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A TANGLE



R. H. FOX.



G. H. SIMPSON-HAYWARD.



N. C. TUFFNELL.



Capt. WYNYARD.



W. P. HARRISON.



P. R. JOHNSON.



G. T. BRANSTON.



C. C. PAGE.



C. E. DE TRAFFORD.

CAPTAIN WYNYARD'S MARYLEBONE CRICKET CLUB ELEVEN IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE VISITING TEAM.



W. B. BURNS.



W. J. H. C. CURWEN.



Mr. JACK WATTS, Secretary of the Auckland Cricket Association.



A. A. TORRENS.



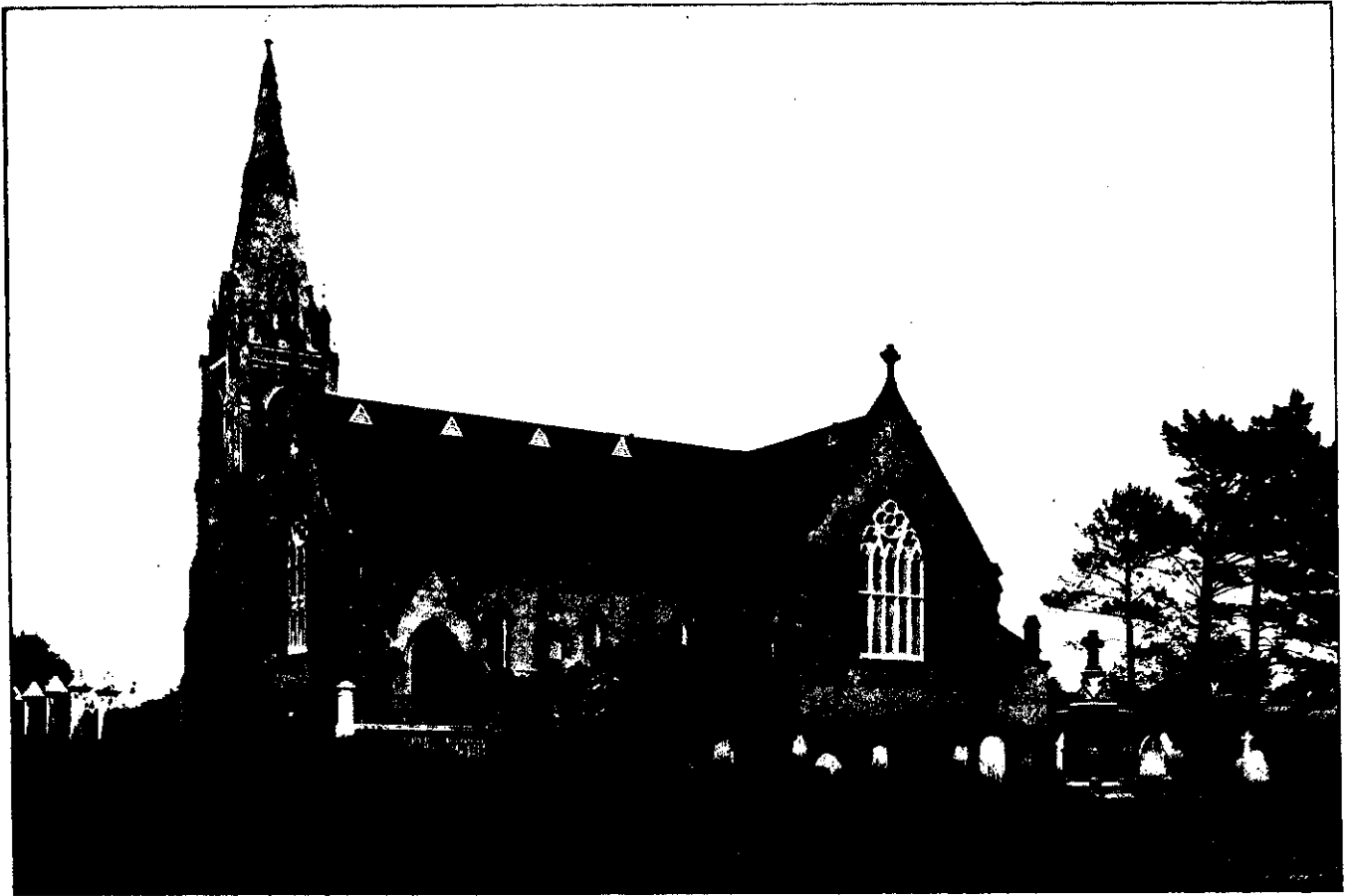
J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS.



P. R. MAY.



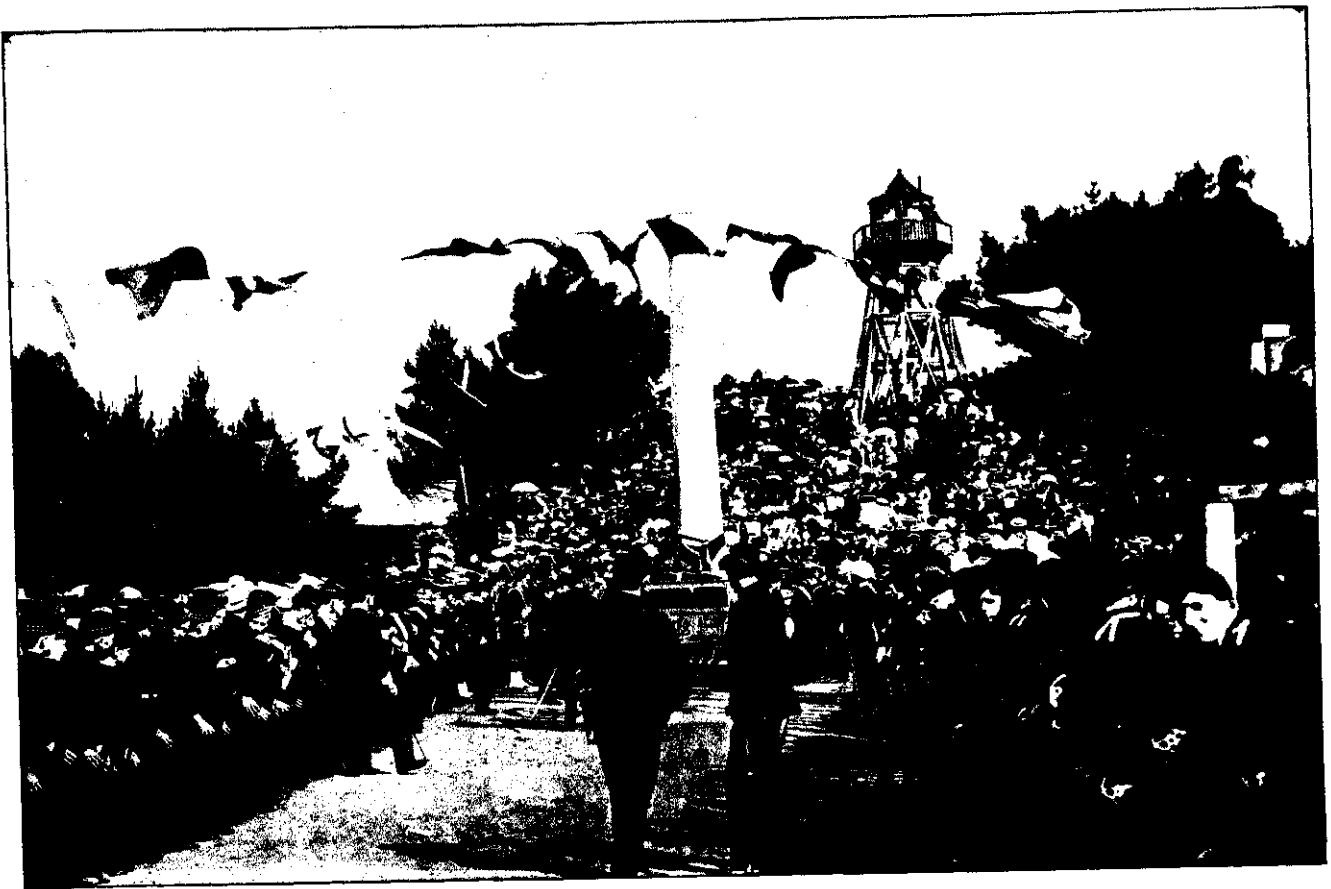
THE VISITORS AT WHAKAREWAREWA: GROUP ROUND WAIROA GEYSER CAULDRON.
CAPTAIN WYNYARD'S MARYLEBONE CRICKET CLUB ELEVEN IN NEW ZEALAND.



THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, ONEHUNGA, ONE OF THE FINEST SUBURBAN CHURCHES ROUND AUCKLAND, NOW IN CHARGE OF THE VERY REV. FATHER MAHONY.



PRESBYTERY OF THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, WHICH HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETED.



THE MEMORIAL, WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED IN COOK'S GARDENS.



Newham, photo.

SIR JOSEPH WARD, THE PREMIER, ADDRESSES THE SPECTATORS AT THE UNVEILING CEREMONY.

WANGANUI'S MEMORIAL TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN TROOPERS.



THE AUCKLAND ELEVEN.

BACK ROW: E. V. Sale, W. Brooke-Smith, R. Mason, W. Robinson. FRONT ROW: J. Watts, secretary of the Association), A. Kerr, L. G. Hemus, J. Hussey (in front of Sale), C. O.H. A. Howden, A. Haddon, P. White.



DOMAIN CRICKET GROUND DURING SATURDAY'S PLAY. LOOKING ACROSS TO THE PAVILION.

CAPTAIN WYNYARD'S MARYLEBONE CRICKET CLUB ELEVEN IN NEW ZEALAND.




THE CROWD FROM THE PAVILION.



INSPECTING THE PITCH DURING THE INTERVAL.

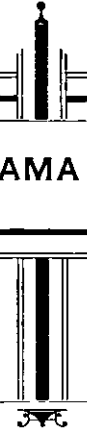
CAPTAIN WYNYARD'S MARYLEBONE CRICKET CLUB ELEVEN IN NEW ZEALAND.



The Tourist Resorts of the Colony

BY MARAMA

SECOND SERIES—No. IV



TAUPO TO ROTORUA AND SIGHTS AT ROTORUA.

Each morning during the summer season coaches and motor-cars leave both Taupo and Rotorua to run the fifty-six mile journey. These connect with the coach from Napier, as well as with the steamer across Lake Taupo from Tokaanu, and the single fare is 25/. For some distance after leaving Taupo the road runs along close to the Waikato River, of which some lovely glimpses can be obtained. The river is left after about twenty-two miles of the journey has been covered, and a few miles further on a halt is called at Waiotapu Accommodation House for luncheon. An hour is given in which to see the sights at Waiotapu, but in this time these can only be skimmed, so that many persons prefer remaining here until the next day, and then proceeding on to Rotorua by way of the great Waimangu Geyser, and across Lakes Rotomahana and Tarawera. This enables a visit to be paid to the prison camp, where some thousands of acres are being planted with English trees.

The principal sights are within five minutes' walk of the hotel, and include some very fine sulphur terraces, boiling mud volcanoes and geysers, varicoloured pools, some exceedingly pretty terrace formations, very fine alum cliffs, curiously-formed sulphur beds, the Primrose Falls, the Blue Lake, Champagne Pool, the Beehive, the Paddlewheel, the Devil's Bridge and a number of blow-holes. About a quarter of a mile on the way to Rotorua, and right alongside the main road, is an enormous mud volcano, the sides of which are



STEAMING CLIFFS, LAKE ROTOMAHANA.



WAIHAKA CREEK, LAKE TAUPO.

gradually being built up until they have reached a height of fifteen feet. The coaches stop here in order to allow passengers to climb up the step ladder provided, and view this phenomenon from above. The overflow drops into a boiling stream which runs along by the road for some miles. Rounding a turn in the hills a splendid view of Lake Rotorua and the township is to be got from a distance of about six miles, the white formation, surrounded as the town is with steaming geysers and boiling springs, the vapour from which assists to give the whole place a most uncanny appearance. Just as the town is entered, Whakarewarewa is passed on the right hand, and in another mile the centre of the town is reached. Rotorua is exceedingly well provided with good hotels and first-class accommoda-

are laid before him, and he selects that which appears to suit him best. From this out there is no further worry. The necessary arrangements are all made by these emissaries who make up parties, and the following morning the conveyance comes round and the tourist is driven to the launch or steamer, as the case may be, and luncheons are put up by the hotels and boardinghouses. Competent guides accompany each party, making the trips much more interesting, and, to crown all, the charges are reasonable in the extreme. Those who wish to see the thermal wonders can take a bus to Whakarewarewa, a distance of a little over a mile, and here they are shown over the sights by Maori guides, the fee being the modest one of one shilling. Of course, the principal attraction is the great Wairoa Geyser, which is



A FAVOURITE PASTIME.

scalded to death in its waters. But a stone's throw away is the boiling crater Korotioio, which supplies the oil bath and a good many of the Native washing pools. Situated upon a plateau above is the Brain-pot Geyser, which looks for all the world like the upper portion of a human skull with the top cut off. It stands upon a platform of decomposing geyserite, and there is a quaint Maori legend connected with it, which the guides tell in their own peculiar manner. Another large geyser is Waikorohihi, and between it and the river below is the great Pohutu Geyser, which is fed by Te Horo, a reservoir of boiling water about twenty feet in diameter. The water is constantly rising and falling, and as it boils furiously it gives off dense clouds of steam. Close to Pohutu, and on the river bank, is the Kereru Geyser, which plays intermittently, and under the water of the stream is the Torpedo Geyser, which keeps up a series of detonations and eruptions. Not far off is the platform and cone of the Waikiti Geyser, which at one time was considered to be the best of its kind in the district, but which now has lapsed into silence. Higher up the bank of the river is the Papakura or Giant's Cauldron, a crater which never ceases to boil in the most fierce manner, while all around are vari-coloured hot

and mud pools and paint pots. Crossing the stream by a light footbridge, the visitor is introduced to some exceedingly fine mud volcanoes, and in a ti-tree reserve not far away is the Arika-kapukapa Lake and hot bath, celebrated for its curative properties. Rising behind Whakarewarewa is a very fine monument erected to the memory of a Maori chief, who was instrumental in saving many lives at Wairoa at the time of the great Tarawera eruption. Just outside Whakarewarewa is a large Maori runanga house, handsomely carved without and within. This is in private hands, and a fee of 1/ has to be paid for inspection. There is also a large hall here, in which, on certain evenings of the week, hakas and poi dances are given by a bevy of dusky maidens. About half a mile from the town of Rotorua, and situated upon the edge of the lake, is the old Maori village of Ohinemutu, which is simply one mass of boiling springs, geysers, and mud holes, some of which emit noises positively uncanny. Here the Maoris are to be seen at any time either boiling their kumaras in the pools, or cooking their meats in the steam ovens, made

Continued on page 33.



A SPLENDID SHOT, WAIROA GEYSER, WHAKAREWAREWA.

tion houses, the tariffs of which are reasonable. The town is provided with a high-pressure water supply, and is electrically lighted throughout.

A day can be comfortably spent in inspecting the Spa grounds, in which there are several steam-holes besides a number of baths which are used for curative purposes, and in wandering round the place generally seeing the many sights of interest. The arrangements made for doing the various sights and round trips are most complete. When the tourist arrives at Rotorua he is waited upon by the agents of the various motor, coach and launch services, and his wishes are ascertained as to what he would prefer to do the next day. The various trips

scalded occasionally in order to make it play, and a very fine sight it is, throwing columns of steam to a great height. Crossing the bridge from the main road, the picturesque Maori village is passed through, with its warm pools, in which the Native children spend the greater portion of the day, diving for coppers thrown in by the pakeha visitors. Close by is the whare occupied by Maggie and Bella, the two well-known Maori belles, who act as guides, and in which there is a very fine collection of Maori curios, etc. Close by is the great boiling pool Parekohuru, which for many years was used by the Natives for cooking their food, but which is now tapu, on account of a prominent Maori chief having been



WASHING DAY.



MISS E. E. MELVILLE.

the first lady admitted as a solicitor in the Auckland district. Miss Melville is the only daughter of Mr. Alex. Melville, of Northcote, and served her articles with Messrs. Devore and Martin.



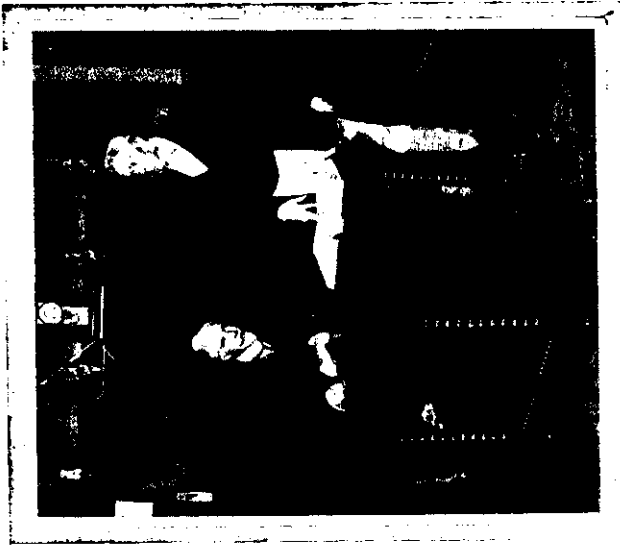
Half-tones, Limited, London.

MARK HAMBOURG AND HIS FIANCEE.

Last month the formal announcement was made of the engagement of Mr. Mark Hambourg, the famous pianist, to Miss Dorothy Muir Mackenzie, daughter of Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie, K.C.B., K.C., J.P., Principal Permanent Secretary to the Lord Chancellor and Clerk to the Crown in Chancery. They met a year ago in Brussels, where Miss Mackenzie was studying under Ysaye.



ALCOCK AND CO'S EXHIBIT OF BILLIARD TABLES AT THE INTERNAIONAL EXHIBITION, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.



NEW ZEALAND TOUR OF THE BROUGH-FLEMING COMPANY.

The Duke of St. Olbyn (Mr. Norman McKeown), Farmer Wake (Mr. Herbert Flemming). "I swear on the Book we'll give him up to yer."



ANOTHER SCENE FROM "DR. WAKE'S PATIENT."

The Waiting Room, Dr. Wake's Scene in the successful play, "Dr. Wake's Patient," in which the company start their tour of New Zealand in Auckland on Boxing night.



GIGANTIC TREE FERN, HONOLULU.

Photo supplied by Mr. Robert Chubb.



CHESTER FENTRESS,
Tenor in the Marie Narelle Concert Co.



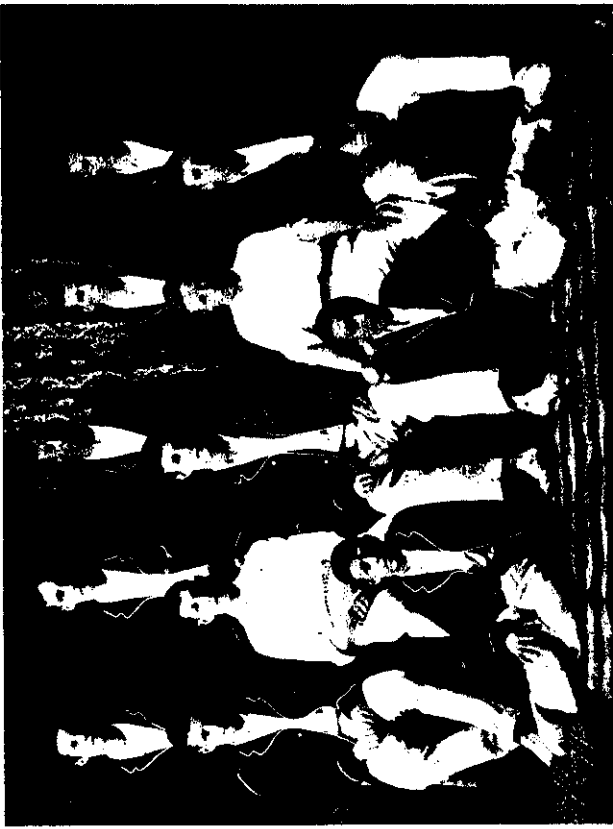
Photo. supplied by the Tourist Department.
A MARVELLOUS PIECE OF WORK.
Butter trophy exhibited by the New Zealand Government at the Grocer's Exhibition, London.



MARIE NARELLE, "QUEEN OF IRISH SONG,"
who, after a triumphal tour of the South, appears in Auckland on Boxing Night.



See Special Article, "Wet Fly Fishing for Brown Trout."
CAPT. G. D. HAMILTON,
with his patent landing net, which he describes elsewhere in this issue in his interesting article on trout fishing.



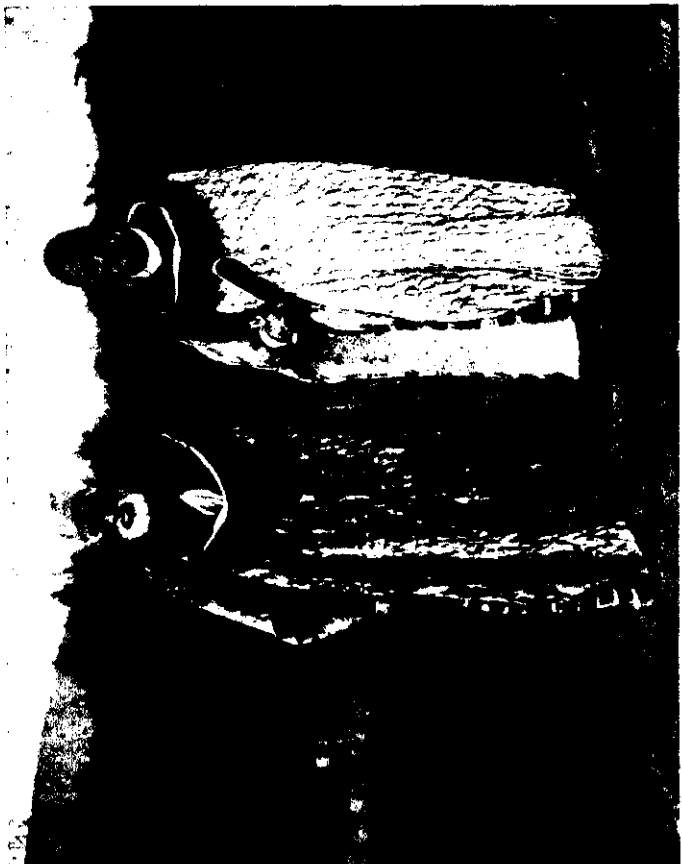
Sorrell, photo. **NAPIER BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL CRICKET TEAM.**
BACK ROW: N. Grant, O. G. Evans, J. Russell, T. Doble, F. Stewart, MIDDLE ROW: T. D. Smith, L. McLernon, G. H. Gibbons (captain), F. Goulding, L. E. Rhodes, FRONT ROW: E. Bishop, J. Gibbons.



CHIMES OF ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH.
These are the bells which hung in St. Barnabas' (chapel, Bishopscourt, Parnell), for a number of years, and are now being placed in the tower of St. Matthew's having been lent to the parish by the General Trust Board.



F. L. Jones, photo. **SCENE AT "MOTUTARA," HON. E. MITCHELSON'S WEST COAST, SUMMER RESIDENCE**



AN ECHO OF OLD-TIME TROUBLE.
This photograph, which was taken by Lord Onslow, was kindly lent by the Hon. E. Mitchellson. The Maori on the left is Harewood, the picture appears in the collection of our late visitor, Sir John Gosce, and the printing press from the Auckland Press. The Maori on the right is Harewood, the picture appears in the collection of our late visitor, Sir John Gosce, and the printing press from the Auckland Press. The Maori on the left is Harewood, the picture appears in the collection of our late visitor, Sir John Gosce, and the printing press from the Auckland Press. The Maori on the right is Harewood, the picture appears in the collection of our late visitor, Sir John Gosce, and the printing press from the Auckland Press.

line, are excellent customers, while the universal prevailing scarcity of domestic servants is responsible for an ever-increasing suburban trade. This last, of course, is a two-edged affair, for not only are those without servants obliged to send in their washing, but those who have caught that "vra air," a decent general, find it quite easy to keep her when there is no domestic washing day, with all its worries, work, and troubles. And, by the way, while on this subject, it is much to wonder that when girls can earn "good money" at a laundry such as this the long hours of domestic service should be avoided! The girls at the New Zealand Steam Laundry are as pretty and healthy a set of looking, prosperous sweethearts as the heart of man could desire. They work under the brightest, airiest, and most sanitary of conditions, and their good looks do these conditions full credit.

It is really a pleasure to see so many smiling, good-natured faces obviously interested in their work, and if combined employees of the New Zealand Laundry should be the most pious in the city. The manager is Mr. E. M. Murko, and the General Superintendent, Mr. Chas. Clarke, and both these gentlemen showed me every courtesy and attention on the occasion of my very informal visit and stroll round.

one sees rows of suits, trousers, coats, and dresses, "as good as new," and with the inestimable added comfort attaching to worn clothes; for, after all, a full suit is nearly as bad as a new pipe, till it is, like the pipe, "broken in." On the topmost floor we see the refinishing points of laundry work—starching, ironing, and general finishing. And here, once again, even the most ill-administered individual must be amazed at the extraordinary ingenuity of man. Almost everything is done, and well done, by machinery. The automatic irons are marvels of simplicity and effectiveness—a highly polished steel roller slides over the padded ironing board, or, rather, the board moves under the roller. One, two, three, or four times this is done, and the collar is then flat, and perfectly ironed, and exquisitely polished. Another, and wonderfully simple machine, cleverly manipulated, sends them into the conventional rounded shape, and "there you are," so to say, before you can pronounce the proverbial "Jack Robinson." Upward of 16,000 collars are thus dealt with in the course of a week, and 6000 shirts, and the eye is still they come.

The company's customers come from everywhere. The entire North Island, firmish, hampers, and parcels of linen, promptly dealt with and returned. The Pacific Islands, too, deal largely. Hotel and boardinghouse-keepers, from Rotorua, Te Aroha, and indeed, all up the stairs to the next floor, one finds on self in the mangle room. Sheets, counterpanes, and all the genus of house hold linen are brought up, placed damp in at one end of the huge machines, to issue from the other dry, aired, fragrant, and ready for the clean jinn to close. There are three mangles of various sizes, the largest capable of handling the very biggest and heaviest articles. Here, too, we see the very latest invention in the direction of artificial drying-rooms. To explain machinery is always difficult, but perhaps this may be understood. A large fan, making many, many thousands of revolutions a minute, draws millions of feet of fresh, cold air from outside, and, passing this air round a coil of steam pipes, blows it "all hot" through the drying room, into the outer air again. This, it is explained, is the nearest approach to open air and sun drying that can be achieved, and is certainly effective, leaving the articles so dried, quite free from the "baked" odour sometimes attaching to artificially dried linen, and which is objected to by the fastidious. (On this floor, too, is the packing room, where smart, bright-looking girls are busily engaged in sorting out collars, shirts, etc., and packing them from bins labelled with the customer's name. On this floor, also, the head of the dry cleaning department has a finishing room, and here, hanging on stretchers,

on each floor, these running the entire breadth of the building. As one enters the building, the first office is that for receiving and delivering sundry parcels, together with departments for clerks, etc., and also the manager's private apartment. Commencing a tour from here, one sees the unpacking department, here parcels of soiled linen are undone, contents counted and checked, and if unmarked marked, and then pass to the laundry proper, in large running hampers. Here disappears the first of one's misadventures. There is no extra heat, no smell of soot, you could, indeed, entirely imagine one continuous week of "washing days" was in progress. Against the further wall are six or seven huge drums, or cylinders, which emit occasional puffs of escaping steam. Examination of these discloses the amazing fact—to the outsider—that in these the washing is being done. Opening one, we are shown an interior perforated cylinder, which is revolving rapidly, three revolutions, to the right, then three to the left, in the midst of hot water, steam, and cold water. It is washing quick and effective. When lifted out there is no wringing; the clothes are placed all dripping wet into a centrifugal drier, which, revolving at an incredible speed, drives out the water as an wringer ever invented could possibly do. Most ingenious machines are these, and do

sent in walking through the new premises of the New Zealand Steam Laundry was brimful of interest, it may not be amiss to end avour to briefly give the public some idea of what human ingenuity has contrived in the every-day but all-important matter of washing. The new premises of the company alluded to are situated in Quay-street, having a handsome and much bow-windowed frontage and paraboloid attendants, who look particular delight in destroying one's best linen with the aid of vicious machinery specially contrived for the purpose of rending underwear. Well, "live and learn." I know better now, and as the hour

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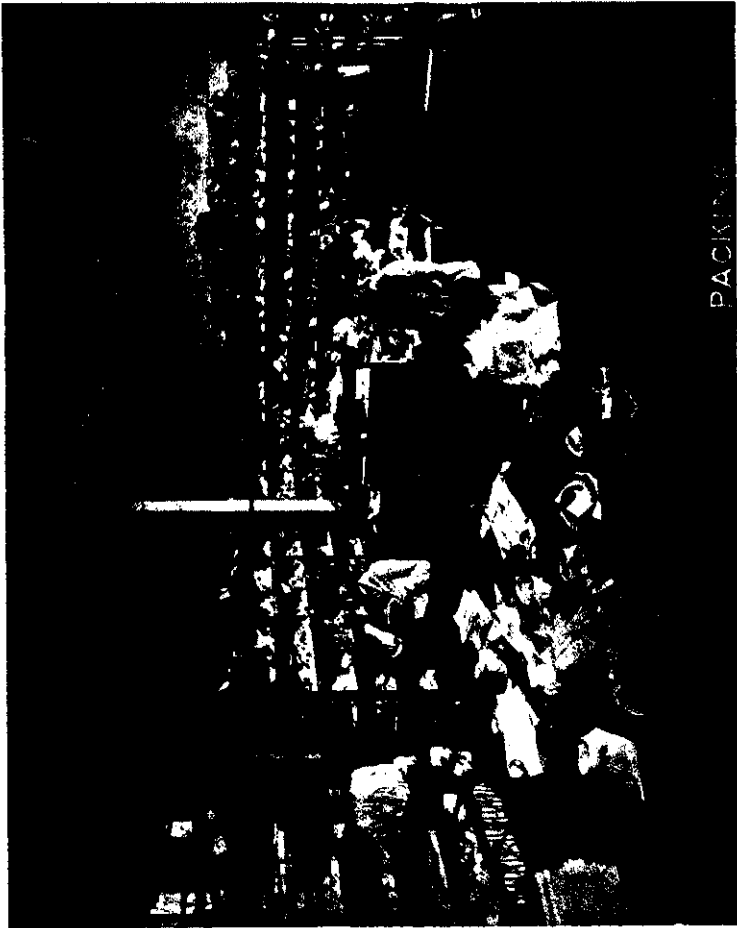
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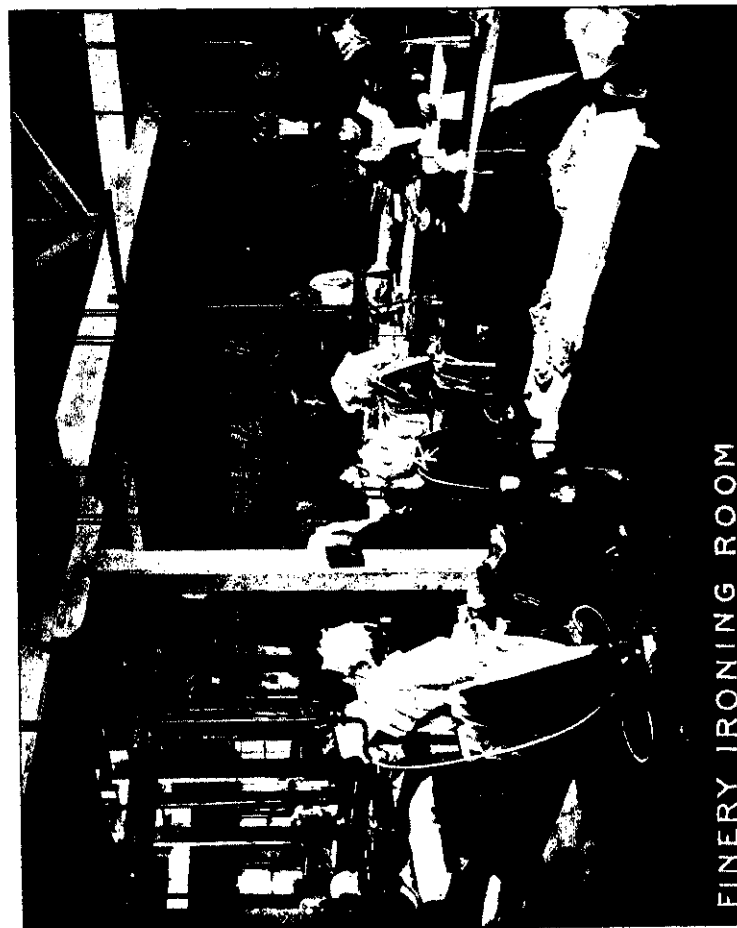
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PACKING



FINERY IRONING ROOM

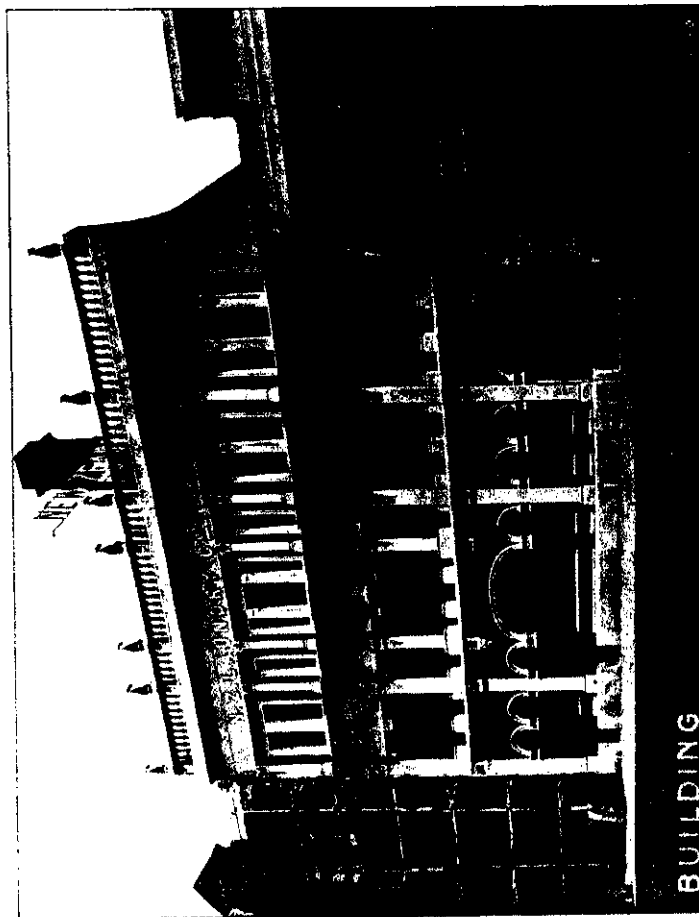
A Flourishing Business
A Stroll Round the New Zealand Laundry
Company's New Premises.
 By the N.Z. "Graphic" Special Reporter.



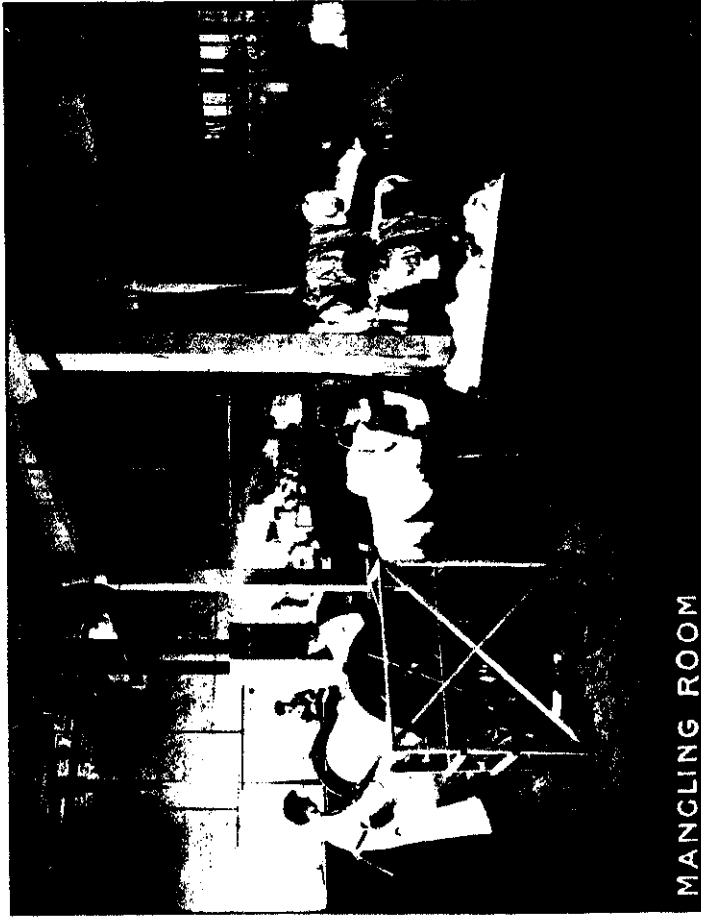
STARCHING & DRYING ROOM



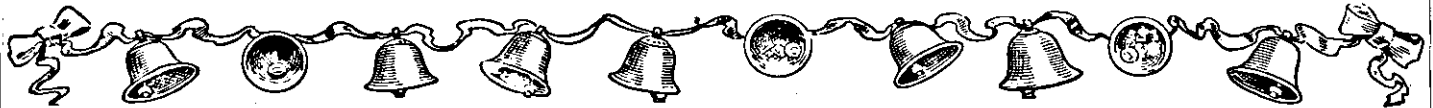
WASH ROOM



BUILDING



MANGLING ROOM



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 Christmassy things.

STEWART DAWSON & Co.

148, 148 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.



G6828.—Set Gold Brooch 8/6



G6834.—15ct Gold Pearl Set Brooch, in Morocco Case, £8 10/-



G6824.—15ct Gold, Diamond and Sapphire Brooch in Morocco Case, £8 10/-



183.—18ct Gold Five Diamonds, £5 5/- with larger diamonds £8 10/-, £7 10/-, £8 10/-



G7349.—Set Gold Pearl Set Sword Brooch in Morocco Case, 30/- Several Designs in Gold and Greenstone, 18/6 to 45/-



G8794.—18ct Gold Five Diamonds, £10 10/- With larger diamonds, £12 10/-, £18 10/-, £14 10/-



G6865.—Set Gold, Diamond and Ruby Brooch in Morocco Case, £8 10/-



G5771.—Set Gold, Amethyst and Pearl Set Brooch in Morocco Case, £8 10/-



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



H556.—Greenstone and 18ct Gold Brooch, 12/6



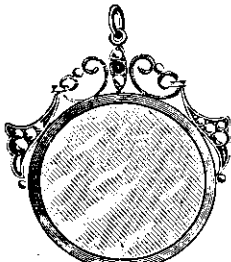
G6870.—9ct Gold and Ruby Brooch in Morocco Case, 27/6



G1706.—Set Gold, Diamond and Ruby Brooch in Morocco Case, 18/6



G6601.—Greenstone and Set Gold Brooch, 21/-



G6591.—Photo Pendant, Set Gold Pearl Set 30/-



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



G5998.—18ct Gold 10 Diamonds, 8 Sapphires, £10 10/-



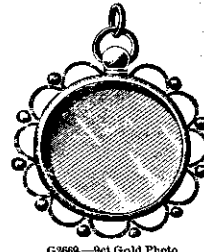
G7812.—Set Gold, Greenstone and Pearl Bracelet in Morocco Case, £2 10/- Great variety of other Pretty Designs in Gold and Greenstone, at 20/-, 27/6, 32/-, 45/-, 57/6, 63/-, and 90/-



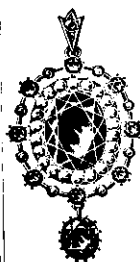
F4669.—18ct Gold, 3 Sapphires, 4 Diamonds, or 3 Rubies, 4 Diamonds, £8 5/- Smaller Stones at £5 10/-



G2731.—18ct Gold, Set Diamonds, Rubies and Pearl, £4 10/-



G3669.—Set Gold Photo Pendant, 14/6 Other Fashionable Styles, 27/6, 35/-, 42/-, 50/-



G6876.—Fine Gold Amethyst and Pearl Pendant, £2 5/-



118A.—15ct Gold, Diamond Set Bracelet in Morocco Case, £6 6/-



G6994.—9ct Gold, Amethyst and Pearl Set Bracelet in Morocco Case, £1 17/6



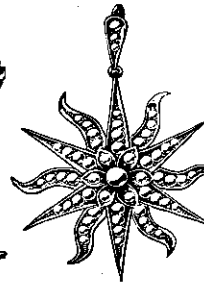
G5356.—Greenstone Heart, 9ct Gold Mounted, 27/6 Smaller Sizes, various designs, 15/6, 18/6, 25/- upwards.



146.—18ct Gold Bracelet, Set 2 1/2 Diamonds and 2 Rubies, in Morocco Case, £5



G3642.—9ct Gold, Diamond, Sapphire and Pearl Bracelet with Safety Chain, in Morocco Case, £3



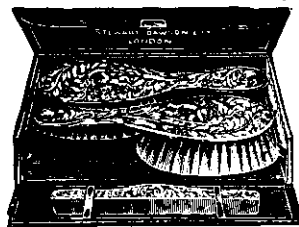
G6325.—9ct Gold Pearl Set Pendant or Brooch, £1 4/- Other lovely designs 65/- to £10 10/-



G4792.—Heart Pendant, Pearl Set, Set Gold 22/6



F1432.—Cut Glass Hairpin Box with Solid Silver Top, 3 1/2 inches long, 12/6



G7560.—Case with 2 Silver-backed Hair Brushes and Comb, Best Bristles, £2 17/6 Other designs, £2 10/-, £4 and £4 10/- Silver-backed Hair Brushes, without case, prices run 12/6, 15/6, 18/6 each, upwards.



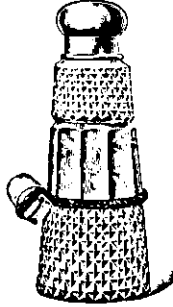
G7068.—Cut Glass Hairpin Box, Embossed Solid Silver Top, 3 1/2 inches long, 7/6



G4794.—Heart Pendant, Set Gold, Plain, £1/-



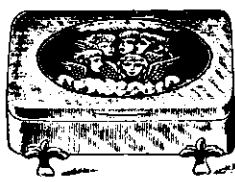
G1292.—18ct Gold Mizpah Pendant 8/6



G0784.—Lavender Salts Bottle, 6 1/2 inches, Silver Top, 8/6



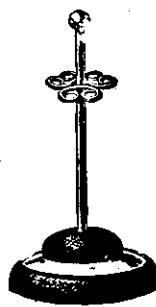
H240.—Set Gold Cross, 30/- 18ct Gold Cross, 30/- Others from 7/6 up.



G4886.—Solid Silver Jewel Case, Vulcanized, 4 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches, £3. Others from 45/- to £5.



G5112.—Pearl Set Cross, Set Gold, £2 5/- Larger size, £3 8/- Smaller, 30/-



G4181.—Silver Mounted Hat Pin Stand, 4 1/2 inches high, 6/-



F2927.—18ct Gold Heart and Turquoise Pendant, 45/-

Wet Fly Fishing for Brown Trout in New Zealand

By G. D. HAMILTON,

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

NO. V.

(See Illustration, page 12.)

