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AND LADIES' JOURNAL

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1906

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BUBBLE, BUBBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE.

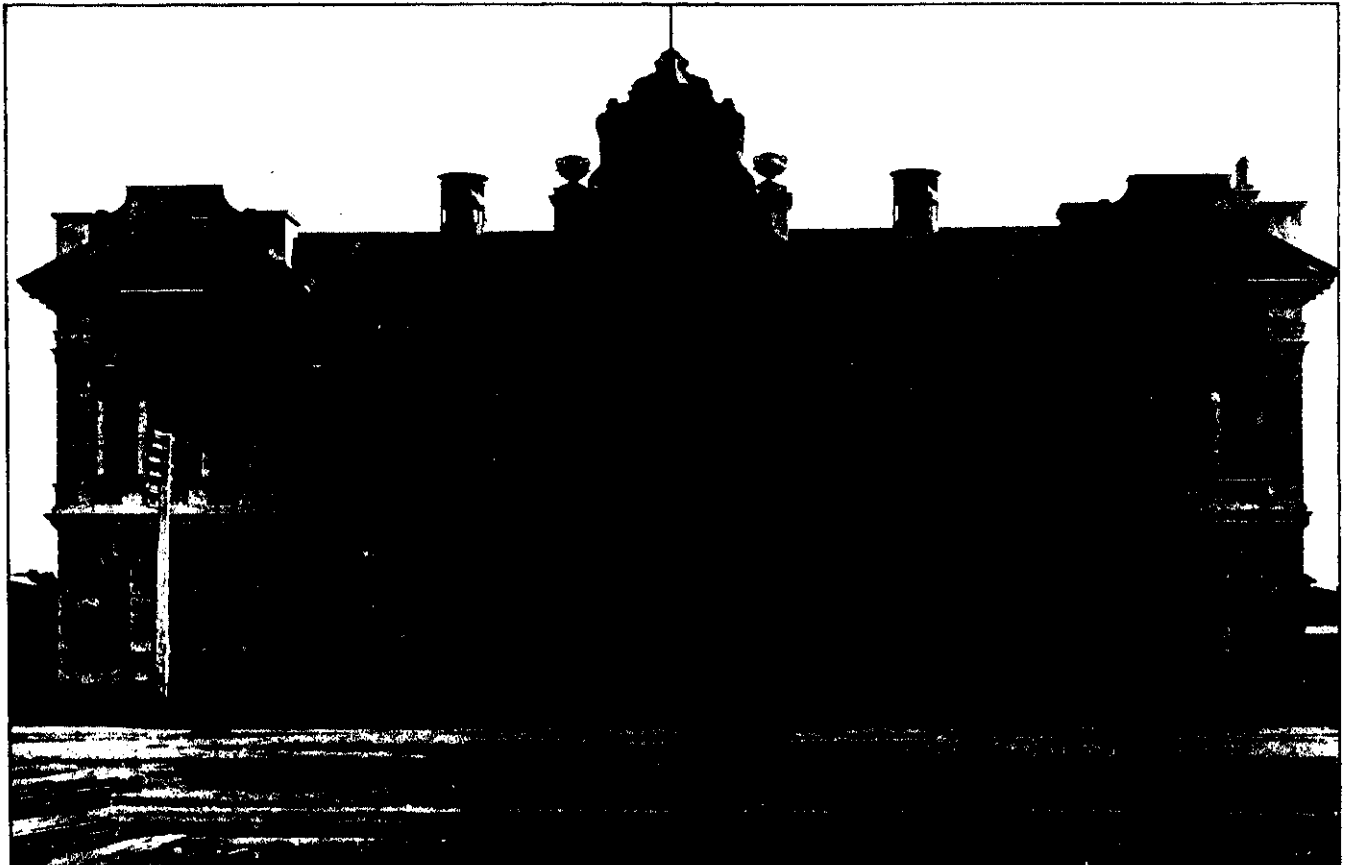


THE REV. W. GITTOS.



MRS. GITTOS AND TWO GRANDCHILDREN.

A VETERAN MISSIONARY: THE JUBILEE OF THE MINISTRY OF THE REV. W. GITTOS AMONG THE MAORIS WAS MARKED LAST WEEK IN AUCKLAND BY A LARGE GATHERING OF HIS OLD FRIENDS, AT WHICH HE WAS PRESENTED WITH A HANDSOME CHEQUE.



Phillips Brown, photo.

INVERCARGILL'S FINE NEW MUNICIPAL TOWN HALL AND THEATRE.



RECEPTION TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN GORST, P.C., BY THE MAYOR OF AUCKLAND.

Small group taken in the Mayor's parlour after the large reception, shewing the English Commissioners with Sir John Logan Campbell, Miss Gorst, etc., etc. Miss Gorst is the lady carrying a bouquet, seated next Sir John Campbell.

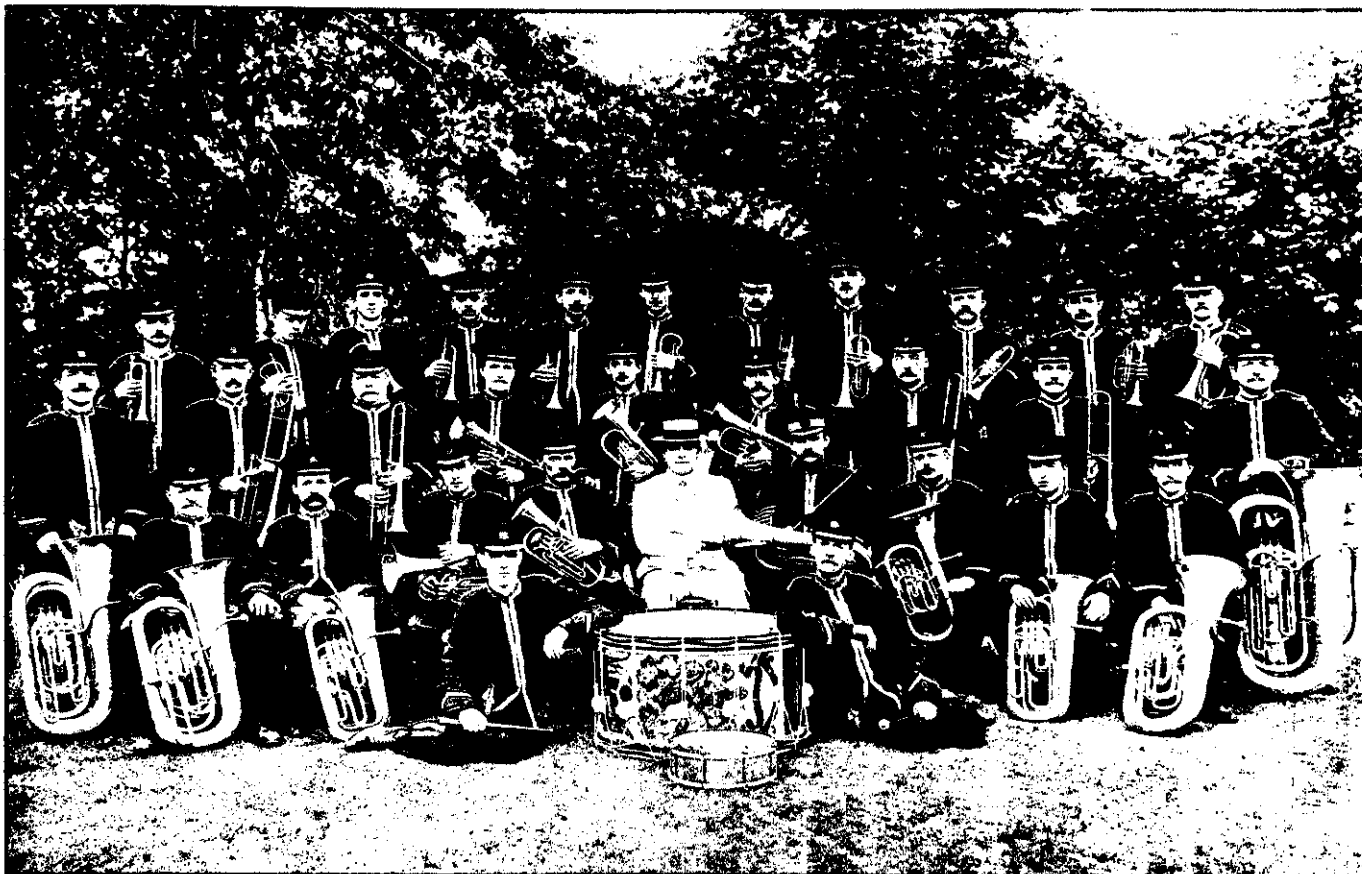


VISIT OF SIR JOHN GORST AND MISS GORST TO THE VETERANS' HOME, THREE KINGS.



PLAYING OFF THE FINALS OF ST. MARK'S CROQUET TOURNAMENT ON MRS. ARCHIE CLARK'S LAWNS, REMUERA.

1. Mr. Colin Clark attempts a difficult shot. 2. The umpire decides a point. 3. Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Easton (winners) standing, Miss Torrance and Mr. Colin Clark (runners up) sitting. 4. Mrs. Morton arranging for a long shot. 5. Spectators watching the game.



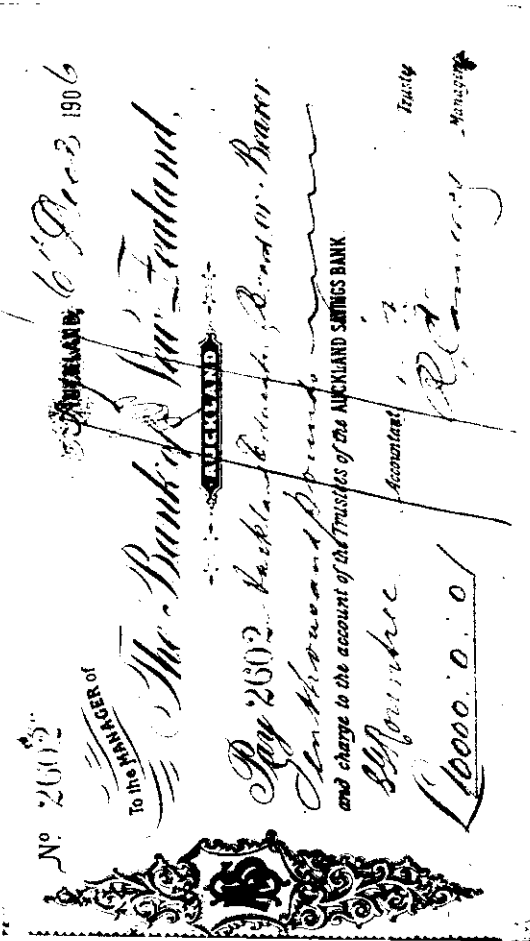
WORLD-FAMOUS MUSICIANS.

The Royal Besses of the Barn, the Champion Brass Band of England, which makes its first appearance at the Christchurch Exhibition next month, and afterwards tours New Zealand and Australia under Messrs. J. and N. Tait's direction.

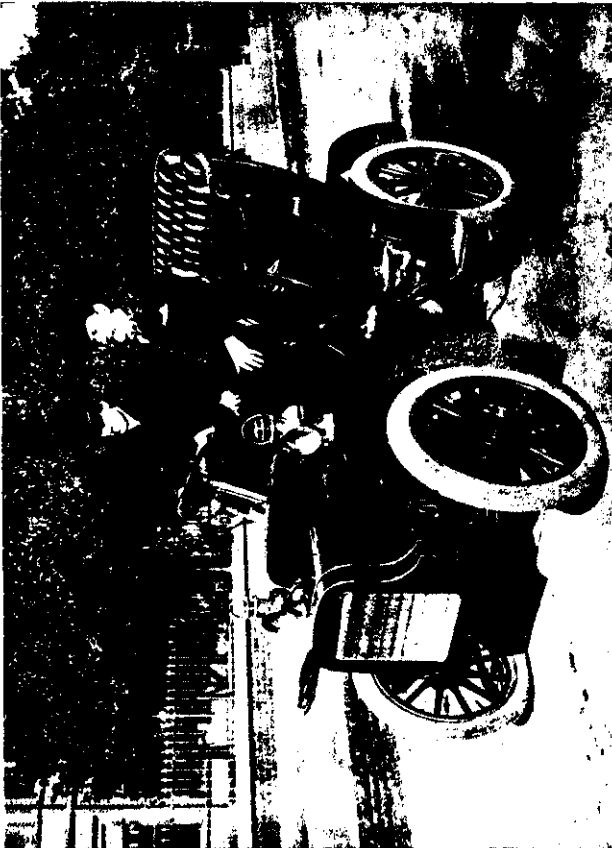


Bunting, photo.

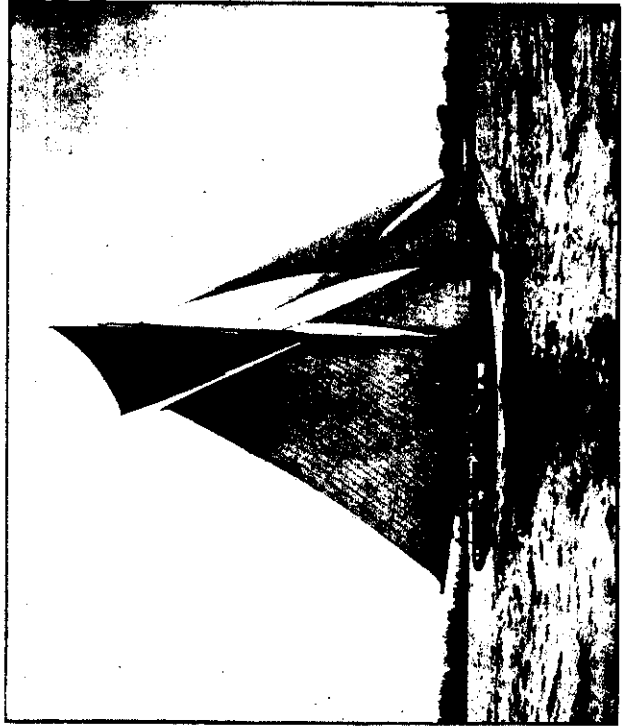
THE RAILWAY STAFF AT NAPIER.



A SUBSTANTIAL CHEQUE.
 Facsimile of the cheque handed over to the Education Board last week from the Savings Bank as a donation towards the funds of the Seddon Memorial Technical College.



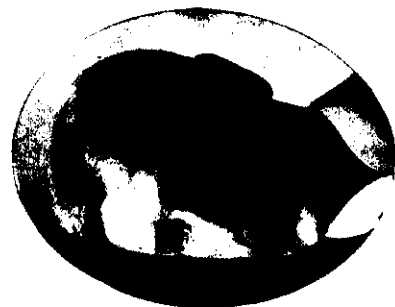
FATAL MOTOR CAR ACCIDENT AT CHRISTCHURCH.
 Mr G. T. de Montalk, formerly of Auckland, who met his death last week at Christchurch in a collision between his car and another vehicle, is at the steering wheel of the car in the photograph.



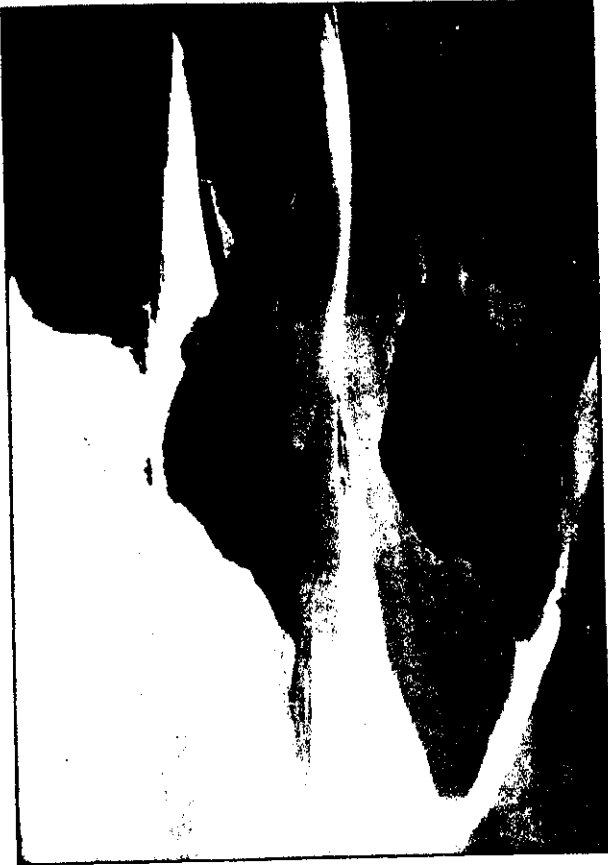
MESSRS JAGGERS "TIELEMA,"
 winners of the Royal N.Z. Yacht Squadron's first race of the season last Saturday to Waiwera. "Mouma" was second and "Ika" third.



MR F. W. LANG,
 ex-M.P. for Waikato, who successfully contested the Mairangi seat last week, beating the Government candidate, Mr G. Ballard, by 1248 votes.



THE LATE DR. J. A. LAING,
 one of Auckland's most popular medical men who died last week at his residence, Symonds-street.



ANAWITATA BEACH.



MOUTH OF THE ANAWITATA RIVER.



WAITAKERI BEACH.



INCOMING TIDE.

A FAVOURITE RESORT FOR SUMMER CAMPERS, THE WEST COAST ABOVE PIHA.

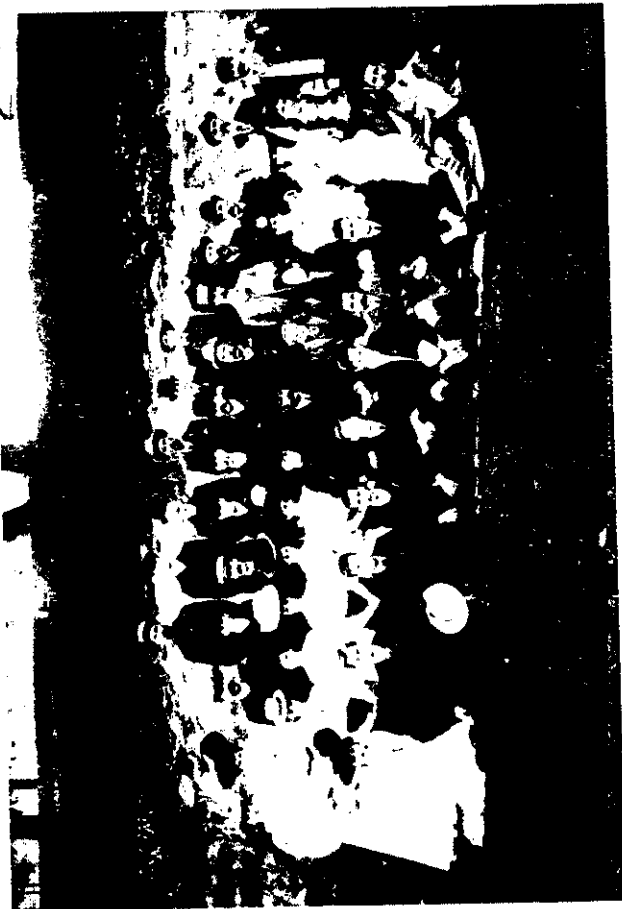
Arthur Sedbrook, photo.



CLERGY AND COMMITTEE ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE SPORTS, WELLINGTON.



COMPETITORS AT THE ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE (WELLINGTON) ATHLETIC SPORTS.



COMMITTEE AND OFFICIALS CONNECTED WITH WELLINGTON Y.M.C.A. SPORTS ON THE BASIN RESERVE.

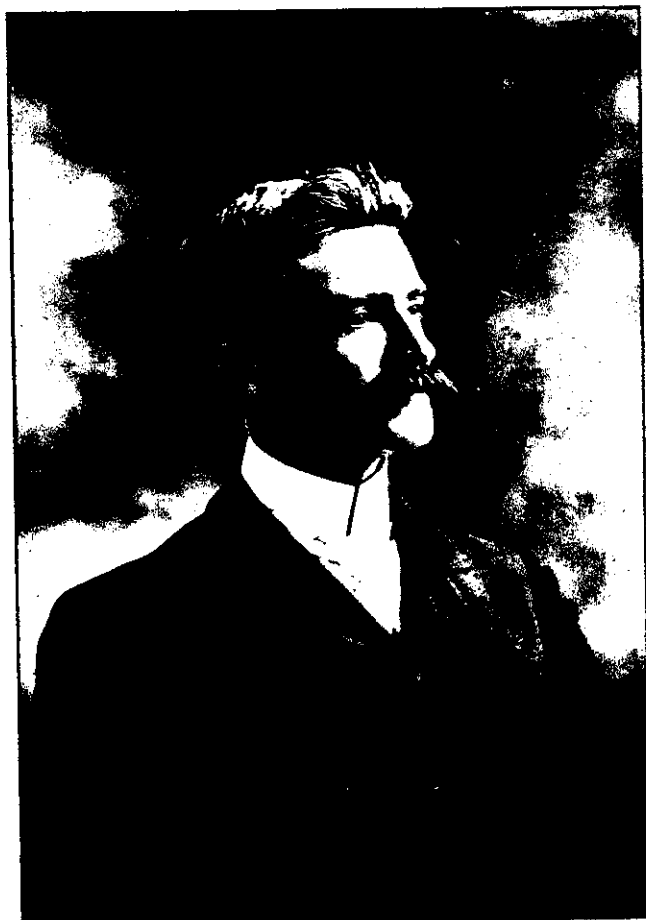


WINNERS AT THE WELLINGTON GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS.

ATHLETIC SPORTS IN WELLINGTON.



CAPTAIN WYNYARD'S CRICKET TEAM ON BOARD THE CORINTHIC.
 THE FIRST MATCH OF THE TOUR—THAT AGAINST AUCKLAND—BEGINS ON DECEMBER 14TH.
 BACK ROW: Douglass, Torrens, Fox, Burns, Brauston, Moss (umpire), MIDDLE ROW: May, Curwen, Simpson-Wyward, Wynyard (captain), de Trafford, Page.
 FRONT ROW: Tuftnell and Harrison.



Hardie Shaw, photo.
 THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND LEADER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL, DR. J. G. FINDLAY, M.L.C., WELLINGTON.



Bunting, photo.

PRESENTATION TO MRS. W. T. WOOD, WIFE OF THE MEMBER FOR PALMERSTON NORTH.

The new town clock at Palmerston is called after Kerei Te Panau, chief of the Rangitane, and the natives, to show their appreciation, presented Mrs. Wood with a number of valuable mats, etc. Mrs. Wood and Kerei's wife are seated. Standing are Mr. Wood and Kerei Te Panau.



TOBACCO STALL, IN CHARGE OF MISSES RUSSELL AND BROWN.



ART AND POST CARDS, MRS. SWAN.



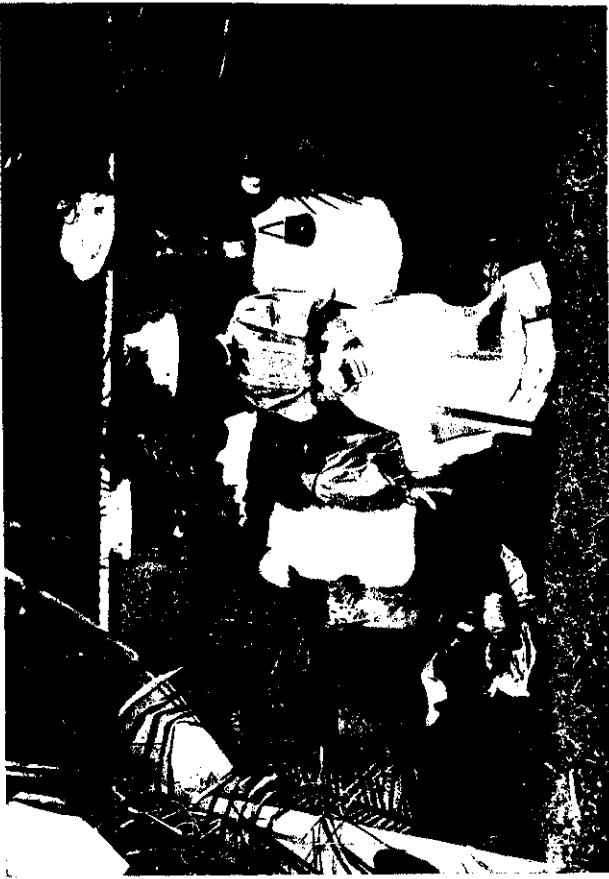
DOLL STALL, MESSDAMES JOYCE AND BURBUSH.



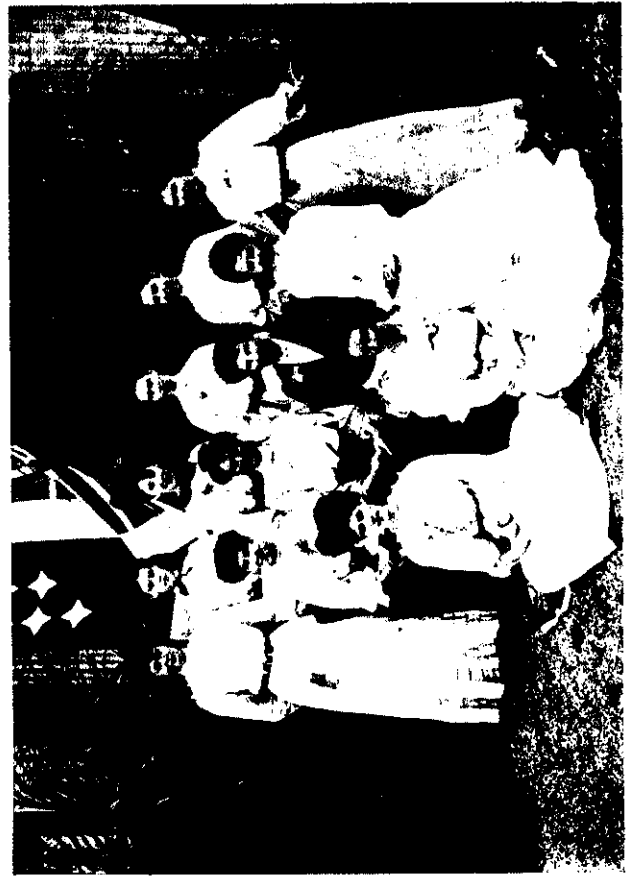
FLOWERS AND PLANTS, MESSDAMES WRIGLEY AND FARQUHARSON.

STALLHOLDERS AT THE SUCCESSFUL FAIR HELD LAST WEEK AT DEVONPORT IN AID OF THE FIRST AUCKLAND MOUNTED RIFLES BAND.

Vale, photo.



PRODUCE STALL, MRS. ALLAN.



CAFÉ CHANTANT, MRS. FULLAMES.



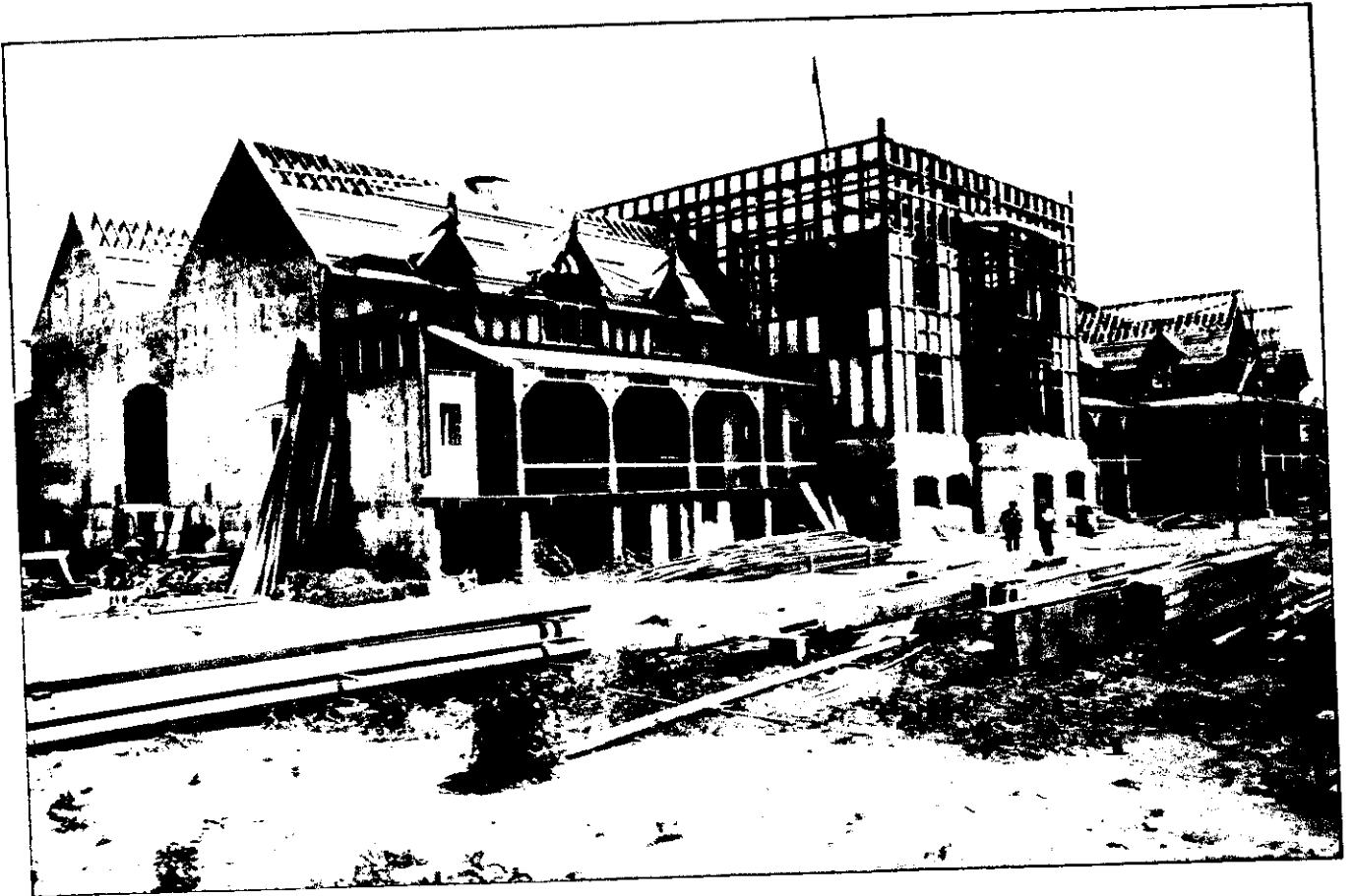
JAPANESE STALL, IN CHARGE OF MESDAMES BROWN AND RUSSELL.



FISHPOND AND BRAN-DIP, MRS. BANTER.

SUCCESSFUL FAIR HELD LAST WEEK AT DEVONPORT IN STALLHOLDERS AT THE AID OF THE FIRST AUCKLAND MOUNTED RIFLES BAND.

Yaffe, photo.



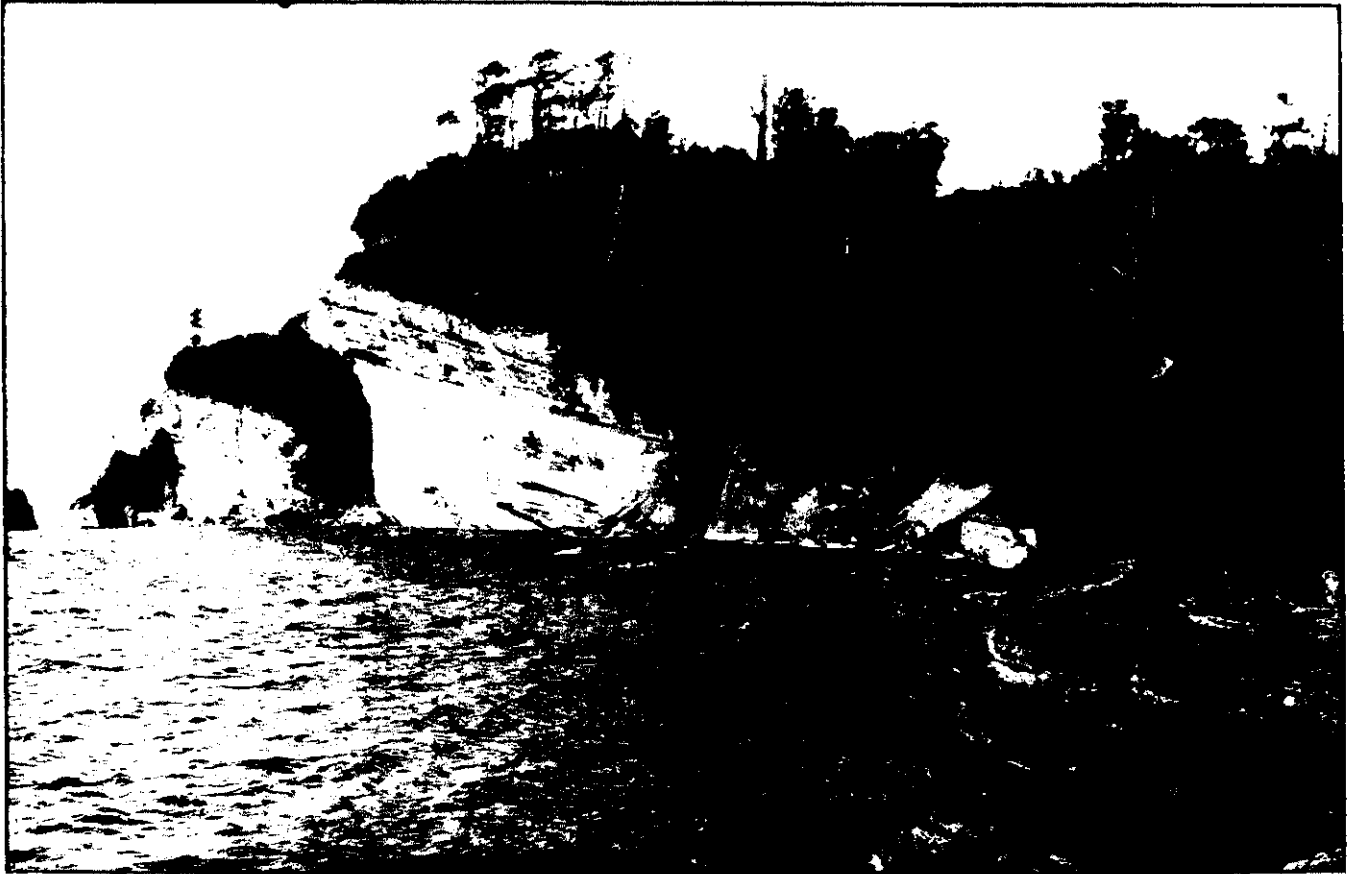
NEW BATHS FOR ROTORUA.

C. Spencer. photo.

The latest photograph showing the progress of the work on this palatial structure, in the Sanatorium grounds.



See "Our Illustrations." MESSRS. ARCH. CLARK AND SONS' "ZEALANDIA" EXHIBIT AT THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



SHIP ROCK. WAIKAREMOANA.



HEAD OF WAIRAUMOANA.

Tourist Department. photo.

THE PRESENT TROUT FISHING SEASON—TWO LAKES SWARMING WITH FISH.



THE OFFICERS: LIEUTENANT R. WYMAN, CAPTAIN MARTIN, LIEUTENANT GLASSON, LIEUTENANT NATHAN.



LIEUTENANT WYMAN SUPERVISING AT THE 400YD. RANGE.

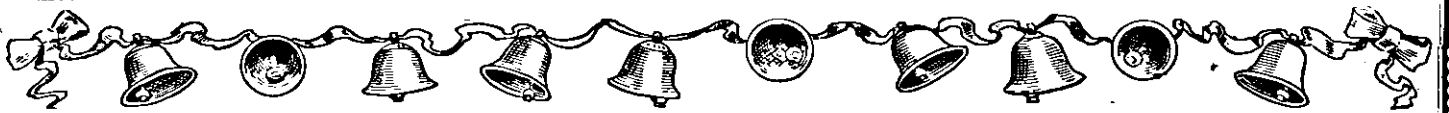


SOME OF THE COMPETITORS.



AT THE STARTING POINT. Major Colburn, who supervised the competition, and Lieutenant Nathan, starter and time-keeper.

COMPETITION AT HELVETIA OSTRICH FARM, PUKEKOHE.



Christmas Bells will soon be ringing, Buy your Presents now.

There is nothing like being in good time. You get the pick and must naturally feel better satisfied with your selection than if you come with the crowd at the last minute. We think our variety of things worthy of giving is better and more complete this Christmas than in any former year, but we would be more satisfied with your opinion if you came early and had a good look round. If you live outside Auckland, or if you live near at hand but cannot spare the time to come in, ask us to send a copy of our special Xmas Book. Its pages are packed with illustrations, descriptions, and prices of good values in Christmasy things.

STEWART DAWSON & Co.

148, 148 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.



G6986.—Set Gold Brooch 6/6



G6994.—15ct Gold Pearl Set Brooch, in Morocco Case, £3 10/-



G6874.—15ct Gold, Diamond and Sapphire Brooch in Morocco Case, £3 10/-



168.—18ct Gold Five Diamonds, £5 5/- with larger diamonds £6 10/-, £7 10/-, £8 10/-



G7849.—Set Gold Pearl Set Sword Brooch in Morocco Case, 50/- Several Designs in Gold and Greenstone, 18/6 to 45/-



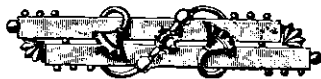
G6794.—18ct Gold Five Diamonds, £10 10/- With larger Diamonds, £12 10/-, £13 10/-, £14 10/-



G6810.—Greenstone, Pearl Set, 9ct Gold Brooch, 16/6



H534.—Greenstone and 9ct Gold Brooch, 12/6



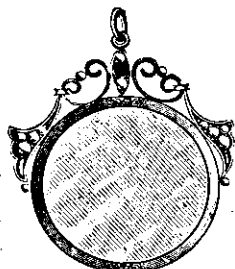
G3870.—9ct Gold and Ruby Brooch in Morocco Case, 27/6



G1786.—9ct Gold, Diamond and Ruby Brooch in Morocco Case, 15/6



G4601.—Greenstone and 9ct Gold Brooch, 21/-



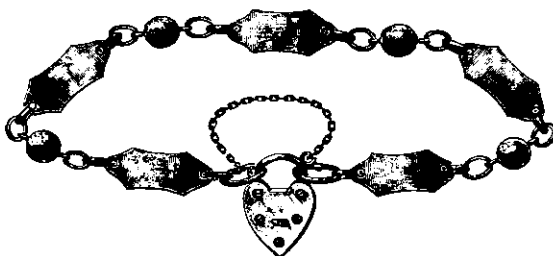
G6391.—Photo Pendant, 9ct Gold, Pearl Set, 50/-



G5801.—18ct Gold 2 Sapphires, 1 Diamond, or 2 Rubies, 1 Diamond, £3 5/-



G5298.—18ct Gold 10 Diamonds, 8 Sapphires, £10 10/-



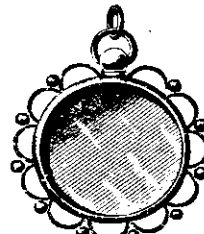
G7842.—9ct Gold, Greenstone and Pearl Bracelet in Morocco Case, £3 10/- Great Variety of other Pretty Designs in Gold and Greenstone, at 30/-, 37/6, 42/-, 45/-, 57/6, 60/-, and 90/-



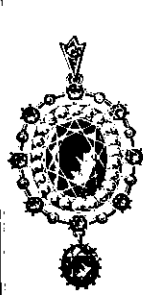
F1669.—18ct Gold, 3 Sapphires, 1 Diamond, or 3 Rubies, 4 Diamonds, £8 6/- Smaller Stones at £5 10/-



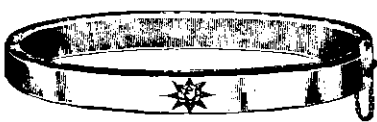
G2791.—18ct Gold, Set Diamonds, Ruby and Pearl, £4 10/-



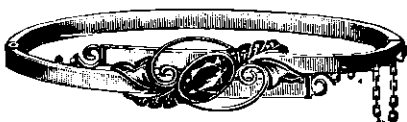
G2669.—9ct Gold Photo Pendant, 14/6 Other Fashionable Styles, 27/6, 35/-, 42/-, 50/-



G1976.—Fine Gold Amethyst and Pearl Pendant, £3 5/-



149A.—15ct Gold, Diamond Set Bracelet in Morocco Case, £6 6/-



G9594.—9ct Gold, Amethyst and Pearl Set Bracelet in Morocco Case, £1 17/6



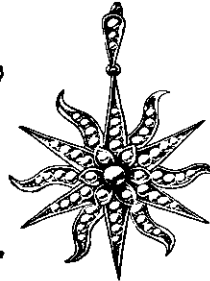
G3256.—Greenstone Heart, 9ct Gold Mounted, 17/6 Smaller Sizes, various designs, 15/6, 18/6, 25/- upwards.



146.—15ct Gold Bracelet, Set 3 Diamonds and 2 Rubies, in Morocco Case, £3



G2642.—9ct Gold, Diamond, Sapphire and Pearl Bracelet with Safety Chain, in Morocco Case, £3



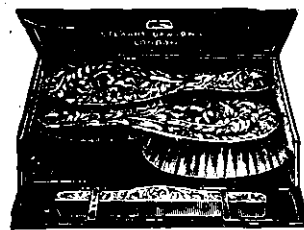
G6823.—9ct Gold Pearl Set, Pendant or Brooch, £4 4/- Other lovely designs 65/-, to £10 10/-



G4782.—Heart Pendant, Pearl Set, 9ct Gold 27/6



F4235.—Cut Glass Hairpin Box, with Solid Silver Top, 3 1/2 inches long, 19/6



G7562.—Case with 2 Silver-backed Hair Brushes and Comb, Best Brushes, £3 17/6 Other designs, £2 20/-, £4 and £4 10/- Silver-backed Hair Brushes, without case, prices run 12/6, 15/6, 18/6 each, upwards.



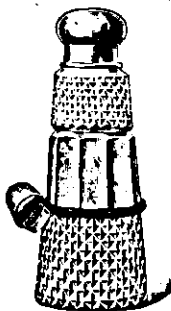
G7068.—Cut Glass Hairpin Box, Embossed Solid Silver Top, 8 1/2 in. long, 7/6



G4784.—Heart Pendant, 9ct Gold, Plain, 21/-



G1292.—9ct Gold Mizpah Pendant 6/6



G6764.—Lavender Salt Bottle, Silver Top, 8/6



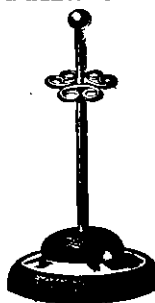
H540.—9ct Gold Cross, 30/- 15ct Gold Cross, 30/- Others from 7/6 up.



G4886.—Solid Silver Jewel Case, Velvet-lined, 4 1/2 in. x 3 1/2 in., £8. Others from 45/- to £5.



G5142.—Pearl Set Cross, 9ct Gold, £3 5/- Larger size, £3 5/- Smaller, 30/-



G4181.—Silver Mounted Hat Pin Stand, 4 1/2 in high, 5/-



F9297.—9ct Gold Pearl and Turquoise Pendant, £5/-

The Tourist Resorts of the Colony

BY MARAMA

SECOND SERIES—No. III

WAIRAKEI'S WONDERS.

Wairakei is undoubtedly situated in what may be considered the centre of the Hot Lakes district and of "Wonderland." The Geyser House stands in a very pretty valley on the Wairakei Estate, which comprises some 4200 acres of freehold, including lovely grounds around the house and the Wairoa and Geyser Valleys, as well as the great Karapiti Blowhole. The house stands 1350ft above sea level, and the atmosphere is clear, dry, bracing, and invigorating. It is a favourite tourist resort, and is greatly sought after by invalids. The house, or rather houses, are built on the continental principle, and on the place are telegraph and telephone offices, which allow of constant communication with the outer world. There are several kinds of hot baths at the Spa, but the most popular is the swimming pool, which is charmingly situated in the bottom of the valley and surrounded by willows, which afford a grateful shade in the summer. The bath is about 100deg. Fahr., and contains alum in solution in combination with silica, and is said to be efficacious in skin, rheumatic and gout complaints. Alongside the hot pool is a cold one with similar component parts. Convenient dressing-rooms are provided, and altogether no more comfortable place could be found in which to spend a holiday.

Perhaps the greatest wonder on the estate is the Karapiti Blowhole, which is said to be the safety valve of the North Island. It is about three miles from the Geyser House, and is reached by a good driving or cycling road. It is situated on the rise of a hill, and forms a striking feature of the landscape for many miles around. This great fumarole or steam hole, which is also known as the Devil's Trumpet, emits clouds of steam both night and day, the roar of its escape being heard for miles. It is said to exert a pressure of 180lbs to the square inch, and coins and other articles thrown into it are shot out for some distance. The Geyser Valley is only a short walk from the Geyser House, and contains a wonderful variety of geysers, steam holes, etc. Te Wairoa, the hot stream which flows over its rocky and silica covered bed through this valley, is fed by the many boiling pools and cauldrons which meet one at every turn. After leaving the valley it opens out into a blue lake of marvellous beauty before emptying itself into the great Waikato River beyond.

