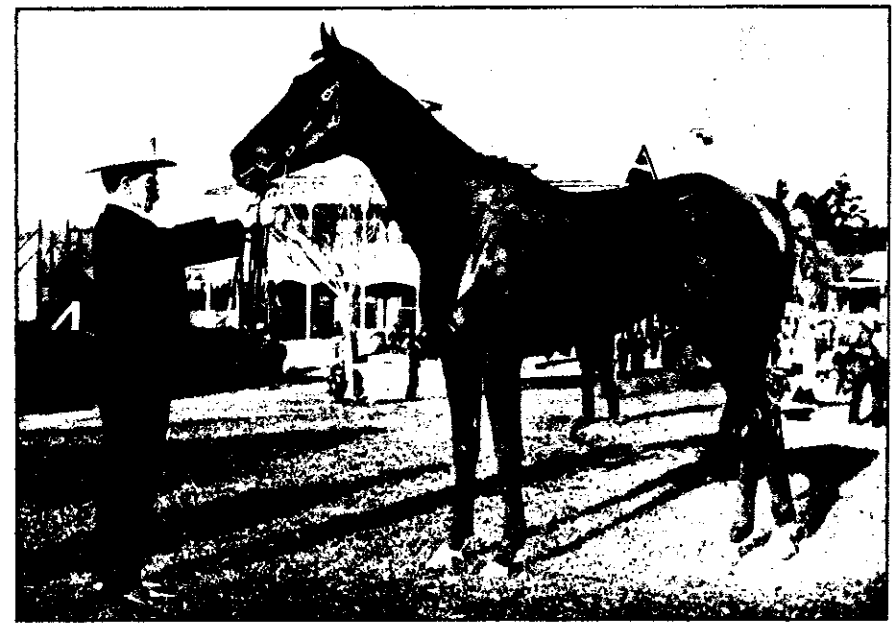


FIRST HURDLE IN THE GREAT NORTHERN HURDLE RACE.
This picture was taken the very instant before Hydrant and Defender came to grief.

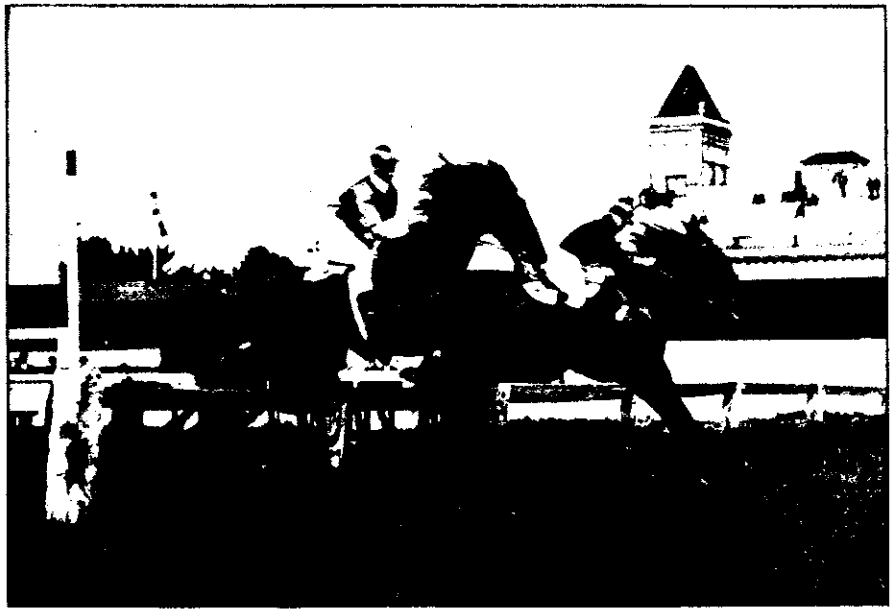
START OF THE MAIDEN WELTER HANDICAP.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB WINTER MEETING—HURDLE RACE DAY.

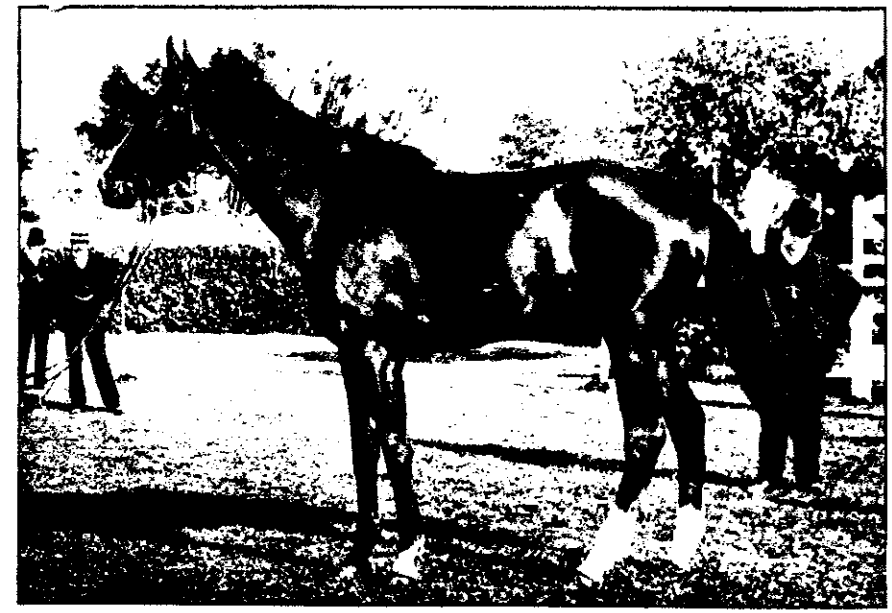
EXMOOR (WINNER) AND THE LARGE FIELD RETURNING TO SCALE AFTER THE RACE.



ROOKBY, WINNER OF THE CORNWALL HANDICAP.



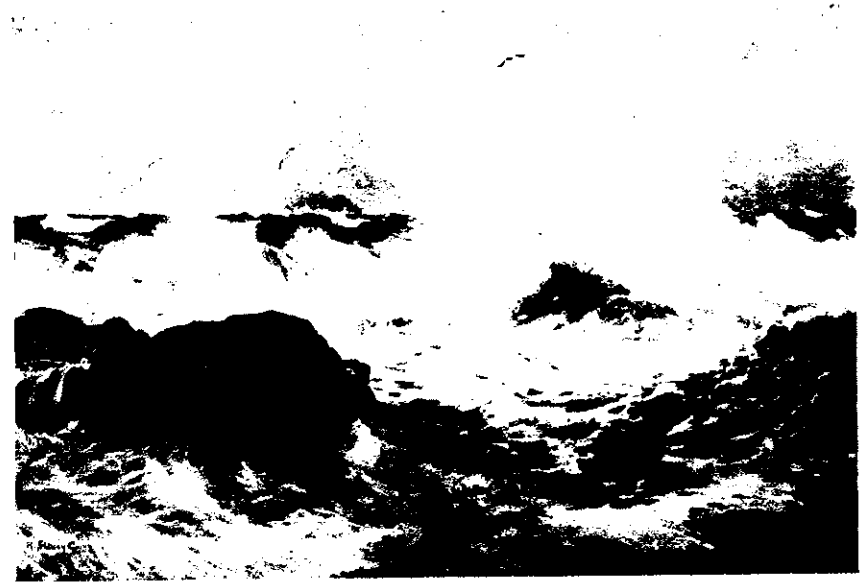
SECOND JUMP AT THE DOUBLE—MAIDEN STEEPLECHASE.



EXMOOR, WINNER OF THE GREAT NORTHERN HURDLE RACE.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB WINTER MEETING—HURDLE RACE DAY.

TUTARA, BY MRS. E. M. WALROND (Oil, 30 x 15).



AN EASTERLY BREEZE, BY R. SYDNEY COCKS (Water-colour, 30 x 25).

"LOOK ALIVE, BOYS!" BY K. M. BALLANTYNE (Water-colour, 16 x 12).

STREAM NEAR ROTORUA, BY MISS M. BUCHANAN (Oil, 24 x 16).

AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS: EXHIBITION: SOME PROMINENT CANVASES.

PEACHES, BY ELSIE HEMUS (Pastel, 24 x 15).

TAUPIRI MOUNTAIN, BY W. WRIGHT (Oil, 20 x 11).

COACH ROAD, GREYMOUTH TO CHRISTCHURCH, BY MISS ALICE FALWELL (Oil, 40 x 28).

AT THE PIHA, BY C. BLOMFIELD (Oil, 21 x 14).

AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION: SOME PROMINENT CANVASES.

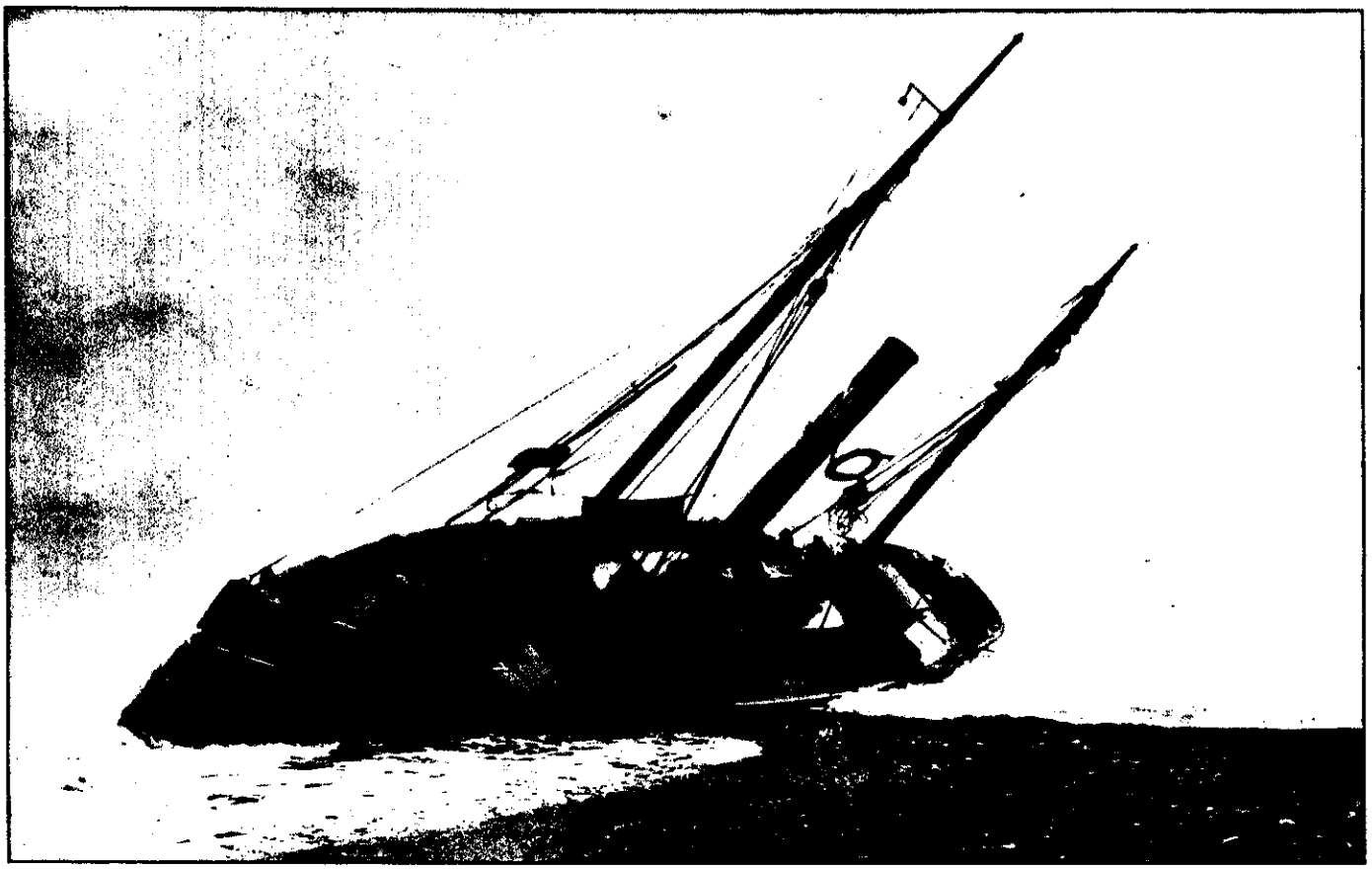
ON THE WAIRUA RIVER, BY T. L. DRUMMOND (Oil, 48 x 26).

STORMTORN AND TOSSED, BY R. SYDNEY COCKS (Water-colour, 36 x 22).

SUNSHINE AND SHOWER, BY F. WRIGHT (Water-colour, 22 x 16).

CREEK AT OKUPU BAY, GREAT BARRIER, BY T. RYAN (Water-colour, 27 x 19).

AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION: SOME PROMINENT CANVASES.



Sorrell, photo. S.S. WINONA, ONE OF THE STEAM FISH TRAWLERS WHICH WENT ASHORE AT NAPIER LAST WEEK.

DELEGATES TO THE PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE OF THE FARMERS' UNION, HELD LAST WEEK IN AUCKLAND.

1st ROW (left to right): C. Walker, Taulon; Jowitt, Helensville; S. Scruby, Wade; F. Dye, vice-president; L. R. Phillipps, president; H. E. R. Wily, vice-president; J. S. Wilson, Netherton; R. D. Duxfield, Ngaruawahia; R. Kay, Paterangi. 2nd Row: P. Clements, Kaipara Flats; G. Cliff, Paparoa; T. W. Wilson, Paparoa; H. Burgoyne, Clevedon; T. Coates, G. T. Barnell, Port Albert; Haycock, Kihikihi; J. Beetle, Waihou. 3rd ROW: Chas. Bell, Oparau; L. J. Anbury, Raupo; H. I. Phillips, Doree Valley; Major Lusk, Wairoa; J. Ryburn, Paterangi; H. J. Gill, Te Puke; W. Harray, Te Puke; G. J. Garland, prov. secretary. 4th ROW: J. A. Wilson, Helensville; C. Tucker, Waimamaku; J. Montgomerie, Mangere; J. Flanagan, Drury; E. Morgan, Drury.

Copy negative no.

A. W. Burbgate, photo.

WHERE THE RAIL WILL RUN

CLEARING THE TRACK OF THE MAIN TRUNK RAILWAY IN THE PRIMEVAL BUSH.

C. P. Winkelmann, photo.

THE RECENT HEAVY AND UNUSUAL SNOWFALL AT RAURIMU ON THE NORTH ISLAND MAIN TRUNK RAILWAY.

Hawkins, photo.

RECENT COLD WEATHER IN THE NORTH ISLAND.

HEAVY SNOW SCENE IN THE SUB-TROPICAL BUSH ON THE MAIN TRUNK LINE. A VERY UNUSUAL SIGHT.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE ROYAL TOUR OF INDIA.

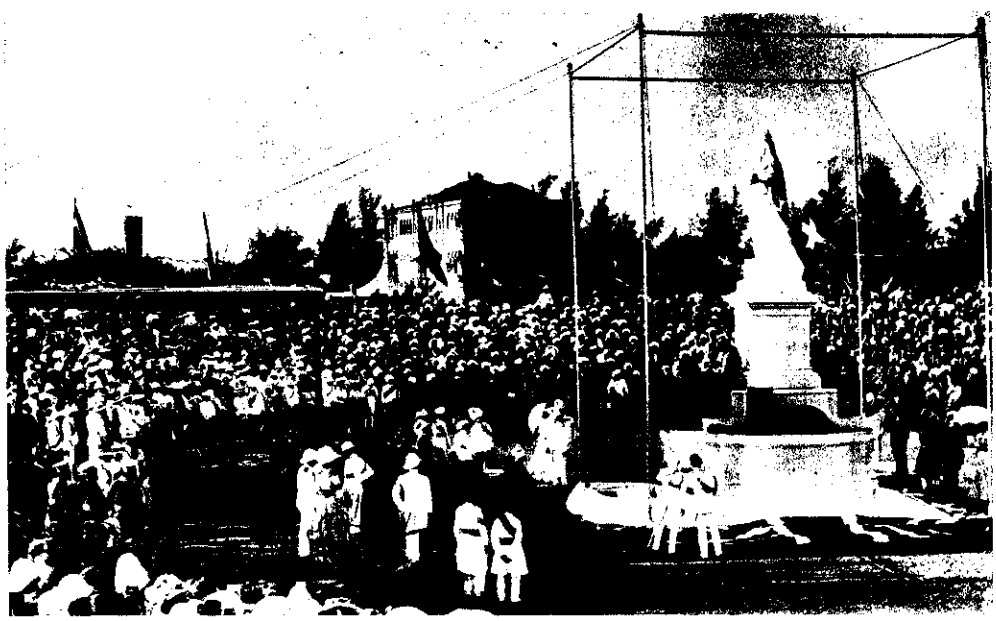
THE DEPARTURE FROM INDIA.

Readers of the "Graphic" have been able to follow the wanderings of the Prince and Princess of Wales through a good part of their journeyings through India. Accounts are now to hand of the closing scenes of a remarkably successful tour. They show that there was much that was picturesque and interesting about the closing days of the Royal progress. After crossing from Rangoon to Madras the route was through the native States of Hyderabad and Mysore through Central India to Benares, the sacred city on the Ganges, some of the more interesting phases of which were recently briefly sketched in the "Graphic." Thence the route lay north till the vicinity of the frontier was again reached at Quetta in Baluchistan.

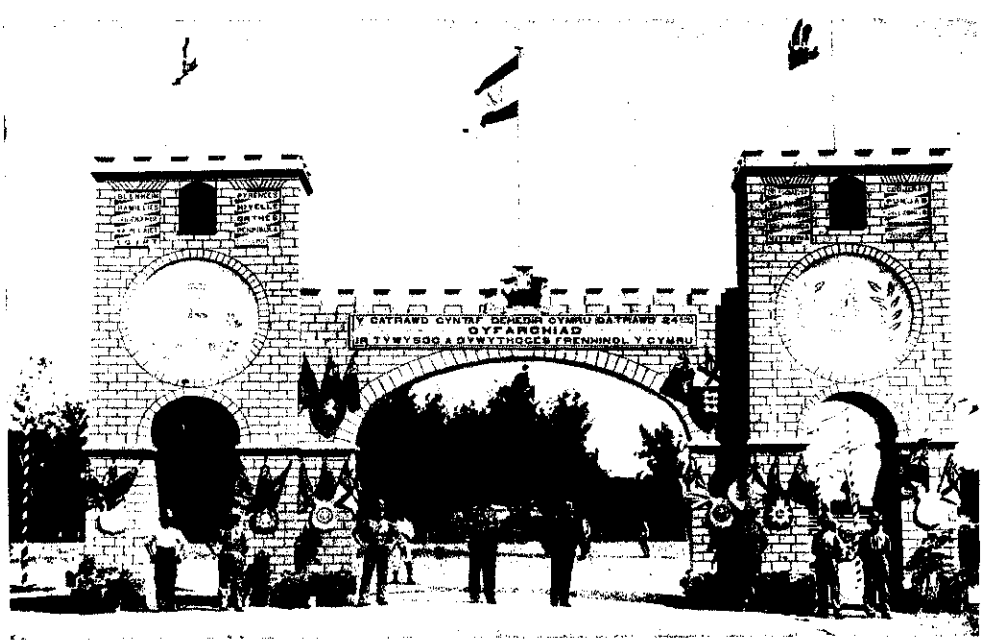
The Quetta plateau flows into the Peskin Valley through Baleli, and the Peshin Plain washes the Khwaj Amran mountains which constitute the real frontier again Western Afghanistan. Here the Prince and Princess of Wales stood, a span or two from the actual limit between India and Afghanistan, and looked out over the great stretch of prairie whereon Britain's legions will mass if ever India is menaced from this quarter. It was their first glimpse of the actual Frontier, as the boundary on the Peshawar side is not visible from the fort of Landi Kotal, where they halted after their drive through the Khyber. And what a frontier! From Cape Comorin to Peshawar there is nothing more typically illustrative of the unpretentiousness of Indian administrative methods. From the railway station a well macadamised road leads to within a mile of the whitened pillars which mark off India from Afghanistan. Thence the old highway Kandahar meanders through the plain and, unless you were told that the boundary marks existed, you might be pardoned for wandering into forbidden territory. Not a soldier, not even a chowkidar, place a bar upon your progress. Not a Customs' barrier, not an "octroi" post, warns you that the Amir's possessions must not be infringed upon. The prairie rolls on until it strikes the low ochreous hills a dozen miles away. Half that distance from you, there rises a little ridge crowned by three tiny towers like khaki oil tanks. That is Spin Baldak Fort where the Amir's Governor keeps watch for intruders, and for subjects who disobey his own peculiar laws. Towards Quetta, the oldest station buildings are barely discernible, nor the mud brick barracks that shelter the battalion in garrison. The fort that stands on the outskirts of the cantonment scarcely deserves that name. With good glasses you may trace the passage of the railway as it laboriously climbs the spurs of the Khwaj Amran before plunging into its vitals through the Khojak Tunnel, but apart from these almost illegible signals to its real purpose, the veldt might be the undisturbed possessions of the picturesque horsemen galloping over it of the nomadic goat-herds and wild camel-men who lazily emerge from their skin hovels to gaze at the strangers.

Nature designed the Khwaj Amran to be the frontier between neighbouring States. From these snow-capped hills there is no other great natural obstacle, not only as far as Kandahar, but far beyond the Herat and the southernmost limits of the Russian advance. She also spread out this campagna to be the campaign ground for armies. Not divisions but army corps might be cantoned with ease. If you care to look beneath the surface, there are already many signs for those who would read of the important military purpose to which it has already been put. The railway station differs in no material respect from scores of others in India, but from it radiate the sidings which would enable the biggest force that could be mobilised to detrain as fast as the double approach massed at Chaman. The streaked herbage of the down-like land is studded with red blobs. These mark the sites of the camps which are prepared for the reception of two divisions whenever they are required. The fatigue party of Sappers at work are repairing the water pipes that would supply the camps, and which the predatory Afghan is constantly cutting for the sake of the metal. And at the station yard are assembled the rails and sleeeprs, the wires and the girders, that would rush the rail-road forward to Kandahar at record speed if

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, KARACHI.



THE QUEEN VICTORIA STATUE AT KARACHI.

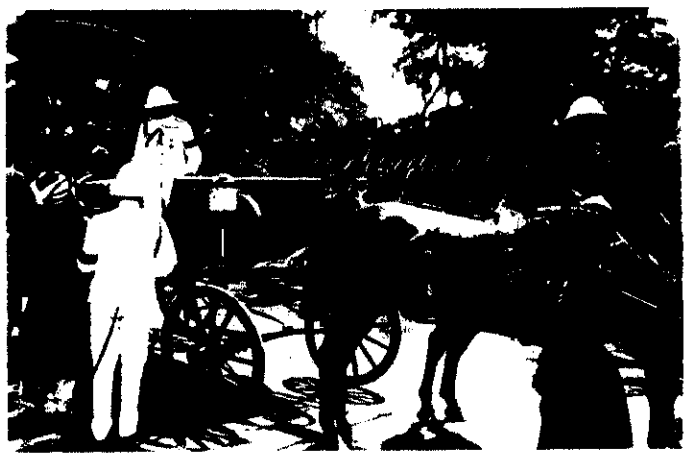


DECORATED ARCH AT THE GATE OF THE SOUTH WALES BORDERERS REGIMENT, KARACHI, IN HONOR OF THE ROYAL VISIT.

there were need to stiffen the capital of Western Afghanistan against foreign attack. So far have the immense natural difficulties of this frontier been supplemented by art, that it is almost inconceivable that anyone will butt against it until the conditions to the north are vitally altered.

At Quetta His Royal Highness received formal visits from the Khan of Kelat and the Jam of Las Bela.

On the east side of Quetta stands a low domed building that commemorated the great work of Sir Robert Sandeman in Baluchistan. There were gathered the Sirdars of all the varied Baluch tribes, to pay homage to the Heir to the Throne that Sandeman taught them to respect. It was a wild and picturesque assembly that in many respects recalled the meeting of hard, strong-featured frontiermen who greeted their Royal Highnesses at Peshawar—Baluchis, Brahuis, Bugtis, Kakari, and Marris, they squatted on rich carpets in the aisles of the cruciform hall with the iron reserve and patience characteristic of these fighting tribes. The Baluchi is said never to wash his garments except for a Durbar. When he does he makes as dashing a figure as any to be found in the East. With his voluminous robes falling round his stalwart figure with Grecian simplicity, a drooping white turban, his uncut, raven locks tumbling over his shoulders in careless profusion, and hawk eyes looking over a hook nose set in a gnarled face, darkened with a flowing beard, he looks what he is—meet habitant of this wild borderland of rugged mountain and arid plain. Beside these striking figures the Sirdars, in heavily embroidered surtouts of crimson, and



DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE.

lace, and russet, despite their Kabul caps and baggy breeches, looked almost tame.

Passing to the lowlands, the Royal tourists took their last farewell to India at Karachi, north of Bombay, the outlet for the great grain trade of the Punjab.

Nothing could better illustrate the immense variety of conditions encountered in India than the journey of their Royal Highnesses from Quetta to Karachi. They left the mountain fortress in the clear, bracing cold of an English spring morning, and bade farewell to a landscape that, in many of its features, must have reminded them of Home. Then the Royal train dropped easily down the stiff gradients of the Mushkaf - Bolan railway, running through scenerey whose appalling barrenness was undisguised, they saw the last of the picturesque tatterdemalions who guarded the line, and of the stalwart Levy police, with revolver and scimitar buckled round white robes falling with classical simplicity. Then at Sibi, and in the run across the desolate Put to Ruk, they experienced a suspicion of what the hot weather can mean in these wastes, and at Karachi returned to the atmosphere of profound peace and prosperity, characteristic of the modern Indian seaport towns. Here, too, there was an end to furs and tweeds, and a resort to the cool white duck and simple muslins worn in Bombay.

Not even the most enthusiastic Karachi resident would call this city of the future, beautiful. But everyone who has visited Karachi has experienced its buoyant spirit and joyous hospitality, and those characteristics were imparted to its welcome of their Royal Highnesses on the last stage of their tour. The streets blossomed into the usual display of bunting, and the whole station gathered in the "pandal" for the formal reception of the Royal visitors. Karachi pays the penalty of its newness and prosperity in possessing few of the ethnological and distinctive features that lend colour and life to other parts of India; and in all this and the large assemblage, there was nothing to arrest the eye but the venerable figure of the Mir of Khairpur, who brought a whiff of those fierce swordsmen's battles that won for Britain the possession of Sind; and the inverted top hats peculiar to the province which must have been devised in a spirit of caricature.

In Quetta the address of the Municipality brought forcibly before their Royal Highnesses the transformation wrought by a quarter of a century of British rule. The same story was unfolded at Karachi, though as the tranquillising forces have been longer at work, and the soil was more suitable, the results have been proportionately greater. Already Karachi can claim to have exported in a single year thirteen hundred thousand tons of wheat as the result of the Irrigation Policy pursued in the Punjab and Sind. The works now in progress in the "Land of the Five Rivers" will create these new colonies—the Upper Jhelum, the Upper Chenab and the Lower Bari Doab—and when these are completed, funds will probably be found for the Sind-Sagar Doab Scheme, with its barrage across the mighty Indus. So that in the course of a decade Karachi is destined to grow into one of the biggest grain ports in the world.

The final official act of the Prince was the unveiling of the Sind Memorial to Queen Victoria. The Sind Memorial is a white marble statue of the Empress-Queen wearing her widow's veil, and the Imperial crown and robes of State, and holding in her hands the sceptre and the orb. On each side of the plinth are carved projecting ships' bows emblematic of Naval supremacy. At the feet of the pedestal are statues in bronze, the principal group representing India approaching Justice and Peace. At the rear of the pedestal an allegorical figure of a woman, heavily draped and bending to her work, is depicted as pouring water from an urn upon the soil, whilst behind her there spring up luxuriant vegetation and the fruits of the earth. This typifies the fertilising action of the Indus on which Sind depends for its sustenance. Upon these lines the sculptor, Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft, has produced a work of singular beauty and grace.

The Prince and Princess of Wales' farewell to India on Monday, March 19, two days later, was marked by a simple and unaffected cordiality. His Royal Highness inspected the 130th Baluchis, of which he is the Honorary Colonel. Then he held by command of his Majesty the King-Emperor, the Investiture, at which well-merited honours were bestowed upon those most directly responsible for the smooth running of the complex arrangements for the Royal Tour. Then there was a quiet hour or two to complete the arrangements for the departure, and the sun was declining, and a soft, cool breeze blowing from the sea, when the Prince and Princess of Wales set out on their last State drive in India.