HAVING dealt with the reel line and the gut lines, it will not be amiss to remind the comparative beginner that no more reel line should be out than is needed to keep out of sight of the trout, and to reach where they are lying. The more line there is out the more difficult it is to cast accurately and lightly. In striking, the more line there is out the more sag or slack line there is to bring up before the movement of the rod called "striking" is felt at the fly, and so the result of the strike is slower than with a shorter and straighter line. Also, in playing fish after they are hooked, no more line should be out, if possible, than is required to enable the angler to keep abreast of, or rather down stream, from the fish. The shorter the line out in reason the more the fish is under control for guidance; the less likely the line is to get entangled in snags; the less effect the wind or running water will have on it; and the less chance there will be of its being cut or broken. Of course it will not be lost sight of that a hooked fish must not be pulled against the current, unless unavoidable. It is also well to remember that the less a hooked fish sees of the angler, until aground, the better—the sight only increases its struggles with a corresponding chance of escape. I have for many years used a landing net of my own design. For New Zealand trout of medium size it is made of hard black or tanned cord, fourteen inches deep when shrunken, with a mesh one and a-half or two inches, on each side. The net is forty-six inches in circumference at the frame, and has a small lead, like a pistol bullet, fastened to the lower point of the net. This helps to sink the net in the water when being used to land a fish. The frame is best made of light flat spring steel, 3/4 inch wide, edge up, brazed together where it is driven into the handle, which is protected by a strong short ferrule, into which the frame is sunk to the depth of its width. It has a straight side twenty inches long, and is twelve inches across from this to the handle. The sides of the frame form the segment of a circle. The handle is of ash or hickory about two or three feet long, three quarter inch diameter, dressed with raw linseed oil. The net and handle weigh about three-quarters of a lb. The net can be carried on the fishing bag, when the band of the bag is worn (as it should be) over the left shoulder, as a loop about two or three inches broad, the full width of the band, can be placed on the band where hand and bag meet. This loop will take the handle. The net will then be behind the left shoulder—a ring of cord round the band will serve the same purpose. A cord fastened to the middle of the straight side, passed over the left shoulder, and secured by a loop over a front button of the coat, will prevent it being dropped. This cord can be kept from sliding down the shoulder by something in the nature of a high button sewn on the coat about four inches above the point of the shoulder. When carried in this way the handle should not be more than two feet long, unless telescopic, otherwise it will interfere with walking. Carried in this way the net is quite out of the way of walking, wading, or fishing until wanted. A little practice is required at first in adjusting the net for carrying.

Earlier in these sketches I alluded to the inconvenience occasionally caused by hooking two good trout at the same

time, and from among many others give the following instance. One summer just before dark I saw some good trout feeding, and hardly making a perceptible mark on the surface of the water of the smooth shallow edge of a rapid, the waters of the bank I was on gradually ending in flat shingle. After two or three casts with scarcely a perceptible rise, I hooked what promised to be a good fish that without any rush went steadily and heavily up and almost across the stream for perhaps sixty yards, and then as steadily and heavily it turned down stream. As I gently took in line, all at once the line slackened and came in. It was now nearly dark and I thought perhaps that the hold had broken. However, I found the gut had broken just where the upper dropper joined the casting line. It was strong, clean, well-soaked gut just put on for night fishing. It was too dark to put on a fresh cast of flies, so I went back some three hundred yards to the house. Next night, just before dark, I went back to the same place and almost immediately hooked a fair fish that made a good fight, and took exactly the same course as was taken by the last fish the night before. It was not hooked until dark. When I took the fly out of its mouth I was surprised to find only about eight inches of gut on it and thought what a singular escape from losing the fish, and then put the fly in my hat and the fish in the bag. The line, however, seemed to be fount of the bag somehow, and on investigating, found that it was not broken, and that the fish was still fast to the line by the fly it had been caught with. The fly with the broken gut on it was one of those taken by the two trout when they broke the line between them the previous night. As there were no other hooks of my pattern there was no doubt about the identity of the fly. The trout thus captured was a little over two and a-half pounds. There is no doubt that the trout not recaptured was much heavier, and had taken the dropper fly where the line was broken. Most of the trout at the place were from three to five pounds.

THE END.

The New Chinese Railway.

While the great mass of the Chinese people is still unaffected to any appreciable degree by the influences at work for change in the Far East set in motion by Japan, it is an undoubted fact that the merchant classes of China have awakened to a knowledge of the immense benefits derivable from a proper development of the natural resources of their country. A striking illustration of this fact is to be seen in the work now being undertaken for the extension of the railway system throughout the land. Hitherto railway construction in China has been initiated and carried out by European concessionaries in the face of every obstacle that a corrupt mandarin and an ignorant, superstitious populace have thought fit to create for the purpose of preventing and hampering such enterprise. But now the era has dawned for the work to be done under Chinese auspices, and the principle is being enunciated that the numerous concessions already granted to foreigners must revert in course of time to the Chinese Government. When it is remembered that there are only about three thousand miles of railway open in the territories known as the Chinese Empire, which has an area of nearly two million miles, and which embraces a population of over four hundred million people, it

will be recognised what an illimitable field is there for railway constructive enterprise.

The most important line of railway now rapidly nearing its completion in China, excluding that built by Russia in Manchuria, is the as yet unfinished one from Peking to Canton, and the history of its evolution is of both great political and commercial interest. The concession for the construction of the first stage of the line, from Peking to Wuchang, was given to a syndicate composed of French and Belgian capitalists. Once they had secured the concession, the members of the syndicate commenced to organise their plans for the work of construction with a promptitude and thoroughness of attention to detail sadly lacking in not a few instances on the part of British companies in China engaged in similar undertakings. Progress was slow owing to the extraordinary difficulties met with in the country selected for the route, and to the long time it took for the arrival of the fresh assistance so often needed from Europe to meet unexpected requirements. By the end of last year the line was ready for a limited amount of traffic to be borne upon it, and its future success assured as the chief artery of communication between the provinces of North China. It is seven hundred miles in length, and constitutes a notable addition to the engineering achievements accomplished by the combination of foreign skill and capital in the Middle Kingdom. Its terminus, Wuchang, is a busy town situated on the west bank of the Yangtze river. On the other side of the Yangtze is the large and flourishing city of Hankow, destined one day to rival, if not to surpass, Shanghai as a commercial centre.

The steady and successful progress made by the European continental syndicate in linking together Peking and Wuchang had no counterpart in the task undertaken by the America-China Development Company to establish railway communication between Canton and Hankow. The distance between these two cities is eight hundred and fifty miles, and the track marked out for the railway stretched across land admirably adapted for construction purposes. During the first few months of its working the enterprise was boomed in a characteristically American manner. A double-tracked branch-line was opened from Shekwaitong, a town on the southern side of the Shun-king river, opposite Canton, to Fatsan, fourteen miles away. This line was soon afterwards extended by a single track to Samshui, or Three Rivers, the total length of it from Shekwaitong being thirty-two miles. When ready it was immediately opened to traffic, and paid exceedingly well. The Chinese by their patronage of it showing that they know how to appreciate quick methods of travel, even though the spirits of the dead in their graves may be disturbed by the "fire devils" of the Western barbarians. The rolling-stock in use on this branch-line consisted of two large Baldwin eighty-ton locomotives, six small tank-engines originally used on the New York overhead railway before its electrification, several cars imported direct from the United States, and a number of carriages crudely constructed in the neighbourhood. Such was the humble beginning of a railway which will in the not distant future bring Hong-kong within comparatively easy reach of London by an overland journey of surpassing interest.

Matters came to a standstill upon the completion of the branch-line. Disputes arose between the members of the managerial and engineering staffs of the company, and some of the engineers left the service. To fill the places left vacant untrained and incompetent men were hastily engaged, the natural result being bad and faulty workmanship, which will have to be all done over again. About this time, in the mid part of the year 1904, the company sold a lot of shares in Europe. This action evoked strenuous protest from the Chinese Government, which declared the sale of the shares to be a deliberate breach of the agreement made between the native Authorities and the company. Fear of a possible increase of French influence in Southern China no doubt inspired the governmental protest, as most of the shares sold went to French and Belgian subjects. But in spite of the action taken in the matter a Belgian engineer was sent to Canton, and he practically took charge there of affairs connected with the railway, considerable friction arising in consequence between him and the American employees of the company. It appeared likely from the trend of events that, as upon so many former occasions,

the Chinese Government would not follow up their protest with energetic action, and that Europeans would eventually have full control of the concession rights and privileges.

It was now that the strength of the Chinese business class showed itself. In every city and town in South China an agitation, supported by the viceregal authorities, was started against the company. The Chinese demanded that if the railway were proceeded with the shares secretly purchased by European capital should revert either to the company or to Chinese purchasers. The newly appointed European shareholders flatly refused to part with their interests, and matters were for a time at a deadlock. Determined that their wishes should be enforced, the Chinese continued their agitation so vigorously that the authorities finally threatened the company with a cancellation of the concession. The prolonged negotiations which ensued between them and the company ended in a demand being made by the shareholders through their representatives for the sum of seven hundred thousand pounds for a retrocession of their rights to the Chinese. An agreement embodying these terms was eventually drawn up and signed by both parties. Two hundred thousand pounds of this sum represented the value of the rails and rolling-stock on the branch-line from Shekwaitong to Samshui, and the remainder compensation money.

Unable to find the necessary funds themselves either to pay off the company or to create an adequate working capital for going on with the construction of the railway, the Chinese were compelled to raise a foreign loan.

From the Hong-kong Government, the Viceroy of Nanking, Chang Chih Tung, who was appointed by the central power at Peking to deal with the whole matter of the railway, secured four million five hundred thousand pounds for ten years at an interest of 4 1/2 per cent a year, the security being the opium revenue of the three provinces through which the railway will pass. Various opinions have been expressed as to the competence of the Chinese to carry on the work of constructing the railway, official dilatoriness and dishonesty being feared in connection with the administration of the work. But Chang Chih Tung is an able, progressive viceroy, animated by a sincere desire for the good of his countrymen, and he may be trusted to see that the railway is built as speedily and efficiently as possible within the next four years.

The whole railway from Canton to Peking should be in full working order in five years' time, playing a part in the development of the richest and most densely populated provinces in the Chinese Empire, which cannot fail to be of incalculable importance to the world.

In connection with the main line of the railway, a branch is in course of preparation to Canton from Kowloon, the thriving and prosperous British possession separated from Hong-kong by the harbour.

In Chicago is a street sweeper who was once a clergyman; and in a little country town in New England is a Doctor of Philosophy who has given up a college professorship to keep a candy store. He was single, and the total profits from the shop were about ten dollars a week. But he said frankly that he was perfectly happy, and that the candy store had been the dream of his life.

An acquaintance once said that he knew a lawyer who had given up a large practice to become a bootblack; and there was a miniature painter of consummate skill who renounced her profession in order that she might sit in a store window as an advertisement for a brand of cigars.

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The White Lady of the Hohenzollerns

By S. BARING-GOULD

It rarely happens that a death occurs in the Imperial House of Germany without rumours circulating in Berlin relative to an appearance of the White Lady, as having given forewarning of the death. Although the names of those who are said to have seen the apparition are confidently given, such relations are never now attested, and this is popularly attributed to the reticence of courtiers, unwilling to be brought into publicity on a matter so clearly connected with the Imperial family, and not to the story itself being purely fabulous.

The earliest recorded appearance of the White Lady was to a Countess of Leiningen, before the death of the Elector Joachim I. of Brandenburg; and she is also reputed to have been seen by Anna Sydow, the mistress of Joachim II., who died in 1571. Anna Sydow was the widow of a gunfounder when the Elector fell in love with her. Before his death he exacted a solemn promise from his son, who would succeed him, to treat her kindly; but no sooner was the breath out of his mouth than John George had her arrested, and confined for the rest of her days to the fortress of Spandau.

It is popularly supposed that the White Lady is the spirit of the same Anna, "the pretty Poundress," as the people of Berlin called her. But this can hardly be, if she herself had seen the spirit, and it had also been seen before the death of Joachim I. in 1535. The popular story is that Anna's restless spirit haunts the palace at Berlin, and that at Potsdam, out of revenge for the ill-treatment and the broken oath of the Elector, John George, and that she is seen before any great disaster to Prussia, and especially in the years 49, as in 1640, 1740, and 1840.

She was seen again in 1619, shortly before the death of the Elector, John Sigismund, and his discussion, with the Court Chaplain Bergius, on the subject was recorded by the latter. "In the afternoon his Princely Highness inquired whether the White Lady had been seen again. And, in fact, she had been that very day, as, indeed, at all times when the Almighty has brought a visitation of death to the House of Brandenburg. The apparition is that of a white personage in a posture of distress. As such she has been seen in the Electoral Palace on various occasions by individuals of all ages and conditions, even by princely personages, but she never inspires such terror as to do harm, or injures anyone in any way. Consequently no manner of doubt can be entertained as to the reality of the apparition, though among the common people much fabulous matter circulates relative to this matter. But what we are to think about is, whether it be the apparition of one dead, or of a bad angel, or whether it is a lost soul, or a mere phantasm. I have no time to express what I think, but of this we may be well assured, that the apparition does not show itself contrary to God's providence, but rather that it manifests itself for a good end, as a warning to those who are living with too little thought of their latter end; it does not show that death must inevitably follow the apparition, but that it is sent by God as a warning to stir to prayer. Now, when his Princely Highness further questioned me on the matter, I bade him not be afraid of the White Lady, as she would do him no injury. Nevertheless the apparition presages a great loss to the House of Brandenburg, to wit, the death of the reigning head of the same."

In 1652 and 1667 the White Lady was seen before the deaths of the mother of the Elector and the Electress, Louise Heorietta. In 1678 she appeared to the Margrave Erdmann Philip. He was grandson of Christian, who was son of John George, Elector of Brandenburg. This branch of the family held the Margravate of Bayreuth. According to the young prince's statement, the White Lady appeared to him as he sat in his armchair. Shortly after this he and his horse fell on the racecourse at Bayreuth, and he was mortally injured. He had strength and courage to ascend the steps and retire to his room, as if nothing had happened. But within a few days he was dead.

The White Lady also appeared before the death of the great Elector, Frederick William, in 1688. She was seen several times during the year before he died, and on the day of his death was seen by the Court Chaplain, Bunsenius, who noted down the day and the hour, which proved to coincide with the time of the Elector's decease.

If we may believe the following curious account from the pen of a lady-in-waiting at the Prussian Court, the White Lady appears on other occasions than the eve of a death in the Hohenzollern family.

"In the year of 1781 or 1782 (I cannot now precisely recall which it was), the then Crown Prince Frederick William came to his wife (the mother of Frederick William III.) and said that the White Lady had shown herself to the Queen, the wife of Frederick II., in this wise. The Queen was sitting in her cabinet along with some of her ladies. This cabinet had a window commanding the nearest room on the other side, and through this the Queen saw the full length figure of the White Lady, and fell into a condition of the utmost terror. Whereupon the apparition disappeared. The Queen was spoken to, soothed, and assured that she had been deceived by a reflexion of the sun; but she persisted in her assertion, and remained all night profoundly agitated. Next morning, as usual, the Upper Lady-in-Waiting, Countess von Camas, went to read to the Queen, at 8 o'clock; but the latter begged Mme. Camas not to read, as she was in no condition of mind to hearken. An easy chair stood by the bed. The Queen began to speak of the apparition she had seen, and Mme. von Camas endeavoured to undeceive her, when all at once both saw a white-veiled female form in the armchair. A piercing cry disturbed the vision, and it vanished. From this moment on the White Lady showed herself in the Castle, especially at midnight. The King was told of it, whether he saw her, no one could learn from him; but he gave strict orders; under pain of corporal punishment, that the soldiers on guard should not speak of the matter, if they did chance to see the spectre.

A great circumstance took place in the upper storey, where lived the Crown Princess and the principal ladies-in-waiting. I slept in the room adjoining that of the Crown Princess, and I was much disturbed one night by the noise, but she slept through it. When the White Lady appeared to any one of us, nothing was said about it. But in the great corridor on the ground floor, at the door of the treasury, and where the State papers were kept, she halted for some minutes; then passed on, and returned again. She seemed to be especially drawn towards the treasury.

"A young officer, of the Brunswick

regiment, asked permission to join the guard for a night, and was with the grenadiers who were sentinels there. This was granted. And he also saw her, a stately figure, wearing a long veil, and a trailing dress, and with her arm folded over her breast. She bent as she approached the door, as though she were listening. But this young man suffered for his temerity. He fell ill in consequence. I know him; his aunt was my intimate friend. I cannot say how much longer the White Lady showed herself, but as to her having been seen, of that I have not the slightest doubt." Before the death of the beautiful Queen Louise of Prussia, who died in 1810, the White Lady is said to have been seen in the palace of Berlin.

But one of the most curious and interesting apparitions is that which took place on June 22, 1857. Then the guard, in front of the palace of Charlottenburg, saw a coffin carried by four headless men into the palace. It was empty. After a while the guard saw them return, with the White Lady preceding them. The coffin was no longer empty. In it lay a man in military uniform, without a head, but in its place was a royal crown. This mysterious procession passed out of the gates, and vanished in the midst of the square before the palace. But the White Lady turned back, passed the sentinels, and entered the palace again. Shortly after Frederick William IV. became derailed, and he died in 1861.

According to an account given by the Castellan of the Court at Bayreuth, the White Lady appeared there to the enemies of the House of Brandenburg. In 1809 the palace of Bayreuth was occupied by French officers, quartered there under General de l'Espagne; and when, in 1812, Napoleon was at Bayreuth, as he had heard something of the affair, he sent for the Castellan, and inquired into particulars.

"Sire," said the Castellan, named Schlutter, "the General arrived here late in the evening, and weary, and went to rest early. During the night a fearful scream rang out from his room. The orderlies rushed in, and found the General's bed, which had been against the wall when he retired to sleep, was run in the middle of the room, and was upset, and under it lay the General in a condition of unconsciousness. He was drawn forth, a physician was summoned, who bled him, and when he recovered his senses, gave him a powder. The General now related how that the White Lady had appeared to him, and had endeavoured to strangle him. He described exactly her appearance, figure, and eyes.

At his urgent request I led him to the portrait of the lady, and when he saw it he became white as a sheet, his knees gave way under him, and he gasped forth, "It is she—undoubtedly she, and she has appeared to forewarn me that I must die." His orderlies did their utmost to allay his excitement, and to discredit the vision. But he persisted in his story, and ordered his quarters to be moved to the princely Villa of Fantasie. Next morning General de l'Espagne sent a detachment of soldiers here, under an officer, to rip up the floors, and pull down the panelling to see if there were any secret passage communicating with his bedroom. Nothing, however, was found. This made the Count de l'Espagne the more uneasy, and the following day he left Bayreuth, still under

the impression that he had received his death warning."

"And, in fact," said Napoleon, "he died soon after in the battle of Aspern." Napoleon had already heard a good deal about the adventure of de l'Espagne from General Duroc, and he was evidently impressed by what he was told, and he ordered a suite of rooms to be made ready for him in the new wing of the Palace, which would be less likely to be haunted than the older portion.

Napoleon was now on his way to Russia, to carry out his eventful campaign there, the turning point of his fortunes.

Having taken possession of a room, Napoleon dismissed his attendants, spread out his war maps on the table, and paced the room, then seated himself, looking over the maps, and then strode up and down again, till wearied he sank into his arm-chair. But all at once the hoarse cry, and Constant, his valet, rushed in and laid hold of his master, saying, "Sire! Sire! Awake!" Napoleon made a movement with his arms to drive Constant off, but then opened his eyes.

"Sire!" said the faithful servant, "I heard your groans and cry, and rushed in, and saw your Majesty writhing on the armchair. A bad dream seemed to be troubling your Majesty, and on that account I ventured to awake you."

Napoleon made no reply, but seemed unusually troubled, and looked searchingly about the room. All was, however, as he had left his articles, the maps and compass on the table undisturbed. The fire on the hearth was all but extinguished. Napoleon rose shivering from his chair, that he might retire to bed. Constant took up a chandelier, and, preceding the Emperor, opened the door into the adjoining chamber. The Emperor was in bed a quarter of an hour later, and Constant and Roustan withdrew, to take some rest themselves.

This, however, was destined to be short, for presently Constant was roused by a cry from Napoleon, and he rushed into his master's bedroom.

"Constant," said the Emperor, "this time it was no dream. The White Lady has been here; I saw her distinctly. I had not gone to sleep; in fact, all my faculties were alert. I saw the long, white figure, the head covered by a veil, rise out of the floor yonder near that wall. In a moment she was beside my bed, and had raised her hand. I laid hold of her, and screamed for you, but she slipped from my fingers and vanished. I say, as did General de l'Espagne, that there is trickery here, and a trap-door somewhere. Call Roustan, and get lights, and examine floor and wainscot."

The servants did as required, and searched minutely for secret entry, cupboard or passage; but in vain. The oak flooring was solidly put together, and the velvet tapestry was everywhere fast nailed to the walls.

"Well," said the Emperor, "I suppose it must have been a dream, the second in which the White Lady has vexed me. Go your ways, we will sleep."

The two men departed, again to seek repose. But an hour had hardly passed before again a cry from the Emperor brought Constant into Napoleon's bedroom. He stood in amazement at the door. The Emperor's bed was in the middle of the room, and a table beside it. The table was overturned, and the lamp that had stood on it was lying extinguished on the floor.

"Has any accident happened to your Majesty?" asked Constant, approaching the bed.

"No," said Napoleon, who had risen in a sitting posture, "no accident; that is, no harm has come to me, but that accursed white spirit has visited me again. She wanted to deal with me, as with General de l'Espagne, to strangle me and upset the bed. I woke up as this dreadful woman thrust my couch into the middle of the room. I shouted for you, and she vanished. As it is clear that the White Lady does not relish the presence of several persons in the room, do you and Roustan spend the rest of the night here."

Accordingly the two attendants seated themselves, one on each side of the bed, each with a loaded pistol in his hand, and in about an hour Napoleon fell asleep, and was no more disturbed.

Next morning he was unusually pale, and troubled in expression. He spoke very little, and immediately after breakfast left the palace, never to revisit it.

Whether he dreamed, or whether some attempt had been made to assassinate him, no one can say, but what is certain is that this incident, of whatever nature it was, marked the point whence his luck turned, and disaster came upon him.

But the White Lady is also supposed to visit the royal palace of Stuttgart. One night in November, 1835, the White Lady was seen by the sentinels in the gallery that opened on the state apartments, and tapped at the door of the Prince of Wurtemberg, William I., said to his nephew, the Prince of Montfort, whose mother was ill at Lausanne: "Go immediately and see her. I am uneasy about my sister." The Prince went at once to Switzerland, and arrived but just in time to receive her last sigh. This princess was Catherine, who had been married to Jerome Bonaparte, when he had been made King of Westphalia. When that kingdom came to an end he was suffered to bear the title of Prince of Montfort.

One dark night in 1834, a carriage, with six horses harnessed to it, rolled through the streets of Stuttgart, and drew up at the entrance to the palace. The White Lady descended from it, and passed into the palace; the guard were so paralysed with fear that they made no motion to prevent her.

She was then seen in the gallery, where the sentinels were too much alarmed to stir. This was in January, 1834. A few days after died Duke Ferdinand of Wurtemberg, the King's uncle.

Catherine, the wife of King William, was ill; the door of her room suddenly flew open, as if the wind had done this. "Please to shut the door," said the Queen to her reader, who sat by the bed. The lady-in-waiting rose to do so, but as she returned, to her dismay, saw the White Lady occupying her seat by the Queen's bed. Two days later, January 9, 1819, Queen Catherine was dead.

But who was this White Lady when in the flesh? Tradition says that she was the beautiful widowed Countess of Orlamunde, who fell in love with Albert, Burgrave of Brandenburg, and wanted to marry him. He, however, remarked to a friend that two pair of eyes stood in the way, meaning his parents. His saying was reported to the Countess, and she, supposing that his words referred to her two children, resolved on making away with them. This she did by driving long hairpins through their ears into their brains. The murder took place in the Castle of Plassenburg. When the Burgrave Albert heard of this, he would have nothing further to say to her. She made a pilgrimage to Rome, and in expectation of the murder, founded the convent of Himmelkron. In the church of the convent is her monument, also that of Albert, and also of the two murdered children. The estates of the Countess of Orlamunde only came into the possession of the House of Hohenzollern through the Electress Anna, daughter of Duke Albert, Frederick of Prussia, who married John Sigismund, Elector of Brandenburg, in 1594.

The story of the murder, however, rests on no historical basis. In fact, Himmelkron was not founded by a Countess of Orlamunde, and the supposed tomb of the Burgrave Albert is that of some other noble with arms on it, not those of the Hohenzollerns; and, further still, the reported tomb of the Countess herself, on close examination, proves not to be that of a woman at all, but of a young knight. Lastly, the supposed murdered babes represented on the third tombstone, prove to be little cherubs, who are holding up a shield. In 1701

this grave was opened, and a mighty jawbone, a shoe sole, and the remains of a brown habit were found in it. So much for popular tradition.

Curiously enough, another skittish widow, Beatrix of Rosenberg, has the same tale told of her, that is somewhat better substantiated.

Beatrix, or, as other call her, Bertha, was the daughter of Ulrich V. of Rosenberg, Burgrave of Bohemia, and General-in-command of the troops engaged against the Hussites. Beatrix was born between 1420 and 1430. She was married in 1449 to John of Lichtenstein, a rich Syrian baron, but he was a rough, dissolute man, and made her very unhappy, but died early, leaving her a widow with two little children. After the death of her husband she retired to her brother, Henry IV. of Rosenberg, who finally died without issue in 1457. Then Beatrix retired to Neuhaus, in Bohemia, where she occupied herself in building the Castle. She met the Burgrave Albert of Brandenburg, the handsomest man of his time, fell desperately in love with him, and for his sake murdered her two children. As he rejected her with loathing, she hung herself from a window of the castle, and perished on the rocks at its feet.

Her portrait was long preserved in Neuhaus, but the Castle was burnt in about 1820, and it is not known to me whether the painting was destroyed at the same time.

According to one version, it is this Beatrix or Bertha of Rosenberg who is the White Lady haunting the family of the lover who had rejected her, and who unwittingly had caused her to murder her children and to commit suicide. The story about Aldegund of Orlamunde is too uncertain, and there is little ground for supposing the White Lady to be Anna Sydow. But—is there a White Lady? Is it not extremely possible that some of the damsels of the palace, the maids of honour, may wander about the passages of the palace at night, possibly as sleep-walkers, perhaps visiting one another to enter into private little-tattle, and be mistaken for ghosts? This seems to be the most natural explanation. And it may be remarked that sometimes the White Lady prognosticates nothing at all.

Pointed Paragraphs:

Most of the so-called necessary evils are unnecessary.

A close friend is one who refuses to lend you anything.

Men were made to make money that women might spend it.

A wise man doesn't attempt to preserve his wisdom in alcohol.

Have you sense enough to see anything in life besides dollars?

It is so much easier to hear of good people than it is to meet them.

Every time a man commits a mean act he has what he considers a good excuse for it.

Keep your eye on the humble man; the chances are that he is setting a trap for you.

Don't visit a pawnbroker with the expectation of realising anything on your good reputation.

Some married men are like roosters—they never let out a crow without first looking over their shoulders.

Occasionally you meet a man who thinks he knows everything that ever happened, or ever will happen.

Pessimists do not like themselves, therefore it isn't to be expected that they could like anything or anybody else.

When a man finds it necessary to take a woman into his confidence he selects one who has been dead at least a year.

"So you spurn me!" he cries in wrathful woe. "But I shall have my revenge!"

"Ha, ha!" laughs the heartless maiden.

"You may laugh now, but wait! In the four years I have known you, you have given me six photographs of yourself. Each one of these I shall have enlarged by the cheap crayon process and presented to your various friends and relatives!"

Leaving the frightened girl in a swoon the cruel swain departs with the melodramatic tread of one who will stop at nothing.

International Exhibition, CHRISTCHURCH, 1906-1907.

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Established 1750.

THE HUMAN ARROW

By PHILIP C. STANTON, author of "Winslow, Navy Half-Back," Etc.

How a widely advertised attraction of La Shelle and Santley's circus had to be postponed, and the strange series of happenings that culminated in the disappearance of a star performer at the time he was most needed.

IT was early morning in Berlin, but a large crowd was on hand to watch the arrival of La Shelle and Santley's Great American Circus. It was the first time the vast amusement enterprise had been scheduled to visit the German capital. Its reputation had preceded it.

The first performance was to be given that afternoon, and the watchers were wondering how such a thing could be possible as the circus rolled in—its three train sections of newly painted and gilded cars a great advertisement in themselves. The show had exhibited at Frankfurt-on-the-Main the previous night, and had come to Berlin to play a long engagement, or as long as the big circus remained in any one place.

Finally the red and gold cars were shunted on the sidings arranged for them in the great railway yards on the north side of the Spree. Nearby were the grounds, secured for the sake of convenience, where the show was to exhibit.

It was early, but the brawny members of the "stake gang" and the canvas-men crawled out from underneath the waggon on the gondola-cars and their various "roosting-places" during a trip by train, and ran the waggons containing the "tops," or tents, off the cars.

The grooms led the heavy draught-horses out of their box cars with a rush, hitched them to the waggons, and headed them to the exhibition grounds. They were ready for breakfast, and on their efforts depended their putting up the cook and mess "top," and getting their first meal of the day.

The occupants of the cars swarmed outside, though the long line of "sleepers," holding the high-salaried performers and the head people of the circus, were still undisturbed, the shades down nobody appearing on the platform except the porters, who were never supposed to sleep, except when others were awake.

Sandwiched in between these sleeping-cars, showing no signs of life, was a closed car, which plainly was not for sleeping purposes, but which bore the lettering of the big show.

Presently out of it emerged a man with a strangely white face, having the appearance of one suffering from acute mental anguish.

He threw himself down from the platform of the goods car to which he had been admitted but a minute or so before, and started on a dead run down the line.

He stumbled as he ran, and did not halt until he had reached the end car of the train, which he knew to be the private car in which the "Old Man," as Mr. La Shelle was known, and his wife made the "jumps" from place to place where the show exhibited.

Anyone who has travelled with a first-class circus, or has been informed on the subject, knows how the trains are made up for a night's travel.

For the officials and high-class performers of every description sleeping-cars are provided, and the strictest regulations are enforced regarding their occupancy.

There are cars reserved solely for married couples. In others the single females have their berths, and the same is the case with the unmarried males. In no large company are the rules of propriety more strictly preserved than in the case with circus folk.

When the short, thick-set man, with the light blonde moustache, hurried down

the line he was a very different looking person from usual. His ordinary pink-and-white complexion was a greenish-yellow, his lips were white, he appeared to totter as he walked, and wheezed painfully.

When he had reached La Shelle's car he beckoned wildly to the negro porter, in immaculate white, who was standing on the platform.

"Mr. La Shelle up yet?" he asked huskily. "He is! Dressed! For God's sake, Jackson, tell him I want to see him! I must see him! Understand?"

For a moment the negro surveyed the other stupidly.

"Goodness, Marse Cassidy! you suttinly does look bad. What's—?" he managed to say, but that was as far as he got, for Cassidy had motioned wildly to him to deliver his message, and the porter disappeared inside.

The new arrival took off his sleek-looking silk hat, which mocked his disordered appearance, and mopped his damp forehead. Eagerly he waited the return of the porter, and when the latter had re-appeared, with the words: "Come right in, sah," Cassidy attempted to swing himself up on the car platform.

It was weakness or excitement, or both, that prevented him from gaining the step, and the porter had to help him up. When he had entered the door the big drops were standing out like beads on his forehead.

As Cassidy entered, the porter heard a muffled groan and the half-muttered words: "I'd rather be shot than have to tell him."

Whatever it was that he had to communicate to La Shelle, that gentleman heard the blurted-out communication quite calmly at first. One would have thought that he was merely receiving a formal report from a subordinate.

For a little while the self-contained, grey-bearded, sharp-eyed leading showman of the world was silent, appearing to be studying intently. Then he put two or three questions to the man before him, which were answered quickly.

"You don't think that I—?" began the other appealingly, glancing at the proprietor with a pained, frightened expression.

"I haven't the slightest suspicion of it, Cassidy—not for a minute," said the other quietly.

Suddenly, without the slightest hint of warning, his face began working strangely, he half rose from his seat, his hands clutched in anger, and the car was filled with profanity all the more terrible because it was so unexpected.

Cassidy's face turned a shade greener, if possible. He had the appearance of a man who has been condemned to execution, and who has no right to expect reprieve.

For a full minute the proprietor raved and stormed. It was seldom he showed fits of passion, and they were all the more terrible because so infrequent. They never were seen unless there was great cause. Now the car fairly quivered with the force of invectives.

La Shelle stopped as suddenly as he had begun, seeming to come to himself in a second. He glanced furtively down the car, as if expecting to see his wife stick her head out of berth and administer a rebuke; but no such thing happened. Mrs. La Shelle was not such an early riser as her husband, and evidently was still asleep.

As a storm frequently clears the atmosphere, the fierce outbreak appeared

to have a beneficial effect on the circus proprietor. It was amazing how quickly he cooled down into the quiet, impassive man, with a firm grasp on a business requiring extraordinary shrewdness and foresight.

For a long time afterward La Shelle conferred with the visitor, who seemed to be gaining some sort of confidence. The proprietor did the questioning, putting query after query to Cassidy, who made answer quickly, and seemed to be doing his best to give him full information. Presently La Shelle got a railroad-map, and they glanced over it with heads together.

When this was finished, La Shelle scribbled a note and called for the porter, giving him orders to deliver it immediately.

"Tell Judson to bring Stringer with him—it's important," was what he called out to the porter as the latter went out.

In a short time two other men appeared in the car. They were Americans, evidently, very quiet of manner and dress, with that sharp comprehensive glance which betokened that their calling was that of keeping eye on offenders against the law.

"The ticket-waggon was robbed last night, boys, of nearly every penny taken in as yesterday's receipts. The robbery evidently took place somewhere between here and Frankfurt."

He paused. On the faces of the two detectives the first expressions of astonishment were quickly replaced by those of keenest interest and alertness.

La Shelle began speaking again in his even, matter-of-fact tone of voice, and they listened attentively, alternately glancing from his face to that of Cassidy.

When the Old Man had finished, they took up the thread of questioning, making inquiries of Cassidy, La Shelle occasionally interrupting.

"I'll stroll over and look at the thing myself," the proprietor said finally. "Now, remember boys, not a word of this at the present. Don't let a hint get out as to who may be suspected. Of course, it'll come out some time, and forewarned is forearmed, you know. It's up to you to get at the perpetrators. Lose no time."

This remark was addressed to Judson and Stringer, of the circus detective corps—an essential of the show in protecting patrons from "crooks" and in a variety of other ways. They had been connected with La Shelle and Santley's for years in America, and had proved more than useful in co-operating with the foreign police.

"Go ahead as if nothing had happened, and keep mum, Cassidy; if I need you I'll send for you," the proprietor told the treasurer, who left, looking greatly relieved.

While the robbery of the ticket-

waggon safe was a big thing to happen to the circus, it was not the only misfortune during its Berlin engagement. Something which La Shelle considered almost as untoward a happening transpired later in the day. It was after the "big top" and the other tents had been erected that this was discovered.

Berliners by the thousands had flocked to the grounds to see the marvels of the American circus. They had viewed the morning parade, which had given them an appetite for the feast to follow. Cassidy had superintended the sale of the red and yellow tickets in his customary serene fashion, taking a hand himself at dealing out pasteboards when the crowd was thickest.

Freaks—rare and curious animals from every quarter of the globe—first claimed the attention of the circus-goers, who at last wandered into the immense arena-tent, to see the wonderful features which had been advertised weeks ahead.

The acts in the three rings and the arena went off with the precision and smoothness for which the American circus was noted, and Darrah, the equestrian director, was congratulating himself that only one thing had been presented that was in any way below the ordinary.

All Ben Hassan's "Whirlwinds of the Sahara"—the Arab troupe whose marvellous acrobatic work was the marvel of the spectators—were short a man, who had been temporarily retired through an accident. What was lacking in numbers was made up in "zinger" by the rest of the troupe, however, and Darrah was certain that even the Old Man himself did not notice anything amiss, or if he did, did not see fit to comment on it.

Even Numa Pompilius, the numidian lion, who at each performance had shown more and more temper in his role of chauffeur to Mademoiselle Aimee Valiant, in her daring leap-the-gap with an automobile, was on his good behaviour. Miss Valiant was not forced to use the whip, as she had more than once found it necessary to do since they had originated the act in Paris, where it had created a furore.

So when the programme had been completed, with the exception of Mademoiselle Valiant's act, Darrah began to breathe freer. The equestrian director, by the way, is the manager of the whole performance, occupying the same place in the circus that the stage-manager does in the theatre. Darrah's usually immobile face was as unruined as it is possible for a man who has the immense responsibility of seeing every act, on a triple or quadruple programme, go through without a hitch.

As "The Flight of the Human Arrow" was to have its first public performance immediately after Mademoiselle

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

We strongly recommend all who suffer from the heat to add a few drops of Condy's Fluid to the Daily Bath or Foot Bath. A Condy's Fluid Bath imparts a lasting sensation of Coolness, Freshness and Purity. It invigorates the body and braces the nerves. The Cooling effect is Simply Magical. It is so lasting. Condy's Fluid is sold by all Chemists. All substitutes are greatly inferior. Insist on having "Condy's Fluid." Beware of Imitations.

selle Valiant's act, naturally Darrah had a feeling of anxiety that it should be a success, but he was not worrying. He had seen the thing work to perfection at rehearsal many times, and he had such full confidence in the "arrow"—Abarbanell—that he was not disturbed. It was the aim of La Shelle to produce an entirely new act in each capital visited, and "The Flight of the Human Arrow" had been as extensively billed in Berlin as the "Lady and the Lion" automobile act in Paris.

During the intermission between the previous act, of itself a thriller, and the one to follow, which was to conclude the performance, the audience had a moment's respite, while the band played a favourite tune of the fatherland.

At the same time the spectators watched curiously the big machine—described as an "arbalest" in the advertisements—which was being dragged out on its wheels into the centre of the arena, the stringing of the nets, the hanging of the target, and other exciting preparations necessary in the risking of a man's life.

As the band ceased playing, the big announcer, with magnificent air of impressiveness, hand raised to command silence, stepped forward and described the nature of the act to follow. Especial stress he laid upon the fact that the slightest miscalculation would hurl the daring performer to instant death. But such a contingency, he hastened to explain, was most improbable, with the infinite care taken to avoid accident.

He was through. Again the band started a lively air. Darrah stood at his station, watch in hand, eyes glancing eagerly for the entrance of the lithe, athletic figure of Abarbanell, in his attire of steel mesh.

No Abarbanell! The dressing-tent curtain was partly withdrawn, Darrah could see the performers grouped about it, but the "arrow" did not come.

Darrah grew impatient, his face reddened, he gave a startled look at La Shelle standing near, keenly alert, but showing no sign of concern, touched the electric signal for the band-master and the music blared out again. Certainly now Abarbanell would appear,

Darrah thought, gnawing his moustache with nervousness, and muttering anathemas.

"I'll see that this delay costs him fifty," he told himself. "The first time, too—delaying!"

Still no Abarbanell. Darrah was fidgeting like a schoolgirl. He beckoned to Abarbanell's dresser, and attendant, standing at the arbalest, ready to assist his master to go through the hazardous act.

"Where the devil is he?" asked Darrah of the attendant, with a fierce scowl. The man was cowed, and seemed loath to speak.

"Where is he?" demanded Darrah again.

The answer was not calculated to have a soothing effect on the equestrian director.

"I haven't seen him since last night, Mr Darrah. God knows I wish I knew where he was. I've hunted everywhere," he declared in a whisper.

Darrah waited to hear no more. First he started to walk fast; the farther he went the greater grew his speed, until by the time he had reached the dressing-tent entrance he was on a run.

Once inside, he hurried frantically to the spot down the "performers' alley," where the trunk and the belongings of the specialty artist were located, but only the watchman was there keeping an eye on the men's articles of apparel. He had not seen Abarbanell, and supposed he had made his entrance. A messenger was sent to the sleeping-car not far away. No Abarbanell!

Darrah returned to the ring, wondering if he was not the victim of a nightmare. All he saw in the big tent was a white wall of accusing, sneering faces—or it seemed so to his strained nerves. The hisses, faint at first, which came to his ears from different sections, were not imagined. They grew in volume, timid spectators becoming bolder.

The equestrian director was wild with rage, almost overwhelmed with despair. All he could do was to shake his head, make pantomime representations of a man who has done all he could.

There was no help for it. As the

hissing, yells of disapproval, word equivalents in German of "Fake, fake," rose from everywhere, people standing up in their seats and demanding their money to be returned, Darrah got the ear of the announcer.

Presently this leather-lunged, undisturbed personage was bellowing out above the uproar that, owing to the unexplained absence of the performer, the "Flight of the Human Arrow" act would have to be abandoned for that one performance.

As the people filed out, some threatening, others yelling derision, they left a disheartened equestrian director.

It was the first time the circus had failed to live up to the strict letter of its advertisements. Darrah had been with it for years, and he knew its traditions.

From anger and chagrin, Darrah changed to dismay over the prospect of anything serious having occurred to the "arrow." That act was but one of three in the whole show which did not admit of an understudy. Abarbanell had invented the act himself, and no one had been instructed how to take the inventor's place should anything befall. It was a most hazardous feat, which required not only nerve, but knowledge of a peculiar sort—a special manner of holding the body rigid, to ensure safety and a proper flight through the air. Abarbanell stood alone in this regard.

When the act was engaged it had been La Shelle's intention to introduce it to the London public at a return engagement, but an outbreak of epizootic among the horses in London had caused a postponement of the visit to England, and a quick substitution of a route through Germany instead.

It was with many misgivings that Darrah had hurried search made for the absent one. Of course he inquired of Miss Dollie Del Monte, premiere equestrienne of the show, when last she had seen Abarbanell. Miss Del Monte was a dashing little creature, with bright eyes, and pink-and-white complexion, which made her seem more a native of Berlin than New York, where she had been born of German parents.

"Louis? I have not seen him since

last night," she said. "It was in the dressing-tent he said something about wanting to see if the arbalest was shipped O.K., and left me."

She appeared anxious about him, which was only natural, considering the fact that he and Miss Del Monte were engaged. It was Abarbanell's second season with the show. He had started in with a horse act, being a daring rider, and had later trained a troop of cuirassiers—supposed to be direct from France—whose perfect evolutions on horseback eclipsed anything of the kind seen previously.

Search high, search low, they could not find the missing man. What complicated matters still more was that a newly-employed porter of the sleeping-car could not remember whether he had made up Abarbanell's berth that morning or not. The regular porter, an American, had disappeared, and his place had been filled by this man, another American, representing himself as an ex-sailor, picked up in Paris.

After running down every possible clue to discover the whereabouts of the missing man, Darrah put the matter up to La Shelle.

"It's pretty hard on us, boss," he said. "We all know how particular these Germans are about having everything advertised actually seen in the performance. It will mean a heavy fine with the 'arrow' business missing. Excuses won't go."

La Shelle's face was inscrutable for a moment as he looked at the equestrian director, then his eyes shone fiercely.

"We'll have to take in a lot of money to make up our losses," he declared coolly. "What with possible fines and the cleaning out of our ticket-wagon last night, it will make us hustle to pay expenses."

"You don't mean that the ticket-wagon was robbed, Mr. La Shelle?" blurted out the director huskily. His face was the picture of astonishment.

"That's what I do mean exactly," was La Shelle's response. "During the trip last night the ticket-wagon door was opened, and the contents of the safe, including most of the receipts from the day's performances, were sto-

Pears' Soap
 beautifies the complexion,
 keeps the hands white and
 imparts a constant bloom
 of freshness to the skin.
 As it is the best and lasts
 longest it is the cheapest.

ben, with the exception of a few silver pieces."

Darrak could only gasp and utter a "Hew!" gazing at his chief in amazement.

Then he muttered, more to himself than to his chief, who was watching him curiously:

"Abarbanell missing, and the receipts gone! That's a funny coincidence."

La Shelle smiled grimly.

"Well, it remains to establish a connection between the two occurrences. I expect our sleuths will run down the thief or thieves before long," he said, with assurance. "I'm not worrying much, but I hate to have to cut out one of our star features. These Germans are more than suspicious, and I expect they'll look at the whole business as a fake, pure and simple."

A word here, a whisper there, and little by little all the circus people were fully aware of what had happened. They gathered together in little groups, discussing the affair, and looking with sympathetic glances at Miss Del Monte. She kept herself aloof, and presented a defiant appearance. When Eva Oakley approached her with pretended sympathy, she turned on her fiercely with: "Don't talk to me. I don't care how black things look. I know Louis had nothing to do with the robbery, and his disappearance will be explained fully at the proper time. Let me alone, that's all I ask."

The fair Eva was known to have made attempts to win Abarbanell's attentions, so that perhaps Miss Dottie looked upon her advances as suspicious.

What later was learned about the robbery was that some time during the night, presumably when everybody was asleep, the thieves, or one of them, had slipped into the car, secured the keys of the ticket-wagon, which Cassidy, the treasurer, always kept under his berth-pillow at night, had slipped through the car into the forward one, where the ticket-wagon was located, and had robbed it.

After the evening performance at Frankfurt, where the circus had exhibited and then "jumped" to Berlin immediately, the ticket-wagon, securely locked, with the funds in the safe inside, had been run into the express car, just forward of the sleeper, in which Cassidy had his berth.