Taking the sights in the order in which they are generally visited, the first of importance met with is the Champagne Cauldron, or Tuhuatahi, an enormous boiling cauldron from which issue dense clouds of steam, which rise above the basin to a considerable height. The cauldron itself is about 70ft in diameter, the water bubbling up in a peculiarly effervescent manner, and resembling nothing so much as a levigated glass of champagne. At intervals the action becomes more violent, and the whole surface is convulsed with foaming billows. Just beyond is the Pack-horse mud geyser, a deep crater of lead-coloured mud. At one time this pool was perfectly clear, but some years ago a Maori pack-horse fell into the crater, never to be seen again, and

the pool has been muddy ever since. A little further up the creek the great Wairakei geyser is met with. The crater is a deep triangular-shaped chasm, opening just under a perpendicular black rock streaked with white incrustations. This geyser plays intermittently, and sends a stream to a considerable height, the eruption lasting upon each occasion for about four minutes. Crossing the stream, one is attracted by pulsations resembling the noise of an engine, and this indicates the habitat of what is known as the Donkey-engine geyser, which throbs in accord with the workings of the great Wairakei on the other side of the creek. Close by are a group of pretty coloured hot pools known as the Fairy Baths, the tints on the surface varying in the bright sunshine, producing lovely effect. But very few yards away is the Dragon Geyser, well named, for its appearance resembles nothing so much as a large dragon's mouth with wide-open jaws. This geyser boils and sputters almost continually, every now and then playing to a considerable height, the water falling into a series of channels in the incrustated rock through which it rushes in a series of waterfalls. A very uncanny phenomenon is met with in the Lightning Pool, which is in the shape of a small but very deep basin, in which the action of the stream being shot up to the surface gives the appearance of flashes of lightning. A peculiarity about this pool is that a stick put down about three feet below the surface is pulled at as though a big fish had got hold of the lower end of it. The Black Geyser is a small circular black basin of clear, hot water, partly covered with black, incrustated stones, which shine like diamonds in the water. The Blue Lakelet alongside is a circular basin about 30ft in diameter, of a beautiful deep blue colour, boiling and bubbling constantly, but every now and then becoming much more agitated. This is one of the highest points in the valley, and from here a comprehensive view can be obtained of the natural wonders with which it is filled. There are a number of mud volcanoes of various shapes and colours, which form a most interesting spectacle as they boil and bubble. Then comes what is known as the Old Terrace, which forms a silicated plateau at a considerable height above the creek. It is overgrown with tangled shrubs, many of which are decomposed and petrified by the silica which has been thrown upon them by the mud geysers. Concealed in the tiriti scrub, but a few yards off, is the Eagle's Nest, a singularly beautiful conical geyser, which has been built up by silicified forming on branches of tiriti which have fallen around, the whole making a singular oblong of an eagle's nest. At irregular intervals the geyser sends water to a considerable height, the spray falling around in a feathery foam.

A rock-bound pool, with a background of red and green, separated from the rest of the terrace by a narrow fissure, is aptly called The Boilers. The waters are continually boiling and emitting a thick cloud of steam, while ever and anon a stream is shot upwards to a height of from six to ten feet. The overflow falls in cascades into another cauldron, with white coralline incrustations, forming a

very pretty contrast to the brighter colours. Korowhiti, or The Whistler, is a cavernous mouth, through which hot water is emitted in almost constant streams, with such power as to resemble a small engine blowing off. Close by is a boiling bath of a delicate pale blue tint, lined with white silica. One of the prettiest sights in this wonderful valley is the geyser known as the Prince of Wales Feathers. It is only small in appearance, but almost without warning it throws up three columns of boiling water, which fall in the shape of the feathers. It often reaches to a height of 30ft, while the plumes on either side reach to an extent of 50ft, the display continuing for fully half a minute. The visitor requires to be very careful in passing this geyser, as to do so a narrow bridge of silica has to be crossed within a few feet of the vent, and should anyone be unlucky enough to be caught upon this he would be badly scalded, to say the least of it. In a pretty nook below, surrounded by tiriti shrubs, are the Twins, which the natives call Nga Mabaanga. This is a large basin, rather pear-shaped, and is surrounded by a spongy-looking silica. The geyser is divided into two parts, which play immediately after each other, hence the name, the Twins. Among the other attractions in the valley are the Petrifying Geyser, a spring which covers every object around with a form of silica which petrifies the object in a very short time; the Steam Hammer, which might easily be mistaken for this ponderous mechanical contrivance from the sound which it emits at regular intervals; and Te R-kerke Cavern, which at intervals throws up a boiling stream to the height of ten feet and over.

The Wairoa Valley, situated close by the Geyser Valley, is but little less wonderful than the latter, and is principally famous for the variety and beauty of its many lakes of different colours, which blend prettily in the sunlight. They are of all colours, from red to dark and green blue, and are situated close together. The effects produced by these are simply marvellous, and in addition

there are both mud and sulphur baths, which have proved very beneficial in cases of gout and rheumatism. The visitor to the Geyser House should not fail to visit the Aratiatia Rapids from this side of the river, as some extremely fine views can be obtained from at least half a dozen points within three miles of the house. A short drive along the terrace and the road descends by a cutting of easy grade into some magnificent manuka bush right on the banks of the rapids, and a small bridge leads on to an island from which probably the finest view of the rapids as they boil and roar can be got. Traps and guides can be got at the Geyser House for these trips, and it is inadvisable for strangers to attempt to do any of these sights without competent guides.

A very fine trip is that from Wairakei to Orakei Korako. This is a drive of seventeen miles over a fairly good road, and those staying at Wairakei can easily go over there, do the sights, and return the same day. Upon arrival there the tourist is taken charge of by a Maori guide in the employ of the Tourist Department, and for the small sum of half a crown per head they are ferried over the Waikato River, and taken over all the sights. Before crossing the river the visitor is shown the old Orakei Korako Geyser, from which the valley got its name, but which is now an intensely blue pool, as well as the Koru Koru, or Alligator's Mouth, Geyser, which well deserves its name. Looking across the turbid stream there are some wonderfully formed coral-like terraces of mixed red and white hues, while close down to the edge of the river are some beautiful stalactite caves. Once on the other side, some very hot pools of varied hues are met with, the most noticeable being Ngahua Marama (The Moon) and Whetu (The Star) Geysers. Higher up are some marvellously beautiful white terraces, and the great Hivi Kobati and numberless vari-coloured pools, while on the upper flat are a series of boiling and bubbling pools over two acres in extent. These are all on Maori

Ladies' Evening Shoes.

RECORD SHIPMENT
6,889 Pairs.

Six thousand eight hundred and eighty nine pairs Ladies' Evening and Afternoon Shoes, just landed ex S.S. Popouai, NOW ON EXHIBITION.

THE GREATEST VARIETY EVER SHOWN IN NEW ZEALAND.

This Record Shipment being bought for SPOT CASH IN LONDON, the prices are the lowest ever seen in Auckland.

LADIES' PATENT EVENING SHOES, 1/11, 2/1, 2/3, 2/11, 3/3, 3/11 and 4/0 pair.
LADIES' GLACE KID COURT SHOES, 1/11, 2/0, 2/11, 3/3, 3/11, 4/0, 4/11, 5/0, 5/11, and 7/11 pair.

LADIES' 1 and 2 Bar Evg. SHOES, 2/1, 2/11, 3/3, 3/11, 4/0, 4/11, 4/3, 4/11, 4/9, 4/11, 5/0, 5/11, 6/11, and 7/11 pair.
LADIES' RED Evg. SHOES, 4/6 and 4/11.
LADIES' BRONZE Evg. SHOES, 4/6 pair.

Miller's Boot Palace, 102 & 104 VICTORIA STREET.
(Corner of Federal Street)

ground, but immediately beyond is the wonderful Alum Cave (Waiporakara), the property of the Tourist Department. This is situated in the side of a conical hill, the mouth being situated near the apex. The entrance is almost obscured by magnificent tree ferns, and upon entering, it is seen that the opening descends to a depth of about sixty feet, the ferns growing to a depth of over thirty feet and waving their lordly heads almost to the roof of the cavern. Descending by a flight of steps cut out of almost solid sulphur and alum, the visitor finds himself in an immense chamber with very fine stalactites hanging all round, and with alum scattered about in profusion. At the bottom of the cave is an underground lake of boiling water, and to approach this is to get the nearest approach to a Turkish bath possible. It is indeed a magnificent site, and it is well that the Tourist Department has taken precautions to prevent it being destroyed by tourists with vandalistic tendencies. It is said that the Maoris used this cave as a hiding place in times of war.

Excellent trout fishing can be obtained almost anywhere on the upper reaches of the Waikato, and for several miles close to Wairakei the banks have been cleared of bush and scrub so as to allow of free play with the rod.

An Evening of Thrills.

(By Edgar Wallace.)

I said to the lady who issues tickets, "Two of the most expensive seats in the house, please. We are representatives of the enlightened Press of England. My friend, who has otherwise lived a blameless life, is, alas! connected with a Radical."

"Three shillings, and not so much lip," said the lady, so we passed in.

The theatre was packed. Nobody applauded the overture, but when the band began a tender movement and the lights went out, silence fell upon the 3/2, 2/1/6 and 1/ parts of the house, and the voice of the man who calls in the police spoke admonishment to the cheap seats, "Give a little order there, caretaker!"

The scene at the rising of the curtain revealed to us that part of a ship which only exists in melodrama. To the right was the captain's cabin. Above this was the bridge, on which the captain stands with his telescope when so disposed. In the centre of the stage was a basket chair with cushions, and up-stage were the bulwarks. When the curtain rose the crew, which in melodrama has the run of the quarter-deck, were chivying a poor Eytalian.

Poor Beppo! He had an organ and earrings and a long knife, and said, "Sy Signor," but as one of the crew (the humorous steward, who is in love with the heroine's maid) said, "These foreigners take the bread out of an honest Englishman's mouth." (Cheers.) Later, when the chivying becomes pronounced, and Beppo draws the aforesaid knife upon humorous steward, and humorous steward turns back cuffs as an earnest of his intention of "showing how an Englishman is not afraid of a cowardly knifing foreigner!" (cheers)—the captain arrives, and says, "Hold, lad! He (Beppo) is only a poor foreigner amongst strangers, so you should be kind to him, and show him that Englishmen can respect a fallen foe!" (Cheers.) Beppo says, "Mc poor Italian, signor, but me grateful; Heavens bless you, signor." Exit with organ playing "Home, Sweet Home."

The captain—all alone, for the crew have now retired—seats himself on the basket chair and takes the audience into his confidence. His soliloquy runs to about half a column, but it may be condensed.

Captain: "So we are nearing England; well, this is my last voyage. I am taking home my savings—one hundred thousand pounds. Yes, I have diamonds in yonder cabin to that amount. It is all for my daughter, who is going to marry Young Harry. Ah me! I wish the ship would move faster."

[Enter the Adventuress, in yachting costume and picture hat.]

Adventuress: "Ah, Captain (aside. 'The old fool!'), I hear you have got £100,000 in diamonds in your cabin. Will you show them to me? I love diamonds."

Captain: "Yes, I have. I will show them to you later. I always like to oblige the fair sex. They are all for

my girl, who is going to marry Young Harry."

Adventuress (starting back): "Heavens! Young Harry."

Captain (not noticing her perturbation): "Yes. Excuse me for a minute, Miss Grey. I must go and navigate the ship. (Exit.)

[The Adventuress seats herself in the basket chair and talks to the audience for ten minutes.]

Adventuress: "Ha, ha! So the Captain has got £100,000 in his cabin. If the drug I will give takes effect he will not have it long. Young Harry is married to me, but the marriage was not legal when I married him. I had already three husbands, poor dears! I am supposed to have died in Florence, but I am still alive. And I have a mother, curse her; I hope she is dead. Ah! Captain." (Enter Captain.)

Captain: "Come into my cabin." (Sunset, all the stage red.) "I will show you the diamonds. I always like to oblige the fair sex."

Adventuress: "Yes. I will come." (Enters cabin. Moonlight, all the stage green. Enter Beppo, playing "Home, Sweet Home." Adventuress and Captain come out of cabin.)

Captain: "How strange my head feels!" (Adventuress sneers.) "Come on to the bridge." (Both go up to the bridge over cabin; Beppo plays "Home, Sweet Home" furtively. Captain leans over rail.)

Captain: "How swift the water runs." Adventuress (biting him on the head): "Die!"

Captain: "O Heaven!" (falls overboard.)

Adventuress: "Ha, ha, ha! The hundred thousand pounds are mine!" (Sees Beppo, who is now playing "Home, Sweet Home" without any attempt at concealment.) "The Italian!" (Curtain.)

The Radical and I went and drank stout.

The second act was the entrance-hall of the Trocadero. On consulting my programme I discovered it was one of the poor captain's country seats. The Radical said this gives the lie to the old-repeated statements made by Captain Kettle and other naval authorities that the mercantile marine is underpaid. The captain's daughter is going to marry Young Harry. Some one else loves her. His name is Guy, and he is a villain. On the programme he is tersely described as a "Parasite." Guy is a friend of the Adventuress, and when they meet outside the church where the marriage ceremony is going on, and when the Adventuress casually mentions that one of her husbands is getting married to the girl the Parasite loves, he gets fearfully annoyed, and wants to stop the wedding.

"No," says the Adventuress, "it is all right, for when I married him I already had four husbands—poor dears. These papers show that he is not legally married to me."

Peal of bells. Wedding party come out of church. Bride and bridegroom. Humorous steward and maid, village idiot and two young men in caps.

Young Harry sees Adventuress, clasps his forehead, and says, "Her second time on earth!" Bride looks put out.

"This is your legal wife," says the Parasite, pointing triumphantly to Adventuress.

"No," says the Adventuress, loudly, "I am not his wife." (Sensation.)

The Radical and I went into the bar and drank stout.

Beppo returns in the third act. If he had been wise he would have waited for the fourth.

Young Harry (entering hurriedly, to his bride): "Dearest, your father is alive."

Adventuress (aside): "Ha!" Parasite (aside): "Ha!"

Young Harry's Bride: "Thank Heaven!"

Young Harry: "Alas! his mind is gone! He was picked up by a passing steamer."

Young Harry's Bride: "Alas! my poor father!"

Parasite: "Beppo would betray you." Adventuress: "Then he must be got out of the way."

(Enter Captain. He has grown quite a venerable white beard, and is quite mad.) Young Harry's Bride: "Don't you know me, father?"

Mad Captain (passing his hand wearily before his eyes): "I always like to oblige the fair sex. Oh, yes, I will show you the diamonds. I'm always polite to the fair sex."

Young Harry's Bride: "Alas! he is mad."

Humorous Steward (now a gardener; all humorous stewards become gardeners): "Poor old captain, he's dotty." (Laughter.)

Parasite: "He does not recognise you." Adventuress: "No; now to kill Beppo."

Scene: A rocky coast, with lightning. Beppo comes in without his organ.

Beppo: "Mc poor Italian signor. You pay poor Beppo mooch monee he no betray you; no fell captain ze lady kill him and steal ze diamonds."

(Parasite hits him on the head with shovel. Adventuress sticks knife in ribs. Beppo accordingly dies. Parasite and Adventuress bury Beppo in sand—real sand.)

Next morning Mad Captain, Young Harry and Bride, and Short Doctor with Bernard Shaw beard come to rocky coast, toy idly with sand, dig up Beppo. Consternation of Adventuress.)

Captain (clapping head—his own head): "Beppo! Beppo! Why, yes! I remember all." (Sees Adventuress.) "Ah, you! There stands the woman who stole my hundred thousand pounds!" (Curtain.)

In attempting—in the last act—to stab Young Harry's Bride, the Adventuress stabs herself. In the hospital the Parasite visits her with a few presents: (1) large silver-plated revolver; (2) small phial of deadly poison.

Adventuress, in bed, with her hair down, curses Young Harry, curses Mad Captain, now, happily, no longer mad—curses her mother (who, by the way, is dead in the next bed), curses Harold (whom I've forgotten to mention—I don't mean the Radical, whose name is also Harold), and shoots at Young Harry's Bride, hits Parasite, who falls with a wringing waaak, takes poison, falls across bed, dies, etc.

"What can you recommend in the drink line?" asked the Radical at the first restaurant we entered. The lady behind the counter thought a while: "What about stout?" she suggested.

EDGAR WALLACE.
(In London "Daily Mail.")

Women Who Smoke Too Much.

Englishwomen of the upper class are being told by their doctor that they are smoking too much, and beginning seriously to damage their health in many cases. They aim at soothing their nerves, but instead of being content with half a dozen cigarettes a day they are smoking two or three times as many, and producing the opposite effect. Excessive indulgence leads to frequent indigestion, and then in turn to inadequate nourishment, nerve weakness and irritability. The doctors are told that they exaggerate, and do not make sufficient allowance for other conditions which produce nerve weakness, especially among women who spend most of their lives in town. It is at any rate a fact that the number of those who smoke is rapidly increasing, and as women are generally more liable to suffer physically from the habit than men, the chances are that the doctors are not far wrong. In one large West End restaurant for middle class customers one can see any evening groups of professional women smoking cigarette after cigarette with their after dinner coffee. Apropos of this feminine indulgence in tobacco in England, a report from Paris is interesting. A leading tobacconist there, proceeded against on the ground that he did not possess a certificate justifying him in calling himself "purveyor of cigarettes to Queen Margherita of Italy," has proved that he regularly supplies her Majesty with cigarettes. The same dealer states that among other royalties addicted to smoking are the Empress of Russia, the Queen of Roumania (who has a pronounced fondness for it), Queen Maria Christina of Spain and Queen Amelie of Portugal.

"John!" cried Mrs. Jenkins as she greeted her husband on the stairway at 3.46 a.m., "here you are again, intoxicated!"

"No'm," replied John, circling around with his arms several times trying to catch hold of something solid. "Just in love, m'dear."

"Yes, m'dear. 'Sh' love makesh th' worl' go round, ain't it?"

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The original of the above testimonial is on file in the office of the Cuticura Remedies, 15 O'Connell St., Sydney, N.S.W.

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Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom

By GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

THE make-believe of grown people lacks both realism and romance, being merely a kind of stupid falsity that neither pleases nor deceives. The house where Rasselas lived was a sort of make-believe, a large and splendid toy, Brodingnagian for any house, while Rasselas was little, even for eight years old.

The floors were slippery, the rugs dim and soft, and absent-minded statues stood about in attitudes, nobody seeming to mind their being white and unfinished. When Rasselas offered to paint them with his water colours, he was refused with empty laughter.

Had there been reality or romance anywhere, it surely would have lurked in Rasselas's play-room, one would think; but a maid and a governess were there nearly all the time; the maid to keep things neat, the governess to impart useful information in general, which included showing him how to play with his toys—and every one knows that this is no way to manage a play-room.

But the governess's ideas about geography were creditable. Egypt was good on account of the Sphinx and the Pyramids; so little being known about the inside of them; so many interesting things having been dug out of the said. South America was good, too, because of the forests with animals in them. Then, if you cared to go to the North Pole, there were Polar bears, the aurora borealis, and snow huts.

At that time, Rasselas still supposed himself to be one Harold Marlowe, not having discovered his right name. That knowledge came out of a book filched from the great glass cases of the "mustn't touch" library; a stiff, learned book, though with some rather interesting woodcuts—he would never have tried to read a book without pictures—with misty trees on its shining leather covers, its leaves stuck together with gilding, proving Rasselas to be the first in that house who had read it. "Rasselas Johnson" was the name of the book; the words being written one above the other. It was the tale of a prince who lived in a certain Happy Valley, and did not like it.

On one of those days when a new nurse and a new governess were to arrive in the evening, Rasselas sat long upon the verandah, beside his mother, who was reading, and she fell asleep because, Rasselas supposed, there were no pictures in the book she read—her delicate underlip relaxed, her forehead crumpled by the ray of sunlight that lay across her eyes. She was a plump, good-natured person, who, but for her toilettes and social duties, might have been cuddle-some. Then Rasselas softly departed upon a tour about the great stone wall with spikes on top, searching in the character of that other Rasselas, means of escape from the Happy Valley, until, in that part of the grounds where the "mustn't touch" fruits grew, he came upon a grapevine which had hooked an elbow about one of the iron spikes of the wall, and seemed strong enough to give one a hand up.

He clutched the sharp points of the spikes, thrusting his toes between them, and looked upon the world as he had never done before, though he had been often out in it, riding and walking with people who eagerly told him to look at this thing and that. To really see a thing one must discover it him-self. First he considered the blue, uneven,

mountains, then the roofs of the town a mile away, then the half-hidden red chimney of the little house next door; and so was approaching by degrees that which was more immediately beneath him, when he was challenged, as people must expect to be challenged at the boundaries of other people's kingdoms, and his name demanded.

"Rasselas Johnson," he replied at once.

The sentry wore a white sunbonnet, and must throw her head very far back, to train the funnel on him properly. Rasselas considered the face at the bottom of the funnel, and the result of his examination was that without further parley he slipped sideways between the spikes and jumped down beside her.

She stuck out a tremulous underlip. "You jumped on my moonflowers," said she. "It is the most rapid growing of all climbing vines," she recited in a voice weak with repressed tears. "Although a perennial species in the tropics (sniff), it is as readily grown from seed as any annual. The vines are literally covered with thousands of immense, pure white, fragrant flowers. Many of them measure—seven—inches—across—" The voice failed, the accusatory sunbonnet funnel turned away and was hidden in the crook of a small elbow. The sleeve was tight, and the elbow tip had worked its way through.

"There isn't any such thing," said Rasselas, looking about. Was it a game? He hardly knew what to think.

"There was going to be!" She gesticulated backward at the print of Rasselas's hands, knees, and feet in the brown earth. Some broken, heart-shaped leaves were crushed into the soil.

"I had soaked the seeds till they were all cracked and pobby. I soaked them for days and days, and I planted them in boxes in the house, and I transplanted them into little flower-pots, and then I set them out here, and then you jumped on them."

"I'm sorry," said Rasselas sadly, for he remembered now having heard that one planted seeds in order to have flowers. "I only wanted to get out of the Happy Valley."

"It isn't; it's Mr Marlowe's place. I suppose the gardener was chasing you off, but you needn't have come down on my moonflowers."

He had begun with romance, why not continue it? Why not reconstruct all things gloriously?

"The gardener didn't chase me. He's my uncle. I can go anywhere I like and do anything I please. I should like to play with you now."

"I was playing at working in my garden, but that's no use now."

"I know a story," quoth Rasselas, and he launched into the tale of the Prince in the Happy Valley.

"—And so they went back," he finished, "into Abyssinia, because they thought they ought to; but that was silly, I think. Why should they ought? It was nicer outside. And so they named me Rasselas Johnson out of the book, and I am visiting my uncle, who is Mr Marlowe's gardener, and they let me do anything I want to. I have very good times," he asserted emphatically. "Because I can go out of the gate and play with other children and make mud pies." "Anybody can make mud pies."

"Master Harold can't. He's Mr Marlowe's little boy. They don't even let him play with me."

While they were conversing, a long, narrow shadow had been advancing upon them silently. Rasselas was the first to become aware of this shadow, as it shot beyond them, across the perished moonflowers to the wall, and was there bent in the middle, as one bends a paper doll to make it sit down; from there on, it stood upright in the likeness of a man with a wide-brimmed hat. Rasselas and the sunbonnet funnel turned at the same instant, and she said, sadly:

"He jumped on my moonflowers, papa, but he was in a hurry to get out of the Happy Valley."

The gentleman made no reply other than to sit down with them cross-legged, and, being a tall, thin person in a linen duster, one thought of those long-legged sand-coloured grasshoppers with knees drawn up in meditation. He examined the little broken plants attentively, found one whose stem was not severed, and silently replaced it, adjusting the earth about its roots. "Halt a loaf," said he, "is better than no bread; besides, you have had an adventure, which is better still. Adventures are uncommon in the Vegetable Kingdom."

"Is this the Vegetable Kingdom?" asked Rasselas.

The little girl giggled, but not so her father.

"Part of it," he mused, his face rippling into benevolent wrinkles. "Why not? I have just been putting down an insurrection of 'pusley' in the strawberry bed. Our borders are never safe against wild carrots, and I noticed the spies of the enemy were already in the potato field."

These people, Rasselas perceived, understood how to play. He blushed with pleasure. "Are you the king?"

"Yes. You don't mind my not wearing a crown? I don't very often. They haven't invented a crown yet that is worth a cent to keep off the sun; and till they do, a straw hat does very well."

"You can play it's a crown."

"Yes, I can do that. Did I understand you to say you were Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia? You ought to be wearing crowns yourself. I should think, but I suppose you were in such a hurry to get out of the Happy Valley you couldn't stop for one."

He looked shrewdly at the boy, who amended with dignity—"Rasselas Johnson."

"Johnson! Of course, Johnson. You also described yourself, if I mistake not, as a young man of unusual freedom, whose temporary absence would be unlikely to cause alarm."

Rasselas looked anxious, but nodded.

The gentleman looked him over thoughtfully. "Well," said he, "it may be that your modesty causes you to underrate your importance, or it may be—in some sort, glamour, poetical license. At all events, it would seem too bad to have scented so high a wall to no purpose and—I have seen the Happy Valley." He shrugged his shoulders and rose up—so tall that he could look over the wall when he stood on his tiptoes. "I think I shouldn't care to stay in the Happy Valley myself," he muttered, when he had so surveyed it; "let's go to the Palace. What with intriguing 'pusley' and this

melancholy accident to the infant ladies-in-waiting of the Princess Inez, I think we have had enough of matters of state for one day. The Vegetable Kingdom, Prince, has its cares as well as other kingdoms, but the crown, being of straw, is not so heavy as other crowns, and the head that wears it does not lie uneasy. Although a person of the least importance, as you describe yourself, I dare say you will have to be back to tea—or dinner—but in the meantime there are milk and cookies at the Palace. Your mother wants you, Inez."

The Palace was cool and dim. No queen or other royal person was in the dining room; only two blue bowls of milk and a plate heaped with cookies. The King had announced the coming of the guest, but the Queen was too busy to bother with visiting princes that day.

Rasselas had never before seen a house like this of the Vegetable Kingdom. The floors were painted brown, and the walls a mild variation of terra cotta. Everywhere there were bookshelves, with loose papers or pamphlets inserted in the spaces left by the tops of the books—not in the least resembling a "mustn't touch" library. Also there were divans and window-seats, indicating people of leisurely habits, and many cushions, mostly grimy and out at elbow. There was a rug, with fringe singularly mutilated. A guinea pig hatched out from under the divan and began to lunch upon this rug as soon as the children had settled down to their meal.

"He thinks the fringe is grass," said Inez. "We are all wondering what he will do when he gets through with the fringe. I don't know what we should do if he kept right on and ate the rug. His name is Sardanapalus."

So they took the guinea pig with them when they went back to the garden, changing it from one thing to another as they happened to meet, now an elephant and now a lion—a matter of great indifference to Sardanapalus, who, wherever you put him down, would begin to eat at once, without argument or criticism of his environment. There were few environments that Sardanapalus could not eat, but he liked green best, and picked out the clover in it first.

"Papa is a poet," said Inez. "What's yours?"

Rasselas said: "I'm a orphan, and I come from a nunnitiation." He said it rather abstractedly, for people on the other side of the wall were plainly calling: "Harold! Harold!" and among their voices Mr. Marlowe's was prominent. Soon afterward, the Marlow carriage could be seen through the trees, driving rapidly down the yellow road.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Rasselas, very calmly, "if somebody had been kidnapping that boy. They're always afraid of it. That's the trouble with being a rich child. But nobody's ever afraid about me."

And they went on playing until the west grew luminous and the shadows were long and purple. A bell rang in the direction of the Vegetable Kingdom Palace.

"That's my supper," said Inez. "Good-bye. I will forgive you about the moonflowers." Rasselas inscribed his head in the fam-

met, and kissed her warm, moist mouth. Then he stood for some time by himself, looking sadly after her, but at length climbed over the wall by placing soap boxes on top of each other; those boxes which had been houses a few minutes before, and previously to that had contained young moonflower plants and other garden stuff.

He climbed down the grapevine, unobserved on the other side, and took his way sombrely to the great pillared veranda of the make-believe house, where he was greeted with hysterical questions and kisses, and was greatly amused.

He admitted with perfect calmness that he had been kidnapped, just as they feared, by two very large men with black beards, and taken to a cave; but here his captors had fallen asleep, and he had slain them as they lay, and escaped. And to this tale he stuck with such placid satisfaction in its plausibility that in the end one or two weak-minded women almost believed him, but nobody ever knew the truth.

However, it was decided forthwith that Rasselas needed a change, and he was sent to school, and played no more at that time with the sunbonnet princess of the Vegetable Kingdom.

The full moon stood just over the southeast wall of the Marlowe place, foolish and open-mouthed.

From the big house came the tuning of violins, Rasselas—but he had forgotten that name and now thought of himself as Harold Marlowe—paced in the shadow of the wall, his head downcast, sulkily unobservant of the blazing windows that laid orange patterns on the lawn, catching a flowering shrub here and there; of carriages trolling up the great curving drive; of flashes of colour passing within the bright doors; of the triple thump of the first waltz—a waltz that he liked with all the sentimental soul of him, and that increased his self-pity. He halted, with his back to the wall and his hands in his pockets, pondering, after the manner of poets, about the moon, the fragrance of the shrubs, the

sadness of music, and the peculiarities of his own temperament. He wondered if he dared stay away from the house for the whole evening.

Something soft and fragrant touched his cheek. Supposing it a gentle-winged night moth, he brushed it lightly aside, but as it persisted, turned and looked into the face of a great white flower, swaying at the slender tip of a vine which drooped from the top of the spiked wall. And then he saw that these ugly spikes were all softly blossoming in shimmering white under the moon, and straightway remembered the Vegetable Kingdom that he had once discovered on the other side, and how there were a princess, a king and a queen who stayed in the kitchen, but fed a little visiting prince with milk and cookies. And the name of that visiting prince—Rasselas Johnson!

The grapevine, having grown as he had grown, could still help him. He climbed up as before, cautiously stepped over the spikes, and leaped, but awkwardly, so that he came down on all fours. A scared voice said: "For mercy's sake!"—then when he had dusted his knees and apologised to an indistinct person in a white gown, who had shrunk into the great flowering vine until she might have been one of the blossoms—"I really believe you're Rasselas Johnson!" said she. "I couldn't come back before. They sent me to school. You are the Vegetable Princess, aren't you?"

"I'm Inez Allen, of course; but I don't think it, at all nice of you to jump over things like that."

"I wanted to get out of the Happy Valley."

She laughed, and came out of the vine, but her retreat into it had been so hurried that she was quite enmeshed, and must work carefully to disentangle the slender branches from her hair and ruffles, without further bruising the flowers. "Your moonflowers," said Rasselas, "have come over to my side of the wall."

"Well, you're at liberty to prune them off if you don't like them."

"I didn't say I didn't like them. If I hadn't seen them I shouldn't be here."

There was an awkward silence while

they looked at each other with experimental smiles.

"You've grown a good deal," she finally said.

Rasselas bowed. "There has been time. Relatively, however, we seem to be about the same as we were then."

Inez considered the remark carefully. At last she replied: "This is perfectly ridiculous. I don't really know you at all."

"I'm Rasselas Johnson."

"You told us that you were the gardener's nephew."

He felt that his evening dress was bringing suspicion upon him. "Oh, I am!" he said fervently. "I'm just helping the butler."

"Oughtn't you to be getting back, then?"

"No. I didn't have to. You see—that is—I won't be needed until ever so much later."

"Oh! Well, I don't mind. I came out here to listen to the music. What have you been doing all these years?"

"Why, they educated me."

"And now expect you to take a servant's place?"

"Oh, no! I just wanted to be obliging. And you have been planting moonflowers ever since?"

"That—and working my way through college. I'm just out this summer. I suppose you don't know anything about gardening? I can't decide whether to go into violets or mushrooms. There's enough land, and I won't teach—I won't!"

"I should think violets were nicer than mushrooms."

"It's not a question of sentiment," said Inez sharply, and sighed. Rasselas remembered that her father was a poet. Yet it was not very poetic for one's daughter to raise mushrooms for her living and work her way through college. He thought of his own verses guiltily. His family had been greatly bored when they appeared in the college magazines.

"I wish you knew something about gardening. I should think, being the gardener's nephew—"

"I could learn!" said Rasselas.

"You don't think I was offering you a position, did you? I was only wishing I

knew somebody that knew something. You see, our place has never been cultivated much and agricultural books are very confusing. They're so ungrammatical. Half the time they say just the opposite of what they mean."

"Inez!" called a voice somewhere in the darkness. "Inez!"

"It worries papa to have me out when the dew is falling. Won't you come in and see him?"

Only one small light marked where lay the Vegetable Kingdom palace, so low and little among its trees that it was invisible from the third-story windows of the other palace across the way. Its walls were shaggy with vines and buttressed with shrubs. The moon, going before, hovered over its little chimney, dark against the grey-green sky. The waltz followed with plaintive inquiry and subtle lamentation, but Rasselas was no longer sad.

A white kitten tiptoed to meet them, moving delicately. Against the glowing window-shade sat the shadow of a soul-naked parrot, headless on its perch, and in the exact middle of the threshold the hunched backs of three guinea pigs formed a triple arch—mother and children in silent meditation. A rather rank odour of tobacco emanated from a deep shadow under the leafy wistaria.

"It's Rasselas Johnson, papa," said Inez to the shadow. "He jumped over the wall again into the moonflowers and said he wanted to get out of the Happy Valley."

After which explanation Inez picked up the white kitten and sat on the steps, with her back toward her father and Rasselas, listening to the music. Her thoughts no doubt on the violet and mushroom business.

The poet spoke somewhat dryly: "Good-evening, Mr. Johnson. I trust all is well in Abyssinia?"

And Rasselas stammered a little as he said that it was. He sat on the railing, facing the guinea pigs, who stared, motionless, unwinking, the light from behind them glimmering across their six bulging eyes.

He had not been conscious of deceit before. He had supposed it was all in the way of romance. He did not like

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Being unable to look a guinea pig in the face, and turned the conversation as hastily as might be from Abyssinia. It gravitated naturally enough to agriculture as a pursuit for women, particularly the growing of violets and mushrooms. When the music stopped Inez turned around.

"And we could eat the mushrooms ourselves," she said, "if we couldn't sell them all. They're said to be very nourishing!"

Was it Rasselas's imagination, or did the light as it struck across her face show a dim depression under the cheekbone, as if, perhaps—she burned with sudden anger—she had not always enough to eat? There had been wistfulness in that remark—"They're said to be very nourishing!"

Then he remembered how in that other time there had been a Queen in the kitchen who served out bowls of bread and milk. He dared not ask, but there seemed no hint of her anywhere now, and by and by as they talked, Inez said casually enough, though her voice was a shade softer on the phrase, "Mother used to say—" so he knew how the Queen must now be elsewhere, and that Inez must be reigning alone in the kitchen, as well as in the garden; for the King, it developed, had grown old and lame, so that in daytime he spent long hours of meditation in the sun, and warm evenings, like this, sat silent upon the veranda. In winters, no doubt, a lamp, an open fire, his many books, and the same long, slow thoughts of age.

Rasselas looked at the slim Princess Inez in her white gown, with her white kitten, whose ears she was abstractedly turning inside out, and thought how it must be lonely for her.

When he had looked at her a little longer his breath quickened.

He straightened his slovenly shoulders and smiled queerly, for he guessed from the symptoms, though he was not quite sure what had happened to him, or at least what was in a fair way to happen if he stayed much longer where he was, and got into the habit of escaping by the moonflower way out of the Happy Valley.

"There might be complications about that," he thought to himself. "They'd do something hateful if I married—confound it!—beneath me. Suppose they cut me off, for instance, would she take me on as a hired man?"

And the idea had its attractions. He also ran over in his mind a certain story about King Cophetus and a Beggar Maid, blushing hotly in the darkness.

Knowing his family's prejudices, however, the hired man alternative seemed likelier and the guinea pigs' round, truthful eyes never left his face.

So all that evening the owners of Rasselas on the other side of the wall went about their business with smiling faces, but hearts angry, at this one more deflection from the path of propriety on the part of the heir to the throne.

"Mooning somewhere, I suppose," his father growled to his mother, during a hurried conference.

And she, poor soul! put her handkerchief carefully to her eyes behind her fan, whispering brokenly: "To treat me so when I've tried so hard."

"You don't suppose anything's happened?" said his sister, coming up breathlessly. "Parker saw him walking out in the grounds."

"I don't care if there has," said Mr. Marlowe, and they separated, troubled and ashamed, to attend to their guests once more.

Inez decided to try, tentatively, both violets and mushrooms. This was the advice of Rasselas. He said, also, that he would find out everything he could from his uncle, the gardener, and bring over books.

One need not always jump over the wall. There are gates, if one cares to go so far round about. So it came to pass that Rasselas became acquainted with the conventional way of entertaining the Vegetable Kingdom, though he secretly preferred the other, and used it when the shelter of darkness protected him from chano gardeners.

Also it came to pass that he dreamed dreams and found an elaborately simple code of ethics in the saying about the value of a man who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before. If one substituted violets and mushrooms for blades of grass, the statement gained in value beyond all argument. The Vegetable Kingdom came to mean for him those same twenty acres or so that it had meant years before. One played the game of life with silent plants, and found all the pleasurable excitement of living and few, if any, of its irritations.

Rasselas, under the direction of Inez, gathered the summer apples for jelly, then the winter ones to be buried in sand in the cellar, then the butternuts, hickory-nut, and black walnuts. It was Rasselas, who fashioned coldframes for wintering over the lettuce, and took down a tigerish but tender-leaved rose-bush from its trellis, covering it with straw and leaves.

"What have you done to your hands?" said his mother at luncheon, and received a lengthy account of a golf ball that had down wale into brasshale.

He tucked up the bulbs, too, in like manner, and set all things in order for their sleep, and as he wrought the Princess Inez grew more and more gracious but somewhat shy. The King, however, walking freely with crutch and cane made a little remark upon the work of his new ally, and, indeed, sometimes gazed at him with a vague and questioning trouble, convicting Rasselas of guilt which his re-son hotly denied. Yet the time must come, he knew with foreboding, when explanations would be demanded from both sides of the wall, and then—suppose he had to leave Abyssinia penniless! Put in horticultural terms, his father believed in severe pruning—had cut off already as many unpleasant things and persons as he could from his own existence. It was not at all beyond possibility that a too-obedient, always unsatisfactory son would be "cut off" if he dared too far.

And, suppose it to turn out that way, could he become enough of a gardener to justify himself in hiring out permanently to the Princess Inez? For he had no other calling by which to earn his salt, certainly.

Thus matters stood at the close of autumn, when the Marlowes were about to return to the city. All things were bare and sombre, with a hurry of gray clouds in the north, but with slanting sunlight from the south in which the first fine snowflakes had melted. The last eglantine, small, ruby red, its petals a bit leathery from obstinacy, but smelling of June none the less, was under consideration by Inez as Rasselas came over to say good-bye.

"I go to-morrow."
"To-morrow?"
"I'll come early in the spring, you know."

She looked steadily at the hard blue mountains to the north, and unmistakable winter was in her eyes.

"We shall be glad to have you back."
"What will you do all winter?"
"Attend to the mushrooms and violets, and do paper typewriting."
"I've never been here in winter."
"It's not very interesting."

"If I get a chance to run up now and then, would you—"
"Be glad to see you? Yes."

Still the steady look at the mountains over which winter would presently come rushing; still that look of patience, to break a man's heart.

"Inez, if I come to you with nothing—"

Not winter, but spring, and cheeks like the one eglantine. Rasselas stammered on his cheeks were pale something about "Your subject—always—"
He was thinking of consequences, of all he meant by "coming with nothing."

"I don't want a hired man," said Inez, hysterically, "but if you care—"
A slow step was approaching—an old straw hat just visible above a regiment of frost-touched dahlias.

They were not brave enough to go deliberately to meet the King, but they found courage at least to wait his coming, hand in hand. When he saw them thus, he halted, with his quiet old hands folded upon his cane, and seemed not at all surprised.

"Well, Rasselas," he said, at length, "I don't know how this will be received in Abyssinia."

His fingers moved restlessly, and he looked beyond the lovers to where the roofs of the Marlowe house towered into the sky.

"I have lived apart from the world so long, I have come to set values differently from the accepted manner. My ideas are not practical. If I ought to have spoken and prevented this, and yet, I have your happiness at heart."

He sat down upon a nearby bench and leaned his chin upon the veined hands that were crossed upon his cane, while the autumn leaves played in the wind up and down the path, and his white hair fluttered on his shoulders.

"When Rasselas set out to find happiness, did he shirk anything?"
Inez looked bewildered; Rasselas hung his head.



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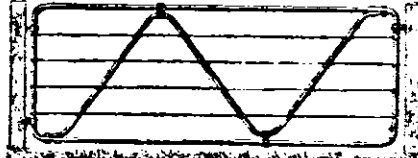
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When our sea-walled garden, the whole
land,
Is full of weeds—?"

"But!" said Rasselas, "suppose that the prince of a royal house—since we have played at figures so long—suppose he finds himself incapable even of self-government; suppose him, since, his earliest memory, weighed in the balance and found, by those who understood those things, wanting. Suppose him to find a little kingdom—little, and yet great, too—that he thinks he can understand and help to govern well, and learn to govern himself in the process—and you know how well Horace liked his Sabine farm, sir. I'm not bringing up my best argument—he lifted Inez's hand to his lips. "I haven't exactly meant any deception. You know all about it, I see, and must have known all along."

But Inez drew away from him, and her face was white, as she said: "Who are you?"

"I hardly know," said Rasselas, sadly. "Over there"—he pointed toward the shining roofs and chimneys of the great house—"they called me by a name that I didn't like, and when I was a little boy I tried to change it."

"And what is it they call you over there?"

"She was standing by her father now, leaning a little, as for support, on his bent shoulders. The manner of Rasselas sank ignobly to the gloomy freeness of a detected thief.

"What's the use of asking that. Your father knew all along, and you must have guessed by now. I'm Harold Marlowe."

"The man I thought of marrying," said Inez slowly, "had a different name, and he was poor. He was different, I think, in a number of ways." And she turned towards the house.

It did not occur to Rasselas to try further self-justification. She did not glance back at all, but went slowly on with drooping head. The kitten, who had been cutting the flying leaves up and down the path, frisked at her skirt, and got in the way of her feet with careless good humour.

Rasselas looked after her until the door closed, then dropped his head in dejected silence. On raising his troubled eyes, he was amazed and somewhat offended to find the old man regarding him with a smile that was both amused and kindly. When one has just acted out what one supposes to be his life's high tragedy, nothing cuts deeper than a spectator's smile.

"I seem to have made an ass of myself," he said, selfish in his first thought.

"Why," said the poet, "not so bad—no—not more than most young men. I wouldn't worry about that aspect of it."

"It was child's play at first—and—this summer—I didn't see my way to deceive her—she liked me as the gardener's nephew—as a man rather below her, you see, in station. I know well enough how below her I am in every way, but I was afraid that as Harold Marlowe she might not let me help—and—you can't understand what it's been for me—this

digging around in the plants, and her showing me how to do things."

"Two in a garden—yes—the old plot." "I haven't been posing as the Lord of Burleigh or—or Cophetua. Oh, damn it! If you don't understand, it's no use my trying to explain. Every word I say makes me out more of a cad."

"I understand. Didn't I join in your little play, when you jumped out of the Happy Valley into the poor child's moon-flower bed, destroying her little dreams and plans? I let you stay and play, didn't I? And I let your distracted parents look for you—it did them no harm—" He chuckled, then by degrees grew serious and a little sad. "I think your greatest reason for the deception is the one you refrain from mentioning through delicacy—the disapproval of Abyssinia."

"Anything I do," groaned Rasselas, "is unpopular over there."

"You think you are misjudged?"

"I don't know. I have a better opinion of myself than they have of me—or I had until a few minutes ago." He looked wisely at Inez's window, where the shade had been drawn down.

"I don't know anything about finance. To please them I tried to learn a little while ago, and blundered into a loss so heavy that—well, my father came so near disowning me then that I suppose it wouldn't be safe to cross him again. My notion was to do as I liked for once—to marry Inez and work on your farm here. It seemed as if we could be happy and as if I could make it pay, even if my father did cut me off entirely. I can reason about vegetables and small sums, even if I can't about millions and corporations and all that. One may be able to recite the multiplication table and do sums in long division, and yet make a poor fist at analytics."

"Yet it seems," the poet said doubtfully, "as if there were a question of responsibility. The kingdoms of to-day, though not called kingdoms, are so none the less, and those who are born to power—well, there was a king who, during a battle, sat still and envied the shepherds. Doubtless he would have made a better shepherd than king, and yet, being a king—"

"Being what he was, he ought to have resigned, abdicated—don't you think, sir?"

"Oh, what a pity it is that he has not so trimmed and dressed his head."

As he said this, he sighed.

"There are so many," sighed Rasselas, "who can trim and dress it better than he can; his younger brother, for example."

The poet went on: "I lived in a Happy Valley once, and I shirked it in something the way you want to do; but, then, you aren't a poet—are you?"

"No, indeed!" said Rasselas eagerly. "And perhaps to be happy is a duty, though the moralists don't teach so, and, as you say, this little farm is big enough to be happy in—if that were all. Big enough for you and Inez, as it was for me—and—another."

"But you heard what she said just now. It's all over. There's no use in argument."

"No, not in argument, but it may not be all over. Go back to Abyssinia for a while, and think it over. Make sure, too, whether you have a duty there

that you are shirking. I think Inez has some notion about that."

"If only you won't send me away for ever."

"No, not forever." The snow was sudden and unwholesome in the hollows between bare ridges and hemlocks, and a tremendous wind boomed in the naked trees. It was dark and rainy, neither spring nor winter, desolate beyond all other seasons.

The poet lay back in a Morris chair, his feet on a tabouret, pillows tucked under him at every possible angle, a "gay" Afghan over his long, thin legs. Breathing had become a serious matter with him which he was in haste to be done with as soon as might be. He seemed listening as if for some other sound than the wind, and watched Inez anxiously and furtively as she prepared his gruel over the coals in the fireplace.

"Inez."

"Yes, dearest."

"Mustn't make too much of things that don't really matter. Sometimes—it's better not to hold too rigidly to principles—they may be only—prejudices."

"Oh, papa, dear—surely right is right."

"Not always." He smiled whimsically. "I can't argue, though—now—you'll just have to accept—my conclusions."

"Don't ask me to forgive him, papa."

"Forgive—no. Stevenson says he doesn't know what forgiveness is. There isn't any such thing."

"You've made me burn your gruel, dear. I'll make some more, and you mustn't talk to me about him this time."

"I must talk—while I can. Wasn't that a step on the porch?"

"It was the wind. Nobody would come in such weather."

"Inez—" he raised himself up with difficulty and looked at her imploringly—"take what life offers—when it offers. Don't let happiness pass by for the sake of a whim. Happiness is a duty when it comes. It doesn't often come—not real happiness. I'm sure some one knocked."