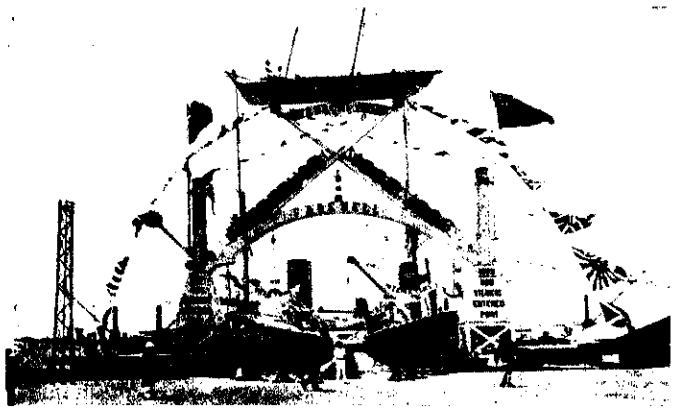
The Renown was lying off the wharf at Kiamari, and those ke nly interested in the welfare of the port derived no little satisfaction from the fact that this was the first time since her keel furrowed Indian waters that the battleship-yacht was brought up alongside the quay. There were gathered all the principal residents of Sind and those who were specially deputed to bid farewell to the Royal visitors.

Escorted by a smart detachment of Jacob's Horse, and through roads lined by the soldierly troops in the Karachi garrisons, their Royal Highnesses drove the four miles to Kiamari. There they bade a cordial farewell to all specially assembled to speed them. They shook hands with the Port Commissioners, and bowing to the right and to the left, passed through a lane of people to the Renown. There was a delay of half an hour whilst farewells were said to the immediate entourage, amongst which was stout Sir Pratab Singh, come from Idar to pay his homage. Then the boatswains' pipes sounded, the moorings were cast off, and with the Prince of Wales' flag as Master of Trinity House, at the fore, and his own standard at the main, the white-hulled battleship began to move through the water. The band struck up the National Anthem, and cheer after cheer went up from the quay. The last glimpse India had of the Prince and Princess of Wales was of his Royal Highness, in undress naval uniform, with a telescope tucked under his arm, saluting. Her Royal Highness, in natty white serge, and holding binoculars, bowing her adieux. Lord Lamington put the prevailing thought in words when, from the R.I.M.S. Dufferin, which followed the Renown to sea, he signalled this farewell message:—

On behalf of Bombay Presidency I beg to express regret at the termination of a visit which will ever live in the recollections of the people as a joyous memory, and which, marked by your Royal Highnesses' kindly interest and graciousness, will have attached them more than ever to the Throne of His Majesty the King-Emperor. I respectfully wish your Royal Highnesses a good voyage, and a most happy return Home.

SOME OF THE ESCORT.

STATE ENTRY INTO KARACHI.



ARCH AT THE PORT TRUST GATE, KARACHI.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE ROYAL TOUR OF INDIA.

THE FOX GLACIER FROM THE CONE ROCK.

THE ICE PINNACLES OF THE FRANZ JOSEPH GLACIER.

From the paintings by Mr E. W. Christmas. See special article "Our Illustrations" page.


THE AMERICAN MEAT HORROR
THE LARD GATHERER.
LARD
THE HACKER.—"SAY MATEY, I'LL GIVE YOU A DOLLAR DOWN FOR THE CONTENTS"
"AHA! ONE DOSE OF THIS & HE IS NO MORE."
HE,—"DID YOU GET THAT COCKROACH - EXTERMINATOR THAT I SPOKE ABOUT"
SHE,—"NO DEAR I FORGOT IT, BUT THERES SOME TINNED BEEF IN THE KITCHEN."
BEEF
"CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS"
SOME OF THE HAM & CHICKEN
MR RAT, "DONT TOUCH IT MY DEAR, ITS ONLY PUT THERE AS A CATCH"
MUMMIED OX
THE LATEST WEAPON OF DEFENCE
TINNED COW
ALAS MY POOR SISTER
BEEF
F.C.S. TELLING

IN A JAPANESE TEA-GARDEN.

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Miss Douglas, of Epsom, is at present staying with Mrs. J. R. S. Richardson, of "Coriolea," Cambridge.

Miss Cave has returned to Papakura after paying a round of visits in Cambridge.

Miss Ethel Cave, of Papakura, is at present staying with Mrs. B. Couper, "The Anchorage," Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs Rawlinson, of Lake Takapuna, left on Monday by the Westralia on a five months' trip to England.

Dr. W. H. Horton has been appointed public vaccinator for the district of Tokateka.

Mr J. W. Livesey, of Hastings, is about to take up his residence in Auckland, in which district he has considerable flax-growing interests.

Mr Frederick Harvey was admitted as a solicitor by Mr Justice Edwards last week upon Mr. J. R. Reed's application.

Miss Jessie Brooks, who is attending the Technical College in Auckland, has been home to Cambridge for three weeks' holiday.

Miss Eva Kinder, Remuera, Auckland, left by the Westralia on Monday for Sydney, on an extended visit to her aunt, Mrs. Pollock.

Mr. J. P. Grossman, M.A., lecturer at the Auckland University College, returned by the Zealandia on Monday from a short visit to Australia.

Mrs. T. Jones and family, of "Chyntha," Cambridge, are leaving for England at the end of June. Captain Lyons-Montgomery has taken their house for two years.

Mr. Alex. Donald was presented by the employees of Messrs. Donald and Edenborough on Saturday with several pieces of plate as a token of their esteem on the occasion of his approaching marriage.

Guests at the Okoroire Thermal Springs Hotel during the past week were:—Mr. and Mrs. Gose, Mr. W. N. Toller, Miss Toller, Miss Baines, England; Mr. J. B. Mackenzie, Melbourne; Mr. and Mrs. C. Whitney, Master C. and J. Whitney, Miss Whitney, Mr and Mrs J. B. Wilkie, Master Wilkie, Miss Campbell, Miss F. G. Campbell, Mr. Mahoney, Mr. Bathe, Miss Preece, Auckland; Mr. O'Callaghan, Wellington; Mr. Williamson, Mr. J. Ross, Hamilton; Mr. Forsyth, Te Kuiti; Mrs Bannerman, Dunedin.

TARANAKI PROVINCE.

Miss C. Campbell, of Auckland, is visiting Miss Calders at New Plymouth.

Miss F. Day, who has been spending a few days in New Plymouth, has returned to Hawera.

Mrs Meek, of Hawera, is paying a short visit to Mrs Bedford, of New Plymouth.

Mr W. G. Harding, draughtsman in the local survey office, has received notice to proceed to Hokitika on temporary transfer, and leaves on Saturday (writes our New Plymouth correspondent).

HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE.

Mrs. Pharazon (Napier) is in Wellington, where she is spending some weeks.

Mrs. Tylee is absent from Napier visiting friends in the Wairarapa.

Miss Hascon has returned to Wellington from Napier, where she has been visiting.

Miss McLernon has returned to Napier after having spent a few days in Waipukurau.

Miss Butts, who has been spending a short holiday in Napier, has returned to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly (Ngatarawa) have gone to Marton on a short holiday.

Mrs. Humphries (Kereru) is on a short visit to her sister, Mrs. Lindo Levin, Napier.

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Kettle, of Napier, leave New Zealand in a few weeks for England, where they intend spending the remainder of the year.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Miss Christie, of Wanganui, has returned from her trip to Wellington.

Miss H. Anderson, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Napier.

Mrs. Gould (Palmerston North) has been on a short visit to Wellington.

Dr. Platts-Mills has gone to Dunedin to pay a round of visits.

Mrs Speed, of Australia, is the guest of Mr and Mrs Hugh Speed, Wanganui.

Mrs H. Wilson, of Cambridge, is staying in Wanganui with relations.

Miss Frankish, of Christchurch, is the guest of her sister, Mrs D. Meldrum, in Wanganui.

Mrs and the Misses Rutherford, of Picton, are staying in Wanganui with relations.

Mr and Mrs D. Beard, and Miss Reddy, of Wanganui, are on a visit to Cambridge.

Mrs A. Izard and Mrs Montgomerie of Wanganui, have gone on a visit to Napier.

Mrs and Mrs Empson, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to the South.

Miss Brabant, of Wanganui, is home again from her visit to Napier and Taihape.

The Misses O'Neill, of Napier, were in Wanganui for the winter race meeting.

Miss Butts, who has been paying visits in Napier, is back in Wellington again.

Mrs. J. Blundell has returned from Greymouth, where she has been staying with her daughter.

Mr A. E. Kernot, of Wellington, has been provisionally appointed Consul for Paraguay in New Zealand.

Miss Whitson and Miss I. Whitson have returned to Dunedin after a stay in Wellington.

Dr. and Mrs. Fitchett (Wellington) have taken rooms at Caulfield House, Sydney-street, for a time, as their own house in Woolcombe-street is let.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waldegrave (Wellington) were the guests of Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave (Palmerston North) for a few days lately.

Mr. Noel Nelson spent a few days in Wellington before going to Japan. During his residence in Wellington, he made many friends, who are very pleased to hear of his good fortune.

Mrs. Duthie and Miss Horton (Auckland), who have been visiting Australia, made a stay in Wellington on the way home. They were the guests of Miss Coates, "The Lawn," Hobson-street.

Dr. and Mrs. Pendergast Knight have returned to Wellington after a trip to Australia. Most of their time was spent in Melbourne, where Dr. Knight's people are living.

The Hon. Kathleen Plunket returned to Wellington on May 29th, after a trip to Ceylon. She left New Zealand with Mrs. and Miss Braithwaite, who were out here visiting Captain Braithwaite, A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor. After a very enjoyable stay in Colombo and the interior of Ceylon, Mrs and Miss Braithwaite continued their journey to England. The Hon. Kathleen Plunket spent some time in Australia on her way back to New Zealand, paying visits both in Melbourne and Sydney. At present she is the guest of the Bishop of Wellington and Mrs Wallis at Bishopscourt.

SOUTH ISLAND.

Mrs H. Elworthy (Timaru) is staying with Miss Murray-Aynsley, Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Henry Acland (Timaru) are spending a few weeks in Christchurch.

Mrs Gould, of Christchurch, has gone with the Hon. and Mrs Hanman, to England, where Mrs Gould intends to reside near her daughter.

Mrs Empson, of Wanganui, and her sister, Miss Acland (Mount Peel), who are in Christchurch, are the guests of Mrs Hugh Reeves, at the Deanery.

The Misses Boyle, who have been staying with Mrs J. D. Ormond, at "Wallingford," Hawke's Bay, have returned to Christchurch.

Miss Julius (Christchurch) is staying with her sister Mrs Arthur Elworthy, at Pareora, Timaru. Miss Bertha Julius is with Mrs Denniston at Peel Forest.

A Visitor's Praise of our Tourist Department.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. F. J. PROCTER, OF VANCOUVER.

Mr. F. J. Procter, of Vancouver, British Columbia, has been spending some weeks in New Zealand. In an interview Mr. Proctor said:—

"I am deeply interested in the working of your Government Tourist Department, and through the courtesy of Mr. Donne, the Superintendent, and Mr. Robieson, the Deputy-Superintendent, I have been able to learn a great deal with regard to the organisation of this Department. I cannot speak too highly both as to its efficiency and the excellent results which are being obtained. From a commercial point of view, New Zealand has, in my opinion, no greater asset than that which is being created by this Department, and no country is richer in what may be termed the 'raw material' than New Zealand. Everywhere throughout the two islands are sights and places of wonderful interest to the tourist; but it required an intelligent Department to control them, make them accessible, provide guides, build accommodation houses, establish bureaux of information under courteous agents in all the leading cities and chief places of interest—not only has the Department done all this, but it has also undertaken the establishment and management of the different sanatoriums, including Rotorua, with its fine system of baths and beautiful grounds. The Department is also to be congratulated on the excellent character and beauty of its literature, and on the extensive advertising which it is doing. I am convinced that the Government cannot do anything more profitable for the country than increase the allowance for the latter. Few people realise the commercial value, direct and indirect, of tourist traffic. Every tourist who visits New Zealand must spend in the country at the very least £25 to £50. Twenty thousand tourists mean, therefore, between £500,000 to £1,000,000 of good hard cash left in the colony. With judicious advertising the number of visitors will be annually increased. There is nothing to fear, because what the Department advertises it has got to show. It can, as the Americans say, 'deliver the goods.' I cannot imagine anyone going away dissatisfied, and every visitor who goes away pleased will send two more. In British Columbia, or, indeed, in Canada, there is no work of this sort undertaken, either by the Dominion Government or the Provincial Governments, but there are several local tourist associations. We have one in Vancouver which is supported by voluntary contributions and an annual grant from the City Council. A number of business men are elected annually on the board of directors, and the association is conducted on very similar lines to the New Zealand Tourist Department. The association's rooms in Vancouver are situated on the leading business street, and are visited annually by several thousand tourists. I have discussed with Mr. Donne the question of reciprocity between his Department and our associations, and he is thoroughly in favour of entering into some arrangements which will be of mutual benefit, and steps are already being taken in this direction. I trust therefore that the advertising of the tourist attractions of New Zealand through our association in Vancouver will become an accomplished fact, and that in return through the instrumentality of the New Zealand Tourist Department British Columbia and its fine scenic attractions will be more prominently brought before New Zealanders and their many visitors. I hope to see the All Red Route become increasingly popular. The railway journey across Canada by the splendidly equipped trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is full of interest. The scenery in the Rocky Mountains cannot, I believe, be surpassed anywhere, and the railway company has built several beautiful hotels in the mountains, where travellers can break their journey."

Mr. Procter has been one of the directors of the Vancouver Tourist Association for some years.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

"THE FATAL WEDDING."

In Auckland, as everywhere else where it has been produced, "The Fatal Wedding" has proved a stupendous and almost overwhelming financial success. Sensible play-goers will have neither time nor patience for the writers who attempt to apply the ordinary canons of dramatic criticism to such plays as this. The would-be superior beings who flaunt and sneer at such productions would be capable of demolishing some of the "pretending" games of children by demanding the tiresome explanations in which a certain type of "grown-up" revels, and in pointing out the absurdity of converting an inverted table into a 6000 ton steamer, or constituting the sofa a mail coach bound for London town. "The characters are untrue to life," say the sapient and superior critics, with ponderous veracity. Of course they are. As Mrs Gamp observed, "Who deniges of it, Betsy?" but those who go to such plays know, or ought to know, that they must be prepared to leave the stale realities of life outside the theatre door. That is, in effect, what they go for. The "let's pretend" of childhood is the sole and universal "Open Sesame" by which the average human being passes from the drab common-places of every day to that enchanted land beyond the footlights. Surely because the form of the play alters it is no reason we should demand absolute realism and querulously complain that such and such characters are not to be found in everyday life, and would never act in such and such a way under any circumstances whatsoever. To point out that it is highly absurd to make a loving husband divorce his charming wife on the sole evidence of a very obviously "put-up" dodge on the part of a madly-jealous woman and a villain, doubtless shows high intellectuality, but it argues a very plentiful lack of the faculty for harmless imagination and the capacity for "pretending," from which poor human nature, young and old, derives half the salt of life.

Judged on the score of realism, "stuff and nonsense" might be used with effect with regard to the conduct of Lear in dividing his kingdom as he did, and no "real life" father would leave the future of his daughter and her fortune to the accident of choice amongst three caskets.

One does not, of course, compare the degrees of improbabilities, but merely desires to maintain that even in the highest, as in the lowest, a strict attention to realism would leave us poor indeed. "The Fatal Wedding" is pure melodrama of the domestic order, and is therefore singularly free from those gruesome and hair-raising incidents usually described as transpontine, from the fact that the home of their first production is usually the Surrey Theatre—across the bridges. The appeals to the feelings are, as usual, of the direct and primitive order, which keep handkerchiefs busy when pathos is to the fore, and which cause uproarious hilarity when the rough and ready comic element takes its place. So far "The Fatal Wedding" differs not from its fellows, except that it is, as already said, less bloodthirsty and gloomy than many of its mates. But it possesses a feature which is all its own. The children's scene is absolutely delightful and unique. The youngsters play with remarkable "vril" and go, and the whole scene goes with a vim and snap absolutely irresistible. The main title net in the forceful way the public like, and the secret of its success is as obvious as it is uncontestable; it is what the great mass of playgoers like, and there, after all, is the Alpha and Omega of the matter.

It is so long since we have had a circus in Auckland that Messrs Bostock and Wombwell's show, which opened in Mechanic's Bay on Monday night, was sure of a most hearty welcome. There wasn't room for everybody on the first night, and the season promises to be a record one. The strange part about the show is that there are no horses, and, stranger still, one doesn't miss them. The menagerie is a strong feature, and contains some magnificent animals from a particularly fine elephant down to a couple of cranes, which wander about the tent at will, much to the amusement of the small spectators. The best thing in the circus is undoubtedly the Lukushima troupe of Japanese. There are six of them, five men and a woman, and they perform some truly remarkable feats of jugglery and balancing—even for Japanese. A strange act is that of M. Menier, "the Human Ostriche," who dines quite sumptuously off a tallow candle, some coal with lighted kerosene, and sawdust as a bone bouche. He then turns himself into an animated gas burner, and emits flames from his mouth. There is a wealth of talent in the bill, and applause is never long silent. The "turns," which go to make up a really enjoyable programme, are provided by Signor Bertani, who balances very cleverly on ladders; Jarvis and Campbell, two neat jugglers; Gungi and Dowli, a pair of highly amusing clowns; the Pastor Brothers, who go through some attractive acrobatic performances; Will and Tim, cake-walking tramps; Miss Mona, who dances prettily; Jackles and his wonderfully trained dogs; and last, but not least, Herr J. Hohendahl and his magnificent lions.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

[The charge for inserting announcements of births, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

GLADDING.—On May 26, 1906, at their residence, St. Martin's-lane, to Mr. and Mrs. Gladding, a son; both well.

PARSONS. — At 32, Norfolk-st., on the 29th May, the wife of P. Parsons, a son.

POOCH. — On May 30th, at Mt. Albert, the wife of V. Pooch of a son; both doing well.

STOKES.—On May 27, the wife of J. T. Stokes, Quadrant-street, Onehunga, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BENTON — PATERSON. — On 30th April, by Rev. Gray Dixon, John, eldest son of the late James Benton, of Edendale, to Agnes Wilson, second daughter of the late Robert Paterson, Mt. Roskill-rd.

DEATHS.

ADAMS.—On June 2nd, at the Auckland Hospital, Joseph Charles, the beloved husband of the late Minnie Adams, late of Franklin-road; aged 45 years.

ARKLE. — On May 28th, at Epsom, John Arkle, formerly of Mountridge Hall, Northumberland, in his 88th year.

BERGMAN. — At Onehunga, on May 30th, 1906, Kelsey, the dearly beloved infant son of R. and A. Bergman; aged 8 weeks.

BAINBRIDGE.—On June 1, 1906, Florence Edith, dearly beloved wife of William Bainbridge.

DEACON.—On May 31st, at the Mental Hospital, Bessie, the dearly beloved wife of A. Deacon, of Devonport, in her 49th year.

HEATH.—At the Auckland Hospital, on June 2nd, 1906, Thomas Cusack, the youngest and dearly beloved son of John and the late Mary Ann Heath; aged 22 years. R.I.P.

KINGSFORD. — On May 31st, at "Waratah," Sussex-st., Grey Lynn, Charles, beloved husband of the late Sarah Kingsford; aged 65 years.

MARRIOT.—On May 30th, at the Auckland Hospital, Joseph Marriot, engineer, late of Coromandel, dearly beloved husband of Annie Marriot.
At rest.

MARRIOTT. — On May 30th, at Auckland Hospital, dearly beloved father of Mrs W. Kempt, Arch Hill, and Mrs C. E. Churton, Scotland-st., age 76. "At rest."

MARRIOTT. — On May 30th, at Auckland Hospital, beloved husband of Annie Marriott, of Stratford.

MARRETT.—Suddenly, on June 2nd, 1906, at her residence, Jermyn-st., Hannah, dearly beloved wife of Henry J. P. Marrett, aged 44 years.

MOYLE.—On May 27, at Waihi, Sarah, the beloved wife of Thomas Moyle, second beloved daughter of Mrs Captain Tonge, Vincent-street, Auckland. Deeply regretted.

PAGE. — On May 30th, at the Auckland Hospital, Robert Page, dearly beloved husband of Anna Page; aged 53.

PAUL.—On May 31st, 1906, at her residence, Albert-st., Sarah Paul; aged 60 years. R.I.P.

PRIOR. — On June 1st, at St. Paul's-st., suddenly, Marion, the widow of the late Peter Prior; aged 63 years.

PURCHAS.—On May 28th, 1906, at Hastings, somewhat suddenly, Rev. Arthur Guyon Purchas, in his 85th year.

ROWBOTTOM. — On June 4, at his residence, Auburn-street, off Khyber Pass-road, George, the beloved father of H. R. and E. Webb, and eldest son of the late George Rowbottom, master mariner, Yorkshire, Eng; aged 53 years.

SEABOURN.—On May 29th, at his late residence, Park House, Te Aroha, John, the dearly beloved husband of Caroline Seaborn; aged 77 years.
Deeply regretted.

SMALL. — On the 30th inst., at his son in law's residence, Devonport, Auckland, Charles Thomson, the dearly beloved husband of Kate Small; in his 56th year; late of Wanganui.

WADMAN.—At the Auckland District Hospital, on June 1, 1906, the result of an accident at the Onehunga Woollen Mills, Alfred George, the dearly beloved son of George and Mary Wadman; aged 20 years.

Crown Lands and Survey Office,
Auckland, 1st June, 1906.

IT is hereby notified that 33 Town Lots and 25 Suburban Lots at Rawene (or Herd's Point Town) will be submitted for sale by public auction at the Courthouse, Rawene, on FRIDAY, 29th June, 1906, at 10 a.m. The areas are from 1 rood to 1¼ acres, and the prices from £1 2/6 to £9 12/. Posters with full particulars can be seen at all Post Offices, and copies obtained on application to this Office.

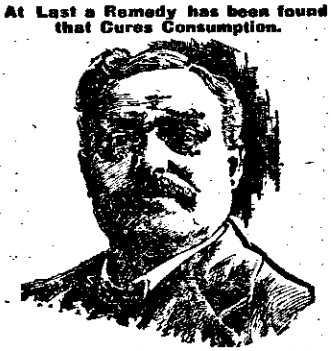
JAMES MACKENZIE,
Commissioner Crown Lands.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Freda Matthews, fourth daughter of Mr. A. Matthews, of Waiorongomai, Featherston, to Mr Alec Hannay, of Te Pau, Kahautara.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Noel Nelson, eldest son of Canon Nelson, of St. Paul's (Auckland), to Miss May Blundell, only daughter of Mr. Louis Blundell, Wellington.

The engagement is announced of Miss Winifred Roskruge, eldest daughter of Mr. L. C. Roskruge (Wellington), to Mr Garnet Holmes, son of Mr. John Holmes, Oriental Bay, Wellington.



Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, May 5.

The first day of the

WINTER RACE MEETING

was gloriously fine, though rather cold towards the end of the afternoon. There was not a very large crowd present, and not a particularly enthusiastic one either, but there were some very pretty new winter frocks worn. Amongst them were Mrs Lowry (Hawke's Bay), who wore a very smart gown of pearl grey cloth banded with silk braid of same shade, dainty toque to match; Mrs George Bloomfield, brown cloth tailor-made gown, becoming blue hat trimmed with brown tulle and shaded roses; Mrs F. Waller, wore a picturesque 1806 Empire coat and skirt, of navy blue cloth, white vest, and very pretty blue velvet hat, ermine stole and muff; Mrs Robert Burns, pretty pastel shade of heliotrope cloth, dainty hat of same shade, with roses of deeper tone; Mrs Hartland, brown embroidered cloth gown with brown chenille toque; Mrs Ralph, brown cloth tailor-made, cream vest, small toque to correspond; Mrs Lawson, beautifully fitting green cloth tailor-made, white vest, green hat with white wings; Mrs Bodle, grey flecked tweed toilette, black hat; Mrs Ranson, pretty grey costume, dainty black and white toque; Mrs McCallum, dark blue cloth tailor-made, hat garlanded with crimson roses; Mrs Percy Butler, blue cloth coat and skirt, white vest and blue mushroom hat with shaded blue ribbon; Mrs Holgate, smart dark brown costume with small fur toque; Mrs Copeland Savage was charmingly gowned in a bluey-grey coat and skirt, black hat with shaded blue feather; Mrs Lyons was gowned in white cloth with white caracul jacket; Miss De Camp, black tailor-made gown and small black hat; Mrs Hanna, dark tailor-made gown, black hat with red roses; Mrs Black, black costume with long biscuit-coloured Empire coat and black hat; Mrs Rees, navy blue with small blue straw toque to match; Mrs H. B. Lusk, reseda green cloth with facings of white and green velvet a shade darker, white hat with black ostrich feathers; Mrs Bwen Alison, grey cloth skirt and smart grey caracul jacket, blue pork-pie toque with long brown feather; Mrs Pilkington, dark blue cloth with quaint little brown fur hat; Mrs Colegrove, wore grey; Mrs Lawrence, navy blue coat and skirt with white vest relieved with red, red mushroom hat; Mrs Dunnett, Harris tweed costume, small black toque with crimson

roses; Mrs Harry Marsack, navy blue coat and skirt, with pretty pink-shaded hat; Mrs Walker, wore a dark stone grey coat and skirt, white vest, and black and white toque; Mrs Barter, smart green cloth corselet gown relieved with white, wine-coloured hat with brown fur; Mrs Sharman, very handsome black glace, black hat, white ostrich plumes; Mrs. Noble, smart dark blue cloth coat and skirt, with velvet buttons, dark blue hat; Miss Percival, brown cloth costume, Tuscan straw hat trimmed with green; Miss Dunnett was gowned in a blue tailor-made, with white vest, hat to correspond; Mrs Mair, grey sac coat and skirt, with black hat; Mrs. Harry Brett wore a navy blue cloth costume with cream vest, blue hat to match; Miss Towle was charmingly gowned in a cream serge gown, Tuscan hat trimmed with green; Miss Gorrie, smart tailor-made gown in new beetroot shade, small fur toque with trail of roses on one side; Miss Binney, dark blue coat and skirt, hat to match; Miss McDonald was in dark grey, with hat to match; Mrs Coney wore a dark tailor-made coat and skirt, smart white hat with shaded roses; Miss Bush (Thames), dark blue coat and skirt with white facings, pale blue velvet toque; Miss Nora Walker, pretty dark blue costume, relieved with moss green and white facings, blue fur trimmed hat; Mrs Stewart Reed was wearing dark blue cloth, with hat to match; Miss Little was in black, black and white hat; Miss Shuttleworth (New Plymouth), was gowned in black, relieved with white hat en suite; Miss Draper, pretty grey costume, with fur toque to match; Miss Alison, smart plaid costume with white vest, small green hat; Mrs George Nichol, royal navy blue cloth coat and skirt, with white vest, small blue toque; Miss Bagnall, grey flecked tweed, white and black; Miss Lusk, navy blue costume, blue felt hat with wings and scarlet geraniums; Miss Olive Lusk wore dark red with velvet facings, small red hat; Miss Worsp, blotting paper pink cloth coat and skirt, hat en suite; Miss Blanche Worsp, dainty pastel blue cloth costume, with white hat; Miss Ida Thompson wore white serge coat and skirt, white fur toque; Miss Ralph, white costume, becoming white toque turned up at one side, with cluster of red roses; Miss Spicer, navy blue, bright red hat forming a pretty contrast; Mrs Harry Hume, navy blue cloth costume, hat to correspond; Miss Webster (New Plymouth), royal navy coat and skirt, with blue vest, blue mushroom hat wreathed with crimson berries.

THE SECOND DAY'S RACES.