It was, by no means an uncommon thing for this to be done, in a town where an all-night "jump" was to be made to another town, since the money in the ticket-wagon, secure in itself, could be carried along with perfect safety. No one had ever dreamed of such a thing as a robbery, even in the wild West of America.

An examination showed that the ticket-wagon door had been unlocked, and Cassidy's key was missing. The conclusion was obvious. As the safe combination was not understood, it had been blown open, and the money abstracted. It was not fully understood how this could be done with persons right on the scene, but then the noise of the train would deaden the explosion.

The man who was supposed to keep an eye on the ticket-wagon declared he had seen no one. There might have been some trainmen passing through the car with lanterns, but he could not say positively. It was believed he had been asleep through the whole proceeding.

What made it look blacker than ever for Abarbanell was that not only was his berth located in the same sleeper as that of the treasurer, but his apparatus was stored in the end of the car which held the ticket-wagon.

It was learned that Abarbanell had seemed greatly displeased at the prospect of touring Germany, instead of playing a return engagement in London and the British provinces. More than one performer had heard him speak in unmeasured terms about the Germans. This was considered somewhat strange, as he himself possessed a strong German accent, and was decidedly Teutonic in appearance.

The system of espionage in Germany is almost as strict as that of Russia, but German agents could not trace the missing man; could not find a clue which would give them even an inkling of where Abarbanell had disappeared.

After, or just before, the circus-train had pulled out from Frankfurt, he had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. Frankfurt itself was secured, thoroughly for him, as was every intermediate point between that place and Berlin.

No person answering Abarbanell's description had passed the French frontier. Of this the officials of both

countries were positive. While the detectives of the show were on their mettle, as the case concerned themselves vitally, the German police seemed equally as anxious to land their man.

All that was known of Abarbanell was that he had been with the show two seasons, as the captain of the circus-siers; that he had suggested to La Shelle the idea of the "human arrow"; that he had perfected the apparatus, and made the act a reality. The circus-siers' act had been abandoned after Paris, as it was believed that anything distinctly French would not be popular in Germany. La Shelle had ordered the "arrow" feature for Berlin instead.

Abarbanell was stated to be a native of Alsace-Lorraine, but a naturalized American.

The amount of the theft was estimated variously from sixty to eighty thousand marks.

Opinion seemed to be divided as to the guilt or innocence of the performer. Such expressions were heard as: "Well, I wouldn't have given him credit for it." "Always thought there was something underhand about him." "He never was free and easy enough!" "If he was a crook, his face didn't show it."

Miss Oakley tossed her head and was heard to say, apparently for the especial benefit of Dottie Del Monte: "He and I could have been pretty good friends if I hadn't been a mind-reader, I guess." The Del Monte's eyes blazed promptly.

She snapped at the opportunity as a trout takes a fly.

"What mind-reading you did told you he had too much sense to have anything to do with a girl who would have been willing to give her head to get him," she returned; and Miss Oakley was shocked into remarking:

"Well, of all the spiffires!"

Thereafter the existence of each was apparently unknown to the other.

It was after the finish of the matinee performance that a monstached official, with a nickel-pointed helmet, asked for the manager. In his hand he held a flamboyant lithograph, depicting the human arrow in its flight from the huge crossbow toward the target, with the tens of thousands of open-mouthed spectators in the arena below.

Also he held a copy of the programme, which had been printed before Abarbanell's absence had been dreamed of, with the announcement of the act in German, in large, black type.

The official was referred to La Shelle. The Old Man invariably stood in the roped-in enclosure between the ticket-takers in front of the main entrance to the circus before and directly after the performance, to watch the public enter and depart. He was standing there still. The following conversation was carried on through an interpreter, the official commencing:

"You have failed to comply with the provisions of the municipality of Berlin by not presenting all of the advertised features of the performance, advance notices of which I have here in my hand. The 'Human Arrow Flight' was not witnessed."

"For reasons over which we have no control the performer is missing."

The inspector made a gesture of irritation.

"But the performance was not given as advertised," he said stolidly.

Plainly no argument was to be admitted.

"What is the penalty?" asked La Shelle.

The official named the amount, not a small one, and added that the same number of marks would be forfeited for every performance at which the feature was omitted.

While a majority of the papers next day praised the circus nearly all of them commented on the omission of the great feature. One of them referred to it in this fashion:

"This is a bit of Yankee shrewdness, the management well affording to pay the fine imposed for the advertising of an impossible act, by the increased attendance. Such a matter may be glossed over in America, but things are done differently here."

La Shelle swore when the notices were translated to him, Mrs La Shelle not being present.

"I would be willing to give the amount stolen, if we had a chance to show them we advertise no fakes," he declared hotly, his patriotism aroused. "I believe there is more in the absence of Abarbanell than appears on the surface. Maybe you'll get at the bottom of this, before long."

Three days passed with no trace of Abarbanell, and it had become a standing joke among the circus people that

the "human arrow" had taken such a long "flight" this time that he would not return.

Dottie Del Monte seemed to go about her business with her accustomed dash and vigour, but the truth of the matter was that the girl was greatly worried, though she had infinite faith in her lover still.

She was a little thing, not more than five feet in height, with flaxen hair, rosy cheeks, and big blue eyes of a child. Her popularity with the circus people was immense. Her name, by the way, was not Del Monte, but as good a German one as any burgher of Berlin could boast. She was not more than twenty-five years of age, but as free and independent as any girl bred and brought up in the United States.

Now Dottie Del Monte was well aware that she was being watched constantly by both the show detectives and the German sleuths employed on the case. At first she had been highly indignant when her own acute sense of observation told her this was the fact. Then she had been amused, concluding that it was only natural under the circumstances. Furthermore, she resolved to "keep them guessing," as she put it to herself.

It was this idea, coupled with the intention of seeing as much as was possible of the capital of the country from which her parents had emigrated, that led her to make morning trips about Berlin.

After a ride about the streets, in somewhat desultory fashion, on this particular morning she alighted at the beautiful avenue of limes, Unter den Linden, which is one of the show places of Berlin, and strolled down toward the Brandenburg Gate.

Suddenly she became aware that she was being followed by a stalwart young officer in a handsome white and silver uniform. If she had been sufficiently versed in knowledge of his imperial majesty's officers' uniforms, she would have recognised that this soldier was a member of a Uhlan Light Cavalry Regiment.

On previous occasions she had realised that she was being "shadowed" by a man in plain clothes, but it was the first time any one in uniform had followed her.

Her impression was that it was a case of flirtation. She even stopped, and without appearing to do so, "sized up" the officer, who was close behind, and permitted him to pass in front of her.

Dottie noticed that he was young, and appeared visibly embarrassed, which made her laugh softly, to think how she would squelch him should he address her.

After he had passed she continued on her way. She had taken but a few steps when the officer turned quickly, coming up to her. As he reached her, walking slower, but not stopping, he said:

"Fraulein, I must speak to you."

When the girl seemed about to administer her carefully prepared rebuke, the young man wheeled abruptly, and, standing by her side, muttered in her ear in German.

"I am no intruder, believe me, but the matter which leads me to address you concerns us both."

Then he spoke two or three words in a lower tone.

Dottie gave a violent start, and put a question which the officer answered in the affirmative, continuing:

"To avert suspicion, let us walk on together as if we had not met by chance. It is the single opportunity I have had to communicate to you what I have to tell."

Together they approached the great gate; the officer speaking earnestly, the girl giving vent to a series of exclamations.

Somewhat stiffly the young man pulled out his watch, glanced at it, saying that he must go, and left her with a formal bow, as if a distinctly unpleasant duty had been performed.

At his departure the little circus performer's one idea seemed to be that of getting somewhere as soon as possible. She hailed a passing cab, and gave the driver an address in such a low tone that it had to be repeated before it was comprehended.

During the ride the girl seemed to be constantly on the alert for a possible "shadower," but apparently she was not followed on this occasion. Her blue eyes were shining, her cheeks were rosier than ever from excitement, and she even started to hum a tune.

For she had received a message from her missing lover, and was soon to see him.

SCALY ECZEMA ALL OVER BODY

Eruptions Appeared on Chest, and Face and Neck Were All Broken Out—Scales and Crusts Formed—Iowa Lady Has Great Faith in Cuticura Remedies for Skin Diseases.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE BY CUTICURA

"I had an eruption appear on my chest and body and extend upwards and downwards, so that my neck and face were all broken out; also my arms and the lower limbs as far as the knees. I at first thought it was prickly heat. But soon scales or crusts formed where the breaking out was. Instead of going to a physician, I purchased a complete treatment of the Cuticura Remedies, in which I had great faith, and all was satisfactory. A year or two later the eruption appeared again, only a little lower; but before it had time to spread I procured another supply of the Cuticura Remedies, and continued their use until the cure was complete. It is now five years since the last attack, and have not seen any signs of a return. I have taken about three bottles of the Cuticura Resolvent, and do not know how much of the Soap or Ointment, as I always keep them with me.

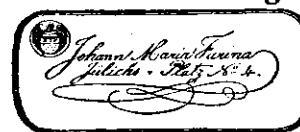
"I decided to give the Cuticura Remedies a trial after I had seen the results of their treatment of eczema on an infant belonging to one of our neighbors. The parent took the child to the nearest physician, but his treatment did no good. So they procured the Cuticura Remedies and cured her with them. When they began using the Cuticura Remedies her face was terribly disfigured with sores, but she was entirely cured, for I saw the same child at the age of five years, and her mother told me the eczema had never broken out since. I have great faith in Cuticura Remedies for skin diseases. Emma E. Wilson, Liscomb, Iowa, Oct. 1, 1905."

The original of the above testimonial is on file in the office of the Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Reference: R. Towne & Co., Merchants, Sydney, N. S. W., Complete External and Internal Treatment for every Blemish, from Pimples to Scrofula, from Infancy to Age, consisting of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent Pills (Choculat coated, in 50 or 60, may be had of all druggists. A single set often cures. Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., 25 West Broadway, N. Y. City. Sole Importers for New Zealand, R. Towne & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.

CAUTION.

The Public are warned against the many spurious imitations brought into the market under various labels, and it is therefore necessary to ask for my

No. 4 Eau de Cologne,



distilled strictly according to the original recipe of the inventor, my ancestor, which is known in all parts of the world by the lawfully registered label here shown.

The addition of address "JULICH'S PLAZZ No. 4" above warrants genuineness of my EAU DE COLOGNE.

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DR. SHELDON'S
DIGESTIVE TABLETS
"Digest what you eat."
THE ONLY CURE
for
INDIGESTION &
DYSPEPSIA.

It was an hour later that a closed cab was whirling over the Spree toward the circus grounds. Inside were two young people—a man and a woman. The man was attired in Arab costume, and had all the appearance of being a real son of the desert, but he was conversing with the woman in English and German alternately.

It was early, and few of the performers had arrived from their hotels and boarding-houses for the afternoon performance. The mess-tent was filled with the attaches of the show as the cab went past it, but the dressing tent was deserted except for the watchman, who only nodded as Dollie Del Monte passed inside, with one of the Arab troupe.

"Find Mr La Shelle for me, as quickly as you can," she told the watchman excitedly; and added, after a moment's reflection: "You had better tell him this—" whispering three words in his ear.

The watchman seemed surprised, and as if about to speak, but she shut him off with:

"Don't delay, Callahan. You know it's important, as well as I do. Now hurry!"

La Shelle never was far away from the big white tents. In a short time he poked his head in the tent. What he saw was, Miss Del Monte, one arm around the Arab, facing him triumphantly but a little tearfully.

"What's the meaning of this impromptu love scene, Miss Del Monte—does it mean that you have transferred your affections from a missing man to one on the spot?" the proprietor asked, with a show of severity.

"It's the same one," the girl said, somewhat saucily. "I guess he can speak for himself, though."

"I don't blame you for not recognising me, Mr La Shelle," said the man, rising and standing before him.

The proprietor started. "What's the meaning of this masquerading, Abarbanell?" he asked sternly. "Have you lost your senses?"

"When I tell you that I am entirely innocent of any crime, and that I deemed it necessary to hide my identity in Berlin in justice to myself, I trust that you will forgive me for any disappointment and discomfiture I may have caused you," he said. "As for the ticket-wagon robbery, I swear I'm entirely innocent of that."

"Well, for listening for your explanation, Abarbanell," La Shelle said.

"That was not the name I bore when last I was here, sir. At that time it was Lieutenant Otto Hoffer, of his Majesty's crack Uhlan regiment, stationed in Berlin. The fact that I was an Alsatian, though as loyal to my emperor as any Prussian, caused me to be suspected of disposing of army secrets. My colonel, whom I always believed to be the guilty one, came to me, urging me, for the sake of my regiment, to flee and avoid public scandal, which would follow my arrest should be made.

"Under his powerful urging I obeyed, becoming the scapegoat for a crime in which I was in no wise concerned, a step which I regretted too late, and fled to the United States. I knew that it would not do for me to be seen in Berlin, for I would be arrested as a deserter, and charged with the other crime."

"Then why didn't you remain in France?" asked La Shelle, sharply.

"I couldn't bear to think of being separated from the girl I'm to marry, Mr La Shelle. The idea of disguising myself as one of Ali Ben Hassan's Arabs—he and I are good fellow-masons—suggested itself to me. I knew that one of his men had injured himself, was unable to work, but was supposed to be accompanying the circus until he was sufficiently recovered to play his part again. Mulmbark I persuaded to stay in Frankfurt, and I was he from then on.

"You see how simple it was. I was Mulmbark, the injured Arab, at the Arabs' stopping-place in Berlin. It would have been all right if this robbery had not occurred. That upset everything. I managed to get in touch with Dollie through a brother officer who knew of my secret, and my presence in Berlin—"

"And I told him the best thing to do was to see you, clear himself, and make it easier to catch the real criminals," said the girl quickly.

"You were forestalled in that," said La Shelle smilingly, and taking a telegram from his pocket. "Hudson has just wired me—from Dresden that

they've captured the gang there, booty and all. That's where they left the train after their looting of the ticket-wagon. They were a sleek lot of American circus followers, but they didn't get very far."

Hoffer and Miss Del Monte exchanged glances. He was the first to speak.

"Well, I'm clear of that charge," he said slowly. "What would you advise me to do about the other, Mr La Shelle? I swear I'm as innocent of that charge as I was of the other."

"That being the case, go to the proper authorities and make a clean breast of everything," was the prompt answer. "If you're innocent you have nothing to fear. Don't overlook that fact."

Divested of his Arab costume and make-up, Abarbanell appeared as a slim, well-knit young man, with dark hair and black eyes, which added materially to his impersonation of the Arab role. His face had been shorn of his moustache. In appearance he was a typical cavalryman.

More surprises were in store. To his astonishment, in visiting the war office, to take his punishment for deserting, not for the crime which had not been committed by him, he learned that a complete exoneration awaited him.

Unable to bear the weight of his secret, though unsuspected, the colonel had made full confession of his misdeed, and ended his life.

The fact was known to but few. Search had been made for the missing lieutenant, the scapegoat, without avail. He was acquitted of the crime of deserting.

This was one of the matters which La Shelle did not care to have kept secret.

"Spread yourself on the whole business, robbery and all, and let 'em know we advertise no fake features," was the proprietor's order to his "promoter of publicity," the press-agent.

That worthy, recognising the opportunity of a lifetime, took hold of it so well, that even the heavy, generally uninteresting German journals contained long accounts of the strange case of the Alsatian sub-officer of Untans, Lieutenant Otto Hoffer, wrongly rendered an exile, forced to join a circus for livelihood, finally acquitted in an extraordinary manner.

It was even suggested that the emperor himself had taken more than passing interest in the affair, and had used the occurrence as a text for a sermon to army officers on "the importance of standing by one's colours, though the mailed hand of the universe threatens to crush you to the earth."

This was merely hinted at, however, for the question of "lese-majeste" is a most open one in Berlin.

"I believe I'd rather have you in the role of the 'Human Arrow' than that of a semi-human Arab," said La Shelle to Abarbanell, with a chuckle, the day after his reappearance. "We'll give you a good send-off to-night," referring, of course, to the "flight."

From the newspaper accounts it was known that the much-advertised feature of the circus, which had been inadvertently omitted and to which great curiosity was attached, would be seen that evening at the regular performance.

Long before the hour for the admission time the ticket-wagon was besieged by a crowd, the like of which even Cassidy, the treasurer, who was used to crowds, had never seen before.

Civilians and soldiers were there in throngs, but after awhile the ticket-sellers ceased to notice the faces, observing merely the hands, hands, hands, holding the German coins and notes, for which tickets were to be given.

Inside the big arena-tent, which was filled with a larger crowd than the oldest employee of the show ever remembered having seen before, the various acts went off with dash and vigour, to the accompaniment of almost uninterrupted applause.

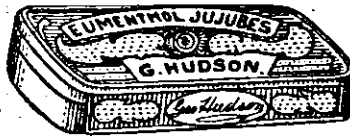
It was all the more noticeable, for a German audience lives up to its reputation for stolidity, though Germans occasionally can become as enthusiastic over a spectacle as their French neighbours.

Even Darrab's usually unsmiling face wore a grin of delight as he stood by his stand, surveying the vast rows of faces, beaming with appreciation. He knew that there would be no hitch this time, for he had seen Abarbanell getting ready a few minutes before.

With each succeeding act the enthu-

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blasm seemed to increase. When all was ready for the star feature for which the Berliners had waited so hungrily, and about which such a story had arisen, and the announcer had come out to give its introduction, the spectators yelled so lustily that he had to commence all over again no less than three times.

At that, the announcement was curtailed, and the band struck up, as the big arblast was wheeled into position in the centre of the arena from its recess at one side.

The arblast was a gigantic crossbow, with massive steel arms on either side of the stock, a solid block of wood, twelve feet in length, with a groove down the centre large enough to hold the body of the man-arrow.

Breathlessly the audience watched the moving of the crossbow on trunnions like a cannon to its proper place, within the fractional part of an inch; the stringing of the long, narrow net, over which the "flight" was to take place; the hanging of the target.

The target was a framed ten-foot square of white paper, in the centre of which was a bull's-eye as large as a barrel-head. It hung high up in the tent. Distances in such a place, owing to the uncertain light, are deceptive, but the target seemed a long way from the crossbow.

On the arblast, at one side, was a crank, which the attendants took hold of, winding it as a windlass. By degrees the glittering steel arms on either side began to form crescents, bending back, as the steel cable, serving as bow-strings, slipped gradually over the groove-block to the trigger-catch.

With a deep thrumming sound the cable slipped over the catch. It was ready to be released and launch its arrow into the air. Beneath the target, and stretching beyond it, the narrow net broadened out, covering a space the size of a large room.

How they cheered the performer as he approached briskly from the dressing-room, attired in his steel-mesh suit! Bowing and smiling on every side, he stood before them, while the attendant slipped over his head the conical triangular-shaped material, to transform him into an arrow.

He stepped into the foot-piece, which the bowstring would press, slipped the queer helmet "shaft" on his head, and was ready.

Quickly a sling was lowered, he was hoisted bodily up, dropped easily into the arrow groove, sliding down if feet foremost, until the foot-piece rested snugly against the cable, waiting to be released. He was a man no longer—an arrow in reality.

For a full minute all was silent. The strain on spectators was intense. The muscles of La Shelle's iron mouth were slightly twitching.

Suddenly from the eased figure came a muffled word: "Loose!"

Like a flash the attendant had sprung a lever. The powerful steel arms, released of their tension, straightened the cable-string with a deep, musical twang, the missile shot from the machine with incredible swiftness.

In an instant the man-missile was in the air, hurtling with prodigious speed, up, up, at an angle, quicker than the eye would watch.

With marvellous accuracy the "arrow" pierced the target's very centre, as a

long-drawn outburst of admiration came from the audience.

Next, the result accomplished, the "arrow" dropped as suddenly into the broad net waiting to receive it.

At first the spectators, lacking breath, had been strangely silent, even until the net itself, with the apparently inanimate object in it, had been lowered to the sawdust of the arena.

When the first sign of applause at the wonderful feat burst forth, the performer himself stood before them, free of his "arrow" casings and accoutrements, bowing and smiling, a thing of life and vigour.

They cheered him for fully five minutes or more, the "Hoohs" following him until he had run to the dressing-room, disappearing from their sight.

It was "hooh, hooh, hooh!" throughout, but it was "Hooh der lieutenant!" and "Hooh Hofer!" No one heard the name of Abarbanell mentioned, thus clearly proving that the acclaim was all for the man whose history was spread broadcast through Berlin, instead of for an otherwise unknown performer.

Darrah's face was a picture of contentment as he strolled back into the dressing-room, where he patted Abarbanell on the back.

"Better late than never," he said. "It certainly is the biggest legitimate advertisement we ever had."

La Shelle was more than satisfied. Not only had the good name of the American circus been upheld, but the most recent report concerning the robbery had been entirely reassuring.

The members of the gang had confessed, and nearly all the plunder was recovered. They were not all experts, the detectives knew, for had they all been, the one acting as a sleeping-car porter for a "stall," with a couple of "green" canvasmen, would not have left the show so quickly to rejoin their confederates in Dresden, thereby giving away the whole game. It was well conceived, but poorly executed.

Beginning badly, the Berlin engagement was a gold-mine of success for the circus. The "human arrow" sped straight into the heart of the public.

Finance of the Drama.

STRIKING FACTS OF THEATRICAL RISKS AND PROFITS.

The extraordinary record of 13,000 performances has just been achieved by the exceedingly funny farcical comedy, "The Private Secretary." Produced in London in May 1884, it has been acted continuously since then, and is now in its twenty-second consecutive year of tour.

During the London run the weekly profit amounted to £1200. By the end of the second year's run £80,000 had been made in London alone.

It ran over 300 nights in New York (a remarkable run for America), and Mr J. M. Palmer made a fortune out of it.

Similar success awaited the comedy in Australia, and that now there is hardly

an English-speaking town in the world where the inhabitants have not laughed uproariously at the vagaries of the Rev. Robert Spalding, who "doesn't like London," and of Mr C-a-t, cat; t-e-r, ter; m-o-l-e, mole—Cattermole.

Altogether, the amazing career of "The Private Secretary" has resulted in a total clear profit of at least £300,000. Joseph Jefferson's life-long success, "Rip Van Winkle," probably made more money than any other single production. Jefferson played the title-role no fewer than 5000 times, and earned the great sum of £1,000,000. For three successive seasons at the Boston Theatre it averaged £4000 a week in gross returns.

Another American favourite, "The Old Homestead," netted £250,000 in twelve years. The famous Vaudeville Theatre success, "Our Boys," ran for nearly five years at an average output of £400 a week. Mr Barrie's "Little Minister" made over £100,000 net profit in England and America.

SOME GOLD MINES.

Probably "A Chinese Honeymoon" made more money than any other musical comedy. It ran for two years and eight months, and at the end of that period the author estimated its remaining value at £54,000. On the London production alone the profit reached six figures, and there were besides eight provincial, American, European, and South African companies playing the piece on tour.

Authors' shares of such successes make fortunes in themselves. Mr Pinero received £40,000 from "Sweet Lavender." Mr G. R. Sims has made as much as £15,000 a year from one of his popular melodramas. Mr W. S. Gilbert's profits from six of his Savoy operas have been reckoned at £90,000. "Pygmalion and Galatea" alone brought that brilliant dramatist £50,000.

The expenses of popular productions are often more impressive than the profits. For example, although "The Prodigal Son" cleared only £5000, the receipts amounted to £40,000, the cost of production being £7000, and the weekly expenditure £300.

A Drury Lane pantomime is not often produced at a cost of less than £20,000. The late Sir Augustus Harris, indeed, considered himself lucky if it did not run to £25,000 before the curtain was raised on the opening night.

Before the curtains are raised on the 140 odd Christmas pantomimes in Great Britain, some £400,000 has to be expended, and a further £700,000 or so must be disbursed in salaries during the run of these profitable annuals.

SALARY BILL OF £10,000.

The initial cost of Mr George Edwards' musical comedies is very great. "The Duchess of Dantzic" cost £10,000 to produce at the Lyric, and ten months elapsed before the original outlay was returned. Mr Edwards pays out every week about £10,000 in salaries, fees, etc., on his numerous musical comedies in London and the provinces.

One very popular melodrama will make more money than a score of ordinary "big successes." "The Silver King," for instance, has earned more than a million pounds' profit in its quarter-of-a-century career, whereas the total pro-

fit on a score of average West End successes rarely reaches £200,000.

The principal reason for this is the crippling rents of West End theatres as compared with the more reasonable arrangements obtaining in the country. The Adelphi and the Criterion are typical houses. Mr Otto Stuart pays £11,000 a year for the Adelphi, and the little Criterion lets at £10,000, although the most that can be squeezed out of it is about £180 a performance.

Salaries of great artists are crippling too, especially in opera. Mapleson, in order to retain the services of Adelina Patti, had to pay her £1000 for each representation. Carl Rosa offered Christine Nilsson £250 a night at Her Majesty's, and Jean de Reszke refused £500 a performance to sing in English.

The late Dan Leno commanded £250 a week. Mr George Alexander received the same amount for playing "The Prodigal Son" at Drury Lane. With such demands upon his coffers, the modern theatrical manager has to be very astute to make both ends met.

CHILDREN'S PAINFUL MISHAPS

A Little Boy's Smashed Finger Promptly Healed by Zam-Buk Balm.

Healthy youngsters seem to be "always in the wars" cutting and knocking themselves about and sustaining bruises and gashes, the sight of which often make their mothers turn their heads in horror. Just what every home needs is Zam-Buk. A pot of this Balm and a bandage on a handy shelf, where they are ready for instant use, save untold pain, time and money. "A month or two ago one of my children met with a very painful accident," says Mr. H. A. Mackay, of 14, William-street, Mornington, Dunedin, N.Z. "A door slammed on one of his fingers, and smashed it quite flat. The pain the little fellow endured can be better imagined than described. I had the finger bound up, but as it did not heal readily, I decided to apply Zam-Buk Balm—a pot of which I had in the house—and in a little while the finger was perfectly well again. As a household healer, also, Zam-Buk has been of good service, and in cases of burns, bruises, and chilblains, it would be hard to equal. I have much pleasure in giving you this testimonial, and strongly recommend every home to keep a pot of Zam-Buk Balm 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, post free, from The Zam-Buk Co., 30, Pitt-street, Sydney.

RHEUMO has permanently cured thousands of sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, and Lumbago. It will cure you. All stores, 2/6 and 4/6. Give it a trial.



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ARE SAFES FIREPROOF?

After the great San Francisco fire it was found that a large proportion of the so-called fireproof safes and vaults had failed to stand the test, that their contents were destroyed, and in some cases their owners were ruined. Few safes could, of course, come through such an ordeal with their contents intact. In salving them care was taken to dig the safes out of the smouldering ruins at once, and cool them by covering with sand or swathing in wet blankets. In cases where the safes remained amongst hot ashes the contents were transformed into charcoal. An article in the "Magazine of Commerce" gives the comments of various British manufacturers on this state of affairs, some of whom are of opinion that this result has been largely owing to the use of cheap and unreliable safes. Few, if any of them, seem to have been of British manufacture. The American idea of filling chambers of safes with infusorial earth or asbestos is condemned as sure to cook the contents of the safe in the hour of severe trial. Not a fireproof but a steam-generating and moisture-evolving composition keeps the inside cool, and would dry into a non-conducting material and keep heat from the contents for a longer period. Most of the large safe manufacturers in England understand this, and so are ahead of American makers.



EXTRAORDINARY VITALITY OF MICROBES.

The festive microbe would depopulate the earth in short order if there were no other microbes to eat him. Fortunately for man's sake these cannibal microbes keep pretty busy, and the mortality among the whole outfit is something tremendous. Their longevity, however, when they do survive all the battles to which existence subjects them, is one of their most unpleasant traits, and it is hard to have any feeling of confidence about the matter even when they seem to be most certainly dead. It has been shown that years after their supposed period of activity they have retained their death-dealing qualities.

An instance is given of the devastating plague that broke out in the Dutch town of Haarlem about the time of the London plague.

A whole family who died of this disease were interred in the churchyard, and it was found necessary a few years ago to repair the family tomb containing their bodies. The masons who were so employed proved the activity of these germs after two hundred years, by contracting, in a mild form, the original disease, from which, however, they all recovered.

Another case was a Scotch bank-note, discovered by a girl in the Bible that her grandfather had used at the time of his death from some malignant disease. On taking it out of the book she licked the corner of the note to prove its genuineness, and contracted the disease which had been fatal to her ancestor seventy-six years before.

An epidemic broke out among the sharks in the Indian Ocean which proved to be cholera, and the supposition is that they became infected by devouring the bodies of British sailors who had died of this disease and were buried in Bombay Harbour.

The hardy microbe is believed to survive on land for over two centuries, and maintain its activity still longer in water.



SLAVE ANTS.

It has long been known to naturalists that several species of ants maintain and feed another sort of insects for the sake of the wax that they exude and which the ants use as food. These ants are said, therefore, "to keep cows." But it has been discovered only within recent years that there are ants that rise on the backs of others and are thus the cavaliers of the insect world.

Within this period a scientist in the

employment of the Smithsonian Institution observed, while travelling in the Malay Peninsula, a species of small grey ants that were new to him. These ants were much engaged in travelling; they lived in damp places and went in troops. To the scientist's great surprise, he noticed among them from time to time an occasional ant that was much larger than the others and moved at a much swifter rate. Closer examination revealed the interesting fact that this larger ant invariably carried one of the gray ants on its back.

The scientist noted down many interesting facts with regard to their movements. He found that while the main body of gray ants were always on foot, they were accompanied by at least one of their own sort mounted on one of these larger ants. It mounted and dismounted itself now and then from the line, rode rapidly to the head, came swiftly back to the rear, and seemed to be the commander of the expedition.

The scientist was soon satisfied that this species of ant employs a larger ant (possibly a drone of the same species), though he had no means of proving this) as we employ horses to ride upon; though as a rule only one ant in each colony seemed to be provided with a mount.

Some ants maintain others in their service as servants or slaves. Certain warrior ants of South America confine their own physical efforts to raiding and plundering, while all the ordinary offices of life are performed for them by slaves. The little gray ants of the Malay Peninsula appear to be a more industrious race, though they appreciate the great convenience of having one on "horse-back" among them.



BIRDS AS SURGEONS.

Sportsmen declare that game birds possess the faculty of skilfully dressing wounds and even setting bones, using their own feathers for bandages.

Authentic instances are recorded of sportsmen having killed birds that were recovering from wounds previously received, and in every case the old wound was neatly dressed with down plucked from the stem feathers and skilfully arranged, no doubt by the beaks of the birds. In some instances a solid plaster was formed, completely covering and protecting the wounded part, the feathers being netted together, passing alternately under and above each other and forming, so to speak, a textile fabric of considerable power.



A PRE-HISTORIC SKULL.

BELONGED TO THE LOWEST TYPE OF MAN KNOWN ON THIS CONTINENT.

A skull, or at least part of the skull, of the lowest type of prehistoric man that the North American continent has yet revealed has just been discovered several miles north of Omaha, buried in a so-called Indian mound. Antedating, it is estimated, by thousands of years the famous "Lansing skull" of Kansas, which has been said by some scientists to be at least 150,000 years old, "Gilder's Nebraska skull" has interested the scientific men of the entire country, and they are visiting the home of Robert S. Gilder, in Omaha, where now are the skull and several other bones of this man, who lived before the glacial period covered North America with a vast field of ice.

Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, of Columbia University, New York, says: "It is without doubt the skull of the lowest order of primitive man ever found on this continent." He adds that the skull shows an extremely small brain, with almost negligible possibilities of a power of thought.

When asked, "How does this skull compare with the Lansing skull, which has been estimated as being 150,000 years old?" Professor Osborn said:

"This skull antedates the Lansing skull by probably thousands of years."

Dr. Barker, professor of operative dentistry in Creighton University, says: "The jaw indicates tremendous crushing power. These teeth have been worn down through the process of grinding roots, nuts and raw meat. The lower jaw protruded beyond the upper, and there is an abnormal development of both of them."

As compared with a normal skull, the Gilder Nebraska skull shows receding chin and forehead, abnormally large cheek bones and a brain pan ridiculously small. The dome of the head is only one inch above the top of the eye sockets.

But the man was a giant, nevertheless. From other bones found in the same mound the man who owned that skull originally must have been nearly seven feet tall, despite his little head, with the strength of two ordinary men of to-day.

For and Against Simpler Spelling.

DISCUSSION AROUSED BY THE PROPOSAL TO REFORM SOME OF THE WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The edict has gone forth that hereafter government publications will contain the form of spelling proposed by the Simplified Spelling Board in the list of three hundred words prepared by that body. English critics are especially bitter against the President for what they consider his unwarranted meddling with the language. Only the "Spartan" has arisen to defend him. Professor Brander Matthews, chairman of the board, protests, however, that no drastic revolution is contemplated by the reform organization.

It is prepared to make haste slowly, and not to expect too much in a hurry. It is planning a campaign in which ultimate victory is only dimly foreseen. It proposes first of all to call public attention to the whole question, and to keep on calling attention to it, urging every man to enquire into it for himself, and to decide on his own course. It hopes to be able to encourage independence, and to overcome lethargy, and in time to make a breach in the walls of bigoted conservatism. It has issued a list of words now spelled in two ways, and it will urge the public and the publishers and the printers to accept finally the simpler of the two.

It will lend the weight of its authority to the various minor simplifications now struggling to establish themselves—the and altho, for example, catalog and program, esthetic and maneuver. Attempting at first only the easiest things, and those nearest at hand, working along the line of least resistance, and arousing as little opposition as possible, it will propose still further simplifications by the casting out of letters which are plainly superfluous.

Slowly and steadily, without haste and without rest, it will try to win acceptance for many little simplifications, inconspicuous and unimportant individually, but collectively putting our spelling in a more satisfactory position to take a longer step in advance whenever the public has been prepared to consider this favourably.

One result of its efforts is likely to be the restoration of many an old spelling discarded foolishly in the eighteenth century. And another will be to accelerate more or less the constant tendency toward simplicity (by the casting out of useless letters) which has been steadily at work in English from the very beginning, and which is opposed only by those who are obstinate in declaring that there shall be no change of any kind hereafter.

The board believes that this attitude of opposition to all change is not only unreasonable in itself, but also that it is contrary to the tradition of the language. It feels assured that its fellow citizens, however wedded to the existing forms, can be made to see clearly the many disadvantages of the present spelling of our language, with resulting wastefulness of time and money, with its inconveniences for foreigners, and with its cruelty to our own children.

Another friend of the new movement is Benn Pitman, brother of the father of phonography. Mr. Pitman would go much further and propose a reform of the alphabet which would eliminate the letters c, q, and x:

"They are entirely superfluous. I would eliminate the dot over the p and l, and the dot over the vowels a, e, i, o, and u, to indicate when they are long. Then when the child saw the word 'pet' he would pronounce the e short, because there is no dot over it. When he saw the word 'pate' he would know that the a is long, for a dot is over it."

Do you know that the twenty-six letters of the alphabet may be used 638 ways? Hence the chance of your pronouncing a strange word is in the ratio of 638 to 26 pretty long odds. The perfect alphabet that I have devised contains forty letters, but twenty-three will answer. However, the solution of the spelling problem is found in the elimination of c, q, and x, and the new use of the dot as I have described.

The sound o is obtained in nineteen different ways. Which one will the child choose? I would spell 'rough' 'kof.' The pronunciation could not be wrong, for there is no dot over the o to denote that it is anything but short. Where e is soft s may be used, where it is hard k will do, and k will invariably do for q.

On the other side of the house President Eliot, of Harvard, rises to declare that unless the English accept the reform it will be fruitless:

It can be seen at a glance that the publishers will object strenuously to any change in the system of spelling, and as our books naturally set the style of orthography, it would certainly be practically impossible, or at least difficult, to bring about any innovation in this direction without the assistance of the publishers. It will be found that the public will not like the looks of "thru" and "tho," and words similarly spelled.

The opinion of Professor Goldwin Smith is no less unfriendly, although based on different reasons. He says:

English spelling, like the language itself, is the product of a very complex history, of which its anomalies show the traces. But it is at once historical and familiar. Phonetic clipping will make it unhistorical, unfamiliar, and unsmooth. Can anything be more unsmooth than "thru," commonly found as a specimen of the phonetic system? The language eschews endings in "u" except in the cases of diphthongs and incorporated foreign names.

The contents of our existing libraries would suffer, especially, perhaps, our books of poetry. There would be perplexity in our schools. Would a slight saving of type or of handwriting suffice to repay us?

Such a change at all events would seem to require the consent of the various communities by which English is written. How could this consent be obtained?

Mouder Conversations. Man and wife at train:

- "Good by, dear."
- "Good-by. Don't forget to tell Bridget to have the chops for dinner."
- "All right."
- "And be sure and feed the canny."
- "Sure."
- "Lock up the silver every night."
- "Very well."
- "And don't forget that the gas man is coming to renew the burners. Be sure and have him put the four-foot burner in the servant's room."
- "I'll remember."
- "Order kuddling wood on Thursday."
- "All right."
- "Consult the list I made out if you forget anything."
- "I will."
- "Better not kiss me. People will think we are just married."
- "Not if they have been listening."

An American visiting Dublin told some startling stories about the height of some of the New York buildings. An Irishman who was listening stood it as long as he could, and then queried:

"Ye haven't seen our newest hotel, have ye?"

The American thought not.

"Well," said the Irishman, "it's so tall that we had to put the two top stories on ladders."

"What for?" asked the American.

"So we could let 'em down till the moon went by," said Pat.

SOME symptoms of Acute Rheumatism are: A feeling of coldness; want of appetite; thirst; and sharp pains in the joints. RHEUMATISM arises from the cause of the trouble excess miasa in the blood, 2/6 and 1/6.

Faraday Bobbs, the Spree Free Lance

By LEWIS JOSEPH VANCE, author of "The Blood Yoke," "The Private War," Etc.

HEYDTMANN," remarked Mr. Bobbs thoughtfully, as he stood at the window of the dingy little lodging-house, "who is this hang-dog looking individual who's been loafing around the neighbourhood for the past day or so?"

There was a grunt to be heard behind him, as Herr Heydtmann, professed anarchist and landlord of the house, laboriously hoisted himself from his chair and waddled over to Bobbs' side.

Holding himself well in the background, the German cautiously reconnoitred the street through spectacles as impressive as twin moons.

"Beast!" The word was expelled violently from his lips, after he had removed from his teeth the stem of a pipe whose porcelain bowl was not the least noticeable thing about it.

"It is himself," he announced, with melodramaticunction. "I should in a million know his face." And he characterized the party in question with one breath-taking but comprehensive polysyllable which I shan't attempt to translate—partly because an unsympathetic editor would blue-pencil it with ghastly gloe if I dared.

"Where do you expect to go to, Heydtmann?" inquired the younger man solemnly.

Heydtmann paid no attention. "Spy—government spy!" he grunted, puffing vindictively. "See how many drubbles he makes me already again, interfering with my own business-minding lodgers. Himmel! If I could nine two hands on his droot get, I wring his neck yet!"

The object of his wrath was strutting with a consequential air down the little side street—a tallish, slender body, with the rigid shoulders of the typical German who had served out his enforced period of military training. Otherwise, he was dressed very neatly, with much of the affected dandyism of your middle-class Prussian who rather fancies his own looks. He stared about him with the near-sighted, superciliousness of the ordinary civil or military jack-in-office.

As he passed the dead and blowsy lodging-house, he glanced up at the windows, as if carelessly. Heydtmann incontinently retreated to the back of the room. Bobbs noticed that the pale, insignificant features of the spy were coloured by a bit of an unpleasant smile, but that his eyes did not smile. Altogether, the American decided that he was not favourably impressed.

"What did you say his name was?" he inquired of Heydtmann, giving the government agent look for look until he had inhaled on.

"I didn't say. It is Nedden," said the anarchist shortly.

"What if you suppose he wants round here, Heydtmann?"

Heydtmann glanced sharply at his guest, then shook his head.

"Me?" suggested Bobbs. "Had I better be packing?"

Again the German moved his head ponderously from side to side. "No," he added. "Of der ways of Herr Nedden I know noddings: I am a Christian—though an anarchist," he amended thoughtfully. "Whereas, he is a devil. I have, however, my suspicions. It be der little French woman he is after."

"The girl who has the front room on my floor?"

"Der same. She also is a spy."

"The devil you say!"

Bobbs returned to the window and looked for the figure of the Prussian secret agent. The agent had disappeared, however. Heydtmann drew a series of guttural gurgles from his pipe, and, scowling irritably, departed in search of cleaning implements.

After a bit, Bobbs, wearying of the emptiness of the street, took his hands out of his pockets and, whistling, went upstairs to his room.

With his hand on the door-knob, however, he paused; the whistle ceased abruptly. From the adjoining chamber his quick ear had caught the sound of a woman's voice, singing gently. It was a good voice, of quality and trained, and Bobbs—Bobbs listened. And it appeared to the American as an odd experience—to stand in the hallway of a Berlin lodging-house, whose landlord was an anarchist of the extreme persuasion, and listen to a pretty Parisian spy crooning a Breton folksong.

The refrain was quaint, inexpressibly weird and plaintive. Bobbs lifted an eyebrow critically, analysing the emotions it evoked. Presently he changed his mind about attending strictly to his own affairs, and, passing to the end of the corridor, tapped gently at the door.

Instantly the singing ceased. There followed a rustle of skirts and a flurry of high heels on the hardwood flooring. Then—"Enter, monsieur," said the pretty voice.

Bobbs pushed the door open and stepped within. "Good morning," he said pleasantly. "Will you pardon the intrusion and forgive my shutting the door?" As he spoke he did shut it.

The woman eyed him with some amazement; Bobbs returned her regard with appreciation and smiled engagingly. It was the first time that he had met her face to face, and, judging from his expression, he rather approved of her. His mental comment was to the effect that she was a duffy little thing, quite Parisienne, and therefore interesting.

He appraised her a blonde with a good colour, probably artificial, and peculiarly innocent eyes—a baby stare," in his own words. Otherwise, she was as immaculate and as impeccably gowned as the average run of French women; and imperturbably self-possessed.

"May I inquire—" she suggested, with a lifting of her eyebrows.

"Most certainly. I came to explain. My name is Bobbs; I'm an American; I have the next room on this floor. I have no connection with any government whatsoever—German of other—and you may put away the pop-gun that you're hiding so obviously in the folds of your skirt."

"Oh!" The wondering eyes widened; and abruptly the woman laughed deliciously. With a quick movement she swept across the room and placed the revolver in a drawer of her dressing table turning to take Mr Bobbs with the baby stare—still infectiously mischievous.

"Monsieur is so droll," she explained. "So—how do you have it?—thoroughly American. Pardon, monsieur."

"Don't mind me in the least," Bobbs endured the battery of her eyes with absolute equanimity. "I rather like the way you laugh. But, really my dear,

this is no laughing matter. I've come whisper a word of advice in your pretty ear."

Mademoiselle solaced instantly, and quite gravely put her slender white fingers to the aforesaid ear, as if to arouse it to attention. Inasmuch as it was a pretty feature, she could afford to do this.

"Yes, monsieur?"

"Maybe," responded Bobbs, "I'm interfering where I'm not wanted; but if you'll listen to me, mademoiselle, you'll leave for Paris to-day. I don't know what may be your errand in Berlin, but I could hazard a shrewd guess. I dare say, and—the point of it all is that Herr Nedden of the secret police is keeping an eye on you."

"Ah!" mademoiselle interjected, visibly impressed.

"Precisely. Now I've never had the pleasure of meeting this Herr Nedden personally, but I've heard a thing or two about him, and I suspect you have, too. If I were you, I'd clear out and give him the satisfaction of the disappointment."

"Disappointment, monsieur?"

"He'll be horribly disappointed if he is balked of the chance to arrest you, my dear. That's all. Simply my advice," concluded Mr. Bobbs, with an air that added: "Take it or leave it, but it's the very best on tap."

Upon this, the woman fell thoughtful—she eyed Mr. Bobbs fixedly, and was apparently convinced of his honest intent. After which she puckered her brows and pouted her scarlet lips and bent a steadfast gaze to the floor, meanwhile beating out a faint tattoo with the tip of one polished little boot.

Outside, the clouds shifted; and a shaft of sunlight penetrated the dingy apartment, and made the small, well-turned head of the Parisienne quite radiant. Bobbs, eyeing her, perceived that she might prove distractingly charming; and incontinently meditated retreat.