"The wind has knocked all day, but I'll make sure." The knock was unmistakable this time. At first it had been timid, but was imperious at last, and when she opened the door the wind and rain entered noisily, but with them a young man, wet and stormy as young Spring itself, who threw his arms about her and kissed her.

And it was rather astonishing, if one thought of the manner in which she had dismissed him, how quietly her hands, clasped together behind his neck, and how meek her pale face was under his kisses.

"Did papa send for you?" she said at last.

"Yes. But I was ready to come anyway."

"Perhaps he is right. Come in and talk to him while I make his gruel."

"Good evening, Mr.—Johnson," said the poet tremulously. "I trust all is well in Abyssinia?"

"You will be pleased to know, sir, that I have made my peace with Abyssinia to such an extent that I can do as I like in the matter of most importance to me. I am cut off with a shilling at my own request, and the shilling is of moderately generous proportions."

Inez brought the gruel.

"I hope you aren't hungry?" smiled the poet; "if you are, I'm afraid you'll

have to put up with gruel. We've got out of the way of eating much else of late. I can't, and Inez is too lazy to cook just for herself."

"There's bacon," said Inez, shyly, "and eggs, I think." The hens were cackling this morning. And it won't take long to make biscuit."

"I'm more hungry for this than anything else—" Rasselas kissed her again—eyes, hair, and mouth, while her father smiled approval.

And the storm blustered savagely at doors and windows; but people who are contented with gruel, bacon, and eggs, and each other, are not troubled by such matters.

Once the poet, turning his dim eyes upon the tricking panes, observed cheerfully: "This is a real spring rain."

No one replying, he intelligently regarded the two cooks who were manipulating the frying pan over the coals, and making sad work of that frugal dinner by reason of their happy absent-mindedness.

"Without doubt, happiness is a duty," he said softly.

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At one time a knowledge of the art of netting was an essential part of the fisherman's education. Among the many vicissitudes in the lives of those who go down to the sea in ships for the purpose of sparing its edible inhabitants, trouble with the nets must find a prominent place. The result of many weeks, perhaps months, of labour may be destroyed in a single night. The nets are a costly item in the fisherman's outfit, for though, nowadays, he no longer makes them himself in preparation for the short fishing season, he has to pay out a considerable portion of his scanty earnings to the manufacturer who prepares them for him. ... out sixty years ago, the invention of a netting machine by one Waterson wrought a great change in the fisherman's life, for hand-netting went out of vogue, and the tedious work came to be better accomplished by machinery. Now there is news of another invention which may have the effect of reversing the state of things and bringing the net-making back to the butts of the fishermen. A Norwegian of the name of Lie, has patented a little instrument about the size of a domestic sewing-machine which performs all the complex operations of tying the true hand-made knot in a single turn of a handle. One turn makes one mesh, until a whole row is made; and then the row of meshes is slipped from the machine, and a fresh one formed upon it. The size of mesh is adjustable like the length of the stitch in a sewing-machine, so that every fisherman may satisfy his own particular whims and fancies in this respect. The long months between the fishing-seasons may now be profitably spent—as in years gone by—in making good nets in preparation for the days of labour; and as time in these circumstances is of less account than money, the toiler should be able to afford a larger supply, and therefore be dependent less upon the chances of his trade.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Those who in the early days of wireless telegraphy confidently prophesied the quick demise of telegraphic cables and wires are still a very long way from that justification which prophets so seldom receive. For though in its decade of active existence much has been done to free the new system from the reproach that its messages are incapable of direction into any given channels, very much more still remains to be done before a wireless communication will have that privacy and freedom from interference which a cablegram possesses. But it has come to pass that the very fault which constitutes its greatest weakness from the ordinary telegraphic point of view is a valuable virtue in another direction. A ship in distress sends a message for help out over the waters, knowing nothing as to who may pick it up. All other vessels in the vicinity which are equipped with the apparatus will get that message, and probably some will be able to help. Again, the latest meteorological observations and deductions, with forecasts of storms to be expected, are sent out at random, as it were, from various stations. All ships within some hundreds of miles receive the warnings and re-issue them on their own account, to be picked up in turn by vessels beyond the range of the original message, and so in a short time the warnings are flashed all over the navigable seas, and something is added to the safety of thousands, perhaps millions, of people, which some may think is even better than the secret transmission of information regarding the prices of stocks and shares.

THE NATIONAL CRIME.

Dealing with the question of race suicide, Sir James Crichton Browne, speaking before the Sanitary Inspectors' Conference at Blackpool, said: "It is that or simply race failure with which we have to deal, for the deterioration

of the moral standard with the practice of race suicide implies in itself an indication of debility and decay. If race failure is being manifested more rapidly in the superior than in the inferior varieties of the race—that is to say, if the reduction in the size of families has begun at the wrong end of the social scale—then national decadence and disaster may be anticipated. Do not let us wrap ourselves up in racial self-conceit; do not let us forget Greece and Rome, and the Byzantine Empire. The racial struggle for existence is not over and finally decided in our favour. The strategy of the struggle, the weapons employed in it, are changing rapidly, but on it goes; and if a second plague Conference were to-morrow to succeed in abolishing war, and in securing universal disarmament, it would only make the conflict keener, and perhaps hasten the catastrophe in the case of the more tame and confiding and less resistant partners in the past. A declining birth-rate, and especially a declining birth-rate amongst the best breeds, means diminished racial existence. Wholesome decreation was needed, but Sir James criticised one type of motorist whose cruise was rapid locomotion. He fancied those men must become sluggish in intellect and excitable and jumpy in temper.

THE DANGERS OF GAS ON TRAINS.

As an outcome of the railway accident to the Scotch express at Grantham, attention is being called in the English papers to the need of the prohibition of gas as an illuminant on fast trains. In this accident several of the passengers were roasted to death through the gas escaping from an overturned carriage and being ignited from the engine. It has been emphasised in several quarters that the danger of fire in railway wrecks is very serious. It did not arise in the Salisbury accident, where the carriages were lit by electricity. Gas for train purposes is compressed into cylinders under the carriage; it is obtained from oil because of its greater illuminating properties. It is admitted to the burners through a reducing valve. If an accident lets it out otherwise than through the valve it issues in such quantity that on contact with any flame it immediately ignites. Railway companies are meeting the danger by extending the use of electricity, but time must be allowed for the conversion of plant. It will not pay to alter at any time had will not pay to alter the older types of carriages, which may at any time be attached to trains otherwise than electrically fitted. Locomotive superintendents have some objection to electric light because the dynamo are driven from the axles. The increased power needed is stated to represent an increased coal consumption of 2 1/2 lb per mile run.

ELECTRO-PEAT FUEL.

An interesting account of the new factory at Killybegs, Ireland, and a resume of the process of conversion of peat into marketable fuel is given in a recent issue of the "World's Work." Peat is normally so saturated with moisture that its valuable fuel properties to a great extent are nullified. Moreover, it does not suffice to extract the moisture by compression, (trituration, or other mechanical means, for the fuel so treated immediately begin to reabsorb moisture from the atmosphere, and soon returns almost to its original state. But by the Bessey process in use at this factory the character of the peat is quite changed in regard to its water-absorbing properties, while its excellent qualifications as a fuel remains unaltered. The process, which throughout is a very simple one, consists essentially in the passing of an electric current through the moist and mashed-up peat. The electricity produces a certain chemical change which has the effect of causing the peat to dry and harden into a substance very like coal, to which

indeed it is said to be in many respects superior. First a huge power grab on a floating penton dig into the watery peat deposit and lifts it out a ton at a time and dumps it into electric tramway trucks, whereby it is brought to the factory. Next it is taken by a belt conveyor and dropped into a water-extractor, which presses and crushes most of the moisture out of it. Then it falls into the electrifier, where it is subjected to a current of over a hundred amperes at two hundred and fifty volts pressure for some twenty minutes. A second hydro-extractor is now brought to bear upon it, and the remaining water is removed, after which it goes to a kneading machine, and then to the moulder which reduces it to its final shape of briquettes. These briquettes are conveyed to storage sheds to dry and harden under the influence of the chemicals which have been released by the action of the electricity. Here they remain for ten or twenty days while they contract and harden until their texture is like that of coal.

Electro-peat fuel is said to be applicable to all the uses of coal. It burns briskly and well in the domestic hearth or kitchen, without smoke or soot, and it leaves no cinder or clinker, and but little ash. It takes less room than coal, stacks more easily, and improves rather than otherwise, by keeping. Good gas for lighting purposes can be made from it, and it behaves well in the gas-producers for power purposes which are coming so rapidly to the front. Lastly, it is much cheaper than coal, and in view of the rapidly approaching exhaustion of the world's coal deposits, it will be very welcome as a substitute if all that is claimed for it be true.

Rudyard Kipling's Latest.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new book, "Puck of Pook's Hill," is a collection of ten characteristic stories linked together with equally characteristic poetry. It is full of Mr. Kipling's well-known mastery of language, and for its real literary worth will afford as much pleasure to the adult reader as to the children whom its author presumably had first in mind when he conceived it. The tales are fairy stories pure and simple, and Puck, the teller, is an captivating story. "This Puck of Pook's Hill appears to two Sussex children, a boy and a girl, in their playtime wanderings on the country-side. He stands before them: '... A small, brown, broad-shouldered, pointy-eared person with a snub nose, slanting blue eyes, and a grin that ran right across his freckled face.' and, one might add, a pretty count of himself, for, talking of his old-time elfin company, he asserts: 'Some of us... couldn't abide salt or horse-shoes over a door, or mountain-gish berries, or running water, or cold iron, or the sound of church bells. But I'm Puck!' This 'pointy-eared person' mazes the children into the England of past ages and tells them of Saxon, Dane, Roman, and Norman, and of many stirring deeds done, which the fairies saw. He also discloses the reason why the fairies left England. ... As a poet Mr. Kipling is often at his best. Here are a few haunting lines from the 'Harp Song of the Dane Women':

What is woman that you forsake her,
And the hearth fire and the hour-glass,
To go with the old grey yellow-wacker,
She has no house to lay a guest in,
But one chill bed for all to rest in,
That the pale sun and the stray bergs nest in.
Yet when the signs of summer thicken,
And the ice breaks, and the birch buds quicken,
Yearly you turn from our side, and sicken—
Sicken again for the sheuts and the sheut
slangheers,
You stand away to the lapping waters;
And look at your ship in her winter quarters,
Then you dive out where the steam ebullies
swallow,
And the sound of your oar blades falling
hollow,
Is all we have left through the month
to follow.

"Poor Man!" exclaimed the good-looking old lady, "to what do you attribute your craving for drink? It is hereditary?" "No, ma'am," replied Weazey Wilkie; "it's thirst."

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THE STORY ROGER HOWARD TOLD

By LILIAN QUILLER-COUCH

I AM a strong man, but I have always been bothered and distressed by the cry of a child. It hurts me more than the cry of a woman—certainly more than the cry of a jackal. I don't care for women, with one or two exceptions; I hate jacksals, but I rather like children.

It is unusual to hear the cry of a child on the staircase of the Hotel Nare, Vienna; that is not a place where children are taken as a rule: it is decidedly not a place where they would be tolerated if they had the bad taste to be unhappy. Yet a shrill wail of misery struck on my ear, bringing me surprise and that sense of discomfort which I complain of, as I came down one evening from my bedroom on the second floor to make my way to the dining hall.

The cry was an abrupt, shuddering affair, over almost as soon as begun, yet betraying fear and a hopeless appeal.

"That is enough!" came a low, distinct voice. "I will have obedience."

I expected to see a maidservant, or a grim governess as I turned round the wall of the staircase, and to be discomposed by a child in tears. When I reached the corridor, however, I saw no such scene: there was no one there. At least no one angry, no one in tears. Coming slowly along the peel-piled carpet, with arms entwined, were a lady and a little girl; but as I glanced at them before I turned to go down the last flight of stairs I saw that the lady's face was placidly itself, and about the eyes of the child there was not the slightest trace of tears.

When a man is in love and at the stage which I had then reached, he is apt to be more than punctual for dinner when expecting to meet the girl he wants to marry: so there were several minutes after I reached the smaller hall (the less formal room where we intended to dine that night), which I was able to spend in watching the curtained doorway for the coming of Diana Terence and her mother.

You will naturally suppose that I undervalued the worth of Time during those minutes. For about five of them this was true; I did undervalue it. But just then, through the curtains came the lady and the little girl I had glanced at on the corridor, and Diana herself would be merciful if she were to hear me tell you that she faded into the background of my mind for several moments. Diana laughs over little things of that sort, in her happy, confident way. But I can never laugh over the child at the Hotel Nare.

There was nothing obviously attractive in the couple, nor was I conscious that they interested me. I merely, involuntarily, gave up looking at the doorway and looked at them; and I saw that the lady had the placid, beautiful face of a Madonna, of a Madonna minus motherliness, and minus loveableness; and that the child looked more like a spirit than a flesh and blood mortal.

The lady was wearing a clear black gown, simply made but distinguished in effect, and at her breast was a small clasp of fine diamonds. The child—I can scarcely tell of the child, yet I wish to. She had on a little slip of a grey, diaphanous-looking frock hanging from her thin shoulders; and when she turned towards me, her little face seemed to have taken on the grey shade, and her eyes seemed wells of the same colour. At a cursory glance she looked about seven years old; as one gave her a longer ex-

amination she seemed to hold all the sorrows of the Ages behind her eyes. It occurred to me that she was more like an allegory than like a breathing child.

Then Diana came in through the curtains with her mother, and the rose-coloured gown and milk-white neck of my love, and the scintillating diamonds of Mrs. Terence seemed to lighten the whole room, and make as shadows of another world the black and grey figures which I had been scrutinising.

Mrs. Terence has America for the land of her birth, and wealth for her comfort, and we were going on to a notable reception after dinner; these facts will account for the splendour of her jewels, which were, literally, worth a king's ransom.

Our dinner was a merry one; Diana is a merry person, and I—well, I was seeing most things rose-coloured and scintillating at the time. Now and again I glanced casually down the room at the table where the black lady sat with the grey child. Not once did I see the calm-faced woman glance towards us, but the eyes of the child were upon us each time I looked.

I am not professing to tell the tale of my courtship of Diana Terence; indeed, it was so perfect and untroubled in itself that to any but ourselves I can imagine it might be splendidly dull—or dull. I am thinking now of the child.

The next time I saw her was late on that same night. I had parted from Diana and her mother soon after our return from the Embassy, and having watched the last rose-coloured frill sweep round the corner of the stairs, I went back to the lounge to smoke and dream a little over a railway guide-book—likely enough held upside down.

When I went up the stairs an hour later, and glanced with, I suppose, the instinct of the lover, along the first corridor, where Mrs. Terence and Diana had their private suite of rooms, I was curiously startled to see again, coming slowly along towards me, the lady in black, with one arm about the shoulder of the child in grey.

I think I halted. It is probable that I looked surprised. There was, of course, no reason, except, perhaps, the lateness of the hour, and, perhaps, the similarity of the occurrence.

The lady, having come to the corner, where a streak of bright light cut through an unfastened door, made as if to go into her room. Then, as if with a sudden recollection, she turned to me, and asked in pleasing English with a slightly guttural accent.

"Would you then, sir, tell me the exact time?"

I looked at my watch, and told her how much it was past midnight; and with a dignified smile she thanked me. "My little girl," she said, "loves too much the moonlight. She has escaped from her room, the little naughty thing," patting the thin shoulder caressingly, "to gaze from the window, and she inclined her head towards the high casement at the end of the corridor through which the white light streamed.

With the beginning of a smiling reproach I turned to the child, but her face stopped the words on my tongue. It was pallid, hunted; she looked faint with unspoken fear, and I saw that she was trembling.

"She is cold," said the mother, with calm kindness.

"Is a cold moon better than a warm

bed?" I asked, stooping towards the child with a sympathetic desire to learn what troubled her, what strange effect the moon would have on this abnormal nature.

"Ah!" exclaimed the lady, revealing for the first time a trace of emotion in the tension of her fingers as they clasped the little shaking hand. "Ah—my poor child! She—she—is dumb!"

The last word was almost a whisper, but distinct as a command; and in her curbed distress the seemingly placid woman's grip of the child left her own knuckles as a row of white bones across the soft hand. As for me, I turned unaccountably sick and horror-stricken.

"Dumb!" I echoed. But that she was not deaf also I concluded hastily, for at the word the piteous eyes struck out a spark of despair, then closed; from the pinched, grey-white face half the life seemed suddenly to go out, and she swayed against the black draperies of her mother. The woman, with a politely-spoken "good-night, she will be gay again to-morrow," supported the limp body with a firm, unhesitating grasp into the lighted room.

I went up to my own apartments thoughtfully. And the dawn was breaking when it crossed my mind that half-past twelve had been a late hour for a child to be fully dressed, even if she had "escaped from her room."

The next morning was sunny and cold, a pretty day; but for me an empty day, because Diana and her mother were to drive out of it for twelve entire hours, wasting themselves, it seemed to me, on long Austrian roads and an old American friend. Twelve hours seemed over-many for the kicking of heels in a foreign hotel, when you have no wish to kick at all.

When, however, I had waved my love upon her way, the brilliance of the morning and the natural man in me lured me to something less limited than the kicking of heels. I decided to walk out from the pleasure-loving city and see something of the country.

It was as I was passing out through the trim hotel gardens, shaping the thought, "pleasure-loving city," with a smile, that I again saw the child; and the contrast between my mind-picture of gay Vienna and the child's appearance in the unshaded morning light was rather ghastly.

She still wore a grey frock, a limp woollen thing, and she was leaning against the low basin of a fountain, looking into the moving water. When she saw me she tried to shrink and sidle to the other side; but I spoke to her, and she stood still with an awkward expression of strained nonchalance graven on her face. I thought of her mother's words, "She will be gay again to-morrow." Gay! Poor little ghost; she looked as if her eyes had never lighted on a gay sight since she opened them on the world.

"Will you come for a walk with me?" I asked breezily, with a sudden impulse, "and look at some shops." That frightened her; she coloured painfully. The very words when they sounded seemed a violence, the idea of dolls and toys seem so incongruous with this inscrutable child. Angry with myself for scaring her, I talked casually of other things—of the fish in the fountain and the flowers that woke up when the sun came—till she was pale grey as usual, poor little soul.

"If you will not come with me I shall

go away for a long, long walk all alone," I concluded some minutes later; and for a moment I forgot that she was dumb. I was thrilled by the swift, keen look of dread in her eyes; she looked as if she were on the verge of uttering eager words. But the new nonchalance was quickly strained over her features again, and she smiled her first smile. It was a ghastly effort.

The child again shared my thoughts with Diana as I went on my way; she even seemed to flit before me, a little desperate shade, with sorrowful eyes and that smile that was worse than all. I had every right to think in rose-colour, but instead I thought all grey.

When I got back to the hotel the afternoon was dim. I had had a good day in a way, bright and pleasant, but I was not in the best of spirits. Diana had not yet come back, the place seemed gloomy and empty, and a scarcely-defined sense of trouble weighed on me.

As I was passing the end of the long corridor, on my way to my room, I thought I caught sight of the child again, hurrying, ghost-like, along in the dimness at the far end. In idle curiosity I held my step a moment, to see her emerge from the gloom of the passage into the lesser gloom beneath the long window from which she had watched the moon. She did not emerge, and, doubting my own eyesight, which had been haunted all day by the small grey shape, and shaking myself irritably for my faultfulness, I went slowly on my way up.

Then I called myself a fool, had a bath and a good meal, and felt better.

Next day grey child, black lady, even my own rather important affair of the heart, were matters of insignificance. Mrs. Terence had lost her diamonds!

The jewels had disappeared from my future mother-in-law's room. That superb collection which had sparkled on royal brow and bosom had been neatly abstracted from its usual cabinet; the elaborate velvet-lined cases being tidily closed and left in their usual places.

Mrs. Terence wept. Diana was pale and frightened. The one was broken by the irreparable loss, the other panic-stricken by the thought that a thief had been close to them, watching them, entering their very rooms, fingering their possessions. Fits of shuddering seized her as she dwelt upon the thought, yet nothing I could say would induce her not to dwell upon it.

Except for the hotel proprietor, Herr Gluckstern, and myself, the affair was kept secret from everyone on that dreadful morning. It was a nightmarish day. I shall never forget it. From breakfast time till the middle of the afternoon we searched, questioning one another, interviewing the police, and finally telegraphing for the man who was, everyone said, the cleverest detective in Europe.

It was about the middle of the afternoon that Herr Gluckstern received a message saying that Madame de Carnis, the lady in black, wished to speak to him on a matter of much importance; and with vague relief lighting his honest, protruding eyes, he hurried away from us. I, too, had a moment of hope, quite unwarranted, I admit, when, about ten minutes later, a servant came to beg that I would trouble myself to join Herr Gluckstern at number one room on the first floor.

It was a simple scene that met my eyes as I went into the presence of the lady in black; it is only from after events that

It has taken on a horror from which I can never now dissociate it.

On a sofa drawn up to the stove lay the child, as I supposed, asleep. I saw folds of the grey frock here and there beneath the scarlet shawl which covered her; one edge of which shawl drooped over and threw the little face into shadow.

Beside the sofa stood the lady, a tall, black figure, her face wearing the same expressionless calm, but whiter than I had yet seen it, and one heavily-ringed hand gently patting the scarlet shawl.

Facing her stood Herr Gluckstern, and one glance at his troubled face convinced me that he had met with no lightening of his anxiety; his voice, when he turned and spoke to me, settled that fact. His usual staidness was torn from him by a genuine concern.

"Herr Howard," he began hurriedly, "this lady also has lost diamonds—gone this day. I took the liberty to send for you. It is an elaborate, planned crime. It must be so. I tell Madame de Carnis

"My loss," the lady interposed politely, "is a small one compared with that of your friends. I did not know of their disaster when I sent for Herr Gluckstern. Mine is but a small clasp, but the diamonds were exceptionally fine, and it means much to me."

"Ah, of course, of course," agreed Herr Gluckstern.

By a few questions I gained a description of the jewel and of the discovery of the loss; and I hastened to assure the lady that everything possible was already being done secretly to trace and secure the thief and recover the property. She listened to me with calm attention, and quickly realized the promptness of our action.

"And when Detective Waldler is arrived—" hastily began Herr Gluckstern.

"A good detective?" questioned the lady. "His name is—what did you say? And for a moment her hand ceased its gentle patting of the scarlet shawl.

"Detective Waldler," repeated Herr Gluckstern proudly. "The greatest man in Europe for jewel robberies."

"Ah—that will be a relief," she replied rather dazedly, "to know—the matter is in—the most skilful hands." She spoke in a curiously intense monotone.

"The diamonds mean more than their intrinsic worth to her," I thought.

After a short time more of regrets and discussions the lady, facing us both in the fading light, said, "It would be better, I think, if I were to fetch for you the box in which my diamonds are, as a rule, kept; you can then see, perhaps, if the methods have been the same in both cases."

Bending over the little form on the sofa, she raised the edge of the scarlet shawl, and took a long look at the shaded face. Then she turned away from it and went into an inner room.

We waited in the twilight, the plump little Herr Gluckstern and I; occasionally we spoke, in lowered tones for fear of disturbing the motionless child on the sofa. Once or twice a curious wave of unreality passed over me, born, I suppose, of the silence, the dimness, and the startling events which had brought me to this room. And when the dimness deepened, and the lady did not come back to us, the discovery of some fresh, dismaying fact, however exaggerated, in my opinion, seemed to become quite possible. Like the dream-life of the night, the amazing, the fantastic, the awful, whatever might happen, would seem to be but a natural phase of this tense period.

I do not know what impulse urged me at length to cross over to the sofa and softly raise the scarlet shawl. I was, I think, still in a half-absent, half-unreal state of mind. I felt suddenly that I wanted to see that little face in repose, and I obeyed the impulse.

The lifting of the shawl did not disturb the sleeper, she lay perfectly still; but as I placed it back again my hand touched the little hand lying on the grey folds, and in an instant I knew!

"A light!" I demanded, forgetful of the lady who had passed into the other room, forgetful of the fact that the child was no business of mine. "A light, quickly!"

Obedient to the insistence in my voice, Herr Gluckstern pressed the electric light on, and I pulled back the shawl, letting the dazzling stream fall on the face of the child.

She did not stir; not an eyelash quivered; she lay there with open eyes and an unliving face on her face, but she, the child—she must have been dead some hours.

Before that awful day was over we knew much; much we could only guess.

We knew that while Herr Gluckstern and I had waited there in the twilight the lady in black had passed out from that inner room into oblivion. Whether or not she had loved the child whose little dead shoulder she had patted so mechanically, as she talked to us, we could only guess. We knew, when Herr Waldler came, that we had stood face to face with one of the most daring jewel thieves of the century. Whether her callousness meant callousness, or whether beneath that placidity she had hidden maternal agony that afternoon, we could only guess. I knew now that she had known the child beneath the shawl to be dead. I guessed that she was facing her peril when she heard the name of Herr Waldler, when she took her last look at the little pinched face and left it for ever. But the woman herself—at the end as at the beginning, she was and has remained inscrutable.

The child—of her little life, of her death, what could we know?

She was buried in the English cemetery. Diana and I wished it, we arranged it, we followed her there, and there left her.

In the pocket of her little woollen frock was found a diamond earring, caught in the stitching. That was the only item Mrs. Terence ever recovered of her priceless collection.

Was the child at the Hotel Nare dumb? Was she guilty? Was she tortured? Of what use are guesses? To this day I shudder when I think of the final agony of fear, the mad child-despair which may, in mercy, have brought the final rest; but I only know that she went out into the unknown with horror in her eyes.

An Ambassador in His "Nightly."

The Marquis de Noailles, formerly French Ambassador in Berlin, relates an amusing incident which occurred when he was at the German capital. The Emperor one morning came to see him without giving him notice, and entered his bedroom while he was asleep. The Marquis de Noailles replied that the adventure happened not to him, but to Sir Frank Lascelles, the British Ambassador. "My colleague," said the Marquis de Noailles, "was in bed, and, without announcing himself, the Emperor entered his bedroom and woke him, laughing at the embarrassment into which the British diplomat was thrown by this early morning visit. His Majesty sat down by his bedside and had a long conversation with him; and at last the Emperor rose and said, 'Goodbye, my dear Ambassador. Don't disturb yourself, I know my way.' And with a cordial handshake his Majesty descended the staircase. But Sir Frank Lascelles, wishing to open the door for his visitor, had hastily donned a dressing gown and run to the door. The Emperor, who had already reached the bottom of the stairs, perceived the Ambassador, and immediately called laughingly to his aides-de-camp, who had remained in the waiting-room, 'Ho! you there! Come and see an unusual sight—an Ambassador in his shirt!'"

After the crusade against English spelling, there is to come a crusade against English tailoring. "It is time," writes an American contemporary, "the tyranny of the English tailor fashions should cease." But could this revolution be accomplished even if the "four hundred," passing a self-denying ordinance, bought the reach-me-downs of Chicago and walked abroad in them? The superiority of the London tailor, like the superiority of the Parisian dressmaker, is one of those great facts that nobody can deny and nobody can explain. A man may contrive to be well dressed in Paris by paying a very long price and employing an alien artist; in the Tropics countries he may be well dressed if he wears a uniform, but not otherwise. Original conceptions in the matter of male attire may, indeed, be met with in various parts of the Continent; but this is one of the branches of art in which success depends not upon brilliant ideas, but upon skilful adaptation of means to end. The English tailoring fashions are followed because English clothes generally fit the wearer. Joseph himself would be esteemed a sorry object nowadays if that condition were not fulfilled; his brethren, instead of envying him and putting him in a pit, would recommend him to place himself in the hands of a Bond-street artist.

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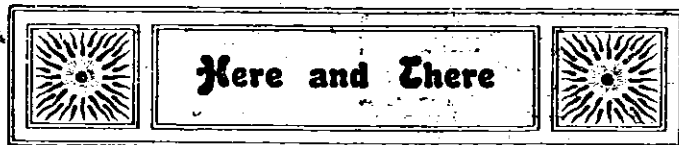
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Here and There

Criticism.

The great virtue of being a humorous writer is that you can afford to speak the truth when dealing with the most delicate matters relating to the art of letters. "I like criticism," says Mark Twain, referring to his autobiography, "but it must be my way." This is an expression of that purest degree of truth which is nowadays so seldom given to the world. There are some authors and actors who make a hobby of expressing their views on criticism; not being humorists they are unable to sum up these views in Mark Twain's nine words. The expression costs them considerable pains, but the result is the same. They like criticism—if it is their way; otherwise they hate it. We all do. It is human nature. If this were not true, how is it that objections are only raised when criticism is the other way? The man who will fly into furious print because his work is belauded to the skies has not yet done any work. When he does, and when, belauded, he bitterly attacks criticism, Mr. Wells' comet will have come, and we shall be living in Utopia.

A Day on Wheels.

The Duke of Westminster is fond of narrating a very good story against himself. One of his peculiarities is that he never carries money in his pockets, save a few pieces of silver for immediate expenses. One day he had travelled from Chester to London to do some shopping and, while in Bond-street, met an old but impetuous friend. As there was a good deal to say to each other, the Duke engaged a hansom, and, save when they were fitting from shop to shop, the two spent the day on wheels. Shopping presented no difficulties to the moneyless Duke, who, of course, had unlimited credit, but with the cabman it was different. At last his Grace was obliged to turn reluctantly to his friend and, after explaining the situation, request him to settle with the cabbie. The friend sorrowfully pulled out twenty-five shillings, which he passed to the cabman, and watched the Jehu with a sigh as he drove away. The Duke promised to settle next day, but three days passed with no sign of the ducal cheque; then the friend, losing patience, sent in a bill—"To his Grace the Duke of Westminster. For the privilege of driving all day with a duke in a hansom, 25/." The money arrived by the next post.

Beamed Too Soon.

It fell to the lot of five-year-old Wallace Stewart, being the third son in rapid succession, to sift the family a-hes, as his brothers had done before him. One morning the boy was told by his beaming father that a baby had arrived the night before. Wallace also beamed, much to his parent's gratification.

"And just think! it is our first little girl!"

Wallace's smile vanished, and he scowled like a pirate.

"A girl?" as if it were the synonym for all that was oppressive. "Yes! must I always sift a-hes?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Scheme of a Dusty Promoter.

He was a tramp.

"Why don't you go to work?" the lady was saying to him.

"Ter be honest wid yer, lady," replied the raggedly fellow, "I lost me job; but I'm a-gittin' chuck full uv new hopes every day, an' as soon as I kin raise de price I'm goin' ter embark into a business dat'll make me safe swell as if it had de mumps. I'm on me way ter Italy now, mum, an' as soon as I gits de ilder one hundred an' fifty-two dollars an' twelve cents ter complete me car-fare I'm off on me way ter prosperity. Kin yer help, w' lady?"

"The woman was touched—financially and otherwise.

"Here's a-quarter, my good man," she said. "I hope it will help you in your new enterprise."

A dirty, beamed, calloused flipper

grasped the proffered coin. Giving his brimless hat a tip that was worse than one I got on a horse race yesterday, the tramp was about to leave when the woman inquired dubiously:

"But say, man, what in thunderation are you going to do down in Italy?"

The frowzy form stopped. "Why, I'm goin' ter rake in all de ashes dat wuz spilled out uv Mount Vesuvius, put dem in freight-cars an' steamers, an' ship 'em north."

The lady looked at him dumfoundedly; then she gasped:

"But what in all goshenlock are ye goin' to do with all them ashes up north?"

The frizzled face burst into a smile. "Why, I'm goin' ter sprinkle 'em all around de North Pole, so as de explorers kin reach it widout slippin'."

Before the lady could chain her dog the tramp had disappeared down the road.

Unsatisfactory Female.

The French postal authorities have suddenly decided to replace their female employees by men. This step will be regretted, says the "Gentlewoman," by those interested in the feminine movement, who rejoiced in knowing that hundreds of women and girls had an opportunity of earning a livelihood; but the general public will not be sorry. It seems that the telephone girls do not perform their duties seriously enough. "Nine times out of ten it is impossible to obtain the communication with the person with whom we want to converse, and if we risk an observation to the young ladies the reply is neither to the point nor polite."

Something New.

Many actresses have abandoned the stage to marry peers, or men of wealth; but Miss Grace Pinder, one of the most attractive young actresses at Daly's Theatre, is creating an entirely new precedent, says the "Daily Mail," by abandoning her profession to set up as a fashionable milliner and dress-maker in Pont-street. Miss Pinder says she does not regret the stage. "Success there is often a matter of luck, and only rarely does it last long. I liked the stage when I was on it, but I think business is more sensible." Miss Pinder is young, tall, very good-looking, an American, and has a beautiful voice. At Daly's Theatre, where she has resigned the part she should have been rehearsing in "Les Merveilleuses," the management said that she had a very bright future before her on the stage.

Ideal Vacation Spot.

"Well, and have you spent a pleasant holiday?"

"Yes, thanks. Don't I look as if I had?"

"Indeed you do. I have never seen you look more fit. Not everybody profits by the holiday tour as you have done."

"No. But, then, I was particularly fortunate in my choice. I liked the place so much that I mean to spend my next holidays there again."

"Good cooking?"

"Excellent. You could get anything you wished for."

"Pleasant company?"

"Delightful people. And, best of all, no formalities. We could do exactly as we liked."

"Quiet?"

"I never was in a more quiet place."

"Beds all right?"

"First-rate. Private bath-room, too."

"But very expensive, no doubt?"

"On the contrary, it was the cheapest holiday I ever had."

"But, man, tell me the name of the place!"

An Island Citadel.

Mr. Haldane, presenting prizes to Royal Scots Volunteers at East Linton, East Lothian, referred to the possibility of raids on our shores.

"Germany and France," he said, "each has a great frontier continuous with the other, and it is necessary for them in self-protection to keep great armies to repel invasion which might come swiftly and suddenly. They cannot get the armies that modern strategy demands without falling back on the nation, and they can only get the large numbers they require by compulsion."

"Why is it that we do not turn to compulsion? The reason is that we live in an island citadel surrounded by the sea, and we keep up a great navy which has the command of the sea—and that protects us from invasion."

"But the navy is, as it were, only half the national instrument of self-defence. We have to defend the outposts of the Empire."

"We do not require a great army to defend our homes, but we require an army to repel any raids that a foreigner might make on our territory."

"Therefore the striking part of our army must always be organised on a professional basis, and be at a high pitch of perfection."

"Do you think that Germany or France could transport hundreds of thousands of men to a distant theatre of war? They have no troops to go, and it is with the utmost difficulty that they raise volunteers for the purpose."

"But we have professional men, whose duty it is to go where we want them. We have 100,000 men—and will soon have many more—ready to go to distant parts of the world to fight for the Empire. That is why we do not turn to conscription."

"Powerful as our navy is, there might be raids. Ten thousand men might be transported to our shores and let loose on us. We require to guard against these raids."

"Then again, when the regular troops go away we want the volunteers to take their place in the garrisons; and they are being more and more trained for that purpose."

Bubbles.

Some folk try so hard to be lucky that they have nothing but hard luck.

There are sermons in stones, but in wooden churches also.

The Minister who is kept busy marrying seems to be tied to a hitching-post.

A contract to water the streets would be no sinecure in Venice.

Railroad hands are not always seeking revenge when they turn the tables.

Remember, when you cast reflections, you may be standing in your own light.

Cash may be hard, but it's a soft snap to fall into a fortune.

CUTS AND PIMPLY SORES.

Zam-Buk Balm is the Ideal Healer for the Home.

A pot of Zam-Buk Balm and a bandage kept on a handy shelf ready for use on a moment's notice, save untold pain, time and money. "Some three months ago my little boy fell down in the yard and cut his knee badly," says Mrs. M. M. Phehan, Railway Hotel, Talbargar-street, Dubbo, N.S.W. "I tried several remedies, but nothing seemed to do any good. Zam-Buk Balm was recommended to me, and after applying it for a few days, the child's knee had completely healed, and above all no scar was left behind." Then, again, I had a little boy staying with me for a few days, and his head broke out in a Rash, just like Pimples. The Irritation caused him to scratch them, which made them fester and eventually spread all over his head. Zam-Buk Balm so successfully cured my boy's knee, I thought it might prove as equally efficacious for the festering pimples. I applied it, and had the satisfaction of proving that Zam-Buk is all it is claimed to be, and now I am never without a pot in the house. I can with confidence recommend Zam-Buk Balm for every description of home hurts, and no household should be without a pot handy." As a Summer Skin Balm Zam-Buk is invaluable. It promptly removes Sunburn, Summer Rash, Freckles, Mosquito and other insect bites, and for Sore Aching Feet has a most soothing and cooling effect. Keep a pot handy in your home. It is obtainable from all stores and chemists at 1/6 or 3/6 large family pot (containing nearly four times the 1/6), or direct from The Zam-Buk Co., 38, Pitt-street, Sydney.

ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES

MODIFYING THE SWEETNESS.

Mr Blower had had a difference with the local grocer, and he had openly vowed never to patronise the emporium again. Therefore, the merchant in question was agreeably surprised when one afternoon his late customer entered and ordered half a stone of sugar, with complete non-chalance. Prudence would have indicated silence; but human nature is weak, and as he tied the string the grocer could not resist saying:

"I thought you declared you would never darken my door again, Mr Blower."

"That is true, and I should not have done so," was the retort, "but I've just received a fine lot of carnation cuttings and I had no sand for potting them. I thought you could supply me with some."

SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.

A good story is told of a very mild North of England vicar, who had for some time been displeas'd with the quality of the milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:

"I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively, and not for christening."

HE FORGOT.

The champion absent-minded man on one occasion called on his old friend, the family physician. After a chat of a couple of hours the doctor saw him to the door and bade him good night, saying, "Come again. Family all well, I suppose?"

"My heavens!" exclaimed the absent-minded beggar, "that reminds me of my errand. My wife is in a fit!"

SHE FELT BAD WHEN WELL.

An old lady, really quite well, was always complaining and "enjoying poor health," as she expressed it. Her various ailments were to her the most interesting topic in the world. One day a neighbour found her eating a hearty meal, and asked her how she was.

"Poor me," she sighed, "I feel very well, but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I am going to feel

HE COULDN'T VERY WELL.

A husband was being arraigned in court in a suit brought by his wife for cruelty.

"I understand, sir," said the judge, addressing the husband, "that one of the indignities you have showered upon your wife is that you have not spoken to her for three years. Is that so?"

"It is, your Honor," quickly answered the husband.

"Well, sir," thundered the judge, "why didn't you speak to her, may I ask?"

"Simply," replied the husband, "because I didn't want to interrupt her."

STILL BITTER.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in this package?"

"Not very," replied the still belligerent wife indifferently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world."

"Ah! I suppose it's those braces you said you needed."

TALL STORIES.

A couple of witty individuals were conversing together recently, and their "argumentative controversy" finally occasioned a bet between them.

Each agreed to tell a peculiar incident and the reciter of the strongest episode was to receive the stake—a sovereign.

No. 1 commenced, and said he knew of a lady who was "turned into wood."

"Impossible," said No. 2; "explain yourself."

"You see," was the reply, "the lady was placed on a vessel, and then she was aboard."

"Very good," said No. 2; "but listen to this. Once I knew a man who had been deaf and dumb for twenty years, but last week he regained speech in one minute."

"Nonsense," rejoined No. 1, "but proceed."

"Well," replied No. 2, "the wonderful fellow I mean went into a bicycle shop with a friend, and, suddenly stooping down, he picked up a wheel and—spoke."

EXPERIMENT INCOMPLETE.

A Southern gentleman, carving a chicken at dinner one day, was perplexed to find that the bird had but one leg. The nervousness of his darky butler at the time of the discovery gave him a clue to the fate of the other leg. When the meal was over he questioned the darky.

"Dat sutenly an strange, sah. It mus be dat dat fool bird only had one laig in de fust place."

"Washington," said the master severely, "did you ever see a chicken with but one leg?"

Just then the darky caught sight of a fowl in the yard with one leg drawn up under her.

"Quick, massa, look dar!" he cried, excitedly. "Dar's one now."

The gentleman went to the door and said "Shoo!" The fowl quickly lowered the hidden leg and scuttled off.

"Yes, massa, yes," protested the darky, "but yo' nohav said 'shoo' to de one on de table."—New York Times.

CHARACTERISTICS.

You are

- Strong-minded,
- Self-respecting,
- Generous,
- Honest,
- Tastefully dressed
- Courteous,
- Dignified,
- Manly,
- Sympathetic,
- Ambitious,
- Prudent,
- Frank,
- Refined,
- Enthusiastic,
- Eloquent,
- Witty,
- Particular,
- Well-read,
- Successful,
- Unlucky.

The Other Fellow is

- Stubborn,
- Vain,
- Extravagant,
- Hair-splitting,
- Foppish,
- Servile,
- Puffed up,
- Brusque,
- Inquisitive,
- Covetous,
- Selfish,
- Rude,
- Effeminate,
- Fanatical,
- Long-winded,
- Frivolous,
- Fussy,
- Pedantic,
- Lucky,
- Incompetent.

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"ON VELVET"

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

DID I ever tell you how I first met up with Dolly Varden? Me and Tip Chandler was on a "pasear" to the Albuquerque fair, havin' nefarious designs on the purses offered for roping and riding.

I used to fancy my style of handling big loops to be some sudden and opprobrious, and Tip he allowed he could grease his heels and ride any beast that wore hair; he could, too—but then, you see, every thirty miles or so there's at least one man who can ride wild horses as well as any other man on earth, as far as just keeping one leg on one side of said horse and somewhere between the ears and tail is concerned.

But not getting thrown, and riding easy and graceful enough to get a decision, is two entirely various circumstances. So Tip ascertained; and it was likewise noticed that I wasn't nigh so cunning with my line as I had fondly imagined. I tied my steer in just under a minute, but Clay McGonnigle tied his in twenty-six seconds.

To let a five-year-old steer have a hundred feet, running like a Pennsylvania Republican, and overtake, catch, throw and tie him in twenty-six seconds is simultaneous some, Tip telling you. That lad who can do it is sure on to his job. We both got "nada nada"—left, beat, also rang. So we went down to Old Town in search of consolation and diversions, while waiting for the train. We was obtaining a pretty good assortment of surcease from sorrow, I reckon, for I had backed a perfect gentleman and stranger into a corner and was divulgin' details of my sad history to him—how I had loved and lost one amongst top thousand, all on account of her havin' a defect in her speech (her not bein' able to say yes none whatever); how many hours' start I had the night I left Van Zandt to avoid throat trouble, and other casualties that I generally keeps stowed away in a safe-deposit drawer.

He was a real dainty party, was the stranger: white hands; Herford shirt; little, pointed, shiny shoes; hard-boiled but clean shaven and spoken; all spick and span. He seemed some simple-minded and credulous, too, and I was just growing expansive when Tip he lurches over and rescues said stranger from me.

"You tell your troubles to the sheriff, Springtime," he says. "You mar the festive—fest—festivities. Avant! Tishish my dear ol' friend—companion of my pitirentinent childhood. Tishish Dolly. Lesh sing—all-together—"

"When I got to Albuquerque I taken down my sign.

Tirri laba Tirrilala, lay!

O, when I got to Albuquerque I taken down my sign;

For they're all educated there in the riding line.

Tirri laba, Tirrilala, lay?"

"I beg your pardon," says the stranger, nice and pretty, "but did not you gentleman participate in the steer-roping and bronco-riding contest this afternoon?"

Tip got unsteadily to his feet, looking most conscientious and anxious. "How do you spell it?" he says, pit-a-patting one vest pocket after another. "Where did I put that pencil? I don't exactly know what you mean by part—participle, but I reckon we done it all right, all right. Is it very, very bad? Yes, we roped and rode—but why jump on a man when he is down? It brings steers to my eyes yet to think of it."

"Really," begins the stranger, his eyes bulgin' out, but I cut him off

"Say no more, Chauncery; make no apologies, we beseech you. All is forgiven."

"Forgiven?" says the stranger. "And pray what have I done to be forgiven?"

"We forgive you," says Tip, almost in tears. "We were striving to forget to remember their episodes in our autobiographies. But we forgive you—let me grasp that manly hand. Waiter! More nepenthes—I would fain forget. But we had a bully excuse for being beat" and he brightens up a bit. "There was better men there than us. That ought to square us with the boys, I guess. 'Scuse me—gentlemen—absent-mindedness of grief—Misher Springtime Morgan—Misher Dolly Varden—childhood friend. Waiter!"

"Glad to meet you Mr Varden," I observes.

"The pleasure is mine," says Dolly. "I am so interested in your—er—wild and romantic life. Do you live in the immediate vicinity?"

I let my lower jaw drop down on my collar-bone. "Huh!" I says, and Dolly colours up like a girl.

"I mean do you live far from here?"

"Why, no; we live down at Dundee. We work for the TEX outfit."

"But how far is it? And do you suppose I could obtain board from your employer? I would enjoy it so much if I could catch a passing glimpse of your wild, free life. The subject has always had the utmost fascination for me, when I have read of it. And I would so like to learn to ride. My ticket allows me a stop over, and I should very much like to see ranch life at first hand—and observe your quaint customs and habits at point blank. Will you give me riding lessons, Mr—Mr—" and he looked at Tip.

"Boyhoosh ol' friend," says Tip. "Old oaken schoolhouse hung in the well—Name of Doe—John Doe. Played together on the vine-clad hills of old what-lissaname. Together we herded woolly sheep, and played the flute at noon under the spreading chestnut tree, glancing in the eyeballs of the fierce Nandinian liar. Waiter!"

And he fell with his head under line.

"We shall be real proud to have you come down and stay as long as you want, Dolly," says I. "You'll like the boys, and there's a lot of new men Grear has shipped in to talk to when you feel lonesome, and get tired of translating your statements. We'll open a keg of nails, and you'll see a real good time.

Shake hands to our better acquaintance."

Dolly shook. Then he screwed his face up till he looked for all the world like Tip (who was now sleeping out loud), spread his legs to brace himself, and waved an eloquent hand. He said: "Waiter!"