There was a far larger crowd at the Ellerslie races on Monday, the second day, than there was on the first. Steeplechase Days seem to be becoming the favourite days of the year, though to a great extent many people think the danger to life and limb rather mars the pleasure of watching the steeplechase itself. Naturally the serious accident on Monday was rather a damper on the spirits of the public. Some interesting racing was witnessed, some very close finishes adding to the general excitement. Mrs. Lowry (Hawke's Bay) was strikingly gowned in a handsome brown chiffon velours, relieved with touches of pale blue, white hat trimmed with brown tulle and pale blue feathers; Mrs. J. R. Bloomfield, smart navy blue cloth long coat and skirt, braided with black, becoming hat of the new beetroot shade, garlanded with roses; Mrs. Grierson, black cloth coat and skirt with white facings, black and white toque; Mrs. Harry Bloomfield was charmingly gowned in a stone grey cloth Eton coat and skirt, grey hat to match garlanded with roses, beautiful feather boa; Mrs. Geo. Bloomfield, pale grey beautifully fitting coat and skirt, with black picture hat; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield was gowned in cream serge, smart black hat; Mrs. F. Waller, grey tweed Russian costume, black hat; Mrs. Alfred Nathan, charming brown costume braided and trimmed with velvet, toque composed of green leaves and pink shaded roses, brown furs; Mrs. Leo Myers, pretty shade of dark blue, blue hat to match; Mrs. Mahoney, violet cloth gown, and violet hat to match; Mrs. Churton wore white serge, relieved with touches of cerise, white and cerise hat; Mrs. Holmes wore a heather mixture coat and skirt, becoming beaver hat; Mrs. Smith, flecked grey and green tweed tailor-made, small violet velvet and tulle toque; Mrs. Palairet wore a smart green costume, with green and white hat; Mrs. Sandes (Hamilton) wore black, dainty black bonnet, relieved with dark green velvet; Mrs. Grant, brown cloth costume with sable coat, and hat with cluster of violets; Mrs. Roberts, navy blue tailor-made, black toque with cluster of shaded roses at one side; Mrs. Frater, violet cloth, with pretty toque of same shade, brown furs; Mrs. Hill was daintily gowned in pale grey, toque trimmed with white; Mrs. Charlie Owen, navy blue cloth costume, with black chenille toque; Mrs. Fried wore brown, with brown hat; Mrs. Devore, black gown with handsome paletot coat and becoming dark red and black bonnet; Mrs. Phillips, light brown sac coat and skirt, with white vest, brown and pink toque; Mrs. Black, green cloth, with smart upturned green hat to match; Mrs. Sharman wore a noticeable gown of deep biscuit-coloured cloth with lace frills, sable coat and cream and apple green vest, hat trimmed with apple green; Mrs. Edward Anderson, pretty costume of brown corduroy velvet, becoming toque of same shade with pheasant plumes and dark green velvet; Mrs. Harry Clark, pale grey paletot coat and skirt, with wine coloured hat; Mrs. Proctor, dark brown and green heather mixture tweed coat and skirt, brown and green hat to correspond; Mrs Jones, smart checked tweed coat and skirt, small brown and red toque; Mrs Hamley, beautifully fitting dark brown cloth with brown fur toque; Mrs Fred Young, grey tweed tailor-made with cream vest, pretty upturned hat en suite; Mrs Tonks wore dark grey, small black hat with crimson roses; Mrs Firth, blue cloth gown with becoming hat to match; Mrs Pilkington, navy blue cloth tailor-made, white and black toque; Mrs Raleigh Peacocke looked well in dark blue with hat to match, and white furs; Miss Inez Pearcocke wore navy blue relieved with white, and blue hat; Miss Q. Pearcocke, grey coat and skirt, with felt hat trimmed with shaded roses; Miss Buckland, dark blue cloth costume, dainty white vest, and a blue hat to match; Miss T. Binney was in a black and white check coat and skirt, and a smart hat en suite; Miss Gore Gillon wore a blue tailor-made and a dark blue hat with clusters of pale blue roses; Miss Muir Douglas, in a red cloth coat and skirt, and a becoming fur toque; Miss Denniston, in a brown cloth piped with red, and a brown beaver hat; Miss Gorrie wore a blue tailor-made, and black toque with shaded roses, and a feather boa; Miss Pearl Gorrie, in a navy coat and skirt, and a hat trimmed with shaded roses; Miss Williams wore a brown cloth costume with a wine coloured hat and furs; Miss Towle in a pretty white cloth costume with a black picture hat; Miss Nathan was gowned in a royal blue chiffon velours, with cream Valenciennes lace sleeves and yoke, blue velvet hat; Miss Benjamin was in a beetroot cloth costume with pink cloth facings, and a hat of same shade trimmed with pink; Miss Waller wore a striking gown of small black and white check velvet, dainty lace vest, and felt hat with roses shaded from wine colour to pink; Miss Miles (Wellington), in a light biscuit-coloured cloth with apricot velvet facings and belt, hat en suite; Miss Young, was in a blue cloth coat and skirt, with a pale blue hat; Miss Torrance wore a grey fleck tweed coat and skirt, dainty white vest, and white felt hat with pale blue; Miss Colbeck, in a dark blue cloth Empire coat and skirt, and a blue hat to match; Miss Ruth Colbeck wore grey tweed with a smart grey beaver; Miss Marks, in a grey flecked tweed costume with a white vest, and a black plumed hat; Miss Phillips was in a pale grey paletot coat and skirt, and a pretty white toque; Miss Nora Walker was in a grey sac coat and skirt, and a pretty blue hat; Miss Lloyde wore a brown cloth costume with a becoming brown fur toque; Miss Alexander, in a grey flecked tweed with a dainty white vest, and a grey hat to match; Miss — Alexander was in grey with a smart blue hat; Miss Spicer wore a blue costume with brown facings, and brown hat; Miss Basley was smartly gowned in a black tailor-made with white vest and revers, white and black hat; Miss Peacocke, blue coat and skirt with white vest, white hat garlanded with violets; Miss Ware was picturesquely gowned in a grey Empire coat and skirt, very pretty hat garlanded with roses, and blue and green velvet ribbon; Miss Davy wore grey with a scarlet hat.

A most enjoyable

EUCHRE PARTY

was given at the charming home of Mr and Mrs D. A. Hay, Sea View-road, Remuera, on Friday evening, May 25, when upwards of 70 guests were entertained The rooms and balcony, enclosed and tastefully decorated with curtains, lanterns, and palms, provided ample accommodation. The supper-table decorations were prettily carried out in tangerine and autumn tints. Mrs Hay received her guests in a rich black broche handsomely trimmed. Miss Hay assisted her mother, gowned in a dainty cream net over white silk, trimmed with bebe ribbon and Oriental lace relieved with a spray of autumn leaves. Misses Daphne and Mildred Hay wore cream silk and white muslin frocks respectively; Mrs Clarence Bach looked well in a black silk voile skirt, cream blouse with scarlet roses; Mrs H. Goldie, black silk trimmed daintily with cream lace and tangerine ribbon velvet; Mrs Rylance, flowered muslin over heliotrope silk; Miss Atkinson, pretty white silk trimmed with pale blue and spangles, blue flowers; Miss M. Atkinson, black satin with tangerine bows; Miss Abbot, becoming white taffeta gown, the bodice draped with lace fichu; Miss Brassey, cream broche relieved with cerise ribbon velvet and roses; Miss Bach, pretty white silk, bodice finished with round yoke of ecru lace and high swathed pink belt; Miss Mamie Birch, black silk voile skirt over silk, white silk blouse, pink rose in coiffure; Miss Beryl Browne, white silk; Miss Collins, black canvas voile skirt, eau-de-nil glace silk blouse, pink flowers; Miss Maude Collins, cream voile, shaded leaves in corsage; Miss

Lands and Survey Office,
16th May, 1906.

NOTICE is hereby given that separate tenders will be received at this Office up till 12 o'clock noon, TUESDAY, 19th June, 1906, for various lots of Kauri and other milling timbers standing on Block XVI., Mangakahia, Section 28, Block XI., and Section 23, Block XII., Opuawhanga S.D., Block XI., Opuawhanga S.D., Block VIII., Mangakahia S.D., Block XIII., Opuawhanga S.D., Block XIII., Orongere, and Block I., Panakitere S.D., Section 17, Block XI., Waipoua S.D., Section I., Block XV., Panakitere S.D., Sections 30, 40, 41a (Education Reserves) Parish Oruru, Section 5, Block I., Kaihu S.D., Blocks I., III., and VII., Tangihua, and Block XII., Maungaru S.D.

Posters showing plan of localities and giving particulars of terms and conditions of tender may be had on application to the above offices.

JAMES MACKENZIE,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The Education Board of the District of Auckland.

In accordance with the provisions of "The Education Act, 1904," the Education Board of the District of Auckland directs it to be publicly notified that Meetings of Householders in the several School Districts named in the schedule hereunder will be held on

MONDAY, JUNE 25, 1906,

at the times and places respectively set forth in the said Schedule.

And in accordance with Section 119 of the said Act, the Board has also appointed that the Committees of the several School Districts named in the said Schedule shall hold their First Meeting immediately after Election at the places respectively set forth therein.

And further, the Board hereby calls upon the Householders in each School District to send in writing, by post or delivery, so as to be delivered to the respective Chairmen of the several School Committees not later than eight o'clock in the evening of MONDAY, the 18th June, 1906, the names of persons, being resident householders nominated by them for election to serve upon the Committee for the year next ensuing. Such nominations shall be signed by the Proposer and by the Candidate, and shall be in the form set forth in the Ninth Schedule to the said Act or to the effect thereof. Printed forms of nomination may be obtained on application to the Chairmen of Committees or at the Office of the Board.

VINCENT E. RICE,
Secretary.

SCHEDULE.

Ararimu, 4 p.m., School
Hobsonville, 7 p.m., School
Manawaru, 7.30 p.m., School
Mangapiko, 7 p.m., School
Mercury Bay, 7 p.m., School

Cleveland, white crepeline trimmed with yak insertion; Miss Colbeck, white muslin trimmed with dainty little frills edged with bebe ribbon; Miss Ruth Colbeck, white silk; Miss Carr, champagne silk voile trimmed with black bebe velvet, spray of violets and maidenhair in corsage; Miss Dunlop, looked sweet in white silk, bodice finished with pink and blue flowers, wreath of same in coiffure; Miss Devore, black silk voile over black silk, red roses in corsage; Miss Gould, black net over silk, trimmed with tiny bows of tangerine ribbon velvet; Miss Dagma, Gillilan looked charming in pale pink silk, the high swathed belt finished with crimson velvet buttons; Miss Mabel Hay, dainty white muslin; Miss Haselden, black voile skirt, turquoise blouse trimmed with cream lace; Miss Hampson, dainty white figured net over silk, prettily trimmed with lace and insertion; Miss Kempthorne, black velvet, handsome berthe of point lace; Miss Gertrude Kempthorne, lemon silk with autumn leaves on corsage; Miss Miller, cream voile made with cross-over bodice finished with lace and red roses; Miss McMaster, charming white crepe de chine, tucked and gauged; Miss Muriel Peacocke was quaintly dressed in cornflower blue flowered silk, the cross-over bodice draped with white fichu; Miss Reid, white silk; Miss Scott, rose pink crepe de chine; Miss W. Scott, pale pink silk; Miss Mabel Thornes, pale blue silk daintily trimmed with Oriental lace. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs. H. Goldie, L. P. Pickmere, Hudson, Sellers, Bach (3), J. F. Thompson, L. Shera, G. Reid, P. Hanna, V. Gosset, M. Thompson, Barry, A. Slowman, Hay (2), F. Dunlop, H. Brassey, C. T. Tobin, T. Gillilan, R. Thornes, McMurray, S. Woodroffe, Colbeck, R. Abbot, K. Jones, and M. Rytance.

Under the auspices of

THE WEST END TENNIS CLUB

a most successful euchre and dance took place in the Ponsonby Hall on Monday evening. There were thirty-nine euchre tables, and play was kept up with much zest until 10 o'clock, after which a dainty collation was served. The winners of the first ladies' prizes were Miss Ethel Bagnall and Miss Atkinson. The gentlemen's were won by Mr. Warnock and Mr. Arthur Goldie. Delightful music was contributed by Mr. E. J. Burke for the dance, and a most enjoyable time was spent until 12 o'clock, when the evening was brought to a close. Messrs. E. Hickson and B. F. Gittos were untiring in their efforts to make everything go off successfully. The following are the names of those on the committee:—Mesdames Jones, Manning, Newell, Misses Bagnall, Billington, Connolly, Davies, Gittos, Hanna, Tibbs, Messrs. Angus, Burton, Endean, Good, Manning, Morpeth, McCoy, Upton and Walker. The decorations of the hall, and the particularly pretty dresses of the ladies, had a very bright and artistic effect. Among those present were: Mesdames Burton, Newell, Jones, Burt, Hodgson, Griffiths, Wilfred Manning, Haszard, Cleghorn, Colsen, Misses Devore (2), Burton, Upton, Tibbs, Stevenson, Holloway, Julian, Gittos (2), Hosking, Bell, Billington (2), Bagnall, Haszard, Foote, Hickson, Nelson, Rothschild, Atkinson, Ada Davies, Connolly, Hanna, Ellie Hanna (New Plymouth), Webb (2), Kennedy, Sloane (2), Cleghorn, Gillett, C. Butler, Bach, Hellaby, Price (Thames), Odlum, Nellie Thorne, Falder, Elsie Court, Warnock, etc., etc. Among the gentlemen present were: Messrs. C. J. Parr (president of the club), J. Patterson, A. Cooke, Williams, Foote, Tibbs, Upton (2), McCoy, Hickson, Morpeth, Bedford, Earle, Gittos, A. Goldie, Angus, Burton, Brabant, Wilfred Manning, Billington, Burt, Endean, Walker, Good, Cleghorn, Hanna, Longuet, etc.

A DELIGHTFUL DANCE

was given by Mrs Ernest Bloomfield at her beautiful house, "Te Kowhai," Victoria-avenue, Remuera, last Thursday evening. Luckily, the weather, which had been absolutely unspeakable for all the rest of the week, cleared a little towards evening, much to our delight. The house itself is charming enough without any decorations, but someone had evidently lavished much time and thought on the remarkably pretty and original decorations — violets and roses, combined with exquisite tinted autumn leaves, filling every available space. The spacious drawingroom made a grand dancing salon, a recherche supper was served in the diningroom, while the wide corridors and balconies and the smokingroom were converted into most delightful sitting-out nooks for the lazily inclined. Mrs Ernest Bloomfield was tastefully gowned in a cameo pink crepe de chine, delicate lace draped the bodice, which was effectively combined with contrasting shade of pink ribbon; the belle of the evening was undoubtedly Mrs Bloomfield's sweet little daughter Margot, who helped her mother receive the guests and distributed very dainty dance cards and pencils. She wore a charming little frock of pale blue chiffon taffeta, with tiny lace tucker. To say that Mr Bloomfield made a perfect host is saying all that one can say, as it is not comme il faut to describe gentlemen's costumes nowadays. Mrs Bloomfield wore a rich black glace silk toilette, with black lace outlining corsage and black ornament in coiffure; Mrs L. R. Bloomfield's gown was of beautiful black jetted net over glace, black butterfly bow in her hair; Mrs George Bloomfield wore a graceful black point d'esprit toilette, strikingly finished with silver embroidery; Miss Reay, handsome black taffeta, with rich cream Maltese lace on bodice; Mrs F. Waller was strikingly gowned in deep cream silk point d'esprit over ivory glace, pale blue ceinture, and pale blue medallions forming the desired touch of colour; Mrs Archie Clark wore a lovely gown of the palest shade of oyster grey encrusted with lace, pale pink roses on corsage and in her hair; Mrs Harry Clark, dainty white crepe de chine toilette, with cream lace tastefully arranged on bodice, wreathlet of forget-me-nots in coiffure; Miss Williams was strikingly gowned in pale blue Oriental satin, with lovely lace combined with black and white tulle on bodice; Miss Ware was charming in black, with a white rose and green leaves in her hair; Miss Buckland, dainty picture frock of pale blue taffeta, chiffon tucker; Miss — Buckland was wearing a pretty white chiffon taffeta; Miss Davy was charmingly gowned in white silk, the tablotted berthe outlined with kilted ribbon and chiffon, silver and white hair ornament; Miss Dagma Gillilan, pretty shade of pale blue taffeta with wide insertion on skirt, the bodice was softened with lace and jewelled chiffon tucker; Miss Cotter's gown was ciel blue chiffon taffeta, softened with lace and chiffon, wreath of pale blue flowers in coiffure; Miss Devereux, cream net, the frills edged with narrow black bebe ribbon, over glace silk; Miss Stevenson, dainty white satin and chiffon toilette, crimson roses on corsage and in her hair; Miss Lusk, soft blue silk with white net tucker and chemisette, chine ribbon sash; Miss Olive Lusk was in pale sea green silk, with chiffon tucker caught with shaded chiffon roses, dark green chiffon ceinture; Miss Nathan, lovely gown of white chiffon taffeta, inset with medallions of white lace; Miss Towle was pretty in black crepe de chine, with wide cream lace berthe threaded with pale blue; Miss — Towle, dainty white Oriental satin, trimmed with lace; Miss Nora Kissling wore black point d'esprit over white satin; Miss Gorrie was picturesquely gowned in white taffeta and lace, red roses on corsage and in her hair; Miss Gwen Gorrie was prettily frocked in white silk, relieved with black roses on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Ida Thompson wore a dainty pale blue gown with cream lace on bodice; Miss Isabel Clarke, soft white silk finished with Valenciennes lace motifs.

CINDERELLA DANCE.

A very jolly little dance was the one that took place at Mrs. Sowerby's Hall last Friday night under the auspices of Mrs. Rees, Mrs. Edgecumbe, and the Misses Bell, Gore Gillon, Hill (2), and Dobson. A delightful programme was gone through, and when I tell you that the floor was perfect, the supper delicious, and that Burke played, you will understand why everyone was so loath to leave. There were several extra-extras, and even after that a few of the most indefatigable still clamoured for more, so that it was nearly three o'clock when we finally left the hall. Amongst many dainty frocks I noticed: Mrs. Rees, wearing a very becoming black silk chiffon taffeta, with black tulle tucker, spray of pink banksia roses in coiffure; Mrs. Pilkington, charming frock of peach pink satin, with frills and bertha of fine Paris-tinted Brussels net, edged with Valenciennes lace of same shade; Miss Cissie Bell wore a very pretty frock of pale pink yamaga, with lovely point lace vandyked berthe, cluster of pink and red roses on corsage, and pale pink chou in hair; Miss Kathleen Hill, dainty white accordion-pleated silk gown, softened with chiffon and lace; Miss Gore Gillon was picturesquely gowned in black, with soft net and lace fichu caught with cluster of roses, red roses in her hair; Miss Queenie Peacocke, ivory satin, with lace berthe, and cluster of roses in coiffure; Miss Dyer wore soft white silk, daintily finished with lace and chiffon, blue chrysanthemums in her hair; Miss Eileen Dyer was prettily gowned in white; Miss Duder was smartly gown in black, with tulle and satin ribbon on bodice; Miss Duder was wearing pale blue satin and cream lace; Miss Hartland, white silk, the decolletage outlined with insertion, pale blue ribbon in her hair; Miss Hallom was gowned in black, with crimson roses in her hair; Miss Helen Fenton was prettily gowned in cream eolienne, with lovely lace berthe threaded with narrow black velvet ribbon; Miss Ada Preece (Ngarnawahia) wore a cream challie, softened with Paris-tinted lace, and bebe ribbon; Miss Minitt, black frilled net over glace; Miss Taunton, deep pink silk, with tucked skirt, and bodice softened with lace; Miss Graham wore a very pretty white silk, with crossover bodice, and Valenciennes lace chemisette; Miss Ida Newell was wearing black, with clusters of shaded roses on bodice and in her hair; Miss Dawson, very pretty white inserted muslin, with pink ribbon threaded through the Valenciennes insertion tucker, and wide pink corselet belt, pink roses in coiffure; Miss Muriel Dawson looked pretty in black beribboned net, with cream lace applique on bodice; Miss Leah Donnelly, pale pink silk, with cream lace berthe and black velvet shoulder straps, red roses in her hair; Miss Ulie Culjan, dainty white Swiss muslin, with embroidered berthe, threaded with cerise ribbon; Miss Ruth Colbeck, white taffeta, with ecru net and lace berthe threaded with pale pink, pink roses in her hair; Miss Rita Cleveland wore a graceful cream eolienne, the bodice softened with lace and ruched ribbon; Miss Eileen Keogh was charmingly frocked in shell pink silk, relieved with cream lace; Miss Borlace was wearing a pretty white silk; Miss Dickey, white silk, with rich cream applique, and lace on bodice threaded with azure blue ribbon; her sister wore white muslin, with cerise ribbons; Miss Lusk, ciel blue silk, relieved with cream tucker and chemisette, chine ribbon ceinture; Miss Olive Lusk wore pale green silk, with touches of cream lace and shaded chiffon roses; Miss Metcalfe, pretty blue grey silk muslin, with white lace on bodice arranged with bolero effect.

PHYLLIS BROUN.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, June 2.

The old adage, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," was exemplified last week, when the boat passed on and left us

MR. ANDREW BLACK

for a few more days. We had an extra concert, and it was simply splendid. The programme was a lengthy one, and Mr. Black sang some of the old songs. Every item was thoroughly enjoyed, and we are all congratulating ourselves that we have had an opportunity of hearing such a magnificent singer.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. Tombleson, of Patutahi, gave

A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE DANCE.

The drawing-room, dining-room, and part of the verandah were used for danc-

ing, and prettily arranged with flowers and pink lights. A dainty supper was served on small tables. Mrs. Tombleson received her guests in a black satin dress, with touches of red; Mrs. B. McPhail wore pink satin; Miss E. Williamson, soft white silk; Miss M. Williamson, black crepe de chine, white lace; Miss Wallis, pale green satin; Miss Nolan, black silk, white lace berthe, pink roses; Miss S. Evans, pale green silk; Miss H. Woodbine-Johnston, white satin and lace; Miss Monckton, black net over satin; Miss G. Monckton, soft white silk and lace; Miss M. Perry, white satin; Miss H. Sherratt, white chiffon silk gauged and tucked and trimmed with soft frills of lace; Miss Tullock, white crepe de chine. Amongst the gentlemen were: Messrs. W. Tombleson, H. Evans, Monckton, T. Monckton, R. Sherratt, C. Hamilton, Gillingham, Sheriff (2), G. Nolan, Roberts, D. Barton, Stevens, Biset.

Mrs. Cyril White gave a

BRIDGE EVENING

last Friday as a sort of farewell before leaving for a trip to Sydney. Mrs. White was wearing a black crepe de chine dress. Others there were: Dr. and Mrs. J. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. F. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rees, Dr. and Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Symes, Dr. and Mrs. Buckeridge, Mrs. Carmichael, Miss R. Reynolds, Miss Bradley, Miss E. Bradley, Miss W. Reynolds, Mr. R. Burke.

Last Saturday glorious weather prevailed for the

HUNT CLUB'S MEET

round the foot of the ranges, below Mr. Charles Grey's homestead. Luncheon was kindly provided by Mrs. Williamson. Amongst those out were: Mr. and Mrs. Patullo, Miss K. Sherratt, Miss R. Reynolds, Messrs. Cyril White, R. Sherratt, T. Sherratt, Max Jackson, Murphy, Gouldsmith, Monckton, Roberts, Newman, W. Martin, Graham, and Grey.

ELSA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, June 1.

TE RANGI PAI

received a most enthusiastic welcome on her appearance at the Opera House. There were large audiences present at both her concerts, and her beautiful and appealing voice charmed all who heard her. Miss Amy Murphy, who is a great favourite here, also had a great reception. On Wednesday Te Rangi Pai wore a beautiful dress of gold and silver sequin embroidered black net over black silk, with touches of pink on corsage. On Thursday she wore black spangled net over white satin. Miss Murphy had a dainty frock of white satin, silver sequin embroidery on skirt, band of turquoise blue finishing bodice. In the audience I noticed Mrs. Vawdrey Baldwin in white silk and chiffon, cream opera coat; Mrs. J. Strang in cream, grey cape with white feather stole; Mrs. Friend, black silk, black sequin trimming on bodice; Miss Stone, pale blue silk, cream lace berthe; Mrs. O'Brien, black skirt, cream silk blouse, dark red coat with string-coloured lace medallions; Miss O'Brien, in white muslin and lace, pale blue coat; Miss Armstrong, white silk and lace, pale pink flowers, cream cape with swansdown; Mrs. Rennell, cream silk, cream cape; Mrs. Bagnall, cream brocade, cream lace berthe, cluster of scarlet flowers, grey blue coat with white feather trimming; Mrs. H. Gibbons, black satin and chiffon, tangerine flowers, grey cape; Mrs. Loughnan, in cream, scarlet accordion-pleated silk coat, with black fur edging; Mrs. Hopkins (Otaki), in black, with Paris lace yoke and medallions; Mrs. A. Gibbons, black silk, red coat; Miss Gibbons, black satin and chiffon, grey cape with white fur; Mrs. J. P. Innes, cream silk, with silk ruchings, very pretty cream opera coat, with touches of pale blue; Mrs. Warburton, black silk, large cluster of pink and crimson flowers, champagne embroidered opera coat; Miss Warburton, pale blue silk, pink roses on corsage, cream cape with swansdown; Mrs. Greig, tussore silk yoke, and berthe of a deeper shade of lace, cluster of yellow and deep red roses; Mrs. Stowe in cream, with cream insertion, grey blue coat with white fur; Mrs. Freeth, yellow gauged silk and white lace, touches of tangerine; Mrs. Park, black brocaded skirt, black silk blouse, with accordion-pleated sleeves, large crimson rose; Mrs. Holmes, black skirt, cream silk blouse, pale grey coat with white, pale blue chiffon rosette in hair; Miss Ward, black skirt, cream silk blouse, cream cape with white swansdown, pale blue chiffon rosette in hair; Mrs. Bendall, in cream, red coat with large white satin collar; Miss King, in cream silk and lace, cream silk bow in hair; Mrs. Randolph, black silk voile skirt, cream brocade and chiffon blouse, cream opera coat; Miss Randolph, blue silk, fichu of Paris spotted net, with edging of pale blue silk, cluster of pale pink roses; Miss McLennan, in black, pink flowers, pretty grey opera coat, with white yoke with narrow grey strappings; Miss Elsie McLennan, cream silk and lace, black lace scarf; Mrs. J. M. Johnston, black skirt, cream silk blouse, red coat; Miss Smith (Dunedin), in cream; Mrs. F. Chapperton (Dunedin), in black, yoke and medallions of Paris lace; Mrs. Walter Strang, cream voile, cream coat with touches of black velvet; Miss Green, cream silk, pink velvet belt; Miss Slack, black skirt, pale yellow silk and lace blouse; Mrs. E. W. Hitchings, black silk, small V shaped yoke of cream lace; Miss Bell, white muslin and lace, red cape; Miss Wood, pink crepe de chine and chiffon, cluster of pink and crimson roses; Mrs. Moore, in cream, with cream opera coat; Mrs. Bunting, black evening dress, touches of pale blue on bodice, red coat; Mrs. Uridge, grey blue evening dress, cream lace berthe, cluster of violet flowers, cream opera cape; Mrs. Aicken, black skirt, red silk blouse, with cream lace collar; Mrs. Louisson, black skirt, cream silk blouse, pale blue accordion-pleated silk coat; Mrs Porter, black skirt, black silk blouse, with cream lace medallions; Miss Porter, black skirt, white muslin and lace blouse; Miss Simcox, cream silk, and lace insertion, pink flowers, cream cape with swansdown; Mrs Macintyre, black skirt, pale green satin blouse with cream lace; Miss Beile Smith, cream silk and chiffon; Mrs Adam Macdonald, black skirt, cream silk blouse, with deeper cream lace collar; Mrs W. H. Smith, black satin skirt, rich cream satin and lace blouse; Miss Frances Waldegrave, cream and pale pink floral muslin, made with many little frills; Miss Margaret Waldegraove, cream silk, cream cape, with swansdown; Miss Marjory Abraham, cream silk; Mrs Kitchen, cream silk and lace; Mrs H. Cooper, cream evening dress, long grey coat, with capes piped with pale blue; Mrs Preece, black silk, dark red silk opera coat; Miss Preece, black skirt, pale blue silk blouse; Miss Park, in cream, with long cream opera coat; Miss P. Park, cream, with cream satin collar embroidered in pale blue and palé pink; Mrs R. S. Abraham, black velvet, berthe of beautiful lace; the Misses Nellie and Ethel Abraham, in cream. Others present were Mr and Mrs Thompson, Miss Wilson, Mr and Mrs Batchelor, Mr and Mrs McKnight, Mr and Mrs Guy, Mr and Mrs Archer, Mr and Mrs Durward, Dr. and Mrs Peach, Mrs and the Misses Keeling, Mr and Mrs Gunter, Mr and Mrs Mellsop, the Misses Wylds, Miss Bond, the Misses Robinson, Mrs F. S. McRae, Miss Reader, Messrs Gibbons (2), Bagnall (2), Cohen, Bond, Denny, Harman, Hitchings, Park, Abraham, Warburton, Strang, Holmes, A. McDonald, A. Keeling, Aicken, Drs. Stowe, O'Brien and Martin, Mr and Mrs Watson, Mr and Mrs Gunter, etc., etc.

The opening of the

OLYMPIA SKATING RINK

took place in the Zealandia Hall on Friday last, and judging from the crowd present and the large number who skated, the season will be very popular. Mr and Mrs Pickett, Mr and Mrs E. W. Hitchings, Mr and Mrs McPherson, Mr and Mrs Jamieson, Mr and Mrs Millton, Mrs F. S. McRae, Mr and Mrs Mowlem, Mrs Snelson, Misses Collins (2), Fitzherbert (3), Waldegrave (2), Warburton, Lord, Reed, Porter, Robinson (2), Hurden, Bell, Hickson, Keeling, Fookes (New Plymouth), Messrs Fitzherbert (2), Hankins (2), Collins, Barraud, Reed (2), Bell, Haynes, Keeling (2), Newton, Copeland (2), Wilson, Waldegrave (3), and Wood were a few of those present.