At length she looked up. "Monsieur is very kind," she said, frankly serious. "I shall bear his words in mind, with gratitude, even if—and here she smiled—if it proves impossible to take his advice. Thank you, monsieur." But the smile was now troubled.

II.

Five minutes later Herr Heydtmann, returning to his office after having operated on the pipe to remove the gurgles, encountered the American at the front door. Mr. Bobbs had a stout stick in one hand and a camera—a "snapper," as he termed it—in a case dependent by a strap from one shoulder. The anarchist eyed the case with some distaste.

"You are going—where?" he demanded bluntly.

"For a little walk," returned Mr. Bobbs. "The day is fine, and—I hear that his majesty the kaiser, jealous of our only Teddy, is going to delight the loyal Berlin burghers by riding a bucking torpedo-boat up the Spree."

"And dot—?" Heydtmann aimed his pipe-stem at the camera.

"Is designed," said Faraday pleasantly, "to catch your kaiser in the very act."

"It is forbidden"—sententiously.

"Quite so—without a permit; and they have refused me a permit. But I,

Heydtmann," said Mr. Bobbs, lapsing into exaggerated heroics, "am undaunted!"

"You," commented the sensible anarchist, "are a great fool."

"Heydtmann!"

The German evoked an unexpected gurgle, and, removing the pipe from his mouth, scowled ferociously.

"You wrong me," pursued Bobbs.

"Yes!"

"You don't suppose I am going to play into the hands of the police? They'd like nothing better. Look here!" Bobbs bent over the case, indicating its points with a lean, yellow forefinger. "This is my own invention, Heydtmann—designed especially to snap the victim without his knowledge. You see, the clasp conceals the lens. I open the clasp, press this concealed button—and his majesty is mine forever, without my removing the machine from the case at all."

"Very pretty," grunted Heydtmann. "See dot you don't get into trouble with it. These spies are der devil! Things have come to dot pass to-day dot a peaceable anarchist cannot manufacture a bomb in der privacy of his own cellar but der police must interfere!" He waddled away, rumbling with stentorian chuckles.

Smiling, Bobbs let himself out into the May morning. For a moment he appeared to hesitate at the door, debating a choice of routes; in reality he was searching the street with keen glances from beneath the brim of his battered hat, looking for Herr Nedden.

The spy, however, was invisible, although Mr. Bobbs had a conviction that he was not far distant.

At a leisurely pace the American made his way to the Wilhelm-Strasse, and then north to the Unter den Linden. Still more sedately he proceeded west toward the Tiergarten. His manner was that of an ordinary sightseer; in reality he was thinking deeply. The persistence of Herr Nedden in haunting the neighbourhood of old Heydtmann's house disturbed the young man quite as much on his own account as on the French woman's.

He was not a person given to magnifying his importance in the scheme of things; to the contrary, he was apt to self-depreciation. It both pained and surprised him to believe that official Germany was taking such a deep interest in his whereabouts as to have "spotted" him on the second day of his sojourn in Berlin.

Yet circumstances forced this view of the situation upon his consideration—circumstances not the least of which was the fact that only recently he had been advised, unofficially but through official channels, that he was "persona non grata" to the German Government.

He would do well, he had been given to understand, to limit the field of his professional activities by the borders of the German Empire. Otherwise he would be dealt with, not officially, but mysteriously and with despatch—especially with despatch.

His presence in Berlin, then, was a bit of foolhardiness due to an inherent inability to take a dare. Curiosity, likewise, had something to do with it; Bobbs wanted to see what would happen. And, finally, he was in some degree influenced by the gaming fever inherent in his blood—he pitied Faraday Bobbs, his wife, against the German

emptre. And watched with deep interest the fall of the dice.

All of which grew out of the fact that Bobbs had nothing in particular to do. This happened at one of his temporary but enforced vacations, following a periodical quarrel with the management of "Bannister's Weekly."

His habit of obeying the dictates of his own sweet will rather than those of Bassett "Bannister's" editor, had again strained the latter's patience past the snapping-point.

Serenely assured, however, that the weekly could not exist for long without his services, that but a fortnight or so would elapse ere he would be again, perceptible, gathered into the fold, the ex-staff photographer looked about for mischief for his idle hands to do; and, the choice finally settling between Berlin and Monte Carlo, the simple expedient of tossing a coin had decided the matter.

And yet, this day Bobbs was inclined to think that chance had turned against him, played him a scurvy trick. Herr Neddlen's sinister personality shadowed his mood.

As he debouched from the Linden, the young man quickened his pace. A consultation of his watch had apprised him that he was in danger of being late. Hurriedly he crossed the park, and with hardly a glance at the Column of Victory—ordinarily he admired it beyond all things German—hastened through to the southern embankment of the Spree.

The sun was bright, the air mild—a day calculated to tempt humanity to the open places. Man, woman, and child, all loyal Berlin with nothing better to do was out in force, lining the embankments to watch something of a novelty in the way of a triumphal progress of the emperor—the kaiser, whose every outing is a triumphal progress, whose every saunter furnishes an excuse for a pageant.

Berlin, indeed, is sated with pomp and ceremony, callous to the circumstance of royalty; it is even becoming accustomed to its emperor. After a certain stage the unexpected ceases to be surprising.

But this was something different. It isn't every day that you see a torpedo boat, however small, between the banks of the Spree; and an admiral's uniform is something of a novelty to an inland town.

Bobbs found himself on the outskirts of a sadate and steady-going crowd, far removed from a view of the river; he had need to use his elbows and his feet—the one gained him a way through the throng equally with the other—before, in time, he gained the front rank.

A line of troops, gay in the uniform of the Fourth Foot Guards, punctuated the verge of the embankment at intervals of twenty paces or so, and held back the sightseers. With them cooperated the municipal, uniformed police.

Mr. Bobbs made little doubt that the crowd was sprinkled with secret police as thick as pinus in a pudding, and kept wary eyes alert for them. At the same time he hitched his camera-case around to the front, furtively adjusting the focus. And waited, craning his neck for the first view of the spectacle, no more than his neighbours, to all appearances, a meek and lawful person.

III.

Presently distant cheering heralded the appearance of the kaiser in his new role. A flutter of anticipation swayed the throng. Individuals pressed forward, eager for a better view. The police and the guards warned them back. Bobbs was carried to and fro, but jealously kept his place in the front rank.

It is taboo to snap the kaiser without official permission; Bobbs had transgressed twice before—in other lands. Now he proposed to violate the law on German soil.

The opportunity came swiftly and in unexpected shape. The prow of the undergrown warship poked from beneath the Luther Bridge, and the boat raced upstream, with a clear channel. Upon its bridge, where all might see and be properly impressed, Wilhelm posed in all the glittering glory of a brand-new admiral's livery, fairly bristling dignity, gold lace, and mustaches.

"He is magnificent," murmured Mr. Bobbs, watching and appreciative, "but he is not war." The American's forefinger trembled upon the button.

Huzzas shook the firmament—huzzas dutifully rendered in full chorus. They may even have shaken the earth and

the waters upon the earth. At all events, the Spree misbehaved. A peaceful stream and orderly, it developed a ripple. Not much of a ripple, but sufficient to distract so frail a craft as the emperor's.

A torpedo-boat is built for speed and little else. Its sides are of steel barely an eighth of an inch in thickness. It is responsive to the least of seas. And this was no exception to the rule. Like a thoroughbred racer startled by a sudden noise, it struck that ripple and shied. Alas for majesty! The lurch was fatal.

An imperial foot shot wildly out from under the kaiser. His gloved hands clutched madly the circumambient atmosphere. His sword maliciously inserted itself between his legs, and precipitately the War Lord sat down. The pateater of the Meissel First smote the deck with himself right heartily.

And Bobbs pressed the button.

The incident was over in a twinkling; in a thought the kaiser, scrambling, had regained his feet and was grasping feebly at his dignity.

Bobbs shifted the camera case to a position over one hip, contriving to look very innocent indeed. With full control of himself, he suppressed his inward mirth; unlike his neighbours, he had no need to turn his back or hang his head to hide the straggling grin. To smile under such circumstances is a grave offence—nothing short of lese-majesty; and Berlin is fearfully aware of this. It took no chances with the secret police that were literally in its midst.

But Bobbs remained merely gravely concerned, to judge from his expression. In truth, he was concerned, but with quite another matter; for in the midst of the confusion a clear whisper had come to his ear.

"Monsieur, do not turn your head!"

He did not.

"It is I," pursued the whisper—"Felicie (Grisard) of Heydennau's. Our good turn deserves another." The whisper became hurried. "You were observed—by Herr Neddlen. Do not move. I will take the camera and hide it under my cape."

Fingers fumbled with the latch of the case. "So?" said the woman softly. The clasp clicked again. And—"An revoir!" Bobbs heard, with an instant later, the woman's voice, apparently addressing the crowd behind him: "Messieurs—if you please—let me pass."

For a space the young man remained motionless. But already he had espied Neddlen, loitering furtively at no great distance; and as the throng drifted away in various directions, Bobbs boldly stepped forth and passed directly beneath the spy's nose; and, so doing, deliberately hitched the camera case forward.

He turned south, and stride away briskly, with a purposeful, business-like air—all the while, of course, entirely conscious that he was being followed.

Soon he received expect of confirmation on this conviction. A hand, daintily gloved in flaring yellow kid, tapped him imperatively on the shoulder; and a voice, as oily and bland as a voice can be that habitually caricatures German gutturals, saluted him: "Mein Herr!"

"Hallo!" returned Bobbs, with surprised interest. He stopped and whirled smartly on his heel, to face Neddlen, whom he favoured with a brisk look of inquiry.

The secret agent's eyelids drooped cunningly. He bowed distantly with mechanical precision of movement, and smiled the counterpart of that evil grimace which Bobbs had disliked at sight.

"Pardon," said the German. "You are doubtless a stranger in Berlin, sir, unacquainted with the municipal regulations—eh?"

"How do you mean?"

"You are surely unaware that it is forbidden to take photographs of his majesty the emperor without express permission?"

"To the contrary," returned Bobbs steadily, "I know it very well. But what is that to you, may I ask?"

"Simply that, in that case, it is my duty to inform you that you are under arrest."

"The devil it is!" expostulated Bobbs vigorously. "And on what charge?"

Herr Neddlen shrugged his shoulders and assumed a tolerant expression. If Bobbs chose not to understand, why blither!

The American, however, was bent on bickering. He insisted; he demanded an explanation of what he denounced as an outrage; he threatened Herr

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Nedden, to the latter's obvious amusement, with an appeal to the American Minister.

In short, he created a nasty little scene; and a crowd gathered, as crowds will upon the slightest provocation in great cities, and obviously took sides with Mr. Bobbs. So much so, in fact, that Nedden grew alarmed and impatient.

"On the charge, then," he announced, "that you have taken a photograph of his majesty the emperor without official sanction. Now will you come along, my fine fellow, or shall I call the police?"

"Most assuredly I will not come along," stormed Farraday. "This is a ridiculous charge, sir. How may I take a picture without a camera? Will you tell me that?"

"There!" The man's lips curled with contempt as his yellow hands indicated the case.

Whereupon, of course, Bobbs dramatically opened the case and displayed the interior of the case.

"Where," he demanded, "is this preposterous camera? All in your eye, policeman? May not an ineffective foreigner—his gaze, following Nedden's, went to the case, and his voice faltered for a single, imperceptible breath—"carry his private papers with him wherever he pleases when he walks abroad, without being followed and insulted by a pig-dog-spy of the secret police?"

For, to his infinite astonishment—which he was nevertheless careful not to betray—a small bundle of papers, held together by a stout rubber band, had been left in the case—presumably by that hand which had removed the camera.

"Go to!" stormed Mr. Bobbs indignantly. "Get out, slouch!" with withering scorn—"before I give you a real saucy slap!"

"Ah, but do!" interposed Nedden, stepping nearer. "Do, Herr Farraday Bobbs. One pretext is as good as another, my man. I invite you to slap me and take the consequences." And he looked Bobbs truculently in the eye.

There, Bobbs could not but admit, the secret agent had him neatly. But he recovered in a thought and retorted:

"Were it not for the police, I'd wipe up the walk with you. A night in a cell, however, is hardly worth the while. One cannot fight with a spy. And," Bobbs added, lowering his voice, "the American embassy is informed of my whereabouts, Herr Nedden, and will institute stringent inquiries upon the barest excuse. I think we understand one another! Now, sir, you can go."

"Very good," said Nedden. "Very good, indeed, sir. You have had your warning, and you have chosen to disregard it. Now, American embassy or no, we shall see—what we shall see."

IV.

The spy squirmed away through the crowd and disappeared; the sensation-seekers reluctantly dispersed. Mr. Bobbs, impatiently evading the sympathy of several bystanders, whose tongues had become loosened immediately the fear of the police was removed, likewise went his way—briefly, returned to his lodgings.

Much to his relief, Heydtmann was sleeping the peaceful post-prandial sleep of the well-meaning anarchist. Bobbs was spared the old German's inquisition. The young man was now in a hurry; he had but one desire, and that to get himself out of Berlin with a whole skin as soon as might be.

The adventure of the morning had opened his eyes to his egregious folly, and now that he had accomplished his purpose—taken the dare, and actually snapped the War Lord under his imperial nose—the prospect of seeing the interior of a military prison, or of being set upon by an intoxicated lieutenant of the regular army with a long, keen sabre—the most likely thing that could happen to the American—held no fascinations for him at all.

"I," said he firmly, "will now go—away from here." And determined to set about his task of packing without further delay.

But first he stopped at Mademoiselle Grisard's door and discreetly knocked. Receiving no response, he concluded that she had not yet returned, and going to his own room began tossing his belongings into the single trunk which he had deemed wise to risk with himself in Berlin. The major part of his baggage, including his invaluable and well-beloved collection of photographic

apparatus, he had saved from possible confiscation by shipping to friends in Paris.

He had left his door ajar, that the woman might not return to her room without his knowledge; the necessity for seeing her and exchanging the bundle of documents—of whose nature he had not the least doubt in the world—for his camera now alone kept him in Berlin.

The long hours of the afternoon wore away, however, and she failed to appear. Heydtmann, on the other hand, laboriously ascended the stairs, remarked the young man's preparations for departure, and granted a platitude approval.

In the face of his evident curiosity, Bobbs volunteered no information; Heydtmann professed devout adherence to the most extreme principles of anarchy, together with profound contempt for his fatherland's ruler and scorn for any such puling sentiment as patriotism; but Bobbs was not so sure that the Prussian's inherent antagonism to all things French might not develop disastrously for Mademoiselle Felicie, did Heydtmann discover that she had actually been successful in her mission.

What that mission might be, Mr. Bobbs knew not, nor cared to know. The losing of a rubber band would have told him, but he held his hand therefrom without effort. The native honesty of the man was unalterably opposed to the principles of espionage; and he acted, furthermore, upon a homely adage of his mother-country, to the effect that what he didn't know would not hurt him.

Toward nightfall he had his trunk conveyed to the railway terminal, and checked through to Paris by the Nord Express. Himself he settled patiently to await the return of mademoiselle, with regard to whose fate he now began to harbour serious misgivings.

Those, however, were partially allayed by Heydtmann, who, having also remarked the girl's prolonged absence, had taken the trouble to institute inquiries through the underground channels maintained for the benefit of his ilk, and now announced to Bobbs with positive assurance that the girl had not so far, been arrested.

Shortly after this discovery—to be precise, at nine in the evening—a messenger brought Mr. Bobbs a short note from the lady in question. Translated, it ran:

Monsieur: You were quite right. Put on my guard, however, by your warning, I have succeeded in evading the police. I was, however, hard pressed at the moment when I found it necessary to exchange the papers for your camera. I have the latter safe, ready to exchange for my papers if you will be so kind as to bring them to me. To return to Herr Heydtmann's would involve instant arrest, I fear. I appeal to your chivalry as a gentleman and an American to aid me in my unhappy predicament. The honor is quite ignorant of his errand, and will conduct you to one who will undertake to bring you here in complete safety. F. G.

"Ah!" commented Mr. Bobbs, stroking his chin over the note. "In the messenger waiting, Heydtmann?"

The German nodded in the affirmative.

"I am needed," explained Bobbs. He stood thoughtful for a space, then took up his hat. "Good-by, Heydtmann," he added. "I'm off. If ever you come to Paris to blow up the Chamber of Deputies—why, look me up. You know the address."

"Sure," agreed the anarchist. "But—I dunno. Dere iss leetle chance. Der Inner Circle hass der dry-rot off late. Dey blow up noddings—noddings. And"—slugging his ponderous shoulders—"dese childrens call demselves anarchists! Ach!"

It was the intimate expression of disgusted contempt.

Thirty minutes later Bobbs, with his guide, alighted from a cab and found himself in a desolate suburban thoroughfare. Without positive knowledge—having passed the boundaries of the Berlin known to him—he guessed the location as an out-kirt of Charlottenburg.

This surmise his guide briefly confirmed; adding, from the window of the cab, the information that the gentleman was to wait in that spot for further developments; and, without pausing to listen to Mr. Bobbs' remonstrances, promptly drove away.

"Very good," agreed Mr. Bobbs, philosopher, to the empty air, unconsciously repeating Nedden's parting words to him: "We shall now see what we shall see."

For several minutes it seemed as if he had been brought to that spot to enjoy an uninterupted view of a length of muddy road, flanked by parallel sidewalks, a few scattering dwellings; and a row of generously spaced gas-lamp in diminishing perspective. And then—"Herr Bobbs?" inquired a voice over his shoulder.

So noiseless had been the man's approach that the American was fairly startled; he wheeled with a disconcerted exclamation, and faced the man whose absolutely neutral and colourless appearance left no room for conjecture.

This attire might have been that of a needy clerk or artisan. His battered cap with lustreless visor might have once belonged to a student at one of the national universities, or, with equal likelihood, to a deck-hand on one of the Spree steamers; it was pulled well down over his brows, leaving nothing visible in that dim light, save a drooping, ragged moustache and clean shaven chin.

"My name is Bobbs," returned that gentleman cautiously, reflecting that the fellow had dressed himself admirably for the part of conspirator. Hundreds such as he daily passed in Berlin's streets without a second glance.

"You come in response to a note?"

"Of course."

"From whom?"

"You should know—since you know so much."

"Mademoiselle Grisard?" The man made a mouthful of the French syllables.

"If you are from her," suggested Bobbs mildly, "you had best take me to her, and not waste time shouting her name aloud on street corners."

"You are testy, sir. Let us have the business over with, then. Give me the papers and we will say no more."

"To the contrary," asserted Bobbs briskly, stepping back a pace and putting a hand in his side pocket. "Lead the way—and bear in mind, my man, that I'm armed. If the police are in this, I'll take it out of your hide. Remember that."

"Never fear," the man growled surlily. "I merely offered to save you a long and troublesome journey. Come, then."

He started off up the street, shambling along, round of shoulder and slouchy—the portrait of a typical German down on his luck. Bobbs followed at a discreet interval, his eyes searching the shadows, his wits keenly on the alert.

In the course of five minutes, however, they came without incident to the end of the street, where the sidewalk was broken off abruptly and the continuation was nothing but a muddy slope down to the lip of the Spree.

Here, if anywhere, Bobbs thought, he would be set upon. The nearest light was a hundred yards away, the nearest dwelling twice as far—and that without a sign of human habitation. The spot was gloomy and desolate enough for any deed, however dark.

But his guide kept stolidly on, slipping and sliding and bounding noisily on the declivity. And, after an instant's uneventful hesitation, Bobbs, though mystified, concluded that his fears of a police trap had been groundless, that the man was nothing more than a sullen lout, and with slight misgivings set himself to the descent.

It was one accomplishment speedily, if at the expense of his clothing and temper. In a little time the American found himself at the bottom, ankle deep in ooze, liberally bespattered to his waist and thoroughly disgruntled. Moreover, his guide had vanished—either into thin air or some shadow more than ordinarily impenetrable.

Bobbs lifted his voice irritably. "What now?" he snapped. "No treachery, you fool!"

"There was time enough for that back there," came the response from the murkiness to his right, "if I'd thought of it. Hold your tongue and—wait."

He had either to obey or right-about-face and march back to Heydtmann. The American resigned himself to the former alternative. Having come so far, he would see the adventure through.

Presently a faint drumming sound trembled upon the air near at hand. The waters swashed and gurgled mys-

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teriously. Something coughed violently, and then subsided into harsh and steady respiration. "What the devil?" growled Bobbs. "If the night wasn't as black as my hat—, Where's that moon?"

Simultaneously a boat glided out of the blackness and grounded with a slight jar in the mud at his feet. Straining his eyes, Bobbs was able to make out the man's figure—a dim, irregular shadow erect in the stern, apparently propelling the boat by means of a single oar. A faint, ruddy glow amidships, however, falling upon a cloudy jet of vapour, apprised Mr Bobbs of the fact that he was to continue the trip in a power launch.

In response to a grunt from the man, he waded out through two inches of water and scrambled in, seating himself by the engines.

"Is it far?" he inquired briefly.

"Far enough."

"Then you attend to the steering-gear," said Bobbs. "We needn't waste any time. I know these engines."

"So much the better."

"Ready?"

"Aye."

The American grasped the throttle and drew it slowly open. The boat, spluttering asthmatically, swung out and far upon the black bosom of the Spree; then darted forward, as closely as Bobbs could estimate, into the night-cloaked west.

The channel here ran narrow—too narrow for comfort. Lights flashed past, close on either hand. Other lights, long rows of them, radiated away into the distance, like illuminated spokes of some gigantic, slowly revolving wheel that in time rolled away, leaving vast expanses of velvety darkness, punctuated afar by glimmering arc-lamps.

A train crept upon them slowly from out of the east, raced them abreast for a pace, and drew away—a chain of brilliant windows following maddly after a crimson column of smoke and fire.

Spandaui's illumination bore down upon them; and Bobbs slackened speed in deference to a word from the man at the wheel. Slowly, peacefully enough, they crept around the semi-circle, under bridges, past Spandaui, Stresow, Tiefwerder, Wilhelmstadt, Pichelsdorf, at length leaping out into the broad embrace of the Havel like an arrow from a bow.

Here again Bobbs lost his bearings. He began to wonder how much longer the journey would take. As yet it showed no signs of ending; and he hardly felt friendly enough with his guide to risk a rebuff by inquiring. He fended the engine and waited with such patience as he could muster.

On the right other villages flashed past. After some time the launch slowed up to go under a bridge, then took another broad stretch of water at top speed, with Potsdam curving ahead. Again it slackened speed to negotiate a narrow channel, and again sprang away like an unleashed greyhound.

Bobbs ceased to speculate. He was, figuratively as well as literally, now all at sea; it came to him in the nature of a surprise, indeed, when his guide broke the silence voluntarily.

"Half speed!" he ordered; and then immediately: "Quarter!"

Bobbs obeyed. At the command, "Stop her!" the boat rested motionless upon the broad surface of a jet-black sheet of water, whose shores were quite indistinguishable in the darkness. Only the contour of the surrounding hills narrowed the illusion of a vast and all but shoreless sea.

Ahead a dark mass bulked vaguely out of the water, and from it, a bit to the right, gleamed the solitary light visible within the circle of the hills.

"Quarter-speed ahead!"

The launch moved forward slowly. The mass crept up upon them noiselessly; its outline took on more definite shape—a greater blackness, blotting out the stars.

"Stop!"

The engines ceased their pulsations. The boat glided on soundlessly until its keel grated on gravel.

Bobbs' guide had left the wheel and run forward to the bows. Now he leaped ashore, taking with him the end of the cable. He held the boat while the American followed him, then tethered the cable to some invisible object.

"Come," he said brusquely, and set off inland, following a winding, beaten path through underbrush and pines, Bobbs at his heels.

Before them the light dodged in and out between the tree trunks, growing ever brighter and nearer. Within a hundred yards from the shore they left the timber and stepped into a cleared space. In the center stood a small, low cottage, in one of whose windows burned the lamp that had been their beacon.

Without hesitation the man led the way to the door, which he hung open unceremoniously.

"Enter, if you please," said he shortly. "After you," Mr Bobbs disclaimed the honour.

"As you will." The fellow showed Bobbs his back and stepped within. The American, thinking that no police on earth would have taken so much trouble to capture him, when he might have been taken with all necessary secrecy on the banks of the Spree in the first instance, crossed the threshold of the cottage, without a doubt. As he did so he heard the man's voice:

"See, mademoiselle, whom I have brought you!"

The lamp glare blinded the young man momentarily. He caught a fleeting glimpse of the girl, seated over across from him, with something white drawn over the lower half of her face; and he heard a strangled cry of warning.

"Too late. As he hesitated, blinking, the man turned upon him, seized him by both lapels of his coat, and forced these back and down over his shoulders, effectually binding his arms for the time. Then with incredible rapidity the fellow's arms explored and turned out the American's pockets.

Before he could recover, Bobbs had been thoroughly searched; the fiction about the revolver, which he seldom carried, had been exposed; and the packet of papers belonging to the woman had been torn from his breast pocket. Then he staggered back before a furious blow upon his chest.

In a trice he recovered, shrugged the coat back upon his shoulders, and gathered himself for a spring across the room—only to halt with his nose in close, too close, juxtaposition to that of a pistol.

"Slowly! said the man. 'Slowly! Get back there, swine! Ah, better!'—as the American gave ground.

With a stride the fellow turned and got his back to the door. The lock clicked. He withdrew and pocketed the key.

"So?" he repeated. "Now we can talk." "Neddon!" gasped Bobbs, beside himself with rage and humiliation. That he had permitted himself to be so easily played upon!

"Exactly," agreed the spy. "Neddon. I am he."

He seemed pleased with the announcement. He repeated it shortly, in accents of elation, his cold, malignant gaze travelling swiftly from one to another of his victims. The revolver he held conspicuous to lend emphasis to his commands.

To Bobbs: "You may release the frauclin," he announced pleasantly. "Then we will have conversation."

The American bowed to the situation and went to the girl's side. She was seated in an armchair, her hands lashed to its rungs; a double line of rope was drawn tightly about her chest and shoulders and the back of the chair; a handkerchief had been passed between her teeth and knotted behind her ears.

Beyond doubt she was suffering; equally beyond doubt she was entirely calm and collected. Her eyes met Bobbs' with meaning as he bent above her, fumbling with the knots, and he understood that she wished to convey to him her entire ignorance of the trap. His hands worked nimbly; very shortly she was free.

She arose with some effort and took a turn up and down the room, under the watchful eye of Herr Neddon. Then to Bobbs: "Ah, monsieur!" she appealed.

"All right," said the American. "I understand. Never mind."

"It was this—this—?"

"Steady!" interposed the Prussian. "I'm in a good humour now, but my temper's bad. Don't call me nasty names, or I may forget that you're a woman."

"Doubtless you'd be glad of the excuse," growled Bobbs, exploring the room with eager attentive eyes. But he discovered no loophole of escape; the windows were heavily shuttered and there was but one door—that by which they had entered, now effectually guarded.

The French woman lifted her shoul-

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hers together and resumed her chair. "And you, sir," the Prussian hinted to the American, motioning with his revolver toward a convenient seat. Bobbs, at discretion, took it.

Nedden relaxed something of his pose of watchfulness, drawing a chair for himself to the table, upon which he placed the lamp, to one side. The packet of papers and the revolver he laid before him.

"It will be unwise for you to attempt to catch me napping, mein Herr," he suggested, eyeing Bobbs. "There is twenty feet of space between us, and before you could reach me—I am very quick," he concluded significantly.

"Oh, you've got me safe enough," gumbled Bobbs.

The secret agent slipped the band from about the papers and laid them out before him. One by one he opened and spread them wide beneath his gaze, grunting with satisfaction, although he gave more than a hasty glance ere refolding, raising his eyes for a swift reconnaissance of his prisoners, and addressing himself to the next. A very few minutes sufficed for the examination.

Nedden gathered the papers again into a compact bundle and restraped them, turning with a little, ironic bow toward the woman. "My compliments, mademoiselle!" said he. "You have been very skillful."

She had no reply for him. He slipped the packet into his pocket, picked up the revolver, and tapped the table with its muzzle, eyeing the pair thoughtfully.

"You, there!" he snapped suddenly. "You Grisard woman! Where is that camera?"

"In the Spree," she replied, with face averted laughily.

Bobbs caught at his breath with relief. So that had not been confiscated! Without that evidence against him, he had, at least, a fighting chance if he could get his case before the United States minister.

The Prussian's mouth hardened; its corners drooped.

"The Spree?"

"I dropped it over when crossing the bridge," she stated calmly.

"You did? The devil!" Nedden meditated, glowering at her. "Karl von Stauffer," he said suddenly, "was following you." He made no mention of your throwing anything away. I think you are lying."

"Very possibly," mein Herr—with infinite contempt, "your confere does not see everything."

"So? Well, no matter. At least, we have you both." The Prussian smiled malicious triumph.

"You fool!" the girl commented coldly.

"Eh, mademoiselle!" Nedden seemed surprised, but not angry. "Why?" "Fool," she repeated deliberately; "because you hold your fortune in your hands and you'll let it slip between your fingers."

Nedden searched in his pocket for a cigarette, found and lit one, and inhaled deeply; from his frown it was plain that the woman had given him food for thought.

"The papers, you mean?" he asked at length.

"The papers," assented the girl. "You will turn them over to your superior, and they will take all the credit. But in Paris—"

"There is something in what you say," agreed Herr Nedden amiably. "I will confess that it has occurred to me before."

A flush of hope dyed the girl's cheek. It was it—the excitement of the desperate game she played?

"Release me," she said, swiftly; "return these papers; bring them to me in Paris, and I will see that you get—"

"One moment, mademoiselle!" laughed the spy harshly. "What I will get for these papers is a matter between me and the head of your secret service. You will have no hand in it. I cannot afford to halve the price."

"True!" said the girl reflectively. "I had not thought of that. You cannot afford to have a partner, for the money will be all that you will ever get. After the sale, France will have no further use for you, and you will be unable to return to Germany."

"Eh? Why? Why, mademoiselle, may I not ply a profitable trade for many years—German secrets for French lions?" Nedden demanded sharply.

"My position is secure here."

The woman laughed; looked at Herr Nedden; smiled at the mystified Mr. Bobbs; and shook her head in gentle derision. "It is," she admitted, "for

the present. But you forget the photographs."

"Photograph! But that is—the Spree!" stammered Nedden.

"Again she shook her head gently, in negation. "The camera—yes, that is at the bottom of the river, monsieur. But before I threw it away, I removed the film."

"Where is that, then?" "In Paris."

"Impossible!" "Not at all. I mean that it is in Paris, to all intents and purposes. It is on its way there by a trustworthy hand, monsieur—to the address you gave me, Monsieur Bobbs."

"Ah, yes," Bobbs had the wit to affirm instantly.

"And will be published within the fortnight. When that happens, Herr Nedden, you will be unable to return to Germany. Do you suppose the kaiser will tolerate you one instant after he learns that you caught the author of the outrage but suffered the negative to escape you? But figure to yourself how pleased he will be with you, when all Europe is laughing—yes, and all America—at the portrait of the War Lord sprawling like a blind puppy."

"Yes," Nedden interrupted glumly. "You are right. That photograph must be suppressed."

"There is one way," Bobbs took a hand in the game, now comprehending the girl's scheme.

"And that—?" "Let us go. Retain the papers. Make your own arrangements with the French secret service. For myself, I will guarantee that the picture will never appear."

The Prussian's face lightened. "Good, I agree. But let me think." He appeared to meditate deeply for several minutes—with a hand, however, ready upon the revolver.

"I will not deny," he announced, in the end, "that this was in my mind from the beginning. Why else should I have troubled to lure you both to this place, when I could have had you arrested in Berlin?"

"I wondered," admitted the French woman.

"Of course." This would-be traitor dismissed the suggestion with a contemptuous wave of his hand. "I had my eye on those papers from the first," he announced, without visible shame—even, it seemed to his victims, with some pride. "I have it all arranged to leave the country with them this very night. I knew that one of you had them; and it is necessary that you shall not be at large to lay information against me before morning. By this simple manoeuvre," he continued, "I have arranged all that. I had intended, I admit, to entrap you and wire Berlin to arrest you here in the morning. But, with your promise that you will suppress publication of that photograph, Herr Bobbs, I will refrain from such action—which means life imprisonment in a military fortress for you both, at the very least."

He arose and backed toward the door, smiling ironically.

"I have your word?" he inquired of Bobbs directly.

"You have—provided we get out of the country alive."

"No fear of that. I have worked this alone—none other knows that you have been caught." He opened the door and paused with one hand adjusting the key in the outside keyhole.

"You will, I am sure, pardon the precipitancy of my departure," he continued, with sarcasm. "I am pushed for time. You appreciate, I am sure. Unfortunately, I feel constrained to lock you in, but I considerably leave you without bonds, and you will find no difficulty in forcing an exit—by daylight, that is. Then it may be an hour or two before you can hail a boat."

"What for?"

"To convey you to the mainland, mein Herr." And he laughed. "This lodge is on an island in the middle of the Havel. The nearest land is half a mile distant on one hand, a mile on the other. And the water—hrrr!" He shuddered in affected disgust, evidently in high good humour with himself. "Cold as ice! Good night."

Abruptly he slammed the door and turned the key.

For a moment Bobbs and the woman eyed one another in dismay. Then self-confidence returned to the American.

"Never mind, my dear," he comforted the girl. "You played your hand with wonderful skill."

"Fash!" She held up a cautioning finger.

Bobbs listened. From the river with-

out came the muffled spluttering of the launch. It grew in volume, then swiftly died. Silence followed.

"And now," said Bobbs, "to get out of this in time to put a spoke in that infernal scoundrel's wheel!"

And, picking up a heavy chair, he moved toward the door.

V.

For some minutes he battered away at the panels without visible effect; the door was of oak and stout, made to last. The chair was shattered to kindling wood in the young man's hand, but the barrier endured, with only scratches and shallow dents to show for its ill-treatment.

"This won't do at all," Bobbs paused and cast around the room impatiently for some more serviceable implement. But the woman had anticipated him, and stood offering him a stout poker. "Better, thank you," he acknowledged her service; and returned to the attack.

This time, however, he devoted his efforts to breaking off the door-knob; and by dint of heavy blows accomplished his purpose. Pushing the fractured shank out of aperture, Bobbs inserted an end of the poker and bore heavily upon it, after the fashion of a lever.

Reluctantly, with a splintering sound the wood yielded; then the lock broke and the door swung inward. So abruptly that Mr. Bobbs was caught off his guard and promptly went to the floor.

He was up in an instant, however, laughing at the woman's expression of concern, and wiping the sweat from his brow. "Serves me right," he gasped. "No sense in this at all. Might just as well have battered open one of the window shutters. Never occurred to me." He paused, inhaling deeply the cool night air, grateful to lungs too long accustomed to the close atmosphere of the lamp-lit room. "If you'll wait here, please," he said, "I'll explore. Back in a brace of shakes." And was gone into the night.

The woman leaned against the jamb of the shattered door, staring out into the east, where a late-arising moon, whose absence Bobbs had regretted earlier in the evening, was silencing the sky above the trees. It may have seemed long to her, trembling with impatience as she was, nor in the least inclined to place faith in the spy's apparent docility. She feared a military prison more, perhaps, than any fate imaginable; and the time seemed long to her.

On the other hand, Bobbs is willing to affirm that he was back within ten minutes. "Made a round of the island," he announced, panting in his haste. "He told the truth in this instance, at least—we're on a small body of land entirely surrounded by water. I see no signs of a boat or way of escape—unless"—he paused doubtfully—"you can swim?"

The girl shivered apprehensively. "But no, monsieur."

"All right," he cried cheerfully. "Don't worry. I can." "Make a try for the nearest shore, and see if I can't scare up a boat of some sort."

"No, ah, no, monsieur!" She caught him by the arm, trembling with fright. "The water is so oo-old!" She shivered.

"Nonsense. Tried it with my hand. It's fairly lukewarm. Bet you a red chip that Prussian bound never took a cold bath in his life."

But still she clung to him like a terrified child. "But, monsieur, you would not leave me here alone, in this wilderness, so savage!"

"Betcher yer life I would!" he contradicted. "I'm not going to take any chances on Nedden's change of heart, thank you most to death. Haven't got a patriole of use for the inside of a fortress in my business. Rest easy, my dear—I'll find a boat, and come back for you, never fear."

He had touched the right cord. She let him go, awed by the vision he had conjured up.

Smiling grimly in the darkness, Bobbs strode down to the bank which he had judged was the nearest mainland. It was difficult to estimate in that light, but he was hardened to the taking of chances. He stripped to his underclothing, and without a tremor waded out until his feet left bottom, then began to swim, using the double overhand stroke—placidly but speedily.

He had need for speed, aside from the urgency of his predicament—the necessity for shaking German soil from his

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feet at the earliest possible moment. More than anything he feared cramps, and Nedden had spoken soothingly concerning the temperature of the water. If anything, it was colder than ice. Bobbs wondered that it did not congeal about him.

But it did not. And the moon, rising above the trees, proved a friendly luminary, guiding him to the nearest shore. In time he clambered out, dripping and chilled to the bone, but still undaunted; and right briskly he strode along the water's edge, looking about him with keen eyes.

Fortune seemed to have favoured him; evidently he had landed on the edge of some country estate. A dozen yards took him to a small dock, jutting out a hundred feet or so into the river; and at its end a rowboat, with locks and oars in place, rocked gently at the end of its painter.

Bobbs made no ado whatsoever about disembarking it; his only concern was to get away with the plunder before espied. He set himself to the oars and pulled lustily; and the exercise warmed his blood and brought him back all aglow to the spot where he had left his outer clothing.

Stepping ashore, he hitched the painter to a convenient tree-trunk and resumed his attire with a prayer, and an earnest one, that he might not catch his death of cold; and returned apace to the woman.

VI.

"Blind luck," Bobbs declares. "Never saw anything like it in all my born days. We'd been waltzing over ploughed land that had been mined on for upward of two thousand years—at least it felt that long. Maybe it was as much as an hour. I know the woman was worn and ready to cry. I was holding her up affectionately with one arm, and having goose-flesh every time my heel struck a stone, thinking it must be a battalion of Uhlans hunting us down."

"It had got on to, I reckon, one o'clock, and still there were no signs of roads—not so much as a cow-path going nowhere in particular. The moon was shining peaceful and serene, and I was dodging imaginary bullets every time I saw the light glinting on a wet leaf, when—"

"Out we came upon a broad stretch of white highroad, and all but stub our toes on an automobile, standing there as dead as Caesar's wife. I brought up short and clapped my hand over the lady's mouth, for fear she'd screech and spoil things. Maybe I had some notion of the lay of the land."

"At any rate, there wasn't anything lifelike about the machine except the legs of a man, protruding from under the rear of the tonneau. He was lying on his back and playing the 'Anvil Chorus' on the car's forwards with a monkey-wrench."

"He came out by inches, scrubbing along on the back of his neck and swearing something wicked. After a while his face came out into the moonlight, and then he raised up on his elbows, and looked how glad he was to see me, as natural as could be."

Herr Nedden, of course. Equally certain, I nudged him. It was short but sweet, and by the time I had taken the wretch away from him and handed him several good ones, I was all hot up. I remember wondering, when I got on my feet, however we had managed to wipe up so much terra firma: I give you my word, that road was fairly smoking for twenty feet either way."

"Mein Herr had gone to sleep, peaceful and touching. We didn't dare leave him, so, with some twine we found in the repair-kit, I tied his hands together and gagged him, then bundled him in on the floor of the tonneau, under the rear seat."

"There was a spare robe, and we covered him with that; and I gave my lady his gun, with instructions to pat him with it, soothingly, if he began to squirm. Meantime, of course, she had nabbed her bunch of incriminating documents from his inside pocket, and had turned chipper as your please."

"I climbed into the chauffeur's seat, and played with the cranks until I got wise to the combination."

"There was only one thing to be done—strike for the Austrian frontier. If daybreak caught us in Germany it would be all up. We were a hundred and fifty miles, probably more, north of Bodenbach, and not a road-map within reaching distance. But I knew it was south, and—~~some~~ ~~we~~ ~~went~~ ~~steering~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~stars~~."

"That ride beats anything I ever went through. We bored a hole through more German scenery than has ever been penetrated before or since, and in less time."

"Don't ask me how we struck it. This is a luck story. There isn't any sweet reasonableness about it at all."

"It was broad daylight when I pulled up and asked a rustic by the roadside where we were. When he said two miles north of Bodenbach, I could have kissed him. I didn't—mainly because he didn't look as if he'd take any in his. He was a big strong man, and I—had pressing business farther south."

"After we'd skimmed over Bodenbach, I stopped her in a little stretch of wood and turned Herr Nedden loose. I don't know that I've ever seen a more pettish police-agent, especially when I explained to him how comfortably I had found his fur-lined motor-coat, after my bath."

"Bless his little heart! He didn't do much except sputter and fizzle like a soda water bottle with a bad cold. Only, when we were ready to go on and leave him there, he ran after and begged me to stop long enough to answer one question: Would I keep my word about not publishing that picture of the Kaiser?"

"Three wet-tears in his eye, so I said I would."

"We left the car at Prague and took the train—to shorten a two-long story, got to Paris by a roundabout route, carefully avoiding German territory. That little French woman turned over my film—it seems she had it inside her corset or somewhere all the time, and I developed it and got a splendid negative. No, it won't ever be published."

"In Paris, Bunister's, n.r. Bassett, began to flirt with me again, and the next thing I knew I was tied up for a term of years, and on my way to India on a P. and O. boat. Inasmuch as I had been successful in making Russia, Germany, Austria, Serbia, the Balkans generally, to say nothing of Turkey, too hot for me within a year, I was glad enough to say good-bye to Europe. . . . It's a queer world."

?? ? WHY ? ? ?

WHY are we unable to see when we turn from a bright light to a darker object?

BECAUSE when we look at a bright light the iris, or coloured protecting curtain, contracts around the pupil (which is only a window), thus keeping too much light from striking the retina or sensitive part of the eye. As soon as the eye turns to a darker object, the pupil is so small that it does not admit a sufficient number of rays to enable us to see. We must wait a few seconds for it to expand.

WHY do clergymen habitually wear black?

BECAUSE when Martin Luther, in 1524, laid aside the habit of a monk and adopted the style of dress prevailing at the time, the Elector of Saxony used to send to him from time to time pieces of black cloth, that colour then being fashionable at the Court. Luther's disciples thought because he wore black, it became them to do so, and thus it came about that the clergy generally grew to regard it as the only proper colour for them to wear.

WHY is an unmarried woman called a "spinster"?

BECAUSE women were prohibited from marrying in olden days until they had spun a full set of bed furnishings and thus, until their marriage they spent much time at the spinning-wheel and were, therefore, "spinsters."

WHY do the hind legs of an elephant bend forward?

BECAUSE, its weight being so great, when it lay down it would rise with great difficulty were its legs bent outward like those of other animals. Being bent under the body their power of pushing directly upward when the powerful muscles are exerted is greatly increased.

WHY do we use the expression "apple pie order" when we mean that things are exactly in their right place?

BECAUSE every Saturday a certain Puritan dame, Hepzibah Merton, made a practice of baking two or three dozen apple-pies which were to last her family through the week. She placed them on the shelves in her pantry, labelling each according to the day of the week on which it was to be used, and the pantry, thus arranged, was said to be in apple-pie order.

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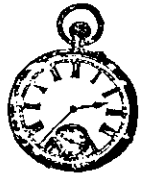
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ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.

Sir Frederick Bridge has "presided" at the Westminster Abbey organ for more than 30 years. He is a cheerful, busy, still astonishingly juvenile man, with a curiously prominent nose, and they do call him, it is said, "Westminster Bridge." He has been called the Sydney Smith of his profession, and he certainly has a ready wit and a pretty knack of caricature. The following notice was once fastened up in the music-room at the Abbey, the authorship of which will be readily divined: "The Great and Swell occupants of the Organ Loft invite the Choir, if they can descend Solo(w), to a friendly Manual and Pedal exercise, entitled Cricket. Every player is requested to provide a Full Score, and it is hoped many runs will be executed, though no 'great shakes' are expected. All particulars will be settled at the rehearsal on Tuesday next at a quarter to eleven. P.S.—A Full-Blood Curass will be provided, and a doctor will attend."

Sir Frederick is a loyal citizen of Westminster, where he has the privilege of dwelling in a most beautiful old-world house in the Cloisters, called the Littleton Tower. He is on special terms of friendship with another eminent citizen of Westminster, Mr. Henry Labouchere, in whose honour he once wrote the following clever parody in the stormy days when Mr. Balfour was Chief Secretary for Ireland:—

"LABY IN OUR ABBEY."