Now observe the strategy on my part. I knowed that the boys was goin' to be mighty voluble about Tip and me not even taking down second money at the Carnival. I figured out that if I brought Dolly down to amuse them it might divert their attentions a lot and let us down easy.

I tell you, when a lot of punchers gets talkative about one subject that a way, it makes the talker some restive and inclined to Oh! for the wings of a dove! So I thought to provide them with some innocent distraction and at the same time enlighten Dolly's intellects. For when an inquirin' tenderfoot meets up with the proper parties he sure is due to have his horizons widened a plenty.

We took the bobtail, on the little old jerkwater branch of the Santa Fe, soon in the morning—about two o'clock. I guess. Dolly was chock full of enthusiasm and Tip entertained him with movin' tales of the domestic felicities of the TEX ranches in their cooking arrangements. When we pulled into Dundee 'twas scarce day, and a pleasant, fresh morning. Dolly he throwed a fit.

He allowed the dawn—he called it dawn—was most exquisitely beautiful and poetic; wanted to stop and listen to the mocking-bird singin' over to the Bar Cross; thirteen mountain ranges there was in sight and he wanted to know the names and ages of all of them right off. I had been there two years and hadn't learned them all yet. How far was they? Was there Indians there, and bear and deer and mines and all that?

The TEX headquarters was right there in town, and when we got over there Crowd, the cook, had breakfast under way; and Foster was just starting to wrangle horses in the pasture. He looks at us a second, and lets out a yell, pullin' the tarp off Martin's head. "Wake up! Just see what Springtime has done for us. Get up! You don't know what you're missing."

Martin sets up, rubs his eyes and looks around. "What bank did you all deposit your prize-money in?" he begins, and just then he beholds Dolly. He feels all around under the head of

his bed with one hand, keepin' his eyes on Dolly.

"What strange things you do see when you ain't got no gun," he grumbled. "Did you catch it slipping into water, after night?"

Tip goes to the chuck-box and hammers on a pan. "Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!" he bawls, and the boys begins to stick their heads out to see what was up. "Boys, this is Dolly Varden. Dolly, this is the boys. Me and Springtime has represented you to him as being perfect gentlemen. Do not make liars of us, lest a worse thing befall you. I have spoken."

"Mr Dolly," I adds, pursuing of my deep designs, "wants to learn to ride, and I'm going to give him lessons."

Now I might have known there was something wrong, for these boys was so wholly engrossed with Dolly and his fool questions, that they clean forgets to guy me and Tip. But I thought it was my diplomacies workin' out as per specifications. It is a good idea to laugh, whenever you have an excuse, in this world. Later on you may not have a laugh a coming.

Well, Dolly asks more cross-examinations than any one I ever heard of. Did they always sleep right out of doors, and get up so early? (Think of that now—it was most sun up then.) Did they not have a table? How did they bake bread without a stove? Where was the stable? What, didn't feed the horses hay? Nor corn either? Why, how did they live? I never seen so ignorant a punn.

He looks horrified when the cook yells "come and get it," and we all does a catch-as-catch-can around the chuck-box for the plates and other tools. But he caught the general idea prompt, and loaded up his plate with beefsteaks and hot biscuits, potatoes and canned corn, till I thought he'd have to put side-boards on it.

Then he began giving an exhibition of spontaneous consumption. Cook looks into his bake-ovens, then at Dolly's plate and back into his ovens, real pained. Then he says reproachful:

"It wasn't burning."

Dolly reached over for the fried onions. "Beg pardon—were you addressing me?"

"You needn't have taken the grub up"—pointedly. "It won't burn."

"Oh!" And blamed if he didn't set down his plate, and get out a note-book. "This is a delightful experience. How

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was that, again?" and he laughs like sixty.

After breakfast I told Dolly he'd better rest up some that day and we'd take our riding lesson to-morrow, but he says he ain't tired, and is anxious to start in right now. "That is, if you have any quite gentle horses, you know."

So Martin says: "Oh, yes, we've got lots of good horses. Guess you'd better take Old Velvet. He rides easy. You can use Al's saddle."

Now Velvet was a plumb desperado, never so happy as when he was a-throwin' hoof-springs, and disturbin' the peace. We called him Velvet 'cause the man that owned him was always just so much better off.

I gets Dolly talkin' to Martin and Foster, and Tip and I slips out to the corral. 'Cause Velvet was sure had to get up to it first. After you'd get your hand on his nose he'd stand all right to be saddled, and act decent till you got on him. So Tip drops his twine on him and he chokes him a while till I gets a half-hitch on his nose. Then we saddled him and put the other horses in the back pen, so he could ride in the corral where it was sand. He was a nice little feller and we didn't want him hurt."

"It's a shame to take the money," said Tip. "Let the sacrifice proceed."

We hollered and the push comes over from the commissary, the boys grinnin' real amiable at something. I was draggin' out my horse and smiling some.

Dolly unlubbers his catechism and begins getting at the range. How many horses did each one have? Did we own them ourselves? Did the company furnish our saddles, too? Then, what if our saddles got broke? Didn't we curry our horses? Would they work in harness? And so on, 'till I felt sneakin' to be taking advantage of the poor feller.

"Wait a minute," said Martin, "and I'll go down to the pump-house with you." He ropes out old Sleepy, and after saddling, goes over to the boys, and they sorter draws off from me and Dolly and Tip, talkin' in undertones.

Dolly looks some inquiring and distrustful at this, and I hastens to reassure him.

"Bob'll be along in a minute. He's just giving the boys their powders."

"Their—excuse me!"
"He's just making medicine. We three don't get any on account of being up all night and our other misfortunes."
"Poor Dolly looked plumb mysterious."
"Givin' medicine?" he echoed. "Impossible! I never saw a set of men who looked more hardy and healthy."

I sat down in the same. "Mr. Martin occupies the exalted position of wagon-boss, foreman, big medicine-man. The rest of us are common old cow-servants. He is now telling them what to do. To make it plainer he is engaged in issuing directions as to the pernicious activities in contemplation for the day. Got that?"

Before he could answer Martin calls him. "All ready, Mr. Varden?"

"Ah—my name is not Varden," smiles Dolly. "Mr.—Mr. Doe was—that is—he misunderstood."

"He does whenever he can get at it," says Martin. "Never mind—Varden'll do. Let's ride."

Dolly goes up and takes hold of the horn of the saddle with one hand and the cantle with the other, standing way back behind the stirrup. Velvet turns his head and looks at him in amazement.

"For the Lord's sake, Springtime," says Tip, "tell him to check that horse, or he'll be killed."

"Not I, gadsooks. On with the dance—on with the dance."

"Then I will. Hey, you—ridin'—that horse'll kick your fool head off."

The tenderfoot jumps back and looks at me, grievous. "You didn't tell me this horse'd kick."

"Well, he sure will," says Tip, "if you hold him that-a-way. You wanta check 'im."

"Check him?" says Dolly bewildered like. "I—I—don't understand."

Tip showed him how to hold up a bronc's head, patient as a tickel-agent, and then he growls out:

"You'd better give it up or you'll be killed. Why, them little shoes of yours'll go clean through the stirrup the first rattle out of the box, and you'll be dragged. You'd better drop it."

Dolly looked some red in the face, but

he speaks up, his voice tremblin' with emotion.

"No— Mr. Springtime has kindly agreed to teach me to ride, and if he don't, I'm not goin' to back out."
"Then for any sake," implores Tip, "borrow a pair of boots from someone."

"Boots? What for?"

"So the heel will keep your foot from going through the stirrup, of course."

"Oh! I—I thought you just wore high heels because they—er—looked er—picturesque!"

"My crown and harp! I give up," groaned Tip.

Bobby Martin let him have a pair of boots and spurs, and he hobbled awkwardly out to the pen again, reached his hands out gingerly, and stroked Velvet's neck with the end of his fingers.

"Good horsie," he said. "Nice old horsie!"

Velvet sniffed at him—then bit at his arm—and the boys sniggered.

"Betcher two to one he don't stay on three jumps," whispers George Foster to Tip.

"Aw—go on—you want a sure thing, you—you piker!"

Tip was more'n half mad. "Say, kid, that horse'll just wipe up the ground with you. You're liable to get hurt."

"Oh, let him be," says Martin, "he ain't afraid. I'm just the same way. Ridin' a buckner never bothers me—after the first jump. I'm on the ground then, wonderin' if I'll ever see my saddle 'gain!"

The tenderfoot he gathers up the reins and tries to put his foot in the stirrup.

"Huh-h-h!" snorts old Velvet, and he flings his head around and goes up in the air. He slings the tenderfoot about ten feet, but he holds on to the bridle-reins.

"Let me hold him while you get on," I suggests. "Or I'll let the hammer down if you want to."

Dolly looks at me. His Derby had rolled off, his hair was full of sand, his nice tie was all mussed. "Let the hammer down? Pardon me—I do not comprehend. The hammer? How extraordinary!"

"Let me uncock him, I mean."

"Really, I fear I do not catch your meaning."

"Oh, Dolly, Dolly," I sighs. "Allow me—I beseech you—to bestride your quadruped until I have taught him the error of his ways—and—some-what assuaged—so, mitigated the ferocity—of his disposition. You seem to be a pluck little swine, and I'd hate to see you hurt."

"Oh!" Dolly arched his eyebrows. And without any warning he made a pump like a bobcat, landin' in the saddle, thumbs' our outlaw as he goes sun-fishing through the gate, buckin' like a fiend, and squeakin' like a stock pig.

Then he takes his spurs up one shoulder and down one flank, guin' and coupin'. "Whoopet!" he yells. "A buckner, are ye? Well, I'm somewhat of a buckner myself. The pitcher that goes too often to the well must be broken! Swigler yer neck, you morasin-eyed man-eater! My foot is on my native heath—my name's Maggimus!"

He bangs the spurs in the flank cinch, reaches down and takes the bridle off. They was fence-railin' around in a circle now, back close to the gate, and Velvet weakenin'. Dolly looks me right in the eye.

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Springtime," he says, smilin' sweetly, throwin' old Velvet down the hind legs with the bridle. "for your kind offer to let the hammer down. Giddap, Dobbie! Can you let me have a settin' of brown leg-horn aigs?"

And he produces a forty-some-odd, one of these here old hog-legs like a brovet cannon, from about his person somewhere and goes sashayin' off towards the post-office shootin' at tin cans, contrary to the staid and provided, encouraging Velvet copions with the bridle.

I looked around. The boys was all rollin' in the sand and embracin' each other 'cept Tip. He had climbed up on the fence, and was settin' there most abstracted with his back to the orgies, gazin' out over the absorbin' houndsaps at things un-seen with the eye of faith. I flings my quirt at his head, and then

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IN GREAT BRITAIN—ON THE SEA OR BEYOND THE SEAS.

goes over and kicks Foster, being prevented by anatomical reasons from reaching myself.

"Prithce, kind sir," and I poured sand down his neck, "tell me of your courtesy exactly who in the hot hereafter is your gay deceiver, anyhow, lest I slay you?"

"They all answers in chorus—that is, all the old hands: "It's—Pat—Pat John—John Graham—the Bar Cross liar. He's been to California two or three years, gone to school. And come back for you to learn him to ride?"

Ten dollars that cost me for beer. But I got even with him later. It's a long worm that has no turning.

The Kaffir Telegraph.

Mention was frequently made during the recent native troubles in South Africa of the "Kaffir telegraph," the strange system by which news of any importance is communicated from one extreme of the native territories to the other with almost incredible rapidity, and the working of which, it has been stated, is still a mystery to the white man. This latter statement is scarcely correct. It is true that the whole workings of this secret system are not fully known, but numbers of up-country residents, traders, and the like are well acquainted with many of the ways in which communication passes from tribe to tribe. Any news that is spread in this way is news that it is desirable to keep from the European, and for this reason Kaffirs will never go into full details; but enough has leaked out to give a good inkling of many of the means adopted.

The trading store is the meeting place for the natives, where they come, not only to purchase and sell, but to meet others. Men cross the border into another tribe's country to attend at the general gatherings which take place from morning to night outside these stores, and a good deal of news is carried forward by this means. In most cases the news, if important, is not made public to the whole tribe until it is necessary to do so. A headman has been told by his chief to despatch a certain item of information outward. This man comes to the store, which, for the sake of argument, we will say is in Fingoland. He looks round at the group outside the building, and notes what strangers are present, for a Kaffir can tell at a glance to what tribes any men he meet belongs, though no white man can certainly do this. The bearer of the message picks out two or three Gakabes, and goes to them and enquires their standing in their tribe. If one of those he speaks to is a headman the information is passed to him to carry to his chief, with a request that the chief will pass it on again; if, on the other hand, those he addresses are none of them headmen, he selects the oldest man, and takes him aside and imparts the news to him. "You are the messenger of the chief," says the headman. "A man who carries a chief's message must keep his eyes and ears open and his mouth closed, or ill may happen"; and the native accepts the hint and acts on it. He leaves at once, and starting off on the peculiar jogtrot which Kaffirs always adopt when in a hurry, or on important business, he soon has impressed himself with the vast responsibility, for such it appears to him. The same procedure is done with the other strangers present, and by this means before the night three or four chiefs are acquainted with the news.

This is the usual way in which the news is first spread, and for this reason I have selected Fingoland as a starting point, as it is the first country over the border. When the chiefs receive the message they will no doubt act in different ways to pass it on. One selects a fast runner and gives him the words, and instructs this man to run in a given direction as fast as he can—horses are never used at this work—until he is exhausted. When he can run no longer he enters the nearest kraal, selects the chief man, gives him the words, and this man in his turn picks out his fastest runner, who at once starts off until he also is exhausted, when he acts in a similar way.

It is not an enviable task carrying a chief's message at night, for the native is always suspicious of cattle thieves. Assassins and guns are handy, and the man who dashes past a kraal in the dark may possibly come to a sudden stop with an assegai or a bullet

through him; but, failing this extreme method, he is liable, when near the borders, to be seized by the native police as a suspicious character, and though his detention might be for only a day or so, it is almost as bad as the more summary punishment, for the native holds his chief in such awe that, should he not be able to follow his instructions, it is doubtful if he would dare to return to his tribe. I have been told that even the Kaffir police, who are most loyal, are still so under the spell of the chiefs that, should the runner inform them of the object of his journey, they would not detain him; but I have my doubts as to whether this is so. With relays of runners like this a hundred miles can be covered in twenty-four hours.

Returning to our starting point, Fingoland, the message would be carried a hundred miles in a straight line by the next morning, but as the Kaffir country is further penetrated tribes (2), spread out from the main line to the sea, the Pondoos and Pondo Mesies on the one hand, the Basas and Nesibes on the other, and these would have been all reached by the other messengers, and in this way four or five separate chiefs would have known the news by them.

The system of "calling messages" is largely used by the natives in war-time. The air in South Africa is so dry that sound carries a very long way. Native messengers are stationed at the tops of hills to call messages to each other. It is no exaggeration to say that they can make themselves heard and carry on conversation a quarter of a mile distant; but for obvious reasons they cannot be stationed so close together, so a system of signalling by smoke is carried on at night, but this means is not followed in such a case as I am trying to describe.

In an article I wrote for the "Field" a few years ago I mentioned the case of a white man (named Groom) who had settled down amongst the Pondoos and had adopted their ways, and, except for the trifling difference of colour, was to all intent a Kaffir himself. This man once, in answer to an argument which took place outside the store in Mount Ereke, offered to have a message delivered in Konglia (about 200 miles away) on the day after the one on which we were speaking, and a note was accordingly written to a storekeeper in that village and given to him. On the second morning a Kaffir walked into the store in Konglia and placed the paper in the storekeeper's hands and walked out; but we never found out how this had been accomplished. In this connection I may mention an amusing incident which occurred. A visitor to Kaffirland who had been informed of the way in which messages could be transmitted, and the saving of time such a system effected, was so struck with the idea that he wrote, suggesting to the colonial Government that the up-country mails should be handed over to the chiefs for them to rush through. It is, perhaps, needless to say that his suggestion was not adopted.

Ormond Lodge, in the "Field."

Schoolboy Poet.

Charles Ives, a bright little boy at the Isleworth Spring Grove Council School, and a "chum" of the boy Coker, killed in the motor car accident at Hounslow, wrote the following verses in his desire to give his schoolfellows a lesson on the dangers of playing in the roads.

Mr. A. E. Pope, the headmaster, who read out the verses to the whole school by way of a lesson, said that Ives had written them without any advice or assistance:—

How careless are you boys
In going home from school;
Laughing behind the carts,
Is quite a common rule.

Of dangerous motor cars
You take not any heed,
And dodging through the traffic,
Is a very pettious deed.

Just turn your minds to that poor lad,
Who, on his homeward way,
Got knocked down by a motor,
'Twas but the other day.

He's left a widowed mother,
To face the world alone,
And what must be her feeling,
Now that her boy has gone?

So keep to the place provided,
For your safety and your good—
That to the path, and not the road,
So please do as you should.

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Love's Grave.

Here there is nothing but is haled with you
In some strange, evanescent fashion,
The ashes of an outworn passion,
The bitter sweetness of a love untrue.

Here in this garden with its sun and shade
Faintly shadows darkly tracing,
We have worn pathways with our pacing
Before your love in its quick grave was laid.

So grant the spell upon me that I look
To see you yet some book perusing,
Or, hands in lap, fall in to sweet, mus-
ling
Above the love-writ pages of your book.

Here, where the roses play at hide and seek,
Each bud some grave of you revealing,
Each tree a memory appealing,
I, turning, half expect to hear you speak.

I know that you have left this garden bare,
That in its heart dead love is lying,
The love you said could be undying,
Yet I with it a cheating fancy share.

For all its blooms peep through their leaves for you,
In search of you the birds are winging,
For you the fountain still is singing—
Forgetfulness is not for us who knew.

Not till the twilight shadows softly shed
Upon this garden fair are lying
Can I believe these flowers sighing
Are atwain upon the grave of love now dead.

"La Dame Des Fleurs."

I rest in the earth, mid smoky roots,
Warm as a sleeping moth,
The limestone bear-budded shoots
Like cones of Ashtaroth my deep blue
eyes as mist-behug.

From mine eyes, from mine eyes are the
"ris-sprout";
I sleep in the dark mid life a-thrill
As birds within the boughs,
Red poppies line the gentle hill
Where meadow-grasses "drowse"

My palace in the dark earth-bed
And I am slumber's bride,
The sunflower with drooping head
Tyrannous to the cool pool-side,
O my fair, long locks so gold-blown,
From my locks, from my locks are the
snowflakes grown!

The night swarms at the kiss of day,
Yet I have naught but light,
In the garden-close red roses pray
And tremble 'neath the light,
O my heart, dead heart so flame-love torn,
Of my heart, of my heart are the roses
born!

The Girl Graces.

Where have the women gone?
Of where
Shall I a woman find...
In yere, in prose, in picture fair,
As once they were enshrined?

Girls — only girls — are now the rage —
On poster, ad., and sign —
Girls, by the score, on printed page —
A girl for every line.

Girls, with strange offerings — of soap,
Flour, hair-dye, phosphates, milk,
Typewriter, mattress, mirror, fogs,
Chests, door-screens, spoons of silk.

A girl with cap, a girl with hat,
A girl with braid and curl,
Bella mantle, skirt — no matter what —
As long as it's a girl!

Her smiling teeth, her cheeks sweet,
Her nicker's fluff of nose,
The dash of powder on her cheek,
Her garter-strap in place;

Her naked arm, her shoulder bare,
Her foot in slipper small,
Her waist in corset, girdle — these are
Her poses — but — not all!

Now, could these girls maturer grow,
And get some sort of sense,
It might relieve our minds — for, oh!
The tedium, now, is tense!

And, since we're not all boys — since we,
A few of us, are men —
Would we could read of, meet, or see
A woman once again!

Telepathy.

No word is spoken, neither need there be,
Across the board a message comes to me;
I catch its meaning — there is no mis-
take —
My wife informs me we've run out of
cake!

A Warning.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
"Toll me, Mary, tell me true —
Tou's a darling lad, but dare he,
Mary, Mary, marry you?
Pick's a loving boy, but wary,
And you'll find, though visionary,
— Harry, very wary, too!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Tell me, Mary, tell me true —
Do you think such arbitrary
Treatment of your beaut will do?
Think, now — youth's but temporary,
Lovers' tempers often vary —
Often long for something new!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Tell me, Mary, tell me true —
Do you love a solitary?
Life — who bout the lads who woo?
Cynicism may be necessary,
Stubbornness is not. Be chary,
Or you'll soon be wearing rue!"

*And! the rhyming dictionary
Isn't yet half hunted through!

Immigrants.

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

Each ship duth bring them; see where lost
they stand
In huddled groups, and stare from side to
side
Upon the curious crowds whose looks de-
rive
Their peasant faces, garments strange that
blend

Thou art alone; in their far-off native land
Each had his place, though humble; here
the tide
Sweeps him along an animal dull-eyed,
Patient, submissive. What mysterious
hand

Has thus uprooted from their ancient place
These myriad exiles, cast them on our
shore,
And what the purpose? Shall our country
be?

The cradle of nations whence a race
Shall issue in dim ages to restore
God's usage to mankind, and make men
free?

A Mystery.

Upon her cheek the blushing rose
Blazes red amid the snow.
It seems to thrive in such a soil:
Then why, I want to know,
Cannot the seed of love be made
In her cold heart to grow?

MARGARET ROBE.

"Shouting."

Bill Jones went to the grocer's shop
To buy a pound of tea,
And said to Johnson, standing there,
"Will you buye one with me?"
And Johnson said he didn't mind
(He loved Bill like a brother),
They had two pounds, then Johnson said,
"We'd better have another."

Then Smith came in and Jones proposed
They'd have another pound;
And then they stood till Brown came in
And shouted tea all round.
And there they staid for several hours
As happy as could be,
Till each one of the party had
Some fourteen pounds of tea.

And every one who saw them said
"What fools those fellows be,
To stand around here all day long
A-shouting pounds of tea!"
Had they been shouting whiskey,
schnapps,
And brandy, rum, and beer,
Until they all got speechless drunk,
It would not seem so queer,
But things that they could cast away,
And use some other thing!

What absolute absurdity:
In fact, almost a crime!
True friendship can alone be shown
By willful waste of wealth;
And as men hate to feel too well,
"They drink each other's health!"
— W. T. Goodge ("The Colonel").

The Gun Weeing.

There was a lovely lady gun
Who browsed in a spreading yew.
Its stately height was her delight;
A truly cooling shade it threw!
Upon it little tendrils grew
Which gave her gentle joy to chew.
Yet oft she sighed, a grating wile,
And wished she knew another gun
(Some newer gun beneath the yew
To tell her tiny troubles to).

It Would Not Rise.

"Money has wings and flies away,
I've heard," said the man with the seat;
"But I've put lots of cash in a flying ma-
chine,
Yet it never has flown very far."

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THE NATIONAL SUPPLY STORES,
SWANSON-STREET, AUCKLAND.

His Bicycle Built for Two

By JOHN WINTER

Getting even with a skinflint on a distinctly novel plan.

FROM here to Warren? Twelve miles. Keep to your left all the way. What sort of a road? Look at them hills!" and Hiram Dean's long arm directed his interrogator's attention to the rugged, jagged declivities of the Penequasset valley.

"Switzerland; good view; mountain-climbing; clear air, lots of it," jerked out the nervous little man who was asking the way. "Business in Boston; important engagement; devil to pay, not there in time."

"Livery stable?" he added. Hiram looked the contempt he felt for one so ignorant.

"No, and you can't get wings here either; I guess you've got to hoof it. Your train leaves Warren in two hours, but of course you can't catch it. They's another train goes to-morrow, at the same time; you can catch that if you hurry."

"Try a farmer with good horses; where's a farmer?"

"Oh, they're scattered along the road; but say, don't you try Silas Crumb, for he won't do nothing for you. He's the meanest cuss in the hill section. Forecloses every mortgage he lays his hands on, turns out tenants and won't be stood off one jiffy, darn him! He's well fixed now, and he'd ought to be, if grabbin' hadn't had it.

"Last year the widdler Peasley's son took sick in the Klondyke, and had to be nursed and doctored there for months. Old Peasley hadn't left Jane a cent and, to get the money for Tom, the widow got Silas Crumb a mortgage on her farm. Tom died, and when the mortgage come due, the widdler could raise only five hundred out of the six. (The Lord only know how she done that, but she was a Diver fore she married Sam Peasley, and the Peasles are all grit).

"But gosh, it warn't no use; Silas drove over in his rig, foreclosed on her, and turned her out onto the road, said it was hard times for him and told her she had three years' redemption and not to forget the interest. She hired out; but a woman whose heart's broke ain't much help, and she got only her board and keep.

"She died last February, and Silas has the farm."

"Yes, I see; forecloses on widows; large heart, general favourite; ought to be shot," soliloquised Baker. "Well, must be going; find a farmer; make train; good-by," and he hurried down the road.

"Get horse, or find some other way. Something's got to get me to that train. Twelve miles to the left. Do it some way," he said to himself.

The moonday sun was streaming down in its quiet blaze; even the chipmunks were quiet and nature herself seemed to own up that it was "hot as blazes." This is what Baker told the signboard, as he unbuttoned his vest.

He struck out boldly, however, and half an hour's walking brought him to a big, comfortable-looking farmhouse.

"Red barn and old dog to match," mused Baker as he lifted the knocker. "Haise a horse; get that train."

A heavy step crushed the gravel on the path which led to the barn, and Baker looked up into the face of a gaunt giant of a man, whose hard, crafty, old eyes glared grimly from beneath his shaggy brows; a dog growled from behind him, and was kicked into sullen submission by his master's hoarse-bellied look.

"Jim Silas Crumb," said he suddenly. "What do you want?"

"General favourite," said Baker to himself, and then, as his eyes passed from Silas to another part of the yard, an idea came quickly into the small, round, closely cropped head of Moses Baker.

"How you have bicycle for sale, tan-gum, little out of date, still good. Want two, Mrs. Baker and I."

Silas Crumb unbeat at once, as, looking at the prospective purchaser he saw a chance to dispose of one thing from which he had failed to wrench full value for cost.

He had bought the bicycle several years ago, had never been able to make use of it, and had stored it every winter and exhibited it every summer without having, as yet, succeeded in selling it. Constant overhauls had put him to an expense which had aroused still further hatred of this "white elephant."

It was now at its old place of exhibition, leaning against an apple-tree in the front yard, wearing the sign: "For Sale, Cheap for Cash."

Crumb boiled anew each time he saw it, and realised the generally out-of-date appearance of this derelict, which seemed to mock and defy him. But here was a purchaser!

Silas concealed his joy as well as he could, but human nature will out, and he fairly skipped up the path to the tree under which his enemy was standing. As he "skipped," he fixed his figure at sixty dollars; six years ago this meubus had cost him fifty. This little Mr. Baker had, to Crumb, the look of one whom money might be made almost at will.

Baker's face had assumed a simple, guileless, almost infantile expression; his eyes looked sympathetically into the sharp gray ones of Silas Crumb.

And Silas was deceived. Indeed this simplicity had deceived wiser men than he. Throughout the State in which Baker practised, this look and manner were well known; it was only when making an extra effort that he assumed it.

His brother lawyers knew that look and, when they saw it coming into Baker's face, they kept their eyes and ears open with particular care.

"Heft it," said Crumb, wheeling out the bicycle. "Seems strongly made. It's heavy, of course, but it runs as easy as you please. Why, you and Mrs. Baker kin ride this 'yer bicycle all day, and not know you'd stepped off your vorandy."

"Been used recently? May be rusty inside; better try it if you are willing," said Baker apologetically.

Now Crumb knew what it would mean to push that two-seated ton of old iron on such a day, and he demurred.

"Wait until my boy comes hum; he'll be here in half an hour; come up on the verandah and set in the shade," he started towards the house, but the little man said peevishly, "Want to try it now," and turned up his trousers preparatory to starting.

"Well, if you are bound to do it, come on," and Silas, having oiled the heavy chain, held the relic for his companion to mount to the front seat.

But Baker objected.

"I want Mrs. Baker to sit in front; fond of seeing where she is going. I'll sit behind," and up he climbed.

"I am afraid this is one on you, Silas," reflected Baker, as he settled himself comfortably on the seat. "One on you."

Down the dusty road they went, turning to the left in response to Baker's gentle suggestion that it "looked pretty down there."

For an hour little was said; Silas, bent upon demonstrating the absolute ease with which his machine ran, strained every muscle to maintain the speed and Baker, with his feet long since lifted clear of the pedals, coasted blithely along, praising their rapid progress and fanning himself with his Panama hat.

"Cooler now," he remarked.

On they went, toiling up the hills on foot and recounting at the top; the dust settled thickly up riders and wheel; the sweat poured down the face of Silas Crumb, but sixty dollars was not every day thus easily placed within his

reach, and he bent even harder to his task.

"I'll stick him good for this," he assured himself.

"I told ye it run easy," he said aloud as they rounded a bend and passed out upon a village street. "Twelve miles in an hour and a half ain't bad, is it? We'll get off here and rest a spell."

"Yes," assented Baker, "we'll get off here."

They leaned the wheel against a tree and Crumb mopped his crimson face with his sleeve. A train was just about to pull out of the station close by.

"Hi," shouted Silas, "what are ye—?"

But Baker stepped easily on board; he took a black pipe from his pocket, and produced a tobacco pouch.

"I had to catch this train, you see," he called back pleasantly. "Tried to get a horse, but none to be had, and so I let you bring me down on your agred machine. That's why I asked you to turn to the left, as we rode out of your yard. Sorry to have bothered you, you know, but no other way of getting the train. You didn't understand before, did you? You thought I wanted to buy your old bicycle. No, Silas.

The train was now moving more rapidly, and the last words came faintly but clearly: "Fine country, but hilly for wheeling." He bowed low to Silas, and the train and Moses Baker had passed down the track.

Silas Crumb's journey back to his farm was one he long remembered. It was dark when he trundled his enemy into the yard and let it fall rattling upon the ground.

"And I thought he wanted to BUY it. The darned cuss," he said aloud, and then, turning in sudden wrath toward the bicycle: "And darn you, too!"

How to Become an Oldest Inhabitant.

SIMPLE RULES WHICH GENERAL BOOTH SAYS BROUGHT HIM SAFELY TO HIS SEVENTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

Precepts for the attaining of old age are as many as the men who have attained it. Some drink whisky and some chew all beverages but water. To some tobacco is an abomination, to others it is the staff of life. Mark Twain declared that he had come safely and happily to the seventieth milestone of his life because he had done everything calculated to shorten and carefully avoided everything recommended to add to one's years.

Now comes General Booth, the seventy-eight-year-old head of the Salvation Army, with seven rules for those who would live long:

Eat as little as possible. The average man eats too much. Instead of nourishing his body, he overtaxes it, compelling his stomach to digest more food than it has capacity for.

Drink plenty of water in preference to adulterated concoctions. Water is wholesome nourishment.

Take exercise. It is just as foolish to develop the mind and not the body as it is to develop the body and not the mind. Perform some manual labour; dig, walk, chop wood, or, if you can talk with your whole body, why, then, talk; but do it with all your might.

Have a system, but do not be a slave of the system. If my hour to rise is 8 a.m., and at that time I haven't had sufficient rest, I take longer time.

Do not fill your life with a lot of silly and sordid pleasures, so that when you come to die you will find you have not really lived.

Abstain from indulgences which over-tax the body and injure not only yourself but the generations that come after you.

Have a purpose in life that predominates above all else, that is beneficial to those about you, and not to your own greedy self alone. If there is one thing for which I am glad it is that I have found a purpose which involves not me alone, but all humanity.

A Sufferer for Three Years obtained instant relief.

SYDNEY SMITH, Carpenter, O'Neil Street, Pimlico, Auckland, New Zealand, writes:—

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ROUND ABOUT THE COLONY

Something Like a Yield.

A practical farmer from the Wanganui district was a recent visitor to South Australia. Talking to a farmer in a railway train he ascertained that it cost 22/3 an acre to produce a crop of wheat. A conference of farmers fixed the price at 29/3, but this allowed for leaving the land fallow for a year. In conversation with an official in the Department of Agriculture the New Zealander said that, exclusive of threshing, the cost here was about £2 13/6, and the threshing cost was counterbalanced by the returns from sales of straw. "How on earth do you live?" asked the Australian in wonder, and mentioned that even in Australia, with its lower cost of production, there were no fortunes in growing wheat, 10 bushels to the acre at 3/ a bushel. Then came the turn of the Maoriander. "Just reckon 60 bushels to the acre, and see how that suits." It was a bit of a staggerer.

Surely Not.

One of the merry ways of Christchurch during carnival week this year was to "take down" the visitors in the small shops. A returned Dunedinite writes: "At one fruiterer's they sold me apples from a heap that looked sound in the window, and when I took the bag home we had to throw half of them away; the second shop that I tried cheated me with figs so old and musty as to be absolutely unmarketable, even by the not too-particular small boys of the family; at another establishment the saleswoman charged me a shilling for a book that I could buy in Dunedin for sixpence, and laughed when I asked her if it was the regular price that she was charging; and a confectioner had the impudence to push down the scale with his finger while professing to weigh a shilling's worth of lollies for me. I don't know if the same exploitation of the foreigner is still going on; but visitors to the Exhibition would be acting wisely to patronise the leading shops, which were fair to me, or, if compelled to go into a small place, insist on seeing the contents of the bag before leaving."

Ignorance About New Zealand.

New Zealand surprised Mr. Keeler, a visitor from America, who was interviewed by a representative of the "Post." He was, indeed, greatly surprised at the progress it had made, and it was far ahead of what he had thought and what the average American thought. Most people who thought about it at all looked upon it as the home of the Maori, with Europeans in parts and perhaps more Europeans scattered about working native lands. In the same way, as the result of "wild west" shows of the Buffalo Bill type, many people regarded the western plains of America as peopled solely by cowboys and Indians, whereas it was difficult to get enough Indians for a wild west show, most of them living on territorial reservations set apart for them. He was convinced now, however, that New Zealand was a country of great natural resources, with an intelligently educated people, with a big future before them. The scenery had great beauty, and the climate could not be much better. Personally, the people he had met had made his visit a continual holiday since he came here.

Stanbury v. Webb.

There is a firmly rooted opinion among rowing men here (says "Tribune" in the "Nydley Mail") that Stanbury has a particularly easy task on hand to beat W. Webb at Wanganui, and take the £200 prize-money. Perhaps so, but from the way Stanbury has got to work it would appear as if he at least was not so confident and meant to get really fit for the forthcoming race. Webb is not far short of being a first-class sculler, and he has many advantages in the way of health—that is, athletic health—and youth. Stanbury evidently realises this, and is working as hard as ever he did for a big match. He is rowing many miles each

day, and is doing a good deal of walking and running. He is overweight, but he has time to get into good condition if he perseveres, and it must be remembered that Stanbury is only fast and a stayer when he is in perfect condition. Webb may be a hard man to beat, and the confidence of his party naturally leads one to the conclusion that they expect him to win.

High-priced Wool.

A prominent "wool king" of this district (says the "Timaru Post") made a calculation after the wool sale which went to show that the rise in the price of wool means an addition in the spending power of the South Canterbury district amounting to between £40,000 and £50,000 over and above the amount received by farmers for their wool last season. The same paper says that some of the local wool-growers are jubilant over the prices realised at the last sale. One well-known pastoralist says that for his best class wool this year he received 21d per lb more than exactly the same wool realised at the best sale last year, while for second-class wool he made 11d per lb in excess of last year's values.

Overshot the Mark.

Some of the boardinghouse keepers in Christchurch are said to be lamenting just now over a mistake in judgment on their part. Just previous to the Exhibition (says the "Press") they raised their terms to their regular boarders from 25 to 50 per cent, and some of them, anticipating a large influx of profitable paying guests, even gave boarders who had been with them for years notice to leave. Unfortunately for them, their anticipations proved too sanguine, and in many cases they find themselves not only without Exhibition visitors, but also without their regular boarders. In one case it is said that 12 working men in one house, on finding their terms raised from 18/ to 25/ per week, left in a body, and pitched a tent in a vacant section, and that boardinghouse is now practically empty. So far from visitors finding any want of accommodation in Christchurch at present, they will be received with open arms, and need have no difficulty in securing most moderate terms. Probably at Christmas and early in the new year things will become a little brighter from the "lodginghouse keepers' point of view, but at present they are decidedly doleful.

Sure Evidence.

Says Christchurch "Truth": The finger print expert is about the toughest proposition that Bill Sykes has run up against so far. The other day the police arrested one of the fraternity, who was so sure that he had left no traces that he stepped smilingly into the dock to hear the police break down. But he got a rude shock when Mr. Binnie came along with a copy of his finger print which was found on a chisel he had left behind him. The officer testified that it was a whole cartload of figures to one against any mistake being made, and Mr. Sykes' optimistic smile became a grin of the sickliest type. Taken in conjunction with the fact that he had a revolver, 25 cartridges, an electric flash-lamp, and other tools of his trade in his possession, there was not much room for doubt, and he decided to plead guilty. If this knight of the jenny on regaining his liberty, decides to continue his risky business, he will probably take the precaution to invest in a pair of gloves.

No More Pea-rifles.

It is as well that the public should have their attention drawn to the "Fire Arms Act, 1906," which comes into operation on January 1st, 1907. Under this Act no child under 16 years of age must be found in possession of a gun or pistol or firearm of any sort, whether "going by force of powder or not," or

ammunition of any description. No person must sell or supply any child under 16 years with articles of the kind stated; and in either case breaches of the Act may be visited with fines up to £10, while the arms will be forfeited. Nothing in the measure applies to any child practising under approved supervision at a properly constructed rifle range. Instructions have already been issued to the police to rigidly enforce the new legislation, so parents whose offspring are in the habit of indulging themselves with pea-rifle excursions are advised to teach them to deny themselves such luxuries before the end of the year.

Likes Her.

The "Colonial Girl" has been the subject of a comment by Miss Penecock, who is travelling through New Zealand in the interests of the British Girls' Friendly Society. "I like her independence," she assured a Christchurch "Press" reporter. "Certainly she does dress more than her English sister, but I think that is because she has more money. It is a defect of her character that she has little respect or reverence—no—I don't think that she reverences anybody or anything—but then she lives in a land where everything is new. I like her very much."

The Elevated Maori.

A native was doing the circus act on a horse near the post office, one evening, (says the "Gisborne Herald"). He had a big bag of fish and another with pipes strapped to the saddle. A crowd gathering, one of the police got hold of the bridle with the intention probably of taking the Maori to the station and charging him as drunk and disorderly. The constable had not gone far leading his captive when the native quietly slipped off the horse and made over the Kaiki bridge. On looking round the man of the law was surprised to find that he was leading a riderless horse. He mounted the animal to go in pursuit, but the horse was in conspiracy with his owner, and jibbed. Finally the constable chased the Maori over the bridge, but here the wily native tucked up his trousers and waded into the river, where he threw verbal mud at the constable after this fashion: "You lockee up my horse and fish, Mr. Policeman, but you no catchee me." After waiting some considerable time, and seeing there was no chance of the Maori leaving his watery citadel, the disgusted constable gave the horse and fish in charge of a lad who was watching the fun. The man in the river watched till his pursuer was out of sight, came out and got his horse, and scampered off on the road to Waitui.

New Dogs.

The "Otago Daily Times" says:—The steamer Kaipara brought some novelties in dogs this trip to the order of several New Zealand fanciers. These comprise a pair of black Schipperke terriers, two Pomeranian poodles, and a King Charles spaniel. All of these varieties are in great demand in England and on the Continent as pets for the ladies, the Pomeranians being in very high favour at present. The present importations are said to be fine types of the breed, and bear the hall-mark of the English Kennel Club's Stud Book. The "Poms" are really pretty animals, resembling diminutive Esquimaux dogs. The Schipperkes are smart, alert-looking little animals. They are believed to be of Belgian origin, and have only recently come into much prominence in Great Britain, where they bid fair to become almost as popular as the Pomeranians. Before being delivered to their owners the new importations will have to undergo the usual quarantine period at Lyttelton.

An impeachment of Banquets.

The "Oamaru Mail" says:—The banquetting of Ministers of the Crown is a cruelty to which they ought not to be subjected in a civilised, enlightened, progressive country like New Zealand. If a public man serves the people well he deserves something better at their hands than to be tortured by such dangerous attentions. It is not only a waste of food, but it is injurious to health, to eat and drink for the mere

sake of eating and drinking. A banquet spells numerous courses of varied and rich viands, the consumption of which is accompanied by the imbibition of intoxicating liquors. The alternatives of whisky or beer are so-called "soft drinks," which are not so soft as those who take them indiscriminately. It is clear then, that the moral tendency of such functions—sanctioned as they are by the most prominent and trusted members of the community—is bad. They help to perpetuate that thoughtless folly which assigns to malt and spirituous liquors the most prominent place on public occasions and maintains their deification as social instrumentalities. They are a stumbling block to young men upon whose protection from impure influences depends the future happiness and prosperity of this colony. We could never understand or appreciate that sort of friendship which induced a man to ply his fellow, though he might be a victim of alcohol, with grog at a bar; and we see no difference in forcing food and drink upon a Minister when he wants neither. It is no exaggeration to say that such hospitalities are barbarous—that they destroy the health, and reduce the usefulness of Ministers, as well as shorten their lives. The colony badly needs the institution of an association for the discouragement of such inhumanities. The day will come when banquets to public men will be barred by statute.

Old-time Thames Item.

Bicycles were apparently in their infancy at Thames in March, 1879, judging by the following paragraph which appeared in the "Evening Star" of March of that year: "Bicycling is becoming a favourite pastime among the young men of this town. About half a dozen iron roadsters made a moonlight trip to Kirikiriki last evening and a return to Shortland. By that time they were considerably damaged about the nether garments. Time to Kirikiriki and back: five hours."

Awkward.

It is doubtful (says the Invercargill correspondent of the "Otago Daily Times") if Sir Joseph Ward was ever placed in such an embarrassing situation as that in which he found himself at an Otautau gathering, when a young man in mokeskins tapped him on the shoulder and asked him for "a bob." As Sir Joseph did not appear to heed the request, the man immediately returned to the charge. Then Sir Joseph, dipping his hand in his pocket, gave him a coin. The affair was not the outcome of a practical joke, and the man did not look like an inebriate.

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Author of Trout Fishing and Sport in Maoriland," etc., etc."

No. IV.

SO far, streams that by wading can be fished from bank to bank with a ten foot rod have been dealt with. There still remain the rivers that are too deep generally to wade and too broad to cast across with a light short rod. For these, and lakes to be fished from the bank, it is well to have a two-handed fourteen foot rod in reserve. This, though wanting in the lightness and delicacy so desirable for playing trout with light tackle, particularly if not well hooked, commands a greater breadth of water. For those who can obtain it, the best fourteen foot fly rod for trout fishing I have seen is one made for me by Hardy Bros., Abwick, England. It is of Palakona cane, and weighs twenty-one ounces, with cedar handle. This rod, by having a single-handed rod handle to fit on to the middle piece, can be used also as a single-handed rod of about ten feet eight inches, and is very useful as a medium rod, being stiffer than the ten foot rods first mentioned. If a spare top, about two feet six inches, is added to the fourteen foot rod, it makes a fairly handy minnow rod of about twelve feet. A convenient diameter of rod handle for many people is one inch. If the rod handle is too thick for the hand that grasps it, the hand is soon tired. With the full length rod a reel to hold one hundred yards of dressed silk line should be used. For fly fishing one equal in thickness to Hardy Bros. 18 or 20 level line is suitable for most fishing, according to the size of the fish expected, while for minnow one equal in thickness to Hardy Bros. 20 or 22 level line, according to the size of the fish expected is suitable. For the rod made of the middle and top pieces of the fourteen foot rod a reel intended for a ten foot rod is often convenient. This rod is also adapted for fishing streams for which the ordinary ten foot rod is generally used. Let us compare the relative qualities of the ten foot and the fourteen foot rods. The ten foot rod will cast the line more lightly, although not so far, will strike a rising fish much more quickly, will play a slightly hooked fish more gently, giving to every plunge, and so being much more likely to land it than the two-handed rod three times its weight. Besides, the angler will be much fresher after some fishing than with the two-handed rod, and likely to fish better and to try places that with the heavy two-handed rod he might be inclined to pass by. The longer the day's fishing the more will the weight of the two-handed rod appear to be relatively. There is diversity of opinion about the best joints for rods. They all have their advocates. After trying all sorts of inventions I prefer the old-fashioned suction joints, which, if well made, are less liable to get out of order than any of the others. All that can be said against them is that in putting together a few seconds more might be occupied in lacing them together, but they must have catches to lace them together with waxed thread, otherwise they are liable to turn round or to fall out. Many of the patents partly turn round. It is sometimes attempted to make these plain joints fit so close that they do not require lacing together. In that case, as soon as they get the bright-nose off or get wet they stick altogether and cannot in light rods be got number by ordinary means. When made by Hardy Bros. they are the lightest joints, and are specially suitable for the very light rods of which mention was made earlier.

The proper time to strike rising trout has been much discussed, some advocating the doing so at a slight interval. My own view is that it can hardly be

done too quickly. The trout on seizing the fly shuts its mouth on it. This is the time, while the mouth is shut, that the tightening of the line by a slight movement of the rod is most likely to fix the hook. If any interval is allowed to pass, unless the trout has hooked itself, it will, on finding the fly is fraudulent, blow it out of its mouth instantly. Therefore, on seeing or feeling a rise my practice is to strike gently but instantly. The strike is generally made much too hard, the slightest pull of the line being sufficient to fix the hook. It should be made without altering the direction in which the rod is moving. Among good sized brown trout, particularly in shallow water in summer, many trout take the tail fly without making any visible rise. This must be expected, so that on the slightest touch being felt the fish can be instantly struck. Sometimes I have for two or three months in summer, taken ninety per cent of the trout in this way. A common place for trout to take the fly in this way is just where the top of the rapid is very shallow, perhaps three or four inches deep, where it first leaves the tail of the pool. In such positions, and at that season, I have found either the brown or black spider, according to the state of the water and weather, very taking when used as a tail fly as recommended earlier. Under these conditions and with these flies I have taken a fair catch of good trout in full daylight, when there was not a rise to be seen on the two miles or so of water I had passed over.