In a ladies' competition played on the Hokowhitu links on Friday afternoon, for prizes presented by Miss Abraham and Miss Slack, Mrs Innes, Mrs Porritt, and Mrs Moore tied, and in the play-off Mrs Moore won by one stroke. Of the juniors, Mrs Seifert was first, Mrs Millton second, and Miss E. McLennan third.

The first of the Cinderella dancing takes place to-night. I will tell you about it when next I write.

Mrs H. Gibbons and Mrs Bagnall have issued a large number of invitations for an "At Home" to be held in the Municipal Hall on Friday, the 8th inst.

VIOLET.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee, June 2.

On Tuesday evening Mrs James Hally, of "Valmai," gave one of her thoroughly enjoyable musical evenings. The fine large drawing room looked charming with its artistic arrangement of lovely flowers, principally late chrysanthemums and autumn leaves and pots of exquisite maidenhair ferns. Those contributing to the musical part of the entertainment were Mrs A. Gibbons, Miss Mitchell (Auckland), Miss Willis, Miss Taylor, Miss J. Brooks, and the Misses Skeet. Recitations were given by Miss K. Hally, Messrs C. C. Buckland and Dixon. A recherche supper was served. Mrs Hally received her guests in a rich black silk trimmed with lace. She was assisted by daughters—Mrs A. Gibbons, wearing a most becoming dress of white silk trimmed with string-coloured lace and insertion, the corsage cut square at the neck and elbow sleeves; Miss Hally, who looked chic in a dainty frock of embroidered biscuit-coloured canvas voile made over apricot glace silk, transparent yoke of tucked biscuit-coloured chiffon trimmed with folds of silk and elbow sleeves; Miss A. Hally, in pale blue flowered muslin, and the two little girls in tucked white silks, their hair tied with white ribbon bows. Mrs McCullagh wore a white silk blouse trimmed with champagne-coloured lace, black voile skirt; Mrs Vercoe (Hinuera), white blouse embroidered in pale blue, black skirt; Mrs C. Hunter, black silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Jefferson, black silk blouse with cream vest, black skirt; Miss Mitchell, white chiffon blouse over black, large lace collar with touches of red, black skirt; Miss Taylor, soft black silk with bertha of white lace and spray of pale pink roses on corsage; Miss Ruddock (Auckland), black and white figured muslin trimmed with frills of white Valenciennes lace; Miss Willis, white silk blouse trimmed with lace and gauging, black silk skirt; Miss Gwynneth, pink silk and cream lace blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Wright, pale blue soft silk gown with bertha of champagne lace and elbow sleeves trimmed with lace to match; Miss Hill, pale pink silk frock with yoke of string-coloured lace; Miss H. Wells, white and pale blue flowered canvas voile trimmed with lace; Miss Skeet, pretty pale green silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Ruby Skeet, a becoming frock of white embroidered muslin with ceinture of pink silk; Miss Brooks, white silk trimmed with lace; Miss J. Brooks, blue nun's veiling trimmed with silk Maltese lace.

THE WAIKATO HUNT CLUB

met at the Fencourt Creamery on Saturday. The day was lovely, and there was a large number of huntsmen and friends out. Some splendid runs took place during the afternoon. The party adjourned to Mr and Mrs C. Lake's residence, where refreshing afternoon tea was partaken of. On leaving, three hearty cheers were given for Mr and Mrs Lake. Amongst those out were Mrs Thornton, on Fidget, Mrs Fair on Richmond, Miss Taylor on Gaiety, Miss Ruddock (Auckland) on Chloe, Miss Pickering on Jacko; Miss Bloomfield (Auckland) on Waiomo, the Whip on Scout, Mr Wyn Brown on Nebula, the huntsman on St. Hippo, Messrs W. Douglas on Country Girl, J. L. S. Richardson on Tsara, A. Richardson on Lady-Bird, C. Lake on Bachelor, W. Taylor on Pirate, Reynolds on Rattler, H. Crowther on Vosper, I. Taylor on George, Smythe on Dandy Dick. Driving were the master of the hounds and Mrs Banks, Captain and Mrs Lyons-Montgomery, Mrs Wyn. Brown, Misses Richardson and Douglas and C. Lake, jun.

ELSIE.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, June 1.

On Wednesday evening last Miss Goldsmith gave a most enjoyable little

CARD PARTY

as a farewell to Mr G. P. Smith, who left next day for his home in England. Mrs Goldsmith received the guests in a black satin dress covered with net, bodice trimmed with white lace; Miss Goldsmith wore a dainty pale blue accordion-pleated silk dress with large red roses in bodice and hair; Mrs Russell, handsome pink brocaded satin skirt trimmed with frills of silk, bodice trimmed with lace; Miss Locking, pretty pale blue accordion-pleated chiffon dress, pale blue bow in hair; Miss McLean, dainty pink silk blouse with soft pink full skirt to match; Miss McLernon, pale blue silk blouse trimmed with cream lace, black satin skirt; Miss C. McLernon, black silk dress, bodice trimmed with a berthe of white point lace; Miss Margoliouth, white silk blouse covered with net and trimmed with black velvet; Miss D. Kennedy, white silk and insertion blouse, black satin skirt; Miss S. Rutherford, dainty pale pink voile dress trimmed with velvet. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs. Smith, Margoliouth, Russell, Rowe, Goldsmith, Brabant, etc. The prizes were won by Mr and Mrs Russell.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, June 2.

A FANCY DRESS AND MASQUE BALL

was held in the Theatre Royal last Friday evening, and although there were other counter attractions there were a fair number present. A delicious supper was served in the Burlington Tea Rooms. Exquisite music was rendered by Bain's orchestra. Among those present were: Miss Day (Hawera), in black satin, en train, powder and patches; Miss Buxton looked well as Punchinella; Mrs. Kimbell (Stratford), pretty heliotrope brocade, powder and patches; Miss Rapley, Japanese lady; Miss Riddell (Hawera), dancing girl; Mrs. Penn, vivandiere; Miss Ethel Penn made a dainty Pierrette; Miss Liddell, lawyer; Miss G. Colson looked well as a Dutch peasant; Miss N. McAllum, Mother Shipton; Miss J. Fraser looked extremely well as a French maid; Miss R. Saxton, nurse; Miss E. Bayley was much admired as a Dresden shepherdess; Mrs. Robertson, lawyer; Mrs. Wright looked well as night; Mrs. Rollo, dancing girl; Miss R. Clarke, striking Turkish lady; Miss Brewster, Pierrette, white and scarlet; Miss V. Brett, 16th century lady; Miss N. Hanna was much admired as Pierrette; Miss Simpson, Dresden shepherdess; Miss L. Brown, white silk, powder and patches; Misses Bedford (2), Pierrettes; Miss Crawford, black, with scarlet roses; Miss Doris Skinner, black velvet, powder and patches; Miss Hoskin, Miss E. Hoskin, pretty green silk, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Hall, pretty figured net, banded with satin ribbon; Miss L. Webster, pale green silk, trimmed with cream lace and black velvet; Mrs. Oswin, ruby velvet; Mrs. Alec Hill, royal blue satin, cream chiffon, tucked; Mrs. Meek (Hawera), pretty pale blue silk, cream chiffon fichu, finished with pale silk chiffon roses; Miss A. Kemp, pale green silk, with cream lace berthe; Miss Kelly, white net with bands of satin ribbon; Miss T. Hoskin, white frilled silk; Miss Calders, cream tucked silk, red roses on corsage; Mrs. H. Stocker, pale pink with black velvet empire bell; Miss E. Rennell, turquoise silk, with cream opera coat; Miss O. Rennell, black silk; Miss R. Crawford, pale pink silk; Miss Amy Crawford, white muslin. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs. R. Scott, Nicholson, Preshaw, Humphries (2), Day, Aitken (Stratford), Macey, Hansen, Waters, Allen, Hallett, Hanna, Lux, Stocker, Gunson, Armitage, Weir, Williams, Hervey, Baker, Hastie (Manaia), Oswin, Fraser, Edwards, Cathro.

NANCY LEE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, June 1.

The weather was again perfect for the second day's racing at the

WANGANUI WINTER MEETING.

There was a very good attendance of the public, although it was not quite so large as on the first day. Amongst the stylish toilettes I noticed on the lawn were those of Mrs Abbott (Wellington), who was in a bright navy blue canvas, short bolero showing rows of black velvet buttons, champagne lace vest with goffered frills of Valenciennes lace, very small blue beaver hat with large blue feather osprey hanging at then ide; Mrs Foyster (Hawera), cream serge coat and skirt, vest of cream silk, dainty green straw mushroom hat with ribbons and a bunch of shaded green roses and foliage; Mrs H. Good, (Hawera), cream serge costume, brown fur stole and muff, crimson straw hat with wings and ribbons to match; Miss Baker, black cloth coat and skirt, black straw pill-box toque with wings and grey velvet roses at the back; Mrs A. Bayley (Stratford), cream serge frock, the Russian coat with revers of lace, brown fur stole and muff, pastel blue fine straw hat with ribbons to match at the side of the upturned brim, white ostrich feather; Mrs Speed (Australia), pale green check tweed costume, the coat was three-quarter, and vest of cream with blue silk tie, blue velvet hat with blue and green shaded silk ribbons at the back, and swathing the crown, large drooping blue and green coque feathers; Mrs Rutherford (Picton), smart navy blue cloth, three-quarter coat and skirt, cream vest, floral toque of violets; Miss Rutherford (Picton), green cloth coat and skirt faced with white cloth, pretty cream felt with fur and green shaded ribbon, a brown fur and muff to match; her sister was gowned in a pale grey twed coat and skirt, white felt hat with white ribbons and feathers, white fox stole and muff; Mrs H. Speed, black cloth coat and skirt, petunia shaded hat with ribbons, and a spray of the same shaded flowers at the back; Mrs Gill-Carey (Hawera), grey herringbone tweed flecked with electric blue, with three-quarter coat of the same material, black straw hat with pastel blue velvet bow under the upturned brim, and blue shaded bird; Miss Phillips (Canterbury), light grey tweed, the coat was tight fitting with deep basque with large steel buckle, collar and revers of grey cloth banded with narrow braid, fancy straw hat of green shades with bandeau of pale ribbon and wings; Mrs Nolan (Hawera), black embroidered voile gown with ruchings of black satin, black straw hat with wings and pale pink roses; Mrs Brower (Waverley), black voile with vest of cream satin veiled in champagne lace, black and gold bonnet; Mrs Tripe (Palmerston North), grey tweed costume with long coat of the same material, cream silk vest, pale grey felt hat with chiffon and wings; Mrs Bell (Palmerston North), black cloth coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs A. Bell (Palmerston North), pale grey Norfolk tweed coat and skirt, felt hat relieved with crimson; Mrs Major (Hawera), navy blue cloth tailor-made costume, the coat was made with a deep basque, cream vest, pretty blue felt hat with a blue shaded bird at the side; Miss Morse (Fordell), smart grey tweed three-quarter coat and skirt, black hat with black birds in it; Mrs Mackay, navy blue serge coat and skirt, cream silk vest, white felt hat with large grey bird on the crown, and bandeau of shaded violets and silk; Mrs A. Izard, golden brown cloth costume, vest of champagne lace, three-quarter Empire coat of bottle green cloth, braided in black and rosette of black velvet in the front, brown straw toque with green ribbon and quills; Mrs Blundell, black serge sac coat and skirt, front of champagne lace, dark red felt hat with velvet, and bandeau of velvet and folded red chiffon from the crown, with spray of red roses and foliage; Mrs H. Good, navy blue canvas frock with wide belt of blue velvet, and yoke of champagne lace applique, blue silk flowers, stone marten stole, large cream beaver hat with wreath of cream roses and foliage; Miss Wilford (Wellington), stylish dark green cloth, close-fitting coat, and skirt, cuffs and revers of cream cloth embroidered in cream cloth edged with narrow Valenciennes and green silk, vest of embroidered lace, brown straw French sailor hat with spray of beautiful brown and tan shaded roses, with green leaves, bandeau of the same flowers; Mrs Fairburn, navy blue voile with champagne net vest, crimson straw Breton sailor hat with velvet and crimson roses at the back and crimson wing on the crown; Mrs James Watt, pale grey Norfolk coat and skirt, cream vest, with petunia silk tie, petunia shaded hat with satin ribbon and wings to match; Mrs McNaughton Christie, navy blue coth coat and skirt, with collar, revers and cuffs of cream cloth banded with black braid, white silk vest, navy blue felt toque with wings and bunch of dark red velvet roses and foliage; Mrs Gifford Marshall, navy blue cloth costume, the Russian coat

having revers and cuffs of pale green cloth, edged with chenille flowers of a darker shade of green, sable stole and muff, cream hat with wide band of brown fur; Miss Moore, navy blue serge coat and skirt, cream vest, cream and black astrakhan toque with black ostrich feather at the side; Miss Krull, navy blue serge costume, becoming green straw French sailor, with green chiffon and fall of the same; Mrs Colin Campbell, very smart green and blue tweed, with long close-fitting coat and skirt, green straw hat with shot ribbons and green and blue shaded bird flat on the crown; Miss L. Barnard-Brown, tabac borwn cloth Russian blouse and skirt, cream vest, dainty brown felt hat, with chiffon and crimson berries, with fall of brown chiffon at the back; Mrs Hawke, navy blue Eton tailor-made coat and skirt, cream vest, navy blue straw hat with white wing at the side; Mrs D. Taylor (Waverley), smart golden brown cloth tailor-made three-quarter coat and skirt, crimson straw hat with wings; Mrs Hardy, navy blue cloth, the coat was made with a deep basque, white felt pill-box hat with navy blue velvet and wings; Miss M. Brewer, navy blue three-quarter coat and skirt, white felt hat with ribbons of navy silk; Miss Cowper, green heather-mixture tweed, with revers, belt, and cuffs of moss-green velvet, light silk vest, straw hat with moss-green crown and shaded flowers; Miss E. Cowper (Dannevirke), navy blue cloth coat and skirt, made with deep basque, small navy blue velvet toque with wings at the side; Mrs Peel, brown cloth costume, sealskin cape, smart brown hat to match; Miss N. Cowper, brown tweed coat and skirt, with light cloth vest, brown felt hat, with golden shaded roses and foliage; Mrs G. Clapham, navy cloth Eton coat and skirt, embroidered linen vest, Stone Marten stole, blue velvet hat with white bird in it; Mrs Higgie, black silk gown, long black coat, black straw hat with feathers; Miss Higgie, pale grey Russian coat and skirt, banded with black braid; dainty white felt hat with wings; Mrs Hogg, crushed strawberry tweed gown, trimmen with velvet of a darker shade, fancy straw hat, with velvet and flowers to match; Mrs A. Lewis, stylish navy blue cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, crimson hat with velvet to match.

A very large and fashionable audience greeted

MRS. HOWIE AND HER EXCELLENT CONCERT COMPANY

at the Opera House on Friday evening. Every item on the programme was encored. Mrs. Howie wore a beautiful black silk gown veiled with black net richly embroidered in gold sequins, long court train with numerous narrow frills edged with gold chenille, low cut corsage with elbow sleeves. Her ornaments were diamonds and jet. Miss Amy Murphy wore a dainty cream trained satin, with true lovers' knots embroidered in silver sequins, the elbow sleeves of lace worked in the same design, corsage relieved with folded blue velvet. Amongst the audience I noticed Mrs. J. Duigan in a black silk skirt, pretty white frilled muslin blouse edged with narrow black Valenciennes lace; Mrs. Alexander wore a beautiful black silk gown, with chiffon and jet on corsage, cream beaver opera coat; Miss Alexander black silk with fine black lace on bodice and sequin jet, pale grey cloth opera coat; Mrs. Barnicoat, black silk skirt, pretty pale pink crepe de chine blouse, with champagne lace and insertion embroidered in chenille, pale blue opera coat, with champagne lace and embroidery; Mrs. Hope Gibbons, black silk evening gown with champagne lace yoke, and soft white silk shoulder scarf; Miss Gibbons, white gauged silk frock with lace and insertion shoulder scarf of pale pink crepe; Miss Todd, black silk skirt, white silk and chiffon blouse, with lace, her sister wore a pastel blue silk blouse, with champagne transparent yoke, black silk skirt; Mrs. F. Jones, black silk evening gown with berthe of lace; Miss I. Jones, white Japanese silk frock with berthe of lace on corsage; Miss Barnicoat wore a dainty pale blue crepe de chine gown banded with champagne insertion; Miss Phillips (Canterbury), white gauged silk frock with lace on corsage, hand-painted chiffon scarf; Mrs. H. Nixon, soft rose pink silk, with fichu of cream lace and chiffon, she also wore a white ostrich feather stole; Miss Nixon, white Japanese silk frock gauged and trimmed with lace and insertion; Mrs. Campbell, pale heliotrope glace silk gown, with deep berthe of real lace, champagne accordion-pleated opera coat with wide collar of coarse lace of a darker shade with pale blue satin underneath rosette, and ends of satin ribbon to match; Mrs. A. E. Kitchen, black silk skirt, pretty pale blue satin evening blouse, with collar of real lace, grey ostrich feather stole; Madame Brigg's wore a handsome gown of white silk, blue velvet opera coat edged with white fur; Mrs. Stringleman, black silk costume, with yoke of fine cream lace; Miss Stringleman, soft black silk evening gown with berthe of lace; Miss Cutfield, cream silk frock, she also wore a green cloth opera coat, with collar of cream cloth; Miss D. Higgie, black silk skirt, becoming white silk and insertion blouse; Mrs. J. Higgie, black silk skirt, rose pink glace silk blouse banded with champagne insertion; Mrs. Bignall, black silk evening gown, black lace yoke over chiffon, full elbow silk sleeves with deep chiffon and lace frills; Mrs. T. Taylor, black silk skirt, white silk blouse with lace and insertion.

The weather was ideal

FOR THE HUNT

at Mr. A. Cameron's place, "Marangai," on Saturday, and there was a very large number of hunters and onlookers present. After a good afternoon's sport, delicious refreshments, provided by Mrs. Cameron, were much appreciated, and before returning home, Mr. H. Nixon called for hearty cheers for our host and hostess. Amongst those following were: Messrs H. Speed, Blair, Cameron, McLean, Giesen, Enderby, Todd, Brownlie, Gibson, O'Neill, Turner, Jackson, Kennedy, McGregor, Jones; also riding were Misses Campbell, Cameron, Nixon, Garner, McNeill, Messrs. Holderness, Fletcher, Moore, Innes. Driving were: Mrs. Speed, Mrs. and Misses Rutherford (2), Todd (2), Mr., Mrs. and Miss Sutherland, Misses Willis, Wilford, McNabb, Hearn, Mrs. Wall and Miss Twogood, Mrs. and Miss Nixon, Mrs. G. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. O. Lewis, Messrs. Willis, Nixon, Cowper, Morton, Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Duigan, Mrs. Vaughan, Miss McNeill.

HUIA.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, June 1.

We have had rather a gay week one way and another. The annual presentation of prizes to the winning crews of the

STAR BOATING CLUB

is always an affair that goes off well. On Tuesday the hall was crowded, and the clever concert programme which preceded the prize-giving was immensely appreciated. There is no lack of talent in the members of the Star Club, and plenty of it was in evidence on Tuesday, perhaps the most popular item being that given by Mr and Miss Newton. The room was gay with hangings of the "Star's" colours, pale blue and white, and the number of prizes and trophies on view made a brave show. The presentations were made by Mrs Biss, wife of Mr A. G. Biss, who is captain of the club. Mrs Biss wore a smart dress of black taffetas with frills of ivory chiffon and lace; Mrs Bridge, black glace; Mrs Galbraith, champagne crepe de chine; Mrs Fell, black brocade; Mrs Bucholz, black crepe de chine skirt, and bouse of ivory lace and chiffon; Miss Eliott, pale pink soie de chine; Miss Fell, white eolienne; Miss Bendall, pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Lukin, white silk and lace; Miss Otterson, sea green taffetas; Miss Nation, white silk and lace.

A VERY JOLLY LITTLE DANCE

was given by a party of young people on Friday in honour of the officers of H.M.S. Encounter. Miss Warburton's hall was gaily decorated with bunting and greenery, red, white and blue being conspicuous everywhere. At the conclusion of the dance hearty cheers were given for the hostesses, among whom were Misses Warburton, Dorset, Zohrab, etc. Mrs Warburton wore black satin with a handsome lace overdress; Miss Warburton, shell pink crepe de chine; Mrs Dorset, black satin; Miss Dorset,

white silk with effective touches of red; Miss Wilton, ivory crepe de chine; Miss Hayes, white lace and silk; Miss Kane, black satin; Miss Macdonald, ivory satin and lace; Miss Roskruge, pale green crepe de chine.

Mrs Babington, who is leaving New Zealand this week, gave a large farewell

AT HOME

at her residence, Hobson-street, on Tuesday. Tea was laid in the dining-room, the table was prettily decorated with many vases of white tree daisy, whilst handsome silver candelabra, with small rose coloured shades, shed a soft light. Mrs Babington wore a graceful gown of cigar brown crepe de chine, with collar and ruffles of beautiful lace; Mrs Rhodes wore handsome black brocade, coat of velvet and applique; Mrs Fitchett, violet cloth with garniture of lace and embroidery, hat with ostrich tips and clusters of violets; Mrs C. Johnston, black embroidered crepe de chine, with small lace motifs, smart toque; Mrs Newman, tabac brown corduroy cloth with touches of black; hat en suite; Mrs O'Connor, black taffetas, long sealskin coat, black toque with bows of pale blue velvet; Miss O'Connor, cream corduroy, long coat and pink hat; Mrs J. Grace, putty coloured gown, with long Directoire coat to match, beaver hat with brown velvet loops; Mrs Ian Duncan, pretty grey taffetas, much flounced, flat hat wreathed with green; Mrs D. Nathan, grey corduroy velvet, ermine furs, and toque with loops and veil of silver tissue; Mrs H. Crawford, navy blue cloth with touches of blue and white tartan, felt hat with blue bows; Mrs Fell, handsome black, lace hat with violets; Mrs Menteath, cream corduroy velvet, black picture hat; Mrs Findlay, brown cloth with touches of green velvet; Mrs A. Pearce, navy blue tailor-made, red hat; Miss Izard, smart grey gown, black hat; Miss Holmes, pale brown cloth with vest and ruffles of Paris lace, brown toque; Miss Coates, myrtle green cloth finished off with velvet and lace motifs, large black hat; Miss Fell, light brown voile with cream lace yoke and sleeves; Miss Morna Fell, navy blue coat and skirt; Miss Erica Fell, grey gown, pretty hat of folded moss-green tulle.

The Hon. Kathleen Plunket's many friends are glad to see her back again. She has enjoyed the trip immensely, but is delighted to be back in New Zealand, and is looking forward to the winter gaieties in Wellington. I notice that she has discarded her pince-nez for a single eyeglass.

The fact of two men-of-war being in port at the same time has been the excuse for some little diversions. H.M.s. Pioneer is to be in port for some weeks, and the wives of some of the officers have taken up their quarters here, and are being asked out a good deal.

Dr. and Mrs Grace (Honolulu), who have been staying here for a few weeks, are returning to Hawaii. Next week I shall be able to tell you of some entertainments in their honour.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, May 30.

AN EVENING PARTY

was given by the Misses Burns on Friday last in honour of Miss Woodhouse of Dunedin, who is visiting her friends in Christchurch. The Misses Burns received their guests in the drawing-room. They were wearing charming frocks of pale blue crepe de chine with pink roses on the bodices. Mrs Gower Burns was in a handsome Empire gown of black silk; Mrs Le Cren (Auckland) looked well in black taffetas, a cluster of pink roses on the corsage; Miss Woodhouse, pale blue silk; Miss Stead, black taffeta with red roses; Miss Mendelsohn (Timaru), cream lace over satin, pearl ornaments; Miss Macdonald, pale pink chiffon and lace over silk; Miss Moore, heliotrope silk; Miss D. Moore were white; Miss Neave, black lace over white; Miss Cicely Kettle, a pretty frock of heliotrope silk and chiffon; Miss Jessie Wilkin, grey satin; Dr. Alice Moorhouse, handsome black gown; Miss Elmslie (Orari), a gown of pale cream silk; Miss Wilson, white silk; Miss Anderson, floral taffetas; Miss Kitson, white satin with lace; Miss Denniston, blue delaine and lace; Miss G. Anderson, pale pink silk; Miss M. Fox, yellow silk; Miss Prins wore white; Miss G. Merton, pale blue silk; Miss K. Thornes wore black; Miss Cook, white satin. Others present were the Misses Boyle, Barker, Molineaux, Blomfield, and Messrs. Denniston, Aiken, Neave, Merton, Moorhouse, Babbington, Moore, Pollock, Wilding, Jameson, Cook, Kitson, Haseldean, Fox, Sharland, Nancarrow, and Dr. Lyon. A most amusing advertisement competition was part of the evening's entertainment. We were given numbered papers, and asked to guess what advertisements a quantity of numbered pictures represented. Of the ladies four were given equal—Misses Stead, C. Kettle, R. Wilson, and Kitson—and consequently had to decide by drawing lots. Miss Rita Wilson proved the lucky prize-winner. Mr Neave won the gentlemen's prize. Mrs Gower Burns sang some charming songs, and so did Mrs Le Cren (Auckland). Afterwards the party wound up with dancing in the hall. Supper was served in the dining-room, the table being beautifully decorated with yellow and bronze chrysanthemums.

A PICNIC

was given on Saturday by Mrs Wigley, who with her children are staying at Sumner. The day was an ideal one for the beach, and everyone, particularly the children, enjoyed themselves immensely. Mrs Wigley thoughtfully had the route to her home facing the beach marked off by flags as a guide to her guests, most of whom arrived by tram. The children were delighted to find the donkeys ready and waiting for them to ride when they pleased, and also thoroughly appreciated the delicious luncheon which was served to them. Among the numerous guests were Mrs Wilfred Hall and her children, Mrs W. B. Cowlishaw and children, Mrs Arnold Wall and children, Mrs Stewart and children, Mrs G. Ronalds and boy, Mrs W. Fox and children, Mrs W. Irving and son, Mrs Leonard Harley and children, Mrs C. Dalgety and children, Mrs Matson, Mrs Heathcote Grey, Mrs and Miss J. Wilkin, and Miss Harley.

A GIRL'S LUNCHEON

was given on Wednesday by Miss Todhunter. Her guests were Miss Anderson, Miss Denniston, Miss Kitson, Miss G. Merton, Miss Steele, Miss Poulton, and Miss Thomas.

BRIDGE PARTIES

were given during the week by Mrs. Wardrop, Mrs. Wigram, and Mrs. Payne.

A STREET COLLECTION

was taken up on "Sanatorium Saturday," as it was called. Ladies with collecting boxes were stationed at the most frequented street corners in the city, in aid of the Canterbury Consumptive Sanatorium Fund, and their efforts in this good cause were very successful, for with the Government subsidy a sum of over £500 will be added to the fund.

GOLF.

Mixed foursomes were played at the Shirley Links on Saturday, Mr. Borthwick and Miss Anderson being the winners.

The Hagley Park Club held its first medal match of the season on Friday, when the first grade medal was won by Miss R. Wilson, and the second grade by Mrs. W. Wood.

AN AFTERNOON TEA

was given on Friday at "Broadways" to the Misses Searell, by their girl friends and the members of the Girls' Hockey Club, as a farewell prior to their departure for Invercargill. Much regret was expressed and a number of parting souvenirs were given to them by their hostesses. A presentation made to Mr. and Mrs. R. Trist Searell by their Christchurch friends, took the form of a handsome silver tea urn, accompanied by a letter expressing the regret felt by the donors at the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Searell and family.

COMING EVENTS.

A juvenile fancy dress ball to be given by Mrs. Duncan Cameron in the Art Gallery, is causing great excitement among the little people of Christchurch.

DOLLY VALE.

Stamp Collecting.

The Barbadoes "Advocate" states that it has been decided to issue a tercentenary stamp for that colony.

✦ ✦ ✦

Since the commencement of this year the Borneo Company has ceased to sell Labuan stamps in London, or to have any interest in them.

✦ ✦ ✦

There's too much talkee talkee
Over "multiples" and "chalky"
For diff'rent to a certainty they are,
And though we'll surely kick
Against their latest prick,
Don't say that those who list 'em "go too far."
—Tancred, in the "Philatelic Journal of India").

✦ ✦ ✦

A variety of the Victoria Falls 1/ stamp of British South Africa is reported. Owing to one sheet having missed the horizontal perforation in one row six vertical pairs exist imperforate between.

✦ ✦ ✦

A complete series of ordinary and postage due stamps of Montenegro, 1902, together with the returned acknowledgment label of the same date, have been overprinted in Russian at top and right, "Constitution" at left, and "1905" at foot, impressed in red or black. Probably cash is wanted by the Montenegroians, and collectors are expected to find it.

