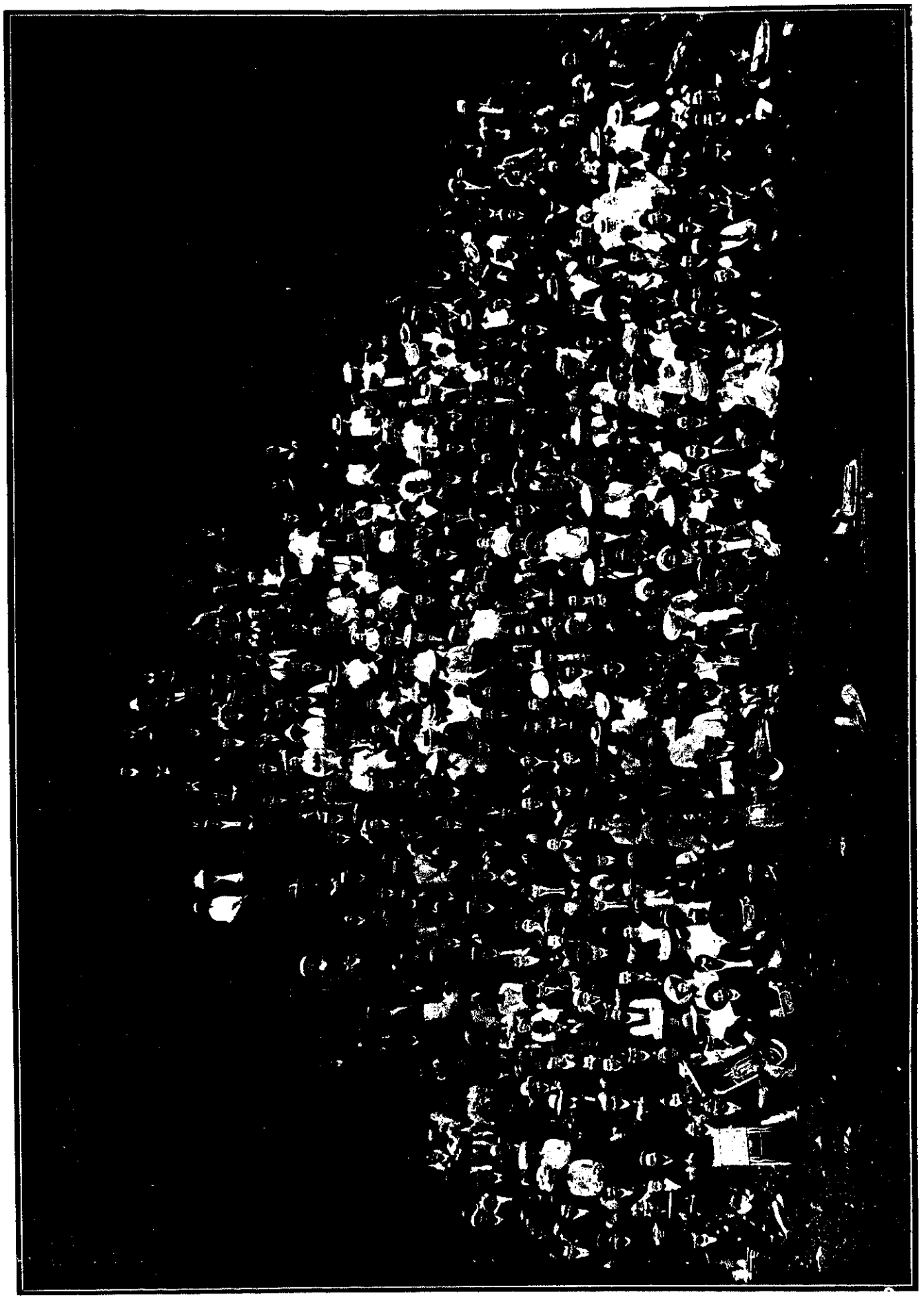
MISSING PAGE

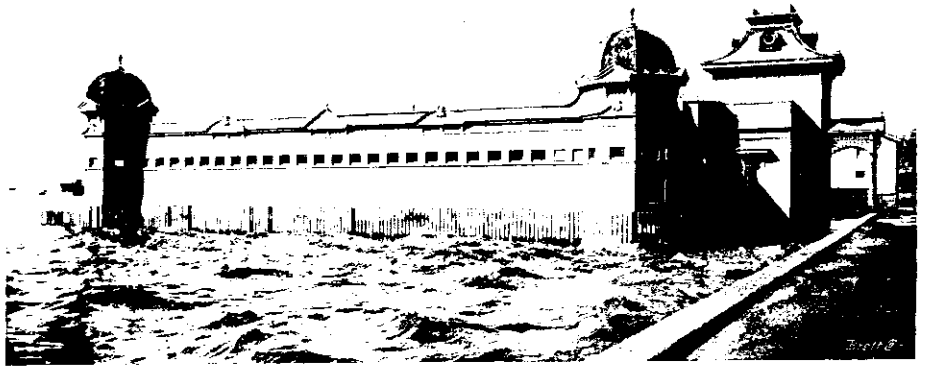
AUCKLAND'S ENTERTAINMENT OF THE BESSES O' TH' BARN BAND.