(To be continued.)

TURNED AGAINST FOOD.

Indigestion for 4 Years.
E. C. Snowden, Auckland
Stomach all Upset
A Wreck of His Old Self
Back in Good Form Again
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

"For over four years I wasn't one day free from indigestion," said Mr. E. C. Snowden, hairdresser, Trudgeon Bros., Victoria-street, Auckland. "Everything went sour on my stomach, and I was knocked out after every meal with such a pain across my chest that I could hardly breathe. Two first-class doctors did their best to cure me, but they could not do me any good at all. Then I thought to put my stomach right with common pills—but they simply drained away my strength, and made me worse. I was as weak and down-hearted as any man could be when I started Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In less than two months they cured my indigestion, and cured it for good, too. Ever since then I've had an appetite fit for a king."

"I was over in Brisbane when this indigestion came on me," said Mr. Snowden. "It didn't bother me much at first, as long as I did not take anything. I knew my stomach would not turn against. But every week it got harder to find things that would agree with me. I began to feel wretched from morning till night. Whatever I ate lay like lead on my chest. I could not digest anything, no matter how plain it was. I'd sit down to the table, but I often got up without touching a thing. I got to hate the very sight of food. It always gave me a bilious turn, and left me almost too sick to stand. When I was looking after a customer, my head often started to swim, and everything in the shop spun round. I had to grab hold of the chair to save myself from falling. No man ever had a worse liver. My tongue was coated thick, and I could never get rid of the dirty brass taste in my mouth. All that was bad enough, but I could stand anything except that smothering feeling that caught me round the chest after every meal. Sometimes it was worse than others—and when I was bed it kept me in agony for two or three hours at a stretch. The pain

at times was more than I could stand. When nothing did me the least good I began to lose heart. I could never get any from the fact that most big pieces of bad luck was in store for me. It beats me how I got through my work at all. The whole of the day I was so dull and drowsy that I could hardly keep my eyes open. I was tired out before the morning was half over. Sometimes during the afternoon it was all I could do to keep on my legs. At night I went to bed worn out—but I could never sleep. I tossed from side to side, and often it was long past midnight before I closed an eye. I got up in the morning aching all over. I started out the day feeling wretched and in a bad humour. I didn't want anybody to speak to me. People got on my nerves. Some days my hands trembled till I could hardly hold a razor. I was all astray, and spent many an hour in misery with a splitting headache. For no cause at all my heart started to thump for all it was worth. It acted in such a way at times that I never knew the day when it would stop stock still altogether.

"All this time I got weaker," Mr. Snowden added. "I lost flesh, and my weight went down till I was a wreck of my old self. I had just made up my mind that medicines did more harm than good, when I read how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured another man who was nearly as bad as I was. I couldn't see why they wouldn't do the same for me—so I got some there and then. Before I was through the first box I began to have a hankering for my meals. That was something new for me. After that every dose put me on the road to health. I began to relish my food, for I could eat it and not go through agony afterwards. That showed that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were doing me more good than all the doctors could do—so I kept on with them. I picked up weight, and there was no more need for me to worry about my heart. It was sadder than ever it was before, and so were my nerves. I got back my old spirits, and was soon chock-a-block with energy. To-day I am in ripping form. After going through all I did, I was cured for good by seven boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People never fail to cure indigestion, because they go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. Bad blood is the cause of all common diseases like anaemia (bloodlessness), eczema, psoriasis, headaches, neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism, lumbago, backache, kidney complaint, liver trouble, biliousness, indigestion, general weakness, and the special ailments that only women-folk know. Bad blood is the one cause—and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the one cure, because they actually make new blood. They do just that one thing, but they do it well. But, of course, you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—3/ a box, six boxes 16/8, from chemists and storekeepers, or sent, post free, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington.

Stop That Over-eating Habit of Yours.

"The principle cause of poverty is extravagance in food." This is the conviction of a lively and healthy man of 74, and he makes a point of living on 4d a day—that is, for food alone. "For many years," he says, "I have not permitted myself to exceed that expenditure, which, as I have proved, is ample to keep the body of a man in perfect health. Most people eat themselves to death. They eat too much, and they buy food materials which are excessively costly—such, for example, as meat. I never touch meat: it is wholly unnecessary to the human economy. One has only to look at the trim of a human being to see that they are not those of a flesh eating animal. Man is carnivorous by habit, and got through necessity. My favourite articles of diet are fruit, eggs, and bread. For breakfast this morning I ate three slices of bread without butter, and an egg, with a cup of tea. For lunch I had a couple of bananas, half a dozen crackers and a cup of tea. For supper I shall have a couple of peaches, sliced, without sugar, and three slices of bread, with a cup of tea. Of course I vary my menu from day to day, like anybody else. I may take a potato for breakfast, instead of an egg; and for supper stewed prunes instead of peaches. But the quantities consumed are not in excess of those I have mentioned. Poor people spend most of their earnings upon food. That is why they are poor. If they did as I do, they would be able to live comfortably."

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Direction of Edwin Geach.

Sole Managers:

MESSRS WILLOUGHBY AND WARD.

LAST FOUR NIGHTS.

THIS (WEDNESDAY) EVENING.

See the Popular

WILLOUGHBY AND WARD

NEW LONDON COMEDY COMPANY.

Including

MISS GRACE PALOTTA

In

LONDON'S LAUGHING LIMIT.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

From the Pen of Elsie Norwood.

And

DIRECT FROM THE STRAND

THEATRE.

Mr. J. H. Hes, director of the famous Besses o' th' Barn Band, was a passenger to Sydney from San Francisco by the Sierra. The members of the band are expected through in about three weeks' time.

It is stated that on the Christmas play list in connection with the various amusement enterprises of Mr. William Anderson, there will be more than 1000 Australians. It is Mr. Anderson's proud boast that in the whole of his career he has never had a single failure.

Against the advice of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Arnold Daly undertook to produce the famous dramatic plays in New York. Mr. Shaw thought he would be unable to make them pay; Mr. Daly was sure he could make a handsome profit on them. Mr. Shaw was right; Mr. Daly has been made a bankrupt, his failure being due, according to his own version, to the expense of producing "Miss Warren's Profession," and the legal costs in connection with his arrest for producing the play.

By the way, it is not generally known (says Wellington "Free Lance") that Captain Braithwaite is brother to Miss Lillian Braithwaite, the well-known English actress and post-card beauty. He trips Londonwards with Lady Plunket and the Hon. Kathleen of that name early in January. Captain Bingham will have to "buck up" a bit and Mr. Waterfield will have to come off the ice if Government House functions are to be as jolly as during Captain Braithwaite's regime.

"The Vicar of Wakefield," with which all readers of Goldsmith are familiar, and which has been twice dramatised, has now been made the subject of an opera, of which the libretto has been written by Mr. Laurence Housman, and the music by Madame Liza Lehmann, who has given us many delightful songs. The opera has been successfully produced in Manchester, with Miss Violette Londa, daughter of Sir George Clarke, formerly Governor of Victoria, in the principal character of Olivia. In London this part will be filled by Miss Isabel Jay.

Concerning Mr. Chester Fentress, the tenor who comes with Miss Narelle, the opposition Christchurch paper, the "Press," remarks:—"It is very rare indeed to hear a tenor with so much power associated with great sweetness and melodiousness as Mr. Fentress. His voice is singularly pure in quality, and he has considerable range, singing also with much taste and artistic ability. His opening solo, 'Love's Coronation,' was exceptionally well given. Mr. Fen-

tress also gave Godard's charming song, 'Berceuse de Jocelyn' very finely indeed."

Miss Cordelia Grossmith, daughter of Mr. George Grossmith, was married just before the "Frisco" mail left at St. Marylebone Parish Church to Mr. George Frederick Turner, son of Mr. H. J. Turner, of Phillimore-gardens. The veteran entertainer gave his daughter away, and the ceremony was performed by Canon Barker. The bride was attired in a gown of soft white crepe de chine and old lace, and her train was carried by two smart pages dressed in white cloth suits with pale green shoes and stockings, while four bridesmaids, wearing white chiffon and lace dresses and large white and green velvet hats, added to the prettiness of the group.

A notable innovation will be made in this year's Drury Lane pantomime, the hero of which will be impersonated by a member of the sterner sex. Mr. Walter Passmore is the actor selected to follow in the dainty footsteps of so many comely principal boys, and his performance of Sinbad will be awaited with interest. Hindbad will be played by Miss Queenie Leighton, and to Mr. Harry Randall will fall the part of a wife, with which Sinbad, in Mr. Hickory Wood's version, has been blessed. Other principal characters are to be sustained by Mr. Fred Emney and Mr. Harry Fragon, the latter of whom is careful to save from shipwreck a grand piano, with which he will beguile the tedium of a sojourn on a whale's back.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier, in gratifying the demand for a speech at the Conclusion of "The Walls of Jericho" at the King's Theatre, Glasgow, recently, embellished his remarks with a characteristic story of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. "Shortly before the production of this play in London," said Mr. Bouchier, "I met that brilliant wit, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and he said, 'Of course your new play will be a success with such a title as that.' 'How so?' I replied. 'Because, my dear Bouchier,' retorted Mr. Gilbert, 'your play will get angry so long as the world lasts, and when that happens nicely brought-up people always try to be as mild as possible in the choice of their epithets. Now what is more customary than for one explosive gentleman to say to another, 'Oh, go to Jericho.'"

A gracious reply from the King has been received by Miss Emily Soldene, who wrote to Lord Knollys asking whether it would be possible for his Majesty to accord his patronage to her farewell matinee at the Palace Theatre. The Royal reply was as follows:—"Dear Miss Soldene,—I have submitted your letter to the King, and he desires me to say how sorry he is to be unable to return a favourable reply to your request. His Majesty has, however, been obliged to decline numerous other applications of a similar nature, and it would be difficult for him, as I am sure you will see, to make an exception in any particular case.—Believe me, yours very truly, Knollys."

Mr. Grant Allen's son, Mr. Gerard Grant Allen, has become a theatrical manager, and made his first venture at the London Criterion in the new comedy, "The Amateur Socialist."

London is by no means the happy hunting ground of theatricals, even those who have made their names. A recent number of the "Era" contains over fifty names of people who have London reputations of various sizes, and who proclaim themselves at liberty for engagements. They include such big guns as Lionel Brough, Cissie Loftus, Florence St. John, and Australia's old friends, Tiberidge, Harry Baillon, and Ada Kerr. Touring stars, who got £9 and £10 a week a couple of years ago are now

content with £6 a week, or less, for an engagement of fourteen weeks, which probably constitutes their whole round of work for six or eight months. As for the melodrama "hero," he rushes £3 a week, and will accept £3 10s. Musical comedy and the improvement of the 'alls are largely responsible for this state of things. This should prove a warning to any colonial stage aspirant.

Items from London.—"La Milo" and Cruickshank, the caricaturist, concluded their season at the Pavilion, after a record run of 250 performances. Arrangements have been made for their return to the Pavilion after a provincial tour.—No fewer than three of the leading variety turns in England just now have been evolved by former "stars" of the Masgrove Comic Opera Company, which played "A Chinese Honeymoon" and other works. Mr. Lempiere Pringle and Mr. J. C. Piddock are responsible for one turn, Mr. Edward Lauri and Miss May Beatty for another, and Mr. Henry Ballam and Miss Josephine Stanton for the third.—Mr. Warner Gregory, who was for a considerable time business manager for Mr. Bland Holt in Australia, has returned to the stage, and is playing Archibald Carlyle in the suburban tour of "East Lynne."

From all quarters come enthusiastic praises of Marie Narelle, the great Irish soprano, who will shortly repeat in Auckland the triumphs she scored in the South, as well as in Australia and the Old World. Concerning her singing, the usually chill "Lyttelton Times" critic observes:—"Miss Narelle is reminiscent of both Miss Crossley and Madame Dolores. This is mainly due to her delightful personality, for she not only sings her songs but she enters wholeheartedly into the spirit of them. She is, in fact, a dramatic singer who seeks not only to sing a song, but also to interpret it, and in doing so she is not slow to use gesture, facial expression, and spiritual impressment. These characteristics, wedded to a charming voice, make her one of the most attractive vocalists ever heard in Christchurch. Her versatility is never ending. After singing Boileau's dramatic story of Yashti, she was warmly encored, and replied with a delightfully delicate version of "Rory O'More" and as a third encore she sang "Bonny Mary of Argyll." It would be difficult to select three compositions more varied, and it speaks at once for the clever singer's ability that it was hard to determine which song was the best."

The French Society of Authors crow victory because the Theatre Trust has broken down writes our Paris correspondent. Is it really a triumph for the Society? That is the question. It will be remembered that this so-called Trust had been founded by Messrs Deval and Richemond, the managers of the Athenee and the Folies-Dramatiques. Backed by powerful financial assistance, they had secured the leases of the Palais Royal, the Varietes, and the Bouffes-Parisiens. The Society of authors thereupon promptly boycotted the said Trust, and refused to allow any of the Society's members to supply pieces to the houses owned by the Trust. Messrs Tristan Bernard, Henry Kerval, and Barre, three well-known authors, did so in spite of the boycott, and were heavily fined, and expelled from the Society. This high-handed proceeding, worthy of the middle ages, created much sensation in theatrical circles; but the three victims of this oppressive measure pluckily declined to make amends. Although virtually prevented from earning their livelihood as authors, they stood by their guns, and vowed that it was for the Society to make the first move towards a reconciliation. The fact is that, notwithstanding all its bombastic talk, the Society was only too eager not to prolong a struggle with determined men like Deval, Richemond, and the before-mentioned playwrights. So they promptly seized an opportunity of coming to a friendly arrangement. By this arrangement the Society takes over from the Trust the leases of the Palais-Royal, the Bouffes, and the Varietes, and removes the boycott on Messrs Richemond and Deval. As to the three authors who were excluded, they are to be reinstated with flying colours. It is the end of the great storm in a teapot.

"The Talk of the Town," with which Messrs. Willoughby and Ward are concluding their Auckland season, is brightly developed, and the several characters in it are well suited to the work they have to do. Mr. Hugh Ward gets in breezy business as an irascible and unfortunate old man, and his hypnotic scene is full of comical situations. Miss Grace Palotta has a delightful song and dance in the first act, in which she is ably assisted by Mr. Ward, and she wears lovely dresses. Mr. George Willoughby has a congenial part as a boxing champion and teacher, and one that just suits his hearty style. The piece is preceded by a one-act play, "The Vagabond," in which Mr. Ward, Mr. Cornell, and Miss Palotta take part.

This "Wonderland City" represented an expenditure of £20,400. For the past 17 weeks the wages sheet had totalled the sum of £500 per week, and when the resort was in full swing there would be 160 persons fully employed. The grounds covered, approximately, 20 acres, and included a magnificent sea frontage. These facts, mentioned by the State Premier at the official opening of "Wonderland City" at Bondi, last week, afford some idea of the extensive nature of Mr. William Anderson's latest enterprise. It was a beautiful night for open air entertainment, and it is estimated that fully 20,000 went out to the beautiful resort which has sprung up as if by magic about the picturesque Bondi cliffs. The arrangements for admittance were, to put it mildly, not good. As a matter of fact, the place was not quite ready for opening, but Mr. Anderson's various theatrical enterprises required his attention elsewhere, and he naturally wished to be present at the launching of his biggest undertaking before leaving Sydney. Thousands of people, in their efforts to gain an entrance, jostled each other good-naturedly enough, but unpleasantly. Of course, this is a matter which will be immediately rectified. The means of transit, too, were faulty; the number of trams was inadequate, and they were dangerously overcrowded. That is another mistake which the Commissioners (who, like the "Wonderland" manager, are generally underestimated in the future) will doubtless avoid in future. (One inside the grounds, however, there was no thought of discomfort. The immense area was lighted with arrays of electric bulbs, and the wondering spectators, as they walked down long flights of steps, and along well-forged paths, with lovely palms and ferns, and gushing fountains at every turn, until at last they reached the actual "city," with its bands and orchestras, its concert-halls, merry-go-rounds, switchbacks, tea-houses, electric fishponds, waxworks, "helter-skelter" maze, shooting saloon, box-ball alley, roller-skating rink, palace of illusions, menagerie, and numberless other attractions, realised that Mr. Anderson had supplied a want that had long existed. "Wonderland City," of course, cannot rival the famous Coney Island of New York; it is to be fervently hoped that in many respects it never will—but it is undoubtedly the finest resort of the kind in Australia today, and the hope may be expressed that Mr. Anderson's enterprise may be fittingly rewarded.

THE ROYAL BESSES OF THE BARN BAND.

ITS HISTORY AND ORIGIN.

(See Illustrations, Page 5.)
This famous band, which comes from Whitefield, near Manchester, England, and which tours the chief cities of New Zealand early next year, begins playing at Christchurch Exhibition, takes its name from a quaint old Lancashire village called the Besses o' th' Barn, which at the commencement of the band's history was simply a small hamlet of a few tenements, in which time had now wrought many changes. The origin of its peculiar name is explained in various ways; only a few of which, however, are accepted with any credibility. The earliest mention of Besses o' th' Barn takes us to within nine years of the haiging of Dick Turpin at York, when in a newspaper dated January 1747, an advertisement appeared concerning a meeting of creditors at "Bessy's o' th' Barn." This hostelry was of barn-like appearance and was kept by a good-looking Lancashire lass called "Bess" or "Bessie," and as the inn became a noted house of call the remark

would often be "let us go and see Bessie at the Barn."

Another legend (presumably) was to this effect:—A noted highwayman (generally supposed to be Dick Turpin) was in the habit of stabling his steed in the old barn which stood at the square in front of the Bosses of the Barn Inn. The name of this gallant steed was said to have been Black Boss or Boss of the Barn, and it was from the exploits of this horse and its rider that the village obtained its name.

It is unfortunate that no record exists of the actual date of the commencement of the Band, but we are given to understand that when first originated, over 100 years ago, it was a string band, which was afterwards turned into a wood band somewhere about the year 1818, during the reign of George III., and soon after the famous Battle of Waterloo.

As far back as 1821 Besses were awarded their first prize in musical competition, for on the 19th of July they were, along with numerous other bands, engaged to play in the procession celebrating the Coronation of George IV., a prize was offered for the band that should play a piece of its own selection. The prize was awarded to Besses, who for their test piece played "God Save the King." This stands as the first introduction to a long list of remarkable successes. In June, 1837, on the occasion of the Coronation of the late Queen Victoria, the band also competed, playing on this occasion "Dill! Smiling Morn," and were awarded the first prize.

In 1853 all the reed instruments were dispensed with, and no time was lost in procuring the necessary means required to replace them with brass; the band was augmented to the strength of eighteen performers, and secured the services of a professional conductor.

For some years, amidst many ups and downs, the band toiled on, ever actuated by a desire to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors, and in the year 1868, at a contest held at Tadmorden, Besses won a fifth prize. In 1869 and 1870 the band also won the fourth and fifth prizes respectively at the Vue contest.

Changes were made and various conductors took the band in hand and the combination kept up a steady progress until 1882. Some time after this a deputation was formed to wait upon, for the second time, Mr. Alexander Owen, with the object of inducing him to take up the teaching of the band, and the ultimate outcome was that on February 24th, 1884, this well-known gentleman gave Besses of the Barn their first lesson, Mr. Owen, whose name and fame extend throughout the universe, may truly be described as one of the pioneers of music in the brass band sphere.

During 1892 Besses held the proud position of holding every challenge cup in Great Britain—a feat truly magnificent.

The year 1903 brought to the band the crowning victory of its contesting career—a victory, the value of which is almost inestimable. At the great National Championship Contest, held annually at the Crystal Palace, London, Besses were successful in winning the Thousand Guinea Trophy, which carries with it for one year the Brass Band Championship of Great Britain and the Colonies, a position coveted by every band under the sun. This great and glorious victory, achieved in competition against over one hundred of the best bands of this country, adds to the brilliant career of Besses of the Barn, the greatest honour that falls to the lot of our brass bands.

During the past year, Besses, as all the world knows, has toured nearly the whole of the British Isles; has been commended to appear before their Majesties the King and Queen, and also carried out a triumphal tour through France in aid of French charities, when they had the honour of performing before President Loubet. The King was delighted with the performance of the band, and the French President expressed his praise in equally flattering terms, and the band has a pressing invitation to return to France as soon as their engagements permit.

Mrs. Ultra-De Swell: "Coach dogs are out of style. I want an automobile dog."

Dealer: "Well, madam, here is just the one you want."

"Now, you are sure he is an automobile dog?"

"I should say so. Why, he will follow the scent of gasoline for miles."

Spearmint in Private Life.

(By Edward Moorhouse, in "Pall Mall.")

It is not often that Derby winners go a-begging. The instances in which they have been bought privately, as in the case of Surplice, or at public auction, are extremely few. Nine times out of ten the hero of the great Epsom race has been bred by the owner whose silk jacket he carries to victory. Hermit was one of the exceptions. He was bought as a yearling by Mr. Henry Chapin for a thousand guineas; and, curiously enough, Marksman, who ran him to a neck, was purchased at the same sale and for the same sum; indeed, they followed one another in the sale ring in the order in which they were placed at Epsom. A more recent case was that of Saintfoin. He was sold twice over. Bred at the Royal Stud at Hampton Court—long since disbanded—he was, as a yearling, bought jointly by Sir Robert Jardine and Mr. John Porter for 550 guineas. As a three-year-old, the late Sir James Miller acquired him for £6000 and half the value of the Derby if he won it. Win it he did, only a month or so later. Volodyovski, who carried the colours of the American owner, Mr. W. C. Whitney, to victory in 1901, was, and is, the property of Lady Meux, who, however, had leased him, first of all to Lord William Beresford, and then, after the latter's untimely death at the close of 1900, to Mr. Whitney. But these are merely the exceptions to the rule that Derby winners are seldom to be bought.

This year we have had another most striking illustration of what can be accomplished when luck and judgment are working in conjunction. In the East Riding of Yorkshire there is a little village called Sledmere, that has for generations been familiar by name to all who concern themselves with racing. It is the home of the Sykeses, the most notable of whom have been the Sir Tatton that is, and the Sir Tatton that was. A remarkable character, the Sir Tatton that was, born in 1772, he lived until 1862. He was a great believer in good beer and healthy exercise. Several splendid walking beats stand to his credit. As an amateur horseman he had few equals, and he rode in races when over sixty years of age. He saw the Doncaster St. Leger competed for on seventy-six occasions. At the time of his death his stud contained over two hundred thoroughbred horses and mares. He had bred many notable animals, including St. Giles, the winner of the Derby in 1832. He regularly attended the important sales of blood stock, and was never frightened by the price when he wanted a horse. At Doncaster, in 1861, he determined to buy Foulange; and after bidding 3000 guineas, followed with another hundred. The auctioneer intimated that the previous bid was his. Sir Tatton imperturbably pulled out his watch, and said, "Knock him down, Mr. Tattersall. We want to go to the races."

The present Sir Tatton has kept up the family reputation by breeding thoroughbreds of the highest class at Sledmere. Each September he sends his yearlings to Doncaster to be sold, and as a rule they command very high prices. There were nine yearlings from Sir Tatton Syke's stud sold at Doncaster in 1904. The aggregate yield was 10,710 guineas, so that the average was 1190 guineas. There were only three lots which failed to excite the covetousness of breeders. One was a son of Loyal Hampton, another was a colt by Isinglass, and the third a colt by Carbine, an Australian horse brought to this country by the Duke of Portland. Try as he would, the auctioneer could not get a higher bid than one of 500 guineas for the Carbine colt. The bidder was Major Eastace Loder, and the youngster was Spearmint, who this year won the Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris. The two races were worth £16,000!

Major Loder is a comparatively young man, and has not been an owner of racehorses very long. But during the brief period in which he has wooed Fortune on the Turf, the fickle dame has treated him as one of her favourites. His success has been so phenomenal that the Major has come to be known far and wide as "Lucky Loder." Luck has no doubt played a big part in fashioning his career. There are people who will tell you that there is no such thing as luck. They are wrong; at any rate, every man who has anything to do with racing will tell you they are wrong. But it was not luck pure and simple that placed

Spearmint in Major Loder's possession. In the latter days of August 1904 he was staying at Harrogate, and one morning motored over to Sledmere to inspect the yearlings that were shortly to be sent to Doncaster for sale. Accompanying him was Mr. Noble Johnson, who so ably superintends the Major's racing and breeding establishment at Eyrefield Lodge, The Curragh, and to whose friendly guidance and advice so much of his success has undoubtedly been due. They took a fancy to the colt by Carbine—Maid of the Mint. When in due course he went to Doncaster, the Major asked his trainer, Mr. P. P. Gilpin, to have a look at the colt. The latter did so, and he, too, was pleased with the youngster's appearance. They were not alone in forming a high opinion of the colt's merits; at least one other man was impressed with that particular "lot." But this third party had not the power which a long purse gives, and when the bidding was in progress he had to retire from the fray after making an offer of 200 guineas. Luck again! Major Loder was, no doubt, agreeably surprised when he found himself the owner of Spearmint at an outlay of 300 guineas only, an amount which scores of men are prepared to give for a horse capable of winning a paltry selling race. That was where good fortune came to his aid; but it was sound judgment that enabled him to single out a horse which other men, commanding unlimited capital, and prepared to invest thousands of pounds in fashionably-bred stock, would not look at a second time. Buyers of yearlings, indeed of horses generally, are well aware that they are dabbling in a huge lottery. Now and again a "gem of purest ray" is to be picked up, and it is in the hope of securing one that people give the enormous sums that are chronicled every year. But the blanks are sadly more numerous than the prizes. Indeed, if we confine our attention solely to yearlings that are sold for 1000 guineas or more, we find that the balance of outlay and return is invariably on the wrong side. And the "outlay" is merely the initial cost—that is to say, it does not include training expenses, nor the much more serious item of entrance fees and subscriptions, which amount to hundreds of pounds in the case of horses engaged in the more important races. In 1895 there were twenty-two fashionably-bred yearlings sold for £48,510. During their active careers on the Turf they won stakes of the total value of £27,98, leaving a deficiency of £20,522.

In the face of figures like these it may appear surprising that men are willing to pursue the game. But the temptation is a great one. They have constantly before their eyes cases like that of Sceptre, who, bought as a yearling for the unprecedented sum of ten thousand guineas, won all the classic races except the Derby, and was sold as a four-year-old to her present owner, Mr. William Bass, for the net sum of £25,000. The value of the stakes she won amounted to more than £38,000. When M. Edmond Blanc gave 37,500 guineas for Flying Fox (who had then finished his racing career), cautious people stood aghast. But it has since proved one of the very greatest bargains ever made. This horse's progeny have won stakes to the value of over £110,000, and four of his sons have been sold for sums amounting to £94,000. It is not generally known, by the way, that Mr. Gilpin, acting on behalf of Mr. W. C. Whitney, was the last bidder for Flying Fox against M. Blanc.

Let us, however, return to Spearmint, who is really our text. Why was he secured for so comparatively small a sum as 300 guineas? Because his dam was not too fashionably bred, had failed to distinguish herself on the racecourse, and had not produced a great winner; and because his sire, Carbine, though a horse who had gained renown by his racing deeds in Australia, and had achieved some notable successes in the stud, both at the Antipodes and in

England, was not yet able to claim the honours of a son or daughter of his had won a "classic" race—that is to say, the "Two" or "One" Thousand Guinea, the Derby, the Oaks, or the St. Leger. Those races, together with the Ascot Gold Cup, are the events that hall-mark an animal and add immeasurably to its value, and to the value of its descendants, until the time comes when their merits can be subjected to a practical test, which is the only one of vital consequence.

Generally speaking, a classic horse or mare is begotten by a classic horse. Chance-bred ones usually fail when submitted to a supreme trial. This is where the value of racing comes in. There are people who profess to be anxious to plough up our race horses. If they had their way, the English thoroughbred would dwindle into nothingness in the space of a generation. This race of equine aristocrats of which we have just reason to be proud, and which is the envy of all other nations who love the horse, has been built up by a careful process of selection extending back to the time of the Chaldeans; and it is as certain as anything can be that the slightest relaxation of effort to maintain the standard we have reached would prove almost instantly disastrous. It is remarkable that the degree of perfection which has been reached is almost entirely the outcome of private enterprise. In the days of the Stuarts our monarchs aided the movement, then in its infancy, by importing pure-bred Arabians and bays; and until the latter part of the reign of Queen Victoria there was a Royal stud farm at Hampton Court; but it is chiefly owing to the interest taken in the thoroughbred by the noblemen and landed gentry of England that this country acquired, and still holds, its position as the horse-breeding centre of the world.

But if Spearmint could not be regarded as a fashionably-bred horse, a very cursory examination of his pedigree reveals the fact that he has coursing through his veins some of the most desirable blood. In all probability his super-excellence is attributable to the prominence of the mare Pocahontas in his lineage. Your scientific breeder always pays as much attention, at least, to the qualifications of the dam as he does to those of the sire. During the past hundred years there have been several mares who have exercised a remarkable influence by their day and generation and in succeeding generations. Pocahontas, foaled in 1837, was one of them. She was the dam of Stockwell (perhaps the greatest sire of all time), of Ratanaplan, and of King Tom. Two or three of her daughters are also noteworthy, especially Ayaanora. Pocahontas's name is to be found in most pedigrees—the oftener the better. It appears three in that of Spearmint, once on Carbine's side and twice on that of Maid of the Mint. Then, again, Spearmint's grandires are Musket and Minting, both renowned for their sterling qualities, particularly those of courage and stamina. Carbine inherited the same traits from Musket. It is not surprising, therefore, that given other endowments in liberal proportion, Spearmint should have proved himself a really good horse. Whether he is destined to rank as a great horse has yet to be shown. He will have to do more than he has yet done before he is entitled to be placed on the topmost pinnacle.

"After we brought Spearmint home from Doncaster at the close of the Sales," Mr. Gilpin told me during a conversation we had, "he was ill, very ill, for five months. He developed a cough, which we did not manage to stop until the first week of the February following. The great marvel is, not that he should be worth thousands, but so much as half a sovereign. We always treated him very quietly and carefully. From the first I was particularly fond of him and had a great opinion of him. He is a beautiful-tempered and happy horse."

Discussing Spearmint's performances as a two-year-old—he won the first time out and was beaten in two other races

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—Mr Gilpin referred contemptuously to the rubbish that had been written concerning the difficulty Spearminit experienced in winning his first race by a head. "I pay no heed whatever to the form shown by a horse the first time he runs. Now and again you get a particularly sagacious youngster, who understands intuitively what is expected of him or her; but generally speaking they require experience before they are able to show what they can do."

Our talk drifted to the Derby, for which Spearminit became an eleventh hour favourite, after the breakdown of his stable companion, Flair, a filly belonging to Sir Daniel Cooper, another patron of the stable. Flair had won the One Thousand Guinea so easily that the Derby appeared to be at her mercy. "I thought she would win it," said the trainer, "and that Spearminit would carry off the Grand Prize. That was our programme, but the mishap to Flair necessitated a change of plans. Spearminit's preparation was hurried on a little, and, as everyone knows, he did what we asked him to do at Epsom."

Here, it will be observed, Major Loder's good luck asserted itself again. He may or may not in the years that are to come have another animal capable of winning the Derby; but the misfortune that overtook Sir Daniel Cooper's mare presented him with the chance of reaching the goal of every sportsman's ambition, and the necessary means were at hand! And the Grand Prix was captured too. Every one knows all about that—knows that Spearminit accomplished the feat that his maternal grandsire performed exactly twenty years ago, and which no other English horse had achieved in the meantime.

Spearminit's journey to Paris was conducted on regal lines. Six days after he had won the Derby, that is to say, on the Tuesday preceding the Grand Prix Sunday, he had his customary exercise on Newmarket Heath, and was then dispatched, together with a stable companion named Waterchute, by special train to Folkestone. There he remained overnight, and the next morning crossed the Channel to Boulogne. By the regular service? Oh dear, no! a special boat was chartered. After a rest, he and Waterchute were placed in a box which was attached to the fast afternoon passenger train for Paris.

And what did the bill amount to? it may be asked. A cheque for something like £400 settled it. Spearminit and Waterchute were not answerable for the whole of that sum, for they were accompanied by Mr Gilpin's trusty head man, Sharpe; by the boy who "does" Spearminit at Clarehaven Lodge; by a blacksmith sent from Newmarket to fix the colt's racing plates; and by an interpreter from Chantilly, who joined the party at Boulogne, in order that there might be no misunderstanding with the French railway authorities. There was no detective. Mr Gilpin does not believe in the need, and has never employed one of them.

The Highly Significant Sneeze.

Different nations have placed various interpretations upon the act of sneezing, and some have considered it an evil omen, while others have accepted it as favourable.

"Shall not love to me,
As in a Latin song I learned at school,
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right
and left?"

These lines of Tennyson's emphasise the importance of the ancient and universal act of sneezing. As sneezers the Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, Hindus, and Persians have had not a little to say about the habit in their classics, attributing to it a variety of causes and effects. By the Arabs the creation of the universe is declared to have come about through a sneeze on the part of Allah. Both the Africans and North American Indians have regarded the sneeze as a potent omen.

However, to begin with ourselves, whether or not there may be found some old-fashioned people in the United States who still sneeze "A full God-bless-you right and left," it is a fact that many of us possess relations near or distant in Europe who give vent to the pious exclamation after sneezing. This custom extends practically all over Europe, from Sweden to Spain, and for

its origin one must go back to early Christian if not pagan times.

It would seem that in the days of Saint Gregory Italy was swept by an epidemic, possibly grippé, the crisis of which was reached by a violent fit of sneezing. This was called the "death sneeze," and Saint Gregory enjoined that if the sufferer survived it he should express his gratitude in the form of the benediction, "God bless you!"

But long before this period the Romans had come to regard sneezing during a pestilence as such a dire symptom that it was customary to offer a short prayer to one of the gods. Thus while the sneezer exclaimed, "Jupiter, help me!" those at hand responded "Alsit omen!" From this source, therefore, and the custom spread over Europe; so that we find the importance of a sneeze further illustrated by the saying, "Not to be sneezed at," meaning something to be regarded seriously. In Greece, however, when a person sneezes, those in his company bow reverentially in recognition of the epidemic of sneezing which tradition has it once depopulated Athens.

Turning in another direction, it would appear that the Persians and Hindus still regard the sneeze as the special manifestation of an evil spirit. In the Sudda, one of the sacred books of the Persians, all people are enjoined to offer prayers when a person sneezes, because Satan, in his flight that way, is hovering overhead and has half made up his mind to descend.

In fact, it is supposed to be the draught made by his sinister wings which causes a person to sneeze.

But with the Hindus, on the other hand, a sneeze is regarded rather as a matter for congratulation. With them it is a sign that an evil spirit is trying to escape from your throat. Hence, when a Hindu sneezes he exclaims, in high satisfaction, "Live!" to which his companions respond, "With you." At the same time the thumb and middle finger are snapped vigorously to scare the evil spirit from the room, so as to prevent his jumping down some one else's throat.

In China, where every act is governed by a minute and strict code of etiquette, a rule for polite sneezing is in force. If by sundry twitchings of his friend's nostrils you observe that he is about to sneeze you clasp your hands and bow until the fit is over. Then you reverently express the hope that the bones of his illustrious ancestors have not been rattled by the demon of the earth.

With the Japanese it is not considered good form to recognise a sneeze, unless the sneezer should be a fox. Then it is advisable to make propitiatory offerings at the nearest shrine of the fox god.

But in this connection the most remarkable point is the universal evil significance attached to a sneezing fit. In northern Africa when a potentate sneezed horns were blown and drums beaten to apprise those in the vicinity; so that faithful subjects might make vows and offerings for the safety of the chief. Again, when the Spaniards landed in America they were surprised to find their own superstitious reflected by the Indians when anyone sneezed. Thus, on one occasion the Chief of Florida implored those about him to raise their hands and petition the sun to avert the evil consequences.

But as an exception there is at least one race or tribe of people who regard sneezing in another light. With the Eskimo it would seem to be their chief expression of hilarity, and "Have a sneeze with me" to be the equivalent to whatever form of passing hospitality other people may offer. In order to produce a fine bone-shaking sneeze, the Eskimo mix powdered quartz with ground tobacco, and the result is a nasal explosion that would wreck any other than an Eskimo head. It is said to be their one form of dissipation, and they will travel two years along an ice-raft coast to procure the tobacco for its indulgence.

To the majority of us, however, who are unlike the Eskimo in this respect, it may be opportune to know that the only way to prevent a sneeze is to press a finger tightly upon the upper lip.—Michael White, in the "Sunday Magazine."

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An Easy Victory.

There was a certain melancholy about him as he came near her.

"Darling," he said, "I have seen your father."

"He likes you," she murmured, trying by her note of encouragement to forestall his announcement. "Otherwise he would not have let you come so much. I know that. Papa is peculiar in his ideas. He has always been strict with me. He has kept me at home and guarded me. But he has been good to me," she added, almost as if she felt it necessary to defend him.

Her lover looked at her gravely. "From his standpoint," he said, "he is not unreasonable. He wishes us to be parted for a year. Then, if we are still of the same mind, he gives his consent."

"A year!"
"Yes. His idea is this: that we are both young, both inexperienced, and he feels that we should be sure that we are right. So he wishes me not to see, hear, speak or write to you for a year."

She looked away for a long time. "I suppose it must be so," she said, "if Papa wishes it."

"You consent? You will wait?"
"I shall have to. And you?"

"Never!" he replied passionately. "I must have you—now! You must choose between us."

She looked at him sadly. "Dear," she replied, "it is impossible. I cannot disobey Papa."

"But it is absurd. We know each other."
"Nevertheless, I—"
He took her hand.

"Never mind, darling," he said, "don't let's settle it now. Wait. To-morrow I will come again. Meantime reflect."
And thus they parted, with kisses and tears.

The next evening he came again. A new light was in his eyes. During the twenty-four hours that had passed he had been very busy.

He took her hand gravely in his. "You still feel the same?" he said.
"Yes, dear, I'm afraid it must be so. A year will soon pass."

"I suppose I must give in."
"Then you agree?"
"Yes," he said. "I wish, of course, to obey your dear father—to the letter. To do this, darling, we must separate ourselves from each other entirely. Had you thought of that?"

"I suppose so." She looked at him vaguely. "That would, no doubt, be best," she said.
There was a subdued and almost gentle note of partly concealed exultation in his voice.

"I shall have to travel," he replied. "It is the only honourable way."
"Travel? Where?"

"Everywhere." He drew from his pocket a bunch of time tables.
"There is no help for it," he said. "It will be hard to leave you, darling, but still, as you say, a year will soon pass in this way. I shall see my own country first!" he went on proudly. "The noble Hudson, the Great Lakes, the Yosemite, California, the Grand Canyon, then off for Japan, a winter on the Nile, Rome, Naples, the Alps, the Rhine, grand old Paris—"

"Stop!" she cried. "Do you mean all that?"
"Certainly, dearest. I—"
She sprang upon him with a fierce feminine cry.

"Then," she whispered passionately, "you'll take me with you, even if I have to climb down a rope ladder at midnight and Papa never, never, NEVER speaks to me again!"

And folding her swiftly in his arms with a triumphant smile, he replied, "I thought, darling, I could bring you around all right."—Tom Masson.

Tobacco Secrets.

By far the greater portion of the tobacco consumed in Great Britain is imported unmanufactured, for the very good reason that the duty demanded by the Inland Revenue authorities is considerably less than for the manufactured article.

In the factory the leaf is separated and laid in a great pile to be watered, to render it fit for stripping. This is done entirely by women and girls, who strip the leaves off the stem, or midrib, by a dexterous movement of the hands.

It is now necessary to determine what should become of the leaves—whether they should be made into cigars, into cut tobacco like shag, or into cake or twist, like Cavendish or pigtail.

For these various purposes the leaves are carefully sorted—the finest textured with the best colour and most pleasant aroma being put aside for cigars; and the remainder sorted into their various qualities and colours—that is, light for mild tobacco, dark for strong, and so on.

Numberless as are the names of cut tobaccos, their difference exists only in their method of treatment—such as mixing, scenting, and so forth—for, roughly, they can be divided into three great classes as follows:

Shag, prepared from a mild or strong variety of leaf, returns from broken and rejected pieces and siftings; and bird's eye, from leaves from which the midrib has not been removed, but is cut up with the leaf, seen by the light coloured "eyes" so noticeable in this variety.

The cake and twist tobaccos undergo different treatment. The leaves, after being stripped off the midrib, are "sauced," fermented, laid upon one another, and pressed into cakes. In this pressing a liquor exudes which forms the "sautee."

Twist tobacco, like pigtail, is different in that instead of being made into cakes it is twisted either by hand or a spinning wheel. Both cake and twist, however, are oiled with sweet oil to prevent sticking.

The fragments of leaves and cuttings, known as "fillers," are taken up and rolled between the fingers, and then surrounded with a wrapper, beginning at the lighting end and finishing at the mouthpiece, and finally gummed down securely.

After trimming and cutting to length, the cigars are then, with the labels, tied into bundles or packed in boxes, and placed in heated rooms to season.

Snuff is made from midribs or stalks by being placed, after fermentation, in large conical iron mortars lined with wool, and ground with heavy pestles driven slowly round until the mass is reduced to a dust of the required fineness. The characteristic aromas are secured by roasting, flavouring, and various "doctonings."

And now a word as to adulteration. Though manufacturers are liable to a penalty of £200 if found having upon their premises a number of things so widely diverse as treacle and lime, herbs and ochre, lampblack and ebony, adulteration is still practised, although not nearly so much as in years past, when the articles mentioned and innumerable others were largely used.

As to the harmfulness of cigars when unmanufactured, much has been said that is wise—and otherwise. Nicotine, a potent poison, of course, we do possess in quantities from 1 to 2 per cent. Nearly all U.S. varieties contain about 4 to 5 per cent, while good Havana and Cuba sorts contain only 2 to 3 per cent.

Fortunately for you, a large quantity of this nicotine is consumed or destroyed in the burning, so that it is impossible for the whole of it to become absorbed in your system. Fortunately, because every cigar contains enough poison to kill two men.—Penny Pictorial.

No normally constituted actor or actress would think of ignoring the black cat as a counter to ill-luck. The enormous success of "The Private Secretary" was all due to a black cat! That play was a failure at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, but when it was transferred to the notoriously unlucky Globe Theatre a black cat walked across the stage, and all was prosperous ever after! Theatre folk firmly believe that it is unlucky to open an umbrella or a parasol on the stage; to speak the "tag" at rehearsal; for an actor to whistle in a fellow-actor's dressing room; to see a cross-eyed performer on the stage; and to peep through the left-side of the curtain at the audience before the curtain is rung up.

DENTAL

DR. HUGH OWEN regrets that through indisposition he has been compelled to relinquish his business for a few months. In the meantime Mr. T. V. FROST, Dentist, at 24 Shortland Street, has kindly consented to attend to his patients.

Our Illustrations

VISIT OF SIR JOHN GORST.

Sir John Gorst, Miss Gorst, and Captain Atkin, who were driven to the National Park at Nihotupu by the Hon. George Fowlds, Minister for Education, on Saturday, spent a very enjoyable day in rambling over the park, visiting the kauri clumps, and the many beautiful areas of native bush. The Nihotupu Fall and other scenic beauties were shown to the party, who were much interested in what they saw. Miss Gorst took a number of photographs of the scenery. On the return trip, Mr. Fowlds' home, Greystone Knolls, Mount Albert, was visited, and a call was made at the school at Mount Albert, where an operatic entertainment was in progress.

On Saturday evening the visitors were entertained at dinner by his Worship the Mayor, Mr. A. Myers. Next day the party attended divine service at St. Mary's Cathedral, Parnell, and during the afternoon were driven by Sir John Logan Campbell to the top of Mount Eden, and thence to the Veterans' Home. They were received on arrival by the Hon. E. Mitchellson, chairman of the committee, and Captain Goodwyn Archer, superintendent; and after being shown round the comfortable building, Sir John inspected the veterans who were paraded on the broad verandah, Sir John chatting briefly with each. A photographic group was then taken, for the "Graphic" of Sir John Gorst, Sir John Logan Campbell, and the resident veterans of the Home, the group thus being representative of early New Zealand. One Tree Hill and Cornwall Park were next visited, and Sir John and Miss Gorst and Captain Atkin were the guests of Sir John Logan Campbell in the evening.

Sir John gave a farewell dinner to a number of prominent citizens at luncheon at the Grand Hotel on Monday, the guests being Captain Atkin (British Commissioner), Sir John Logan Campbell and Lady Campbell, the Mayor and Mrs. Myers, Patara to Tuli, a Waikato Rangitikei opponent of Sir John in the early days, Hon. George and Mrs. Fowlds, Hon. S. Thorne and Mrs. George, Mrs. Kinder, Mrs. Louis Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes, the French Consul and Mme. Bontee, Mr. T. W. Lays, Mr. W. S. Douglas, Mr. Wm. Hughes, Mr. William Swanson, Rev. Canon Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Butler, Dr. and Mrs. Purchas, Dr. Hope Lewis, Mr. D. W. Wilson (Town Clerk), and Mr. Wm. Crow (private secretary to the Hon. Geo. Fowlds).

Sir John Gorst received his guests in the reception room on the first floor of the hotel, the dinner being served in the dining room on the ground floor.

THE "ZEALANDIA" EXHIBIT.

The Auckland court, while it is a very good display on the whole, is not completely representative of the nature and extent of the manufactures of the Auckland district. For example, Messrs. Arch, Clark and Sons have a most striking display of their manufactures, which is not in or near the Auckland court, although occupying a very fine position in the southern avenue of the main building. The firm is better known to New Zealanders as a whole by their trade name, "Zealandia," than as A. Clark and Sons. The trade name has been most aptly chosen, as it fully expresses the colonial character of the firm's business. Messrs. A. Clark and Sons is an Auckland firm only in name, as they have branches in most of the largest centres of population in the colony, and its business is spread over every part of it. Twelve years ago, Messrs. A. Clark and Sons employed six hands in their manufacturing business; to-day they employ 500, and have two large factories in Auckland, one devoted to collar and shirt making, and the other to the manufacture of clothing and underclothing. The factory at Grey Lynn is represented at the Exhibition by a set of most in-

teresting photographs, showing the employees at work. A high compliment, which is all the more valuable because it was unsolicited, was paid to this establishment by Dr. Rudolf Breda, the eminent sociologist, when he visited Auckland some time ago. He was so greatly impressed with the methods adopted and the conditions under which the employees work that he described the factory in the Press as a model one.