✦ ✦ ✦

The issue of vulgar post-cards, and in some instances even a strong expression might be used to describe some foreign cards, is likely to have the effect of casting a slur upon the new craze for collecting pretty views. Fortunately postal authorities are taking steps to suppress the most objectionable cards, which have become somewhat too prominent latterly.

✦ ✦ ✦

The "Globe" states: "The latest design for French stamps, 'la semeuse,' has grown familiar enough for many people to forget the little criticisms and controversies which the design provoked, such as that she (for the figure is that of a female) sowed against the wind, with the wrong foot advanced, etc. The sun is also placed in such a way as to throw the figure into shadow instead of into light. Some of these details are to be corrected, and the first stamp of the retouched design will be that for two sous, which is to be issued shortly."

✦ ✦ ✦

After all it appears that some more dollar stamps are to be issued for use in the Philippines, as it is stated that the United States Post Office Department has just received an order for the following U.S. stamps surcharged "Philippines": 1c., 1,000,000; one dollar, 2000; two dollars, 2000; five dollars, 1000. This is important news, but only the bare facts as above stated can be given. "Meikle's Weekly" suggests that the wild scramble for the small lot recently sent to the Philippines is the cause of this new order.

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An idea of the high values obtainable for stamps of Great Britain may be gathered from the following prices realised at a recent auction sale in London: 1854-7, wmk. Large Crown, perf. 16, 2d blue, plate 6, £8; 1858, wmk. Large Crown, perf. 16, rose on white, £3 15/; 1855-57, 4d deep carmine, wmk. Small Garter, mint, £9 10/; do. 4d. carmine, wmk. Medium Garter, mint, £18 1858-79, 1d rose-red, plate 225, mint, £1 10/; 1862, 3d carmine with white dots, imperf., mint, £3; do. 1/- green, with hair lines, imperf. mint, £4 5/; do. 4d vermilion, plate 12, an imperf. pair on blue safety paper, £2 14/; do. 9d. straw, mint, £1 4/; 1867-80, 2/ pale blue, mint, £2 2/; do. 2/ red-brown, mint, £5; do. 5/ pale rose, plate 2, do., wmk. Cross, £2 12/6; 1873-80, 2½d lilac-rose, plate 3, wmk. Orb, £1 14/; do. 8d brown, a pair, mint, £6 5/; 1881, 1d lilac, a pair from corner of sheet perforated at top and in margin only, mint, £3; Govt. Parcels, 1883-80, 1/ orange-brown, plate 14, mint, £3.

A Piccadilly Picture.

(By Dion Clayton Calthrop.)

A silvery mist wrapped the Green Park in a veil of most delicate beauty; through the intricate lacework of boughs and twigs the lights of Westminster showed like a town in fairyland; the orange glow of gas and the winking bright eyes of arc lamps peered in irregular dotted patterns through the mist.

On the bench by the Porters' Rest a man huddled, shivering.

At the best the man was but a heap of skin and bone; his clothes, green and faded by the weather, threadbare, but still respectable, hung in grotesque festoons on his emaciated limbs; on his face a dirty stubble of black beard hid a weak chin, over which showed a loose mouth; yet somehow, in spite of his appearance, he had an air about him different from the ordinary outcast's.

A crawling cab passed on the way to the rank, and as it went slowly by the bench the cabman called out:

"There's a job over the way, cocky."

The man on the bench turned round so that the cabman saw his face.

"Hello!" he called, "it's the bloomin' Dook darn on 'is luck."

"What's across the road, George?" asked the man.

"A load of green stuff for decorations got stuck in the entrance; look slippy. 'Ere, catch."

The cabman threw a penny to the man on the bench, who caught it deftly.

"Thank yer, George," he said.

Then the cab crawled on, and the man got up to shamble across the road.

FALLEN ON EVIL DAYS.

They called him "the Dook" and "Eton an' Noxford" and "the Captain" up at the Junior Turf, which is the shelter higher up the road. He supposed that they guessed some thread of his story. "Dook" was wrong, but the rest was a fair guess. They were very good to him, these cabmen, in their way; a meal now and again, often a penny or two, always a kind word, even when he was drunk—though he couldn't afford that luxury often and he didn't enjoy it—but bars were warm and bright, and drink made him forget for an hour or two.

He reached the other side of the road and saw the cart stuck; a thrill went through him when he saw where it was—in the gateway of his old club.

He generally managed to forget that it had been his club, and he kept to the other side of Piccadilly as a rule so that he might not see it; but to-night—well, to-night there was a job, and he was hungry.

There were not many people about, so that his aid was welcomed, and by dint of pushing they got the cart through the gateway and up to the door.

At the door there was a youngish man, with a fair moustache, giving orders.

"Get some of these fellows who look respectable to help; the other men haven't come, and we are late, you know."

So, for the first time for ten years, "the Dook" stepped over the threshold of his old club and looked about him.

Evidently there was to be a dinner or a supper to see the New Year in; the hall was already decorated with flags and evergreens.

Mechanically dragging in the boughs of holly and mistletoe, "the Dook" looked about him; several men in dress-clothes were superintending the decorations and ordering the servants to do this and that; he could not recognise any of them.

"NOW WAKES THE BITTER MEMORY."

At first he was too numb and cold to feel any strong sensations, but as the warmth revived him he began to remember, in a painfully sharp way, the last time he had been there.

He had been standing by the fire in the smoke room talking to Bennett.

A voice interrupted his memories.

"Now then, you clumsy ass, look where you're going!"

He had trodden on a man's foot. Looking up to say "Pardon, sir," he saw that it was a major in the Gunners—Allsopp, whom he had known very, very well. Allsopp had been the first to cut him in the street ten years ago.

"Look here," said Allsopp, "get into the smoke room over there on the right and lend a hand."

He spoke in a quick, sharp note of command. No one would have recognised "the Dook" after ten years.

The smoke room seemed to be crammed with ghosts; memories came crowding to him; the Skipper's favourite chair, the place he had burnt in a projecting piece of woodwork—would it be there now?

He approached the fireplace, dragging a rope of holly with him, and when he had helped to string up the rope over the mantel-piece, he looked above the bell for the burnt mark his cigar had made—it was there. Unreasonable tears filed his eyes quickly.

It was he, indeed, who had left that very room ten years ago with Bennett, gone back to his rooms, and there discovered that he had been found out at last.

"Look sharp there!" Orders came to him, dimly, through the more real life of his memories, and the work he did was done in a semi-conscious state; his brain was quick, but his body sluggish with starvation.

So he was decorating his own club for a New Year's feast—funny, wasn't it? He smiled in a feeble way as he put a branch of holly over a portrait for which he had raised the subscriptions.

"OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS."

Suddenly he came back to the present with a jar; a man was speaking behind him—the last man who had cut him, Bennett.

"Poor devil looks ill," he was saying; "we ought to give these chaps something to eat and some beer or something."

He came down the ladder trembling at the sound of the voice—trembling so that he slipped on the bottom step and fell.

There seemed to be a long interval after that, and then he found himself in the Strangers' Dining-room in a chair, and Bennett was standing by the chair.

"Let me go," he said feebly; "I'm all right."

So Bennett had recognised him.

"Don't worry, old chap," said Bennett; "drink some more of this."

Club whisky—by the stars it was good!—and, at his side, some food.

"I'm sorry it's only cold meat, but I couldn't get anything else to-night."

To eat in the club dining-room, with Bennett! His brain refused to accept it, but the food was real, thank God.

"Look here," Bennett was saying, "I'm beastly sorry, old chap, but can I do anything?"

One idea came to him—it would complete the dream.

"A cigar," he said, hungry to bring back all the old sensations.

He lit the cigar with shaking fingers, and Bennett, in a very queer voice for Bennett, talked to him.

There was a pause, and then Bennett said he would see him home.

Home!

One decent instinct came to him: he must not saddle Bennett with his woes—he must go when Bennett went to fetch his coat.

. . . . . .

A friendly policeman ignored him, as he sat huddled on his bench by the Porters' Rest, and let him stop there for the night.

The twinkling, frosty stars saw a man in threadbare clothes, seated on the bench, smoking a shilling cigar, one hand clutching a five-pound note—his eyes alight with a fierce joy.

J. M. Barrie, in a gossipy mood, once told this story of Lord Rosebery. His lordship had arrived at Waverley railway station in Edinburgh. Opening the door of his carriage he laid down a bundle of papers on the seat, shut the door, and turned away. The coachman, hearing the door close, concluded his master was inside and drove off at a good pace before Lord Rosebery realised what had happened. The fast-travelling horses made pursuit impossible (though folk tried it). After seven miles had been covered, the driver slowed up to permit his lordship to alight and enter his park at a private gate. But no lordship alighted! By-and-by the coachman left his perch and discovered a vacant brougham. The papers were there, but what mysterious fate had overtaken the owner of them? Anxious at heart, he drove back towards Edinburgh, examining the road with the keenness of a Sherlock Holmes. Presently he met an omnibus bearing a load of luggage and Lord Rosebery, looking quite at ease and happy!

MAN V. MOTOR

THE STORY OF A MAN-HUNT.

By T. W. McKAIL.

"YOU will make no effort to escape while I dictate the terms?" I looked steadily at the revolver muzzle and the tigerish face behind it. I noticed how lovingly the forefinger caressed the trigger, and felt how entirely I was in the power of this man.

"I will not."

"Very good, Mr. Morse. Then you will have the kindness to sit on the bank opposite while I unfold you my plan of action."

I crossed the road and sat down at the point indicated by Malpas. He took a cigar out of a case and lit it deliberately, eyeing me the while as a cat eyes a mouse.

"We will be brief and business-like," he continued, producing a road-map and laying it open on his knee. "The two main points of the whole concern are these: First, I have you entirely at my mercy. A touch of the trigger and Frederick Alvars Malpas is avenged. When I saw you in the Rue Grand Pont yesterday my first impulse was one of instant retaliation; but more prudent counsels prevailed. I determined to await a better opportunity and take a longer revenge.

"The second point, then, is the method of revenge. Ten years in Sing Sing cannot be wiped off the slate by the swift passage of a bullet. I have in my mind a scheme which will yield me a much more exquisite pleasure, and at the same time bring in an element of sport."

He took a few puffs at his cigar, and moistened his lips, as though in anticipation of a most choice bill of fare. He gloated over his coming revenge. To keep me in suspense was part of it; so he sat silent awhile, the very picture of malignity.

"Yes! Sport! Besides, I want to give you a chance. You gave me a chance years ago when you secured me a post in your bank. It shall, at least, be said that I can remember a benefit as well as an injury. But the element of chance must be reduced to a minimum. I have here"—he tapped the map on his knee—" an excellent plan of the roads round Rouen. With its help I shall be able to indicate the exact route to be taken in what may be termed a novel game of hare and hounds—you, of course, being the hare."

The Foret de Rouvray seemed deserted by both man and beast. Neither up nor down the road could I see any sign of approaching succour. My mind travelled rapidly over the events that had led up to the present position: the rifling of the safes by our trusted cashier; the trial; the damning evidence produced by me; the sentence; the look of hideous, cruel hatred which the condemned cast at me as the officers of the law hurried him from the dock. I read again in my mind the threatening anonymous notes sent from Sing Sing.

If anything was wanting to make Malpas hate me it was supplied by my bringing home to him the gold robbery of the savings bank. I felt that I might as well hope to squeeze water from a flint as expect mercy from him.

"The road we shall take is as follows: From here to Elboeuf, through Grand Essart. From Elboeuf toward Louviers, turning sharply to the left before we enter that town. Then to Pont de l'Arche, where we cross the Seine and follow its right bank to Rouen. The total distance is about thirty-five miles. You will have three minutes start, and then it will be a mere struggle between human muscle and motor-car. The car is capable of only about eighteen miles an hour on the level, being, fortunately for you, not a modern type, but your full powers will be required to keep you ahead. If I catch you, as no doubt I shall, two courses will be open to me. I may either shoot you, if the opportunity offers to do so without danger to myself, or, I can ride you down. The latter alternative will be the safer, for if it proves fatal to you I can say it was your fault; and if not fatal—well, the car weighs nearly a ton."

He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone as though he were announcing the details of an excursion to a party of trippers. Yet his words brought a little comfort.

"By the bye, there is one thing I must add," he said, slowly blowing a ring of gray smoke; "the chances seem all in your favour. You doubtless think that the byways and hedges, to say nothing of the towns, will afford you hiding-places. But beware! You remember Boshier, who was mixed up in the gold-bag affair? Well, our release came on the same day. As soon as we were again masters of our own actions, our first thoughts turned to revenge. So, by an arrangement, of which I don't mean to tell you the details, we have jointly woven a web about you from which you can escape only at the expense of your family. Boshier is watching them at Shanklin."

He spoke with such cruel assurance that I could only feel my extreme helplessness. The complicity of Boshier in the scheme of revenge was quite outside my calculations. Malpas' devilish plans were indeed complete. How could I hope to escape this insensate thing of rubber and steel? How, on the other hand, could I refuse to make the attempt?

He tossed the map across, saying: "You had better study that for a few minutes while I overhaul my car and see that everything is in order. The sign-posts are so good that you can scarcely miss the way accidently; but you must be careful not to take the short cut from Elboeuf to Pont de l'Arche by the river."

Then he took a small parcel out of his pocket and undid it, revealing six shining revolver cartridges. "Nothing like plenty of ammunition," he added, almost jocularly, with a sudden change of manner. "One never knows what may be needed to finish the job properly."

This was not comforting; but I picked up the map and pretended to study it. I knew the route well enough, having traversed it a few days before. The contrast between that pleasant ride and the present crisis was so great that I felt inclined to throw away the little shred of hope and dare Malpas to do his worst. But I thought of the dear ones at home. The instinct of life rose strong within me.

"It is time for you to start, Mr. Morse. But, before starting, one more thing must be told you. Supposing you reach Rouen in advance of me, I shall, for the time being, take no further steps to injure you. You had better not make any attempts on my liberty, however, because intention apart from action is nothing illegal. You can't prove anything against me until I have struck a blow. You can't bring home to me those anonymous notes. You can't even produce witnesses to my present actions. So I say again, beware!"

He drew out his watch and continued:

"In three minutes from the time when I say 'Off,' I shall start; so be ready. Perhaps you will pledge me your word as a gentleman to keep to the route we have agreed upon. An American's word goes for a good deal even in France."

It seemed exceedingly strange Malpas should make such a request, with me entirely at his mercy. I did not then know that complicity of Boshier was a mere fiction, and that he was trying to substitute for it my sense of honour. The impudence of the fellow stung me to retort.

"No, you scoundrel, I won't!" I shouted furiously, forgetful of prudence. "You might just as well ask a criminal to give his word as a gentleman to stand quite still while the drop-bolt is drawn. If you were more than half American you would never have made such a suggestion; but I promise you that I will do my best to prevent your being a murderer as well as a common thief."

I know that the taunt cut Malpas to the quick, for his swarthy face turned pale, and his dark eyes burned with hatred.

"So you call me a common thief, Mr. Morse," he said. "Say, rather, embezzler; an embezzler is a much greater person than a thief, you know. As to the term murderer, it yet remains to be justified, though you have done your best to provoke me to murder. Only the pleasure of a hunt saved you. But the insult must not pass unnoticed: you will now have only two minutes' start."

He mounted the car—a yellow-wheeled Panhard—and seating himself behind the steering-wheel, said: "Now, then, up you get. No shirking, and remember your family. One, two, three, off!"

As may be imagined, I lost no time; so much depended upon those first two minutes. I believe I rode the first mile as fast as any human being could have covered it. Talk about competition for bringing out a man's powers! it is nothing to the stimulus provided by the fear of death. My feet flew madly round, at a pace I had hitherto only dreamed of.

At Grand Essart I narrowly missed a collision with a small boy carrying two buckets. The fault was mine rather than his, being the result of confusing the French with the English rule of the road. I had not been long enough in France after my sojourn in England to take the right side instinctively as I should have done in America. The boy stared open-mouthed at the "mad American," and dropping his buckets, he fled into the nearest cottage. This escape made me more careful. I glanced over my shoulder and got a momentary glimpse of the motor-car still in the distance. For the present I was making the running, and took comfort in thinking that I should out-distance him. If I could only keep up the pace!

Pines gave way to the welcome shade of maple and hornbeam. Ringing wildly, I dashed round corners at a break-neck speed, to the consternation of more than one brown-faced, wooden-clogged Norman. Before I could believe it I was on the slope descending into Elboeuf. Riding now became dangerous, owing to the sharp bends that characterise the French road-engineer's work on steep hills. I rode with my life in my hands, whirling round at acute angles to the ground, praying that what vehicles might be about would meet me in the intervals between corners. By good luck, only one market waggon met me, and in a few minutes I was tearing along under the railway bridge and up the outlying streets. An electric-car fell behind as if it had been standing still. Soon cobble paving obliged me to slacken speed. Guiding my machine carefully among the traffic of the main street, I reached the open country again on level macadam.

The thought that Malpas would be even more hampered than I had been, caused a sudden thrill of exhilaration. I blessed my forethought in overhauling the machine now quivering between my legs; I blessed the art of the French road-maker. But my exaltation was premature. When within six feet of a cast horse shoe bristling with nails, I suddenly noticed it, and the violent swerve made to avoid it threw me completely off my balance. Fortunately my shoulders bore the brunt of the collision with the ground. As soon as the first stage of pained bewilderment had passed, I rose to my feet. All hope seemed jarred out of me. The cycle lay on the other side of the road. I picked it up and shook it to ascertain the damage. I spun the wheels; the front was a good deal buckled, but could clear the forks. The right pedal brushed the crank at every revolution, but could turn. The bell was a wreck. No time this for lament or examination of bruises. Forward, at all cost! Yes; that cloud of dust did contain a car—so close too!

Up I tumbled again, and made off—painfully, but swiftly. At the first corner I nearly ran into a gentleman.

"By George, it's Morse!" exclaimed a voice, which I recognised as that of my friend Alhusen, to whose house I was riding when Malpas overtook me. I could not stay to explain—time pressed. Onward, ever onward; so I left Mr. Alhusen to solve the mystery as best he might.

Oh, terrible are those moments when the body cries out, "Stop! Stop!" and the mind shouts, "Go on! Go on!" The pain of years seemed concentrated into that struggle with the French hill—pain, mental as well as physical, so great were the stakes. Nearer and nearer came the "kiss! kiss!" of the car. I felt that I was lost: to a feeling of utter exhaustion was joined a sensation of pleasure at the thought that all would soon be over—and a Bollee voiturette flashed by me up the hill. The intense mental relief at once spread to my limbs; and to the aid of my spent sinews the northwesterly wind came singing though the spokes, turning the ascent into level road. Then in imagination I pictured Malpas smiling at my struggles—perhaps even holding in his steed to prolong my agony. Could he have but realised my suffering, part, at least, of his vengeance would have been satisfied.

Doubt soon changed to despair; for some way in front lay a level crossing, and the gates were shut! The devil and the deep sea! There was no time for calculation. I dashed up to the gates, clapped on the brake so suddenly that part of the rubber stripped off the front cover, and in a moment stood on the permanent way, machine and all; then over the second obstacle, heedless of what the gatekeeper said.

That level crossing was my salvation. It checked Malpas for about two minutes. I made good use of the time, snapping my fingers at him and his stinking petroleum-pot in a fresh access of hope. The front tyre, however, caused me some anxiety. The canvas beneath the rubber showed white at every revolution. Yet there was small fear of puncture if I kept my eyes well open.

I hurried on through the Foret du Pont de l'Arche in pursuit of the dust-clouds which the wind raised from the roads and blew into the trees, not daring to look behind me. The noise of the motor cylinder was wafted down to me so distinctly that I thought Malpas must be gaining ground rapidly. As a matter of fact a good quarter mile separated us when I reached the beginning of a long down-slope. Here, if anywhere, I must improve my position. A waggon was ascending the hill heavily laden with hurdles. The driver slept on his seat; but the horses kept to the middle of the road. I passed easily enough; not so Malpas, who was obliged to stop and curse the driver into wakefulness. The sounds of his oaths came as music to my ears.

In a few moments my front tyre began to jam mud against the brake-rubber, causing considerable extra friction. The chain tightened by the wet—for it began to rain—gave out a rapid series of sharp cracks. I was drenched to the skin very soon, but my mind was too occupied with other matters to heed that.

How I cursed myself for allowing Malpas to get me into this straight, bare stretch of road where I had about as much chance of eluding pursuit as a rat has of escaping a ferret in a drain! If only I had slipped in to the woods and retraced my way to Rouen!

Hiss! A bullet hummed past me and flung up a spurt of mud in front to the right. Malpas was firing under cover of the thunder. In such weather there would be nobody abroad to see or hear. I divined his little game at once; and when the next clap came swerved my bicycle sharply to the right. Another

bullet screamed past, this time to the left. I had avoided it, but at the cost of so violent a skid that I determined to take my chance and not repeat the manœuvre. Two more bullets followed, but both flew wide. Instead of feeling any fear I fell again into a state of apathy.

"Ha! ha! Mr Morse, so you have given me a good run after all!" said Malpas' voice, a few yards behind. "I was beginning to fear that you would get to earth before I could try conclusions. Considering your forty years, you make an exceedingly game fox, and really deserve to get off."

I plucked the lamp off its bracket and hurled it behind me in the road, then my coat after it; anything to save weight.

"Really, Mr. Morse, you surprise me," continued my tormentor, in a tone which suggested that he was smiling mockingly; "you make rather free with lamps and coats. Not that it will do you any good. That little revolver practice was merely to let you know of my whereabouts. I can do a great deal better than that if I try. Dear me! what would the charming Mrs. Morse say if a decimal 330 were to strike her beloved husband in the back! It makes me laugh to see you wobbling along like a cross between a drowned rat and a clerk out enjoying a holiday scorch."

Weary as I was, his taunts so maddened me that I squeezed out sufficient work to take myself out of earshot. For some reason, Malpas seemed to be losing ground, and the hiss of his car gradually faded into the patter of rain. My mind was made up. Could I but get the chance I would slip into the wood, which began shortly after the first bend in the road. Thanks to the previous ride I knew my bearings pretty accurately. I got round the corner well ahead of Malpas. An open gate lay ready to hand. Through it I rode, and pushed my cycle far into the dripping hazel and hornbeam. The rain fell off the trees in a regular deluge, soaking any dry portions of my clothing that remained. Water squelched in my shoes and obscured my glasses, so that I could scarcely see whither I was going.

Leaving the cycle flat on the ground, I worked my way toward the outside of the wood, where, screened by the bracken, I watched for the car. It did not appear as soon as I anticipated. The rain was thick enough to form a kind of mist. I hoped that Malpas would not notice that I had left the road until he had gone on a long distance. But the mud in the road betrayed me. Malpas saw it at a glance the tracks leading into the wood, and brought his car to a standstill. He dismounted with something gleaming in his hand.

As he turned his face was toward me, and if ever I read the determination to commit murder it was there. I heard him pushing a way through the bushes, where the marks of my feet in the wet grass must have been plain enough. Should I trust to concealment, or spring upon him unawares and possess myself of the revolver? But what could a man, exhausted by twenty miles' furious riding, hope to do against one whose work had been nothing more severe than to manage a couple of handles?

So I lay quite still, hardly daring to move or breathe, lest the cracking of a twig should reveal my hiding place. Malpas soon found my cycle, and uttered a hoarse cry of triumph. Well he might, for it was my sole means of escape. The sole means? No! the motor car stood in the road. I knew how to start the mechanism. If Malpas wished to catch me he should have a turn at the cycle.

Before I was ten seconds older I had climbed into the car. But to my dismay all my efforts to start it were unavailing; probably Malpas had foreseen the manœuvre. To stay where I was would be dangerous; but I did not mean to leave the car as I found it. Taking out my knife, I leaped down and cut two large slits in the back tyres. The air came out with a hiss loud enough to be heard a hundred yards off. I saw now what had delayed Malpas—my coat, small shreds of which still clung to parts of the machinery. No doubt the wheels had picked it up off the road and it had gradually been dragged into the cogs. There was no time to lose, so I went forward to treat the front tyres like the others.

Scarcely had my knife touched the rubber of one, when a bullet splashed into the back of the car, and made me look up. Thirty yards away Malpas was preparing for a second shot. With the agility born of necessity I regained the wood, closely pursued; but not before a sensation of hot iron passed across my right calf. I doubled back on my tracks, and soon found my cycle, which Malpas had not had time to injure. To snatch it up was the work of a moment. Hazels switched my face cruelly as I pushed through them, leaving at least one scar which I carry today as a memento. Before Malpas had cleared the wood I was fifty yards up the road riding for dear life. I got a glimpse of him kneeling on the grass with his left arm up. I crouched in the saddle so avoiding the bullet. Another struck the cycle somewhere behind. I heard fragments of lead scatter among the bushes, but my machine seemed none the worse. Then another and another; and I was out of range uninjured.

So once again I took my courage in both hands, as the Frenchmen say, and reasoned with myself. About fourteen miles more to go; a bleeding leg; muddy roads; rain beating down vigorously. Not a pleasant outlook indeed; but the pursuer had missed his best opportunity, and wasted the greater part of him ammunition. At most he started with twelve cartridges; ten of these were expended. He would be sure to reserve the other two for close quarters. Thank goodness I had managed to rip up his tyres. That meant a good many miles an hour off. Pont de l'Arche was close now, and once over the river, I should be in more thickly populated, and, therefore, for me, safer, country.

In the intense desire to gain even this much, I forgot thirst, pain and fatigue. Should the body disobey the will? No! I might drop dead, but not otherwise, would I yield to this ever-increasing sense of exhaustion. The struggle between fixed resolve and physical fatigue resulted in a state of semi-torpor, from which I was rudely awakened by the cobbles of Pont l'Arche. A pest on that medieval invention of the devil, that foul blot on the splendid thoroughfares of France—a pave road! The jarring transmitted by the machine tortured my wounded leg, but it helped combat the stupor gradually clouding my senses. I remember crossing a long bridge over the river, then a shorter one over a railway, and longing for the speed of the train that rushed beneath as I passed. Then there came another of those fearful inclines. My head swam, there was buzzing in my ears; but I clenched my teeth and spurned the pedals desperately. The faculty of hearing seemed to desert me. My machine made no sound in the wind, and the pelting rain fell like shot into velvet—noiselessly.

Ping! I heard that; the right handle grip flew into atoms. My hand must have been there a moment before. Malpas was at my heels. I dodged him from side to side like a rabbit, losing ground at every turn. The car came closer and closer. My hour was approaching.

"You devil!" screamed a voice, at my elbow, so it seemed. "You'd escape me, would you, by your dirty tricks! Yes, duck and dodge, and dodge and duck, as much as you like, but you won't be able to get out of the way of this messenger."

I knew that the last bullet would be soon dispatched. Many times I felt it grinding its way into my vitals. The suspense was awful, intolerable. By instinct I bent forward, with my head drooping over the handle-bar.

Then it came; but the flask in my hip-pocket proved a good friend in need. Malpas thought I was done for, and uttered a sound like a snarl of a wild beast. That cry restored my balance, mental and physical. His magazine was empty! He saw me pedal with renewed vigour, and in furious disappointment hurled his revolver, which, after whizzing close to my head, leaped gleaming along the road.

Man against man and oil now! Human muscle with petroleum gas! He tried to ride me down. How I kept ahead I can't imagine, unless it be that a special cherub is told off to help hunted men. Twice his wheels brushed my back tyre ever so slightly; twenty times I slipped in the treacherous mud.

We were on a down slope now, flying along at a tremendous pace. I gained little by little, a foot, a few yards, maybe. Still that accursed yellow thing thundered in, the rear, spitting and panting, like a demon thirsting for my life-blood. Its evil breath was upon me again. The hiss of the cylinder sounded clear even amid the crashing thunder. I gathered myself together for a supreme effort. Malpas saw me draw away, and howled in impotent fury. Blood curdling were the curses he heaped upon the sluggard car. The driving rain filled my eyes with watery film, through which all looked misty and uncertain. I managed to avoid a waggon full of chalk standing in the road. But as I passed a deafening crash split the heavens. I heard the terrified horse snort; then came the sound of collision and a dull thud.

I dismounted, mechanically, and looked back. The driver was trying to extricate his horse from the debris of waggon and motor-car. Chalk strewn thickly round testified to the violence of the impact; and five or six yards ahead a dark mass lay in the road.

I turned and walked back some paces to get a better view of this motionless object.

One glance sufficed to show that the race had been won—by me.—From "Short Stories."