Dr. Stopford Addresses his Guests—The Host—Mr. Bogle Returns Thanks on Behalf of the Band—Boar's Head Presented by Dr. Stopford—Refreshments in the Garden—Mrs. Stopford Presenting N.Z. Curios—Scene in the Garden.



THE AUCKLAND ELECTRIC TRAMWAY COMPANY'S ANNUAL PICNIC TO ITS EMPLOYEES ON GOOD FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1907.

A GROUP ON THE HILL, MOTUTAPU.



Schaef, Sarony Studio, photo. SOMETHING THAT AUCKLAND MIGHT COPY.

Ponsonby, North Shore, and Parnell are all agitating for salt-water baths, and when they get them it is to be hoped they will be as much an ornament to the foreshore as this fine structure, the Thorndon Baths, Wellington.

A POPULAR ROUTE.

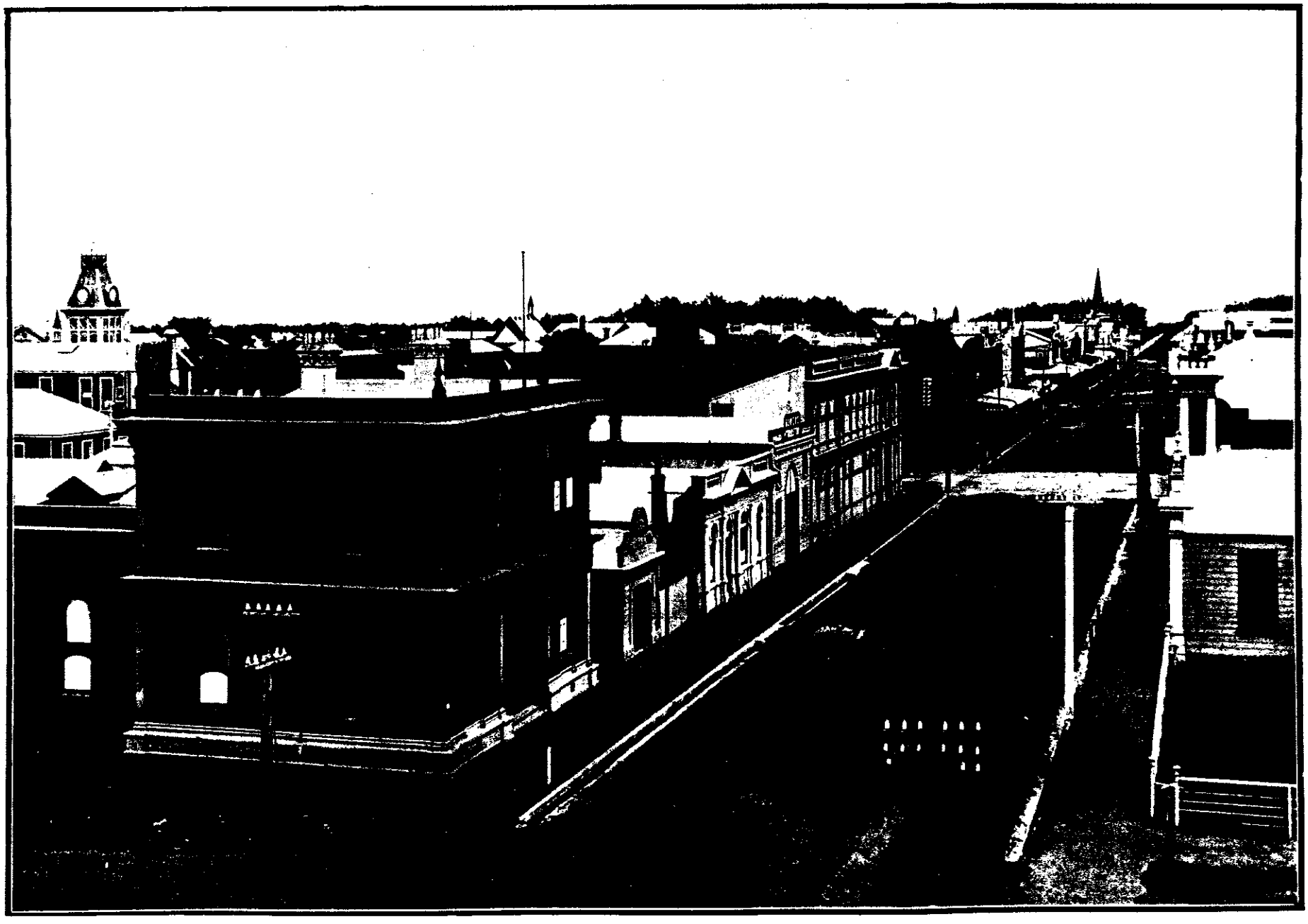
Pipiriki Landing: the terminus for the lower river boats and starting point for the up-river launches of the Wanganui River service, which is carrying an unusually large number of people this season.