The display at the Exhibition attracts a good deal of attention, apart from the fact that it is essentially New Zealand. It is artistic and tasteful, and the arrangement is pleasing to the eye. There are long arrays of shirts, of many colours, materials, and patterns. There is the new "coat" shirt, for instance, which opens and buttons down the front. It can be put on and taken off in the same way as a coat. There are pleated skirts, and more interesting samples of the old frill shirts. These have gone out of fashion, but are still worn by those who cling to the old order and refuse to change in accordance with modern ideas. Old ideas of stiffness in shirts and collars are passing away. A movement in Europe and America for comfort in shirts is making rapid progress. The ideal is a soft shirt with as little starch as possible about cuffs and fronts. To meet this demand the "Zealandia" firm is making a special pattern. This style of shirt has a soft body, principally of silk and neck, and detachable fronts and cuffs. The fronts and cuffs can be easily removed, and the garment is then transformed from a dress-shirt to a delightfully comfortable shirt, in which the wearer can work or lounge at ease. There are also shown fancy shirts, tunic shirts, tennis shirts, and all sorts of shirts. In fact, that men wear in these times. The exhibit shows that every class in the community is catered for, and is offered a shirt that will wear well, look well, and be comfortable. The great pyjama question is here dealt with in a most exhaustive way. A few minutes' study of the exhibit in this particular will convince the most unimpressible beholder that whatever views may prevail about the dignity or otherwise which pyjamas confer upon their wearers, the "Zealandia" firm at any rate regards the garments as a very serious part of their business. Here may be seen pyjamas made specially for travelling. A brace is supplied with the garment, and it can be fastened or loosened at will. The firm seeks out many inventions. In its pyjamas it provides buttons at the ankles and wrists, an idea which adds largely to the comfort they afford. There are many interesting developments in regard to collars. They have a history of their own. They are now being made on a much more comfortable pattern than formerly, and one of the latest developments in their evolution is their special adaptability to the comfort of tourists and travellers generally. There are other interesting points in the "Zealandia" exhibit. One of these is the use of tickets and cards, which are artistic, and also very fine examples of the effect that can be obtained by a combination of simplicity and good taste. Evidently the very best work has been put into the articles exhibited. Messrs. Clark and Sons are proud of their display, and the colony may well value an industry that does such creditable work. It should be stated that the dressing of the cases was in the hands of Mr. J. Pyke, who has done his work well. There are many New Zealanders who will stop to look at this exhibit, as they pass through the avenues, and they will realise that it represents the industrial enterprise of a young country, and Aucklanders particularly will be interested in the "Zealandia" exhibit.

MOUNTED SCOUTS' COMPETITION.

On Saturday last the Pukekohe Mounted Rifles competed for the cup presented by Lieut. H. L. Nathan for a mounted scouts' competition. A target, 8ft by 8ft, with a supposed enemy on horseback painted thereon, was erected on the slope of one of the hills on the farm, and the competitors had to start on horseback at a point about 1200 yds away, gallop to the first firing point, about 800 yds from the range, and fire three rounds; then to the second point at 475 yds., and fire three rounds, and thence to the third point at 250 yds., and fire four rounds. They had then to return to the starting

point as rapidly as possible. The men were not informed as to what the ranges were, and therefore had to judge their own distances; for which points were awarded. Sergt. Schofield carried off the cup with a score of 80 points, Private Clark being second with 70 points, and Private Pirrit third with 60 points.

D. HAY & SON'S EXHIBIT AT THE AUCKLAND A. & P. SHOW.

A feature of the recent Auckland Agricultural Show was the floral exhibit of Messrs. D. Hay and Son, nurserymen, of Remuera. Messrs. Hay's exhibit was in Messrs. A. Yates and Co.'s tents, and attracted a large amount of attention and admiration from the show visitors.



The 15 bani pale brown stamp of Roumania of 1886 and perforated 13½, realised £3 at auction in London.

The sale of postage due stamps to the public has been forbidden in Labuan.

The rapid increase of late years in the number of postage stamps issued has often been commented upon as having a disheartening effect on collectors, as it is absolutely impossible to keep pace with the issues. Suggestions have been made more than once that the best method would be to collect the distinct stamps only, and ignore overprints, watermarks and perforations. That this feeling is spreading is shown by the fact that a new album has been prepared, called "The Good Old Times Back Again." Presumably that refers to the time when a stamp was collected for itself and not for the paper on which it was printed, or the number of holes with which it was punctured round the margin, the amount of printer's ink on the face in the shape of surcharges. Evidently this new album is for stamp collecting pure and simple, and the specialist will still be free to hunt for microscopical variations. The collector with this album will escape all worry about watermarks, perforations and surcharges, which is an important matter now-a-days. Perhaps the return to a less complicated system of stamp collecting may result in bringing more recruits to the ranks of philatelists, and it necessarily follows that some of them will in due course specialise, and thus there will be a gain all round.

The following notice has been issued by the Government of Mauritius: "It is hereby notified that on and after the 10th inst. embossed or impressed postage stamps, whether of the current or previous issues, cut out of envelopes, postcards or newspaper wrappers, may be used as adhesive stamps in payment of both local and foreign postage on any packet posted in this island, provided that they are not imperfect, mutilated or defaced in any way. Medallions cut out of a registered letter envelope, and representing the registration fee of two-pence, may be used on any registered packet, but not on ordinary packets."

Old stamps of Jamaica were to be demonetized last month, but could be exchanged for the new issue.

A beautifully frank statement which throws a lot of light upon the frequent issue of fresh designs of stamps for the French colonies appeared in a letter of a colonial functionary in reply to M. Maury's appeal to people in distant lands to furnish him with ideas and sketches which might be deemed suitable by those on the spot to represent the colonies in which they presided. The "Colonial Functionary" writes:—"We depended upon your journal ('Le Collectionneur de Timbres Post') to find emblems which

would have the luck to please collectors, and therefore to sell well amongst them, and we see nothing of it."

The German "Philatelists' Day" was held in Nuremberg from 30 August to 3 September, and fully maintained the prestige of previous gatherings. A number of interesting papers were read, and the usual programme of festivities arranged, while the sale and purchase of stamps was abnormally brisk.

The 2½ stamp of Tonga 1893, overprinted on 2d green and twice surcharged, sold for £2 6/ by auction at London, and the 3d blue of Victoria 1850, rouletted, for £4 15/.

At the Milan Philatelic Exhibition, the King of Italy's gold medal was awarded to the Cavaliere Augusto Carlo Bondi for his general collection of the Italian States, Italy, Italian colonies and Foreign Offices, and San Marino, and the gold medal of the Italian Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, to M. Ernest Vicenz, for his specialised collection of the postage stamps and "entires" of Hamburg, was awarded this prize.

Amongst the special offers of an English stamp dealer are the following Caps of Good Hope stamps; 1d blue error, £45; and 4d red error skilfully mounted and repaired, £24.

A new provisioned stamp is reported from Holland 6½ being printed in red on the 20c blue.

Several high values are reported from the Philippine Islands. They are of the small design similar in size to those of Cuba, with arms in centre. They are as follows; one dollar orange, 2 dollars black, 4 dollars dark blue, and 10 dollars dark green.

The following new stamps are reported from Austria, 5c on 5h green, 10 c on 10h rose. They are overprinted as usual centimes, and bars in black, but without the shiny bars.

A big robbery of revenue stamps has been committed in South Africa. The stamps in question were the revenue stamps of Orange River Colony, of the values of 6d, 2/6, 6/ and £2, to the value of £2236, of the King Edward VII. issue.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS. CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

Holiday Excursion Tickets will be issued from any station to any station on the Auckland Section, from MONDAY, 17th December, 1906, until WEDNESDAY, 2nd January, 1907, inclusive, available for return up to SATURDAY, 16th February, 1907.

SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS.
From Friday, 21st December, 1906, until Thursday, 10th January, 1907, an extra express train will leave Auckland at 10.25 a.m. daily for Thames, Waikā, and Tauranga.

Passengers for Rotorua and Cambridge Lines travel with the 10 a.m. ordinary express train.

Passengers for Thames, Waikā, and Tauranga Lines travel with the 10.25 a.m. extra express train.

From Friday, 21st December, 1906, until Thursday, 10th January, 1907, an extra express train will leave Thames for Auckland at 9.45 a.m. daily, arriving Auckland 3.28 p.m.

On Monday, 25th December, 1906, a special train will leave Auckland for Invercargill at 10.50 p.m., returning leaving Rotorua for Auckland at 7.15 p.m. on Wednesday, 26th December, 1906.

For full particulars as to train arrangements see posters and future advertisements.

BY ORDER. PUBLIC NOTICE.

Under and in pursuance of "The Education Act, 1904," the Education Board of the District of Auckland directs it to be publicly notified that, in pursuance of a resolution passed by the Board on the 22nd day of August, 1906, from and after the 1st day of January, 1907, the School District hitherto known as the Avoca School District shall be divided and the same shall be constituted into two School Districts under the title of the Avoca School District and the Tangowahine School District for the purposes of the said Act.

W. K. H. B. Secretary.



up with open mouth and refused to allow them to be touched. And this from our gentle Kitty, who never before would scratch even an enemy. Shortly afterwards she heard father go down the passage which leads to the outhouse, and down she jumped and rushed down to him and chewed the handle of the door, mewing pitifully all the time. He of course knew what she wanted, and opened the door and put the barrel back. Upstairs she flew and fetched a kitten, making a detour of the house so that she might not pass the dreaded spot again where the kittens had been played in the sun, and in time got them all safely in the barrel. I need hardly say that we never disturbed her after, I have been out of everything lately, but hope to be well enough to go to the St. John's College sports to-morrow. By the way, how is the painting competition getting on? Several little friends of mine were going in for it, but I have been too ill to give particulars, and indeed have only just heard, too late, that they wanted them. With love to all the cousins, I remain, your loving cousin, HILDA (Ponsonby).

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,—We are glad to be at home again, but we had a beautiful time in New Plymouth. We have four kittens. One of them is called Fluff and another Tiger and the third Mick and the last one is Buster. Fluffy is white, with grey spots. Mick is black and white, and Buster black and grey. Tiger is striped like a tiger. The kittens are learning to drink milk now, and Fluff, who is the smallest, can drink the best. Our cocky got away on Sunday, and mother caught him on Tuesday. I am writing a story. It is called "In Mischievous." I will send it for you to read, to see if it could be put in the "Graphic." I think I will close. Good-bye now from Cousin BOBS.

Dear Cousin Böbs,—I suppose home is the best place after all, but after having such a lovely time in New Plymouth I am afraid that less and just every-day things would seem a little dull. What are you going to do with all those kittens? Even if you send two to the bazaar, surely you will still have too many. Those little kittens are often the cleverest. I suppose the bigger ones get too fat and lazy. Weren't you very frightened you had lost the cockatoo for good and all when it never came back that night? I think mother was very brave to catch it. I don't think I would have tried, because they peck sometimes. I should like to read that story very much, so I hope you will remember to send it in to me when it is finished. Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—You asked us for a letter for the younger children, so I am trying one this time. Perhaps they would like to hear about the Children's Carnival at Barcelona. When we were in Spain some years ago—I was a very little girl then—we happened to be in Barcelona for Carnival. At this time everyone in the city goes in for fun and merry-making, dressing up, dancing, and all sorts of amusements. One day, on going out, we missed all the children; there was not one to be seen. Then down the street came the quaintest procession, led by a tiny court-lady of, perhaps, six years old, in satin gown, with sweeping train, mantilla, and fan. (The mantilla is the lace scarf Spanish ladies wear over their heads.) She was attended by a still tinier cavalier, with the wide folded cloak worn in Spain, a wide-brimmed plumed hat, and a sword that tripped him up every now and then. In their train came matadors (bull-fighters) splendid in velvet and gold lace, toreros with red silk flags (those are used in bull-fighting), peasants from the mountains in sheep and goat skin coats, gay dancers all beribboned and clicking castanets, gipsies, and all the wonderful figures one sees at a fancy ball. But none of them were more than seven or eight years old, and all were as solemn as could be. There was no romping or playing; quite

gravely they walked about the streets. Indeed, in all the carnival, these children seemed the most serious people one met. If you do not think this will do, tell me in your answer to one of my other letters, and I shall try to send a simpler one.—HERO.

[Dear Cousin Hero,—I think your letter quite delightful, and I am sure the children will enjoy it as much as I did, only I hope it won't make them quite so envious as it made me. To travel is the ambition of my life, though I am quite sure I would die before I got very far. However, it would be worth dying to see all you have seen. I suppose you are so used to it all that you scarcely appreciate it at all, and just want to settle down and have a home. I suppose it is natural to want what one can't have, but you have the best of it I think whichever way you look.—Cousin Kate.]

+ + +

Dear Cousin Kate,—It is quite a long while since I wrote to you. We are back from New Plymouth, and have begun lessons again. Percy scribbled over this. Was not he naughty? We went to West's Pictures on Saturday. There were some very funny ones, which made us laugh very much. We went to granny's yesterday and had great games. We like going over there. I think Böbs has told you about our dear little kittens. They are so pretty. We think of putting two in a basket, and sending them to a bazaar. Our violets are flowering now. Is not it a funny time? We have lots of flowers in our garden. I am just beginning to learn "The Minstrel Boy." Do you like that tune? We are getting quite a lot of post cards in our albums now. Good-bye, love from Cousin SYDNEY.]

[Dear Cousin Sydney,—It is a very long time since you wrote to me. Böbs is much more energetic about writing than you are, but I suppose that is because you have not been very strong. I hope your trip to New Plymouth has set you up and made you feel quite well again. I suppose you were very sorry to come back and settle down again to lessons. Percy seems to be rather a pickle, but all boys are, aren't they? Going to see West's pictures is great fun isn't it? Last time I went I laughed till I was quite tired. What do you do at granny's that you enjoy yourself so much? Has she a large garden for you to play in? It is very funny for violets to be flowering. What a good idea to send some kittens to a bazaar—they would look so pretty in a basket, too, but I wonder who would buy them? You must be getting on well with your music to be able to play "The Minstrel Boy." I like it very much.—Cousin Kate.]

+ + +

Dear Cousin Kate,—Sorry not to have written as usual last week, but am only just recovering from what at least has been the most painful illness of my life. I think Cousin Alison has mixed me up with Cousin Winnie, as it was she who complained of dizziness of news, but promising plenty when the Exhibition opened. I read with interest Cousin Winnie's letter in today's "Graphic." Don't you think, dear Cousin Kate, that it would be delightful if she took a court at a time, and described it to us

as fully as the limits of a letter would allow? I should love to go, if only to see the pictures and the Canadian court, but am afraid I shall not, unless the gods have something in their lap for me later on. Cousin Alison, in her last letter, asks us all to discuss "The Treasure of Heaven." I would do much for Cousin Alison, but really the book is not worth discussion. I have read it, and quite agree with Cousin Alison in what she says about its being uninteresting and nonsensical, but if I were to say all I think about it I am afraid the Editor would refuse to print it in our pages, which will show you that I feel rather strongly about it. I have just made a resolution to read nothing more of hers, it is sheer waste of time—and worse. Shortly after reading it I had a book sent to me called "A Sovereign Remedy," by F. A. Steel. One of the most striking characters of the book is an old servant of the heroine's father, who is a second edition of G. Elliot's Mrs. Poyser, and one of her sayings reminded me of Miss Corelli. Martha (the old servant) says, "It strikes me as you're too free with the Almighty. But there—when folk stops making their reverences to the gentry, 'taint long ere they get noddin' at their Creator." If Cousin Alison has not read "David Balfour," together with "The Master of Ballantrae," there is a treat in store for her. Two really nice books are "A Bachelor" and "A Benedick in Arcady." I wonder whether Cousin Hero has read Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses." It is said to be the best dramatic poem written since Shakespeare. As a boy Stephen Phillips was not at all clever with lessons but was omnivorous in the matter of reading. The lady who taught him as a boy is exceedingly proud of her pupil now. Who is the author of "The Eye of Ista"? I should like to read it. I liked "By the Gods Beloved"; I thought it so weirdly eastern. I'm so fond of ancient history. But of course it's not a patch on "The Scarlet Pimpernel." I love tales of chivalry and gallantry, they stir one so. I thought the sentiment overdone in "The Master's Violin." Cousin Mary tells you she has the cutest kitten in Auckland. As part proprietor of the second cutest kitten (or, more truthfully speaking, cat) in Auckland, I must tell you of a feat of hers. She came to us at four weeks old, and in my absence was burdened with the name of Mikado, which was shortly abbreviated to Micky. Well, she flourished exceedingly, and through being so petted and cared for became almost human, understanding so much of what was said to her. After she had lived with us for nearly a year, one day we missed her, and after searching found her with three dear weeny kittens in a tub in an outhouse. My brother, who is exceedingly fond of her, thought the place damp and stuffy, and so brought out the tub into the sun. But Jack (our terrier), who is nothing if not inquisitive, peeped up into the tub and was rewarded by a deliberate claw in the face. After every one went away, Micky carried each kitten upstairs in her mouth, and deposited them on Lyleigh's bed, a thing she would never have done ordinarily, as of course we don't permit it. Lyn, lying in bed with headache, said that she dropped the kittens many a time before she succeeded in getting them up there. When I tried to touch them, she stood

up with open mouth and refused to allow them to be touched. And this from our gentle Kitty, who never before would scratch even an enemy. Shortly afterwards she heard father go down the passage which leads to the outhouse, and down she jumped and rushed down to him and chewed the handle of the door, mewing pitifully all the time. He of course knew what she wanted, and opened the door and put the barrel back. Upstairs she flew and fetched a kitten, making a detour of the house so that she might not pass the dreaded spot again where the kittens had been played in the sun, and in time got them all safely in the barrel. I need hardly say that we never disturbed her after, I have been out of everything lately, but hope to be well enough to go to the St. John's College sports to-morrow. By the way, how is the painting competition getting on? Several little friends of mine were going in for it, but I have been too ill to give particulars, and indeed have only just heard, too late, that they wanted them. With love to all the cousins, I remain, your loving cousin, HILDA (Ponsonby).

[Dear Cousin Hilda, I was sorry this letter was left out last week, but I was extremely pressed with extra work at the time it arrived, and laid it aside to be answered when less busy; but, alas, as is so often the case when one procrastinates with daily duties, I then forgot about it till too late. I am very glad you have resolved to "out" Marie Corelli from your list of modern authors. Her recent effusions are, to my mind, quite unworthy of any attention whatsoever, and are, moreover, a constant strain on the nerves and patience. Some of Trollope's novels are well worth re-reading if you have half forgotten them. I spent last Sunday in the sun, reading "Barchester Towers," and greatly enjoyed it. It is wonderful what exceedingly well got up and well-bound classics of fiction one can buy at the book shops in town. "The Everyman" library is a capital example, the paper is good, the type clear, and the general get-up tasteful in the extreme. There are a number of lads' works in the library, notably "Peter the Whaler," and "The Three Midshipmen," both of which I recently read aloud to a highly appreciative audience. I hope the Ponsonby branch of the Defence League will prove a very active one. I think the people of that suburb are more "alive," as the Yankees have it, than those who live in the older residential quarters of Remuera, Parnell, and Epsom, though perhaps the trams have begun to liver them up there. In Parnell, the Bishop made an excellent speech, and so did Dr. H. Dean Bamford; in fact, I thought his the most direct and telling appeal I have yet heard. He began his speech by saying:—

"There are two things, ladies and gentlemen, on which self-respecting Britishers have always prided themselves—on paying their way and on holding their own in a row." In this colony we are not doing the first in the matter of defence, and unless we look to it, we shall be unable to do the second when our turn comes, as come it will. He also quoted some of the Islanders most admirably. If you have never heard Dr. Bamford speak I would advise you to take the first opportunity. He is young, but determined, learned and cultured to a degree seldom achieved by our young men, and will certainly make a name for himself as an orator and powerful debater, when he gets into the House, as he will surely do one day.

Your cat story was very interesting and amusing, but I have so much to do this morning that I can't tell you of another cat, as I should like to.—Cousin Kate.]

+ + +

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry I did not send my address, but I did not think of it at the time of writing. I went to West's Pictures and enjoyed them very much. I enjoyed "The Motor-car Chase" best, I think. I am going up to Hamilton on Monday for two or three weeks, as I have not been very well, but I will continue to write to you just the same. I will be pleased to send a coloured picture. My name is Esmeralda, but they call me Esma for short. Yes, I do like short names best. I have two brothers, Frank and Raymond, but we call him Ray. With love to all the cousins, Cousin ESMA.

[Dear Cousin Esma, I thought it must be short for Esmeralda, but could

not be sure; it is prettier shortened, isn't it? I hope you have received your badge safely by this time, I can quite understand your forgetting the address, as I am very careless about that myself. I am sorry you have been seedy. Have you had this awful influenza, or is it only this very hot weather? It seems to have made so many people feel sick and miserable. I hope your trip to Hamilton will set you up, and that you will be well enough to enjoy all the Christmas festivities. I did not see the motor-car chase at West's, but can quite imagine it was very funny; the marvellous places those cars go down and over without being smashed up and the people killed is too funny, isn't it? Cousin Kate.

♦ ♦ ♦

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am sending you two paintings for the painting competition. I hope you will like them. Have you received many from the other cousins? I am, yours truly, EVERELL.

[Dear Cousin Everell.—Your paintings arrived quite safely, and I was so pleased to see them, as I want all the cousins to try their skill, and I am glad to say the paintings are rolling in in a most satisfactory manner, and I hope they will continue to come in, as it is so much more fun to have a lot to choose from. It is so hot to-day, and I am busy, so this letter will have to be as short as yours.—Cousin Kate.]

♦ ♦ ♦

Dear Cousin Kate, I always look out for the "Graphic" every week, and I think Buster Brown is so funny. I should like to become a cousin, and will you please send me a badge? I am sending a picture for the painting competition, and I think three other little girls that go to the same school as I do are sending one too. I have some silkworms, and I think they will spin soon. I have some mustard and cress growing on some flannel in a plate, and it is growing so quickly. Your loving cousin, KATHLEEN.

[Dear Cousin Kathleen.—I am very glad you are going to join us and become a cousin, and I have sent you a badge. The paintings are coming in quite fast now, at first I thought very few were going to compete, but I am glad to say I was mistaken. Still, I shall be pleased if your little friends send theirs in. I never tried to grow mustard and cress in water, but we used to make wheat and oats grow beautifully, only we used cotton wool. I used to have lots of silkworms, too, and love them; only all the others used to hate them, and I was not allowed to have them in the house, so I had to keep them in the summer-house, and they used to crawl out of the box and spin in the most wonderful places. Do yours ever escape in that fashion?—Cousin Kate.]

Howard's Essay.

"What was your essay about this morning?" asked Marjory, when tea was over.

"Stupid rot!" was Howard's emphatic reply. "Patience and Perseverance."

"Whatever did you find to say about them?" said Beryl.

"I said that patience was a good thing for girls and men, but I didn't think they were any good to boys."

"The sisters laughed. "What did Mr. Wood say to that?"

"I really couldn't tell you. He talked a lot and said it was clear I didn't know what I was talking about, which was quite true; but Burton minor was trying to catch a fly, and I didn't hear the end."

"I think he was right," said Edith, the eldest sister, as she picked up the tea-things on the tray. "and you do know very little about the subjects."

"It's the sisters who have to have pa-

tience where boys are concerned," remarked Marjory mischievously.

"And the servants," added Edith.

"And the schoolmasters," put in Beryl.

Howard gave a disdainful snort. "Precious little of either goes to the making of them," he said.

"I am not so sure of that," Edith continued, as the tea-tray having been sent away, she took her seat at the corner of the table, and brought out her work-basket. "They have to give up their half-holidays sometimes when the boys are tiresome, and I am sure that must try their patience; and look how hard Mr. Wood works to bring on some of the backward boys."

Howard's answer was a grunt; he could not contradict, and he was not willing to agree, so the talk flagged for a bit.

Marjory, with a great love of fun, also liked to think things out, so after a short silence she burst out again.

"When you come to think of it," she said, "the heroes one admires most had both patience and perseverance, or they couldn't have been heroes. Look at Columbus!"

"That was pluck," muttered Howard doggedly.

"And what is pluck?" retorted Marjory, "but the power of keeping on in spite of difficulties, even when you don't want to?"

"Well done, Marjory, that puts the question in a nutshell. You will find men, and boys too, who are described as plucky, generally have both those qualities, but of course they do not come without being welcomed and encouraged."

"That's what provokes me about you, Edith," said Howard, "you always talk as if we could make ourselves anything we liked."

"Because I believe, to a great extent, we can make ourselves anything we like, if we only want to hard enough."

They all understood what she meant, although it was not very clearly put; and Beryl said, "But some people have more of that sort of thing to start with than others."

"That is quite true, but if you haven't much of it to start with, the fight to get it makes you stronger in the end."

Howard said nothing, he did not quite like the turn the conversation was taking, for he had the average boy's horror of a lecture.

But Edith had learned something since her mother died, five or six years before, and left her mistress and mother in one, and she knew when to stop. She had started Howard thinking, and when a boy begins to think in earnest, he has taken one step towards manliness. She would not preach any more, but she would try another plan.

Accordingly a few days later she announced to the family that Cousin Gerald was coming to stay with them. He was a great man, in Howard's eyes, for he had just left school, and was now looking about for something to do. So his arrival was expected with a good deal of excitement; but Mr. Gresham, who had a great knack of saying things at the wrong time, remarked at breakfast that "Gerald was about the best fellow he knew, for he had taught himself a great many things, and had such an amount of patience that he never would be beaten."

Edith caught her breath; Howard whistled softly, and made up his mind to keep such an objectionable person at arm's length.

So when he came home after school he received his cousin's advances very coldly at first, but there was so little of the "prig" about Gerald, and he was so ready to be interested in all their doings that Howard soon forgot his caution, and took his cousin up to his own special domain at the top of the house, where he was so rarely interfered with, and could make nearly as much mess as he liked.

And it must be owned that Howard's attempts to make anything of practical use had as yet resulted in very little

but mess—partly because he had not patience enough to finish anything, partly because he had a habit of picking up a book in the middle of something else, and remaining glued to it until his time was gone. Consequently he never had time to finish anything.

They talked about photography, which was one of Howard's discarded hobbies, and it came out that Gerald had taken several prizes for his photos. They talked about stamps, but before Howard could rummage out the different envelopes which contained his from the rubbish, the tea-bell rang, and they had to go down. But it soon appeared that there was no hobby which Gerald had taken up about which he had not as much information as he needed, and yet he had had to work harder at his school than Howard as yet had had to.

"I can't make out when you did it all, there never seems time for anything here, or else someone is always in the way."

"I don't know how I managed, only of course, I had to make the most of Saturdays and half-term holidays and all the odd time I could get!"

"Seems to me there never is any odd time here," said Howard enviously.

"I know I should have thought myself lucky if I had had a place like yours to work in. I had only a sort of tool-shed, and if I didn't put everything away before I left I couldn't find it when I came back. What do you do with your holidays?"

"Cricket and football mostly, when it's decent weather."

"And when it isn't?"

"Get a book or worry the girls." Gerald said nothing, and Howard went on, "You see when I do want to do anything, the camera's out of order, or they want to have dinner at the wrong time, or I have to go in to town to get a schoolbook, or something."

"Of course, all that makes it more difficult, but it doesn't do to be stopped by difficulties if you really want to do anything."

The talk ended for that time, but somehow it stuck to Howard, and when the next Saturday came, after Gerald's visit was over, he went up to his work-room, which certainly was enough to dishearten anyone, and wondered whether it would really be possible for him to dig up the camera and make anything of it.

Gerald was not so very much older than himself, and had had no more advantages, if so many. Was it true that he had no time? To-day it was wet; the camera was out of order, it was true, but he could put it right if he chose to take enough trouble over it. But then he had borrowed a book he wanted to read awfully. He knew his father wanted a nice photo taken of the girls, and the house and garden; indeed, he had said so when he gave Howard the camera, but the things never turned out right, and Gerald said it was because he did not take time enough over them.

For some time he hesitated, and then with a dim thought in the back of his mind that patience might be of some use after all, he found his camera and began to put it in order. Once fairly started on his work, he grew interested, and as he had started early, without that mischievous "I'll just read one chapter first," he was able to get it set right by the time the bell rang for dinner. He could hardly understand what it was made him feel so happy and comfortable when he went downstairs; he only knew he felt very different from what he did when he had been wasting all the morning, and he was glad to go back to his room as soon as he could, and look up his printing paper and developer and all the sundries. He found that most of them had been spoilt by lying about among the rubbish, and that it would take all the pocket money he could spare to get the photo ready for his father by the

time his birthday came at the end of October.

Nothing could be done that week, and he was surely tempted to give up his project and relapse into the old careless way of doing things. But all the time he was grumbling and telling himself it was no good going on any more, he was trying, in spite, to tidy the room, and at last got it into some sort of order, when it looked so much more tempting that he wanted to begin and do something fresh right away.

"No, I won't," he said to himself, "I'll finish that photo before I begin anything else," and, for the first time in his life, he kept his word.

He had to wait some days before a suitable opportunity came to take the photo, but it came at last. A lovely warm day that tempted everybody into the garden, when the sun was just in the right place and the girls looking bright and pretty. Howard whispered to Edith what he wanted, and by the time he had fetched his camera she had called Marjory and Beryl, and they had taken their places. After a good deal of posing and altering Howard was satisfied, and succeeded in taking one that he thought would do, but to make sure he took two or three more, and assured them at last that one was a very good one. Then he impressed upon them all that it was to be a profound secret. He was not working very hard at school just now; there was always a rather slack time at the beginning of the autumn term, to lead them up gently to the terrors of the Christmas examinations. So he was able to give the more time to his photography. In this he showed a persistence that surprised and delighted Edith. For the "wretched things" would not come out right. One was too dark, in another there was a serious flaw, another he left too long in the solution, and another he took out too soon, and was several times very much inclined to give it up. A listener outside the door would probably have heard expressions that proved the boy's patience was wearing rather thin, but happily it did not snap, and at last he called Edith up to see his results.

She was delightfully astonished at the carefully finished and mounted photograph he placed before her.

"Oh! that's capital, Howie!" she cried. "It looks just as if it had been done at a shop."

Howard looked pleased, but all he said was, "It ought to have a frame, but I've spent all my money."

"We will make a family present of it," said Edith eagerly; "we will give the frame."

"That's jolly of you," said Howard, for the family had rather snubbed his previous attempts, and he felt that the suggestion was a proof of his success.

This proposal was carried out, and in due course the birthday arrived and it was presented.

Mr Gresham gave an exclamation of pleasure when he opened the parcel. "Wherever did you get this done?" he asked. "It is very well done, and just what I wanted."

"Here is our photographer, Father," said Marjory, pushing her brother forward.

And the few words his father said simply repaid the boy for all his trouble, and, better still, that short, determined effort laid a good foundation in the way of habits of patience and perseverance, that helped him all his life.

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Ranching in Mexico.

To the man fresh from school or college and fond of an open-air life there can be no vocation so attractive as that of ranching, and no country which will appeal to him more strongly than Mexico. From the pages of Mayne Reid and others he will have formed a somewhat crude idea of a land of mystery, romance, and adventure, where under skies of perennial blue, and "lulled by the languor of the land of the lotus," all care, hurry, and worry may be left behind and forgotten, along with tall hats and other troubles of civilisation. Although this is only the Mexico of the imagination and of the dreamer of dreams, it is so far real that, the newcomer will have little difficulty in identifying it with Mexico as it is to-day, with its medieval civilisation surviving into the twentieth century.

A change is, however, taking place. American, and to a less extent English, capital is being attracted; the Anglo-Saxon, with his modern methods and modern "hustle," his steam and electricity, is invading the land; and in places where at present little is conspicuous save sterility, poverty, and indolence, we may at no distant date find busy lives of industry, with all that such a transformation means in the character of a country and the habits of its people. While Mexico is thus awaking to a knowledge of its great possibilities, there are three conditions which militate against its rapid development:

(1) the hitherto unsettled state of the country, (2) the fluctuating and debased currency, and (3) the tariff barrier raised against her by her all-powerful neighbour on the north. The first of these obstacles to advancement has, thanks to the firm hand of President Diaz, been already largely removed. The second may disappear at any time with the promised reform of the monetary system. The third is, it is feared, the most permanent, as it also the most serious, impediment to Mexican industrial expansion, shutting out, as it does, her produce from what would otherwise be her nearest and best market; and it is no exaggeration to say that were this removed, land, especially ranch-land in the north, would at once advance enormously in value. Even under existing conditions, however, land in Mexico must be looked upon as a safe investment; it cannot well go lower, and may very easily rise considerably in value.

If to cheap land are added cheap labour, cheap living, fairly good markets for stock, and a free, open air life, we have an industry offering every inducement for the investment of capital and congenial employment for those who do not mind roughing it a bit. It may be quite true that ranching in Mexico has not hitherto been uniformly successful. As a matter of fact, whether from bad luck or bad management, or both combined, a good deal of money has been lost; but it may be safely said that with ordinary care and economy, and a small slice of luck, there is, to use an Americanism, "good money in it."

Stock-rearing is carried on chiefly in those districts in the north contiguous to the Rio Grande, where the climatic conditions and soil characteristics closely resemble those of southern Texas. This part of the country lies between latitude twenty-five and thirty degrees north, and is therefore outside the tropics, the climate during the greater part of the year being pleasantly cool, with very excessive heat from May to August, and occasional bitter "cold snaps" in the winter time, when the "norther" blows chill from off the snow. Here lie vast ranges void of timber of any size, except in the vicinity of water, but as a rule covered with scrub and brush, chiefly of a thorny nature, which in some parts of the country is so dense as to render riding through it at any pace difficult, not to say dangerous. In addition, the best ranges are dotted with copious walled in Mexico mola, which, by reason

of the shelter they afford stock from the sun during the hot months and from the "norther" in winter, are most valuable to the stockman. No doubt these mola, by screening stock from view, add to the difficulty of working a range; but this is more than counterbalanced by their obvious advantages in other directions. The most valuable of these range-trees is the mesquite, which produces a bean of which stock are very fond, and which has great fattening qualities.

The different kinds of soil found in the range-country are many, and the quality of the herbage on the same property and within a small area may vary tremendously in consequence. There may be large tracts, for instance, of poor, gravelly soil, with scarce a blade on it, while not far off the ground is well carpeted with grass; but, needless to say, anything approaching the close, lush pasturage of English meadow-land is not to be looked for even on the best portions of the best ranches. In fact, the prevailing impression on first seeing a Mexican range is one of disappointment at its generally poor appearance, and one is apt to wonder how stock live on it; but live on it they do, and thrive and grow fat.

The rainfall, which is of such supreme importance to the stockman, is unfortunately rather uncertain in its occurrence, and severe droughts are by no means unknown; but they are seldom the hopeless, killing droughts of some other lands, though quite prolonged enough to cause anxiety and loss. Most of the rain falls during the spring and summer months, and it is to the early spring rains that the ranchman looks for the flush of grass which is to put flesh on the bones of his hungry herds, and fill the "water-holes" with a supply that may last several months. The range-country is, generally speaking, well watered by streams, most of them affluents of the Rio Grande, which render available for stock large tracts that would otherwise be worthless.

Ranches vary from a few thousand up to something like a million acres in extent; but fifty thousand acres, more or less, is perhaps as much as can be supervised single-handed; and fair average land, unfenced and capable of carrying one cow or steer per fifteen acres, can at the present time be bought at the equivalent of one shilling to one shilling and threepence per acre. The titles to many of the ranches are very old, some of them going back to the original settlement of the land by the Spaniards; and it is necessary to see that they are in all respects unimpeachable and the boundaries well defined, otherwise disputes are sure to arise; and as it is much easier to get into a Mexican court of law than to get out of it, when the unfortunate litigant does eventually emerge, the chances are that he does so a wiser and a poorer man.

The fencing of a range is a very serious item, adding, as it may, upwards of 50 per cent to the original cost of the property. A ring-fence of four strands of barbed wire cannot be erected at much under twenty pounds per lineal mile, and in addition there are inside fences to be provided, which, however, need not be so strong, and therefore cost less. Altogether it is a very formidable outlay, and the work in connection with it requires careful supervision, as it is so easily "scamped."

Whether to stock with cattle, horses, or sheep depends, of course, on the range and the prejudices of the ranchman. Horse-breeding has for some reason ceased to be the profitable industry it once was. Sheep give a lot of anxiety and trouble, especially at lambing-time; and the loss from coyotes is often most serious. Cattle are safer, and give a more certain, if not so prompt, return on the money invested.

By reason of the duty, Texas cows of a good class cost too much to make them a profitable investment as the foundation on which to establish a herd, and it is found better to start with common Mexican cows. These—which are probably the descendants of early Spanish importations—are lean, lank, diminutive underbred animals, and cost about two pounds per head all over. They have, however, one redeeming virtue in that they make excellent mothers, hiding their calf in a neighbouring thicket while they graze during the daytime. They are at all times ready to protect it from its many enemies, and they will rear it under difficulties and which the patriarch short-horn mother would be quite helpless. Mated with superior Texas-bred Durham (shorthorn) bulls they produce much-improved stock, and the

result of a second or third cross is a really well-shaped animal, and one which not only comes more quickly to maturity, but will carry more flesh, and flesh of a better quality. This question of early maturity, important as it is to all stock-breeders, is especially so in Mexico, where under existing conditions a steer is not supposed to have reached his best selling age till upwards of four years old, at which time, if he is fairly fat, his value will be about four pounds to four pounds ten shillings. Obviously, the more this time from birth to butcher can be curtailed the better is the chance of success, and the introduction of better blood tends distinctly in this direction. At present the market for fat stock is more or less limited to the demands of the local butcher, and they appear to be able to take the bulk of what is offered; but with an increased and assured supply of good cattle, packing-houses on the model of those at Chicago and St. Louis are being established, thereby securing more competition and better prices.

As a staff to assist him, the ranchman requires, say, one vaquero or "cow-puncher," to every fifteen or twenty thousand acres of range; and a fence-rider is a necessary addition, as after going to the heavy expense of erecting a fence it is poor economy not to keep it intact throughout its entire length, and this can only be done by constant inspection. Notwithstanding the greatest care in this direction, however, stock will break through the strongest fence, and there are always a few head outside their enclosure, and a corresponding number of "strays" from other properties within. A vaquero receives as wage the equivalent of about twenty-four pounds per annum, and a remuda, or remount, of six or eight horses, each must be purchased and kept for use among the cattle. The reason this apparently large number is required for each man is that, being entirely grass-fed and the work very severe, an animal cannot be ridden for more than three or four days at a time, after which it is run out on the range again and another taken up. A suitable remuda horse need not cost more than two pounds ten shillings, and can often be picked up for less.

The intending ranchman should, in the matter of age, be on the right side of thirty-five, otherwise he may take longer to become acclimatised, and find it more difficult to pick up the language—Spanish—a colloquial knowledge of which is very desirable. In this connection it is curious how few Mexicans, considering the close proximity of a great English-speaking nation, understand that language. Perhaps they do not find it necessary; perhaps they cannot be troubled. Whatever the reason may be, their shortcoming in this respect renders it all the more necessary for the ranchman to learn at least the patois of his subordinates. In order that he may have time to look about him, he should arrange to spend at least some months on a ranch before investing on his own account. This will not only give him a chance of learning something of the language, but will enable him, if he keeps his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut, to pick up a lot of practical knowledge for future use.

That he should be a good horseman goes without saying, for he will have to live in the saddle, and the best saddle for the work—if we exclude the American, which is big and heavy—is the Mexican silla (literally chair). With horn in front and high cantle, it is a somewhat archaic piece of furniture in appearance, and to the new-comer an instrument of torture in every truth. Made of hardwood, and only sparsely padded, it forms a most unrelenting seat in which to spend a long day. What it is a most serviceable article, on which all manner of things can be packed, in which respect it compares favourably with the ordinary type of English hunting-saddle, which is not suited to ranch-work.

The Mexican may not be of much account on foot; in the saddle he is, in his own way, superb. Every one, from peer to peasant, knows how to ride, and few are so poor that they cannot raise an animal of some kind capable of carrying them. Indeed, Mexico is perhaps the only country in the world where "the beggar on horseback" need occasion no surprise, and the spur strapped to the naked foot is a not uncommon sight. They ride very long, sitting well down in the fork with unflexed knee, much like a pair of compasses, a position which admits of little or no

thigh and knee grip, which makes them dependent almost entirely on balance and any help they may get from the shape of their saddle, but they are hard to unship, and it is worth going some distance to see a vaquero sticking to a "pitching" horse or using the larbat. Although the word horse is applied to animals of all sizes, the so-called Mexican horse is really only a pony, and a wonderfully hardy little animal he is, capable of any amount of work if properly fed, and active as a cat. No consistent attempt has been made by man to improve his make or shape; and though many of them show traces of good blood, they are as a general rule entirely lacking in those qualities associated with a well-shaped pony in this country. But "hand-ome is as handsome does," and viewed in this light the Mexican horse will take a high place.

Among a people where the horse is so much in evidence one would naturally expect to find that veterinary science had reached a fairly high level; but any knowledge they may possess appears to be of a purely empirical character, and their methods, when not barbarous, are often too childish to a degree. They are fond of using charms, and the skull of a dog fastened to the neck of an animal is a favourite way of healing an obstinate wound. The ranchman must, therefore, be his own "vet," and the more he knows of the science the better.

Having got his ranch stocked and in working order, the ranchman, one is apt to think, has only to sit down and see his herds grow, with his balance at the bank, in number and in fatness. Quite otherwise is the case, and his work is in reality only just beginning, for that "the eye of the musty fatteneth the ox" is as true in Mexico as elsewhere, having set his vaqueros to look after the cattle, he has in turn to look after them—in many ways a more troublesome business, for they are essentially eye-servants, with the national trait of procrastination strong in them. Manana (to-morrow) is their motto, and they will seldom do to-day what they can put off to the middle of next week, left to themselves without supervision, they are all too apt to get slack and become quite useless. While constant oversight is, therefore, necessary at all times, it is especially so at certain periods—calving-time, for instance, which is also the very hottest of the year. It is at this time that that bete noire of the ranchman's life, the blow-fly, is rampant, and if the herds are not systematically gone over every day much loss may result. The slightest scratch, no matter how small, if struck by the fly will in a few hours become a seething mass of screw-worms or maggots, ending sooner or later, if not attended to, in the death of the animal. There is no preventive, and the only cure is to kill the maggots by means of chloroform or other preparation, and keep the wound clear of them till it has healed.

But the busiest time of the whole year is the annual "round-up" in November, which may take the best part of a month to complete, and at which all hands participate, often with the assistance of vaqueros from the neighbouring ranches. On the first day of a "round-up" a certain portion of the range is cleared of stock, which are collected into a bunch and held together in what is called a pied. If a corral is handy they will be corralled for the night, and taken out to water and graze next day under the charge of three or four men, while the others go off to scour another part of the range; and so on from day to day till at the end of ten days or a fortnight the whole ground has been gone over and the entire stock of two or three thousand head brought together in one huge herd. Any strays not bearing the ranch brand are now handed over to their rightful owners, and those with an unknown brand thrown out on to the nearest open range. The calves are separated from their mothers and branded, and a count taken of the entire stock, which must be as accurately done as possible, as on the result of it the Profit and Loss Account for the year is made up, permitting the ranchman to see exactly how he stands financially. Cattle in a mob such as is brought together in a "round-up" do not as a rule, if well supplied with food and water, give much trouble, the greatest danger to be guarded against being a stampede. Anything may start them off. A rabbit hopping in among the sleeping herd has been known to do it, when from absolute quietness they will start to their feet with a noise like thunder, and be off before their guards have quite realised

What has happened. Then nothing on earth will stop them till they have examined down, and the work of collecting them has, in part at least, to be done all over again. During the "round-up" the ranchman has to be constantly with his cattle, camping wherever they may be, and directing the work night and day. With fine weather the time may be quite an enjoyable one; but if he chances on a "norther" there may be no end to his misery.

Life on a Mexican ranch may be as monotonous as one likes; but in the actual work itself there is infinite variety, and as every day in the week brings with it a change of work and a change of scene there is little or no drudgery about it. The sense of freedom from the conventions of civilized society has alone its attractions, at least to many; and nothing can well be more exhilarating than to saddle-up at dawn and ride out in the balmy but invigorating air of a spring morning on to the range, the dead-level of which is only broken by the distant hills, probably fifty miles away, but which look only about ten. The wide expanse, the clear atmosphere, and the absolute stillness are almost awe-inspiring. For miles one may ride without seeing a living thing larger than a jack-rabbit or a belated coyote homeward bound, save the stock drawing out from the neighbouring ranch where they have lain through the night; and a man must be a chronic dyspeptic who does not feel the better of a gallop with the cattle under such conditions. And this feeling—if the sun is kind—will last all day; till the work done and night approaching, the ranchman begins to think of the adobe hut which for the time being is his home, and the frugal and solitary meal awaiting him there. Then, it must be confessed, "the gilt is a little off the ginger-bread," for the isolation of ranch-life in Mexico, as elsewhere, is its greatest drawback. Neighbours in the ordinary acceptance of the term he has none, and he will be lucky if he is within fifty or a hundred miles of a railway, and luckier still if he gets a mail once a fortnight, for on the latter he is greatly dependent for his literature. As he is not as a rule much of a reading man, the rancher's library is often of remarkably small proportions, consisting, in one case at least, of Mr Jorroek's Hunt, which he carried about with him and knew pretty well by heart.