Of all the boys that are so smart,
There's none like crofty Laby;
He knows the secret of each heart,
And lives near our Abbey.
There is no lawyer in the land
That's half as sharp as Laby;
He is a demon in the art,
And gaddless as a baby!

For "Moulin Lalfour" in the week
There seems to be no worse day
Than the one that comes between
A Tuesday and a Thursday.
For then we read each fun instead,
"Ummmy, moum and shabby,"
Exposed to view in type so true
By penetrating Laby.

The ministers and members all
Blake game of croftful Laby,
Though but for him 'tis said they're he
They hope to bury Laby;
And when they've been long years are out
They hope to bury Laby;
Ah! then how peacefully he'll lie,
But not in our Abbey!

THE REACTION.

"Jones sat down to his dinner with a sigh of satisfaction. It had been a hard day, and he was in need of physical sustenance.

Yet, as he glanced about the table, a feeling of vague uneasiness swept over him.

"I thought we were not going to use baker's bread any more?" he said somewhat testily. "You know we agreed, after reading that advertisement the other day in the 'Monthly Magazine,' that we would have the bread baked at home after this."

"Cook's bread wasn't very good this week, dear, so I sent to the baker's for a loaf."

"Well, doughy bread made out of white flour is ruinous to the digestion. I know it because that advertisement said so."

Mrs. Jones made no reply. She was busy serving some sliced tomatoes. The old man glanced at the delicious crimson slices somewhat sceptically.

"Let's see, I was reading somewhere an article by someone who said tomatoes caused spinal meningitis," he said, pushing away the dish his wife had placed before him, distastefully.

"Who wrote the article?"

"Oh, it was all right—some doctor wrote it." The look on his face indicated that he was done eating tomatoes for the rest of his life.

"Try some of this steak," said his patient partner, calmly. She was not a woman to lose her temper simply because one thing on her table was criticised.

"Heaven! he exclaimed. "You don't expect me to eat steak, or sausage, or things like that!"

"Why not, John? We have sometimes had such things—frequently, in fact,

Well, dear, at least you can eat some fruit and cream?"

"I'm afraid not; I was reading somewhere that fruit causes gout and insanity."

"Try some raw eggs. They are nice and light."

"Raw eggs!" cried Jones, excitedly. "Didn't you see when that writer in 'Queen's Magazine' said raw eggs were more indigestible than cooked ones?" He rose from the table and went de-pairingly into his study, where he dived recklessly into a pile of magazines and papers.

After an hour or two his wife ventured into his den and looked fearfully at her husband. He looked so thin and pale that her heart ached for him.

Presently the Old Man looked up. His wife detected a rather unusual firmness about his lower jaw, and noted a steely glitter in his eye.

"What's the matter, John?" she asked. "Matter? Why, matter enough. I'm hungry; that's what's the matter. And I'm going to eat something, too. Not only something, but I'm going to eat the whole d——n lot, if it kills me! Let's have dinner."

BALFOURANA.

At Eton Mr. Balfour was Lord Lansdowne's fag, and it is recorded that his lordship kept the future Prime Minister constantly "on the run." He was then a tall, lanky, delicate youth nicknamed "Miss Nancy." He preferred philosophical study and debates in the Eton Society to sport in the playing-fields. At Cambridge he gained favourable notice, and shortly after he left the University, Lord Beaconsfield significantly remarked, "Arthur Balfour will be a second Pitt."

Mr. Balfour's life was in some danger during his term as Chief Secretary for Ireland. Regardless of all peril, however, he insisted on his game of golf. On the links, 50yds ahead of the statesman, stood a big, brawny fellow with bulging pockets; 50yds behind him another man, also with bulging pockets. Instead of a caddy to carry his clubs, Mr. Balfour had his groom—also with bulging pockets. The men of muscle were two of the best detectives in Ireland. Their pockets were bulging with ready-loaded six-chambered revolvers—so were the pockets of the caddy-groom. Happily no Fenian appeared, and the Chief Secretary made a capital score.

Raising his hat to a group of ladies while eyeing on his estate, Mr. Balfour managed to fall into a flower-bed. "You did that very gracefully," said a friend. Mr. Balfour, who has a pretty wit, replied, "I always dismount in the presence of ladies."

THE FORGETFUL SAURIAN.

A coloured preacher took some candidates for immersion down to a river in Louisiana. Seeing some alligators in the stream, one of them objected.

"Why, brother," urged the pastor, "can't you trust the Lord? He took care of Jonah, didn't he?"

"Y-as," admitted the ducky, "but a whale's different. A whale's got a memory, but of one o' dem 'gators wus ter smaller dis nigger, he'd jes' go ter sleep dar in de sim' an' feigit all 'bout me."


NO MISTAKE.

The editor was apologizing over the telephone for an annoying typographical error in his paper.

"In our account of the meeting at which you were chairman last night, colonel," he said, "we tried to say, 'Following is a detailed report of the proceedings,' but it appeared in print, as perhaps you have noticed, 'Following is a derailed report,' and so forth. Mistakes of that kind, you know, will—"

"It may have been an accident," interrupted the man at the other end of the wire, "but it wasn't the mistake. You side-tracked most of the report."

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LIME JUICE.

Insist on the genuine "Montserrat." AVOID CHEAP IMITATIONS. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE TOURIST RESORTS OF THE COLONY

Continued from page 9.

by boxing in the escaping steam from the various vent holes. There are fine hot baths connected with the local hotspots, and scores of pools in which the Maori waihines are engaged in their washing, while the picnicians bask in the shallower ones. Here is Tama-te-Kapua, the largest carved meeting house in New Zealand, and it was in this building that the Maori prophets harangued large assemblages of her countrymen only a few weeks ago. The old Native Church, in which services are regularly held, is also worth inspection, with its quaint graveyard and inscriptions. It is here that the natives erected their memorial to the late Queen Victoria, which is a very fine piece of Maori carving. Just below the church, and some little distance out in the lake, the tops of the posts of the old pa, which sank with nearly all its population many years ago, can be seen, some of them still rearing their heads above the water.

The Kurow Reserre lies between Rotorua and Ohinemutu, and this is one mass of boiling pools, many of which are hidden in the t-tree scrub with which the ground is covered. The whole face of the reserve appears to be covered with steam, and it is scarcely safe for a visitor to go through without a guide, as the ground is very treacherous, and several people have had their legs badly scalded through the thin crust breaking and letting them through. The Fairy Spring is situated about three miles from Rotorua on the way to Mount Ngongotaha, and is a very pretty sight. The spring wells up in a lovely nook surrounded by willows at the head of the creek, and in the beautifully clear water are to be seen probably the largest number of trout which could be found in any reservoir of the same size in any part of the world. To view this sight the natives charge a toll of sixpence. Driving on for another five miles, the road leads to the top of Ngongotaha, about 2500ft in height. From here a magnificent panoramic view can be obtained of Lakes Rotorua and Rototiti, Mokoia Island, Rotorua, and surroundings, backed by Mount Tarawera with its vast extinct crater, which played such havoc when it last became active Mokoia Island, which is famous for its connection with the legend of Tutanekeai and Hinemoa, lies but four miles from the shore of Lake Rotomahana and launches ply there frequently, carrying passengers at one shilling per head, while the native toll to land on the island is sixpence. There is a very picturesque native kainga here, and the guides point out many places of interest connected with the old Maori wars. A nice four-mile drive is that to Bainbridge's monument, the charge for which is 2s 6d. This monument was erected to the memory of an English tourist who lost his life when the Wairoa village was buried by lava at the time of the Tarawera eruption.

There are several other short walks and drives to places of interest close to Rotorua, but the more distant sights and the various round trips I shall leave until the next article. In the Sanatorium grounds there are very fine bowling, tennis courts and croquet lawns, and afternoon tea can be obtained at the Kiosk. The baths in the grounds include the Priest's bath, the Rachel public and private baths, the Postmaster, sulphur vapour, mud baths, the Duchess swimming bath, the Blue swimming bath, the ladies' swimming pavilion, and the Aix massage and douche, and several kinds of electric baths.

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHECKUP FOR 21 Is. and need not to the writer of this verse, Mrs H.H., Box 10, Halsecombe.

When the windows sparkle brightly,
Where the loveliest of women
Where the silver gilt tees brightly,
That's where SAPON is used, you'll know.
WIN A GUINEA! Prize 40s. published every Saturday. Best four-BLIND! The new verse about "SAPON" wins each week. SAPON wrapper must be enclosed. Address, "SAPON" (Ointment, Washing Powder), P.O. Box 635, Wellington.



VERSE OLD AND NEW

For Mother.

I chose a gift for mother: rich gold and rarest gem,
The beauty in her kindly eyes looked down
and humbled them,
And had they been God's golden stars close
woven in a crown,
They might have lost their lustre still
when those dear eyes looked down.

I twined a wreath for mother: the best
of summer flowers,
White lilies and white roses, the pride of
garden bowers.
Their petals were no purer than her white
hands pure and sweet,
And the flowers were only fitted as a path-
way for her feet.

Then I wrote a song for mothers there
was love in every line,
And never rang such music yet in any song
of mine;
But the words were all unworthy, though
the words were good and true,
So I left the song unaltered, and I tore
the page in two.

And the richest I could fashion, and the
finest I could twine,
Was fit for no man's mother, and so much
less fit for mine!
But I trust at last, in heaven, God will
wreathen her with His light,
And the angels sing the verses that will
praise her worth aright.

WILL. H. OGHVIE.

* * *

The Night Rain.

BY LORENZO SOSSO.

Oh, how the western wind to-night wailed
by,
Stirring the mute trees in their sombre
shrouds!

The slowly moving catavan of clouds
Crossed wearily the desert of the sky,
But silence like to death,
As though the vastness held its breath,
And thrillingly awaited the event.
The looming hills, the forest dense,
Then suddenly across the firmament
A vivid flash of lightning went:
I saw, I knew the message Nature sent,
And thrillingly awaited the event.
O woe my lives that murmur discontent,
O other lives of splendour sadly spent—
Who find your grief a bane,
Nor think your glory gain,
But all in a straggle, all in vain—
Come forth with me into the night
When all the sea with rain is white;
When every hill and every plain
Receives the benediction of the rain,
And every flower rejoices it is wet.
That you may learn forgiveness and for-
get.

* * *

"Sister's Best Feller."

My sister's "best feller" is most six-foot-
And handsome and strong as a feller can
be;
And Sis, she's so little and slender and
small,
You never would think she could boss him
at all;
But, by jing!
She didn't do a thing
But make him jump round like he work-
ed with a string,
It just makes us, ashamed of him some-
times, you know,
To think that he'll let a girl bully him
so.

He goes to walk with her and carries her
muff
And coats and umbrellas, and that kind
of stuff;
She loads him with things that must weigh
most a ton;
And, honest, he likes it, as if it was fun,
And oh, say!
When they go to a play
He'll sit in the parlor and fidget away,
And she won't come down till it's quarter
past eight,
And then she'll scold him 'cause they
get there so late.

He spends heaps of money a-buyin' her
things
Like candy and flowers and presents and
rings,
But all he's got for 'em's a handkerchief
case—
A fussed-up concern made of ribbons and
lace—
But, my land!
He thinks it's just grand,
'Cause she made it, he says, 'with her
own little hand.'
He calls her an "angel" — I heard him —
and "brill,"
And "beautifullest belin' on earth" — but
she ain't.

'Fore I go an errand for her any time
I just make her coax me and give me a
dime,
But that great, big silly — why, honest
and true! —
He'd run forty miles if she wanted him
to.
Oh, gee-whizz!
I tell you what 'Ua!
I just think it's awful — those actions
of his.
My word, he's in love when I'm grown —
no, sir-ree!
I wonder "best feller" 's a warrant to
me!

Worries.

There's a worry in the morning because
the coffee's cold,
There's the worry of the postman, and the
"paper" to unfold,
It's worry getting on your boots and go-
ing to the train,
And you've got to put your hat on and
take it off again!
It's a wonder now I live with such a
constant strain—
I've got to put my hat on and take it
off again!

There are "Worries" in the noontide, and
"legion" is their name;
There's the worry of the luncheon that
always tastes the same,
There's the worry of the "baucy," that's the
greatest worry save
The humiliating worry when you know you
want a shave!

That's a "wreathly wicked worry," and
your pardon must I crave,
If I use some strongish language when I
mention that I shave!

There are worries in the evening; you've
got to dress and dine;
There's the worry of the speeches that
accompany the wine;
There's the worry of remembering what
card your partner led;
And then the awful worry of getting into
bed!

Of all the fearful, awful bores this re-
ally is the chief,
And the world's one great "da capo"
of the worrying motif!

—London Academy.

* * *

"What's the Use?"

Stories are nothing but clusters of words;
Reading is nothing but looking at print;
Money is nothing — folks throw it at
birds;

Pictures are nothing but colour and
that;
Dingers are nothing but something to
eat;
Walking is nothing but moving your feet—
What's the use?

Dancing is nothing but prancing in tune,
Riding is nothing but moving along;
Sleeping is nothing but waking too soon,
Sighing is nothing but talking a song;
Playing is nothing but fooling around;
Boxing is nothing but learning to pound—
What's the use?

Working is nothing but earning your pay,
Laziness is nothing — and harder to do,
Silence is nothing with nothing to say;
Dressing is nothing but garment and
show.

Smiling is nothing but twisting your face—
Moving is nothing but changing your base—
What's the use?

—Chicago Post.

* * *

Never Trouble Trouble.

My good man is a clever man,
Which no one will gainsay;
He lies awake to plot and plan
'Gainst lions in the way of ill,
While I, without a thought of ill,
Sleep sound enough for three;
For I never trouble trouble ill
Trouble troubles me.

A holiday we never fix
But he is sure 'twill rain,
And when the sky is clear at six
He knows it won't remain,
He's always prophesying ill,
To which I won't agree,
For I never trouble trouble ill
Trouble troubles me.

The wheat will never show a top—
But soon how green the field!
We will not harvest half a crop—
Yet have a famous yield!
It will not sell, it never will!
But I will wait and see,
For I never trouble trouble ill
Trouble troubles me.

He has a sort of second sight,
And when the fit is strong,
He sees beyond the good and right
The fall and the wrong,
Heaven's pun of joy he'll surely spill
Unless I will him be,
For I never trouble trouble ill
Trouble troubles me.

* * *

A Riddle to Willie.

I asked my Pa a simple thing:
'Where holes in diamonds go?'
Pa read his paper, then he said:
'Oh, you're too young to know.'

I asked my Ma about the wind:
'Why can't you see it blow?'
Ma thought a moment, then she said:
'Oh, you're too young to know.'

Now, why on earth do you suppose
That I should ask you so?
Ma asked: 'Where is that jump?' I said:
'Oh, you're too young to know.'

THAT LANGUID FEELING.

Bile Beans Are the Best Summer Tonic.

Summer heat induces languor and lassitude where the vital functions are not up to concert pitch. Bile Beans are a safe and potent vegetable medicine, which set stomach and liver right, and keep them healthy and vigorous, thus toning up the entire muscular and nervous system. "For the past five or six years," says Mrs. A. T. Marten, of Devon-street, New Plymouth, Taranaki, N.Z., "I suffered severely with sick headaches and dizziness, which, as you may be sure, handicapped me in the performance of both my household duties and my occupation of dressmaking, and at times I became very depressed in spirits. Bile Beans were frequently recommended to me by friends, and twelve months ago I decided to give them a trial. The change in my condition was remarkable. Relief came with the first few doses, and continuing the course I was thoroughly cured. I am satisfied that as a cure for headache and kindred ills, Bile Beans are unequalled. I earnestly advise fellow-sufferers to give them a trial. As a general corrective, Bile Beans cannot be surpassed, and for this purpose I always keep a box in the house." As a Summer Medicine Bile Beans are singularly suitable. By toning up the liver and stomach, and gently opening the bowels, they promptly dispel Summer Fag, Languor, Lassitude, Fatigue, Headache, Debility, Loss of Appetite, Anaemia, and ensure sleep by restoring Nature's healthy functions. Bile Beans are the most efficacious of modern family medicines, and owe their phenomenal and consistent success to the fact that they are compounded only from Nature's finest herbs and roots. They are obtainable from all stores and chemists throughout New Zealand.

To soothe the Skin (enslaving under the heat of a burning sun) and to remove the effects of perspiration.

CALVERT'S Prickly-heat Soap

is specially adapted. Though indispensable in cases of Erythema (whence its name) and other irritation of the skin, it is also popular for general bath and toilet use, being pure, antiseptic, and refreshing.

Sold by all local Chemists and Stores.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

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LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY TROUBLES, WEAK or LAME BACK, RHEUMATISM or SCIATICA, EVREN Nerve & Brain TABLETS

Are the Safest and Surest of Cures.

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OF ALL CAUSES

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 Asking—Free to You.

To the sick—the suffering—to every man and woman victim of organic disease—local trouble or broken general health—Dr. Kidd's



method of free treatment is given in the absolute faith and sincere belief that they can and will stop disease, cure it and lift you up again to health and vigor. There is no reason why you should not get well if you will only bring yourself to take the free test treatment of these wonderful remedies, no matter what your doubts may be.

I Want the Doubters

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—the very last cent—yourself.

I have put my life into this work—I hold the record of thousands of cures—not "some better"—but thousands of desperate sufferers, hearty and strong and big and well; and their letters are in my hands to prove it. I treat, Rheumatism, kidney troubles, heart disease, partial paralysis, bladder troubles, stomach and bowel troubles, piles, catarrhs, gonorrhoea, weak lungs, asthma, chronic coughs, nervousness, all female troubles, lumbago, kidney diseases, scrofula, rigour blood, general debility, organic vital ailments, etc., are cured to remain and continue cured.

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.

These Remedies Will Cure

They have cured thousands of cases—nearly every disease—and they do 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—bother no other sufferer? Are you willing to trust a master physician who not only makes this offer but publishes it and then holds the fact and the proof of his remedy without a penny of cost to anyone except himself?

Send your name, your Post Office address 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 meant to make it.

Let me make you well. Give me your name and tell me how you feel and the proof of treatment is yours at my cost. No bills 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 and his offer are exactly as represented in his advertisement. If you are a reader, should take advantage of Dr. Kidd's generous offer.

NOTE:—Dr. Kidd's methods and his offer are exactly as represented in every respect.



Here and There

"Tiger Tim."

It has been my good fortune to be on terms of friendship with most of the notable Irish members in the House of Commons during recent years, writes Spencer Leigh Hughes in "M.A.P." There is Tim Healy, for instance—"Tiger Tim" as some call him. I have seen this redoubtable Parliamentarian, a man whose sarcasm is of the scorching or skin-rotative sort, in his own home just outside Dublin, at Chapelizod, on the banks of the Liffey. There he is a model of all the domestic virtues—gay, humorous, kindly, without a hard word for anyone. When I was there—it is now some years ago—his children seemed to rule him—which is more than can be said of the whole House of Commons. Instead of being excited about public affairs, I found him chiefly interested in an installation of the electric light, which he so arranged that it was worked by a turbine driven by the waters of the Liffey. It was there that I heard the tale of how on the day of his wedding, when he had just married his excellent wife, a daughter of Mr. T. D. Sullivan, for a long time a member of Parliament, Tim, in the agitation of the moment when the two were leaving for the honeymoon, took up by mistake his father-in-law's umbrella, and was making off with it. "No, no, Tim," called out the old gentleman, "don't take that, my boy—I've several daughters, but only one umbrella." I shall never forget the ceaseless flow of talk as he rowed me about in a boat on the Liffey, and gave me accounts of many a memorable incident in the House of Commons, and I was particularly struck by the fact that he did not say a harsh word about anyone. He is quite a subdued creature at home, petting a favourite pony that was too fat to do any work, or giving orders to a dog that simply laughed in its master's face, and did as it liked. And there is more than one house in London in which this savage debater has been seen down on his hands and knees, while delighted children have sat astride his back.

House Interior Like a Ship.

One of the most originally constructed houses in the United States is owned and occupied by Captain M. P. Doullat. He likes to feel that he is aboard a vessel even when he is at home, and the interior is so constructed as to suggest this at all things. The house overlooks the river and the captain's vessels land directly in front when they are in port.

The plan of this house was originated by Captain Doullat. Twice he tore up plans and was not satisfied until he had made them different from anything he had ever seen, and he has travelled considerably. The house was built by Captain Doullat and his crew of boat-builders, and one year was occupied in its construction. It cost about £1800.

The house is fifty-four feet square, surrounded by an iron fence, with separate pavements. The rooms resemble the interior of a ship: there are port-holes, companionways for stairs, and the lower floor, in which is located the store-room, bears a striking resemblance to the hull of an ocean-going vessel. The lower story is of brick, the upper of framework. The roof, of slate, is modelled after the Japanese style. The eaves and corners are built directly from Japanese patterns.

The house is decked with pressed steel and finished as elaborately as the saloon of a ship. The cupola is constructed exactly like a first-class cabin, and has windows all round. If a breeze is blowing the captain is sure to catch it there. The gallery is continuous, and at any time the owner can swing his hammock so as to be in the shade. Electric lights are used for illumination, and everything is situated so that it is unnecessary to leave the house for anything, even the eastern being located on the gallery.

Rossetti's Ghost Picture.

Gabriel Rossetti, poet and painter, was once visited by an East Indian prince, who said to him:

"I wish to give you a commission to paint a portrait of my father."

"Is your father in London?" asked Rossetti.

"No, my father is dead," replied the Oriental.

"Have you some photographs of him or any portrait?"

"We have no portraits of him of any kind."

"How can I paint a portrait of him, then?" asked the artist. "It is impossible, I could not think of attempting anything so absurd."

"Why is it absurd?" demanded the prince gravely. "You paint pictures of Mary Magdalene, and Cleo, and John the Baptist, and yet you have never seen any of them? Why can you not paint my father?"

The prince was so insistent that Rossetti yielded in sheer desperation. He painted an ideal head that was certainly Oriental, and also regal in its bearing. The prince came in great state to view it. When the canvas was uncovered he looked at it steadily, and then burst into tears.

"How father has changed!" he cried.

A Grateful Goose.

One day, in the country, a goose was nearly terrified out of her life by meeting a fox, but just as the fox was going to make a spring a collie dog came bounding up. The collie soon drove Mr. Fox away, and the goose was so grateful ever afterwards that she never left her kind friend. She would waddle along beside him whenever he went for a walk, take her food beside him, and once, when he was ill, she nearly made herself ill, too, because she wouldn't touch food.

Whenever anyone passed the kennel where the dog was lying she would fly out, lapping her wings and screeching till they passed on, because she thought they were going to hurt her sick friend.

And when the dog got better the goose was simply delighted, and quite happy again.

Great Writer's First Earnings.

There is a vast amount of interest in the ways and means by which famous novelists of to-day got their first guineas. All of them have had to climb the hard ladder of success; there has been no royal road to literary fortune; there never will be.

Mr. Morley Roberts, the famous writer of sea stories, got his first guinea in the following manner. He says:—

"If any particulars about my first guinea are of any use to you, I may tell you that I got it and six besides by stealing a Texas newspaper article about a diamond necklace. A brilliant idea had struck him that if his usefulness was displayed in type and colour on the paper in which he wrapped his handiwork, trade would subsequently increase. He felt that he could not quit sufficient literary finish on this, personally, so I supplied designs for mottoes, and for the wrapper to his esteemed order—price, one guinea."

Mr. Robert Barr had some trouble over his first earnings.

"The first real literature I was ever paid for was written to decorate the wrapping paper of a tradesman who wanted anything from a kettle to a diamond necklace. A brilliant idea had struck him that if his usefulness was displayed in type and colour on the paper in which he wrapped his handiwork, trade would subsequently increase. He felt that he could not quit sufficient literary finish on this, personally, so I supplied designs for mottoes, and for the wrapper to his esteemed order—price, one guinea."

Mr. Robert Barr had some trouble over his first earnings.

"My first embarrassment and my first guinea," he writes, "came to me through a too confident belief in the struggles of an unknown man. I began a series of to be continued in our next articles on a sailor ship I had taken round a few American lakes. I was so certain that the series would be rejected that I did

the first article in duplicate, and sent it to the then leading weeklies in the United States. To my horror the article was accepted and printed in both journals, and each editor sent me a letter asking for the next instalment as soon as possible. I had to make my choice. The jilted editor wrote me letter after letter, and then took to the telegraph wires."

Mr. Coulson Kernahan, whose sensational novel, "The Dumping," has just appeared, earned half a guinea for a sonnet on Charles Dickens, contributed to the "Graphic," but the money never came to hand, for the editor wrote saying he had enclosed a postal order for that amount, but forgot to do so, and it never came to hand afterwards.

Persian Proverbs.

Good luck is not sold in the market. An ass is an ass, though his saddle-cloth be satin.

Liars have bad memories. A pound of learning needs ten of sense.

If you go to hunt a jackal, prepare to meet a lion.

An old man sees in a brick what a young man sees in a mirror.

Stretch your feet according to your blanket.

Gold does the business, man does the boasting.

The apples will not fall from the tree till you shake it.

Wealth is in heart, not in money. A fool speaks, and a wise man thinks.

Fear not him who fears not God. A donkey cannot be made a horse by beating.

While the root is in the water there is hope for the fruit.

The Scottish Language.

Till the middle of the nineteenth century the form of speech used by Burns and familiar to Sir Walter Scott, might have been occasionally heard, in its purity and significant strength, even within the Parliament House at Edinburgh. This, in these latter days, is completely changed. The educated classes in Scotland, and even many who have little education, no longer speak the language of their forefathers, and such of them as try to write it not infrequently show that they would have been wiser if they had let well alone. It is not long since one had to attempt in these columns an explanation of the monstrosity "mager-lu," to which a modern fabulist had given currency; and it would have been easy to convict the same writer and others of solecisms even more flagrant and offensive.

Meanwhile the practice thus illustrated and exposed seems to be steadily prevalent. A delusion appears to be widely current to the effect that anything will pass muster as Scotch, provided it is sufficiently strange and uncouth. Argy practitioners on an instrument with which they have but slender familiarity forget that they are trifling with one of the forms of English and a medium with great traditions.

Sharks are Useful.

Sailors as a rule can't say anything bad enough about sharks, and delight in catching the ugly monsters. But, all the same, some sorts of sharks are far from useless. The huge basking-sharks, which sometimes grow to a length of thirty feet, are caught off the Irish coast for the sake of the oil obtained from their livers. As much as £30 worth of oil has been taken from a single fish. In Norway and Iceland the flesh of a species of shark is cured like ham, and after hanging from the rafters for a year is considered excellent for food. The eggs of a shark caught in the Baltic are about the size of a small orange and are all yolk; they make delicious omelets. Shark fin, everyone knows, is a very expensive delicacy in China; 10,000 a year are shipped there from Bombay. But remember, if you ever attempt eating shark, don't cook the liver; it is deadly poison.

EXPOSURE to cold and damp causes rheumatism. The skin cannot give off the excess uric acid, and it becomes deposited in the blood. RHEUMATO will quickly cure the trouble. All chemists and stores, 2/6 and 4/6.



peared with a distinct rose coloured frame instead of scarlet, as originally issued. This and the 1d. green are now on unsurfaced paper.

On November 1st this year a new issue of stamps appeared in Bosnia. All but the three higher values are oblong squares of pretty design with decorated frame, and contain in the centre the following scenes: 1. View of Doboi; 2. Mortar near the Bridges; 3. Plima tower at Jaice; 5. Pass of Naruta, with view of the Prenj; 6. Ramatal; 7. road in the Valley of Urba; 10. Old bridge at Mortar; 25. Serajevo; 30. Post by least of burden; 35. Tourists' pavilions at Jezro; 40. mail waggon and horse; 45. Market scene at Serajevo; and 50. Postal motor-car. The three higher values are nearly square in shape. The 1k. shows a view of the Carsija at Serajevo, 2k. Lucins tower at Jaice, and 5k. is embellished with a well-executed portrait of the Emperor of Austria.

The official stamps of Wurtemberg are now being printed on paper water-marked with circles and crosses. The values are 2pf. grey, 5 green and 20 blue.

Roumania is about to issue another set of eleven stamps, ranging from 5 bani to 3 lei to commemorate an exhibition Bucharest.

The following is a description of the new set of stamps issued in the Philippine Islands, to replace the use of ordinary United States labels:— 2 c., green, Rizal; 4 c., carmine-rose, McKinley; 6 c., purple, Magellan; 8 c., brown, Legaspi; 10 c., blue, Lawton; 12 c., crimson-lake, Lincoln; 16 c., dark violet, Sampson; 20 c., light brown, Washington; 26 c., deep sepia, Cabriedo; and 30 c., olive-green, Franklin. The portrait, in each instance, is in an oval frame, partly covering a shield with stripes in the lower part and a horizontally lined ground in

the upper; an Eagle forms a crest above the shield; there is foliage at each side; the inscription "Philippine Islands, United States of America," is in the upper spandrel; "Centavos" at foot, and there are numerals denoting the value in each corner.

"Meekel's Weekly Stamp News," in referring to British stamps, has the following paragraph:—"The prophets in the United States who forecasted that collectors here would show no marked disposition to distinguish between the single and the multiple C.A.'s must admit that they have been discredited. The great interest that is being manifested in single C.A.'s extends through what may be called the upper stratum of philately to the solid formation of middle class collectors. The demand for single C.A.'s in this country, at first languid enough, has given way to one that exceeds expectations."

It is estimated that since the Australian States formed a Commonwealth, about 170 stamps and varieties have been issued, and still there is no appearance of the one common type for the whole of Australia. The division is as follows: Victoria 45, South Australia 27, New South Wales 26, and Tasmania 24, Western Australia 15, and Queensland only two.

BABY'S CLOTHES.

Baby's Clothes must never be washed with Alkaline Soaps or Soap Powders. They always leave an irritant in the fabric. **SAPON**—the new Glycerine Washing Powder—never leaves anything in the clothes which can harm the most delicate skin. To wash baby's clothes and cut-trimmings, soak for an hour in a solution of **SAPON**; then transfer to a tub of **SAPON** and water, and work them lightly in the suds. Rinse through clear water; dry, and iron in the usual way. If your Grocer does not stock **SAPON**, send us his name and address. **SAPON**, Limited, P.O. Box 635, Wellington.

Tourist Season, 1906-7.
Visit Te Aroha
 The Health Resort of N.Z.
 Drink the famous **MINERAL WATERS** and get rid of your Rheumatism, Sciatica, Disordered Liver, and any other ailments that you may be suffering from.
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 Send us your name and address, and we will send you 10 packets of our Highly Colored and Artistic Post Cards, New Zealand Scenery like Wonderland of the South: Otago, Marlborough, Lakes, Emerald Forest, etc. It is all for one day's work and costs you nothing: easy to send. Each packet contains sixteen assorted Cards, which you sell for us at 12 per packet. When you have sold the 10 packets, return us our 10c. and we will send you a **RAYBROOK'S WATCH**, **OR WATCH**, **N.Z. GEMSTONE HEAVY PENDANT**, **OR JEWELRY**, **OR LARGEST PRIZE** (Lady's or Gents) or any other article you like to choose from the big list we will send for here and girls. We have no cheap jewelry to offer you—all our gemstones are genuine. Cards returnable if not sold.
The New Novelty Co.
 WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

Correspondence from Fiji this week was franked with the new penny stamp. It is similar in design to the former stamp of the same value, but instead of being purple and black on red paper, is carmine on white paper. The new stamp is on multiple crown C.A. water-marked paper, and perforated 14. In Gibbon's new catalogue this stamp is mentioned as printed in 1906 in red, but as a note of interrogation follows the word "red," it may be presumed that the colour of the stamp had not been then definitely decided upon. The ones to hand are, however, distinctly carmine in colour. Whether this is the forerunner of all the Fiji stamps of the King Edward type being printed in single colours, as present supplies are exhausted, remains to be seen. It is, however, most probable that the cheaper stamps that are most in demand will be printed in one colour only in future on the score of economy.

In explanation of the various shades of the stamps of Southern Nigeria, it is stated that the climate of that colony in the rainy season has a most deleterious effect upon the colours of stamps, even when they are kept in airtight cases. In fact in some instances the whole stamp fades, but more often the central portion is affected, sometimes turning from black to a light yellow colour! Here is a splendid field for the specialist.

Some colour shades of the stamps of the Federated Malay States are reported. The 4 cent, for instance, has ap-

Splendid Fishing! Glorious Drives! Delightful Picnics! Musical Evenings!

Annual Summer Cruise

along the

NORTHERN COAST.

POST CARDS.
 A new series of twelve beautifully coloured cards illustrating the trip will be sent to any address on receipt of 1s 1d.

What people say who have taken this trip.
 Mr C. N. Worsley, artist, Nelson, wrote to the manager as follows, under date March 8th, 1906:—
 "I feel I must write you a few lines to congratulate your Company on the great success of the Excursion trip by the Ngapuhi. From an artistic point of view, taking it all round, I consider the trip second to none in New Zealand. It has a great advantage over others in the shore excursions and variety of scenery. The Ngapuhi is a most comfortable boat, and remarkably free from smells of all kinds. The captain and officers could not have shown more consideration, and, as regards myself, were always ready to give every facility for sketching."
 Other passengers wrote as follows:—
 "From start to finish, most perfect; regret it did not last three weeks instead of only eight days."
 "The most pleasant holiday I ever spent. A trip which should be taken by everybody wanting a thoroughly enjoyable holiday."
 "Have enjoyed the trip immensely, and shall recommend my friends to come next year."

The s.s. CLANSMAN
 MAKES WEEKLY TRIPS TO THE BAY OF ISLANDS AND MANGONUI
 Leaving Auckland every Monday, and arriving back on Friday morning. For those who have only a limited time at their disposal this is a most delightful summer trip. The cost is moderate and the accommodation and service the very best.

WEST COAST SERVICE.
The s.s. Rarawa
 Leaves Onehunga for New Plymouth every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, connecting with express train for Wellington. The passenger accommodation is of the highest class.

s.s. Ngapuhi, February 1st to 9th.
 Send to the Northern Company's Office for a descriptive leaflet of this grand holiday tour.

FARES: From £7 to £10. Land Excursions, 13s. extra.
CHARLES RANSON, Manager.

THE STORY OF A STRONG MAN

The physical breakdown of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, after his vigorous tariff campaign and the sweeping defeat of his party at the polls, commands the sympathy of an Empire. That removed from active party strife and the strain of the campaign he should regain a measure of the strength which has served him so well will be welcome news. There can be no question but that Joseph Chamberlain at 70 must in many respects be a

Premier of England. By many it is thought that disappointment in this ambition and the unsuccessful results of his latest and greatest political battle for a protective tariff, caused the physical collapse.

But through all time Joseph Chamberlain will be a conspicuous figure in Brit-

disliked walking, and generally rode in a closed carriage. During the day his practice has been to smoke many long, strong cigars. When ordered by his physician some time ago to give up this practice, he replied that life would not be worth living without cigars.

Born a commoner, Mr. Chamberlain had

with "the same quietness and the same intelligence" the House would always be ready to listen to him.

Most of those who heard that speech lived to see the time when Chamberlain's name was on the lips of all Europe and the world—the time when he was called the "Bogey Man of the Continent."



Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and his Wife Returning the Greetings of the Crowd on his 70th Birthday Anniversary in July

disappointed man. It seems an irony of fate that the virile career of such a man should be discontinued without bringing him nearer than the threshold of his life ambition. It is said that more than anything else he wanted to be



As Phil May, the Cartoonist, saw him.



From Mr. Chamberlain's latest photograph taken just before he was paralyzed.

ish history. He has been a constructive, daring and resolute statesman—a "man unafraid."

The physical breakdown did not come sooner than most persons who knew his habits of life predicted. The wonder is that he could fend it off so long.

Always he refused to take exercise. Unlike most of his countrymen, he has

class prejudice to fight from his entry into public life. It is stated that when he made his first speech in Parliament, in August, 1874—"a smartly dressed, elegant man, with youthful-looking, clean-shaven face and slim figure"—a good old Tory of the aristocratic line, Sir Walter Barttelot, assured him in a patronising way that if he always spoke

They lived to see his chance reference to a homely proverb, made in an ordinary speech, set Russia, usually unemotional enough, "spluttering with rage from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea"; his occasional remarks concerning France throw that nation into hysterical attacks of nerves, and three words in a commonplace address drove stolid Germany, to

lash itself into a frenzy of Anglophobia. There was something peculiar, almost weird, in the power of this statesman, risen from the common people, to tweak the national susceptibilities of Europe. Other public men roundly abused their neighbours, and the assuaulted nations never turned a hair; but when England's famous Colonial Secretary breathed the name of a Continental Power above a whisper parts of Europe were sure to boil over.

When it is stated that Mr. Chamberlain has been called the "best hated" man in England it doesn't mean the most unpopular, by any means. For many years he has had an extraordinary personal following.

Many leaders of opposition in his own country have detested him—and this was a compliment to his power—while statesmen of other nations have feared him. But an immeasurably numerous class in England is still proud of him, although his plans have been a little too far advanced for the plodding English brain to grasp and appreciate offhand.

Mr. Chamberlain was not born to greatness; he achieved it. When a man, in the face of bitter ridicule, class hatred, party opposition and personal venom has fought his way from obscurity clear to the top of national politics, and so dominated the situation that, even when out of office, it is said of him, like McGregor of old, "Where he sits is the head of the table," surely there is something in him.

Among his most cherished possessions is a gold casket presented him by the city of London four years ago, at a time when abuse and denunciation were breaking over his head like angry waves upon a rocky coast. The occasion of the presentation was one of the most remarkable demonstrations of popular good-will ever accorded a man. Only a few months ago, in July, Birmingham, his home city, joined in the enthusiastic celebration of his birthday anniversary.

Mr. Chamberlain was born in 1836. His father was a shoe manufacturer in London, the head of a business that had been in the family 150 years, and young Joseph was reared to that trade.

A brief summary of his history has it that he was three times Mayor of Birmingham, President of the British Board of Trade, President of the Local Government Board, member of Parliament since 1876 and Secretary of State for the Colonies or Colonial Secretary, as that official is usually called. But such a resume does not give one an insight into the life and character of the man.

It is related that when he was a boy his father presented to him and his sister sets of toy soldiers and popguns. Thereupon began a series of battles, in which the army of one child were pitted against that of the other.

Joe was able, easily, to knock down row after row of his sister's soldiers; but, try as she would, she could not put one of his boys in scarlet out of commission. While she was weeping with chagrin over this fact, the father entered. The little girl explained the situation to him.

Taking up a gun, the elder Chamberlain aimed carefully at the ranks of Joe's soldiers and fired. Not a man fell. He fired again. Still no casualties. Then he went over to examine the array, and found every single soldier glued fast to the floor.

This foresight and ingenuity of mind was characteristic of the boy in later life. When young Chamberlain entered business in Birmingham as partner in a firm manufacturing wooden screws he found plenty of competition, with no especial advantage on the side of his house.

Promptly he scanned the manufacturing world and learned of an American invention that would increase the value of his article of trade. Control of this invention was secured, and through it the firm of Nettleford and Chamberlain was soon able to control the screw market.

As time went on, languishing competitors were brought out and their establishments retired from business, and Mr. Chamberlain, at 37 years of age, found himself able to retire with a fortune.

Even at that time he had aspirations for a political career. He was not a fluent speaker, and was often stumped for a word to express his meaning. So he founded a debating society in Birmingham—which still exists—and through constant practice became one of its most fluent and forceful orators.

It was the debating society scheme that really put Chamberlain into politics, just as his ingenuity in planning a wood-screw monopoly had made him

wealthy. He was elected Mayor of Birmingham. At that time the gas and water supplies of the city belonged to private monopolies, and the service was notoriously poor. Mayor Chamberlain took over, for the city, the gas and water, gave the people the cheapest and best service possible, tore down the worst slum of the town and built the beautiful Corporation street in its stead, and led the way in that policy of municipal activity that has had such momentous results.

When he went into the Board of Trade—which exercises supervisory control over British commerce—he was struck by the fact that more than 3000 British sailors perished at sea every year.

One in every sixty died afloat. Together with Fimsoll, he set about to stop the overloading and overinsuring of ships, and when that had been accomplished disasters were much less frequent.

NONE SUSPECTED HIS POWER.

So, when Birmingham sent Chamberlain to Parliament, in 1876, he already had a reputation of considerable national extent. No one suspected, however, that the germs of statesmanship, especially of progressive, constructive, world-inclusive statesmanship, lurked in the quiet figure that took a seat on the Liberal side of the House, below the gateway, near Parnell, the famous Irish leader.

Chamberlain has remained in Parliament ever since. He was destined to become the most aggressive Colonial Secretary that England ever had—one whose dreams of empire enthused the nation and bound the colonies closer to the mother country than had ever been even dreamed.

Mr. Chamberlain had trained with the Radicals, and there was considerable curiosity concerning his personal appearance when he entered the House. Many expected to see a modern Felix Hoff, without collar, a cap on his head, and a scowl upon his face.

Instead, they saw a slender man, looking much younger than his age, erect, well-dressed, courteous, smooth-spoken and gentlemanly in speech and demeanour.

"Why," exclaimed one of his colleagues, "he looks like a ladies' doctor."

Always Mr. Chamberlain has been well-dressed. Of late years it has been a tall, slender, commanding figure that arose to address the House, more authoritative, more pronounced in utterance, with evidences of greater responsibility than in 1876, but with the same pale, keen, intellectual face, the same polished manner—more cynical, perhaps.

The black frock coat at the last session of Parliament was as close a fit, the high collar and scarf added with same distinctiveness, the orchid in the buttonhole was there. The monocle, without which no photograph or caricature of Mr. Chamberlain is complete, still held its place in the eye or dangled at the end of its silken cord.

Up to 1886, when Mr. Chamberlain refused to support Home Rule for Ireland and left Mr. Gladstone's new government, he has been regarded generally as the future Liberal leader, and in direct line for the Premiership.

While he did not carry the majority of Liberals with him, as he probably hoped, he prevented the establishment of Home Rule and gave Mr. Gladstone's party a blow from which it was long in recovering. He became an ally of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Goschen, whom he had criticised with great harshness in the past, and formed new political friendships all along the line.

During the many exciting scenes following the defeat of Home Rule, Mr. Chamberlain was a conspicuous figure. He was hit savagely, but gave as savage blows in return. The name of "Judaea" was flung at him by those who suspected that personal motives prompted his opposition to Mr. Gladstone.

In 1893 and 1894, when Mr. Gladstone, once more Premier, made a mighty effort on behalf of Home Rule, some of the greatest debating conflicts of modern times took place. Mr. Chamberlain was his chief opponent, and almost every night there were wonderful battles between them. It was after the return of Mr. Gladstone's opponents to power as a result of these struggles that Mr. Chamberlain took office in the Cabinet as Colonial Secretary.

That his influence in this position was most marked and speedily attracted the attention of the world has already been stated. His well-known imperialism

stimulated, in England, interest in the colonies, and even his opponents admitted that he stirred imperial feelings and greater loyalty in the colonies themselves.

AUDACIOUS AND AMBITIOUS.

"He had audacity and ambition, an extraordinarily quick, adaptable mind, perfect fearlessness as to criticism, and a rare power of clear, vigorous speech. He has few equals as an administrator and none as a debater. His thrusts are sure and his retorts dangerous."

Such is the man who devoted the best part of his life to the service of his country, always having in mind the expansion of her greatness and the supremacy of her glory.

Mr. Chamberlain's wife, who, for years, has accompanied him on his speaking tours, was formerly Miss Mary Endicott, only daughter of W. C. Endicott, who was Secretary of War in President Cleveland's first cabinet. She is his third wife.

The beautiful Chamberlain home at "Highbury," Birmingham, is one of the show places of England. It was built under the personal supervision of its famous owner, and there, for years, he has been accustomed to invite the youth and beauty of the city to splendid entertainments.

During all the late years of Mr. Chamberlain's political career his spacious orchid gardens have been his especial pride. Every morning the gardener would cull the two handsomest blossoms and forward them to London, where they would appear upon Mr. Chamberlain's lapel.

In fact, the English public and his fellow-statesmen would scarcely have recognised him had he appeared at any time minus his famous eyeglass and the orchid in his buttonhole.

Does anyone know that cuttlefish are cultivated on farms to be milked? These cuttlefish farms are located on the coasts of Great Britain, and the cuttlefish are kept in tanks or ponds, to be milked of their ink. The pond or tank is connected with the sea by a pipe, and a thousand or more cuttles are kept in a single one.