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes—why, then it's here;
But this of colds we cannot say.
They come, they go, they often stay.
And merge into a nasty cough,
Which we have trouble to drive off.
Vain the attempt unless we procure
A bottle of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—It was rather startling to me to see one of the cousins remarking that each is expected to write once a fortnight. Do we forfeit membership if we fail to comply with this rule? I hardly like to remember how long it is since I wrote. It was just before I left for the South, for I got the "Graphic" with my letter in it at Lyttelton. Well, I have been round the Southern Sounds, and really, no one has exaggerated a bit in their praise, even the most enthusiastic or wordy. One could not, anyway, for there are no words to convey an idea of their beauty. It is easy to write of "silver mists" and "purple peaks," and "dim shadows," and so on, but the mere words "purple," "blue," "shadow," "glow," mean nothing at all in the face of the glorious colouring, the light and shade of the West Coast Sounds. Milford Sound, the most familiar through pictures, has to be seen to be realised, for no artist could paint, no poet describe it as it is. So what is the use of my trying? But one's memory contains a wonderful picture gallery, and right "on the line" in mine will always hang the picture of Milford Sound at dawn. On our way back we came up the Wanganui River. I was much surprised to find it so narrow and shallow. Climbing up the rapids was quite difficult, and grew very wearisome towards the end of the day. We had a splendid day going up—fine, but overcast, and the reflections were beautiful beyond words. On the down-trip the water sparkled and glittered so in the dazzling sunlight that all this was lost. Still it was as well to see the river under two aspects. We stayed only two days at Pipiriki, and saw very little of the river above that point. But we intend going by way of Rotorua, Taupo, and Taumaranui, and the river in September next. We are told that that is the best time to see it, for the banks are gold with kowhai and starred with clematis. But it would be hard to find them more beautiful than now, with purple stretches of koromiko among the endless shades of green, and hundreds of beautiful, kingly tree-ferns. The extraordinary little "post offices"—posts in the river—interested me very much. They reminded me of the Cape Horn Post Office, a barrel swinging up and down on the waves, fastened by a chain to a rock near Magellan Straits. I wonder if it is still there. You asked me to tell about my bird-of-passage life. The difficulty is to know where to begin. Of course you don't want geography-book information, but, I suppose, travelling impressions and odd customs. When I said I had never been in one country for a whole year in my life, I should have said a whole year at a time, for at different times and seasons I have spent many more than twelve months in Ireland, England, Japan, and France. I was taken home from Japan before I was quite a year old, and till I was five travelled all over Europe with my father. Of course I have no recollection of this beyond a few odd pictures in my memory-gallery, but since that time I have revisited all the old places with my guardian. Russia I have never seen, however. Here is my list: In Europe—England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland (home), Norway, Denmark, Germany, Austria, Hungary, France, Switzerland, Holland, Spain, Italy, Greece, Malta. In Asia—Persia, India, Burmah, Singapore, Ceylon, and Japan. In Africa (the two extremes)—Cape Colony and Morocco, also Egypt. (But I was very small then, and can just remember the Pyramids—and a donkey in Cairo that bit the guide's arm very badly). In America—Brazil (for a very short visit, however), Panama, West Indies (Port Rico and Jamaica), and the United States. I have not yet seen Canada. Then Australia, New Zealand, St. Helena, Seychelles Islands, Mauritius, the Azores, Canary Islands, and Falkland Islands. Two years ago we nearly broke my odd record. We had been in Japan for eleven months, and had no intention of leaving for some time, when a business matter called my guardian home suddenly, and we left Japan just three days short of a year after coming to it. However, it will be broken this year if we stay in New Zealand past August, and my guardian has already planned a trip to the Southern Lakes for November. Japan is the most fascinating, the most alluring place I have seen. I love it. Perhaps next time I shall tell you something about it, but this is getting too long. Your placing India in the front of your dreams of travel surprised me—why India? It is very splendid, and very squalid. It is one of the countries I do not care to go back to. But when you do go, mind you see the Taj Mahal. I see the cousins all render an account of themselves from a literary point of view, naming their favourite authors and books. When I am home (home is in the south-west of Ireland), surrounded by the library shelves, I love so many books that it seems to me I should never be able to choose my favourites if I did not have to. But one cannot carry a very extensive library round the world with one, so my travelling library is of necessity limited to those books I could not possibly do without. Here they are—the books that go everywhere with me—Shakespeare, the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (Fitzgerald's), Alice in Wonderland, Tennyson, The Newcomes, David Copperfield and A Tale of Two Cities, Rob Roy, The Mill on the Floss, Fauntleroy, Wild Animals I Have Known, The Trail of the Sand-Hill Stag, and Lives of the Hunted, The Sowers, The Prisoner of Zenda, two of Jane Barlow's—Bogland Studies and Irish Idylls, and a volume of Irish folk-lore and legends. Lately I have added the dainty Monsieur Beaucaire, and Rostand's L'Aiglon has been a constant companion since I saw Bernhardt play it—it is beautiful to read. Sometimes "The White Company" comes along too, or perhaps old Sartor Resartus, or Dante, or "Sir Toady Lion." Just now I am reading a very interesting biography—Wertheimer's Duke of Reichstadt it is splendid. By the way, the Kipling stories Hilda spoke of in her last letter are "Just so Stories"—not to be even "thought of in the same think" with the real Jungle Books.—HERO

[Dear Cousin Hero.—I don't think any of the Cousins have any particular set time for writing, but most of them know that I am always glad to hear from them. As for forfeiting your membership, that is never done. You see we are rather proud of the number of Cousins we have, there are nearly three hundred now I think, but when we are quite sure that one particular Cousin has given up writing, we just take the name off the list. So you think our Sounds are lovely and compare most favourably with the beauties of other countries. Do you know I think beauty of any sort is the hardest thing in the world to describe or express, because you feel it, and as a rule it takes your breath away, at least that is how I feel about it. I want to sit still and be quiet and just gaze. Most people are rather astonished at the narrowness and the shallowness of the Wanganui River; I heard an American tourist make rather a funny remark about it. Some one, a colonial I should think, said, "You Americans talk a lot about navigation, etc., what do you think of the Wanganui River?" The answer was, "Well we do pride ourselves a little, but we have never tried to navigate a metalled road with a sprinking of dew on it." I suppose if you take your intended trip, you will go to the Christchurch Exhibition, people say it will be very good. I don't know exactly why I wish to see India so much, the East has always a fascination for me, and China I should not care for. I certainly should like to see Japan, but one reads so much more about India, so I suppose that is why I put it in the forefront of my dreams. Your travelling library is rather a mixture, isn't it? I'm sure if I were limited to a few like that, I should end in taking nothing, because I should never be able to make up my mind. Well, Hero, I fancy between us we shall be taking up more space than we ought, so I must stop. Write again soon, there's a good chap.—Cousin Kate.]

* * *

Dear Cousin Kate,—Reading all your nice answers to cousins makes me want to become one too, and if you will have another boy cousin, I shall feel greatly favoured if you will accept me. I had my first birthday party of any size last month, when I was twelve years of age. My mother gave me a beautiful big cake with my name, brithday wishes, four little fairies, and a ship, for the centre; also a big box of crackers, and many other nice presents given me by friends who came to the party. I had a letter from Lord Charles Beresford, whom I am named after. He also sent me a splendid photo. of himself. Would you like to see them? I went to my first ball last August as Lord Nelson, and I am looking forward to this year's, though I do not think I could improve on the character. Hoping my first letter is not too long or taking up too much space, I will conclude. I shall be anxious to know if you will have me for a cousin, and also whether you will send me a badge, in the meantime, remaining, your friend, BERESFORD.

[Dear Cousin Beresford.—Thank you very much for your pretty little compliment about my answers to the cousins' letters. They are often not as interesting as I could wish, but sometimes I have so little time to write them in that I just write the first thing that comes into my head, interesting or otherwise. I shall be delighted to have you for a cousin, and will post a badge to you at once. With such a famous name you ought to go into the Navy, do you like the sea? I don't, but then I am a very, poor sailor. I should like very much indeed to see Lord Charles Beresford's letter to you and his photograph. If you send them for me to see I will take great care of them, and return them im-

mediately. I don't think you can improve on your character for the fancy dress ball either. Who's ball was it, and is there going to be one this year?—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—Will you let me join your band and become one of your cousins? I like reading the cousins' letters, and would like to see mine among them. How many cousins have you got now? There always seem to be such a lot of different names in the "Graphic." I am sending you an addressed envelope for a badge if you will be so kind as to send me one. Did you go to see the unveiling of the statue of Sir John Logan Campbell on Empire Day? Were not there a large crowd there? Do you collect post cards, they seem to be the rage now? I have some such pretty ones. We live quite close to the beach, and in summer time we go down for a bathe in the morning before school. I can swim now, and I miss the bathes so much, as it is too cold to bathe now. Good-bye.—From GWEN.

[Dear Cousin Gwen,—I shall be very pleased indeed to have you join the cousins' band, and shall hope to often see your name amongst the others in the cousins' page. Is Cousin Essie your sister, if so, I wish you would ask her to write again soon. It is quite a long time since I heard from her. No, I didn't go out to the unveiling of Sir John Campbell's Statue, but I heard there was a pretty big crowd out there. I haven't time to collect post cards, though I should like to. They make such a pretty collection, I think. One or two of my little nieces have very good ones. I expect you do miss your bathes in the winter time, but it is much too cold for you to get any enjoyment out of them at present. I will post a badge to you to-day, and hope you will like it.—Cousin Kate.]

✣ ✣ ✣

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? I am eight years old. I go to the Ladies' College, Remuera, but we have three weeks' holidays now. I learn music, but I do not like to practise. Will you please send me a badge? —Cousin WINNIE.

[Dear Cousin Winnie,—I shall be very glad indeed for you to become one of the "Graphic" cousins, and shall hope to hear from you often. When you write will you sign your letters "Cousin Winnie N," because we have another Cousin Winnie, and it wouldn't do for us to be answering the wrong cousins' letters, would it? Your three weeks' holidays are very nearly over now. Are you sorry? What a long way you have to go to school—all the way from Karangahape-road to Remuera. But I suppose you take cars all the way out?—Cousin Kate.]

✣ ✣ ✣

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you are thinking I have deserted the cousins' page? We have been having very bad weather here lately; it has been snowing to-day. The roads are very bad, so that I have to stay away from school. The flowers are all gone. The shooting season is on now. I was very interested in Cousin Hilda's letter in the "Graphic." I think she has a gift of writing. I don't think I could write such long letters. There is not much news to tell you, so I will tell you more next time I write. I remain, your loving cousin, ADA.

[Dear Cousin Ada,—What dreadfully cold weather you must be having to have snow already. Is there enough for you to snowball one another with? If so, it makes up for the cold, I think, for one can have such fun. I suppose you are not sorry that the roads are too bad for you to go to school? I know when I was your age I was delighted if anything happened to keep me at home. I think most people's gardens look very bare just now, but there are plenty of violets, I am glad to say. I love them, don't you?—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—Many thanks for your kind appreciation of the tale of the King. I ought to have written last week, but social events and other matters of interest have simply tumbled over one another since I last wrote, and the difficulty with me is not what to write about, but to choose the things that might most interest yourself and the cousins. First I had a very long and interesting letter from Cousin Ethyll Jamieson, and amongst other items of news she tells me she has seen Tittel Brune in the title role of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon," and asks if I have read the book from which the play is adopted. Have you read it? I have, and knowing Haddon so well am literally steeped in its history, and the romantic sentiment attached to Haddon. I have a fine set of Haddon pictures, and intend to send Cousin Ethyll one. Her description of the play, as performed in Melbourne, is so good that I have ventured to send you an extract from her letter. "The play is full of the dash and bravery surrounding the picturesque period of Queen Elizabeth. Through pathways hedged with laughter the audience is led to the brink of situations of gravest peril, to hazardous achievements fronting stern disasters only to revert to moments of tender love-making, or scenes of delightful comedy, while from beginning to end the interest holds the spectator spell-bound." I am bound to confess that Major's "Dorothy Vernon" upsets every preconceived idea I ever had of Dorothy, but all the same the book is interesting, and one can easily see how good a play could be made from it, as it abounds in dramatic situations. I suppose we shall have the play here in good time? With Cousin Ethyll's letter came a lovely pictorial post card of Coniston Church, and in the foreground is to be seen the beautiful Runic Cross erected to the memory of John Ruskin, of whose works Cousin Ethyll is a loving student. A subscriber in Tasmania sent me what I may term p.p.c. post-cards from there as her family are leaving to spend the winter in Melbourne. She has, however promised to send me some post-cards of Melbourne, of which place curiously enough I hadn't a single pictorial post-card until yesterday, when I received from a girl friend there two exquisite ones. All the cousins seem so interested in post-cards that I have been wondering whether we could not have some sort of systematic exchange. What do you think? I went last week to a "coming out" dance, and enjoyed myself muchly. Awful this last word is it not? but it expresses my meaning exactly. Some of the dresses were lovely, the music and floor were everything to be desired. I had a new frock, and the ices were my favourite ones. I went home with my hosts after the dance to spend the night, and the next day we all went to the unveiling of the Logan Campbell Statue, which, though a fine one, did not seem to me to bear the slightest resemblance to the Sir John Campbell of to-day. I like the base of the statue very much. It would almost seem typical of Sir John's life, since he came here as a pioneer so many years ago. The Governor was present and made a very felicitous speech, and indeed all the speechifying was very good. As we left the Governor's mounted escort was waiting outside the gate. Both escort and mounts were the sorriest-looking specimens I have ever seen. What has become of the fine fellows who did so well in South Africa? I have begun to take lessons in wood-carving, and am getting on fairly well. Mother is an associate of the G.F.S., and in the branch she belongs to wood-carving is one of the things the girls may learn at the small cost of fourpence a night. Wood, tools and designs are paid for out of the general fund. A very good concert was given a little while back to raise funds for this object, which was a great success. It is, I assure you, a very animated sight to see the girls all at work with knife and mallet, and discover beautiful designs gradually growing on the plain square of wood before them, first in pencil, and then in chip or relief carving. I have been cycling a great deal lately with my brothers, who have got new bicycles, and have seen more of the suburbs of Auckland during the last few weeks than I have ever seen before. The 'Frisco line brought me an item of news that may interest some of the cousins. I had sent the "Graphic" containing my account of the Pigmies to a relative at Home. In reply my relative says: "How strange that you should send us your letter about the Pigmies. I say strange because only two days before S. and I had driven over to N—— to see two of them. They are the funniest little fellows imaginable, but perfectly proportioned, as your letter says. And you should see their feats of marksmanship. They are truly marvellous." Mother and I went last Friday night to the monthly reunion of teachers and parents at the Chapel-street School. To use the genial headmaster's own words, the programme consisted of music, speeches and supper. The musical part of it was tendered by Dr. Keith and friends, and was superlatively good, as the music at these

evenings always in. Songs were given by Madam Chambers and Dr. Keith, and piano and flute solos were given by Mrs Rodgers, Miss K. Holland and Mr Barber respectively. We always look forward to these evenings, they are so thoroughly enjoyable. It is impossible to compute the extent of good feeling and understanding that is brought about by teachers, parents and pupils being brought into close touch. What was once stigmatised as the Truant School, has come to be noted for the courteous behaviour of its little people, and not only has the morale of the children been improved, but the neighbourhood in which the school is located. In a letter of a few weeks ago I made the following statement to you, which I now, in all humility beg to retract, to the effect that tamer pranks were played by colonial children than their English compeers, and have to record a few pranks played by a cousin who shall be nameless. There have been holidays and—pandemonium A party was given, and this cousin volunteered to work up the amusements of the evening. Which offer was gratefully accepted. To this end active rehearsals of two plays, adapted, I believe, from "Comic Cuts," took place, and the fun promised to prove fast and furious. The promise was fully redeemed, I do assure you. The evening arrived, and the play was presented to a small and select audience; necessarily small as nearly the whole party were included in the caste. I am sorry I cannot give you the name of the play, or a description of the plot, which is due to the fact that I have a very confused idea of both, for just when the actors had cast off the nervousness due to a first appearance, and were beginning to warm to their work, a syphon of soda-water from which the heroine's health was to be drunk later, went off unexpectedly, and in the excitement of the moment (this scene being totally unrehearsed) the whole cast fled incontinently thinking the deluge had arrived, and like the Chinese in the Jap. War, waited until the weather and other things cleared up. The wardrobe and properties were fearful and wonderful. The genius of a Cruickshank would be needed to do them justice. The gem of the properties was a hansom cab made from a late prize motor-car. There is some talk of the play being resuscitated. A proposal to rename it "Waimangu" was not received in the kindly spirit in which it was offered. A traitor in the caste has been darkly hinted at, and further developments are expected. There are still some other pranks which I must tell you of later, if I am allowed to live after this expose; but already I hear the editor cry, "Hold enough room for our serial!"—which, by the way, is one of the most delightful stories I have read. A good book to read is one by Booth Tarkington," called "The Conquest of Canaan." Of course you will know that he is the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire." Tell me, will you, of a good book? With love to yourself and all the cousins.—I remain your loving Cousin Hilda (Ponsonby). P.S.—Pray forgive slovenly letter, as I am writing under great difficulties.

[Dear Cousin Hilda.—You give so much of your time to the Cousins' Page of the "Graphic" that neither the cousins nor myself have any business to grumble when you miss a week or two, though naturally we miss your long newsy letters when you do. Cousin Ethyll seems to be a great devotee of the stage, and her descriptions of what she has seen are always remarkably good. One envies her her superior opportunities of seeing so much that we miss in Auckland. However, I, like yourself, am looking to see this particular play. Did you see "Veronique?" I must confess that I was disappointed in it; probably because I had heard so much about it beforehand. I always wish I had time to take up wood-carving. Were I a person of leisure I think photography and wood-carving would be my hobbies. I have heard of the Chapel-street School entertainments and of the great amount of good they are doing before, and had fully intended to go to the last one, but was unfortunately prevented. Colonial children play just as many pranks, I fancy, as their English cousins, but have greater facilities for (shall I say) "covering their tracks;" these particular ones are quite one of the most amusing I have heard of lately, though. Have you read "A Gentleman from Indiana?" It is by Booth Tarkington, too, and is, to my thinking, even better than the "Conquest of Canaan." Have you read "Lavender and Old Lace," or the "Scarlet Pimpernal?" they are both delightful books.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I am having my school holidays just now, and I am staying at Wellington again, and mother and father are in Auckland. They have been to Te Aroha, and are back in Auckland now. They are leaving Auckland next Tuesday, and will arrive here on Friday morning by the s.s. Manuka, and then father will take me home on Saturday night. I came up to Wellington with father and mother in the s.s. Manuka, and we had a lovely trip. I am staying with Auntie Trot again, and I am enjoying myself very much here. Uncle Jack took Auntie and I to the Living Pictures, and they were splendid. Last night he took us to "Sinbad, the Sailor," and that was lovely. The theatre went in at a quarter to eight and came out at a quarter past eleven. After "Sinbad, the Sailor" was over we saw transformation scenes, and it was lovely, and we also saw Columbine and a clown, and the play finished up with "Fun at the Zoo," which made everyone laugh. Last Sunday we went up to Brooklyn in the car, and walked back. My doll Angelique is getting mended just now, and auntie bought it a silk dress, petticoat, and a bonnet, so it is a lucky doll. Auntie has a lovely dog, and it opens the gate and gives me a ride on his back, and his name is Strath, and auntie also has a polly and he says "Ta" for everything you give him, and he can say a lot of things. I must close now with love to all the other cousins and lots to yourself.—From Cousin DOREEN.

[Dear Cousin Doreen,—It was very nice to hear from you so soon again. What a lucky little girl you are to be having such lovely holidays. You have had two trips to Wellington since Christmas. I hope your father and mother have enjoyed their visit to Auckland and Te Aroha. I'm afraid they would not have very nice weather. Te Aroha at this time of the year is very quiet and rather cold. Last time we were there we found it dreadfully cold, there was snow on all the hills, and we are not used to that in this part of the world, you know; but the hot mineral baths are lovely. I think they take away all one's aches and pains, and that is worth being very cold for, isn't it? I wish you could have come on to Auckland too, I should have liked to have seen you so much; but it is better to come here in the summer time, the harbour looks so much prettier then and there are such lots of places to go to that are too cold to visit in the winter. What happened to Angelique that she wanted mending? She certainly is lucky to have so many new clothes all at once. Strath must be a grand dog. Do you mean that he can open the gate himself?—Cousin Kate.]

The Fairies' Dogs.

Once upon a time, near the borders of Fairyland, lived a King and his daughter. The Princess was only ten and had hundreds of dogs, and did nothing all day but play with them in the royal grounds.

She was so merry and so kind that everyone loved her, from the King, who almost worshipped her, down to the little scullery boy in the royal kitchen. He used to watch her as she played and wish that he could give her a dog.

One day when he was coming toward the palace he found in the road a little puppy, thin and lame and mangy. He picked it up carefully. "Perhaps," he thought, "if the cook is in a good humour she will give me something for him." So he asked her for some scraps. But the cook was very angry at his daring to bring such a puppy within the royal grounds. She called a groom and gave him the puppy to take away, while the poor boy ran out into the royal woods and threw himself on the ground and cried; he was so sorry for the puppy.

But the Princess, who saw him crying, came running to him, for she didn't like to see anyone unhappy.

"What's the matter, boy?"

"The groom will hurt the puppy," he sobbed.

"What puppy?" And she called the groom back. "Is it one of my puppies, boy?"

"No, Princess, I found him in the road."

"Let me see him, groom. Why—I never saw a puppy like that before—he's so thin, and lame." And the Princess's eyes began to fill. "What are you going to do with him, groom?"

"Put him out in the road, Princess."

"Oh, Princess, don't let him!" begged the boy.

"No, boy, I won't. Will you give him to me, boy?"

"Oh, yes, Princess."

"Give him to me, groom. Don't cry, boy, he'll soon be well." And she walked quietly away.

Now, you see, the Princess had never been outside the royal grounds, so she didn't know that there were dogs that were not well fed and happy like hers. First she went to the kennels and ordered that the puppy be well taken care of. Then she went into her father and told him all about it.

"Father," she said, and she looked so unhappy that the King didn't know what to do. "Are there any more dogs like that poor puppy?"

Now the King had decided that the Princess should never know any unhappiness, and was almost angry that she had taken the puppy. But he was more afraid that she would cry, so he quickly said:

"Oh, no, my dear, there isn't any other puppy like that one," which, he added to himself, "is probably true."

So the Princess was quite happy again. After a while the puppy grew well, and one day the Princess took him around to the rear of the palace.

"Send the boy out to me, cook," said the Princess.

So the boy came out, and when he saw that the puppy was all well he jumped up and down with joy.

"I'm going to call him Boy, just as I call you Boy; and I thank you for giving him to me. I love him best of all my puppies. Good-bye." And she ran away.

And the boy was so happy that he turned three somersaults right under the cooks very eyes, and even smiled when she scolded, for he had at last given the Princess a dog.

One day Boy squeezed through one of the palace gates, and the Princess ran out after him. Boy ran down the road, and then stopped; and when the Princess caught up to him he was looking at a poor little puppy that was just as miserable as Boy had been when he first came to the palace. The Princess burst into tears; then she picked up the puppy and stumbled home, Boy following her. But they couldn't help the puppy, and the next day he died. And the poor little Princess cried and cried until the King sent to Fairyland for someone to comfort her.

The message came back from the Queen of the Fairies: "Send the Princess, alone, to the edge of the wood nearest the palace at sunset." So the Princess stopped crying a little bit, and went to the wood.

When she reached it, a fairy came to her and said: "Sit on the largest branch of that tree, Princess," and as soon as she sat down the branch began to move and she couldn't see anything. Suddenly the branch stopped, and the Princess saw more dogs than she had thought there could be in the whole world, playing in a beautiful meadow.

"Oh!" she cried, for there was the puppy that had died, quite well and strong.

But suddenly the branch began to move again, and everything disappeared.

When the branch stopped the Princess said, "I don't quite understand, Fairy."

"Every dog that dies comes here, Princess, to be happy forever."

"And may I come again, Fairy?"

"No, Princess. No mortal can ever come a second time, and you must never tell any one about it."

"Not even my father, Fairy?"

"No, Princess, but teach him to love dogs, and then we will show him what you have seen. The only person you know who has seen it is the scullery boy in your father's palace."

A SMILE AND A MORAL.—"What the draftsman is to the dwelling in which we live, that Henryad James is to the local habitation of the human spirit." Thus writes a well-known critical writer.

Betty of the Wilderness

By Lilian Turner (Mrs. F. Lindsay Thompson)

Author of "An Australian Lassie," "Sights of Sydney," etc.

DEDICATION: To my Husband.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE GLORY OF THE GARRET.

IT was late afternoon when Betty reached her new home. She wore a grey cambric blouse (a faithful chronicler would state that it was faded and out of date—a kind one that it was fresh and pretty), a black serge skirt (rather short), a straw hat with a black band around it, and darned cotton gloves. And she carried a parcel, a dress basket, and a tiny box with a perforated lid.

The parcel contained stories, and again stories—maybe half a score of them in various stages of incompleteness; the dress-basket, some articles of clothing she had forgotten to put in her trunk; and the tiny box, the only comrade she had to face the world with—her canary.

She knocked at the door of the high house in town, was received by the same maid who used the speaking-tube as before, and sent her upstairs.

On the landing Mrs Thornton met her, stiffly as upon the first occasion.

"Your things came," she said; "I had them taken to your room. I did not go up—I suppose they will be right?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," said Betty cheerfully.

"There was a bird-cage which was empty, I think."

"Yes; I brought my bird with me," said Betty.

Mrs Thornton advanced and put her face close to the perforations.

"A canary!" she said. "Poor little thing. It is frightened."

"Not when he hears me," said Betty, and she spoke a few caressing words to her pet.

Mrs Thornton's eyes rested more kindly on the girl.

"I will go up and get to work," said Betty. "A mansion like mine will take some putting in order."

"I have had it well scrubbed," said Mrs Thornton.

"Thank you," said Betty, and ran up her last flight of stairs.

All her worldly goods had been placed in the centre of the room. Around was a wide, long space of white floor—very white floor.

The windows at both ends of the room stood open, and the sweet clean air of heaven swept through.

There are girls in the world in plenty who would have shuddered to have stood where Betty stood that day. Girls who love jewellery, dress, gaiety, pleasure. To them the song of gladness that burst to Betty's lips as she walked round and round her kingdom would have been simply incomprehensible.

For a few brief minutes, overcome with gratitude that she was where she was, she knelt at her window and looked into the grey blue sky that seemed so near to her, to offer up thanks that her little patch in Life's Garden was so very fair. Then she began to work, having first restored her bird to his home, given him water and seed, and hung him up in the window.

She had no artistic deceptive bed like Mrs Thornton. Pounds, shillings and pence, she had decided, were too precious to be wasted on such luxuries. Her bed was a wire stretcher, and she had sawn several inches off the legs to make it the height of a sofa.

She called it her "trundle bed," and stood it across a corner of the room. When neatly made and spread with a Japanese rug, it certainly would have deluded its beholder into the belief that it was a sitting-room sofa and nothing more. For her pillows she had made two cushion covers, which, buttoned over the white pillow-slips by day would still further help on the delusion.

Under her front window she stood her white deal writing-table, and no sooner had she put it into position than she must begin unpacking her biscuit tins to bring out pens, ink, etc.

And in the corner of a biscuit tin was the second chapter of a short story she had commenced about a month ago. She sat down on the floor to read it, leaning back against a table leg. When she had read it through a new idea for the third and last chapter occurred to her. At the time of writing the second chapter it had seemed to her impossible to tell her story in anything under six thousand words, and that was three thousand too many.

Now, after a month's forgetfulness, a way of telling it in half the number of words came to her.

She sprang up, drew a chair to the table with one foot, and began to write. And her pen flew. She was almost unconscious of her words, but her pen seemed to know the secret.

And daylight died, and a soft half-light came into the attic, and the canary tucked his head under his wing and slept the sleep of the weary wayfarer.

Betty could hardly see to write her few last words—the artistic ending to her story, that, in a few lines made its incompleteness so complete.

A third knock came to her door. To the other two she had been deaf.

"Well?" she called dreamily, and writing on. Of course she expected the little home band to burst in upon her, demanding various attentions.

"I was wondering about your tea," said Mrs Thornton, opening the door, and delicately avoiding even glancing into Betty's home.

"My tea?" repeated Betty.

She raised her head, and stared through the surrounding dusk to the door.

"Oh, I forgot. I quite forgot. Thank you."

"I do not know at what time you have your tea, but it is after seven, and—"

"After seven!" exclaimed Betty, and her thoughts flew to the baby at home, who should be bathed and fed, to Dick and Pepper and Joan. "After seven!"

"And the kettle is boiling."

"Oh," said Betty; "thank you. I will come."

She looked down at her writing, but having raised her eyes from it, could not distinguish it in the half-light.

"I've brought you a tray," faltered Mrs Thornton, "I thought perhaps you would not mind—your first night, and—"

"Oh, thank you," said Betty; "how very kind." She went to the door. "Let me carry it in," she said. "I know where I put the table, then I'll get a light."

"You have no matches. I will fetch them from the bathroom."