So much for the life on its serious side; but it would be wrong to close without some reference to the sport the ranchman is able to indulge in during his leisure hours, for Mexico is a grand sporting-country. Some ranchmen keep a pack of hounds, brindled and black-and-tan, with a very strong dash of the bloodhound in them, but much smaller. They are known as "cat" hounds because the lynx or "cat" is their chief quarry, but they are not particular, and will, generally speaking, hunt anything on four legs. They have wonderful noses, and will hold to a line for hours with a blazing sun above, and the ground like a byck. The coyote would be the natural substitute for the fox; but in the thick brush hounds have no chance with him, and a full-grown one will stand up before the pack all day, and eventually run it out of scent. The lynx, on the other hand, is more easily brought to book, though he seldom gives much of a run, getting into the first tree of any size he comes to. Out of this he is unceremoniously ejected, when he "puts up" a good fight on the ground, often doing the hounds a lot of damage before they succeed in killing him. But it is with the gun that the best sport is obtainable, and one can get as much shooting on a ranch as one wants—often more, in fact, when one's breakfast, dinner and supper depend on the gun. Quail of both kinds—the bob-white and blue—are plentiful, while during the winter months the lagunas and rivers simply teem with duck of every variety. Deer, wild turkeys, and pigs are to be found on most ranges, and there is excellent fishing in the rivers.

Polo is a game which should flourish in Mexico, where suitable ponies cost next to nothing; but outside the capital it has made no progress. An occasional game has been got up among the ranchmen, but the distances are too great for regular meetings. Mexicans are passionately fond of cock-fighting, and those who like that sort of thing can get lots of it; while a bull-ring may quite possibly be within a reasonable distance. Altogether, rough and smooth, work and play, there are worse forms of existence than life on a Mexican ranch.—From "Chamber's Journal."

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE

Mr. Sydney Nathan has been appointed by the Government as a trustee of the Auckland Savings Bank.

Mr. C. V. Houghton was a passenger for New Plymouth by the Rarawa on Sunday.

Mr. Alf. Kidd, M.H.R., left for New Plymouth, en route to Wanganni, by the Rarawa on Sunday.

Mr. H. W. Wilson (town clerk) was granted three weeks' leave of absence from December 21 at the City Council meeting last week.

Miss McKinney (of Warkworth) returned to Auckland by the Sierra last week, after an extended visit to Canada, the United States, and the Old Country.

Nurse Sheldon Smith, who has been appointed charge nurse at the Whangarei Hospital, took up her new duties on Saturday.

The Hon. Geo. Fowlds, Minister for Public Health and Education, was a passenger for the South on Monday by the Takapuna.

Mr. Jas. Mackenzie (Commissioner for Crown Lands in the Auckland district) returned from Wellington on Sunday by the Rarawa.

Mrs. Jas. Kirker, accompanied by her son, Mr. H. R. Kirker, returned from Sydney by the Mokoia, which arrived on Monday.

Mrs. G. Ballal, of Buckland, returned to Auckland by the Manuka on Sunday from a visit to her people in the Midland Counties and Cornwall.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Noton returned by the Mokoia to Auckland on Monday after a round visit to the Exhibition, Melbourne and Sydney.

Mrs. Kenny, of Te Aroha, is staying in Ayr-street, Parnell, with Mrs. Wiltoughy Kenny, who has recently returned from a tour in the South, and the Hot Lakes district.

Mr. J. J. Cowan, youngest son of Mr. C. Cowan, of Pongsonby, who left England six months ago to study the higher branches of engineering, has abandoned that idea, and entered Coates College, Edinburgh, to study the ministry.

Mrs. John Robertson returned from a visit to England per Corinthia, and arrived here on Sunday by the Manuka. She is accompanied by Miss Macfarlane, of Liverpool, who is on a visit to this colony.

Mr. James Cowan, of the Tourist Department, left for Rotorua by the express on Monday. After spending a few days in the thermal district he will proceed overland to Napier, en route to Wellington.

Mr. Jas. Hirst, M.I.M.E., A.T.E.E., was a passenger for Sydney on Monday to Newcastle, where he occupies the position of city electrical engineer. Mr. Hirst is a son of Mr. Henry Hirst, for many years farming at Mt. Roskill.

Mr. and Mrs. Langley Shaw, of Hamilton, returned to Auckland last week, after a six weeks' Southern tour, which included Dunedin, Invercargill, Queenstown, Southern Lakes, Christchurch Exhibition, etc.

Mr. G. Brabant, who has been connected with the Northern Steamship Company at Paeroa for some years, has been appointed agent for the company at Tauranga. He leaves Paeroa immediately to take up his new duties.

Mrs. H. Twigden and family, of Birkenhead, were passengers by the s.s. Manuka for Sydney on Monday evening. Mr. Twigden has been appointed to a position in Sydney in connection with his profession as surveying engineer.

The officers of the Agricultural Department last week made presentations to Mr. T. A. Fraser, who is resigning from the service. A presentation was also made to Mr. A. T. Hubbard, who has been promoted to the position of inspector at Carterton.

Among the overseas visitors to the Auckland tourist office last week were Messrs W. D. Baldwin, J. C. Cooke, and W. Porter, of Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Miller, of Berkeley, Cal., U.S.A.; Mr. L. Walker, of Ventura, California; and Mr. Henry Rouse, of Sydney.

Mr. C. G. Tegetmeyer, chairman of the Auckland Electric Tramway Co., arrived via the Sydney boat on Monday, on a visit to Auckland in connection with the company's business. He is accompanied by Mr. Emile Garcke, managing director of the British Electric Traction Co.

Mr. Charles Edmund de Trafford, J.P., D.L., a member of the English cricket team, who arrived in Wellington by the Corinthia, is the captain of the Leicester-shire eleven, and is lord of the manor of Ilthorpe, and High Sheriff of Leicestershire. He is accompanied by his wife, Lady Agnes, the fourth daughter of the Earl of Denbigh.

Mr. C. N. Boulton returned by the Atua last week from Tonga, where he has been to supervise the construction of a wharf by the Ferro-Concrete Company. Prior to his departure for Auckland a dinner was given in one of the Government buildings to celebrate the completion of the wharf, and in the course of it the Minister for Lands (Fatafehi) took occasion to compliment Mr. Boulton upon the way in which the work had been carried out.

The late Captain Makgill, it has now been definitely ascertained, was entitled to call himself Sir John Makgill, Bart., although the title, which was conferred by James I., had not been assumed since the death of his great grandfather. Documents have come into possession of the family from the College of Heraldry since the captain's death, establishing beyond question the right to the baronetcy, which has accordingly been revived by his eldest son, who is now in England.

A large gathering of a particularly interesting nature took place in the Forsters' Hall, Helensville, last week, at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. T. Rimmer, to celebrate the 50th anniversary of their wedding day. Mr. and Mrs. Rimmer came from Lancashire, England, were married at Southport, and have resided at Helensville for the last 30 years, where they are much respected and esteemed. The number of their family living consists of three sons and four daughters, one of whom is Miss Alice Rimmer, one of Auckland's leading vocalists.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. George Tancred de Montalk, who fell a victim to the lamentable motor-car accident which occurred in Christchurch on the 4th inst. By a singular coincidence the fatality happened within a few hundred yards of the place where, 23 years ago, the deceased first saw light. He was the sixth son of Professor de Montalk, the authority upon modern languages, who died in this city some four years ago, after achieving the unique distinction of being appointed in succession to each of the Universities in New Zealand. Mr. George de Montalk was a member of the ninth contingent, and served with that body in South Africa. He was formerly engaged in business with his brother in this city; but at the time of the accident was manager in Christchurch for Messrs. Dexter and Crozier, and had charge of their stand in the Exhibition. The body was interred in the Linwood Cemetery, and we beg to add our condolences to those of which the bereaved family and relations are the recipients.

TARANAKI PROVINCE

Mrs. Honeyfield, Sydney, is visiting friends in New Plymouth.

Miss Holmes, Wellington, is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Stanley Shaw, New Plymouth.

Mrs. Jack Hempton, wife of the Collector of Customs, New Plymouth, is on a visit to her relatives in Dunedin.

Mrs. William Bayly, and Miss Carrie Bayly, New Plymouth, are visiting the former's mother at Nelson.

HAWKE'S BAY

Mr. and Mrs. Butcher, of Kaiapoi, are spending a holiday in Napier.

Miss Macfarlane, of Napier, is visiting in Woodville.

Miss Hoadley, of Napier, is in the country for some weeks.

Mrs. Oaken is spending a holiday in the South.

Miss Kirk, of Napier, went to Christchurch last week.

Miss Miles, of Dunedin, is spending some weeks in Napier.

Mrs. Paisley, of Napier, has gone to Apeia for several months.

Mrs. Colman, of Napier, is in Wellington for a few days.

Miss Magninity, of Wellington, is in Napier for a week or two.

Miss Lyons, of Australia, is paying a holiday visit to Napier.

Miss Gillies, of Napier, is spending a holiday in Auckland.

Miss E. Spencer has returned to Napier from London.

Mr. Martin has returned to Napier, after spending a holiday in the Old Country.

Miss Dalziel is spending some weeks in the country.

Mrs. F. Gordon, of Clifton, is in Christchurch.

Miss Smith has returned to Marton after a week in Napier.

Mrs. De Gregory has returned to Apeia after spending a few days in Napier.

Mrs. Waters, of London, formerly of Napier, arrived in New Zealand last week, and is now spending some months in Napier.

Miss Standish, of Wellington, is in Napier for some weeks; Miss West has returned to Palmerston North after having lived for some years in Napier.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE

Mr. W. Rutherford, Palmerston North, has gone for a holiday trip to Australia.

Miss J. Chaytor has returned to Blenheim after a few days in Wellington.

Mrs. Bidwill has returned to the Wairarapa after a stay in Wellington.

Major and Mrs. Hume are making a stay in Christchurch for the Exhibition.

Mrs. A. N. Gibbons, Palmerston North, has returned from a six weeks' visit to Wanganui.

Miss Helen Campbell, Hunterville, is staying with Mrs. R. M. McKnight, Palmerston North.

Miss Haudyside, Palmerston North, has returned from a visit to the Christchurch Exhibition.

His Excellency the Governor is back in Wellington after a stay in the South Island.

Mrs. L. Braithwaite is a guest at Government House during the stay in port of her husband's ship, H.M.S. Pyramus.

Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Pharaayn (Wanganui) are in Wellington for a short visit.

Dr. and Miss Shand (Wellington) have gone to Dunedin for some weeks to stay with Professor and Mrs. Shand.

Dr. Martin, Palmerston North, has left for a month's holiday in Australia. Dr. Wadmore, Bristol, will take charge of his practice during his absence.

Mrs. Sprott, who has been away from Wellington for the past six months, visiting the Old Country, is due back in Wellington this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Lyon and Miss R. Lyon, who have been away in Australia for some weeks, have returned to Wellington.

The Hon. Helen, Moyra, Eileen and Terence Plunket have left for England by the Athenic. Miss Aldon accompanies them, and will take charge until Lady Plunket arrives Home early next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Cohen, who have been away for some months travelling in the East, are back in Palmerston. They spent a good deal of time in the Philippine Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Gully, who came out from England a few weeks ago, have been paying a round of visits in the neighbourhood of Nelson. They have returned to Wellington, and are settling down in that city.

The Bishop of Wellington and Mrs. Wallis are back in Wellington after a visit to Australia. Most of their time was spent in Melbourne, where the Bishop attended an important conference on Church matters. They spent a few days in Sydney on the way back.

INSIST UPON HAVING
STEARNS'
HEADACHE CURE

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Randal Johnson arrived in Wellington a few days ago from England, via Sydney and Suez. Mr. Johnson, who is a keen cricketer, is a member of the English team, and joins them in Wellington for the tour of the colony. He was out here two or three years ago with the team captained by Mr. Warner. Mr. Johnson knows Wellington well, as it is his native town, and his early years were spent here. His marriage took place shortly before he left England.

SOUTH ISLAND.

Mrs Fitzroy (Wairarapa), is paying a visit to Mrs Elworthy (Christchurch).

Major and Mrs Johnston, Wellington, have been spending a few days in Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs F. Burns, Orari, are the guests of Mrs Molyneux, at the Bank of New South Wales, Christchurch.

Lady Clifford and family have returned to Stonyhurst, after a prolonged stay in Christchurch.

Mrs James Mills (Dunedin), has been staying in Christchurch, on a visit to Mrs Beavick.

Mr and Mrs Leonard Clark have left Christchurch for a trip to the North Island.

Mrs and Miss Hayeburch of South Canterbury, have returned from their visit to England, and are spending a few days in Christchurch.

Mrs Denniston has left Christchurch for Palmerston North, where she will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs Abraham.

Miss Richmond, who has been staying with Mrs C. C. Bowen (Christchurch), was recalled to Wellington on account of the sudden death of her mother.

In order to take the position of associate to his father, Mr. Justice Chapman, Mr. Harry Chapman has retired from the service of Messrs Smith, McGregor, and Sinclair, of Dunedin.

Pretty v. Plain Girls.

Beauty is the gift more coveted by women than any other. Out of six famous women who were asked what gift of fortune they would choose all answered beauty, and there is hardly a woman in the present day who would not say the same. Then if it is the supreme gift of womanhood, it seems strange that men should not give it the place of honour it deserves; yet in the man's code of honour the pretty girl is fair game to be flirted with, but he hesitates about trifling with the affections of the plain girl. Out of a plain girl and a pretty friend, who marries first? The plain girl. Yet who is most besieged with admirers, who is most sought in a hall-room, who is most courted and flattered? The pretty girl. This is obviously unfair. Far from the pretty girl being the enemy of the plain girl, the reverse is the case. A pretty woman has no friends. The pretty girl may steal a dozen admirers from the plain girl, but the plain girl robs the pretty girl of a husband, and cries more than quits. It would be a pleasant change if some one sang the praises and virtues of the pretty girl. Who is responsible for the opprobrium cast upon her? Are men so ungallant? Are women so jealous? It is time this apotheosis of the plain woman ceased and Venus had her votaries once more.

The betting evil does not flourish in New Zealand only. They seem to be not a little worried in England just now by the gambling ways of women. Two lady bookmakers have been convicted at Salford. One of them was simply a bookmaker's agent, but the other was in business on her own account. In Salford, also, a woman was found guilty of conducting betting in a shop. It was visited on one day by 20 persons of her own sex, and on another day by 24 persons, chiefly women. She was only a servant, and a fine was inflicted, but the magistrate remarked that he would like to give her employer three months' imprisonment.

"I wish," said Mrs. Oblesstle, "that I had Mrs. Waddington's savor-faire." "Yes," replied her hostess, "carelessly tossing her a 1000 dog-onion on the dressing-table." "I like it, too," I was taking at some given town at Selthou and Sennun's the other day, but they didn't have any left that was anything like hers."



ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Olive Cullins (Wanganui) to Mr. Philip Suckling, son of Mr. W. Suckling (Wellington).

Another engagement is that of Miss Gretchen Sheath-Cope, daughter of Madame Cope, Dowling, to Mr. Ahrens, London, writes our Wellington correspondent.

A marriage of great interest to Palmerston is that of Dr. Martin, which will take place in Australia. The doctor left here on Saturday last for Sydney, writes our Palmerston North correspondent, to meet his fiancée, who is to arrive from England. She is travelling out from Home with Mrs. Cohen.



LEWIS-GILFILLAN.

A charmingly pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, on Thursday, December 6, when Miss Elsie Muriel Gould, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gilfillan, St. Stephen's avenue, Parnell, was married to Mr. Henry Percy Lewis, of Wanganui, son of H. J. Lewis, Esq., of Parnell, Auckland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Gould, grandfather of the bride, assisted by Canon MacMurray, Vicar of St. Mary's and Canon Haseldene, uncle of the bride. The service was a full choral one, Mr. Vincent Rice, organist of St. Sepulchre's, presiding at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked lovely in a beautiful white duchesse satin gown, with overdress of white chiffon, and an embroidered tulle veil fell in graceful folds over a dainty wreath of orange blossoms. Her charming toilette was completed by an exquisite shower bouquet composed of white carnations, roses, heath, and maidenhair, and included a piece of white heather sent from Wales. The bridesmaids were Miss Dagnar Gilfillan, Miss Molly Nolan (Gisborne), Miss Ina Lewis, Miss Gwladys Beale, Miss Dagnar Gilfillan and Miss Ina Lewis were sweetly pretty gowns of pale pink mousseline de soie, over glaze foundation, with dainty yokes of white chiffon inset with Valenciennes lace, pink crinoline straw hats swathed with tulle and white ostrich feathers under the brim. Miss Molly Nolan and Miss Gwladys Beale looked charming in similar gowns of the palest shade of blue, and their hats were of pale blue crinoline straw. They all carried lovely shower bouquets of pale pink carnations and roses, and wore amethyst and pearl brooches and cable bangles, the gifts of the bridegroom. Mr. Forest Stevenson, of Wanganui, was best man, and Mr. Lewis was also attended by Mr. Dick Irving, Mr. Trevor, V. Gilfillan, and Mr. Graham Reid as groomsmen. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gilfillan held a reception at their pretty home in St. Stephen's avenue. A delicious afternoon tea was arranged in the dining-room, the table decorations being in the most perfect taste, wedding bells suspended over the centre of the table, with white satin ribbons finishing at the corners, was particularly pretty. During the afternoon Mr. and Mrs.

Lewis' health was drunk in bumper of champagne, and several other toasts appropriate to the occasion were duly honoured; a string band stationed in the garden meanwhile playing selections from all the modern operas, greatly adding to the brightness and gaiety of the gathering. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis left on their wedding tour amid showers of confetti, and bearing with them the good wishes of all present for their future happiness and prosperity. The bride wore an effective travelling gown of cream cloth trimmed with pauze velvet and cream silk braid, vest of champagne lace, and becoming hat of pale blue crinoline straw with clusters of pink roses.

Mrs. Gilfillan, mother of the bride, was in a charming gown of pale grey crepe de chine trimmed with chiffon and lace, lilac toque, and carried a bouquet of lilac sweet peas; Miss Lewis wore a handsome black silk toilette with yoke of cream lace and a black cream toque; Mrs. Walter Barker (Gisborne) was gowned in a lovely leaf green taffeta, softened with beautiful lace, and a green toque en suite; Mrs. H. Gould (Dargaville) dainty pale blue mousseline de soie with white lace yoke, cream lace straw hat swathed with black and white tulle. Miss L. Gould, blue and check muslin with white Valenciennes lace and insertion, white hat with blue on it. Mrs. Bertram White, rich black silk gown with jet trimmings and cream lace yoke, and a black and cream bonnet; Miss White, navy and white check muslin with a lace yoke piped with blue, and a navy and white hat to match; Mrs. John Keuderdine wore a black and white figured chaille with a charming toque to correspond; Mrs. J. P. Stevenson was daintily gowned in a heliotrope floral voile with white Valenciennes lace yoke, pretty floral toque, bouquet of heliotrope sweet peas; Mrs. Nicol, cream voile costume, grey dust coat, white plumed hat with touches of blue, pink bouquet; Miss May White, pretty pale pink muslin with white lace yoke, wide pink satin ceinture, pink hat en suite, and pink bouquet; Miss Long was gowned in a pale pink muslin with V-shaped yoke of white lace and a white lace hat; Mrs. Lush, becoming black gown relieved white, and a black and white bonnet; Miss Gilfillan, pretty pale grey gown and a black hat with pink roses; Miss G. Gilfillan, grey striped toilette with a becoming hat to match; Miss Nancy Gilfillan, grey cotton costume faced with white, and a white vest, smart grey toque; Mrs. Bathbone was gowned in a navy chiffon taffeta, with Maltese lace yoke and bands of dark blue velvet, and a pretty pale blue hat with shaded blue feather; Mrs. Pollen wore an effective costume of cream voile with blue Oriental embroidery and a hydrangea blue hat; Mrs. Marriner, Mrs. Young in a handsome grey and black gown with a becoming toque en suite; Miss Young, dainty white voile with medallions of cream lace and a black picture hat; Miss Yonge was in a pink muslin with white Valenciennes lace and insertion, pretty pink hat; Mrs. H. Nolan was gowned in a lovely old rose-coloured silk with cream lace and a rose toque; Mrs. J. Reid, green silk canvas trimmed with green silk and cream lace, green hat with white and green flowers; Miss Myra Reid, white voile gown braided with white silk and a white hat with heliotrope, blue and green ribbon; Miss K. Mulvaney, navy & white figured voile with white lace yoke and a navy and white hat; Miss Mulvaney wore black and a black toque with pink roses; Miss A. Mulvaney, cream voile with cream lace and a rose pink hat swathed with tulle; Miss Amy Mulvaney, dainty white inserted muslin with a white and blue hat; Mrs. Colegrove was gowned in a white and green floral muslin, wine green ceinture, white hat, garlanded with green; Mrs. MacMurray, black and white spotted voile, with a black and white bonnet; Mrs. Jackson, navy and white floral muslin with a cream lace yoke, navy toque with red roses; Mrs. Greig wore black crepe de chine with yoke of white Irish lace, white and black toque; Miss Sybil Greig, white cloth skirt and a pretty white silk blouse, white hat with pink roses; Miss Esther Beale, white Sicilian coat and skirt, with pretty lace vest and a becoming pink hat; Mrs. Oberlin Brown in a handsome black gown relieved with white and a black and white toque; Miss J. Nora Brown, pretty white embroidered muslin with a white lace hat; Mrs. Dewa, blue and white floral muslin with white Valenciennes lace, and a blue and white toque; Miss Lusk, pale blue molair pinafore frock with cream net

yoke, and white hat with black feathers and pink roses; Miss O. Lusk, pink molair with cream lace yoke, and a pink hat swathed with tulle; Miss Buckland was daintily frocked in white embroidered muslin, with a white lace hat; Mrs. Derry was gowned in white; Mrs. T. Russell; Mrs. Chatfield, cream voile gown with black velvet and cream lace, cream and black toque; Mrs. Grierson, black chiffon taffeta with white lace yoke, and a black and white toque; Miss Grierson, dainty pink and white floral muslin, with white hat wreathed with shaded roses; Miss May Kissling, heliotrope and white floral muslin, with a white and heliotrope hat; Miss Maude Douglas, dainty white embroidered muslin with a broom white hat; Mrs. Mowbray, smart navy costume; Miss Daisy Mowbray, pretty pink muslin with white lace, and pink hat to match; Mrs. Leatham, biscuit-coloured canvas over pink glaze, and a becoming pink hat; Mrs. Stoney, brown silk voile with cream lace yoke, and a brown and cream toque; Mrs. A. V. MacDonald, black and white check costume, and a black and white toque; Miss Fiosie Howard, white muslin, and white hat; Miss Heywood, biscuit-coloured voile with Valenciennes lace, black hat with pink roses; Miss Millie Heywood, navy chiffon taffeta, and smart black hat; Mrs. Wilfrid Colbeck, very pretty pale blue colienne with lace yoke, black hat with white ostrich plumes; Miss Kissling; Mrs. Rice wore black with cream lace vest, and pretty black and white tulle bonnet; Mr. Edward Phillips wore a striking heliotrope striped voile corselet gown with touches of cream lace, Tuscan hat wreathed with pink roses; Mrs. Irving, soft black silk bougainée over white, black and white toque; Mrs. Ivor Evans was gowned in a very pale oyster grey cloth Eton coat and skirt, opening over a white vest, white hat garlanded with green; Mrs. J. A. Beale, heliotrope floral muslin, made with pretty little cream Valenciennes lace imitation bolero, heliotrope; and white hat; Mrs. W. Holmes wore a beautifully fitting black chiffon taffeta, Tuscan hat with white feathers; Mrs. Houghton, pink molair tucked corselet gown with lovely lace and chiffon yoke, black picture hat; Mrs. S. Kissling, black and white toilette; Mrs. Harold Kissling, white tastefully combined with heliotrope, hat en suite; Mrs. Thomas, becoming pale pink muslin gown, white hat trimmed with pale pink; Mrs. Dunstan Clark, white liberty silk and white hat; Mrs. Bodle, cornflower blue with white yoke and black hat; Mrs. Esmo, black gown with touches of white, black hat with white tulle and black feathers; Mrs. Howard, black costume and black bonnet; Miss Haseldene wore a soft white muslin, white hat, with touches of pale blue; Mrs. Rudlock, black relieved with cream and dull green hat; Miss Rudlock, smart navy blue muslin with white Valenciennes lace yoke, pretty blue hat; Miss Madge Rudlock was gowned in a white inserted muslin, Tuscan hat garlanded with pink roses; Miss Basley, very pretty white muslin with white Valenciennes lace, chine ribbon sash and black picture hat; Miss Mabel Thornea wore a very pretty pale pink Indian muslin with white vest, white hat wreathed with pink roses; Mrs. Ernest Beale, dainty floral muslin gown finished with lace, Tuscan hat; Miss Syms, pretty figured muslin; Miss Ella Syms, graceful white muslin with pale blue ceinture, white hat; Miss Rice, pretty pale blue muslin with blue ceinture, white and blue hat; Miss Mab Rice, white muslin with blue ceinture, white and blue hat; Mrs. Walker, grey and white striped silk and dainty violet toque; Miss Florence Walker, cream cloth costume and cream hat.

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BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

[The charge for inserting announcements of births, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

MACDUFF.—At her residence, Birkenhead, the wife of W. B. Macduff, a daughter.

SAUNDERS.—On November 27th, at her residence, "Glennham," Mueller-st., Waihi, the wife of D. G. Saunders of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BIRTH ANGOYE.—On October 31st, at St. Stephen's Church, by Rev. G. A. Carter, Percy Clifton, youngest son of late J. C. Clifton, to Sylvia Elizabeth, fifth daughter of E. J. Angove, of Kynberly Place, Auckland.

SILVER WEDDING.

BRUQUART.—McPHERSON. — On December 9th, 1881, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the late Rev. George Mackay, Thomas, youngest son of late John Ferguson, of Caledonian, Roslin, to Helen, fifth daughter of late Donald McPherson, of Inverness, Scotland.

DEATHS.

CONGALTON.—On December 4, at District Hospital, Jane Mason, dearly beloved wife of Alexander Congalton; aged 51 years.

CLARKE.—On December 3rd, drowned at Waikanae, Charles, beloved son of John and the late Mary Clarke, of Auckland; aged 18 years.

CLOUT.—At Auckland, on December 2nd, Joseph Simpson, eldest son of the late James Clout, Huntly.

DICK.—On December 5, at his parents' residence, Kingsland-rd., Alexander, fourth beloved son of James and Agnes Dick; aged 29 years.

de MONTALK.—Killed by motor car accident, at Christchurch, yesterday, George Tancred, the dearly beloved son of Madame and the late Professor de Montalk; aged 21.

ELLERJAMES.—On November 10th, at Christchurch, Australia, Edward George (Teddy), dearly beloved second son of John M. and M. A. Fulljames, of Hams, at the early age of 17 years and 11 months.

▲ previous one from us is gone, ▲ voice we loved is stilled, ▲ place is vacant in our home, Which never can be filled.

GILLON.—On November 29th, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. G. R. Barnes, Redhstone-st., Christchurch, Sara, relict of the late James Gillon, Waiholia Park, Otago, in her 80th year.

JACK.—On December 4th, at her residence, Wanganui-rd., Mr. Eden, Mary Elizabeth, widow of the late James Selkirk Jack, of Hamilton; aged 65 years.

JACKSON.—At Auckland, on December 6th, Mary Anne Jackson, the wife of the late G. Jackson; aged 78 years.
Peace to her soul, patient suffering

JOHNSON.—On December 8th, 1898, at the District Hospital, Charles, the dearly beloved husband of Mary Ann Johnson, late of Ponto and East Cape; aged 70 years.

LAING.—On December 3rd, at "Nashid," 23, Symonds-st., John A. Laing, M.D., Edin., the very dearly beloved husband of Mrs. E. Laing, aged 48.
Dearly beloved and deeply regretted by all who knew him. Not lost, but gone before.
"They will be done."

MCDILL.—On 6th December, 1906, at his late residence, Leamington-rd., Mr. Rowland, John Alfred McDill, beloved husband of Bertha Emily McDill, and beloved eldest son of John McDill, late of Farnell; aged 36 years.

PARTINGTON.—At his son's residence, Waiyhi, on December 5th, Henry Partington; aged 87.

POWELL.—On December 4, suddenly, at her residence, Walkway, upper Thames, Helen Kate, fourth daughter of the late W. V. Powell, and dearly-loved sister of S. Mattson and M. A. Powell.
Loved by all who knew her.

BELLWOOD.—On December 8, at his residence, Howick, Stanley Woodham, the dearly loved eldest son of George and Catherine Bellwood; aged 10 years.
At rest.

RYAN.—On December 5th, 1906, at his father's residence, Captain Cook Hotel, Newmarket, Jack, the dearly beloved second son of Henry James and Mary Ryan; aged 36 years.
Dearly beloved by all who knew him. R.I.P.

SOME symptoms of Acute Rheumatism are: a feeling of coldness; want of appetite; thirst; and sharp pains in the joints. RHEUMO removes the cause of the trouble, excess uric acid in the blood, 2/6 and 4/6.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, December 11.

OPENING OF THE WEST END CROQUET CLUB'S NEW LAWNS.

Conspicuously successful was the At Home in connection with the opening of the new lawns of the West End Croquet Club, which took place on Saturday afternoon, and was attended by a large number of players and visitors. Mr Murdoch McLean, vice-president of the club, performed the opening ceremony, and spoke in the highest terms of the position and appearance of the lawns and complimented the ladies upon their efforts in connection with the club. Afternoon tea was served, and visiting members from other clubs engaged in play. The committee are: Mesdames S. Hanna (hon. treas.), Burt, Massey, R. Gallaugher, Dalton, Drummond, Keary, and the Misses Mackay, McDonald, L. Wright (hon. sec.) His Worship the Mayor of Auckland is president, and Mrs. Inglis and Bedford, and Messrs J. R. Self, McLean, Entrican, Wetherill and W. Stewart are vice-presidents. The club is greatly indebted to the kindness of many friends who have rendered valuable assistance to the committee. Amongst those present were Mrs McLean, in a handsomely trimmed black voile and black hat; Mrs Hodgson, cream skirt and coat, black velvet revers, black and cream hat; Mrs Bullantyne, pretty grey silk, laeg hat; Mrs W. Geddis, stylish brown silk costume, cream gipure trimming, black and heliotrope hat; Mrs Book, white dress black tulle hat; Mrs Ross, black silk, black bonnet, coloured trimming; Mrs Thompson, black silk, gold and heliotrope bonnet; Mrs Dickenson, delicate grey costume, black hat; Mrs Wetherill, black silk, stylish blue and green hat; Mrs Broughton (Devonport), flowered muslin, pretty hat trimmed with heliotrope; Mrs Mynott (Devonport), handsome white embroidered dress, pale heliotrope hat; Mrs Montague, effective cream spotted voile, very stylish hat trimmed with sweet peas; Mrs G. Niccol (Remuera), white frock, and floral hat; Mrs W. Frater, navy blue costume and hat en suite; Mrs Oliphant, grey skirt, white silk blouse, and picture hat; Mrs Oldham, crimson silk blouse, black skirt and hat; Mrs Rees, all black; Mrs Johnstone (Devonport), black and white; Mrs Brittain (Wellington), rich black costume, black hat; Mrs Self, pale grey trimmed with black ribbon velvet, white hat; Mrs A. Goldie, stylish white embroidered dress; vieux rose hat; Mrs T. Billington, dainty pink dress, pink hat with black feathers; Mrs T. Whitehaw, pretty pale blue costume; Miss J. Peacock, pretty pale pink costume; Miss McLean, lovely navy blue silk dust coat, cream hat; Miss Eva Dickenson, dainty cream costume, white hat; Miss Ella Dickenson, pretty white muslin, pink sash, cream hat; Miss Holloway, lovely flowered voile, stylishly trimmed with ribbon yoke, white hat and flowers; Miss Billington, brown silk dress, pale blue tulle hat; Miss Wingfield, stylish brown muslin, made over heliotrope, hat en suite; Miss Brittain (Wellington), cream dress trimmed with pale green ribbon, cream hat; Miss Geddis, stylish white embroidered linen; black hat; Miss Warnock, pale blue; Miss C. Billington, handsome muslin over pink, pink hat;

Miss Hanna, soft grey muslin, prettily trimmed with yoke of white Valenciennes lace, hat with black velvet ribbon; Miss Gregory, cream dress and blue hat; Miss L. Gregory, cream dress and hat.

AFTERNOON TEA.

A very enjoyable "Cup and Saucer" afternoon tea was given by Miss Maude Wingfield, Possibly, in honour of Miss Belle Moir prior to her marriage. Unfortunately the bride elect was unable to be present on account of illness, having an attack of influenza. However, although much regret was expressed for the absent one, the hostess made everyone as happy as possible, and the afternoon passed very pleasantly. Some musical items were contributed by the Misses Cooper, Butters, L. Devore, and Stevenson. A dainty repast was served, the tea-table being prettily decorated with flowers. Those present were: Mesdames A. Goldie, Culpan, Burt, Hodgson, C. Smith, Reynolds, Misses L. Moir, Stevenson, Rothchild (2), L. Butters, Knight (2), Hudson (3), Beatty (Christchurch, Cooper (Wellington), Devore, L. Nelson, and Caro.

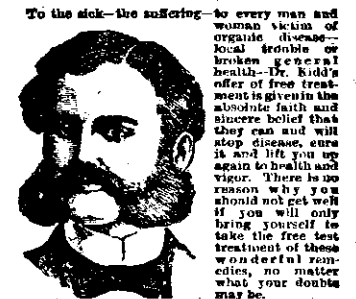
A DELICIOUS AFTERNOON TEA

was given by Mrs Hope Lewis at her pretty home in Symonds-street last Thursday to enable Mrs Guy Williams to say good-bye to some of her friends prior to her departure for Masterton next week. The rooms were charmingly decorated with delicate shades of sweet pea, and the flowers on the afternoon tea table were red poppies and cornflowers. On the stairs the band was playing selection from modern popular operas. Strawberries and cream and all kinds of dainty refreshments were handed round, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent by all present. I cannot recollect nearly all the pretty summer gowns worn but here are a few I particularly noticed. Mrs Lewis received her guests in a becoming gown of grey and white checked muslin trimmed with Valenciennes lace and black velvet ribbon; Mrs Guy Williams wore a charming gown of cream voile with silk strappings on skirt, pretty lace yoke and sleeves and folded white silk centre. Among the guests were: Mrs W. R. Bloomfield, who was wearing a dainty primrose gown with touches of velvet a shade deeper, hat to match; Mrs H. Gorrie, dark green costume with cream lace on bodice, green toque; Mrs E. R. Bloomfield was becomingly gowned in pale blue tucked mouseline, pretty flower bedecked hat; Mrs J. Rankin Reed was wearing a blue and white check costume, cornflower blue hat; Mrs John Reid, black lace with touches of cream, black hat; Mrs Seymour George, black chiffon taffeta with lace and net vest, black and white toque; Mrs F. Waller wore a graceful pale grey cologne with cream lace yoke, black picture hat; Mrs Gordon, pretty embroidered muslin gown, burnt straw hat with shaded roses and green tulle; Mrs Edward Anderson, cream skirt and very pretty lace inserted white silk blouse, white hat with green bird and osprey; Mrs Lindsay, white muslin box gown with heliotrope centre and hat; Mrs Louis Myers, handsome black silk toilette with cream lace vest, black and white bonnet; Mrs Arthur Myers was wearing a smart navy costume with a becoming Tuscan hat; Mrs Coleman, navy blue chiffon taffeta and small blue hat; Mrs H. Thompson was gowned in a rich black broadened silk with cream lace vest, black and white hat; Mrs Pollen, cream canvas gown prettily finished with chine ribbon, buttons and lace and net vest, hydrangea blue hat with pink roses and white ospreys; Mrs Rathbone, navy blue chiffon taffeta with small round yoke of cream silk Matinee lace, pale blue hat with long ostrich plume of same shade; Miss Fenton, dainty cream chiffon voile gown, the crossover bodice opening over a cream lace vest, black hat; Miss Auckland, pretty pale grey costume with white lace and a becoming white hat; Mrs. Markham, white Sicilian coat and skirt, and pretty white hat; Miss Gorrie, white, with smart Tuscan hat; Miss Ina Thompson was dainty in pale pink tulle muslin, pink hat; Miss Pierce, navy blue mohair costume, and navy hat to match; Miss Ethna Pierce, pretty white

and pink floral muslin, white hat; Miss Lusk wore a pale blue mohair primrose frock with net yoke, cream hat with black ostrich feathers and pink roses; Miss Olive Lusk, pretty pale pink Sicilian with net and lace vest, pale pink tulle swathed hat; Miss J. Reid was daintily gowned in a delicate floral muslin, white lace hat finished with pale blue ribbons; Miss Williams wore a smart cream cloth coat and skirt, becoming white and blue hat; Miss Cotter wore a pretty gown of pale blue cologne, with under-sleeves and yoke of Broderie Anglaise, white hat trimmed with white tulle and pink roses; Dr. Eleanor Baker, becoming white and blue costume, hat to match; Mrs. R. A. Carr, navy blue chiffon taffeta, with hat en suite; Mrs. Archie Clark, black chiffon taffeta with cream lace, and a smart black and cream toque; Miss Isobel Clark was daintily frocked in a pink and white floral muslin and a white lace hat with pink ribbon; Mrs. Dargaville, graceful black costume relieved with white and a black and white toque; Miss Muriel Dargaville, pretty inserted muslin gown, with a pretty picture hat; Miss Dorothy Ware was becomingly gowned in a blue floral muslin with a hat to match; Miss W. Cotter, reseda green soft silk with net and lace yoke, chine ribbon belt, and dainty hat swathed with pale green; Miss Horton, white embroidered linen costume, white hat trimmed with pale blue; Mrs. Duthie was daintily gowned in white, Tuscan and black hat; Mrs.

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I want to give them the proof the evidence and the glory of new life in their own bodies—and I want to pay the cost of this proof—all of it—to the very last cent—myself!
I have put my life into this work—I hold the record of thousands of cures—not "some better"—but thousands of desperate sufferers, heart and strong and big and well; and their letters are in my hands to prove every word I say. Rheumatism, kidney troubles, heart disease, partial paralysis, bladder troubles, stomach and bowel troubles, piles, catarrh, bronchitis, weak lungs, asthma, chronic coughs, nervousness, all kinds of troubles, indigestion, skin diseases, senility, impure blood, general debility, organic weaknesses, etc., are cured to remain as a constant cure.
No matter how you are, no matter what your disease, I will have the remedies sent to you and given into your own hands free, paid for by me and delivered at my own cost.

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They have cured thousands of cases—nearly every disease—and they cure and there is no reason why they should not cure you—make you well—and bring you back to health and the joy of living!
Will you let me do this for you—will you let me prove it—brother and sister sufferers? Are you willing to trust a modest physician who not only makes this offer but publishes it and sends the test and proof of his remedies without a penny of cost to anyone except himself?
Send your name, your location, the disease and a description of your condition, and I will do my utmost to satisfy every doubt you have or can have that these remedies will save your life and make it all that nature means to give you.
Let me make you well. Give me your name and tell me how you feel, and the proof treatment is yours at my cost. No bill of any kind—no papers—nothing but my absolute good-will and good faith.

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NOTE.—We know personally Dr. Kidd and know that his methods are the best at present known to every sufferer. The reader should take advantage of Dr. Kidd's generous offer.

NOTE.—Dr. Kidd's methods and his offer are exactly as represented in every remedy.

Torrance wore a violet costume with a toque to match; Miss Torrance, pretty blue toilette with a blue hat wreathed with flowers; Mrs. Southey Baker in a handsome black gown with a black and white toque; Mrs. Langguth, white cloth costume, black hat with white feathers.

"AT HOME."

The weather was ideal on Wednesday afternoon and made the "At Home" given by Mrs. Brett at her lovely home a most delightful one. "Te Kiteroa," with peeps of Lake Takapuna glistening between the shrubs, was looking exceptionally well, the profusion of flowers in the borders round the lawns being extremely beautiful. The sweet pea and carnations were most prominent, and some of them decorated the tea tables. The weather being so perfect, Mrs. Brett made the function a semi-fresco one. The guests were able to disperse over the lovely grounds, and the shade in the maze of romantic walks, the grottoes and borders of the Lake was very acceptable. Strawberries and cream were handed round during the afternoon. The "Alphabet" Competition prizes were won by Mrs. Annesse first and Mrs. O'Neil second. Mrs. Brett spared no trouble over the pleasure of her visitors, who bade farewell with expressions of regret that the "At Home" had come to an end. The hostess received in a black crepe and silk toilette; Mrs. Rainger wore a light grey costume; Miss Moon, cream gown; Mrs. C. Williamson, black silk and cream lace fichu; Mrs. Pierre, black silk; Miss Pierre, cream costume; Mrs. Gerard, pale blue Empire gown, and blue hat; Mrs. Goldie, brown shot Radium silk; Mrs. Annesse, black silk and black hat; Mrs. Prater, blue voile; Mrs. Kirk, black silk; Mrs. W. Geddis, golden brown taffetas and cream lace hat; Mrs. Monckton, black voile and smart green hat; Mrs. Devore, black crepe de chine; Miss Devore, very pretty pale pink mousseline de soie and pink hat; Mrs. Arthur Brett, brown taffetas toilette; Mrs. Quick, cream silk blouse and dark skirt; Miss Kirk, rose pink frock; Mrs. Cory, cream costume; Mrs. H. Lloyd Brett, grey muslin and pink hat; Mrs. Porter, pale grey gown; Mrs. J. Donald, cream serge; Mrs. Esdaile, white silk; Mrs. Warren Blyth, pretty pale grey costume; Mrs. Muir, cream and pale blue; Mrs. Purdie, floral muslin, white hat with black velvet; Mrs. F. Kenderline, black and white check with black velvet bands, and crimson hat with poppies; Mrs. Weston, cream Sicilian gown and green hat; Mrs. Tompkins, navy blue gown; Miss Williamson, pretty pale green frock; Miss Hutton, black costume; Mrs. Shakespeare, black toilette; Mrs. Derry, grey silk; Mrs. E. T. Hart, white embroidered linen, white and blue hat; Mrs. Parr, cream coat over dark gown, pink hat; Miss Abbott, cream Shantung silk with frills of Valenciennes lace on bodice; Miss Maude Abbott, lovely heliotrope mousseline de soie, with bolero composed of frills of Valenciennes lace and heliotrope hat; Mrs. Boak, white embroidered muslin and black and white hat; Miss Houchen; Mrs. Moren, cream silk; Miss Alison, rose pink costume, hat en suite; Miss Alison, lovely point d'esprit frock; Mrs. Green, black and white floral muslin; Miss Pickering; Mrs. O'Neil, grey muslin; Miss Gordon, cream serge costume; Miss La Trobe, pale green frock; Mrs. Ashton, smart golden brown taffetas; Mrs. McClune, cream; Mrs. Bradstreet, cream costume; Mrs. Mactier, black silk; Miss Scanlan, white silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Corry, pretty pale line muslin; Mrs. Crisp, black.

MISS PALOTTA'S RECEPTION.

Owing to the awful deluge of rain on Thursday last, a large number of those invited to meet Miss Grace Palotta were absent. However those who braved the weather spent a delightful afternoon, and found that talented young lady more charming and gracious even than we expected. The dining-room at the Star Hotel had been transformed into a reception room, and was prettily decorated with yellow and white flowers, and tea was served at small tables which held four or six. Miss Palotta received us in a becoming black velvet corselet skirt, dainty white crepe de chine blouse, veiled in beautiful gold embroidered net, and a black picture hat with white feather

MR. WALTER IMPETT'S THIRD MUSICAL EVENING

By his students was given in the Y.M.C.A. Lecture Hall on Friday evening

last, before a large audience. The success achieved was considerable, and while the efforts of the more youthful performers were full of promise, the work of the senior pupils was, in some instances, worthy a position on any concert programme. The entire evening's entertainment was contributed by pupils, and the two hours spent in the hall was very enjoyable. Encores were frequent, and in many instances the pupils played and sang from memory. The following list of items was gone through—Pianoforte trio, "Zinga" (Bonheur). Misses Winnie, Elsie, and Madge Sterle; piano solo, "Sans Patrie" (Heins). Master Owen Knight; piano solo, "Eighteenth Norwegian Dance" (Muller). Master Arthur Billington; vocal solo, "When the birds go North Again" (Willeby). Miss Agnes Monro; piano solo, "Hand in Hand" (Orth). Miss Beryl Knight; piano solo, "Au Bois Enchanté" (Heins). Miss Iris Baker; vocal solo, "The Dewdrop and the Tear" (Lambert). Miss Irene Russell; piano solo, "Peasants' Dance" (Heins). Miss Maggie Healey; vocal solo, "With Verdure" (Clair) (Haydn). Miss Annie Parry; piano solo, "Le Papillon" (Ascher). Miss Ida Histed; duo for organ and piano, "The Erl King" (Schubert). Messrs. H. Lamb and W. Impett; vocal duet, "Why Listen to the Carols" from "Ruy Blas" (Mendelssohn). Misses G. McDonald and I. Russell; piano solo, "Deuxieme Mazurk" (Godard). Miss Gladys Lind; vocal solo, "Angus McDonald" (Roedel). Miss G. McDonald; piano solo, "Polish Dance" No. 1 (Scharwenka). Miss Olive Forsdick; piano solo, "Mazurka de Concert" (Lange). Master W. Green; vocal solo, "The Spring has Come" (M. V. White). Miss Ada Kirk; piano solo, "Balancelle" (Wachs). Miss Ivy Crisp; piano solo, "Galop de Bravoure" (Ketterer). Miss Nellie Keen; vocal solo, "The Four-Leafed Clover" (Willeby). Miss Annie Parry; duo for organ and piano, "Zanetta" (Auber). Messrs. H. Lamb and W. Impett. Among those present were: Misses Bagnall, Miss Cooper (Wellington), Mrs. Knight, Mrs. A. B. Reynolds, Misses Muriel and Dorothy Knight, Mrs. G. H. Baker, Miss Wingfield, Mrs. Walter Impett, Mrs. W. Lind, Miss Isa Lind, Mrs. C. E. Histed, Mrs. Davenport, Miss Oswald, Mrs. G. B. Monro, Mrs. Billington, Misses Dewar, Miss Hill, Mrs. Smith, Miss Woods, Mrs. Mackay, Misses Matthews, Mrs. Chatteris, Miss McGregor, Mrs. McGregor, Miss Court, Mrs. S. H. Matthews, Mrs. C. F. Edger, Mrs. and Miss Manning, and many others.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee,

Dec. 8.