They form a most curious sight as they move about, trailing their long arms and staring out of their bulging eyes. They are guarded by screens which prevent them from being scared, for if they are suddenly frightened they will squirt their milk into the water, and it would therefore be lost. This fluid or milk is very valuable, and a cuttle will yield about three dollars' worth a year. It is secreted in a bag which can be opened and closed at will, the cuttle ejecting the fluid to darken the water so that it may escape unseen when attacked.

The best cuttlefish are procured in China, where for some reason or other they produce the best quality of milk. When the farmer considers it opportune to milk the cuttles he proceeds by opening the sluices of the pond and gently agitating the water. The cuttles then swim around the pond, and as soon as one passes through, the sluice is closed. The cuttle passes down a small channel into a basin or metal receptacle, and as soon as it is securely there the water is drained off. It is then frightened and at once squirts the fluid from the bag. When it is exhausted it is lifted out, the milk is collected, and the basin prepared for another.

"THE THAMES DEEP LEVELS ENACTING ACT, 1906," AND THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY EXTENDED SPECIAL CLAIM.

By instructions of the Warden of the Hauraki Mining District, acting under the authority of the above-mentioned Act, Messrs. Head, Gillespie, and Co., will sell by Public Auction at the Warden's Court, Thames, on THURSDAY, the 20th day of January, 1907, at the hour of noon, the improvements existing in the parcel of Land described in the Schedule to the said Act, and known as the Queen of Beauty Extended Special Claim, excepting nevertheless the area, one acre two roods and five perches, or thereabouts, as mentioned in the said Schedule. The plan of the land and of the particulars, terms, and conditions of sale are deposited, and may be inspected at the Warden's Office, and at the Office of the Auctioneers.

R. S. BULL, Warden.

Warden's Office, Thames, 10th December, 1906.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.

XMAS HOLIDAYS.

From Friday, 21st December, until 10th January, 1907, an extra express train will leave Auckland at 10.25 a.m. daily for Thames, Waikato, and Tauranga. During this period the 10 a.m. express will take passengers for Rotorua and Cambridge lines only.

From Friday, 21st December, until 10th January, 1907, an extra express train will leave Thames for Auckland at 9.45 a.m. daily.

MONDAY, 24th DECEMBER.

A train will leave Kaupapa for Auckland at 7 a.m.

The 1.10 p.m. Kaipara train will leave Auckland at 6.55 p.m. and will run through to Kaupapa.

The 4.15 p.m. train will run through to Cambridge.

A train will leave Auckland for Drury at 6.20 p.m.

A train will leave Auckland for Mercer at 10.10 p.m.

A train will leave Auckland for Rotorua at 10.50 p.m.

A train will leave Hamilton for Auckland at 4.30 p.m.

XMAS DAY, TUESDAY, 25th DECEMBER.

On this date, only the following main line trains will run:

7 a.m. Auckland to Kaupapa.

4.30 p.m. Auckland to Helensville.

7.30 a.m. Helensville to Auckland.

9.30 a.m. Kaupapa to Helensville and Auckland.

7.50 a.m. Auckland to Frankton.

The 10 a.m., 1.40 p.m., and 2.50 p.m. trains Frankton to Auckland.

4.15 p.m. Auckland to Frankton.

Express trains will leave Auckland for Rotorua at 10 a.m.; for Thames, 10.35 a.m.; for Mercer at 10.50 a.m., and for Tauranga at 9.45 a.m.

On the Tauranga, Waikato, Thames, Cambridge, and Rotorua lines connecting trains will run.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26th (BOXING DAY).

The following trains will not run:

10.50 a.m. Auckland to Helensville.

12.30 p.m. Helensville to Auckland.

4.45 a.m. Mercer to Frankton.

7.35 p.m. Auckland to Mercer.

8.25 p.m. Mercer to Auckland.

The usual stock trains between Auckland and Frankton will not run.

A train will leave Kaupapa for Auckland at 7 a.m.

The usual 11 p.m. Auckland train will not leave Kaipara Flats till 2.45 p.m., Helensville 4.30, Henderson 6.0, arriving Auckland 7.2 p.m.

The usual 4.40 p.m. Helensville train will not leave Auckland till 7.40 p.m., and will run through to Kaupapa.

A train stopping where required will leave Hamilton for Ellerslie, Racecourse, and Auckland at 7 a.m., Otahuhu 11.7, arriving Racecourse 11.25 a.m.

A train will leave Auckland for Mercer at 7.12 p.m.

The usual 1.15 p.m. Frankton train will run through to Cambridge.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28th.

HAWK RACES AT DRURY.

A train will leave Auckland for Drury at 10.50 a.m., returning leaving Drury at 5.45 p.m. Extension Tickets, Auckland to Drury, will not be issued by express trains on this date.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29th.

The usual afternoon Kaupapa train will leave Auckland at 5.20 p.m.

A train will leave Auckland for Mercer at 7.12 p.m.

Goods and live stock traffic will be suspended on 25th and 26th December.

For full particulars of trains and fares see posters.

BY ORDER.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

RHODES SCHOLARSHIP.

The Professorial Board will proceed to the Nomination of a Candidate for a Rhodes Scholarship on 8th January, 1907. Applications for nomination, with accompanying testimonials, must reach the Chairman of the Board not later than MONDAY, January 7th, 1907.

The regulations and requirements are published in the New Zealand University Calendar.

D. W. HUNNIMAN, M.A., Registrar.

15th December, 1906.

Royal Hotel
AUCKLAND.
Best Accommodation for Tourists and Commercial Gentlemen.
Telephone 187. Elevator.
J. MORRISON,
Proprietor.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE BROUGH-FLEMING
COMEDY COMPANY.
Under the Direction of Mr Herbert
Flemming.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24.
FIRST PRODUCTION IN NEW ZEALAND
OF

DR. WAKE'S PATIENT

A New Play in 4 Acts by W. Gayer Mackay
and Robert Old.

MR HERBERT FLEMING as
ANDREW WAKE

MISS BEATRICE DAY as
LADY GERANIA

MRS BROUGH as
THE COUNTESS OF ST. OBYN

Box Plan at Wildman's.
Day Seats at His Majesty's Cafe.

PRICES AS USUAL.

CHORAL HALL.

FOUR CONCERTS—XMAS WEEK.
Commencing
BOXING NIGHT.

Frederic Shipman presents

MARIE NARELLE,

THE "QUEEN OF IRISH SONG."

Assisted by the Eminent Tenor,
CHESTER FENTRESS.
Accompanist, Constance Brandon-Usher.

PRICES—3/ 2/ 1/.

Box Plan at Wildman and Arey's.

FRANK TALBOT,
Representative of Mr Shipman.

CHORAL HALL.

Under the Patronage of His
Worship the Mayor, A. M. Myers, Esq.

FRIDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 24.
SATURDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 25.
SATURDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 22.

NEW ZEALAND'S OWN SINGERS.

MADAME CECILIA STAUNTON,

IN IRISH AND SCOTCH BALLADS,
IN GERMAN, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH
CLASSICAL SONGS.

Box Plan at Wildman and Arey's.

PRICES—4/ 3/ 2/.

Concerts at 8.30.

Miss Rose Musgrove, one of the best
and brightest operatic comediennes we
have ever had in New Zealand (who is,
of course, Australian) has an offer in
England to play a good part in a pro-
vincial tour of "The Dairymaids."

Madame Melba advises singers to sleep
with the windows open winter and sum-
mer; to take a hot bath, followed by a
cold shower, in the morning, and then to
use the dumb-bells; to walk with the
head up and the chest out, and to breathe
through the nostrils; to eat simple food,
and never to coddle themselves; to put
water in their wine; to take an after-
noon siesta, and to retire early; to
study language daily; and to give sev-
eral hours in every day to vocal study.

After playing a successful season in
Auckland, the Ward, Willoughby and
Grace Palotta combination left for Syd-
ney on Monday. Playgoers' opinions
on the plays presented varied, but,
though some pronounced the two farces
as "awful rot you know," still they
patronised them, and likewise laughed.
Miss Palotta, as usual, made a host of
friends, both in the theatre and in pri-
vate social circles.

Signora Duse, who is now in Vienna,
has just signed a contract with an in-

presario for a visit to South America.
The tour is to begin next spring, and is
to last three months, with Buenos Ayres,
Monte Video, Rio de Janeiro, and Valpara-
iso as its four principal points. Signora
Duse's guaranteed payment is to be
£28,000. It is added that when this
handsome sum has been safely housed
with her bankers, Signora Duse will say
good-bye to the stage for ever.

The work of the dramatic critic in
Rome will be nonewith considerably
simplified by the adoption of a theatric-
al voting machine, invented by Signor
Boggiano. In the "Giro," a theatrical
organ of the Italian capital, a full descrip-
tion is given of the working of this
this automatic contrivance, which in ap-
pearance resembles a penny-in-the-slot
machine. Every person in the audience on
buying a ticket receives with it a metal
disc, which at the end of the play, or
earlier, may be dropped into either of the
slots marked "Success" or "Failure." The
total number of voters is simultaneously
recorded.

Miss Lily Sutherland, the leading dan-
cer of the American Musical Comedy
Company, which produced "Fiddle-dee-
dee" at the Melbourne Opera House a
couple of years ago, recently appeared at
Los Angeles, California, and was subse-
quently waited on by the Mayor of the
town, who stated that the "society
people" from the east, who were holiday-
making there, had complained that her
skirts were too short. Miss Sutherland
promptly resigned her engagement rather
than lengthen her skirts, and left, stat-
ing that the costumes of the society
ladies bathing on the beach were such
that she could not suffer her husband to
remain in the locality.

Miss Ada Ferrar, who was in New
Zealand with the first "Sign of the
Cross" Company, is, says the London
"Era," a comedienne with a sense of
humour "on and off." The eldest of the
clever Ferrar sisters, she has been asso-
ciated with many of the best manage-
ments of the day, and played all sorts of
parts—from comedy to tragedy; from
Shakespeare to Pinero. Her sister Bea-
trice is equally well-known as an actress;
but Miss Jessie Ferrar—perhaps inspired
by the sight of matinee hats from over
the footlight—has left the stage and
evolved into Mme. Auburn, of Bond-
street. Perhaps Miss Ada Ferrar was
most successful in sinking her own per-
sonality, being completely changed in
voice, in look, in manner, in the part
of the old blind nurse, in the original
production of "Paolo and Francesca" at
the St. James' Theatre.

Some of the most interesting pages in
Mr. Bram Stoker's "Reminiscences of
Henry Irving" are occupied with the fam-
ous appearances of Irving and Edwin
Booth in "Othello"; and reading the
other day Mr. Francis Wilson's lately
published book on Joseph Jefferson we
came upon a reference to the American
tragedian which is worth quoting. Speak-
ing one Founder's Night at the Players'
Club in New York (the building and
content of which were the gift of Edwin
Booth to his American fellow-players),
Jefferson said: "Two years ago Edwin
Booth and I walked on the sea beach to-
gether, and with a strange prophetic kind
of poetry he likened the scene to his own
fading health, the falling leaves, the
withered seaweed, the dying grass upon
the shore, and the ebbing tide that was
fast receding from us. He told me that
he felt prepared to go, that he had for-
given his enemies, and could ever re-
joice in their happiness. Surely that was
a grand condition in which to step from
this world across the threshold to the
next."

Madame Cecilia Staunton, who is tour-
ing New Zealand on a combined busi-
ness and pleasure visit, has received a
very warm welcome from her almost in-

numerable friends in Auckland, and her
concerts in that city are sure to be well
attended. The popular contralto is
looking exceedingly well, and is as hand-
some as when the present writer first
heard her sing "Alas, Those Chimes" in
"Maritana." Madame Staunton looked
the part of Lazarillo to perfection, and
one can also quite understand that in
the Old Country she scored an immense
success as Carmen. The part is just
one to suit her, and the tavern scene with
Don Jose should be "her meat," as the
Yankees put it. One is glad to note that
the famous "Habvena" figures on her
programmes. In Europe Madame Staun-
ton studied under Marchesi, and as her
Press notices are all greatly eulogistic
those who go to hear her on her present
visit should certainly have a treat. Her
Auckland concerts are announced for
Friday and Saturday next, December 21
and 22.

The innumerable friends of the Wirth
Bros. will be glad to hear that the fam-
ous circus is still going remarkably
strong. At latest advices the concern
was simply paralysing the youth and
intelligence of Launceston—where the
pretty girls come from. The local critic
was obviously much impressed, and
wrote as follows:—"One frequently
hears the assertion that 'to see one cir-
cus is to see the lot,' but those whose
privilege it was to witness the perfor-
mance in connection with Wirth Bros.
circus last evening had that long-cher-
ished delusion dispelled. The managers
had unfolded a tent large enough to ac-
commodate nearly half the population of
Launceston, and the audience that greet-
ed the performers was tremendous.
That the show justly deserved such pat-
ronage will be echoed by everyone, for
it is undeniably one of the largest and
best circuses that has ever visited Tas-
mania. This is no mere platitude, but
the honest opinion of almost every pat-
ron. The performance abounds with
variety, and includes a degree of thrill-
ing work which satisfies the most de-
vout lover of the element of risk. In
reviewing a programme consisting of
nearly thirty items one must necessarily
pass many worthy of a detailed notice,
for it is impossible, to dispose of the
'leading lights' with a mere line. With-
out the slightest hesitation, the palm
of merit may be awarded to Hugu Pat-
rick Lloyd, whose acrobatic performance
upon an elastic cord was nothing less
than marvellous. It appeared as though
he had long since eliminated the word
'impossible' from his vocabulary, for he
bounced about, and danced, and turned
somersaults with an ease and grace that
drew forth deafening applause—not
mere hand-clapping, but lusty cheers.

It is seldom we have the opportunity
of hearing a vocalist of such high stand-
ing as Miss Marie Narelle, but ample
opportunity of doing so will be given
next week, as Mr. Shipman, her manager,
announces that four concerts will be
given in the Choral Hall, the opening one
of the series being on Boxing Night.
"The Queen of Irish Song," as she is
termed, has now a world-wide reputation
as a singer of Irish ballads, and her
interpretation of them is said to be a
revelation to those who have not yet
heard her in those charming melodies.
It is said the simplest ditty as ren-
dered by Miss Narelle is elevated into
the region of higher music, and given a
dignified theme. She raises ballad music
to its highest power. Mr. Fentress, the
tenor, ably seconds Miss Narelle in
making their concerts such artistic suc-
cesses. He is reported to have a voice
of beautiful quality, which blends most
harmoniously with the soprano's in the
several duets in their repertoires. Miss
Constance Brandon-Usher, a graduate
of the Leipzig Conservatorium, and is
greatly praised by the critics for her
finished solo work, and sympathetic
accompaniments. Chester Fentress, the
tenor of the Marie Narelle Company,
was specially chosen in London for the
Australasian tour, a choice that has been
amply justified by the great success he
has achieved. He is said to have in
full measure the artistic temperament
without which no singer can ever hope
to gain any great distinction, while his
voice is pronounced by the critics to be
of the finest quality and highly culti-
vated. These qualifications, added to a
fine platform appearance, have given him
the high place he now holds in the mu-
sical world. His first appearance here
with Miss Narelle will be awaited with
great interest.

During the tour of New Zealand by
the Brough-Flemming Company, no less
than four new pieces will be produced,
two of which have recently been secured
by cable negotiation. The company ter-
minated a most successful season at the
Princess Theatre, Melbourne, on Satur-
day last, and left Sydney for Auckland
on Wednesday. The company open at
His Majesty's Theatre on Boxing Night,
the piece chosen being "Dr. Wake's
Patient," which has proved to be one of
the most successful plays in the reper-
toire. The "Melbourne Age" says of
"Dr. Wake's Patient":—"It is one of
the few plays that improve on acquaint-
ance. As a bright, powerful, healthy
comedy, nothing like it has been seen
here since Carton's "Lord and Lady
Algy" was produced by the Broughs a
few years ago. Its dialogue is a model
to aspiring playwrights, being bright
and clever without a suspicion of the
straining after epigram which character-
ises so many modern plays. As a re-
flection of the times in which we live,
"Dr. Wake's Patient" is a play that
deserves a place in the history of drama.
The piece set down for the second pro-
duction in Auckland will be "Mrs. Gor-
ringe's Necklace," a three-act comedy
by Mr. Hubert Henry Davis, which was
produced in London by Sir Charles Wynd-
ham, and enjoyed a run of close on
twelve months.

The Relation Came.

There was a great dinner being kept
waiting. After a while the maid was
called and the mistress said: "Serve the
dinner; there is no one else to come
except a relation of little importance."

Five minutes afterward the maid an-
nounced in a loud tone:
"The relation of little importance!"

The engagement is announced of Mr.
J. L. Yarrton, Nukualofa, Tonga, (local
manager of Burns, Philps and Co., Ltd.),
son of the late G. Swinerton Yarrton,
of Westminster (who was one of the
ablest solicitors in Sydney, N.S.W., dur-
ing 1850-1870), to Miss Riechelmann,
daughter of Mr. A. Riechelmann, Nukua-
lofa Tonga.

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Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you are well. Thank you very much for the badge; but one of my sisters lost the eyes out of it. We are going to break up school in two more weeks. Yes, the girl that wrote before is my sister. We are all looking forward to the Christmas holidays. I like rowing in boats. Our dog Joe bites our own hens. We have a lot of eggs, and we do not care. We shall keep him, because he will bite the people stealing our eggs and fruit. There were twelve in our family, but one died. If you come here you will only see hot springs and geysers and the mountains. I must conclude, with best wishes.—I remain, yours truly, TAI.

[Dear Cousin Tai,—I am sorry you don't like the red badge as well as the blue, but if you had told me which colour you wanted at first I would have sent it to you; in fact, I wish when you write for badges all of you would say what colour you want. What are you going to do in the holidays, just row round and enjoy yourselves? Don't you feel sorry for the hens when Joe is let loose? It seems rather cruel to them to let them be bitten like that. All the same, I wish we had a dog that would bite small boys because they steal all our fruit every year. What a number of you there are; I thought we were bad enough, but there are only six of us. Don't you think it is worth while going all that way just to see hot springs, geysers, and the mountains?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—You see my thumb is not in working order yet, though it is certainly much better. It was rather badly crushed, and nearly broken; the big gate swung to and caught it. Mary was quite upset over her short letter, and she says it is all my fault. You see, she would type hers because I was typing mine, and as I had to superintend and space for her, I found it a very tedious process, and naturally cut it as short as possible. Judging from the scorn with which she rejected the services of the typewriter and myself, I should think you would have a whole budget from her next time. I did enjoy Cousin Winnie's Exhibition letter, and Cousin Hero's book-letter. We are going down to the Exhibition in January, and I am now looking forward to seeing the lovely fernery. I am sure you will like "The Road Mender" by Michael Fairless. As Hero says, it is beautiful. I have not read "Round the World on a Wheel" but I found "Canada as it is" very interesting. Have you read "The Princess Passes"? I like it so much, and would like to read more by the same author. But one cannot always be very sure. I liked "The Prisoner of Zenda," and its sequel very much, but when I read others by Anthony Hope I did not like them at all; "The Servant of the Public," "Quisante," and "The Intrusions of Peggy." Do you care for gardening, Cousin Kate? Mary

and I have each a garden, but I am afraid mine is rather neglected. I do not seem to get much time for gardening. Mary has a splendid show of carnations. I am getting very tired. I am not used to using the typewriter, so I must stop now.—You loving cousin, CONSTANCE.

[Dear Cousin Constance.—I am sorry your hand is not better. It must have been dreadfully painful. I can understand Mary's disgust, because what you think is quite a long letter looks dreadfully short in print. I have often been annoyed in the same way. However, I am looking forward to her budget, and hope it will come soon. Cousin Winnie's letter did make one long to go down and see all the Exhibition for oneself, didn't it? How you will enjoy your trip. I have read "The Princess Passes," and most of C. N. Williamson's other books, and liked them very much; the best of them all I think is "The Barnstormers." I am sure you would enjoy it immensely, too. I often wonder how a man who could write such a good book as "The Prisoner of Zenda" could ever write such rubbish as some of his other books are: "The Heart of the Prince Osa," for instance. I have been working hard in the garden lately, but don't enjoy it very much.—Cousin Kate.]

The Voyage of the "Lyah."

A STORY OF BATH NIGHT.

(By H. Alexander.)

It all began through nurse forgetting to turn the tap off. When Tony found the water creeping up and up over his shoulders, and again and again up till his Adam's apple would have been drowned if it had been outside, he began to enjoy himself.

The water was not very hot, that is, it would have taken well over an hour to have boiled even a robin's egg in it, but it made more steam than forty helpings of beef-steak pudding. Lovely steam it was; it poured up, and then sat floating about like dust from a thumped sofa. Before long there was a regular fog. But Tony didn't care; he knew too well the fun to be got out of looking for yourself in a hot bath, and when you have found yourself, scratching for the nail-brush, and very likely catching it boxing the soap's ears, or trying to puncture the sponge and sink it. Besides, Tony had a ship in the bath with him; hardly a ship, perhaps, something between an Atlantic liner and a walnut shell.

It was one of those boats that have no rudder; the man in the shop says they don't need them, and if you ask again, he says: "Well, sir, you got a halpenny change out of sevenpence, and you can't expect everything at that price." There were no comforts on board, like billiard-rooms and nurseries, not even so much as a hat-peg, but it was a jolly good boat for all that, at least, so Tony thought.

By this time the fog had become worse, and was just like a lot of artichoke soup would be if you could get it to stand up, and not sit down every time.

And all this while Tony had been bath-biking (that is, pedalling at the

water), partly for the fun of making a storm, and partly so as to mix the new hot water with the other, when all of a sudden appeared the boat plunging its way through the foaming soap-suds straight for his nose. But either it had grown very large, or Tony had grown very unlitte! It is my belief that Tony had shrunk a great deal, either from being washed in too hot water, or from being dried in too much of a hurry. At any rate, he now exactly fitted the deck, and was sitting straddle-legs across it before anyone ever tried to say "knife," blowing on the sail as hard as he could, and away went the boat bobbing over the billows.

But the next moment a gurgling, rumbling noise caught his ear, and at the same time he noticed that they were moving much faster than before. It was the kind of noise you would not like to meet on a dark night alone, and on board ship, in a fog, and in a bath, coming from near the plug-chain—well, it sent Tony's heart into his mouth with a flop, and he had the greatest difficulty in swallowing it again.

And very good cause, he had to be frightened, let me tell you, for it was the sound of water pouring over the edge of the overflow slit, and tumbling down to goodness knows where. Not till it was too late to turn back did it occur to Tony that he and his boat were being sucked along straight for the grinning slit in the end of the bath. Even if he had been able to reach the shore he could not have landed, for the side of the bath made a sheer slippery precipice, up which no one could have walked without first smearing his feet with secoline. Faster and faster now, till with a swish and a swirl down dived the boat over the edge of the overflow.

Tony was as near as two pins thrown from his seat, and would have been had he not bumped himself all down his middle against the mast.

Oh, what a fall! Oh, what a horrid tumble! Falling down a pipe on a boat is far worse than falling up a chimney in a soup tureen.

Away down they fell, past the drawing-room, where mother was, past the partry where the housemaid was, past the kitchen where the policeman was, seeing that there was not too much arsenic in the beef, and then splash!

The good ship, with Tony chub-bing on round its neck, plunged head first in, and was up again on the top of the water so quickly that Tony did not even get wet.

The great river on which he found himself flowed swiftly along, carrying the boat with it as fast as the speed rules allowed.

Now, the only people who lived near this river, which was called the River Mansoon, were tribes of nts, whose front doors opened right on to the stream. They were rude, greedy, contented, and more savage even than that. Without any warning the largest and strongest suddenly rushed for Tony, licking his bloodthirsty chops as it came, and smiling from ear to ear at the thought of a cheap lunch. As luck would have it, this person, whose name was R. Odent, was old as well as savage, and getting quite short-sighted. In his hurry to capture his prize, he had forgotten his spectacles, a piece of carelessness which cost him his life. On he came, swimming fast and strong, overtaking the ship at every stride, and

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there sat Tony hugging the mast, too terrified even to shriek. At last Randolph, for that was his Christian name, opened wide his ugly mouth, uttered one hissing neigh, and closed it with a snarl. On Tony? No. He had just missed him, and his teeth sinking deep into the ship just where a rotten place had been filled with putty, had stuck as fast as an express train.

Randolph Odent was cross, very cross indeed. There sat Tony, the very tiniest distance in front of him, and come what might, Randolph meant to lurch off him. Being cross did not, however, prevent him from being a fool. His one idea for reaching Tony was to go faster, so as to catch up the tiny space that separated them, with the result that he pushed the ship down the Manesoor at a tremendous rate, and reached the place where it joins the sea just before closing time, having broken the rules all the way.

As they floated out into the bright daylight, the boat came to a standstill, for the very good reason that there was no longer any stream, and that Randolph was dead. Dead from taking such violent exercise at his time of life; dead from something to do with "stitch." It must have been this, for when Tony had quite satisfied himself that he wasn't shamming, by shouting "Cats" once or twice, he had no difficulty in pulling his skin off. The fact of the matter was that he had become unstitched, and peeled as easily as a tangerine orange. And lucky it was for Tony that Randolph did peel easily, for hardly had he wrapped the nice warm coat round him, leaving the tail hanging overboard as a rudder, when a strong northerly breeze sprang up from behind a bush, which sent the Lyah, for so the ship was afterwards named, scudding out to sea.

Where to go was the first thing to decide, for Tony knew that he would have to go somewhere in order to ask the way back. He remembered having heard his father speak of the Lark-of-the-Whether, and, though he wasn't quite sure of his address, fancied it was something like Meaty Illogical Offised, so gave the rat's tail a push, and kept the nose of the Lyah straight for where he felt sure the Meaty Illogical Offised must be.

"Alas, it would take too long to tell you of all the wonderful things that happened on the voyage. One day it was a great bully of a shrimp kicking an overgrown codfish; then half a score of oysters playing ducks and drakes with themselves along the top of the sea. Another day it was a party of be-headed sardines chasing a weary kipper in a motor boat made out of a sardine box. None of them knew how to work the engines, which were really their own heads, so they all crowded round pouring sardine oil on them, and screaming at them to go faster, as the kipper looked like flying up into the sky. Then there was the man who carelessly threw a lighted match over the side of a passing steamer, and very nearly set the Lyah on fire, so nearly that it was only saved by a whale squirting up a pillar of water, which fortunately fell on the match and put it out. But I must not forget the kind old lady who threw a bun to Tony. She was a nice old lady, only she was very angry that the bun had missed Miss Snappy's ear at which it was aimed. So many ships were passed on the way, and so many good things to eat thrown to him by the kind passengers, that Tony was never once hungry.

One fine morning he saw in the distance a small island, and all around him in the sea buoys with fingers pointing to it, and "To The Meaty Illogical Offised" pointed on them.

In less than an hour Tony had landed on the island, and was ringing the bell at the front door of a funny-looking house with a round roof. The name on the garden gate was "The Greenish Absurder-story," and below this was a brass plate, with Mr. Annie Royd, Lark-of-the-Whether.

Presently the door opened, and the Lark-of-the-Whether put his face out and said: "It is not going to snow today; but there will either be a calm, some wind, or a gale. My name is Annie Royd, though I am a man, so can I do anything for you?"

"I want to go home," answered Tony. "I sailed all the way here from home specially to ask you the way."

Mr. Royd, who was very strong in the legs from running after lightning, which, by the way, he never caught, and very weak in the head from counting rain-

drops and snowflakes as they fell, took down a large barometer from the wall and cried: "Now, my lad, temperature first! I have a lot to do with all sorts of diseases, so slip this under your tongue for a few minutes." At the same time he put the thin end of a long telescope on Tony's chest, and the fat end against his own ear, and went on: "Say ninety-nine if you can; if not, say as many as you can manage. You see you may have cut your finger without noticing it, and this is the only sure way of telling."

"Oh, please tell me how to get back home," interrupted Tony. "I like you very much, but mother and nurse are waiting to dry me, and the tap is still running."

"Ah! I see," continued Annie Royd, shutting up the telescope, "what you want is some weather. Good! I have any amount of it, and all sorts. You see these weather-glasses" (here he pointed to three tumblers on the sideboard); "they are wonderful inventions of my own. If I put them out on the lawn all night, and find them full of water in the morning, I know it has been raining; if they are full of ink, I know it has been inking. I can do almost anything to the weather with them. At present I am sorry to say that they are a little out of order, and it only made matters worse when I tried to nail them in again; so you'll have to have the same weather as there is today till I get the glasses mended, which may take years."

"But I want to get home, and if the weather keeps the same I can't, because this wind blew me here; and as my ship only cost sixpence-halfpenny, I can't expect to go both ways in it. What am I to do, dear Mr. Annie Royd?"

"It looks as if you would have to stop here, and help me to make Twinkle, which I sell to the stars—unless—quick, tell me when you want to get back!"

Royd shouted the last part, and grew quite excited.

Tony explained all about the mist in the bath, the river Manesoor, and the voyage, as shortly as possible, and said he wanted to get back to the bath by seven o'clock, for that was his bath time, and he would then be sure to be found.

"Have you ever heard of evaporating?" asked the Lark-of-the-Whether.

"No," answered Tony.

"Well, it means that the Sun pulls things up into the sky by threads of gold which are called sunbeams, and then hides them inside clouds. They do a lot of it here and pull up a great deal of sea water along the golden threads, as that is the cheapest stuff we keep. There is an evaporation that starts from here at half-past one, and you have just time to catch it. When you get to the end of the golden line and into the cloud you change there and have to wait a bit for the down rain. While you wait the cloud junction moves along, so sometimes ever so far."

All this while they had been hurrying to the shore, where the Lyah lay, and as soon as they arrived Tony took his seat, and Mr Royd began splashing water over him and the boat, so as to get him taken up in mistake for sea water.

In a few moments some of the golden threads, called sunbeams, began tying themselves round the end of the bowsprit, under the boat and round the rat's tail, and a second or two later Tony felt the Lyah being lifted out of the water, and being drawn up into the sky. Up and up they slid, till they came to the cloud, which was beautifully soft like cotton wool, only you could walk through it, and was all lined with silver, so they told him. After a wait of what seemed to him weeks, the down rain suddenly started, but this time the lines were made of water, and much colder than the sunbeams. Soon there appeared far below a little stream bubbling down the side of a hill, which appeared to be coming rapidly to meet him.

As they drew nearer the brakes were put on, and the Lyah finally lowered on to the stream without so much as a splash, when she at once skinned rapidly away down the current. The river grew wider and wilder, and then flowed into a large lake, across which the wind blew them very fast. You can imagine what a fright Tony was in when at the far side of the lake he saw the water rushing into a tunnel, and had hardly seen it before the Lyah was rushing in too.

When the tunnel began to get narrower, and more hilly and more cornery, Tony guessed what was to happen. He was to get back into the bath through one of the taps just as he had left it,

and he felt he would have to send Mr. Annie Royd a Christmas card to thank him for all his kindness. Without any warning he was suddenly swished and jolted round several sharp turnings, and shot out with a plump into the bath, just in time to hear the last stroke of seven on the townhall clock.

The good food he had eaten on his voyage immediately began to take effect, and in two or three minutes he found himself grown again to his old size. Presently the door opened. "You're late," shouted Tony through the steamy mist; "seven struck some time ago."

"Why dear-a-me, who's that?" cried a voice, which Tony recognised as belonging to the old nurse of the boy next door. "You, Master Tony Traveller! What on earth are you doing in Master

Stephen's bath, bringing in your nasty boots, too, to make a sloppy mess with!"

Tony told her that Mr. Annie Royd must have mistaken the tap, and that it wasn't his fault.

When they had wrapped him up and taken him home next door, he told them all exactly what happened during the voyage, but his mother seemed unable to understand, and his father didn't try, and went off muttering something about writing a note of apology.

In fact, mother, father, nurse, house-maid, cook, were all so rude about it that Tony refused to tell what happened to anyone else except me, for he knew I should understand, and tell other people so that they would understand, as I hope you do.

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VISIT OF THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS.

DRAWN GAME AT AUCKLAND.

The first match of the Marylebone Cricket Club's team in New Zealand was played at Auckland on the 14th, 15th, and 17th at Auckland, and resulted in a draw. The scores were as under:—

ENGLAND—First Innings.

C. E. De Trafford, c Hussey, b Kerr	6
P. R. Johnson, lbw, b White	64
J. W. H. T. Douglas, c Mason, b Hussey	26
W. B. Burns, b White	14
C. C. Page, c Hussey, b White	0
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, c Sale, b White	23
G. T. Branston, b Hussey	10
W. J. H. Curwen, b White	0
Captain E. G. Wynyard, not out	11
N. C. Tufnell, b Hussey	0
P. R. May, lbw, b White	14
Extras	4
Total	172

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
A. Kerr	16	1	41	1
A. Hadden	7	1	29	0
C. Olliff	6	1	29	0
J. Hussey	10	2	48	3
P. White	12 1-3	2	21	6

Olliff bowled five no-balls and Hussey one no-ball.

AUCKLAND.—First Innings.

E. G. Hennis, c Wynyard, b Branston	64
F. R. Mason, b May	1
J. M. Hussey, b Simpson-Hayward	1
C. Olliff, c Branston, b Simpson-Hayward	0
E. V. Sale, b May	28
A. Haddon, not out	56
W. B. Smith, b Branston	8
A. Hadden, lbw, b S. Hayward	4
W. Robinson, b S. Hayward	0
A. Kerr, lbw, b S. Hayward	1
T. White, b S. Hayward	0
Extras	32
Total	195

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
May	19	4	46	2
Douglas	16	1	43	0
S. Hayward	23 1-3	6	39	6
Branston	11	2	36	2

M.C.C., Second Innings.

C. E. de Trafford, run out	13
P. R. Johnson, c Olliff, b Hussey	2
J. W. H. T. Douglas, c Haddon, b Olliff	36
W. B. Burns, b Olliff	9
C. C. Page, c Robinson, b Howden	4
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, b Howden	23
G. T. Branston, st Robinson, b Haddon	73
W. J. H. Curwen, lbw, b Howden	4
Captain Wynyard, not out	48
N. C. Tufnell, lbw, b Haddon	0
P. R. May, b Howden	6
Extras	23
Total	241

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
P. White	16	2	24	0
J. Hussey	12	3	28	1
C. Olliff	18	6	51	2
A. Hadden	16 5-6	5	29	4
A. Kerr	11	2	38	0
F. R. Mason	8	1	28	0
A. Haddon	3	1	20	2

AUCKLAND.—Second Innings.

T. G. Hennis, c Curwen, b Douglas	80
J. M. Hussey, b Douglas	11
F. R. Mason, b Douglas	0
A. Haddon, c Douglas, b Branston	0
E. V. Sale, b May	15
W. Brooke-Smith, not out	12
Extras	13
Total for five wickets	131

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
P. R. May	9	1	27	1
Simpson-Hayward	13	0	44	0
Douglas	7 2-4	2	22	3
Branston	8	5	7	1
Curwen	5	1	18	0

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

"THE TIMES" COOK CLUB.

Everyone has heard of "The Times" Book Club, but the energies of our only threepenny daily paper are by no means limited to fighting the battle of the books. Whether it was that "books" suggested "cooks" one cannot say, but the fact remains that "The Times" is now extending its new and up-to-date American methods to the servants' agency business. Advertise in "The Times," and our threepenny Thunderer will find a situation for you; or if you are an employer, "The Times" will find you a servant, provided, of course, that you advertise in its columns. Here is its appeal to the cooks and parlour-maids and butlers of England, addressed to them in the form of a circular:—

"It is very much to your advantage to take a situation in a family where 'The Times' is taken. A family which pays threepence for a daily paper (which is the price of 'The Times') instead of a penny or a halfpenny, is evidently a family of the best class, keeping a number of servants, so that they are company for each other.

"These families (i.e., families taking in a threepenny daily paper) are not cheap, commonplace people, but good families, having fine establishments, and too anxious to have everything of the best not to keep plenty of servants for the work to be done."

Delightful, is it not, to find "The Times" inspiring Jenness with a lofty contempt for the "cheap, commonplace people" who spend less than threepence on a daily paper? Our leading daily also appeals to employers of servants:—"The Times" will, at its West End advertising office, undertake to obtain servants for employers on a new and convenient plan. An advertisement will be inserted in "The Times" and the answers received by a competent staff at the West End advertisement office, who have had long experience in finding servants for employers.

"Servants whose characters have been first investigated as above will be selected, and sent to call on the employer by the appointment of the latter, until a satisfactory one has been engaged."

Employers are asked to fill in the following form:—

Particulars of servant required.

"The Times" West End Advertisement Office,
376, Oxford-street, London W.
To the Manager,—

I require a servant as described below, and will pay, when suited, "The Times" fee of (to include an advertisement in "The Times"). (Here follows a complete description of the kind of servant required.)

For this service "The Times" makes the following charges, payable only when the servant has been found:—

In town, 11/6 (annual subscribers to "The Times" 10/6).

Out of town, 13/8 (annual subscribers to "The Times" 12/6).

"The Times" denies that it is running a servants' agency, but it is clear that "The Times" Cook Club," as the "Daily Mirror" happily terms it, only differs from the ordinary agency in that the fee is inclusive of the cost of an advertisement. "O tempora, O mores!"

"THE HUSTLERS ALMANAC."

The "Times" Book Club is at length justified. The controversy raging round the "Thunderer's" excursion into the booksellers' realm has inspired the authors of that extremely funny skit on the "Times" Encyclopedia, "Wisdom While You Wait," to produce a laughter-compelling brochure, published by Mr Atkinson Rivers, entitled "Signs of the Times; or the Hustlers' Almanac for 1907." It is dedicated "with the deepest sympathy to the shade of John D. Laine," and will contribute greatly to the general gaiety, though it may not be cheering to the troubled spirits in Printing House-square. The satire is not directed wholly against the "Times," and many other subjects come within its

scope; but the most brilliant flashes of its wit are called forth by recent events with which the "Times" has been associated.

It is described as "The New York Times" (London edition), and as "the only paper which gives itself away daily." Here are the first entries in the diary of events:—

"Jan. 1st (Tuesday).—Opening of the 'Times' Meat Club and Restaurant for subscribers and their friends, under the joint management of the Judicious Hooper and Mr Moberly Bell.

"2 (Wednesday).—Furious protest of the Butchers' Association meeting at the Tower under the presidency of the senior Defeater, against the offer of the 'Times' to give away hash on the second day of a joint.

"3 (Thursday).—Meat war continued. ... K 874/913 writes to the 'Times' to say he considers the Meat Club a national boon. He had never really enjoyed a steak until he joined it.

"4 (Friday).—Meat war discovered by the 'Daily Mail,' which asks 'Which will win?' Articles from Mr Hall Caine offering as a test case to supply everybody visiting his new play at Drury Lane with a real cutlet from the Call of Man. Violent sympathy of the 'Daily Mail' with this humane and self-sacrificing offer.

"5 (Saturday).—Meat war continued. Interviews in all the papers with Mr Moberly Bell. ... He says that the 'Times' intends to give away hash until the last trump. W1704/8423 writes to the 'Times' to say 'It is a lovely Meat Club.' A Rutlandshire rector also writes to say that, being in London the day before, he had availed himself of the privilege of membership, and enjoyed the first meat meal he had partaken of for fourteen years."

The struggle continues, with many diverting incidents, for several days, until the announcement of the engagement of a peer's daughter to a sinner at the Rotherhithe Paragon takes the world by storm, and the Meat War passes into complete oblivion.

"The 'Times' starts many clubs during this eventful year, and each adventure leads to a war, in which Mr Hall Caine and Mr Frederic Harrison invariably intervene. There is a "Co-operative" Clothing Club, a "Times" Egg Club, which is denounced by Lord Justice Henn Collins; a "Times" Royal Academy, which leads to a picture war; a "Times" Private Motoring Truck for the use of subscribers; and a Cigar Club "for the supply of Real Havana Cigars at Pickwick prices."

In November, according to this veracious forecast, remarkable events occur:

"2 (Friday).—Establishment of the 'Times' Beer Club for supplying drink gratuitously to all subscribers to the 'Times,' and under its influence inducing them to buy two copies instead of one.

"2 (Saturday).—Gigantic success of the 'Times' Beer Club. Attracted by promise of free beer, three million persons subscribe to the 'Times.' Despair of the 'Daily Mail' Riot Act read in Oxford-street.

"3 (Sunday).—Pulpit references by the Rev. F. B. Meyerbeer, the Rev. John Page Hopps, and Dr. Rogers Guinness.

"6 (Wednesday).—Beer War continues. 'Times' sustains severe rebuff. M. 4824/1397 arrested for being drunk outside premises of Beer Club. Mr Arthur Walter, to restore public confidence, changes the name of his stately home to Beerwood, while Mr Bell changes his first name to Soberly.

"6 (Wednesday).—Beer War continues. Mr Hall Caine, writing in the 'Daily Mail,' proposes a compromise. He will, he says, sell a dozen of Chateau Grecha, for which he is in the habit of receiving 6/ from Hackpool trippers, for 2/6 net, on condition that the consumer visits his play and conceals his true opinion of it."

Finally, to avert the awful consequences of a beer famine in Germany, the club is patriotically dissolved.

On Christmas Eve the "Times" Undertaking Bureau, "for the free interment of subscribers to that journal," is ordered, but as the year ends the record happily runs:—

"Return of the 'Times' to legitimate newspaper enterprise. Day of national rejoicing."

Famous Lady Swimmer's Scare.

Miss Anette Kellerman's most exciting experience happened, oddly enough, when she was not "in the swim," but quietly paddling round a tank after her performance was over and the audience had left the theatre. She had quite forgotten that it was customary to empty the tank by means of a pipe at the bottom, and her surprise and fear can be well imagined when she suddenly felt a mysterious suction under the water, dragging her down. For once the fair champion felt a shudder of dismay, and wildly seized the handle of a broom that was lying across one corner of the tank. Her cry of distress brought half a dozen men to the brink of the water, and by their united efforts she was helped into safety. Whenever Miss Kellerman uses the phrase about a drowning man clinging to a straw, she substitutes the word "broomstick."

The Great Game in Berlin.

Among the small boys of Berlin all games have given way before the game of the day, that of playing at "Gaunerstreich." The other day a very small boy was met weeping bitterly near a crowd of other lively urchin in motley uniform. On being questioned as to the source of all this woe, he blubbered: "All the other boys have been 'Hauptmann von Koenigk' in turns; only I—I—have always to be the 'B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B' and he stuck his fists in his eyes and wept anew."

DIARRHOEA & DYSENTRY
For immediate relief. It acts like a charm in DIARRHOEA and COLIC.
THE ONLY KNOWN SPECIFIC IN DYSENTRY and CHOLERA.
FREEMAN'S CHLORODYNE.
Sold in Bottles, 1/14, 2/6, and 4/6 each, by all Chemists and Stores throughout Australasia.
Sole Manufacturers:—
FREEMAN'S CHLORODYNE, LTD.
LONDON, S.E.
CAUTION.—See that the Trade Mark "THE REXHAME" is on the wrapper when ordering FREEMAN'S ORIGINAL CHLORODYNE.

Sportsmen Visiting Exhibition
don't fail
To Inspect the Magnificent Exhibit of
ELEY'S CARTRIDGES.
This exhibit comprehends all the various kinds of Cartridges manufactured by ELEY BROS., and indicates the standard of excellence to which the making of Cartridges has been carried by this world-famous firm. In every respect a display absolutely unsurpassed of
RELIABLE AND UNEQUALLED CARTRIDGES.
ELEY BROS., Ltd., London

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Mr and Mrs Walter Barker (Gisborne) returned from Auckland last week.

Miss Hunter (Hamilton) is on a visit to Gisborne.

Mrs James (Wanganui) is on a visit to Gisborne.

Mr and Mrs F. Kennedy (Gisborne) returned from Christchurch last week.

Mrs Houdy Elliott (Wellington) returned home last week.

Mr. R. L. Ziman has passed his final for the L.L.B. examination.

Mr. Alfred Kidd, M.H.R., returned on Sunday from a visit to Wanganui.

Mr. R. W. de Montalk returned to Auckland from Christchurch on Sunday.

Mr. Mrs and Miss Pyke (Gisborne) left on a visit to Christchurch and Invercargill last week.

Mr. Samuel Bradley returned to Onehunga from Rotorua last week, much benefited by the change.

Mr W. S. La Trobe, director of the Wellington Technical School, is in Auckland on a holiday visit.

The Hon. W. Beelan, M.L.C., was a passenger this afternoon by the Waikare for Gisborne.

Mr. Harry Pittar, who has been touring through Rotorua and Okoroire in his motor car, has returned to Auckland.