Soon a yellow gas jet was burning, and showing to Betty's pleased eyes a most daintily-set tea tray—a snow white beautifully iron tray cloth, white china, white tea-pot, a frail green crumpled glass plate, with little rolls of yellow butter on it; a bread plate holding a portion of a crisp French roll, and a white coalport china plate holding ruby-coloured jam.

"How tempting it looks!" said the girl, who had never had such a tray put before her in her life before.

Mrs Thornton's eyes, of necessity, and shamefacedly, took in the room. She felt afraid the young girl would resent her intrusion. But, she could not but see the small untidy array of goods in the centre of the room, the "trundle" bed, and the table. She moved to the door pretending she had seen nothing.

"I forgot I was removing," laughed Betty. "I have just been writing a bit. Won't you sit down? I have a second chair."

"I am busy. I must go," said Mrs. Thornton. But she sat down nevertheless, and openly looked round the room.

Had Dot been the owner of that room, and its goods, she would have blushed and been deadly ashamed. Not so Betty. She was as proud of her attic as a queen of her castle.

"Do you see my trundle bed?" she asked. "I think it's an excellent makeshift, don't you? Any one would believe it was a sofa only."

"Ye-es," said Mrs. Thornton, and longed to tell the girl that her pillow covers were ugly and badly made.

"I've not quite decided what to do with my floor yet," said Betty. "How would a painted floor do?"

"Very well indeed, if you get the right colour. A dull green would look well—or, you could stain a border round and put down a carpet square."

"Er-um," said Betty. "I fancy I'll paint it. I would leave it as it is for the boards look so nice and white, but it would show footmarks too much."

"You'll use the bathroom for dressing-table and washstand, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," said Betty, commencing hungrily upon her roll and butter; "and I'll buy a screen to keep all my untidiness behind — dresses, boots, boxes, etc."

Mrs. Thornton made a movement to go.

"I am down in the basement generally," she said; "if you want me for anything, call down the tube."

"Thank you," said Betty, "but I shan't. I have so much to do. I really ought to unpack."

But when at last she was alone, she went on leisurely nibbling her bread and butter, and reading through the chapter she had written.

When she had quite finished—which was somewhere about eight o'clock—she bethought herself of the washing-up, and, carrying her tray, went diffidently downstairs.

A low light burned in the sitting-room, the door stood ajar, and silence reigned.

In the kitchen the light was a trifle higher, and all was clean, tidy, and deserted.

Betty quickly washed up, replaced the tea-things on the tray, and was very careful to leave all as neat as she had found it.

Returning to her attic for one inquisitive minute, she leaned over the bannisters and looked into the abyss below. All was dark as midnight. Dark and absolutely silent!

"I wonder what on earth she can want in the basement?" said Betty; "it's the last place I'd trouble." She ran lightly upstairs. "We're far enough apart, goodness knows," she said. "If we were deadly enemies even the distance ought to satisfy us."

She reached her room again and shut the door.

"I must get tidy," she said. "I will prepare things for to-morrow, and make my list."

The biscuit tins she stored for the most part under her writing-table, promising herself that upon some to-morrow she would put a flounce around the legs, to hide the unsightliness of whatever she might choose to place there.

Then she attacked the box of groceries, emptied it, carried it to a corner, and turned its back to the room. She then regarded it as a cupboard.

"I might paint its back—or something," she told herself.

Next she unpacked her kerosene box, and made another cupboard of it, beside the grocery one, and she arranged on it her two small saucepans, four china plates, two cups and saucers, her small assortment of knives, forks, and spoons, tea-pot, sugar-basin, and two jugs.

By then, however, she was tired of her housewifery, and her mind would return to the list she was longing to make. So she was soon at her table again, under the gas jet.

She found a clean sheet of paper and wrote:—"One Pound a Week" for a heading. Then underneath: "Rent and gas, 4/; food ——." She had at this stage to find another piece of paper and work out a separate sum.

"Bread—How many loaves a week do I eat? Of bread like that to-night, I suppose, seven. Of those hideous tin loaves, like those at home, say one. Still, I won't stint in bread, as it's the staff of life. I'll allow myself three loaves a week. Three loaves at 3½d a loaf—10½d; say a shilling."

"Meat I'll buy ready cooked; say two shillings a week for meat. Butter—say sixpence. I won't have vegetables. They're silly things. Groceries—two shillings a week. What is that? Five shillings and sixpence. Pooh! Too much. I must cut down somewhere. Meat. That'll do. That brings it to five shillings."

She turned back to her list. "Rent and gas, 4/; food, 5/; dress, 5/;

travelling, 1/; to send home, 2/; paper, books, furniture, etc., 3/; total, £1.

"There is no room for luxuries," she said. "It will be a tight fit. Still I can economise in food. I'll study some other way of living. It's eating and dress that cost the most; so in both I must just cut down."

So saying she put her list away. And sitting down again to her table, copied out the story she had written.

It was midnight when she sought her trundle bed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PRACTICAL JOURNALISM.

In the morning—she was not up till nearly nine o'clock—she had coffee with condensed milk in it for her breakfast, and bread and butter. Not French roll bread, but just a slice off the tin loaf she had brought from home.

Then she made her bed, put on hat and gloves, took her neatly tied up MS. into her hand, and ran downstairs and out into the street.

She was at the Sydney "Times" Office by ten o'clock, climbing the long flight of stairs, lightly and happily.

At the head of the stairs, she almost ran into the arms of a lady just about to descend. A florid, stout lady of middle age.

The girl and the woman looked at each other for one swift minute, and then passed on.

"One of the many besiegers of editors, I suppose," said Betty to herself, hurrying on.

She reached the editor's door and knocked, trembling almost as violently as upon the first occasion.

There was no reply, so she waited politely. The fate of some story might be trembling in the balance, she told herself, and an interruption might turn the scale unfavourably.

And if it were her own!

In five minutes she knocked again—and again waited. By this time her trembling had, if possible, become more violent, so she waited another five minutes.

Then she fancied she heard other steps on the stairs, and her imagination showed her a bevy of middle-age ladies, carrying MSS.—so she knocked again sharply.

This time the door was flung open, and the editor, looking irate, faced her.

The sight of her white face calmed him.

"I've been calling out 'Come in,' for about an hour," he said. "Come in. Come in. It's Miss Bruce, isn't it? Find a seat—sit down—excuse me five minutes."

He returned to his table, and went on writing, in a furious kind of way.

And Betty found a chair, all piled up with books and papers—and she sat down on the extreme edge of it, keeping herself in position by pressing her feet firmly on the floor.

Presently the door opened again, and a young grave-looking man entered. He gave Betty a cursory glance, put his hat down on an upturned box, and sitting down in front of a typewriter, began to click away in spasms. Now a rush of clicks, now a silence, now another rush, now another silence.

The editor, without raising his head, said—as if he were addressing his ink pot:—

"Get out Mrs. Swanson's papers, Ferguson. Give 'em to Miss Bruce," and went on writing again.

So the young man left his machine, went to some pigeon holes, extracted a big roll of papers, and looked at Betty again.

"Will you have them done up?" he asked shyly.

Betty flushed and paled.

"If you please," she said. "No—thank you. I mean—I don't know."

The editor put down his pen.

"Toss them here, Ferguson," he said. And Ferguson laid them down, and went back to his machine.

Then Betty felt the eyes of the great man on her, and she began to tremble again.

"You've got a very uncomfortable chair," he said, kindly. "Take mine—here."

"Oh, no!" said the girl, nervously.

"I'll sit here," said the editor, and he swung himself lightly on to his table, which put Betty a trifle more at her ease.

"Mrs. Swanson was here just before you," said the editor smiling. "She laid down her crown and sceptre; here they are for you to take up." He passed two keys over to her. "That is the key to your room, that to your desk. Come along, I'll show you."

He led the way from his room, down the passage to another door.

"This room," he said, "belongs to you and the fashion writer, Miss Jones. That's your desk—that's hers. Whenever you feel inclined to turn in here, you can. Theres a letter-box on the door. Your correspondence is put in there. . . . You must be sure of your facts, you know. No bogus marriages, or anything of that sort, to get us into hot water. Put in only affairs of importance and interest, and give the rest to Miss Jones for her Saturday's letter. . . . Come along, we'll get Mr. Ferguson to roll up your papers. You'd better look in daily if convenient. . . . Invitations, cards, etc."

He led the way back to his own room.

"Parcel up the papers, Ferguson," he said.

Then his eyes fell on the MS. in Betty's hand.

"Is that one?" he asked. "Toss it over."

"N—no," said Betty, "it's—it's only a story," and of course she flushed and paled and flushed most rapidly.

"For me?" said the editor kindly, and perceiving her embarrassment. "I didn't know you went in for that sort of thing. I'll have a look at it to-day, or to-morrow."

Betty had intended her story for another magazine, but she was far too overpowered by the magnitude of the man before her to say so.

She carried her bundle of papers home, and mounted to her attic once more. She had a week in which to write her letter, but she decided to commence it, if possible, to-day.

So she opened her bundle.

There was an account of a "social" at Redfern, at which Miss McQuade had worn a beautiful costume of sky blue silk, and Mrs McQuade, a splendid dress of eau-de-nil satin. An account of an "At Home," at Bondi, at which Mrs. Harry Behairs had worn daffodil chene de soie, and a berthe of lilies of the valley, and Mr. Harry Behairs had made an imposing master of ceremonies.

There were four letters descriptive of weddings, each on a pattern with the other:—"The bride looked lovely in a gown of pure white silk, and wore a veil, and carried a shower bouquet, the present of the bridegroom. The mother of the bride wore ——. And the sisters and the cousins and the aunts. And the presents were numerous and handsome. And after the breakfasts, the happy couples went to the coast, or the mountains."

There was a letter describing the coming-of-age party given to Mr. Harold Smith's son John; and another describing the golden wedding party of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jones, of Kangaroo Gully.

"I don't think any of them are important, or very interesting," said Betty. "I think I'll give them to Miss Jones. What's this—a card for an evening at Elizabeth Bay to-morrow. I know Elizabeth Bay is a fashionable place. Mrs. Duncan Robertson! Important, I think I've heard of her. And what's this? The Mayoress' reception on the fifteenth—and two tickets for the pantomine!"

After much cogitating she decided to ring Cyril up and ask him to escort her to Elizabeth Bay. So she went downstairs to the telephone. Mrs Thornton, in a big cooking apron, came out of the kitchen and nodded and smiled at her as she rang up. To tell the truth, she was pleased to see the girl's bright face on her third-storey kingdom.

"Is that you, Cyril?" asked Betty. "Would you do something to oblige me very much? Promise before I tell you! You won't! Well, will you take me to an evening at Elizabeth Bay to-morrow? Oh, I don't know the people—it's only in the interests of my work I've to go. Oh, do go with me, Cyril, there's a dear! Oh, please do! I'd do more than that for you. Evening dress? Oh, it doesn't matter. No one will look twice at us. You won't! Very well, Cyril Bruce, wait till I ask you again."

She put down the receiver and was turning back to her attic, stormily, when Mrs Thornton came to the doorway again.

"You don't seem to be thinking about your dinner," she said.

"Surely it's not time?" said Betty. "It's half-past twelve."

"Oh, dear! What a nuisance food is, I'll have dinner to-night, and just lunch now."

"Lunch with me," said Mrs Thornton, eagerly. "Do, unless you are too proud to have it in the kitchen." So they lunched together on the white kitchen table. Betty sat near the mangle, and Mrs Thornton near the gas-stove, and they had fried eggs and bacon, and delicious coffee with cream in it.

And they talked!..

In an hour Mrs Thornton knew the name and age of the members of Betty's family from Dot down to the baby. She knew the mother was dead, and she had a fair idea of the way the wheels ran at home. And Betty knew that her hostess could use a hammer and a chisel and a plane; that she had made most of the furniture in her sitting-room, and the drawers and cupboards in her kitchen; that she was fond of carving and modelling, and that her workroom was down in the basement.

They left the kitchen to inspect the furniture in the sitting-room.

"This table," said Mrs Thornton, shyly, giving a dainty little table a tap—"Oh, no; it's not good. It is full of faults. The polishing is bad——"

"You didn't polish it!" exclaimed Betty.

"It did not polish itself. Now, this desk—when I stained that——"

"You didn't make that!" exclaimed Betty, breathlessly.

"I did. Oh, it isn't good. It is very bad indeed."

"It's absolutely perfect," said Betty. "I never saw anything more perfect in my life. It's—it's simply wonderful! Fancy a woman making it! Who taught you!"

"No one," said Mrs Thornton, simply. "I never had a lesson in my life. Anyone could do it."

"I couldn't, if I lived to be a hundred."

"At a hundred your hand would probably be too shaky, and your back troublesome."

They went back to the kitchen, and Betty suggested they should wash up.

"I will do it later on," said her hostess.

But the girl rolled up her sleeves and found the tin bowl.

"Let's get it done with," she said; "the more we think of it the worse it grows. I suppose you're really aching to get back to your hammer. Are you making furniture now?"

"Only an overmantel," said Mrs Thornton.

Betty dipped the silver in the water, and twirled it with a mop.

And someway, before they had progressed to the plates Betty had confided in her hostess the sort of writing she was engaged on for the "Sydney Times," and Mrs Thornton had stated that she knew Mrs Swanson, the late writer, by sight, very well.

And before they had finished they had arranged to go together to the pantomime on Saturday night.

Then the telephone demanded attention, and Mrs Thornton answered it, and called Betty.

"Yes," said Betty.

"It's only me," said Cyril. "Look here, if you'll answer for it that no one shall look at us, I'll take you to-morrow night."

"Oh, Cyril, you angel!" said Betty, rapturously.

"What time shall I fetch you?" asked Cyril.

"Seven," said Betty. "Let us get there before the crush, and find a secluded corner. Cyril, you're—you're a sparkling demi-god!"

"It's the blessed evening-suit that bothers me. Good-bye."

"That's just like Cyril," said Betty, running back to the kitchen. "He must have his growl first. I'll have to look up a dress—and then no more thought for gaiety."

"Well, I'm going down," said Mrs. Thornton; "I'm busy with the glue-pot to-day. Oh, I meant to tell you! I've a tin of green paint you can have for your floor, if you like. Oh, it's the right green, you need not look doubtful!"

"It wasn't the shade of green I was thinking of," said Betty, "it was only—I don't see why I should rob you."

"Nay, I shall never use it. I got it to do a floor and then changed my mind. Besides, you need not rob me. You can leave it on the floor."

"Then I'll do it now," said Betty with enthusiasm.

"You can move your bed into the next room for a night or two," said Mrs. Thornton. "You go, and I will bring the paint up to you."

It was a back-breaking piece of work Betty found, but she was liberally endowed with energy and endurance.

In the beginning of the afternoon she sang and worked, and when darkness came it found her working without singing.

But the first coat was on her floor—all over it.

"I'll finish it to-morrow," she said as she crept into her trundle bed at nine o'clock, aching and tired, "then I can impress Cyril with my attic. But, oh, what a pity things want a second coat in this life!"

She finished by twelve o'clock the next morning, for the second coat went on, she found, more easily than the first.

Then she dressed and went to the office again. No correspondence awaiting her, she was leaving again, when she ran into Mr. Ferguson in the passage.

"Oh, Miss Bruce!" he said, "I'm so glad to see you. Would you think me a nuisance? Would you help me over a difficulty?"

"If I can," said Betty, diffidently.

"Who—who cuts the wedding cake—the bride, the bridegroom, or the best man?"

"The bride," said Betty emphatically.

"Oh, thank you!" said Mr. Ferguson, and immediately darted back into his room.

"What a funny young man," said Betty to herself, continuing her way downstairs; "I suppose he's going to be married."

On the staircase she met the editor.

"About that story of yours," was his greeting, and no hand-shake or "Good morning;" "it's first-rate. I've passed the account. I can just get it into the Christmas number. Ask at the counter for your money on Friday."

He went on upstairs.

"Oh!" said Betty. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" and she only just managed not to sit on the step behind her with amazement. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Sure this is none of it!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SOCIAL REPORTER.

At seven o'clock that night Cyril rang the bell of the tall house in which Betty lived. It was in darkness, except for a light in a front attic window, he noticed.

Betty herself opened the door. She was wonderfully glad to see her twin again, and as soon as he was in the hall and the front door was closed she embraced him most lovingly.

"Here, let me go; you don't know who's looking," said Cyril, disengaging her arms from his neck and looking nervously around him.

"There's no one to look," said Betty laughing. "Come upstairs. I must show you my mansion. Isn't this a beautiful house."

"Can't say I'm much struck yet," said Cyril, following her upstairs.

"It's so wonderfully convenient. There's a speaking tube, and if you stayed here and I ran to the top storey we could talk to each other quite easily, in nearly a whisper, through it."

"Don't I know the blessed things! We've one in our office."

"Oh, I think they're lovely. And there's a telephone."

"I wish to goodness telephones had never been invented," said Cyril. "I'd get lots more trips out of our office, I can tell you, running messages, if it weren't for the telephone."

"Come back, come back," laughed Betty, "that's Dr. Shrover's room, and thats the dentist's."

"However much higher!" growled Cyril.

They reached the next storey.

"No, that's the kitchen," said Betty, laughing. "Higher still and higher."

She ran up the next flight of stairs, followed by Cyril.

"There ought to be a lift," he said; "it's perfectly preposterous!"

Betty pushed open her door.

The floor looked remarkably well. The sofa cushions were shaken up and

tidy; the writing table was in glorious confusion; the "household" corner seemed just a collection of kerosene boxes turning their backs on the world.

Betty stood in the middle of the room, looking radiant, glowing eyes, scarlet lips and cheeks. She was in evening costume, or, to be correct, she wore an evening blouse Dot had sent to her eighteen months before—a white silk one, with white lace and soft ruchings upon it—and a dark walking skirt.

"Isn't it a splendid room!" she said. "Right up at the top of the house, away from everyone! Look at my floor, isn't it pretty?"

"Um," said Cyril—"only paint."

Betty's face fell a little, just a little. She was brave and bright, but a word or two in praise of her house and new life would have filled her heart to overflowing.

Then her eyes opened widely.

"Where did you get your coat?" she asked.

"I borrowed another fellows—Chalmers'. It fits alright, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Betty slowly, and added, "I wish though you had your own."

Cyril strutted across the room.

"Where's your glass?" he inquired.

"In the bathroom," said Betty; "but you don't want it. I never saw you look so nice in your life."

She spoke in all sincerity.

She turned out the gas, and they went downstairs. Mrs Thornton came out of her sitting-room, and was introduced to the good looking youth by his proud sister.

And after they had left her and slammed the front door she went to her balcony to watch them go up the street.

How young they were! All life seemed to open up beneath their feet! How blithe, how bonnie they looked!

The best of the earth was theirs—all possibilities were their own, she thought.

But—how poor, how undisguisedly poor!

They took the tram to Elizabeth Bay, and Betty smuggled into Cyril's hand the money for their fares.

They had a short walk when they got out, and a little difficulty in finding the house, but at last they stood before it—a many-windowed, brilliantly lighted mansion.

Quite a stream of people from carriages was entering the front door.

"I daren't go in," said Betty, and pressed her hand suddenly to her heart.

Cyril was nervous too.

"Let's go back," he said; "it's an awfully silly game. Let's go back."

Then his twin perceived he needed some of that courage she had so frequently to instil.

She laughed.

"One to be ready, two to be steady, three to be off and away," she said, and marched in the doorway in the wake of a portly lady, and Cyril had perforce to follow.

A white-capped maid led her to the dressing-room, and looking over her shoulder she beheld the nervous Cyril following other swallow-tails in an opposite direction.

They met again in the hall, and before they could consider whither to direct their steps, a stately man servant met them, indicated that they were to follow him, and near the doorway of a handsome room, inclined his ear to Betty's mouth. She coughed, but he did not move; so she coughed again; he still waited.

Then book knowledge came to her rescue, and crimsoning to the tips of her ears, she said—

"Miss Bruce."

The next moment the sound of her name seemed to fill space. From every corner of the room came back the echo of the man's loud announcement—"Miss Bruce!"

Then "Mi Bruce!" even louder.

And the two white young things glided into that, to them, most dreadful room.

A lady with very kind but puzzled eyes took Betty's hand.

"So very pleased," she murmured. Still she seemed to be waiting—like all the rest of the world.

"For the 'Sydney Times,'" said Betty, and pathos was in her eyes.

"Oh," said the lady. "Oh, I was looking for Mrs Swanson."

"I am Mrs Swanson," said the girl. "I—I mean, I and my brother are instead of her."

"I see. I am very glad to meet you. Do find a comfortable seat. A lovely night, is it not?"

"Sir James and Lady McIntosh," shouted the servant, and an ancient looking couple followed the boy and girl into the room.

"Everyone's looking at us," said Cyril.

"Let them!" said Betty defiantly.

"Let's get out of that verandah door, and cut home," said Cyril as they reached a side of the room.

"I won't," said Betty. "Imagine we're war correspondents and have just got to the front. We wouldn't run away again as soon as we saw smoke. Isn't this a beautiful window seat? Lean back and imagine you're a judge, and I'm your old maiden sister."

But Cyril was far too wretched to allow his imagination to play.

He sat down next to Betty, and tugged at his upper lip, which was as guiltless of any signs of moustache as Betty's own.

"It's all very well for you," he said, "but I hate being stared at. My coat doesn't fit on the shoulder, and I'm the only fellow not in proper evening dress."

"Look at that pretty girl over there," said Betty; "isn't she a picture! I wonder who she is? Her name is Pearl.

"Let's get out on the verandah," whispered Cyril.

"Don't be so silly," said Betty. "It would be a great deal worse coming in again. I was getting on very well as your Worship's sister. Oh, for goodness sake, let us forget who we are for a little while. Here's Mrs. Robertson. I believe she is coming to us. I've got to notice what her dress is, etc."

Cyril broke into a cold perspiration, stood up, and precipitately fled through the open door to the verandah.

And Betty sat on alone. She watched her hostess' progress down the room, admiring intensely her easy, graceful carriage and simple manners.

But Mrs. Duncan Robertson was far too busy to notice the lonely girl in the window seat.

Music struck up in the next room, and she, with three or four other ladies, moved there, presumably to listen.

Cyril did not come back—he absolutely lacked the courage, and Betty felt it incumbent on her to leave her sheltered seat.

"In the interests of my letter," she told herself, "I must try and find out who is who."

So she went round on the edge of the crowd as it were. She lingered in the doorway of the music-room; she got lost in a little crowd in the hall, and she noted the floral decorations of the drawing-room.

Then, crossing the hall again, to return to the reception-room, she came upon Cyril hiding, in misery, behind a pillar in the hall.

"Betty!" he whispered. She saw his face.

"We'll go if you like!" she said.

"Oh!" he said gratefully. "Come on."

So they sought each their respective cloak-room. They had been there, in all, perhaps an hour and a-half, and no one in all that happy seeming throng had given them a kindly smile or word.

They had been as unnoticed as the flies on the high-art ceilings.

Betty saw happy girls under their mothers' wings—gay mothers, proud mothers. And for some reason her heart was stirred.

Everyone seemed to know everyone else. Only no one had even a half-smile for Betty or Cyril.

As they left the hall, to step into the night, a singer's passionate voice was pleading:—

"Oro pro nobis. Ora pro nobis!"

And a great wave of emotion passed over sensitive Betty, to whom few beautiful songs ever came. The house, the lights, the beautiful dresses, and jewellery, and the song, all played upon feelings she knew not that she possessed.

She caught Cyril's arm.

"How beautiful!" she said.

"What?" asked Cyril.

"Something—somewhere. I—I don't know what." She looke dat the stars, and they walked on down the quiet street.

"I never felt such a stuffed monkey in my life," said Cyril.

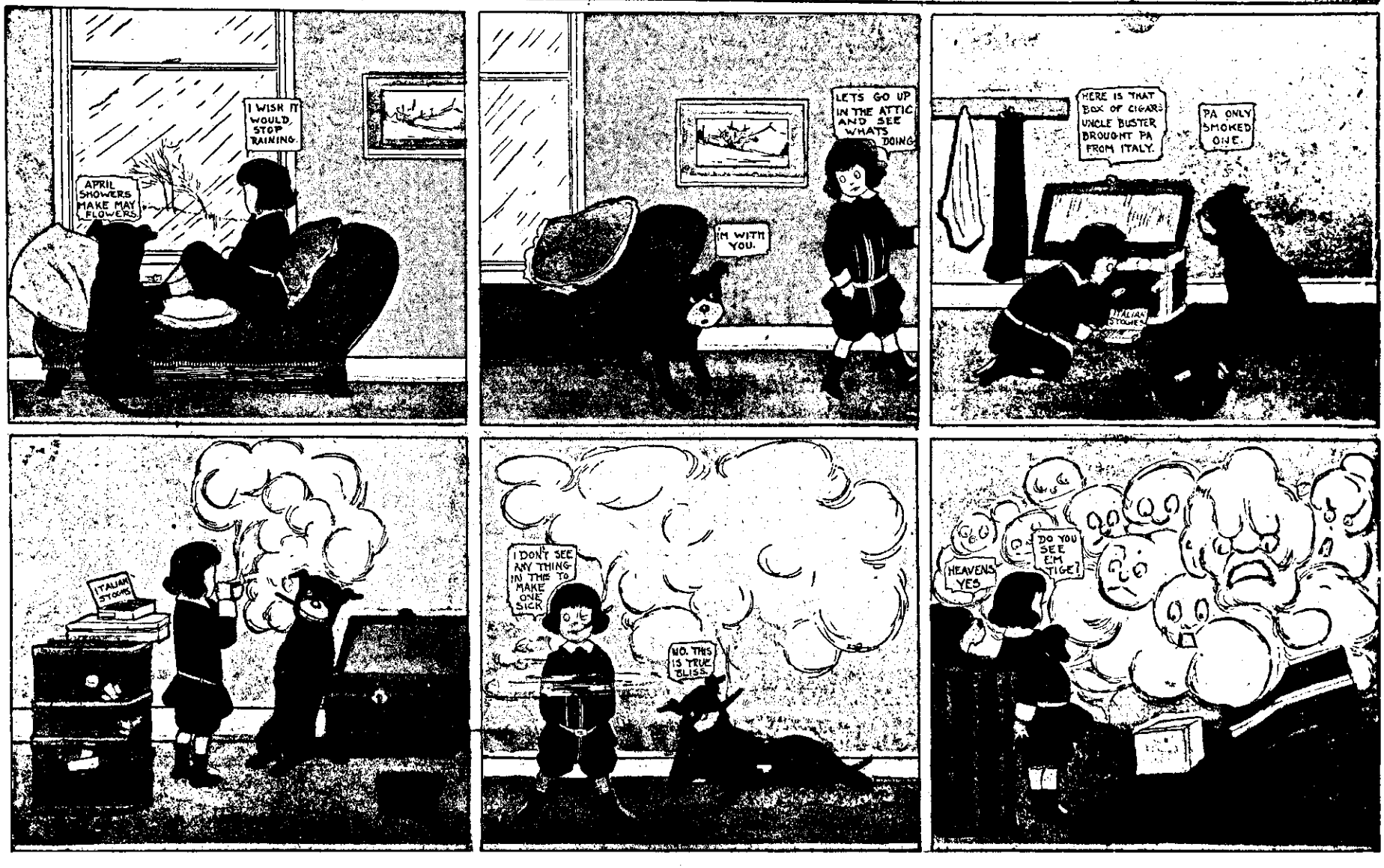
"Let us take an omnibus," said Betty wearily. "Let us get home."