Last Thursday evening the Napier Orchestral Society gave

AN EXCELLENT CONCERT IN THE THEATRE ROYAL.

Mr. Spackman and his enthusiastic band have earned for themselves a high reputation for their artistic performances. Amongst the audience I noticed Mrs. T. Wilson wearing soft grey frock, bodice trimmed with cream lace; Mrs. Parker, black silk, white lace vest; Miss Oakland, white silk and lace dress, touches of pale blue; Miss Lyons, black satin frock, white lace yoke; Miss McLean, pretty pink frock, cream lace on bodice; Mrs. Kettle, black silk and lace frock; Miss Kettle, white silk frock, white cloth coat; Miss McLernon, pink silk and lace blouse, black satin skirt; Miss C. McLernon, becoming black taffeta frock, bottle of white lace; Mrs. Williams, yellow silk frock, touches of violet on bodice; Miss Williams, white silk frock, pale blue bow on bodice, lace bolero; Mrs. Hetley, black silk frock; Miss Hetley, soft white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Flossie Hetley, handsome pink brocade and lace blouse, black skirt; Miss Saunders, pale blue silk blouse, trimmed with frills of Valenciennes lace, black satin skirt; Mrs. Reading, pretty blue chiffon blouse, blue cloth skirt; Mrs. Luke, black and white spotted dolman dress, cream lace fichu; Miss Luke, white muslin frock; Mrs. Kennedy, black satin frock, white lace on bodice; Miss D. Kennedy, navy blue silk frock, bolero of lace; Miss Brown, white silk frock, pretty long white coat; Mrs. Cornford, black frock trimmed with lace, red coat; Mrs. Allan, becoming white satin frock, silver braid on bodice, and pleated chiffon; Miss Humphries,

pale pink muslin and lace frock; Miss Dicken, pink satin blouse trimmed with cream lace, black skirt; Miss Clark, black silk frock, lace berthe; Miss MacKenzie, white silk frock, chiffon frills on the bodice; Miss E. Humphries, handsome lace robe over blue silk; Miss Graham, soft white silk frock, Valenciennes lace vest; Miss Sheath, pink silk blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Taylor flowered muslin frock, pink folded belt; Mrs. O'Dean, blue and white floral muslin and lace frock; Miss Newbell, white silk frock trimmed with chiffon; Miss McLean, white muslin frock, touches of pink, pink ribbons in hair; Mrs. King, red silk blouse, trimmed with black velvet, black satin skirt; Miss Wimbor, blue silk blouse, trimmed with white insertion; Mrs. St. Paul, pale blue voile frock trimmed with black velvet and lace; Miss St. Paul, white silk frock;

Mrs. Dinwiddie, white silk, lace blouse; white voile skirt; Miss Macfarlane, white voile frock, heliotrope folded belt; Miss Thompson, white lace over blue, black chiffon bodice; Miss Smith, black silk frock, red flowers on bodice; Miss Ruth-erford, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss King, dainty white muslin frock; Mrs. Hunter, black satin frock, cream lace berthe and pink roses; Miss McGregor, grey voile frock, bands of grey velvet on bodice, pink folded belt; Miss Campbell, fawn muslin frock, blue belt; Mrs. Edwards, white silk blouse, white voile skirt, red belt; Mrs. H. Bear, white silk and lace frock, handsome blue coat, white satin collar; Miss Bell, white lace blouse, touches of blue velvet, black taffeta skirt; Miss Graut, yellow silk frock trimmed with lace, green belt.

MARJORIE.

En Avant. En Avant. En Avant.
En Avant. En Avant. En Avant.

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NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Sir, Dec. 8.

A VERY SUCCESSFUL SOCIAL.

to celebrate the 62nd anniversary of St. Mary's Church was held in St. Mary's Hall last Tuesday evening...

Last Thursday evening Mrs. Home gave a most

ENJOYABLE BRIDGE AND EUCHRE PARTY

at the Kia Ora Tea rooms. There were seven bridge tables and four of euche. Mrs. Collins won the first prize...

WELLINGTON.

Dear Sir, DECEMBER 6.

A pleasing lull has occurred in our festive career which leaves me little to write about. Most people are making plans for their summer visits...

MIDDLE DOLORES

gave her last concert on Saturday to a big and enthusiastic audience which nearly filled the Town Hall.

The appointment of Dr. Izard as

CONSUL FOR LIBERIA

was gazetted a few days ago. The popular doctor has had a busy time explaining where abouts Liberia is...

WEDDING TEAS.

Weddings seem to be very much in the air, and the prospective brides are being feted in turn. Miss Fannie Webb was the guest of honour...

Several teas are being arranged for Miss Ina Stuart, whose marriage with Mr. Frederic Harvey takes place on the 18th of this month.

THE PERFORMANCE OF SCHUMANN'S "PARADISE AND THE PERI" BY THE WELLINGTON CHORAL SOCIETY.

was an extremely good one, and hearty applause from the audience greeted the conclusion of each movement. Mr. Maughan Barnett is such an admirable conductor that the society is always kept up to a very high standard.

THE CORINTHIC.

and there was a big crowd on the wharf to meet her. There was naturally a good deal of discussion about the detaining of passengers...

Great preparations are being made for the reception in honour of Dr. Findlay. The new Attorney-General is an extremely popular man...

OPHELIA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Sir, December 7, 1906.

Thursday and Friday of last week were fine days for

THE FIELDING RACES.

and, as usual, a large contingent went from Palmerston. Many went by motor,

the journey only taking a little over half an hour; others drove or went by train. Mr. and Mrs. J. Pascal, Mr. J. Pascal, Mrs. C. Harden, Mr. and Miss Fitzherbert, Miss Hankins, Mr. and Mrs. P. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Filkington...

TENNIS.

Friday, St. Andrew's Day, being a bank holiday, a team of tennis players from the local club visited Dannevirke, and played a match with that club.

On Saturday, Mrs. A. D. Thompson dispensed afternoon tea at tennis.

On Saturday, Mrs. A. D. Thompson dispensed afternoon tea at tennis. On account of the holiday on Friday there were not nearly so many players present as usual.

During the afternoon the final of the



What more acceptable for a nice XMAS PRESENT than a Pretty Embroidered unmade Boxed Blouse or Costume.

Opened this week. A fine assortment of White Embroidered Marooned Lawn, Muslin, and Linen Blouses... Also Another Lot of White Embroidered Muslin and Linen Boxed Costumes...

Important to Visitors - Our assistants are instructed to offer every facility to ladies desirous of inspecting our fine stock of drapery...

McCullagh and Gower THE LADIES' POPULAR DRAPERS, AUCKLAND.

Ladies' doubles was played between Miss Lord and Miss Porter (scrub) and Miss Bell and Miss Belle Robinson (18), the latter couple winning by 30 points to 23.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT ANNUAL CONCERT.

The senior pupils of St. Mary's Convent gave their second annual concert in the Opera House last night. The concert was the greatest success, and thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present. The stage looked beautiful, being tastefully arranged with many tall palms on stands, and masses of arm lilies, and pampas foliage. Every item was encored, Miss Perrin and Miss Cameron were honoured with enthusiastic double encores. Miss Ethel Abraham, who has a very sweet voice, sang "Birds of Balm Woodland," and had to respond to an encore. She was presented with several bouquets. The other soloists were Miss Porter, who sang "The Worker" (Gounod), Miss O'Brien, "Out on the Rocks" (Sainton Dolby), Miss Perrin, "Shadow Song" (Meyerbeer), Miss Clifford, "The Reating of My Own Heart" (Macfarren), Miss Cameron, "Home Song" (Liddle). Miss O'Connor played as a piano solo "Polonez, Op. 9, No. 6 (Paderewski), and "Etude" (Liszt). There were also duets, trios, a part song, and a Shakespearean chorus. Miss O'Connor and Miss Rawlins played the accompaniments.

Miss Tucker was becomingly dressed in white muslin, white silk sash, and cluster of rich violet pansies on corsage. Miss Porter, cream Louise silk and chiffon, deep crimson carnations on bodice and in hair; Miss E. Abraham, a lovely frock of pale pink glace, made with very full skirt, chiffon trimming bodice; pink bow in her hair; Miss O'Brien, dainty frock of cream silk and insertion, pale blue bow in hair; Miss Perrin, cream crepe de chine and lace; Miss Graham, white embroidered musling Miss Ganstad, white silk and lace, cluster of pink and cream roses; Miss Cameron, white embroidered muslin, touch of pale blue on corsage; Mrs. Innes, cream silk and chiffon, spray of pale blue flowers on corsage; Miss Clifford, fine cream voile, narrow satin ribbon trimming skirt, cream lace on corsage; Miss Park, cream silk, chiffon; Miss O'Connor, white embroidered muslin; Mrs. R. S. Abraham was richly dressed in black velvet, point-lace berthe; Miss Abraham, black silk, white lace berthe; Miss Marjorie Abraham looked very pretty in nil green lace made with full skirt and cross-over bodice; Miss Sylvia Abraham, white muslin and lace; Mrs. Stowe, gray and pink muslin; Mrs. Gibbons, green silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Keeling, black satin skirt, Paris net blouse over blue silk; Miss P. Keeling, cream silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs. F. S. McRae, cream skirt, bright blue silk blouse; Miss Broad, cream silk and lace blouse, black skirt, pink coat cape edged with white fur; Mrs. Holmes, Paris net blouse over pink and blue floral silk, black skirt; Mrs. O'Brien, cream silk and lace blouse, threaded with pale blue ribbon, black skirt, Paisley coat; Miss Mona O'Brien, white muslin and lace, pale blue silk bow in hair; Miss Aleya Riddiford, cream silk and lace; Mrs. J. M. Johnston, black skirt, cream silk blouse; Miss Johnston, white muslin, blue silk belt; Mrs. Freeth, cream and pink floral muslin blouse, black skirt; Mrs. Mellop, black evening dress, transparent yoke of black lace, cream cape; Mrs. Rogers, green silk blouse, black skirt, long cream coat; Miss Scanlon, white muslin and lace, pale blue silk belt; Miss Wood, pink silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Wyatt, pale blue delaine with pink rosebuds, frills edged with white lace; the Misses Pegden in cream silk blouses, black skirts; Mrs. C. J. Monro, black skirt, cream Roman satin blouse with string coloured lace yoke, cream coat with swansdown; Miss Monro, a dainty frock of white muslin and lace and insertion, white satin bow in her hair; Mrs. Park, cream and blue-striped silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs. Fitzherbert, black striped silk; white lace net; Miss Fitzherbert, black skirt, pale grey muslin blouse; Mrs. Porter, black silk, elaborately trimmed with Paris lace insertion; Miss Helen Porter, black skirt, cream silk blouse with trimming of deep shade of cream lace insertion; Mrs. Milton, white embroidered silk blouse, black skirt, long cream accordion-pleated silk cape with swansdown; Mrs. Watson, black silk, cream lace yoke; Mrs. Watson, white muslin and lace; Mrs. McKnight, black silk, white silk

and lace blouse, cream coat with chiffon and touch of green velvet; Miss Glendening, pale grey crepe de chine bodice embroidered with pink rosebuds; Miss Gemmel, cream silk with Maitland lace berthe, pink flowers, cream cape; her sister in white silk, and white lace threaded with pale blue velvet ribbon; Miss Hatcher, nil green silk blouse, trimmed with narrow white Valenciennes lace, black skirt; Mrs. Bennett (Auckland) pink silk blouse with Paris lace, grey skirt; Mrs. Clifford, black silk; Mrs. Carville, deep heliotrope silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs. Hodgins, black crepe dress, long coat of black and heliotrope brocade; Miss Hodgins, cream silk and lace, pale blue coat with white swansdown and narrow black velvet ribbon; Miss Preece, pale blue muslin and lace; Mrs. Harris, bright pink silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Margaret Waldegrave, cream silk and lace blouse, cluster of pink flowers, black skirt; Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, Miss Loris Fitzherbert, Miss Ethel Collins, Mrs. Harold Cooper, Mrs. Louissou, the Misses Knight, Miss Archer, Messrs. P. Baldwin, Monro, Holmes, Freeth, O'Brien, Mellop, Reed, Bond, Waldegrave, Collins (2) Dr. O'Brien and others.

THE BRIDGE OPENING.

Sir Joseph Ward arrived in Palmerston by Wednesday's express, to open the Maunui-Pohangia bridge. He was met at the station by Mr. W. T. Wood, M.H.R., and others, and driven by motor to Raunui. Mrs. Wood and the Misses Wood were of the party. Messrs. R. S. Abraham, J. M. Johnston and P. Nathan took several out in their cars. On arrival there, Miss Eileen Lynch presented Sir Joseph with a lovely bouquet for Lady Ward, who had been expected, but who was unable to come through indisposition. It rained steadily through the ceremony, but, undeterred by such a trifle, a large number of people were present. At the request of Sir Joseph, Mrs. Wood cut a ribbon with a pair of scissors presented by the County Council, after which the Premier declared the bridge open.

VIOLET.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, DECEMBER 6. THE WANGANUI HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

opened their two days' show in the Drill Hall on Thursday, 29th Nov., the weather being perfect and the attendance good. The show was distinctly creditable to all concerned. The table decoration was won by Miss Hickson, of Auckland, Miss Druce being second, and Mrs. Innes third. Amongst the many dainty toilettes worn, I noticed: Mrs. Hogg, in a rose pink linen Eton coat and skirt, with champagne medallions and vest, stylish cream fancy straw hat with cream ribbons and bandeau of pink and blue hydrangea; Mrs. Corrie wore a tailor-made grey tweed three-quarter coat and skirt with revers and collar of green, cream vest, black straw hat with chiffon and pale pink roses and foliage; Miss Gregory, grey tweed costume with Russian blouse, cream vest, black straw hat with wreath of small white roses; Mrs. Blundell, black voile, the skirt being made with wide French tucks, round yoke of champagne lace outlined with medallions, becoming Tuscan straw hat with green tulle and a wreath of crimson and pink roses; Mrs. Fairburn, navy blue voile, with champagne net V-shaped vest and lace, pastel blue straw hat with ruche of chiffon on the crown, blue hydrangea with velvet ribbon the same shade; Mrs. Barnard Brown, navy blue and white voile with cream lace, navy blue fancy straw hat with tulle and roses; Mrs. Medley (Wellington), black silk costume with lace and chiffon mantle, black bonnet with white tulle and roses; Mrs. Palmer, navy blue cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, straw hat with navy and white striped ribbon and bandeau of the same; Miss Cameron, fawn tweed coat and skirt trimmed with brown braid, smart brown straw hat with brown ribbons and velvet wall flowers; Mrs. Empson, black voile profusely trimmed with cream lace and wide cream lace shoulder scarf, black hat with aigrette and white chiffon; Miss Empson wore a pale green linen costume, the Eton bolero was made with a round collar of the same material edged with a kitten frill of cream

linen, tight fitting elbow sleeves of the same, fancy straw hat with ribbon and pink roses and foliage; Mrs. Earle, black voile with cream lace yoke and medallions, black straw toque with chiffon and maize velvet printrose; Mrs. H. Good, pale grey tweed Norfolk coat and skirt, white felt hat with green tulle and a bunch of old rose shaded roses and foliage, bandeau of moss green velvet ribbon; Mrs. Babbage, fawn tweed costume with bands of dark brown, cream vest, straw hat with chiffon and flowers; Mrs. Liffiton, dark grey tailor-made coat and skirt, black straw hat with aigrette and tulle; Miss M. Liffiton, green tweed costume, French sailor hat with green velvet and burlin at the back of unsize-shaded flowers; Mrs. Wilford, black cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, with cuffs, collar, and revers of white cloth banded with silk braid, white embroidered linen vest, black and white bonnet; Miss Wilford wore a white linen frock, the bodice was trimmed with Tenerife work, green leather belt, and deep cream straw hat with wreath of pink and heliotrope roses, bandeau at the back of rose-pink ribbon; Mrs. James Watt wore a dainty cream silk voile with embroidered silk spot, yoke of cream silk embroidery, Tuscan straw hat with pink roses and foliage; Mrs. Mason, pale grey tweed tailor-made coat and skirt with collar of black velvet, cream sailor-shaped hat with two bands of black velvet on the crown, and quill; Miss Mason, grey tweed skirt, heliotrope shirt blouse, white sailor hat; Mrs. Joan Mason, white linen frock, cream and navy fancy straw hat; Mrs. Foreman, navy blue voile with navy and white Tenerife embroidery, chiffon and straw hat with a wreath of small deep cream roses; Miss Millward (Wellington) wore a tweed coat and skirt, cream straw hat with pink and blue floral ribbons; Miss Hadfield, dainty white linen coat and skirt, white straw hat with white ribbons and roses; Miss (Clarke Hawke's Bay), becoming pale green floral muslin, the skirt was made with deep flounce, and cross-over bodice with V-shaped vest of insertion, full elbow sleeves with frill, coarse grey straw hat with pastel green shaded ribbon in the front and bandeau at the back; her sister wore a similar frock in pale pink floral muslin, cream straw hat with rose pink ribbons and flowers; Mrs. W. D. Anderson, navy blue and white figured linen frock, Tuscan straw hat with black chiffon and ostrich tips; Miss E. Anderson, pale grey-blue tweed costume with revers of a darker shade, white felt hat with pale blue; Mrs. Bridgewater, cream canvas costume, cream straw hat with pale blue in it.

The cricket match between the Wellington College v. the Wanganui Collegiate School was played on the College grounds on Friday, and concluded on Saturday morning. The play resulted in the local boys being defeated by an innings and 20 runs. Dejected afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. Empson. Amongst the many interested onlookers were Mrs. Pearce (Wellington), in a navy blue lustre costume with navy straw hat and aigrette; Mrs. Collins (Wellington) wore a bright navy gown, relieved with cream, navy straw hat with chiffon to match; Mrs. Pattle-Brett, long cream serge coat and skirt, black straw and chiffon toque; Mrs. H. Cowper (Dunedin), pale green tweed corselet costume with bolero having cuffs, revers and collar of a darker green and ornamental green velvet buttons, the round collar was of velvet and edged with a narrow cream silk frill, cream straw hat with chiffon and flowers; Mrs. Knight (Dunedin), green canvas gown with a wide band of pastel green velvet at the foot and strappings of green the same shade on the skirt, smart straw hat with chiffon and spray of pink roses and foliage; Miss Harris (Auckland) wore a stylish tweed tailor-made coat and skirt, fancy straw hat with tulle ruche and spray of flowers and foliage; Mrs. Sarjant, becoming navy blue and white canvas voile gown with yoke of lace and navy blue silk, full elbow sleeves with navy silk and frills of the material, the skirt was prettily trimmed with fascions of narrow Valenciennes lace, wide swathed navy silk belt, her hat was of a coarse moss green straw with a band of pale blue ribbon and a bunch of pale Neapolitan violets; Mrs. H. Good, white embroidered linen frock, white ostrich feather stole, shaded pastel green ribbon belt, white straw hat with white roses and green foliage; Mrs. A. Izard wore a golden brown crepe de chine frock, full gauged skirt with French tucks at the foot, and cross-over bodice with champagne lace, coarse brown straw hat with

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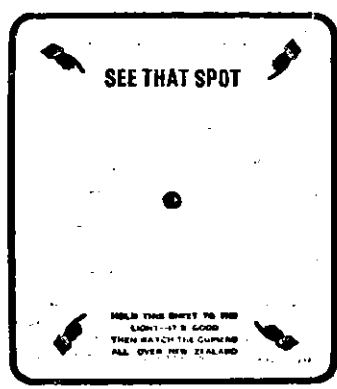
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green velvet ribbon and coque feathers; Mrs. Empson, black canvas voile gown with lace, she wore a beautiful Oriental shoulder scarf, pale heliotrope straw hat with black tulle swathed round it and a spray of shaded violets; Miss Empson, apple green linen frock, the Hon bolero was made with a round collar edged with a knitting of white linen vest, and under tight-fitting sleeves of white linen, green straw hat with wreath of pink roses and foliage; Mrs. Cleghorn wore a smart pale grey tweed coat and skirt, cream vest, cream straw hat with black tulle ruche and a spray of pale pink roses at the back; Mrs. Atkinson, black serge coat and skirt, black and white hat; Mrs. Barnicoat, electric blue linen costume profusely trimmed with deep cream Tencille embroidery, cream straw hat with crown of roses, and chiffon; Miss Barnicoat, white embroidered linen frock with green belt, Tuscan straw hat with green velvet ribbon in it; Miss Tuke wore a smart three-quarter grey tweed tailor-made coat and skirt, black chiffon hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Stanford, black costume with mantle of silk and lace, Victorian bonnet with black chiffon and large heliotrope roses; Miss Stanford, white muslin gown with floral pattern of pale blue roses, her hat was cream straw with a wreath of forget-me-nots; Miss Blundell, pale pink linen frock with cream lace, pretty white straw hat with soft white silk ribbons and bandeau of the same; Mrs. Mason, pale grey tweed coat and skirt, black velvet collar, cream satin-shaped hat with two bands of black velvet ribbon on the crown and quills; Miss J. Mason, white linen frock with insertion, cream any navy straw hat; Mrs. Christie wore a white embroidered linen frock, and a becoming straw hat with black tulle ruche and flowers; Mrs. Darley, black serge coat and skirt, black straw hat with black chiffon; Miss Clarke (Hawke's Bay), pretty pink floral muslin gown with wide gauged frill at the foot of the skirt, cross-over bodice with Y-shaped vest of fine white lace, elbow sleeves edged with frills of material, fancy cream straw hat with rosette of soft pink ribbon and bandeau of the same; her sister wore a similar green floral muslin frock, green straw hat with shaded green ribbons.

TENNIS.

An interesting tennis match was played on the Campbell-street tennis courts last Friday between the Patua and Wanganui lawn tennis clubs, the match resulted in a win for the former by 106 games to 81. The Patua players were Messrs. Powdrell, Whitehead, Honeyfield, Jones, Thomson, Tovey, Misses Powdrell, Bennet, Payne, and Mrs. Payne. Those who represented Wanganui in the match were Messrs. Harold, Lomas, Hardwicke, A. Davies, Strouts, E. Davies, Misses Stanford, Hawken, Darley, and Newcombe. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. and Miss Barnicoat, assisted by Mrs. Wall. Amongst those on the lawn were Miss Anderson, Miss Brabant, Mrs. Izard, Mrs. Gouville Saunders, Mrs. Sargeant, Misses Clarke (2), Hawke's Bay, Miss Cave, Mrs. and Miss Barnicoat, Mrs. Wall and others. Last week Mrs. Sargeant gave an enjoyable picnic in the oil launch to the South Spit in honour of the Misses Clarke, of Hawke's Bay, who are staying with her. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Sargeant, Misses Clarke (2), Wilford, Barnicoat, Baker, Bernard Brown, McNeill, Messrs. Hardwicke, C. Johnston, Dodgshun, Money, Chamberlain, and others.

HUUA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, Dec. 5.

A GARDEN PARTY

was given on Thursday afternoon by Mrs. A. C. Murray-Aynsley, at her residence, "Blair Athol," Fendalton. The lovely garden was a perfect flower show. The season has been a particularly favourable one for roses, and Mrs. Murray-Aynsley is one of the most successful of our rose-growers. The day was beautifully fine, an ideal one for a garden party. Tea was served on small tables on the lawn, and a string band was in attendance. The hostess wore a pretty mauve floral muslin over silk of the same shade, tulle hat with shaded lace. Miss Gerard, wore an embroidered heliotrope silk, Tuscan straw hat with feathers shaded to match; Mrs. Gerard wore a pretty pale blue costume; Mrs. Wigram, blue and mauve floral muslin, pale green hat trimmed with blue and mauve; Mrs. George Gould, corselet gown of pale blue silk voile; large hat trimmed with ostrich feathers and wreaths of roses; Mrs. Milton, cream lace robe, over white silk, white hat; Mrs. Elworthy, a gown of black silk and chiffon, black bonnet relieved with white; Miss Elworthy, green floral silk, floral hat to match; Mrs. Rutherford, brown silk costume and brown hat with feathers; Miss Rutherford, frock of white broderie Anglaise, and pretty white hat; Mrs. Gover Burns, tailor-made costume of small grey check, faced with green, green hat trimmed with dark red roses; the Misses Burns, green floral muslins, white hats wreathed with pale pink roses; Mrs. Boyle, corselet gown of pale heliotrope cloth, white hat with roses and feathers; Miss Campbell, cream silk with pale pink hat; Miss H. Campbell, pink floral muslin, floral hat to match; Mrs. C. Gordon (Hawke's Bay) a cream silk dress, hat trimmed with pink ribbon and white ostrich plumes; Mrs. George, Julius (Adelaide), gown of pale blue voile, white hat; Mrs. Pitman, a lovely gown of pale grey crepe de chine, grey embroidered hat with pink roses and feathers; Miss Pitman, pale blue muslin, blue forget-me-not hat; Miss Cowlishaw, pretty pale green silk, green hat with feathers of a darker shade; Mrs. Michael Campbell, grey silk dress, black hat with feathers; Mrs. G. G. Stead, pale green crepe de chine, white hat with ostrich plumes; Miss Stead, white embroidered muslin, with ribbons and belt of pale blue silk, black and white toque; Miss Harley, pink floral muslin, black hat; Mrs. Nancarrow, pale grey tweed costume, grey hat; Miss Bowen, pale blue mousseline de soie, large cream hat; Mrs. Henry Wood, floral silk dress, cream hat with roses; Mrs. Dalzely, cream cloth costume, cream hat with feathers; Mrs. Blunt, cream embroidered voile, hat trimmed with blue and mauve flowers Miss Westland (England), white muslin dress, pale blue hat; Mrs. Wardrop, pink and white striped muslin, Tuscan hat with feathers; Mrs. Ogle, pale mauve muslin, cream hat; Mrs. J. D. Hall, dark green cloth costume, green hat; Mrs. Wilfred Hall, blue muslin dress and flower-trimmed hat; Mrs. Henry Cotterill, grey cloth costume, grey hat; Miss Cotterill, cream muslin dress, Tuscan straw hat with roses; Mrs. John Deans, handsome black dress and black hat; Miss Deans, pale green taffetas, cream hat with roses; Mrs. Walter Moore, fawn cloth costume, hat en suite; Miss Moore, pale pink muslin, pink hat; Miss D. Alice Moorhouse, black taffetas dress, Moore, white muslin, white hat; Dr. floral toque; Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, pretty grey voile, hat with violets; Miss John Lee, mauve muslin and pale pink hat; Miss Humphreys, white embroidered dress, pink and white hat; Mrs. A. Reeves, green silk, white hat; Miss Holmorr, pink crepe and pink hat to match; Miss Reeves, heliotrope dress; black hat with lace; Mrs. Hugh Reeves, pink and blue muslin, floral hat; Mrs. Denniston, navy blue costume, black and white hat; Mrs. George Harris, white serge coat and skirt, white hat; Mrs. Beswick, pale pink floral net, over silk of same shade, pink toque; Mrs. G. Ronalds, pale pink mousseline de soie, pink hat; Miss Macdonald, heliotrope muslin with insertions of lace, white hat; Miss Denniston, floral muslin, with floral hat.

Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Percy Acton-Adams, Mr. and Mrs. George Harper, Mr. and Mrs. Neave, Mrs. and Miss Crowbie, Mrs. Joseph Palmer, Mr. Justice Denniston, the Hon. E. C. J. Stevens, Messrs. J. D. Hall, Overton, Rutherford, Beckett, Hill, and Bond.

AT THE EXHIBITION.

The first concert by local artists was given by Mrs. Gover-Burns on Wednesday evening, assisted by Mrs. W. Wilson and Messrs. Crabtree, Hobbs and Allan. Mrs. Burns looked well in a handsome gown of white brocade with touches of pale pink chiffon; Mrs. Wilson wore black, relieved with white. A few of those present were: Mrs. and Miss Deans, Mrs. and Miss Symes, Mrs. and Miss Elworthy, Mrs. and Miss Stead, Mr. Devonish Mears, the Misses Mears, Mrs. and Miss Louison, Mrs. and the Misses Kettle, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Pitman.

A CHILDREN'S PARTY

was given on Saturday by Mrs. George Gerard (Fendalton). A delightful time was spent by the little ones, playing games of all sorts. Strawberries and cream, afternoon tea, and dainty refreshments were served on small tables on the lawn. The little guests were too numerous to mention, but among the grown-ups were Miss R. Gerard, Mrs. A. C. Murray-Aynsley, Mrs. and Miss Hannah, Mrs. Beckett, Mrs. and the Misses Overton, the Misses Prins, Miss Deans, Miss Cornack, Mrs. and the Misses Neave, Mrs. Hamner, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Nancarrow, Miss Murray-Aynsley, and Mrs. Withnail.

Other hostesses of the week were Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Wigram, each of whom gave small tennis parties. Very little entertaining is going on now; the Exhibition seems to occupy all our time and attention. Mrs. Henry Wood (Avonside) has sent out invitations for a small dance, which takes place this evening.

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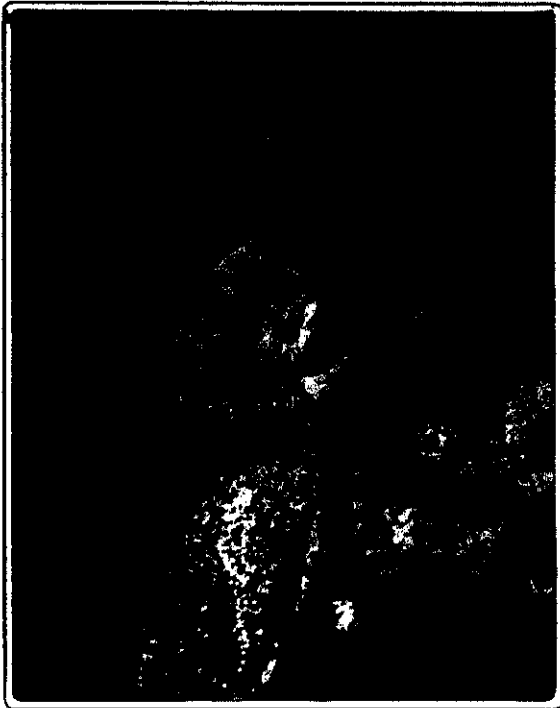
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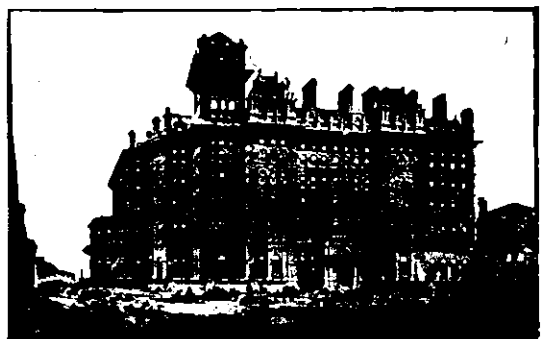


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The Career of a Circus Girl.

There is no smarter motor car to be seen in St. Petersburg than that of Countess Dora Stackelberg, the widow of the famous general. After the peace was concluded at Portsmouth, U.S.A., the Czar personally informed the fair

Countess of the fact, and with tears in his eyes, kissed her hands. At the time when General Count Stackelberg suffered one defeat after another, and his wife was almost crushed by the news, it was the Czar who consoled her, and told her the Almighty would still be with the general, and send him victories. But who is this Countess Dora Stackelberg, and why do many ladies pass her

by with a sniff, and whisper to one another, "Ciniselli"? In 1877 the manager of the Circus Ciniselli opened a season in St. Petersburg, and the two chief attractions were the beautiful horses presented by King Victor Emanuel of Italy to the beautiful girl Dora Ciniselli, and, secondly, Dora Ciniselli, the proprietor's daughter, herself. Everyone rushed to see her. Among those who tried to win the good graces of Dora was old Prince Gortschakoff, and though all his overtures were repulsed, he became more and more pressing. Ultimately, he threatened to have the father, Ciniselli, sent to Siberia unless his daughter yielded to him, and he actually had him arrested. The girl, however, asked to have an interview with Alexander II., and this was accorded. She told his

Majesty everything, and the next morning Ciniselli was released. The Czar said to Gortschakoff:—"My dear Prince you are too hot headed for a politician. You will at once give an order to have Ciniselli released, and to-night you will accompany me to the circus." From that day forward the Emperor Alexander II. became the circus girl's devoted admirer, and saw her daily till his death. For a long time Dora Ciniselli would accept neither presents nor money from her Imperial lover, and refused to give up her career. When the Czar sent her a large sum in a bonbonniere she distributed it in his name among the poor. Later his Majesty bought her a chateau in Livadia, and drove out to see her twice a day. It was on his way to Dora Ciniselli that Alexander II. met his

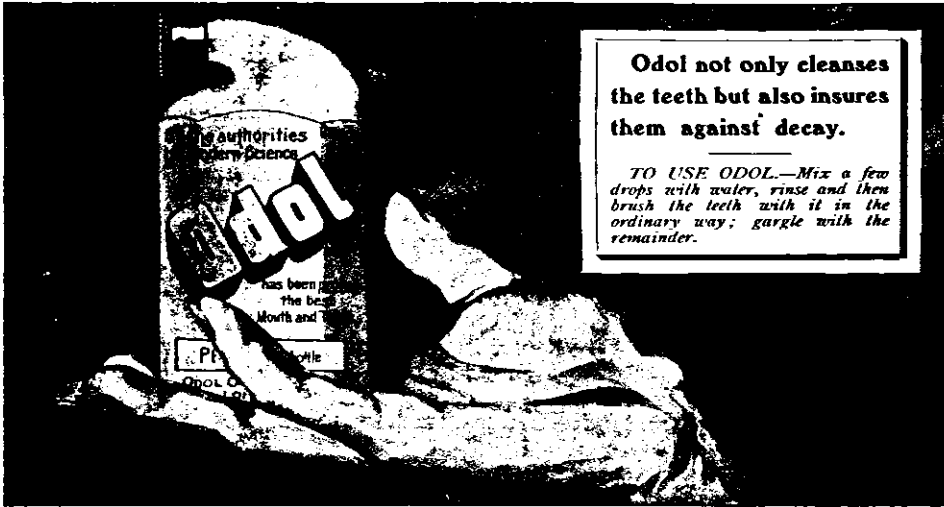
fate. After Alexander II.'s death Dora Ciniselli was banished from Russia. She left without having saved any money, and she would have been penniless but for Count Stackelberg, who had long loved her, and now made her his wife. He, too, was banished, but the present Czar recalled them.

The family rush to restore her: she is put to bed: the physician is called in: a tonic is given her, rest is prescribed and the whole household tiptoes softly as it passes her door! But what happens to the shopgirl who faints from over-fatigue at Christmas? Last Christmas, so far as could be learned, more than six score girls and women fainted away while at their counters! But in nearly every case these girls had to go back to their places as soon as possible, with the same fierce mob beating about them, under the same stress of hurry and insistence, and with the same close, bad air to breathe. They had in view the possible loss of their places. Not only do these girls know that they are needed every instant, but they also know that the firm cannot afford to retire a large number of saleswomen at the holiday rush, when instead, they are taking on extra help every day. Is it any wonder that one saleswoman was overheard saying to another last Christmas-time: "I think I am going to die, I am so tired. My feet are swollen so every morning that I can't wear my own shoes, and my head aches so all night that I can't sleep. Thank Heaven! Christmas will soon be over."

Be Considerate—Shop Before Christmas Eve.

What happens to the average girl or woman in her home when, from over-fatigue, she sometimes faints away?

Is this the Christmas spirit that we talk about so much and so beautifully? Is this peace on earth and good will toward men? And whose fault is it? That of the vast majority of the Christmas shoppers—the women of this country, and especially of the big cities, who put off their Christmas shopping, and then, during the last fortnight, rush into it with an intensity that might well be envied by the average football team in the fiercest of the play. They forget that another woman, like unto themselves in flesh and nerves, stands behind the counter to serve them. Just stop and think what Christmas means to such a girl behind the counter. Does she have time to recall the beautiful Christmas spirit with which the season was ushered in? Has she leisure to plan delights for those she loves, or even to loiter along the street and see the shop-windows aglow with light? Not



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By Royal Warrants to His Majesty the King, Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra, H.R.H. Prince of Wales, H.R.H. Princess of Wales.

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The Firm of ERARD have obtained the Highest Honours and Gold Medals at all the principal Exhibitions during the last century, except when, owing to the high official position occupied by the firm, their exhibits have been placed *hors concours*, as was the case in the Paris Exhibition, 1900.

The DURABILITY of the ERARD Pianoforte is proverbial, and is one of its most valuable characteristics. While many instruments are worthless after a few years' use, the ERARD can be effectually restored to its original excellent condition when 30 or even 50 years old.

SOLE AGENTS FOR NORTH NEW ZEALAND

The English and Foreign Piano Agency, Limited

(S. COLDICUTT, Manager).

191 Queen Street (near H.M. Theatre), Auckland.

she. To her the happy Yuletide means only a fierce, beating, pitiless mob that tortures her in mind and body from eight o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night. The longer hours tax her sadly; the insistent clamour around her wears upon her nerves and brain; the close air strikes into her lungs. Yet she must keep up. Do you wonder that she faints from sheer exhaustion; that thousands of these brave girls hate the very word Christmas?

Yet it could all so easily be made different, if women who inflict these injuries by letting their Christmas shopping go until the very last minute would only do a little thinking, would exercise a little forethought, a little consideration—a little humanity!



Love, photo.

HECTOR WILLIAM GRESHAM
McFARLANE, aged 8 months.

Winner of the November Baby Show in Auckland. This bouncing young colonial is a grandson of Mr. Thomas Gresham, the well-known Coroner for Auckland.

Ladies'
Costumier and
Habit Maker.

B. J. M. KEMP
Merchant Tailor
Queen and Swanson St.
AUCKLAND.

The Ladies' College, Remuera,

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House.
Studies resumed (D.V. June 5th.



This first-class Private School provides modern High-class Education and moral training on Christian but nonsectarian principles.
Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School under maternal supervision and with selected companionship.
Full Staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses—English and Foreign.
Prospectus on application of Messrs. Upton and Co. or Principal.
MRS. S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., S.K.

W. & BAILEY.) — (W. & LOWE.)

BAILEY & LOWE Ship, Yacht and Boat
Builders and Designers

Customs St. W., AUCKLAND



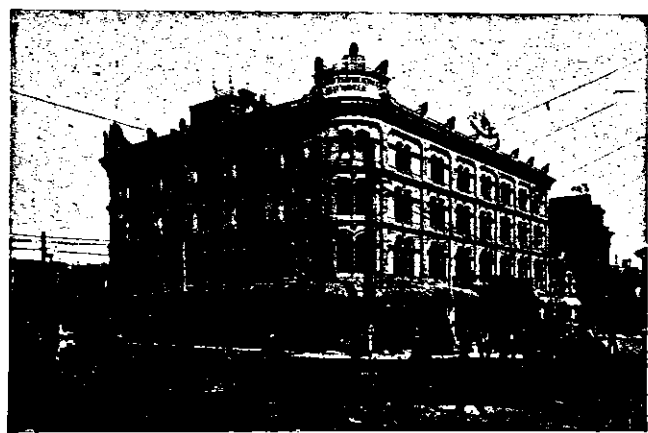
OIL and STEAM
LAUNCHES on Sale
and Built to Order.

Designers and Builders of
the Launch Petrel, winner
of Auckland Regatta; Billy
Richardson, winner of
North Shore Yacht Club
Race; Miss Champion 20th
I.R. Clipper Snow Vesper
and Keith Albarron, the
"saint" of their class in
Auckland, and others see
numerous to mention.

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SIGNS FURNISHED

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United Service Hotel
CATHEDRAL SQUARE,
CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

This high-class Establishment is luxuriously furnished. Has conveniences all that science can suggest, and an appearance of comfort prevails everywhere. Electric Elevators.
All Trams start from the door.

PROPRIETORS:
Lt.-Col. Jowsey and A. W. Lane,

THE NEW

P.D.

CORSETS.

Latest
Models.

FROM ALL
Leading Drapers.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

BY MARGUERITE



BEAUTIFUL RACE TOILETTES.

Distinctive Features of the Season's Flowers.

One sees, too, the hat with triple brim, each one of which is a different shade of dyed Panama, pale blue, mauve, and grey being often used in combination. It is trimmed with liale, hydrangeas or heliotrope, or even with mimosa, in shades which represents such a perversion of Nature as would horrify the ardent horticulturist. It is noticeable, however, that for the most part the flowers of the season are carried out in the natural

The bergere is usually trimmed with the old-world looking ribbon known this summer as Corentry, interwoven with blurred flowers, and in many instances given a background of gold, which is twisted in the most artistic manner possible about the crown, and carried tied behind to form a cachepeigne. Trimmed with field flowers and plenty of grass or corn, sometimes absurdly rendered in glittering gold, such hats are charming.

But they do not in the least become a Directoire costume which will only find its final note of satisfaction in a less sylvan-looking piece of millinery. The Directoire mousseline de soie dress de-

mands, as all muslin does, a hat that is fairly large, so the milliners are issuing the newly fashionable tall crowns and

sweeping brims, which they decorate with tufts of ostrich plumage, showing vivid contrasts in colouring.



SMART HAT.

colours and blended together in harmonies which testify to the artistic tastes of the modern milliner. Calceolaria, in its genuine golden hue spotted with brown, is a revival which is very popular from a milliner's point of view, and it will be extensively used to trim the new crin hats.

There must again this summer be a complete understanding between the toilette worn and the millinery. The organ die muslin dresses that are so light and pretty and of such soft pastel shades demand the bergere hat made of crinoline Leghorn, or Tuscan straw.



BRODERIE ANGLAISE HAT in the new "mob cap" style, adorned with a single La France rose.



A SIMPLE FROCK OF BLUE BATISTE AND CREAM POINT D'ESPRIT.



A SIMPLE CORSELET SKIRT.

Weingarten's
W.B. NUFORM
CORSETS

Are the **LATEST MODEL** from Weingarten's Factory, and are the only Corset that produces that beautiful tapering effect to the waist, so necessary for the present fashions.

THERE IS A MODEL JUST FOR YOU

So **INSIST** on **BEING FITTED** with a **WEINGARTEN'S NUFORM, LA VIDA, or W.B. CORSET.**

The new models are specially suitable for the Tighter Fitting Gowns, so fashionable this season, and are immensely popular with all who have tried them.

STOCKED BY ALL THE LEADING DRAPERS THROUGHOUT THE COLONY.

Going An Education.

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United States
 Nov. 1906
 The "Mud Jack". She
 was a teacher. She
 I have a tiger. I think
 is a tiger. I think
 we'll have to get rid of
 "Mud Jack". I wish I was
 on "Crack"
 hay.



WELL TIGER WE MUST GET
 RID OF THIS TEACHER SHE IS
 TOO KIND - YOU MUST BE MAD



NOW YOU FELLOWS
 BE ON YOUR JOB - TELEPHONE
 AT TEN THIRTY - HAVE THE
 TRAMP READY & c & c



TIGER YOU COME
 IN IN TEN MINUTES
 AND BE RAVING
 MAD



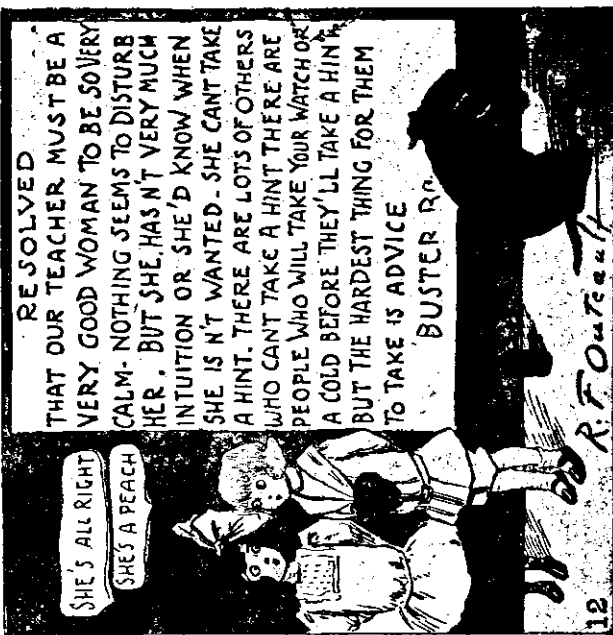
NOW LITTLE ONES
 LET US BEGIN OUR
 LESSONS



HE'S MAD



POOR DOG - I CAN
 SOON CURE HIM





BEHIND THE SCENES.

First Barnstomer: "Yes, my old daddy used to implore me not to become an actor." Second Barnstomer: "It was noble of you to accede to his wishes."

THE WARY HEIRESS.

Count Dedbroke: "I'm going to marry a girl with an independent fortune." Lord Nocish: "Look out, old chap, that it isn't a fortune with an independent girl."

"Gee! I wonder whose automobile that was! It felt like Jim Brown's."



MIXED ON HIS COLOUR-SCHEME.

"So I suppose, John Henry Pe per, that you painted the town a very brilliant red last evening?"
"I did think so last night, my dear; but everything has such a decidedly blue tinge this morning that I think I must have been mistaken."



AT THE KINDERGARTEN.

Teacher: "Yes, Bobby, C stands for cat; now what does D stand for?"
Bobby: "What Pa says to the cat."



Edith: Oh, Bert, that man we knocked down has our number.
Bert: What did he say?
He said 99.
Oh, he was standing on his head when he said that, ours is 99.



FEMINE AMENITIES.

"Yes, dear, I was married last month. I'd like you to call on me and see the pretty little flat I have."
"I've seen him, my dear!"