Mrs. Hughes and Miss Brigham, who have been on a visit to Fiji for some months, returned to Auckland last week.

Mr T. E. Donne, chief of the Tourist Department, after a flying visit to Te Aroha, went on to Rotorua last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. A. Morrison left Auckland last week on a short visit to Nelson.

Mr. J. B. McKinney, of the clerical staff of Messrs. J. Bycroft, Ltd., has been appointed general secretary of the Invercargill Y.M.C.A.

Mr D. Ross, the newly-appointed stock inspector for Hawke's Bay, is said to be one of the brightest story writers in the colony.

Mr C. Hall, M.H.R. for Waipawa, is on a visit to Hamilton. His intention is to spend two or three weeks at Rotorua, as he has been unwell of late.

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, Gladstone-road, Parnell, leave on Saturday for Okoroire, where they will spend the Christmas and New Year vacation.

Miss Forbes Shepherd, of Auckland, who met with a painful accident to her arm some weeks ago, is now recovering, and able to be about.

Miss Violet Macdonald, of Kaipara, arrived in Auckland last week, and left on Thursday to visit relatives in Wanganui.

Mrs. and the Misses Ruddle, Parnell, leave Auckland on Saturday for Waiwera to spend Christmas and New Year at that charming holiday resort.

Mrs. and the Misses Ireland arrived in Auckland from Rotorua last week, and are now settled in their own home, Hulme Court, Parnell, for Christmas.

Mrs. George Edgecombe and family left Auckland last week to join Mr. Edgecombe at Palmerston North, where their future home is to be.

Miss Esther Beale, Cleveland-road, Parnell, intends spending a short holiday at Waiwera, and leaves for that place next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mearsack, St. George's Bay-road, Parnell, returned from New Plymouth last week, and left on Monday for Waiwera, where they intend to spend Christmas.

Mr. H. M. Watt, architect, for the Auckland Board of Education, left for Wellington on Sunday to attend the New Zealand Conference of Architects, to be held this week.

A Press Association telegram states that it is proposed Mr. H. Dunbar Johnson, late Judge of the Native Land Court, will succeed Capt. Mair as Native Land Purchase Agent for Wanganui and Taranaki.

Mrs. J. B. Hay and Miss Pearl Hay, Auckland, left by the Karawa on Saturday last en route for Wellington to catch the steamer for England. They intend to be away from Auckland for about a year.

Mr. R. Hobbs left by the Wakatere last week via the Thames and Te Aroha for Rotorua, where on Sunday last the new Methodist Church was opened by the Rev. Geo. Bond, of St. John's, Ponsonby-road.

Mr. Somerville, Mauroa, King Country, passed through Auckland last week on his return home. He has spent the last few weeks at the Christchurch Exhibition and visiting relations in Dunedin.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Whakapirau, Kaipara, passed through Auckland last week on their way to Rotorua. They will spend a few days there and will then go down the Wanganui River, returning to Auckland for the New Year races.

Mr D. S. Chisholm, of Nelson College, has been appointed third assistant at the Waikato Boys' High School, and Miss Alice Watt, of Dunedin, junior assistant of the Waikato Girls' High School.

Rev. Bro. John, assistant general of the Marxist Brothers' order, and the Rev. Bro. Stratonique, also assistant-general, have arrived in Auckland. The Brothers are of a body of eight assistant-generals of the Order. Rev. Bro. Victor, provincial for Australasia and Oceania, is to arrive shortly.

Cambridge lost a very useful member of its community last week, when Mr. John H. Edwards left by train, en route for Gisborne, where he has received an appointment. He resided in Cambridge for about eight years, and during that time he has always been to the fore in matters musical, and in most social functions.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Ambury, and Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Jones, who recently returned from a nine months' tour of Europe, were last week the guests of a reception meeting held at the Pitt-street Methodist Church. A very large gathering welcomed them back, and a most enjoyable evening was spent with speeches, music, etc.

Mr. G. W. Allsopp, A.R.I.B.A., left for Australia by the Victoria on Monday, the object of his visit being the special study of public and private hospitals in Australia and Tasmania. He expects to be absent about six weeks, and will return via the South, visiting the hospitals in the various Southern centres on his way up to Auckland.

Mr. E. V. Sem, who has been chief clerk at the Auckland Post Office for about seven years, has been promoted to the position of Assistant-Inspector of the Midland Section, which comprises the postal districts of Christchurch, Timaru, Blenheim, Nelson, Westport, Greymouth, and Hokitika, with headquarters at Christchurch. Mr. Sem leaves Auckland about the third week in January. Mr. Sem's promotion is well deserved, as he is a most courteous and capable officer.

The Rev. W. R. Woodley, who has resigned the pastorate of the New Plymouth Baptist Church, and proceeds to Auckland towards the end of the present month, has been about five years in New Plymouth, and, in addition to his other duties, has been secretary of the Ministers' Association from its inception, as well as active in all inter-denominational evangelistic work.

Mr. Vincent E. Rice has completed thirty years' service in the capacity of secretary of the Auckland Board of Education. Mr. Rice, for a previous ten years, occupied the position of chief clerk of the Provincial Superintendent's Department. The members of the Board last week recorded their appreciation of the long and faithful service rendered by Mr. Rice during his "regard reign."

The Rev. W. Gray-Dixon, M.A., will leave at the end of February with Mrs. Gray Dixon, on a visit to the Old Country by the steamer Gothic. Mr. Gray Dixon, who has now been out in Australasia for some 22 years, is going

home to renew acquaintance with old friends and places, and expects to be absent from the colony for about seven months. It is probable that the Rev. T. Gothic, M.A., of Mountain Cross, Peebleshire, Scotland, will act as locum tenens during his absence.

Overseas visitors at the Auckland Tourist Office last week included Mr. Chas. Wright, of Kirribilli, N.S.W., Mr. A. A. Wright, Gungahai, N.S.W., Mr. Alex. Dore, Vancouver, B.C., Mr. H. B. Freeman, Natal, S.A., Mr. J. Rose, Milwaukee, Miss. U.S.A., Dr. M. Moses, New York, Mr. Chas. Kokler, Budapest, Hungary, Miss M. C. Rich, Boston, Mass., Messrs. D. R. Lovely, and R. M. Hall, of Semaphore, S., Misses A. and J. Ronkeuge and M. Brown, Hamilton, N.Y.

It has been definitely ascertained that the late Captain Makgill was entitled to call himself Sir John Makgill, in virtue of a baronetcy granted by James I. Since his death documents have come into the possession of the family from the College of Heraldry establishing his right to the baronetcy. Sir John Makgill's eldest son has assumed the title, and is now Sir George Makgill. For many years he lived in New Zealand, and attended both Auckland and Dunedin University. He married Miss Frances Grant, daughter of Mrs. Grant, formerly of Laureston, Wellington, and now of Cambridge, England. Sir George and Lady Makgill are at present residing on the Continent for the education of their son and daughters. Sir John Makgill was the father of Dr. Makgill, of the Health Department of New Zealand.

TARANAKI PROVINCE.

Miss Godfrey, New Plymouth, is on a visit to her friends in Christchurch.

Mrs. Halecombe, of Uruui, who has been on a visit to Auckland, has now returned to New Plymouth.

Miss Nellie Carruth passed through New Plymouth from Wanganui College, on her way home to Whangarei.

Mr. Alexander, who has been visiting Mrs. Amitage, of New Plymouth, has returned to his home in Auckland.

Mrs. Fitzherbert, New Plymouth, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hankins, of Palmerston North.

Miss Ada Macklow, who has been visiting her relatives in New Plymouth, has returned to her home in Auckland.

Rev. Mr. Larkins and Miss Larkins, Auckland, are on a visit to New Plymouth for a few months.

Mr. McKellar and Miss McKellar have returned to their home in Wellington, after their pleasant visit to their relations in New Plymouth.

Mr. N. Ballharry, of the Bank of Australasia, New Plymouth, left last week for Wellington, where he has been transferred.

Mr. W. E. Spencer, chief inspector to the Taranaki Education Board, has been made sub-inspector of the Hawke's Bay Board.

Mr. F. Simpson, Commissioner of Crown Lands for Taranaki, returned to New Plymouth last week after his pleasant trip to Wellington.

Rev. W. R. Woolley, of the Baptist Church, New Plymouth, has resigned his position, and proceeds to Auckland at the end of the month.

Mr. E. T. Bundell, manager of the Bank of New Zealand, New Plymouth, has gone on a holiday to Rotorua. Mr. F. J. Dignan, of Masterton, takes his place.

Mr. Honan, late of the Victoria Insurance Company, Auckland, is now in charge of the Phoenix Insurance Company's business in Mr. Newton King's office.

Mr. W. P. Aldridge, of the New Plymouth telegraph staff, has been transferred to the cable station at Whakapuka, and Mr. Morton, of the Whakapuka office, takes his place.

Dr. Leatham, who left New Plymouth some months ago with his family for a trip to the Old Country, intends to leave England about Christmas time, and will be back in New Plymouth about the third week in February.

The following New Plymouth candidates have passed the solicitor's final examination:—Mr. Mervyn Wilson (of Studdish and Kerr), Mr. J. Strang (Malone, Anderson, and Johnstone), Mr. Austen Bewley (late of Roy and Wilson) now with Mr. W. G. Board, Masterton, passed his intermediate. Mr. Nicholson (Roy and Wilson).

HAWKE'S BAY.

Mr. and Mrs. Young, of Invercargill, are in Napier for some months.

Miss Glendinning, Wairoa, is in Napier for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Laing, of London, are spending some weeks in Napier.

Miss Louie Hoadley is spending some weeks in Wellington.

Mrs. Wilson, of Napier, is spending a holiday in the country.

Miss King, of Napier, is in Christchurch for a week.

Miss Hamlin is spending some weeks in the Wairarapa.

Miss Oakden, of Napier, is spending some months in Dunedin.

Miss Gillam, of Napier, is spending a holiday in Christchurch.

Mrs. Norris, of Feilding, is in Napier for a few days.

Miss Burden is spending a holiday in Keumeron.

Mrs. and the Misses Luak, Napier, left for Gisborne last week, and intend to spend some weeks there.

Mrs. Nevill has returned to Napier after spending some months in Auckland.

Miss Ida Locking, of Napier, a London correspondent writes, intends to remain in England for the winter.

Mrs. Alec Williams has returned to Napier, after spending a holiday in Gisborne.

Mrs. Barrington Waters, the New Zealand pianist, as gone to Dresden to study under Emil Paner. Mrs. Waters will make her debut in Dresden shortly at a concert which she is arranging.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Mr Lyons, of Wanganui, is on a visit to the South Island.

Mrs John Marshall, of Rangitikei, is on a visit to friends in Wanganui.

Mr S. T. Fitzherbert, of Wanganui, is on a visit to Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Earle, of Wanganui, are staying in Wellington.

The Misses Lifiton, of Wanganui, have gone to Christchurch and Dunedin.

Mrs. Renall, Palmerston North, has returned from a visit to Hawera.

Mrs. Goldingham, Palmerston North, has gone to Christchurch for two months.

Miss Whitem is back in Wellington after a visit to Australia.

Miss Butts (Wellington) is visiting friends in Napier.

Mrs. Elgar (Wairarapa) is making a stay in Wellington.

Miss Tolhurst has returned to Wellington after a visit to Melbourne and Sydney.

Mrs. R. Leary, Palmerston North, has returned from the Christchurch Exhibition.

Mrs. Levett (Bulls) and Mrs. Dan Riddford (Marton) were visitors to Palmerston during the week.

Mrs. A. Atkinson (Wellington) has been spending some weeks with Mrs. Chaytor (Blenheim).

Miss Hewitt, Palmerston North, has returned from her trip to Wellington and the Christchurch Exhibition.

Dr. and Mrs. Porritt, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to the Christchurch Exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hemerson (Auckland) are visiting friends in Danvirke.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Balcombe Brown, are leaving Wellington early in February for a trip to the Old Country.

Mrs. Bunny and Miss Phillips have gone to spend Xmas with their mother in Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Abraham (Palmerston) are returning from their visit to the Old Country by the Ruapehu.

Mr. and Miss Kennedy (Wellington) will be passengers to England by the Gothic early next year.

Miss Moore, who has been on sick leave, has returned and resumed her duties at the North School.

Mr and Mrs H. F. Christie, of Wanganui, who have been for a trip to England and the Continent, have returned to New Zealand.

Mrs Wood, of Auckland, is at present on a visit to Miss Fraser at the Girls' College, Wanganui. She is on her way to Wellington and Nelson.



Miss Russell, of Christchurch, who has been staying in Wanganui with her sister Mrs Gifford Marshall, has returned to her home.

Mrs. C. Louison and Mrs. Davis (Palmerston North), with their little sons, have gone to Plimmerton for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. Keble (Wairarapa) has been spending a week or two in Wellington.

Mrs. T. C. Williams (Wellington) has been visiting friends in Christchurch.

Dr. and Mrs. Earle (Wanganui) are going to the Old Country for a visit. They leave by the Gothic in February, and will probably return in the spring.

Mrs. Jeffcoat, who had been away for a year's trip to England, came back to Wellington by the Maheno. She made the journey both ways by Sydney and Suez.

Sir Francis Price, Bart. (England), has arrived in Wellington, and is spending a few days in that city before going on to other places of interest in the colony.

Bishop Wallis, Wellington, conducted a confirmation service at All Saints' Church, Palmerston North, on Sunday, when ninety-seven candidates were presented.

Miss Elsie McDouall leaves Dunedin for Napier, where she is shortly to be married to Mr Webber, of Hastings.

The Hon. F. Wilmot, Mrs. and Miss Wilmot, who have been in Wellington about a week, have gone on to the South Island. They recently arrived from South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalzell, who have just returned from a trip to England, have taken a house temporarily in Pipitea-street (Wellington), until they make further arrangements.

Major Gordon, who has come out to New Zealand for a holiday trip, is at present in Wellington. His regiment is the 9th Lancers, with whom he saw a good deal of service during the last South African War.

His Worship the Mayor, Mr. Cohen, resumed control of municipal affairs in Palmerston on Monday morning, the reins of office being handed over to him by Cr. Abraham, who has occupied the post of Deputy Mayor during Mr. Cohen's absence.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Lang (England) and Miss Arber have come out to New Zealand for a visit of some months. They are at present in Napier, and after a stay of two or three weeks in that town go on to the South Island to view some of the fine scenery for which that part of the colony is famed.

The Rev. C. C. Harper, Vicar of All Saints' Church, Palmerston North, has engaged Mr. G. V. Kendrick as lay assistant. Mr. Kendrick, who hopes eventually to take orders, has consented to accept a position on the staff for a year at least. He will devote his whole time to parochial work after January 31st, at present he is on the staff of the Union Bank of this town.

Col. Baillie, M.L.C., and Mrs. Baillie (Wellington) are going to England on the Gothic early next year. Colonel Baillie is an old resident of Marlborough, where he and Mrs. Baillie have many very warm friends. Every summer they return to Picton for some months, though their headquarters are now in Wellington on account of Col. Baillie's Parliamentary duties. Mrs. Baillie is a very near relative of Lord Roberts and part of their time in England will be spent with him.

SOUTH ISLAND:

Mrs. Vernon (Christchurch), has gone on a visit to Dunedin.

Mrs. Fletcher Johnston (Wellington), is the guest of Mrs. P. Campbell, "Jem," Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Cadell (South Canterbury), are spending a few days in Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Duncan Cameron, of McIvans, are spending a few weeks at the seaside, staying at Sumner.

Mrs T. C. Williams, of Wellington, is the guest of Mrs Elworthy (Christchurch).

Miss Coates, who has been staying in Christchurch with Mrs Goe, has returned to Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Borthwick have taken Mr Carey-Hill's house on Papanui road for the summer, writes our Christchurch correspondent.



ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Shand (Wellington), daughter of Professor Shand (Dunedin), to Captain Monro (Wellington).

The engagement is announced of Miss Bertha Julius, youngest daughter of the Bishop of Christchurch, and Mrs Julius, to Mr Percy Elworthy, of "Pareora," South Canterbury.

The engagement is announced of Miss M. Rolleston, daughter of Mrs W. Rolleston, of Rangitara, to Mr L. Bowen, son of the Hon. C. C. and Mrs Bowen, of "Middleton," Christchurch.

The marriage of Miss Ivy MacShane, daughter of the late Charles MacShane (Featherston) to Mr. Les Howey Walker, of Auckland, will take place at Avondale on December 31st.



BUNTON—BOBIN.

St. Peter's Anglican Church, Onehunga, was filled to overflowing on Wednesday last, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. Harold Bunton, of Wanganui, and Miss Alice Bobin, of Onehunga. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Haselden, and was full choral. Miss Barryman presided at the organ, and played the "Wedding March." The bride, who was accompanied by her stepfather, Mr. E. G. Allsworth, wore a lovely gown of cream silk crepe with the trained skirt effectively trimmed with innumerable tiny tucked frills, and the fronts richly embroidered with true lover's knots, the swathed bodice and gossamer elbow sleeves being daintily trimmed with frills of soft cream lace, the whole being finished with a high waistband of soft silk and orange blossoms. The embroidered tulle veil was arranged over a wreath of myrtle and orange blossoms, her only jewel being a very handsome gold watch and muff chain, the gift of the bridegroom. She carried an exquisite shower bouquet, composed of white carnations and cornflowers, with maidenhair and asparagus fern, also the gift of the bridegroom. There were three bridesmaids, the Misses Nora Bunton (chief), Kathleen Haselden, and Lily Howie. All wore dresses of dainty white mercerised lawn, the skirts frilled and interspersed with fine Valenciennes lace; the bodices arranged with fichu effect, caught with pale yellow roses, and finished with pretty waist-belts in a lovely shade of pale yellow. Their picturesque hats were of white French straw swathed with chiffon ribbons, edged with rouleau crinoline, with bandeaux surmounted with pale yellow ribbons, roses, and lilies-of-the-valley. They carried baskets of flowers, which had been arranged with pale yellow and white roses, relieved with maidenhair fern. They wore respectively a gold bracelet, studded with pearls and amethysts, gold amethyst brooch, and a gold pendant and chain, the gifts of the bridegroom. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. George Boyes, of Hamilton, as best man, and Messrs. H. Burschell and C. Buxton as groomsmen. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, and later the happy couple left for the honeymoon, the bride travelling in a dark blue tailor-made costume, worn with a smart French sailor, trimmed with floral ribbon and cream roses. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a set of silver-mounted pipes. The bridal couple were the recipients of very handsome and numerous gifts. The bride's mother wore a handsome gown of black

silk embroidered voile, draped with very old Chantilly lace, over cream silk net, embroidered in heliotrope, a pretty heliotrope bonnet to match. She carried a lovely shower bouquet of heliotrope and white flowers, the gift of the bridegroom. Mrs. Charles Buxton wore a pretty gown of white silk voile, with encrustations of rich lace, and white chip helmet swathed with silk and white ostrich feathers; Mrs. Haselden, pearl grey gown, relieved with cream encrustations, and green straw hat, prettily trimmed with green tulle ruche and pink flowers; Miss Bobin, cream silk dress, and pale blue chiffon hat wreathed in forget-me-nots; Miss Amy Bobin wore cream voile, relieved with pink, pink hat of tulle chiffon; Mrs. Wm. Howie (Hamilton), black mercerised lawn, trimmed with white silk, pretty black lace hat swathed in tulle chiffon of a pretty pearl colour; Mrs. H. Percy Smith (Auckland), handsome black mercerised gown, relieved with heliotrope silk and soft cream lace, with a black chiffon hat trimmed with heliotrope flowers and tulle chiffon; Mrs. D. Gilmore, silk voile skirt, cream d'esprit net blouse, trimmed with pretty pink silk ribbon trimming, hat to match.

MARTIN—HARLEY.

On Saturday last Dr. Martin, of Palmerston, was married at St. Stephen's Church, Sydney, to Miss Constance Margery Harley, of Edinburgh, and formerly of Hassocks, Sussex. The Rev. John Ferguson performed the ceremony. Dr. and Mrs Martin will not return to Palmerston for a few weeks.

BEALE—READER.

Another marriage of interest to Palmerston, celebrated last week, was that of Mr Bruce Beale, solicitor, of this town, and Miss Mabel Reader, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs T. Reader, Stratford. The ceremony took place at Stratford.

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.

BARRY.—On Saturday, 8th December, at Victoria-avenue, Mt. Eden, to Mrs Samuel Barry, a daughter.

CASEY.—On December 15th, at her residence, William's-avenue, Grey Lynn, the wife of W. Casey of a daughter.

LAPWOOD.—On December 24, at Takau, to Mr and Mrs J. Lapwood, a son.

MACKAY.—On December 1st, at her residence, Ponsonby-rd., the wife of Robert Mackay (bookseller), of a son.

REIMERS.—On December 10, at her residence, Glenholme, Beach-road East, Devonport, the wife of H. H. Reimers of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BUNTON—BOBIN.—On Wednesday, 12th December 1906, at St. Peter's Anglican Church, Onehunga, by the Rev. Canon Haselden, Harold Hunt Bunton, eldest son of the late John Bunton, Malton, Yorkshire, England, to Alice, daughter of the late Joseph Bobin, and step-daughter of E. G. Allsworth, Queen-st., Onehunga.

CURTIS—HALVERSON.—On December 10, at Auckland, Edward, the youngest son of A. and E. Curtis, of New Zealand, to Olga Jane (Daly), eldest daughter of A. and E. Halverson, of Auckland.

KENNELLY—SMITH.—On November 27, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, by Rev. Father Holleran, John Thomas, second son of Thomas Kennelly, of Uukole, to Laura Mary, eldest daughter of Mr W. G. Smith, of Auckland.

LEWIS—GILLILAN.—On December 6, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Parcell, by the Rev. E. Gould (godfather of the bride), assisted by the Rev. Canon MacMurray (best man) and the Rev. Canon Haselden (uncle of the bride), Henry Perry, second son of Mr. H. J. Lewis, Lichfield-road, to Elsie Muriel Gould, elder daughter of Mr. Harry Gillilan, St. Stephen's-avenue.

MILLS—MORRIS.—On November 6, 1906, at St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. Father Murphy, John Mack, eldest son of John Mills, of Cook-street, to Rose Martha, third daughter of the late Captain J. C. Morris, late of Commodore.

SKELTON—EWEN.—On November 7th, at Christ Church, Ellerslie, by the Rev. E. W. Walker, Arthur Edward, son of the late Edward Skelton, to Florence E. Ewen, younger daughter of Alexander Ewen.

DEATHS.

ANGUS.—On December 15th, at Mount Pleasant private hospital, Sarah Jane, the beloved wife of John C. Angus.

BARTON.—On December 12, 1906, at her late residence, South Island, King-bond, Ellerslie, the dearly-beloved wife of John Barton, R.I.P.

BULAT.—On December 12, at Auckland Hospital, Joseph Bulat; aged 28 years.

BURTON.—At her late residence, Curran-st., Ponsonby, Mary Jane, relict of the late Charles Burton, in her 76th year.

BRADBURN.—On Sunday, December 16th, at Upper Nelson-st., George Alfred, the beloved husband of Lucy M. Bradburn, aged 38 years.

CAMPBELL.—On December 11, at his residence, Donagh Drive, Parcell, Hugh Campbell; aged 61 years.

CLIFFE.—On December 16th (Lord's Day), at the Lodge, Government House, Robert, the dearly beloved husband of the late Sarah Cliffe. With Christ, which is far better.

DOUGLAS.—On December 15th, at Flat Bush, Jane, the beloved wife of Samuel Douglas; aged 67 years.

EDMONDS.—At his late residence, Emma-street, Bellwood, on December 14, Arthur Edmonds, beloved husband of Ada E. Edmonds, and sixth son of the late S. J. Edmonds; aged 35 years.

Not understood! How many breasts are aching For lack of sympathy; Ah! day by day, How many cheerless, lowly hearts are breaking. How many noble spirits pass away. Not understood! O God! that men would see a little clearer, Or judge less harshly when they cannot see. O God! that men would draw a little nearer To one another; they'd be wiser. And understood!

Interred at Waikaraka Cemetery 16th December. Inserted by his loving wife, Ada E. Edmonds.

LANDER.—At her residence, Hastings-road, Devonport, on 11th December, Rebecca Ann, relict of the late Captain John Lander, in her 77th year. Rest at eventide.

MOREL.—On December 12, at Richmond, after a lingering illness, Elizabeth Anne, the wife of Adrian Morel; in her 40th year.

MCPHIE.—On December 10, at his late residence, Fenton-street, Thames, John, dearly beloved husband of Mary McPhee; aged 50 years.

ROBERTS.—On December 10, 1906, at her late residence, Newton-rd., Margaret, the dearly beloved wife of Joseph Roberts (master mason); aged 62 years. At rest.

SCOTT.—On December 11, at Manukau Hotel, Onehunga, Lydia Scott; aged 46.

SMITH.—On December 13, at her late residence, Chiffon-road, off St. Stephen's-avenue, Parcell, Emma, the beloved wife of the late Joseph Smith, in her 72nd year.

TOBEY.—On December 14, 1906, at her residence, Bellwood-avenue, Mount Roskill, Sarah Jane, the dearly beloved wife of Rudolph Tobey, and second daughter of Mrs A. Hainstock; aged 40 years. Rest in the arms of Jesus.

"Twas last night," began the end-man when the sweet-voiced singer had concluded a pathetic ballad. "Ah was a-gwine home when Ah sees a big, black ghost."

"Hold on, Mr. Bones!" cried the middle-man. "Who ever heard of a black ghost? You should know better than to announce to this large and intelligent audience that you saw a black ghost. Let me inform you, for future reference, that all ghosts are white."

"Mistah Centerpiece, yo' am wrong," protested the end-man. "Ah has seen blue, green an' yellow ghosts, an' pink an' red ghosts, an'—"

"Mr. Bones, your ignorance is amazing. But as you can't possibly prove your absurd claim that you've seen a coloured ghost, our popular tenor, Mr. Hfnot, will render that appealing bit of sentimentality, 'When Brother Jim was Boarding with the State.'"

"Ah got proof—Ah got proof!" cried the end-man as the tenor arose to warble. "Ah knows dat Ah've seen blue, green an' red ghosts. Kase why? Kase ghosts am all shades. Dat's mah knower."



Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, December 18.
A MOST DELIGHTFUL EVENING

was given last Friday by Mrs. MacGregor Hay, Parnell, as a farewell to Mrs. Jas. B. Hay, who, with her daughter, left for England on Monday. The earlier part of the evening was taken up by a passing competition. The lucky winners were Miss Williamson, who received a silver-topped hair-pin box. The gentleman's prize was a silver pencil. Later in the evening the large dining-room was cleared, and we danced, and altogether we had a most enjoyable time. Mrs. Hay wore a pretty black and cream gown with cream lace; Miss Hay was in black velvet with berthe of white lace; Miss Helen Hay, black skirt, and a very pretty ciel blue blouse; Miss Mabel Hay was daintily gowned in white inserted muslin; Mrs. T. Neil wore black satin with cream Maltese lace scarf and a cluster of red roses on corsage; Mrs. James Hay was in black silk and net, relieved with white; Miss Pearl Hay, in a dainty cream gown with pale blue centure. Among others present I noticed: Mesdames David Hay, Kempthorne, Sellers, Whit, Jones, and Craig, Misses Snell, Williamson (2), Sloman, White (2), Frater, Long, Hill, Lusk (2), Kempthorne (2), Jones, Halliwell, and Aicken.

On Saturday afternoon last, Mrs. Allsworth gave a very enjoyable afternoon tea at her residence, Queen-street, Onehunga, prior to her daughter Alice's approaching marriage with Mr H. H. Buxton, of Wanganui. The afternoon took the form of an "Author" tea, and proved a very merry one. The tea was served in the dining room, the tables being prettily decorated with white roses and cactus, relieved with parsley fern, after which the prizes were presented. Miss Bower was the lucky winner of the first prize, her sister scoring the second, while Miss Violet Burden secured the third. Mrs. Allsworth received her guests in a graceful gown of black voile, embroidered with sequins, and relieved with soft cream lace. Among those present were: Miss Robin, in a white embroidered muslin; Miss Mackey (St. Helier's Bay), white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Harris, black skirt, cream silk blouse, pretty blue chiffon hat; Miss M. Pitt, white inserted lawn, louchet hat; Miss Richardson, cream blouse, blue skirt; Miss Long, white embroidered muslin, French sailor hat; Miss Elsie Weller (Auckland), white silk, French sailor hat, trimmed with floral ribbon; Miss Talbot, cream blouse, black skirt; Miss Burden, white embroidered muslin blouse, grey skirt; Miss Violet Burden, white silk gown, pink hat; Miss Watkin, pretty pale grey linen, helmet hat; Miss Amy Robin, pink silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Mabel Berryman, cream dress, pretty cream hat; Miss Queenie Haselden, cream dress and hat, relieved with blue silk; Misses Bower (2), white embroidered muslins, hats to match; Miss Stella Smith, pretty cream dress, hat to match; Miss Hale white silk gown, French sailor, trimmed with floral ribbon; Miss Jeffery, white satin blouse, black skirt; Miss Barnes, pretty blue costume, hat to match; Miss Alice Robin, cream silk and d'esprit, net blouse, grey skirt; Miss Mainland, white

muslin blouse, grey skirt, white and blue hat; Miss Alice Vernon, white muslin and pink hat; Miss Kathleen Haselden, white embroidered blouse, black voile skirt; Miss Robb, cream dress, cream hat, trimmed with pink; Miss N. Robb, pink dress, pretty pale green French sailor hat; Miss Friar, pink costume, hat to match; Miss Hilda Brown, cream blouse, black skirt, cream hat, relieved with scarlet; Miss Wilson, cream silk dress, pale pink lace and chiffon hat.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, December 14.
The concert of Mrs. Walker's music pupils was held in St. Paul's School-room last week, a fashionable audience assembling for the occasion. The playing of the young performers was listened to with pleasure, and was marked by general excellence of training. The performers were Miss Annie Sheath, Miss P. Polson, Miss M. Ringland, Miss D. Campbell, Miss Sybil Jones, Miss Jocelyn Lusk, Miss Gladys Munro, Miss S. Jones, Miss Laing, Miss Vera Humphries, Miss Ada Henderson, Miss M. Wilson, Miss Helen Stuart, Miss E. Gifford, Miss Marjory Campbell, Miss Flossie Hobbs, Miss Dorothy McLean, Miss Thompson, Miss Chrissie Niven, Miss Dorothy Hewitt, Miss Isa Watson, Miss Elsie Smith, Miss Minnie Watson, Miss G. McKay, Miss D. Bull. Amongst the audience I noticed: Mrs. McLean, pale blue silk blouse trimmed with lace, black voile skirt; Miss Cave, white silk dress trimmed with cream insertion; Lady Campbell, blue blouse trimmed with lace, grey skirt; Miss Campbell, blue blouse, lawn muslin skirt; Mrs. Bowen, cream cloth and lace frock; Miss Bowen, white muslin frock, touches of pink; Mrs. Lusk, black and white check Eton costume, white hat with wings; Miss Saunders, blue silk blouse, lace bolero, white cloth skirt; Mrs. Campbell, white embroidered muslin frock, lace collar; Mrs. Mayne, cream silk and lace blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Sutton, black silk dress; Mrs. Dean, heliotrope flowered muslin frock, bodice trimmed with lace, heliotrope folded belt; Mrs. Stuart, white silk blouse, blue skirt; Miss Graham, white muslin and lace frock, blue folded belt; Miss Sweetapple, blue and white check frock trimmed with lace; Miss Kennedy, white embroidered muslin frock, blue belt; Miss McLean, white muslin frock; Miss Gellies, blue silk and lace blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Thompson, dainty pink silk blouse, white cloth skirt; Mrs. Hobbs, black satin trimmed with white lace; Mrs. Smith, black and white flowered muslin frock, red folded belt; Mrs. Sampson, handsome cream silk and lace blouse, black and white check skirt; Mrs. McKay, heliotrope striped muslin dress, green velvet belt; Miss Smith, blue voile frock, touches of green; Mrs. Humphries, black satin and lace frock; Miss Humphries, dainty white muslin frock; Miss Williams, pink and white flowered muslin frock, pink belt, white coat.

MISS NARELLE'S CONCERT,

given in the Theatre Royal last Thursday, was very enjoyable. Miss Narelle is the possessor of a fine rich and powerful mezzo-soprano, and she knows how to use it. It must have been disappointing to her to be greeted by such a poor house. Amongst the audience I noticed: Mrs. Hamlin, black satin, bodice draped with point lace; Miss Hamlin, dainty blue silk and lace blouse, black taffeta skirt; Mrs. Perry, graceful old rose silk frock, berthe of embroidered velvet, blue folded belt; Miss

Linton, dainty blue crepe de chine blouse, black satin skirt; Miss O'Rouke, white muslin and lace frock; Miss B. O'Rouke, pretty soft blue muslin frock trimmed with lace, brown stole; Miss Maginty, fawn silk muslin frock, touches of black velvet, and blue; Miss Williams, black taffeta frock, bodice trimmed with hands of cream insertion, pale blue cloth coat; Miss M. Williams, dainty white silk frock; Mrs. Fanning, black voile frock, cream lace cape; Miss Fanning, blue silk blouse, black satin skirt, blue stole; Mrs. McHardy, pretty white taffeta and lace dress, touches of black velvet; Miss McKenzie, blue satin blouse trimmed with lace, black skirt; Mrs. Campbell, white silk frock, long white coat; Mrs. Riddell, dainty white lace blouse, black satin skirt; Mrs. Dinwiddie, blue and white flowered muslin frock, yoke of Valenciennes lace; Miss Kennedy, white muslin frock, pink crepe de chine stole; Mrs. Chapman, black silk frock, pink roses on bodice; Miss Chapman, white silk frock, black velvet on bodice, and pink roses; Miss Harrison, handsome black satin blouse trimmed with black velvet, black satin skirt; Mrs. Hanson, black satin frock, berthe of pink roses; Mrs. Ross, white silk frock, becoming blue cloth coat trimmed with lace; Miss Thompson, white muslin frock, blue sash; Miss Brown, red silk blouse, trimmed with lace, black satin skirt.

MARJORIE.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, December 14.
There has been very little gaiety this week, but tennis has been played every day at both the Whataupoko and Kaiti Tennis Courts. The first round of the tennis tournament was played off at Whataupoko Tennis Courts last Saturday, Mr. Arthur Rees beating Mr. G. Bradley by two games. Others playing in the tournament are Mesdames Carmichael, Bennett, Stephenson, Misses Reynolds (4), Bradley (4), Wallis, Black, Sherratt, Delatour, Manist, Tucker, Messrs. Fenwick, Bradley, Rees, Mann, Barker, Blair, Schumacher, Wallis, Hunter, Burke, Grant, Barron, Symes, Hill. Saturday last was fortunately a beautiful day for tennis, and a large number of players took advantage of it to get a long afternoon's play. Mrs. Stock and Mrs. Anderson provided a delicious afternoon tea at the Whataupoko Tennis

Courts. Mrs. Stock was wearing a pretty white muslin dress, hat of black chiffon; Mrs. Anderson, flowered muslin, cream straw hat trimmed with ribbon; Mrs. Reynolds, black and white check, black cloth coat, black straw hat; Mrs. Clark, handsome blue voile, embroidered in white, blue hat to match; Mrs. Maclean, dark blue linen coat and skirt with facings of white linen, hat of bi-cuit colour and pink tulle and cream roses; Mrs. Parker, white flowered muslin, cream straw hat trimmed with black velvet and plume; Mrs. Mann, grey checked skirt, white blouse, cream straw hat; Mrs. Rees, grey skirt, flowered pink muslin blouse, cream straw hat trimmed with dark red roses; Mrs. Symes, white muslin blouse, cream serge skirt, cream hat; Mrs. Stephenson, white muslin, white hat; Mrs. R. Sherratt, grey coat and skirt, brown straw hat; Mrs. Elliott, red linen, black and white tulle hat; Mrs. Delatour, black silk voile, trimmed with handsome black lace, black hat; Mrs. Hogbes, black spotted silk voile, black picture hat; Mrs. Morrison, grey skirt, white blouse, straw hat trimmed with white ribbon; Mrs. Porter, white linen, white hat; Mrs. Carmichael, white embroidered linen coat and skirt, white hat; Mrs. White, grey skirt, pink muslin blouse, brown hat; Mrs. Buckridge, dainty white frock of silk and lace, black picture hat; Mrs. Matthews, cream muslin with mauve spot, black hat; Mrs. Seymour, white embroidered linen, hat of white embroidery and pink ribbon; Mrs. Williams, white linen coat and skirt, cream straw hat; Misses Reynolds (2), black spotted muslin, cream straw hats trimmed with ruches of black muslin; Bradley (2), white linen, white hats; B. Bradley, white blouse, cream serge skirt, cream and blue hat; Clark, white muslin, pale blue hat; E. Nolan, white linen, straw hat trimmed with cream net and pink ribbon; Hunter (Waikato), blue flowered muslin, pale blue hat; Wachsmann, white muslin, black picture hat; E. Wachsmann, pale grey silk muslin, grey muslin hat trimmed with pale pink ribbon; Foster, white muslin, red belt, sailor hat; Barker (2), white muslin, white hats; F. Barker, pale blue and white floral muslin, blue hat; H. Sherratt, white linen, blue and white hat; Tucker, white embroidered linen coat and skirt, cream hat trimmed with pink roses; Schumacher, blue and cream striped serge coat and skirt, blue chiffon hat with green foliage; M. Schumacher, white and mauve floral muslin, mauve hat trimmed with violets. Messrs. Rees, Symes, Barron, Grant, Bradley, Burke,

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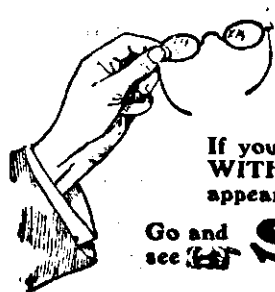
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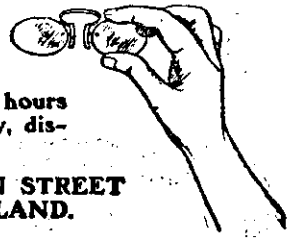
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Dada, Barber, Matthews, Schumacher, Mann, Anderson, Drs. Williams, Schumacher, Buckridge.

Mrs. Branson and Mrs. Kenway gave
A VERY JOLLY DANCE

In the new hall at Waimata last week. Many Osborne people went up from town to it, and all enjoyed themselves immensely. Mrs. Branson was wearing a black satin gown; Mrs. Kenway, pale pink satin trimmed with lace and brown fur; Mrs. Watson, black satin, the bodice trimmed with lace and small red roses; Mrs. MacPhail, pink satin; Mrs. Strachan, black net; Mrs. Tomblinson, red satin; Mrs. Max Jackson, black accordion-pleated silk; Mrs. Sherriff, dark red silk; Mrs. Kells, pink silk and lace; Misses Perry, pale pink satin; Tullock, cream silk; E. Tullock, white silk and lace; Johnson, pale blue satin; H. Johnson, pale pink muslin; Scott, white muslin; MacLaurin, white muslin and lace; Rutledge, green silk; Williamson, cream silk trimmed with frills of lace; M. Williamson, pale blue silk; H. Sherratt, white glace silk; Strachan, black silk; Bayly, blue silk.
ELSA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, December 14, 1906.

Last Saturday was a very threatening day, with a high wind blowing, consequently tennis was not so well attended as usual. The Misses Bell and Hayward presided at afternoon tea. Miss Bell was wearing a white embroidered frock, burnt straw mushroom hat with pale blue silk scarf; Miss Gwen Bell, dark skirt, cream and pale blue spotted delaine blouse, sailor hat with pale blue band; Miss Hayward, grey and white striped flannel coat and skirt, cream straw hat with navy silk trimming; Miss Millie Hayward, pink and white striped linen frock, cream hat with tulle and maidenhair foliage; Miss Ida Hayward, grey skirt, white embroidered linen blouse, cream American sailor with pink glace bows. Others present were Mrs

McKnight, in a navy blue Eton costume braided in black, cream lace vest, blue American sailor with grey blue tulle and tips; Miss Campbell (Hunterville), grey check Norfolk coat and skirt, Panama hat; Miss Hill, cream and blue flannel coat and skirt, white linen hat; Miss Lord, white linen, navy blue tie, white linen hat with navy scarf; Miss M. Waldegrave, pale blue linen with white embroidered yoke, white and green straw hat with blue floral ribbon; Miss Fitzherbert, grey skirt, white embroidered blouse, white hat with tulle and pink roses; Mrs Thompson, Mrs Hitchens, Misses Wilson, Reed, Porter, F. Waldegrave, Randolph, Robinson, Messrs Thompson, Connell, Harden, Barraud, Reedy, Fulton, Collins, Waldegrave, Reed, Adams, Spencer, Smith, McLean, Swainson, Wither, Bagnall, Dr. Putnam, etc. The final of the combined doubles for trophies presented by Mr A. D. Thompson, was played during the afternoon. Miss Fitzherbert and Mr McLean beating Miss B. Robinson and Mr Reedy.

SOME PRETTY STREET DRESSES.

We have had several beautiful days lately and I noticed some pretty toilettes in the street. Mrs Dan Riddiford (Marton), a light grey Eton costume with dark green satin revers, green American sailor with ribbon and cluster of pink roses on bandeau; Miss Ethel Abraham, a white linen frock with a small pale blue spot, white hat with cornflower blue silk. Mrs D. O. Shute, white linen Eton coat and skirt, Tenerife insertion trimming skirt, cream American sailor with scarlet poppies; Miss Gemmel, grey blue muslin, strips of navy blue and white Valenciennes lace trimming the cross-over bodice, white lace hat with pale blue chiffon and forget-me-nots; Miss Wood, white linen, coat made with short pleated basque, green leather belt, white embroidered hat with cluster of cream and crimson roses on bandeau; Miss Hewitt, pale blue linen, yoke of white embroidery, cream American hat with green and pale mauve satin ribbon; Mrs Preece, small grey and black check costume, coat made with long basque,

revers and cuffs braided in black, black chiffon toque; Mrs Guy, green Eton costume, braided in black, cream lace vest, cream American sailor with pink tulle; Mrs Scott, light grey Eton coat and skirt, white cloth strappings, cream hat; Mrs Beck, black and white floral muslin, V shaped yoke of white lace, white hat with white ostrich tips; Miss E. Wilson, pale blue muslin, white belt, hat with navy and white glace bows; Mrs Pickett, light grey coat and skirt, scarlet hat; Mrs Milton, grey Eton costume, Valenciennes lace vest, small black hat with black tips; Mrs Louison, biscuit coloured Eton costume, brown hat; Mrs W. Keeling, white linen, coat with short pleated basque, cream hat with pink and crimson roses;

About a fortnight ago Archdeacon Williams, of Hawke's Bay, promised a gift of £200 for All Saints' Children's Home, providing that an additional £500 was raised in the district before Christmas. The Rev. C. C. Harper, vicar at All Saints' Church, and a strong committee, are making strenuous efforts to obtain the sum required, and are being so successful that it seems more than likely the money will be procured.
VIOLET.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,

The day being fine, a great number of ladies assembled on the

WEST END TENNIS COURTS.

last Saturday, and tea was served by Mrs. Paton, Misses Percy Smith, Hoskin and Messenger. Among those present were: Mrs. MacDiarmid, dark green costume, cream silk vest, hat en suite; Miss MacDiarmid, blue linen costume; Miss M. MacDiarmid; Miss Govett, black strapped voile costume, tucked silk blouse, hat with feathers; Miss D. Govett, holland costume; Miss M. Govett, navy blue and white spotted muslin; Mrs. Paton, cream costume, tussore coat, pale pink hat; Mrs. Frank Wilson, holi-

troupe flowered muslin, violet velvet belt and violet ribbon on hat; Mrs. T. Cartlows, black costume, cream lat-fetas coat, toque with feathers; Mrs. Lyons, pink floral muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, pink and green hat; Miss T. Berry, holland costume, pale pink hat; Miss Rundle ciel blue linen, gold buckled belt; Mrs. Alexander, white embroidered muslin, pale pink hat; Miss W. Alexander, rose pink muslin, pale pink hat; Mrs. Morrison, grey costume, black feathered hat; Mrs. D. Laing, green costume faced with emerald green velvet, toque to correspond; Mrs. Courtney, cream tussore silk, trimmed with lace, hat en suite; Mrs. Stocker, grey Eton coat and skirt, cream silk vest, cream hat to correspond; Mrs. Watkins, cornflower blue linen, hat en suite; Miss Bedford, green flecked muslin, white lace yoke, pale green ribboned hat; Miss Webster, navy blue muslin, cream lace tie, cornflower blue hat; Miss Knight, black voile costume, cream lace collar, pretty violet rose hat; Mrs. Penn, white linen costume, scarlet hat and belt; Miss E. Bayley, tucked tussore silk, emerald green belt, hat relieved with pale pink roses; Miss J. Taylor, pale blue linen; Mrs. Fleetwood, cream voile costume, rose pink hat; Mrs. Blundell, cream silk blouse, dark skirt, deep rose hat; Miss A. Hoskin, pretty heliotrope and green floral muslin over pink dainty frills, hat trimmed with ribbon of the same shades; Mrs.