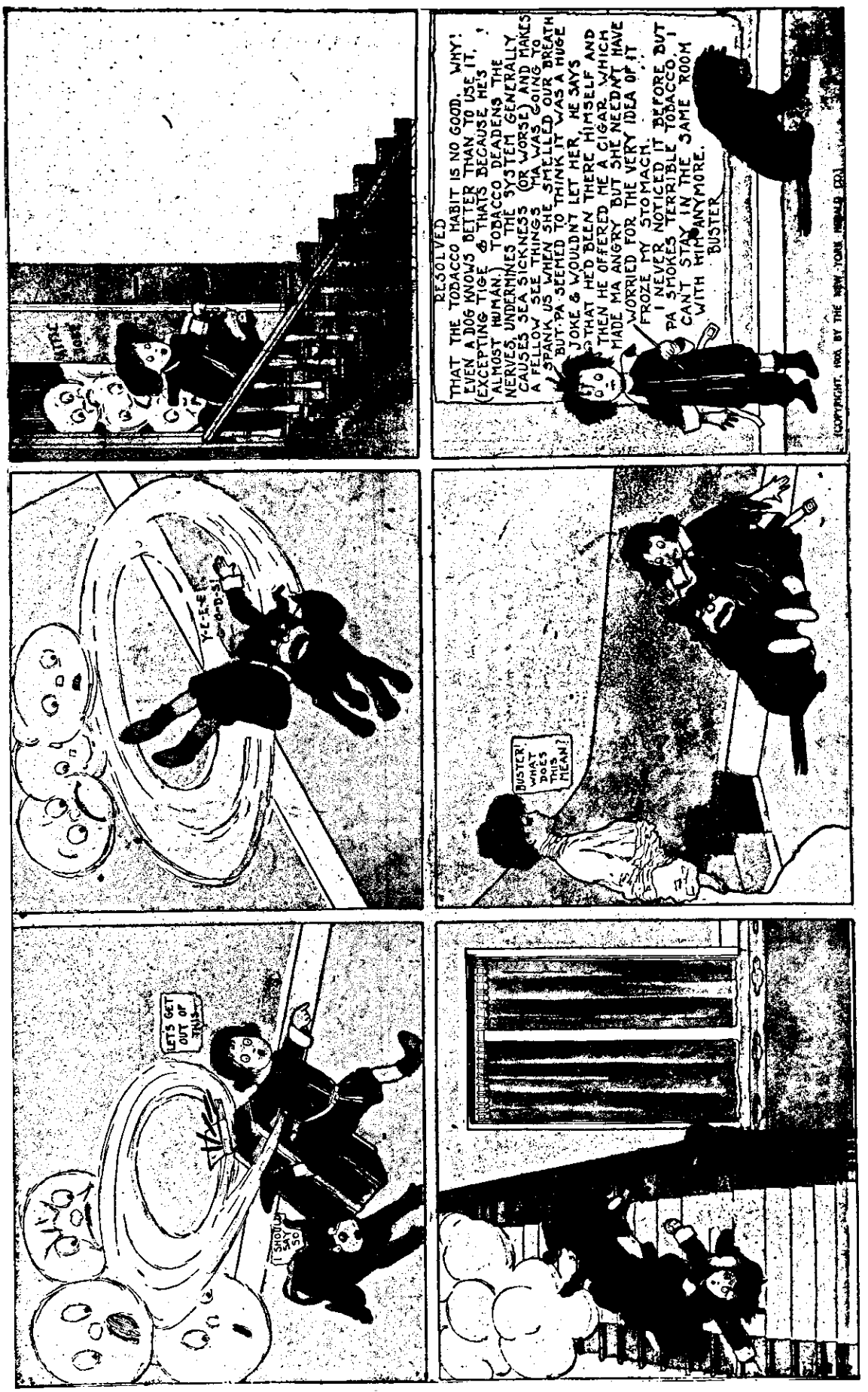
She was too young to analyse her feelings, but as they stepped into the omnibus she said wistfully to Cyril:—

"Now I know what it is to feel an outcast. Don't you?"

(To be Continued.)

BUSTER BROWN & TIGE.




RESOLVED
THAT THE TOBACCO HABIT IS NO GOOD. WHY!
EVEN A DOG KNOWS BETTER THAN TO USE IT.
(EXCEPTING TIGE & THATS BECAUSE HE'S
ALMOST HUMAN.) TOBACCO DEADENS THE
NERVES, UNDERMINES THE SYSTEM GENERALLY
CAUSES SEA SICKNESS (OR WORSE) AND MAKES
A FELLOW SEE THINGS
PA WAS GOING TO
SPANK US WHEN SHE SMELLED OUR BREATH
BUT PA SEEMED TO THINK IT WAS A HUGE
JOKE & WOULDN'T LET HER. HE SAYS
THAT HE'D BEEN THERE HIMSELF AND
THEN HE OFFERED ME A CIGAR. WHICH
MADE MA ANGRY BUT SHE NEEDN'T HAVE
WORRIED FOR THE VERY IDEA OF IT
FROZE MY STOMACH.
I NEVER NOTICED IT BEFORE BUT
PA SMOKES TERRIBLE TOBACCO. I
CAN'T STAY IN THE SAME ROOM
WITH HIM ANYMORE.
BUSTER
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.
BUSTER, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?
Y-E-E-O-O-O-W
LET'S GET OUT OF THIS.
I SHOULD SAY SO

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Queer Quilts and Peculiar Pillows.

There are fashions in bed-clothes no less than in other kinds of clothing, and an autograph quilt is much sought after by housewives who love to be up-to-date.

Not long ago the Countess Brownlow was the recipient of such a novel present at the hands of the tenants and other inhabitants on the Ashbridge Estate of her husband, in Buckinghamshire.

This notable autograph quilt bore no fewer than twelve hundred names, and it was presented to the Countess in recognition of

THE KINDLY INTEREST

shown and timely assistance rendered by her on occasions of distress and sickness in the little community. It will doubtless be cherished by her family for many years to come.

Any lady who wished to become the purchaser of such a curious counterpane will be more likely to meet with one at a bazaar than anywhere else. A remarkable autograph quilt was on sale at such a function held at Buckingham some time ago.

It had been made on the co-operative principle—as the genuine article naturally must be. Some two hundred squares of material were sent out to as many statesmen, peers, member of Parliament, and Nonconformist ministers of light and leading.

On these the distinguished personages wrote their signatures in pencil, the letters being afterwards most beautifully embroidered by Mrs Gibbs and Mrs Hull, two prominent promoters of the bazaar. They afterwards had the squares made up into a lovely quilt, their artistic needlework being very much admired. Its worth and quality were testified by the fact that the counterpane sold for £20.

At a hospital bazaar at Darlington, opened by Princess Henry of Battenberg, a little while ago, a much more elaborate

AUTOGRAPH BED QUILT

was on sale. It was made of white linen worked with gold silk on a gold foundation.

The small squares were intersected by hand-made lace insertion, the whole being surrounded by panels of tulip design. The central square had worked on it the autograph of Princess Henry of Battenberg, surmounted by a coronet.

Each of the other squares contained the actual autographs of four celebrities, the signatures having been first written on the material by them and afterwards worked in in gold. The four corner-pieces were taken up with the Durham and Darlington arms, the date of the bazaar, and the monogram of the hospital for the benefit of which it was held.

Amongst the ninety or so autographs on the quilt were those of Mr Arthur James Balfour, Mr Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Winston Churchill (on one square), President Roosevelt, Lord Roberts, Edison, Marconi, Sir Robert Ball, Madame Patti, the Bishops of Durham and Wakefield, Lady Warwick, Lord and Lady Zetland, Lord and Lady Barnard, Alfred Austin, Andrew Carnegie, Luke Fildes, R.A., Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Marie Hall, Sir Frederick Treves, Mrs Patrick Campbell, and the Hon. F. S. Jackson.

A novelty in counterpanes was some time ago on exhibition at a church bazaar in a northern town. It was formed of no fewer than three hundred and sixty-five pieces of patchwork—one for each day of the year. All colours were represented, though in perfect harmony, and, in addition to bearing date, each patch set forth the kind of weather that might be expected on the day indicated.

Thus "wind," "rain," "frost," and so on, appeared over and over again, until the various phases of our resourceful British climate were completely exhausted. This curious quilt was the work of an invalid lady, who must have devoted her whole time to it for many months. It attracted every visitor's attention, and proved the great drawing feature of the bazaar.

In the possession of one of the old families of Europe there is a bed quilt bearing

A MAGNIFICENT PICTURE

of "Alexander in the tent of Darius." It was the work of that famous painter, Paul Veronese.

Like so many other artists, he was a man of eccentric moods and odd habits. On one occasion he accepted an invitation to spend a few days with a family at their beautiful country residence. While there he insisted on having absolute possession of his room, which he would not allow even a servant to enter.

He actually made his own bed and deposited the sweepings of his room outside the door every morning for the maid to take away. When he left he slipped off without so much as bidding the family good-bye, and certain of the bed clothes were found to be missing.

The eccentric painter was suspected of having stolen them, but, on a careful search being made, they were found rolled up in a corner of the room. On the quilt had been painted the superb picture already mentioned, this being the whimsical fashion in which the great artist had taken it into his head to repay his host for the generous hospitality that had been shown him.

Peculiar pillows—portrait pillows is their correct designation—have been in great favour for some time now. These are

ADORNED WITH THE FACES

of leading lights of literary, political and other circles, with perhaps quotations from their works or speeches.

From some of these comforting headrests the face of Tennyson looks up, backed by a couple of appropriate lines from one or other of his poems, Burns, Kipling, Whittier, and others being similarly in evidence.

Care of the Hair.

HINTS TAKEN FROM THE LETTERS OF A LADY-IN-WAITING AT THE COURT OF QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.

(By Estelle De la Terre.)

The secret of beautiful hair may be expressed, as in the case of a good complexion, in one word. Cleanliness, absolute and systematic, is essential for the girl who wishes her "crowning glory" to receive its full complement of praise. But here again the word "cleanliness" must embrace a larger area than the space to which we at present confine it.

The average girl shampoos her head once a month—in some cases, alas, once a week, and washes her brushes when she considers that they require it. She brushes her hair night after night for a few seconds, plasters it with grease at odd intervals, or leaves it severely alone, and cries out because she has such ugly tresses, so lank and dull, and unlike her best friend who rejoices in curls and waves. The best friend has been blessed by nature with healthy hair, but unless she understands the method of retaining the beauty of her locks she also one day will add her moan to the general cry, "I have such ugly hair."

Beautiful hair is within the reach of everyone.

The hair has two great enemies that combine for its destruction. One is the present-day method of shampooing, the other is dust. Thousands of girls, night after night, gather the dust of the day on their brush, and the next morning brush the dust back on their hair again. In this way it is no difficult matter to keep a brush clean for a week or longer at the expense of the hair, which is gradually becoming not only a dust but a germ trap.

FIRST VITAL STEP.

The first, and the most vitally important, step in the cultivation of beautiful hair is to wash the brushes every night. It does not entail much expenditure of time. After brushing the hair at night pour some boiling water in the basin. Add a piece of soda or a teaspoonful of liquid ammonia. Dab the brushes up and down in this for two minutes. Stand them in cold water for five minutes. Shake well and put in a warm place to be dry by the morning. Once a week add a teaspoonful of alum to the rinsing water, which tightens and stiffens the bristles.

It is quite useless on one night to forget or be "too tired" to wash your brushes. The next morning an accumulation of dust will undo six days of patient labour. Perseverance in this method will result in such an enormous improvement in the texture of the hair that in a week's time you will be astonished.

To lay down hard and fast rules for the nightly treatment of the hair is more difficult. The girl who can spare ten minutes every night for brushing her hair will soon realise the wisdom of her self-denial. But ten minutes seem ten hours to many who are hard at work all day. The "hundred system" will prove useful in these cases, as the hair can be brushed one hundred times in three minutes. The following extract is taken from one of my old letters:—

My maid has received instructions to rub the skin of my head with her fingertips, until the scalp is aglow, for 15 minutes nightly. I can recommend this course to thee, my friend, as the blood is in this way brought to the root of the hair, which draws its nourishment from this source.

BEST METHOD.

I recommend the following method for nightly treatment in the cultivation of beautiful hair: If posible, use two brushes. Loseen the hair. Gently comb out all tangles, and with the tips of the fingers massage the whole scalp for a few minutes. If the hair be dry, which can be recognised by its harshness when touched and its lack of colour, dip the fingers in the oil of sweet jasmine, and massage as directed; but avoid smearing the oil on the hair itself. If the hair be greasy or sticky, the result of excessive perspiration from a relaxed condition of the scalp, sprinkle the head with lotion of bergamot. You will soon learn to recognise whether your head requires food or tonic. Brush the hair thoroughly, gathering up small strands and allowing the bristles to pass right through them. Do not plait the hair. Night is the time to induce a free circulation of air. Spread the hair out on your pillow when you are in bed. If it be necessary to use curling pins, procure the softest pattern, and avoid screwing them tightly against the head. Never use hot irons. To those whose hair has a tendency to curl naturally, which has been frustrated by the use of artificial means, the above system will result in time in the curling pins being banished from the dressing-table.

TOO MUCH SHAMPOOING.

The vexed question of shampooing must be approached with caution. The girl who is asked to wash her hair as seldom as possible will be horrified, and consider that all the principles of hygiene are being set at naught. And yet hundreds of cases in which the hair is thin, weak, and "coming out in handfuls," may be traced back to the cause of excessive shampooing. It will be found if the brushes are washed every day the hair will not reqpire to be washed more often than once in six weeks.

When washing the hair use, if possible, rain water. If not, the water may be softened by a little borax. Avoid soda and ammonia, the effects of which are too drying. Beat up the white of an egg to a snow. Add a tablespoonful of soap powder. Whisk all together. After rinsing the hair thoroughly, rub the egg mixture into the scalp. Rinse in several lots of warm water, and lastly apply a cold douche. Do not wring the hair. Gently press out the moisture. Dry with hot towels, but do not go near a fire. If it be summer, go out in the garden. The sun is the finest possible hair restorer. When dry, brush the hair for five minutes. Pour three drops of oil of sweet jasmine on the palm of the hand. Dip the brush in this and gently stroke the hair. This will induce a beautiful gloss without appearing too greasy. To make a good soap powder, collect all the scraps of soap. Dry them until they are brittle. Put them in a cloth and crush with a flat iron to a powder. After the hair is dressed, always smooth it with one of the Japanese silk squares.

How to Select a Wife.

(By Helen Oldfield.)

Old saws, not the rusty affairs which the "raggetty men" ply upon firewood at our back doors, but the sharp-toothed, trenchant blades in the shape of maxims, which philosophers love to draw across the hearts of men, are like unto Damascus swords of the olden time, in that their edges are still keen and cut deeply after centuries of usage. The tough old blades have a temper which outlives time, and their rugged points tear their way through human bosoms as surely now as when they were first forged, in pain and tears, by sad experience. And of them all not one is truer nor sharper than that "Marriage makes or mars a man."

However one may urge that the man who works himself for the sake of a woman must be made of poor timber to start with, and that the man who is truly a man will rise superior to adverse circumstances, whatever those circumstances may be, the fact remains that intimate association must affect even the strongest more or less. A good pilot will bring an unseaworthy barque safely to its desired haven, whilst a careless steersman will sink a good ship in sight of port.

It is a common saying that men invariably love those women best who make fools of them, and, while like most common sayings, this has an element of truth, it would be more correct to say that a man must love a woman in order to enable her to make a fool of him. All of us know men of mark who unhesitatingly aver that much of their success in life is due to their wives; also, we know others who have carried weight because of an unwise marriage, and, thus handicapped, have failed in the race. However miserable an old bachelor may be, he is by far more happy than a bad husband, or the husband of a bad wife.

"Be sure to marry," wrote a famous general to his son, "but be sure also that you marry the right woman"; advice which may well be ranked with that of the sharper who advertised to furnish the secret of success in all undertakings,

and sent his dupes a card bearing the sentence: "First be sure you are right and then go ahead, and keep at it." It is difficult to be sure of anything in this world! And Love is rarely reasonable. It seems to be a sort of obsession which bars out everything else.

Even Emerson, sage and philosopher far more than poet, has written:

"Give all to Love;
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse,
Nothing refuse."

And this, foolish as it is, is really, or appears to be, the attitude of many men and more women whon they fall in love. The phrase itself suggests a sort of helplessness, a head over heels tumble, without volition. More than one great author has told us that even the gods were not wise in love, and mythology abundantly bears out the statement. Therefore, can it be wondered at that mortals display so little good sense in their love affairs? It is not too much to say that when a man is captivated by a woman it is seldom or never that he stops to consider what are her qualifications for the position of wife, the partner of his weal or woe for perhaps a lifetime. Experienced observers of their fellow men will bear us out in saying that it is rare to find anywhere a social circle in any grade, of any size, in which there is not at least one couple whose marriage is pronounced unintelligible; or one in which the perplexity is not occasionally increased by the po session of obvious ability either in husband or wife. "What did he see in her?" or "she in him?" are questions which all ask and none can answer. Sometimes, of course, it is a silly criticism, due simply to that impenetrable veil which hides us from one another, and which is, perhaps, intended to deepen individual sense of responsibility, the difference in the point of view which prevents people from seeing other people or things as "others see them." A man of genius may be guilty of all sorts of eccentricities in the conduct of life, and often almost is a fool in pecuniary matters or, at least, used to be, for those who are informed say that the old type of the "heaven born" who were always in debt is dying out, and that genius and financial talent are now so frequently united in one and the same person that even publishers fail to find them apart, and complain of hard times in consequence. Still, the secret belief that there is affinity between genius and insanity still exists, and prevents all wonder, and is probably the ultimate if unconscious cause of the otherwise immoral tolerance extended even by good people to those "errors of genius," which in less gifted men they would heartily condemn. Perhaps it is self-confidence that leads them on.

A man, somehow, whose fancy is taken by a woman is apt to believe that he knows all about her, resents advice from the outside, and refuses to consider circumstantial evidence patent to all but himself. His self-love, not to say self-conceit, is up in arms in defence of his own opinion, and he will not even doubt, sometimes in the face of proof written all over the object of his choice, that she has a good temper. There is an inner vanity in most men, kept down more or less by sense and experience, as to their own judgment on points where the world holds accuracy of judgment to be a sign of intellectual power; and when it comes to the choice of a wife this vanity wakes up in irresistible strength. This is after the fact, as a rule, sensible men fall in love sensibly, and are attracted by something more than a pretty face.

The lack of brains is more frequently a positive than a negative quality. It is not the mere being without. A woman who is stupid is, in most cases, not merely not clever; she chatters foolishly, instead of being stolidly silent; she says the wrong things, and in place of having no ideas she has exasperating, impossible ones, in which she is unendurably obstinate. She is not merely uncompanionable, she is a perpetual thorn in the flesh. The cut of life shared with her is worse than tasteless; it is bitter, nauseating.

One often hears clever men assert that they "do not like women who are too clever," but the trouble is that it is exceeding difficult to measure the too much, the too little, and the just enough to admire it." As it happens, the woman who can attain this happy medium must be possessed of considerable talent and unusual self-control, besides which she must be gifted with the intuition which comes only through love. It has been well said that the man who can govern a woman is capable of governing a nation. Yet a woman, almost any woman, may be easily led wherever her lover wills, so long as she loves him and believes in the trust and sincerity of his affection for her. Women almost invariably esteem where they love, whether the beloved be worthy or not; men, on the contrary, often love where they cannot esteem, sometimes where they do not even admire. As George Eliot says:

"It is a deep mystery, the way the heart of man turns to one woman out of all the rest he's seen in the world, and makes it easier for him to work seven years for her, like Jacob did for Rachel, sooner than have any other woman for the asking."

Etiquette.

By Lucie Heaton Armstrong

(Author of "Letters to a Bride," "Good Form," etc.)

THINGS ONE SHOULD NOT SAY.

Lady and Gentleman.—There are a number of little things one is not supposed to say, and there is often no reason against them; it is merely a habit of abstention which has grown by common consent. A person who has not been much used to society, for example, cannot be too careful in the use of the words lady and gentleman. They are our own birthright, these words, belonging to those who are well-born and well-bred, and the way in which we use them shows if we deserve them or not. We must always use these words by themselves; they are all-sufficient as a description, a qualifying adjective must never go near them. We must never say "a nice lady," or "a kind gentleman," for example, like a crossing-sweeper asking for alms, "a lady" or "a gentleman" is enough. "She is not a lady," or "that is not the way a gentleman would behave"—both these sentences are correct.

The Cloven Hoof.—There is another way of using these words which is also incorrect, even when no descriptive epithet accompanies them. You must not write to a friend whom you are inviting to a dinner-party and say "I have asked another lady and gentleman to meet you." Such a phrase as this in an invitation otherwise properly written would remind one of a cloven hoof peeping out from correct attire. It is taken for granted that we are ladies and gentlemen ourselves, and that our friends are the same. We must not use these words as a description. It must be one of the things that we take for granted. We must say, "I have asked Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So" or "two other friends."

For Granted.—And speaking of things being taken for granted reminds me that this is a phrase we must not use when we receive an apology. "Granted" is another phrase by which we detect an inferior; if we brush against a person in the street and apologise, and he replies "granted," we know he belongs to the lower classes. "Granted" is an instance of a word which has gone down in the process of time, and is now only used by the poor, just as the Court dress of the cavaliers has become the Bretonne peasant costume of to-day. It was once a fine word, used in high company, as we have only to put it in its right place in order to see. "Pardon, fair lady," seems naturally to draw forth the answer, "It is granted, sir." It is difficult to see why this fair phrase should ever have become de-classe. Perhaps it is that it is now considered more polite to ignore the injury than to pardon it; "granted" seems to mean that an injury has been done, whilst "not at all" implies that no suffering or damage has been caused.

As to our friends.—It behoves us to be careful of the Christian names of our relations and friends, and still more of their pet names. There is something very vulgar about admitting strangers into the inner circle of our lives, and carelessness in this respect is just one of the kinds of familiarity which breeds contempt. A wife should not call her husband "John" when she is talking of him to strangers; it should be either "Mr. Smith" or "my husband." "Some friends of mine who live near—the Browns, do you know them?" is a better way of alluding to intimates than to call thew Gyladys and May tout court.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

(By MARGUERITE.)

The new styles are so different from those of last winter that women are breathing a sigh of thankfulness that skirts and sleeves were then so ample as material is thus provided with which to make the change necessary.

In heavy materials yoke and panel effects are arranged in the tops of last year's pleated skirts so that the pleated effect is removed and a fitted upper portion achieved.

The plan of gathering and shirring the tops of thin skirts is still in vogue, so that skirts so treated last year will do now with a trifling change of trimmings. The shirring, however, is prettier when given the effect of gathers at the top of a skirt, and not done in an underneath tuck.

Evening gowns are made of all the soft, thin materials suitable to evening wear, and among these pompadoured chiffon satins and louisines are quite prominent. Brocades form a feature among new materials, and come in every conceivable tint and combination of tints and in designs nearly always of a floral character. Even when pink, blue, mauve, green and yellow are mingled—in the softest of pastel hues—in the same design, the general tone of the material suggests a dominant colour, as pink, or blue, or mauve.

Lines of evening gowns must be both full and clinging. This sounds paradoxical, yet it is strictly the fact. Draperies upon bodices are put on full, yet drawn to fit the figure upon a silk lining. Skirts cling about the hips, and yet are so full around the bottom that they require a surprising number of petticoat ruffles to make them stand out properly from the feet.

It is nothing unusual to find as many as four or five overlapping ruffles on the bottom of a drop skirt. These are made of silk, chiffon and lace, alternating, or or silk and chiffon.

Princess gowns will be very much worn this winter. Formerly only well-formed women looked well in princess gowns, but now these are so arranged that less correct figures can wear them effectively. The upper portions are often finished off in bolero and other attractive effects, and the bottoms are very full. The line of grace seems to extend from a little above the waist line to below the hip.

Whether, when the autumn evening

ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR DAY AND EVENING WEAR.

(1) Fur coat, trimmed with silk braidings and embroidered velvet collar, cuffs and revers. (2) A dainty evening gown in linon de soie and ribbons.

toilette is being ordered, a corsage cut square or one arranged with a pointed decolletage should be preferred, is an example of the trifling questions that mean so much to the ultimate success or failure of the gown, from the standpoint of modishness.

A square cut front and a V-shaped back are fashion's decree this w nter, but this preference should only be considered by those the device suits. The rounded berthe, the heart-shaped modestie, and the deep V are all permitted, and should certainly not be forsaken by those who find them becoming.

Luckily for beauty's sake, the corsage a pointe is still a very well-liked scheme, high in the ascendency of the mode. It is sometimes dexterously simulated by a deep ceinture, and sometimes is draped.

A new coiffure which has become extremely popular with Parisian women is the "Marie Stuart." In this a full pompadour is brought over the forehead to a point in the centre, and, brushed tightly up at the sides, rolling smoothly over to the top of the head.

Here it is met by the back hair, and shaped into loop-shaped puffs well forward on the front pompadour. The striking feature is the pyramidal Psyche knot, made up of these puffs, which extends out almost on a line with the end of the nose.

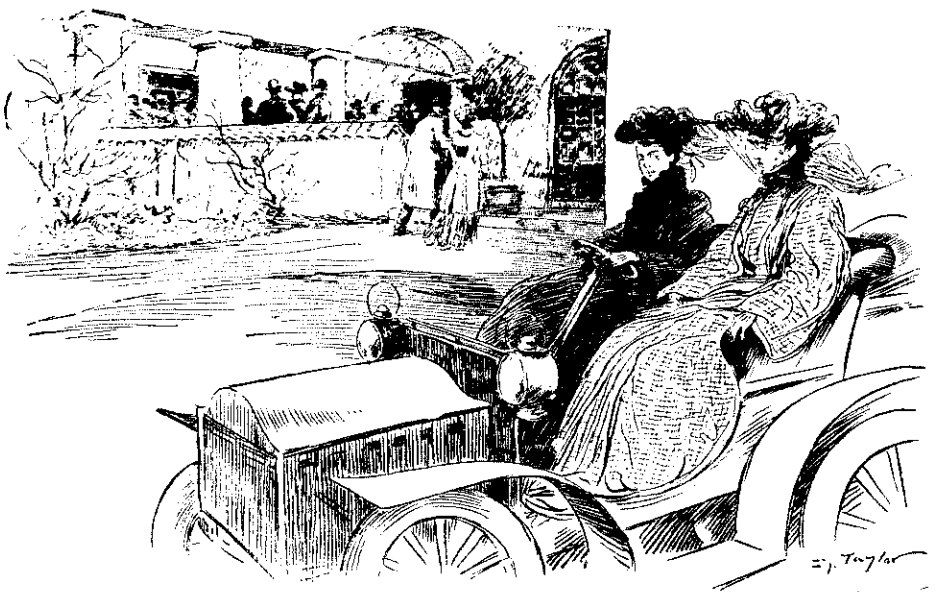
Next in importance to the shaping of the coiffure is the ornament which is to adorn it. Popular as is the jewelled comb, if a girl can possibly keep her hair in position without it such safeguards are not worn on the eveni·g coiffure. There is one exception, perhaps, and that is the huge, old-fashioned comb with high, tortoise-shell back, covered with filigree gold or studded with sparkling rhinestones.

Pointed, crown-shaped ornaments of rhinestones surrounding imitation emeralds or topazes are worn, perched lightly just above the centre of the forehead on the fluffy pompadour, or over a middle part in wavy locks, giving a wonderfully regal appearance. Another smart adornment is a wing-shaped bow of pearl grey gauze, outlined and veined with silver spangles. From this rises three marabout tips, with spangles glistening at the end of each feather, while high among them stand spangled ball-tipped pins closely resembling a butterfly's antennae.

Decidedly girlish are the charming wreaths and crowns of artificial flowers. Primroses lend themselves gracefully to the high coiffure. When the hair is parted in the middle and wound in a simple coil directly on top of the head, a garland of these flowers is fastened at the back and brought over the coil, to fall coquettishly at the side of the parting.

Very brilliant is a hair ornament which a girl could easily make herself at small cost. In the heart of a long leaf-shaped design, built from moss-green leaves, is nestled a full-blown rose of medium size. This is evolved from short lengths of half-inch gold ribbon, frayed at the edges and bunched together on a small circular piece of velvet.

ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR A BEAUTIFUL GOWN OF LACE OVER PRINCESS ROBE OF SATIN.



"Ethel is awfully clever."
"Indeed?"
"Yes. She has fixed over that old widower she married so he looks almost as good as new."

CLEVER.

"Did you water the rubber plant, too?"
"Of course not! it's waterproof."

TOTAL FAILURE.

Mr Ferguson was in a high state of indignation.

"Laura," he said, "what have you been doing to my new safety razor? It's ruined!"

"I didn't know it was a razor, George," answered Mrs Ferguson. "Norah tried for half an hour to slice potatoes with it, and then gave it up. She says it's of no account."

THE EVER READY.

Policeman: This man is an impostor, sir. He pretended to be lame, and was getting alms from the public.

Justice: But, Officer, the man is lame. His limp is too real to be assumed.

Policeman: It is now, your Honor. I hit him a clip that gave him something to limp for.

MAN OF REGULAR HABITS.

Medical Adviser: "Jaggins, you are not following my directions. I told you three weeks ago last Monday to begin tapering off by taking a drink every other day."

Jaggins: "Well, that's what I'm doing, doctor. I don't take a drop on Mondays. I drink only on the other days."

OLD HUNKS.

Mrs Hunks: "Ezra, what is good for a pain in the jaw?"

Old Hunks: "Give the jaw absolute rest."

Man in the Rear: "Madam, would you mind keeping your head still? Occasionally I catch glimpses of the stage which disturb my train of thought."

NOTHING ALARMING.

Next Door Neighbour: "I was about to say—what's that terrible racket upstairs? Is somebody having a fit?"

Mrs Hewjams: "No. That's John. He's rehearsing the speech he is going to deliver to-morrow night before the Universal Peace Society."

WOMAN'S READY SYMPATHY.

Wearied Father: They say that no matter how one suffers, some one has suffered more. All the same, they couldn't beat me in this business, for I have walked this child the entire night for fully six hours.

Mother (calmly): Yes, Henry dear; but suppose you lived up near the Pole, where the nights are six months long?

SNAPSHOTS FROM OUR AIRSHIP: THE HUNT.