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NANCY LEE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, Dec. 14.
We have had rather a wild burst of gaiety during the past few days, a rather surprising occurrence at this time of the year. The advent of the English cricket team accounts for some of it, and the visitors were entertained a good deal during the few days they were here. Mr. Peter Johnson, of course, has many friends in this city, who were pleased to welcome his bride.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE DINNER, AND SMALL DINNER FOR THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS.

A dinner party, given at Government House by His Excellency the Governor, was followed by a very small dance to which the officers of H.M.S. Pyramus were also invited. The rooms were charmingly decorated with flowers, hydrangeas, carnations and pelargoniums being banked up against masses of ferns and palms. Lady Plunket wore a graceful gown of black chiffon taffetas with berthe and sleeves of beautiful lace. The Hon. K. Plunket was wearing a fully-gathered chiffon frock over an underdress of delicately tinted lace. Mrs. Braithwaite, opal crepe de chine with scarf of lovely lace; Mrs. Waterfield, pastel taffetas and sequins; Mrs. Duncan, ivory Brussels net over lousine, and chiffon roses; Miss Brandon, amber glaze with tiny frills; Miss Harcourt, pink and white flowered chiffon with deep pink belt; Miss Fell, ivory taffetas; Miss Fell, white and pink silk; Miss Williams, palest blue taffetas and pink roses; Miss Fitzgerald, white mousseline de soie; Miss Cooper, chiffon taffetas embroidered with sequins; Miss Fitzroy, pale green taffetas.

A LARGE WEDDING TRA

was given by Miss May Blundell on Wednesday as a farewell to Miss Ina Stuart, whose marriage to Mr. Harvey takes place on Tuesday. Each guest brought something suitable for the kitchen, and the result was a useful collection of gifts.

A VERY CIBERRY DANCE

was that given by Miss Williams a few days previously, in honour of her guest, Miss Boyle (Christchurch). The big hall was used for dancing, and sitting-out places were arranged in the drawing-room and billiard room, which were gay with flowers and palms. Miss Williams wore a lovely dress of pale blue satin with tiny frills of lace, and a deep satin belt; Miss Boyle, pale pink crepe de chine with plisse frills; Miss Fitzroy (Napier), sky blue taffetas, posy of flowers; the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, apricot crepe de chine with narrow ruchings of chiffon; Mrs. Waterfield, pale pink chiffon taffetas, deep pink belt; Mrs. Braithwaite, petal pink chiffon and satin, relieved with lace; Mrs. Duncan, ivory brocade veiled in embroidered net; Mrs. C. Crawford, pale blue chiffon taffeta with tucker of lace; Mrs. Pearce, white satin with lace berthe; Mrs. Levin, ivory satin and lace; Mrs. H. Crawford, pale apricot satin; Miss Duncan, pale pink chiffon embroidered in mother-of-pearl sequins; Mrs. Duncan, ivory satin finished with lace; Miss Brandon, amber taffetas; Mrs. Fell, white and pink chine silk; Mrs. Buchanan, sky blue glaze with tiny frills of lace; Mrs. Johnston, ivory satin; Miss Higginson, white crepe de chine; Miss Rawson, blue taffetas; Miss Harcourt, pink and white flowered silk; Miss Laing Mearns, pretty chine silk; Miss Cooper, ivory satin.

LADY STOUT'S AFTERNON TEA.

On Tuesday was in honour of the Hon. Francis Wilmot and Mrs. Wilmot, visitors from South Africa, who have been making a short stay here. A string band discoursed music on the stairs, and

in the dining room there was a liberal supply of ices, strawberries and cream and other delicacies. Lady Stout wore a handsome dress of pale grey crepe de chine with a yoke of ruffles of deep tinted lace; Mrs. Wilmot, black chiffon taffetas, vest of lace, black bonnet with white osprey; Miss Wilmot, white eolonne, ostrich boa, and pale blue hat; Mrs. Wallis, rose crepe de chine, with velvet buttons, and dark green hat; Mrs. MacPherson, champagne voile embroidered and inserted with lace, black chiffon hat; Mrs. Mackenzie, rose pink embroidered voile, and shaded pink toque; Miss Mackenzie, white and pink chine silk and pale blue hat; Mrs. E. Brown, white alpaca with tiny black check, and black chiffon hat; Mrs. Coleridge, pale blue crepe de chine and white Valenciennes vest and blue hat; Mrs. Tolhurst, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Myers, white silk inserted with lace, floral hat; Miss Miles, pale blue silk with bands of brown velvet; Miss H. Miles, deep pink crepe de chine with touches of velvet, brown picture hat; Miss Riley, white and pale blue muslin, brown hat; Mrs. Ewen, grey alpaca and grey toque; Miss Ewen, white embroidered muslin.

OPHELIA.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, Dec. 14.

Last week Mrs. John Anderson gave A SMALL BRIDGE PARTY

in honour of Mrs. Gossett, of Auckland, who is staying in Wanganui. The 1st prize, a pretty china cup and saucer, was won by Mrs. Peake, the booby fell to Mrs. Gossett. Amongst those present were Mesdames Peake, Anderson, Gordon, Gossett, Greenwood, Blundell, Gibbons, Misses Owen, Reichardt, Best, Brabant.

There was a large attendance of playing members at the

CAMPBELL-ST. TENNIS COURTS

on Saturday. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. and the Misses Anderson. Amongst those present were Dr. and Mrs. Wall, Miss Barnicoat, Mrs. Gonville Saunders, Misses Darley, Stanford, Anderson (3), Cave, Mrs. Glyn, Misses Hawken; Moore, Messrs. Harold, Lomas, Handwick, Biss, Anderson, Peck, Allan, H. Anderson.

THE WANGANUI ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

gave the 2nd concert of the season in the Opera House on Wednesday, 5th December. There was a very large and appreciative audience. The concert was a most brilliant success, the gem of the evening being the march from Tannhauser, with a chorus of over 100 voices accompanied by a full orchestra. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs. Empson, in a pale heliotrope shaded silk gown with wide swathed belt of a darker shade, berthe of lace and Oriental shaded shoulder scarf; Miss Empson in a pastel blue silk frock with fichu of lace and spray of pale pink roses on her corsage, the sleeves composed of frills of the silk; Miss Wilson (Bulls), becoming pale pink chiffon taffeta with bouillons of glaze silk the same shade and ruchings of narrow Valenciennes lace; Miss Moore, dainty white muslin gown with bands of insertion and lace, white silk sash; Miss Cameron, black velvet costume with collar of real lace; her sister wore a black crepe de chine gown, the corsage being gauged and finished with a tucker of white tulle; Mrs. H. Good, black chiffon taffeta gown with beledo effect of black net banded with narrow black velvet ribbon, berthe of Houton lace with spray of deep crimson roses on her corsage; Mrs. Fairburn, black silk with fichu of black net and bee tucker of cream insertion; Mrs. A. E. Kitson, rich black silk gown with berthe of real lace, black velvet ribbon roseate in her coiffure; Miss Willis wore a black silk evening frock with deep berthe of cream lace, spray of pale pink roses in her coiffure; Mrs. Blundell, black silk skirt, pale green silk blouse with transparent cream lace yoke and full elbow sleeves with fall of cream lace; Miss Blundell, dainty white silk frock with insertion and lace; Miss Gresson, cream silk evening blouse, with berthe of lace and spray of pink shaded roses and foliage, black silk skirt; Mrs. Gossett (Auckland), black silk gown with lace and crimson roses and leaves; Miss Stevenson wore a pretty pale blue crepe de chine evening frock with lace; Mrs. A.

Izard, white voile with black silk embroidered spot on it, the corsage profusely trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon; Miss Darley, white silk frock with frills of the same material and lace; Mrs. James Watt wore a dainty gown of white silk with berthe of real lace and a large pale pink rose on her corsage; Mrs. Holt, white silk with lace; Mrs. Krull, rich black silk gown with cream lace, opera coat of black silk with wide collar, revers and turned back cuffs of cream embroidered satin; Miss Christie, pale grey crepe de chine gown with fichu of the same material; Mrs. McNaughton Christie, black silk with berthe effect of cream insertion in shions; Mrs. Frank Smith (Marton), pretty pale blue evening blouse with lace and a spray of pink carnations, black silk skirt; Mrs. A. Sheriff, white silk blouse with fichu of net and lace, black skirt; Miss Hickson (Auckland), soft white silk blouse with narrow killings of Valenciennes lace, black crepe de chine skirt; Miss Black, rose pink blouse, with lace and insertion, black skirt; Mrs. Barnicoat wore a black evening gown, with berthe of net and sequins; Mrs. Wall, a pretty white muslin, with numerous frills of insertion and lace, blue satin opera coat; Miss Barnicoat, pale blue crepe de chine, with berthe of the same material and Valenciennes lace, pale pink roses on her corsage and in her coiffure; Mrs. John Anderson, black evening frock with transparent lace yoke; Mrs. Geo. Currie, Oriental figured silk evening blouse with narrow killings of lace, black skirt; Mrs. W. Atkin, black chiffon taffeta, with vandyked cream lace berthe; Mrs. Inlay Saunders, white silk frock with lace and insertion; Mrs. Gonville Saunders, black silk evening gown with berthe of lace; Mrs. Leonard wore a stylish black silk frock with tucker of cream tulle; Mrs. Barnard-Brown, black velvet with berthe of real lace; Mrs. Hewett wore a handsome black silk with scarf of cream lace; Miss Linda Barnard-Brown, becoming pale pastel blue silk frock, the pleated skirt ornamented with French knots, wide swathed silk belt, empire corsage with berthe of lace; Miss D. Christie, white silk gown with lace and insertion; Mrs. Foreman, black silk with transparent lace yoke; Mrs. Hatherley, pastel blue silk blouse with insertion, black skirt; Mrs. W. Atkinson, black silk with fichu of cream lace and net; Mrs. G. Pownall, dainty white silk with berthe of lace; Mrs. Mason, black silk gown with berthe of deep cream lace; Miss Mason, white muslin frock with a spray of roses on her corsage; Mrs. Greenwood, a most becoming rose pink silk evening blouse banded with cream insertion, roses the same shade in her coiffure, black silk skirt; Miss Best, white satin and net frock with fichu of net, a spray of pink roses on her corsage; Mrs. Millward, black crepe de chine frock with cross-over corsage, outlined with minuscule embroidery; Mrs. Mackay wore a very pretty cream silk and lace evening blouse with full, elbow sleeves edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, black silk skirt; Mrs. H. Sarjeant, pale grey crepe de chine gown with corsage profusely trimmed with Maltese lace, spray of pale pink roses on her corsage; Miss Clarke (Hawke's Bay), pale pastel blue silk gown with berthe of lace and pink shaded roses on her corsage; her sister wore a pale pink crepe de chine with lace on her corsage; Miss Brewer, black silk and lace with fichu of net, and a spray of deep cream roses; Miss Richmond, white evening frock with lace; Mrs. Geo. Palmer, black silk gown with a berthe of real lace; Mrs. Beaumont (Dunedin), black silk with lace berthe; Miss Stanford, turquoise blue velvet evening blouse with lace, black skirt; Miss Hammond, white silk frock with bands of lace and insertion; Mrs. A. Nixon wore a becoming pale silk blouse with yoke of transparent lace and pastel blue, ostrich feather boa; Mrs. H. Cooper (Dunedin), white silk evening gown with berthe of lace.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. J. C. Greenwood gave

A SMALL BRIDGE PARTY

in honour of Mrs. Gossett, of Auckland. The first prize, a beautiful Liberty china jug, was won by Miss O'Brien. Mrs. Griffiths won the booby, a small Liberty box. Amongst those present were: Mesdames Peake, Griffiths, Blundell, Gordon, John Anderson, Brookfield, Gibbons, Greenwood, Misses Brabant, Best, and O'Brien.

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CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, Dec 18.

A garden party at "Strowan" was given last Monday by Mrs. George G. Stead. The weather was perfect. Tennis and a putting competition were the principle amusements of the afternoon. The latter was won by Miss Campbell, Miss Stead coming a close second. Tea, strawberries and cream, with various other delicacies were served on the verandah, from which we could watch the progress of the competitors, and a most interesting and amusing scene it was. Mrs. Stead wore a silk skirt of blue and white check, with a blouse of white embroidery and lace, pretty white hat; Miss Stead, a white embroidered muslin frock. Among the guests were Mrs. T. C. Williams, of Wellington, handsomely gowned in black silk taffetas, and pretty white bonnet; Mrs. J. D. Hall, grey floral muslin, floral toque; Mrs. Elworthy, black taffetas and black bonnet; Miss Elworthy, pale blue muslin, floral toque; Mrs. Gower Burns, tailor costume of green tweed, green hat wreathed with dark red roses; the Misses Burns; white floral voile over green silk, mushroom shaped hats with pink roses; Mrs. Kettle, navy blue alpaca and blue hat; Miss Kettle, white serge costume, Tuscan straw hat; Miss C. Kettle, a floral voile, with white hat; Mrs. Fabner, black silk, black bonnet; Miss Lee (Sydney), pretty costume of pale pink gingham, pink floral hat to match; Miss Cowlishaw white linen costume, blue hat with pink roses; Miss Harley, cream muslin with floral hat; Mrs. Pitman, navy blue voile and blue toque; Miss Pitman, white muslin, floral hat; Mrs. George Gould, white embroidered muslin and lace, large white hat with feathers; Mrs. Campbell, grey cloth costume; black toque; Miss Campbell, white cloth dress, pink hat; Miss N. Campbell, pale blue muslin, Tuscan straw hat.

A DANCE

given by Mrs. Henry Wood (Avonside), on Wednesday evening, proved an altogether delightful affair. The dining-room made a capital ball-room; the drawing-room, verandah and garden were used for sitting out. A most recherche supper was served. Miss Scrivener's band played excellent music. Mrs. Henry Wood wore a lovely gown of black chiffon taffetas, with white lace berthe; Mrs. Peter Wood, a becoming dress of pale blue crepe de chine, trimmed with killings of narrow cream Valenciennes lace; Mrs. Gibson, black satin and white lace; Miss Bullock, pale blue taffetas and lace; Miss Wood, ivory white satin and chiffon; Miss Synes, princess dress of heliotrope silk and white lace; Mrs. Stevenson, black lace robe, worn over white taffetas; Miss Humphreys, white satin and tulle; Miss Newborough, pale pink crepe de chine and cream lace; Miss Campbell, pale heliotrope silk with corsage bouquet of deep red roses; Miss H. Campbell, soft white silk and lace; Miss A. Molineux, white embroidered muslin; Mrs. Burns, pale pink silk and lace; Miss Barker, a floral muslin of pale blue and white; Miss Reece, blue brocade and lace; Miss Merton, mauve silk; Miss G. Merton, blue silk with violets; Miss Mills, grey and white floral muslin, grey belt; Miss Russell, white Oriental satin with lace berthe; Miss Harley, blue satin and silver ornaments; Miss Louison, white mousseline de soie; Miss Mathias, black taffetas, inserted with

lace over white silk; Miss Murray, white satin and chiffon; Miss Macdonald, pale blue taffetas with touches of pink; Mrs. Loughnan, turquoise blue satin, with white lace and silver; Miss Lee, black crepe de chine, with gold belt; Mrs. Leonard Harley, cherry coloured silk with black velvet belt.

THE EXHIBITION ROSE SHOW

was held on Wednesday afternoon in the large corridor. Among the prize winners in the amateur class were Mrs. Murray-Aynsley, who headed the list with nine prizes. Mrs. George Rhodes, Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. G. Hamner, and Mr. George Humphreys. The attendance was very large, amongst others present being: Mrs. G. Rhodes, wearing a black cloth costume and black hat; Mrs. Boyle, navy blue coat and skirt, blue hat with pale pink roses; Miss P. Boyle wore a cream costume and white hat; Mrs. Duncan Cameron, rose pink silk, pink ermine hat with roses; Mrs. A. Murray-Aynsley, white embroidered muslin, black and white hat; Miss Coates (Wellington), black costume relieved with white, black hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Gee, cream cloth coat and skirt, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs. Louison, grey tweed Eton coat and skirt, hat en suite; Miss Louison, frock of red silk and cream lace; brown tulle hat with flowers; Mrs. J. D. Hall, costume of pale green cloth, black hat with large pink roses; Mrs. Kettle, pale blue mousseline de soie; orange and white hat; Miss Kettle, cream muslin frock, Leghorn hat with pink roses; Mrs. Symes, grey striped dress; black and white hat; Miss Deans, frock of shaded blue taffetas, Tuscan hat with roses; Mrs. T. C. Williams (Wellington), dress of rich black brocade, black and white bonnet; Mrs. G. G. Stead, navy blue costume, pale blue hat with tulle ruching; Mrs. Stead, brown crepe de chine and lace, white hat; Miss Elworthy, pale grey taffetas, floral toque; Miss Neave, white cloth costume, large pink hat; Miss Westland (England), white mousseline de soie, Valenciennes lace stole, tulle toque of pale blue.

A MUSICAL PARTY

was given on Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Gower Burns in honour of Mrs. T. C. Williams, of Wellington. Tea was served in the hall which was beautifully decorated with palms and bowls of sweet peas. Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Kettle and Mrs. H. Loughnan sang some charming songs. Miss Burns and Miss Pitman played, and a very delightful afternoon was spent. The hostess was wearing a grey dress with dainty blouse of cream lace; Miss Burns, pale blue muslin; Miss N. Burns, green and white floral muslin; Mrs. T. C. Williams, black silk gown, black lace coat, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Pitman, pale grey crepe de chine, black hat with pink roses; Miss Pitman, white muslin frock, white hat with pink flowers; Mrs. Kettle, pale blue muslin, pink rose toque; Miss C. Kettle, frock of pale green muslin, pink and white hat; Miss Elworthy, pale blue taffetas, and blue toque; Mrs. Hugh Reeves, pink and white floral muslin, black and white hat with pink roses; Mrs. C. Dalgety, pink muslin trimmed with pink satin ribbon, hat to match; Miss Burnett (Dauelin), white embroidered muslin, white hat; Mrs. G. Gould, blue cloth costume, cream hat with white roses; Mrs. F. Johnston (Wellington), green taffetas gown, green floral toque; Mrs. Wilding, silk dress of fawn colour, hat with long cream ostrich feathers; Miss Wilding, cream and pink floral muslin, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs. P. Campbell, navy blue dress, black hat; Miss Reeves, mauve silk dress, black hat; Miss Macdonald, pale heliotrope muslin, white hat with roses; Mrs. G. G. Stead, blue voile dress and blue hat; Miss Stead, pretty pinafore frock of pale blue with white-lace blouse and hat; Mrs. Julius, black crepe de chine with white lace, black and white bonnet.

A SMALL TENNIS PARTY

was given by Mrs. George Gould - at "Avonbank," Fendalton, the players being Mrs. Wigram, Mrs. Pyne, Mr. Elridge, Mrs. J. D. Hall, Miss Cowlishaw, Mrs. Henry Cotterill, Mr. Harrow - and Mr. Neave. Other hostesses of the week were Mrs. J. D. Hall, and Miss Wigram, each of whom gave tennis parties. Luncheons were given by Mrs. Boyle (Riccarton), and Mr. John Williams (Rolleston Avenue), in honour of Mrs. T. C. Williams of Wellington.

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OVER THE TEACUPS

BOUDOIR GOSSIP FOR
LADY READERS . . .

Nancy's Ante-Nuptial Com- mandments.

"When we're married," began Nancy, "I shall expect the same freedom as I have now. For instance, you mustn't expect me to drop all my men friends. Why should marriage make me a chat-tel?"

"I hadn't the faintest idea. A woman is a man's equal," she continued.

"Rather!" I agreed, heartily. "It's absurd to regard man as a superior being," she said disdainfully.

"Or is," I assented. "If anything," I suggested, pleasantly, "he's the inferior sex."

"Well, he is really," agreed Nancy. "It's so obvious," said I.

"And you mustn't expect me to always talk to you," she resumed, kindly.

"I shouldn't," I cried, indignantly. "I'm not quite so bad as all that."

"Besides," I said, "a man wants a change."

"If that's your opinion, I wonder you get married at all," she said, scornfully.

"Well, you suggested it," I protested; "or—our behaviour to each other, I mean, of course."

"I shall go to theatres with other men," she continued.

"And I shall go to theatres with other—I beg your pardon. Of course, we're talking about you."

"Occasionally I shall spend a quiet evening at home."

"It'll be dull," I warned her.

"No, it will be a change," she corrected. "And I'll get your slippers for you and light your pipe."

She smiled at the picture. I was inclined to smile somewhat foolishly, too, but I remembered in time my duty as a man.

"It's very probable," said I, carelessly, "I shan't be home."

"Not home!" she gasped, horrified.

"I shall have my own engagements," I reminded her.

"Oh, but"—she began, and then paused and choked.

"There'll be the club, you see," said I, "and bachelor parties, and—I yawned slightly—"and heaps of things. A man can't drop out of the world just because he's married."

"I suppose not," agreed Nancy, very mildly.

There was a pause, and I watched the corners of her mouth droop.

"You—you won't always be out, will you?" she asked timidly.

"No," I said reflectively. "I dare say I shall be able to spare you an evening now and then."

Nancy hummed a little tune to herself, just to show she didn't care. I smoked my cigarette doggedly, however, and after a while she again broke the silence.

"Will you let me help you with your work?" she asked. "I could blot your writing for you and find the words in the dictionary."

"I don't use a dictionary," I remarked, stily.

Nancy accepted this statement as mere perverseness. Everybody uses a dictionary.

"Oh, very well," she said, coldly, with her head well up.

There was a depressing silence.

"You're—you're very unkind," Nancy murmured, after a lengthy pause.

"I?" said I, in amazement. "Why, I've agreed to everything you've said. We've arranged that we shall both be absolutely independent of each other."

"But I don't want you to be independent of me," she said, softly.

I had guessed that.

"And I don't want that slave who depends on you," she whispered,

Words were inadequate—but my reply was adequate.

"A woman," she explained later, "only wants a thing when she hasn't got it. When she's got it she doesn't want it."

I suppose my expression showed that I had jumped to an obvious conclusion. "Silly," she said, disarranging my tie; "a woman always wants her husband."

"Love, then," said I, "is the only real woman's right."

"Yes," she said, "and when she's got that she doesn't want any others."

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He Didn't Come Home to Dinner.

A COMEDY OF MARRIED LIFE.

It was nearly half-past nine at night, and Sergeant Cloggan was sitting writing in the charge room of the central police station, when the swish of skirts attracted his attention.

He looked up to face a young and pretty woman. She was highly excited, becomingly gowned, and thoroughly determined.

Before he had time to say a word she exclaimed: "I want you to send a policeman to arrest my husband."

"What's he been doing, ma'am?" politely inquired Sergeant Cloggan.

"He—he didn't come home to dinner," she almost sobbed.

"Think of that!" exclaimed the sergeant, in mock horror.

"He hasn't come home yet," she snapped.

"It's awful, ain't it?" sympathised the sergeant. "Tell me about it."

"I had several of the ladies of the Southside Independent Women's Club to dinner—"

"By the way, what's your name?" interposed the sergeant.

"Mrs. Macwilliam Jones, Mrs. Oliver Macwilliam Jones."

"Yes, I know Mr. Jones," said the sergeant.

"Well, I'd invited these ladies to dinner, and I told him dinner'd be at seven sharp. He promised to be home, and he didn't come."

"Well?"

"I waited dinner till seven-thirty, and then immediately after dinner I asked the ladies to go home."

"Probably business detained him."

"It wasn't business," she snapped.

"Mrs. Muirgrave said her husband had said he'd seen my husband at a restaurant bar."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Sergt. Cloggan.

"So I got a boy and sent him in there to tell Oliver to come home at once."

"And what did Oliver say?" politely inquired the sergeant.

"He—he told the boy to go—go and chase himself," sobbed Mrs. Oliver Macwilliam Jones.

"So you want him arrested?"

"I do," said Mrs. Oliver Macwilliam Jones, firmly. "We've been married eight years, and it's the first time, the very first time, he's never come home to dinner."

Cloggan got up, and stood behind the desk.

"Do you mean to tell me ma'am, that for the first time in eight years your husband has stayed out from dinner, and you want him arrested. Well, I do declare, there's never any telling what will come next."

"Instead of wanting him arrested, you ought to be having a set of resolutions and a frame full of praises fixed up and presented to your husband for being so steady a man."

"I'll bet you you can't find half a dozen men in this town that slave who could say the same thing, and if women

were to go and have their men arrested every time they happened to be late for dinner after stopping in with a friend or two, there wouldn't be goats enough in the country to hold 'em, and I'd be in myself every now and then.

"A man who has a record for getting home like your husband has is entitled to have you go home and wait for him, and when he comes home you just treat him like the rare fellow he is. Go on now with you."

As the woman went out into the night with determination still written in every line, Cloggan said—"The better you are to the women, the worse they treat you."

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An Aurivorous Lady.

Midas found a diet of gold unsatisfactory when there was no variation from it; but in Paris there is at least one lady who has discovered that a little of it is well enough. Possibly she is not the only one who has done so, since the man who was victimised by a fair gold-swallower in a Montmartre restaurant seems, according to the "Daily Telegraph's" correspondent, to have met her like before.

If so, it is rather surprising that when she, sitting at a table near him, asked him to allow her to bite "for luck" the twenty-franc piece with which he was about to pay his bill, he consented. She swallowed it, with a realistic scream and apology for the "accident" to follow.

But the resources of civilisation were not exhausted. At the police station a dose of ipecacuamba drew the money from the bank, with interest in the form of two other twenty-franc pieces, swallowed previously, no doubt. We presume the lady was no worse for the treatment, to which she was doubtless accustomed, since ipecacuamba or something like it must have been her regular cheque-book.

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Their Silver Anniversary.

"Twas just six months or less since Jinks had wed his wife. She was a sniew—y golly day, they lived an awful life!

She'd been as nice as pie to him till she had got him chucked. Yet they had scarcely left the church ere they fell out and elnched.

From then until our tale begins was one unending scrap. Although in single life he'd been a quiet-loving chap, he'd been a quiter.

He called her "vixen," "spitfire," "cat," she called him "Satan's spawn." They jawed from dawn to set of sun, from sunset back to dawn.

One day, when half a year had passed and found them still at war. When Jinks had long been wondering what he was living for.

He made a friendly overture to her he arc was dreading. Suggesting that they issue cards anent their silver wedding.

The sniew, with amaze, demanded what he meant. As but a poor half-dozen months their fortunes had been blent.

His answer came in accents meek, "For give, I pray you, dear: I'd merely noticed my walking stick each time it seemed a year."

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

The Wisdom of Dorothy.

Dorothy does not relish being left alone to go to sleep. One night after she is tucked in bed by her mother, who then leaves her, she calls to her father and asks if he isn't coming to bed after he finishes his dinner.

"Yes; I'll go to bed as soon as my dinner digests."

"All right; come upstairs now. Your dinner will digest upstairs just as well as down," argues the young hopeful.

Nursing a Baby Tiger.

Queen Alexandra's overpowering fondness for animals has sometimes been evinced in public. A notable occasion is recorded in the annals of the London Hippodrome. Herr Sawade, the lion tamer, had in his troupe a delightful baby tiger named Bostock, and when the Queen visited the Hippodrome she expressed a desire to see Bostock, or Babs, as the ladies called him. Babs was rather given to snarling and scratching, but when he was handed to the Queen he became as quiet as a lamb. Her Majesty nursed the creature delightfully. "What a dear little thing!" she said. "What do you feed him on?" And she laughed when she was informed that Babs lived on the best chicken and the richest milk.

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His Intelligence.

"And do you think I am different from all the other girls?" asks the young woman who has just said "Yes."

"Not a bit, save in looks," answers the young man who has just asked her to marry him. "You're a whole lot prettier than most of them, and just as pretty as the rest of them."

"Do you think I have a greater mental grasp than?"

"No, I never saw but four or five women whose mentality was remarkable, and they were of the sort that goes in for mannish clothes and short hair and ugly hats. Mentally, you are on a plane with the ordinary intelligent human being, whether male or female. I don't suppose you have any more common sense than any other woman—women don't require common sense."

"Do you think I am frivolous?"

"Yes, indeed. You're just as frivolous as any other woman. They're all alike. They like candy and flowers and theatres—and they don't care for literature, unless it is a best-selling book, with gobs of love talk on each page."

"And do you think I will be a careful housewife?"

"Not a bit of it. I'm not so foolish as to think that. What you save on one thing you'll spend on another."

"But do you ever expect to have any quarrels with me?"

"Sure I do. We'll spat and say unkind things to each other, and get all the mean words out of our systems ever so often, and then kiss and make up, and be all the better for it. In short, I expect that we'll live our lives just as every other human being does."

"I am so glad," she says carelessly. "I told mama that you were the smartest man in the world, and this proves it."

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A Priceless Telephone.

The Queen of Spain, by the way, owns what is probably the most elaborate telephone receiver and transmitter in the world. This is made of solid silver, and was presented to her by the employees of the Telephone Company. It is in three pieces. The base is of Louis XV. design, and is surmounted by four Hercules columns, at the foot of which sits a small boy supporting the Spanish Arms. He is in telephonic communication with a prettily modelled English girl, beside whom crouches the British Lion. On the top of the columns a renaissance arch supports two cupids, who hold aloft the microphone. The whole is crowned by the Arms of Spain and England artistically interlaced. The Queen values it as one of her most esteemed possessions.

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JAPANESE SPANIELS.



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THE DACHSHUND.—"A YARD OF DOG."



GREAT DANE.

Manners at Home.

If parents have one set of manners for the home and another for the outside world, the children will copy those they see in daily use.

There must not be selfishness at home, if one does not want the boy or girl to grow up selfish. The foundation of the best manners is a good heart, of course, and a kindly feeling towards everyone. Without this they are but artificial, and will not stand the test of the buffeting of the world and all its opposing forces.

"Is your horse afraid of automobiles?" asked the tourist who was mending a tire. "No," answered Farmer Corn-tassel, "he's hauled too many of them home for that."



Price 2/6 a bottle of Odol, lasting for several months (the half size bottle 1/6). Of all chemists.

Man Shaves Twenty Miles in a Lifetime.

SHORT FACED BLONDS ARE IN LUCK.

Dark Men, with Lengthy Jaws, begin the Long Scrape Earlier and Compel the Razor to Cover More Ground.

It sounds absurd to say that a smooth-faced man shaves a distance of twenty miles in an average lifetime, yet some genius has gone into the case very thoroughly, and has succeeded in proving that this is the usual distance which a razor must travel, if the man in question is well-groomed.

The distance varies with the individual, because the measurement of faces is never the same, and, also, because the texture of the skin and the strength of the growth of beard are different. The number of times a man passes a

razor over his face depends on the thickness of his beard. Then there is the difference between light and dark complexions, the dark man usually being obliged to use the razor nearly a year sooner than the light-haired person.

Taking a number of examples, the average measurement around the chin from ear to ear is found to be twelve and one-half inches. From where the beard starts on the throat to the chin and thence to the edge of the under-lip is four and one-half inches. It is reckoned that two strokes of the razor are required to each inch or fraction of an inch, in order to cover all the surface, and each section of the face is to be gone over twice, in order to secure a "clean shave."

So, multiplying the number of strokes by the number of times the razor is passed over the entire face, you get the figure four, and four times the two above mentioned measurements gives you the figures of fifty and eighteen respectively, which added together produce sixty-eight. Therefore, the aver-

age man, whether dark or fair, shaves sixty-eight inches once every twenty-four hours.

With these figures we arrive at the result that every man wearing only a moustache shaves two thousand and sixty-eight feet four inches per year. Taking, then, the average life at seventy years, and that the fair man begins shaving at eighteen and the dark man a

year earlier, or at seventeen, we have the following result: That a fair man, if he lives till he is seventy, will shave in the course of his life twenty miles, six hundred and fifty-one yards and four inches. The dark man, if he lives till he is seventy, will shave in the course of his life twenty miles, one thousand three hundred and forty yards, one foot and eight inches.



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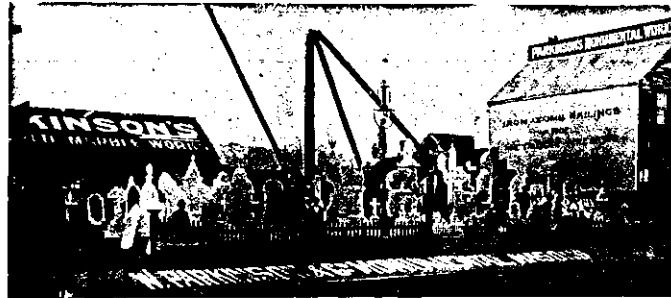
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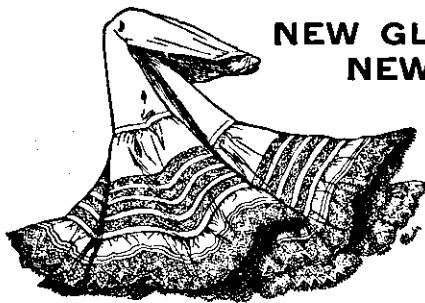
In your judgment and opinion, which three pictures of Miss MARIE STUDBOLME (numbered 1 to 27) show her teeth so as to give her face the most pleasing expression? First prize, value £10, second, value £7. Copy of pictures, conditions, and full particulars may be obtained (FREE) from the chief lady-attendant at—

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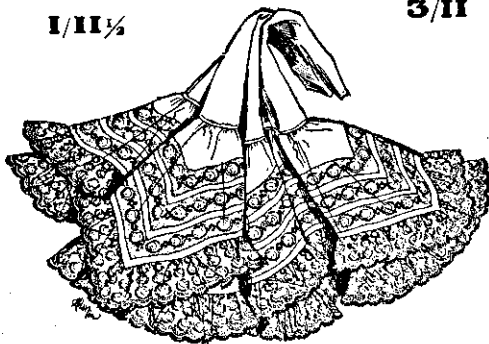
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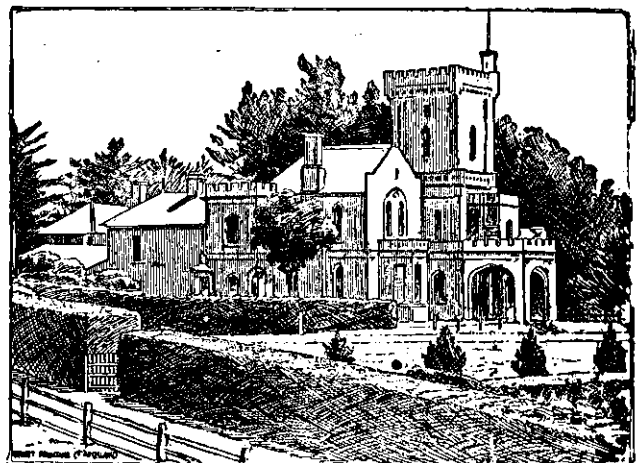
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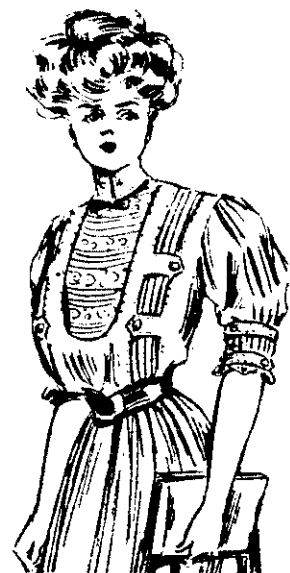
A RACE TOILETTE IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Paper Supersedes Linen.

In up-to-date picnic hampers the thread work is imitated in the doyleys all made of paper. Paper serviettes are usually of Japanese tissue stuff, with flowers printed on them, but now drawn thread work is imitated in the doyleys and clothes, and they look very smart, and save washing up, which nobody cares much for at a picnic. More than that, paper pocket handkerchiefs are coming into use, a la Japonais, where paper has long been used for many purposes which seem odd to us.



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trimmed with roses, moss and ribbon.



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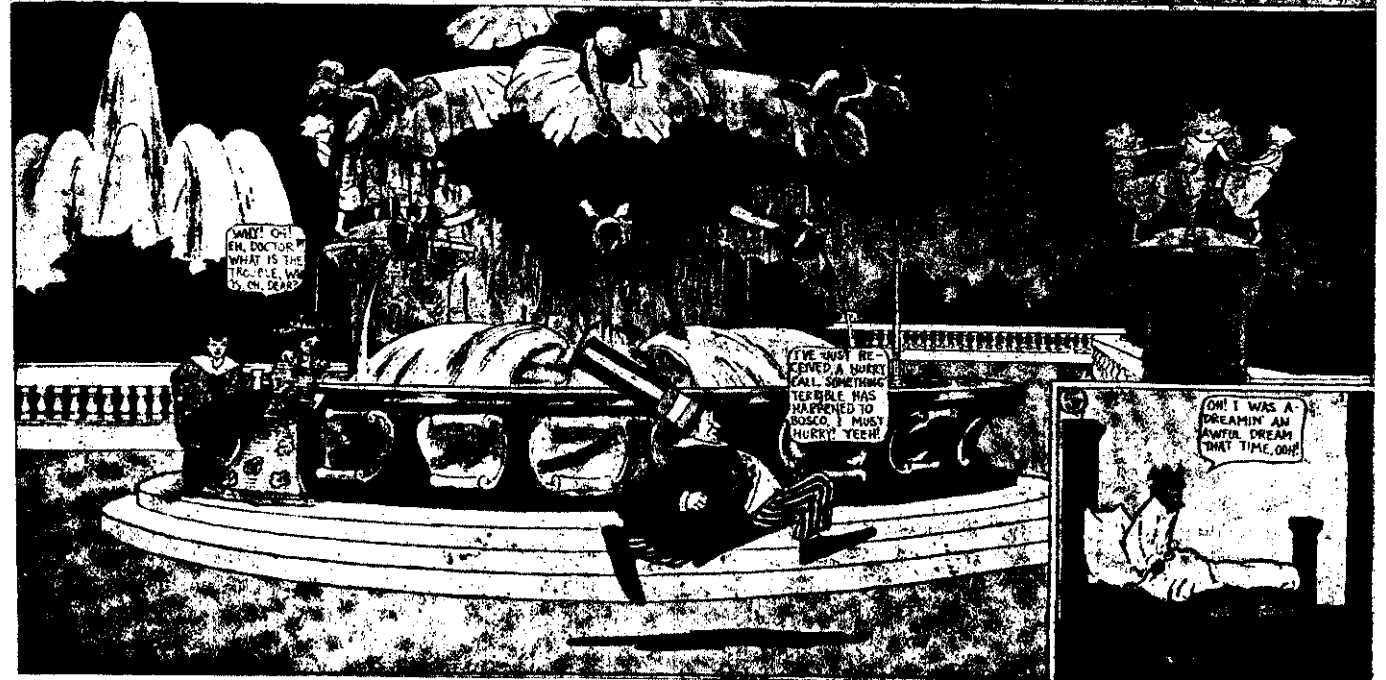
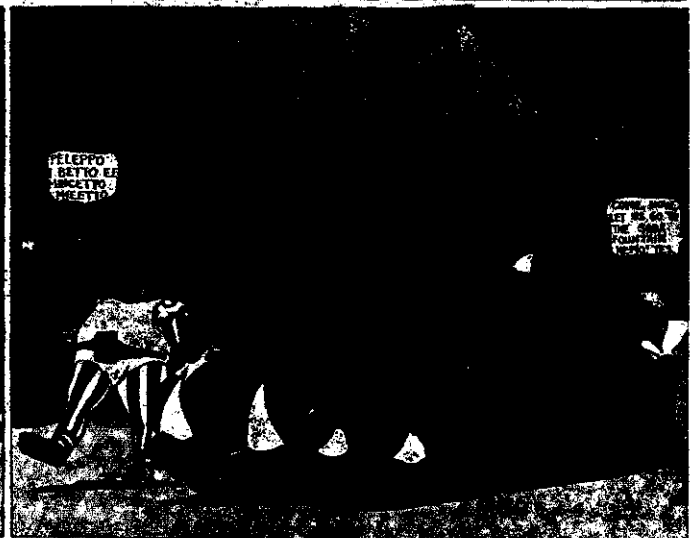
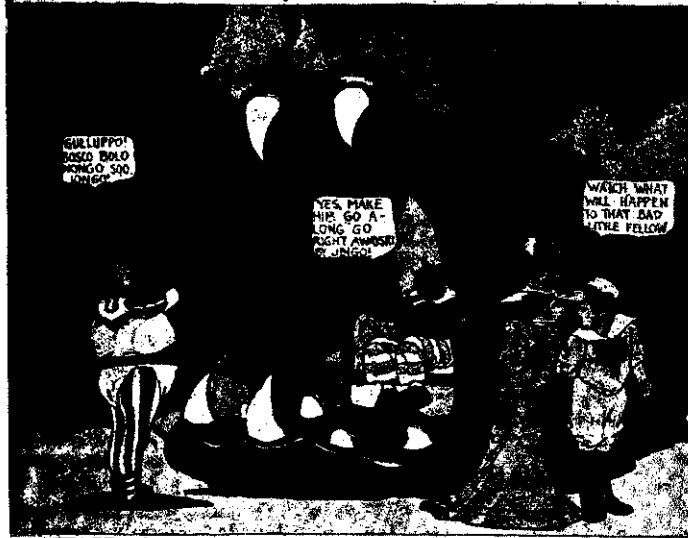
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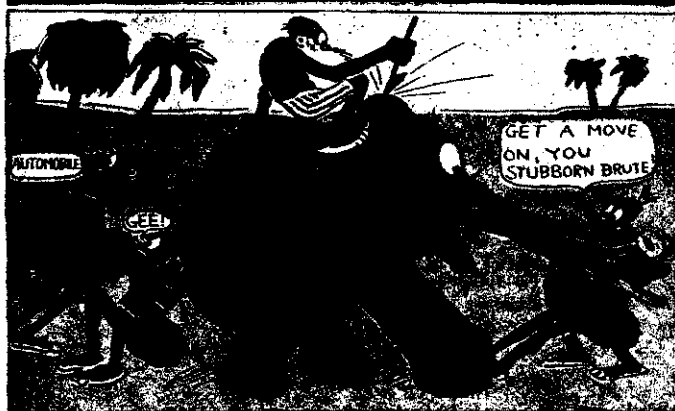
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WHOLLY WITHOUT AID.

Tommy had taken a prize for an exceptionally well-drawn map. After the examination the teacher, a little doubtful, asked the lad.
 "Who helped you with this map, Tommy?"
 "Nobody, ma'am."
 "Come, now, tell me the truth. Didn't your brother help you?"
 "No, ma'am; he did it all."

THE THREE LONE BACHELORS ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

First Bachelor—"And this is Christmas, the happiest day of the 365."
 Second Bachelor—"What I'm thinking is, that it only comes once a year."
 Third bachelor—"Well, what are you kicking about? Isn't that enough?"



Autoist and Balloonist: "Hey! keep to the right."

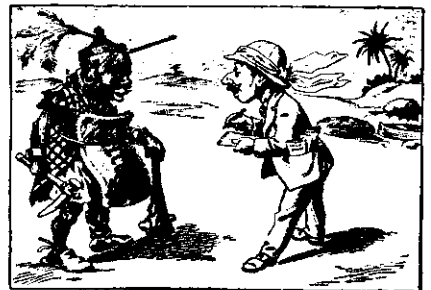


A LITERAL-MINDED YOUNG MAN.

There was a young man of Hants,
 Who went queerly clad to a dance.
 "In a book I have read
 There's this statement," he said:
 "No gentleman ever wears pants."



THE LONG ENGAGEMENT



Venturesome stranger: I am an insurance agent, your highness—health, life, and accident.
 His Highness: No difference. Me eat you.
 Venturesome stranger: Then, before you begin, let me insure you against dyspepsia, indigestion, liver trouble, enlargement of the spleen, appendicitis—



"Just my luck! I've lost him!"