GIRL WITH LILY: GRACEFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY, BY MISS M. ELIZABETH GREENWOOD, WOODWARD-STREET, WELLINGTON.

"THE DRINKING POOL": PASTORAL SCENE IN THE HAWKE'S BAY DISTRICT.

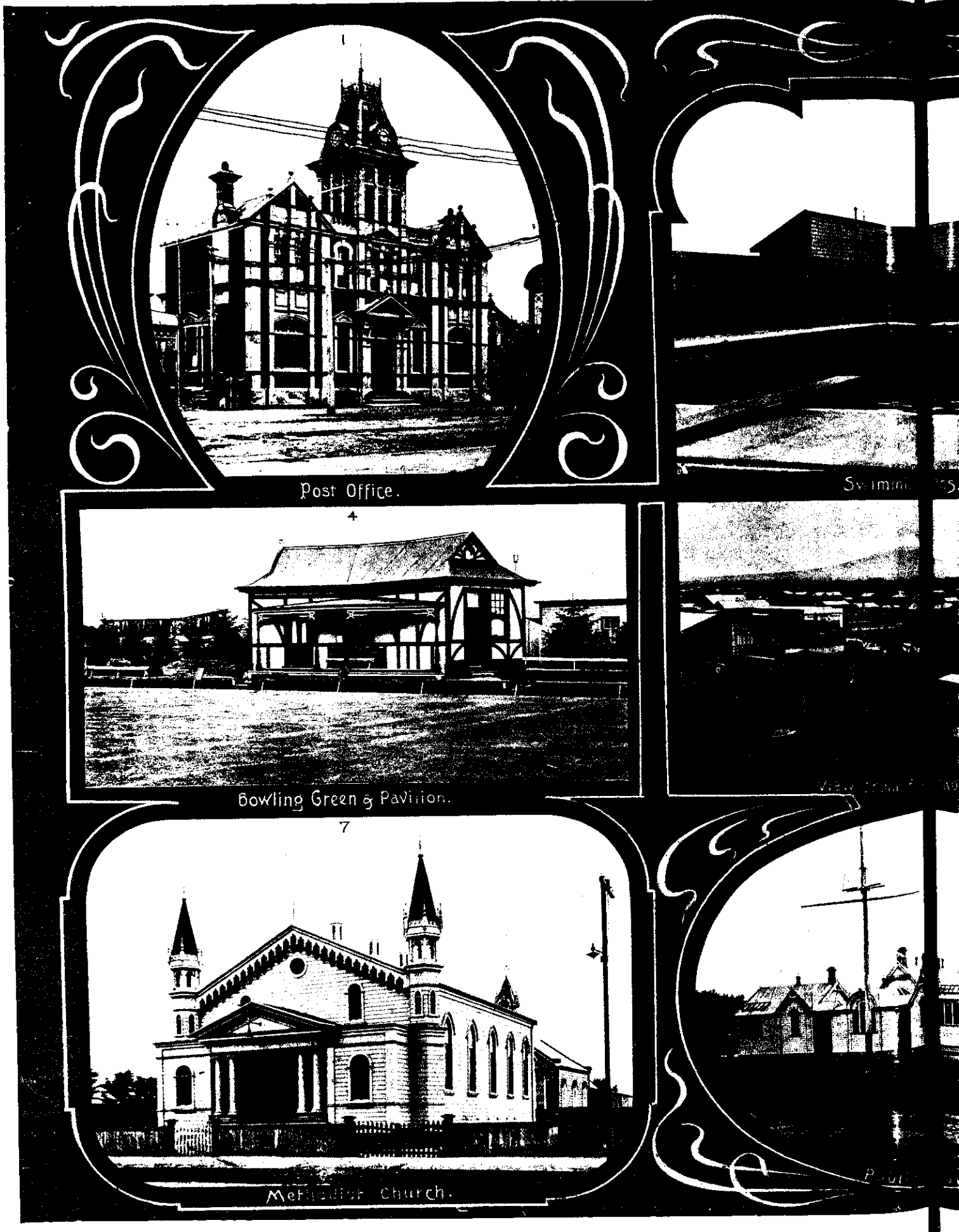
Reid, of Wairoa, photo

SNAP SHOTS AT THE AUCKLAND BOWLING ASSOCIATION'S EASTER TOURNAMENT.



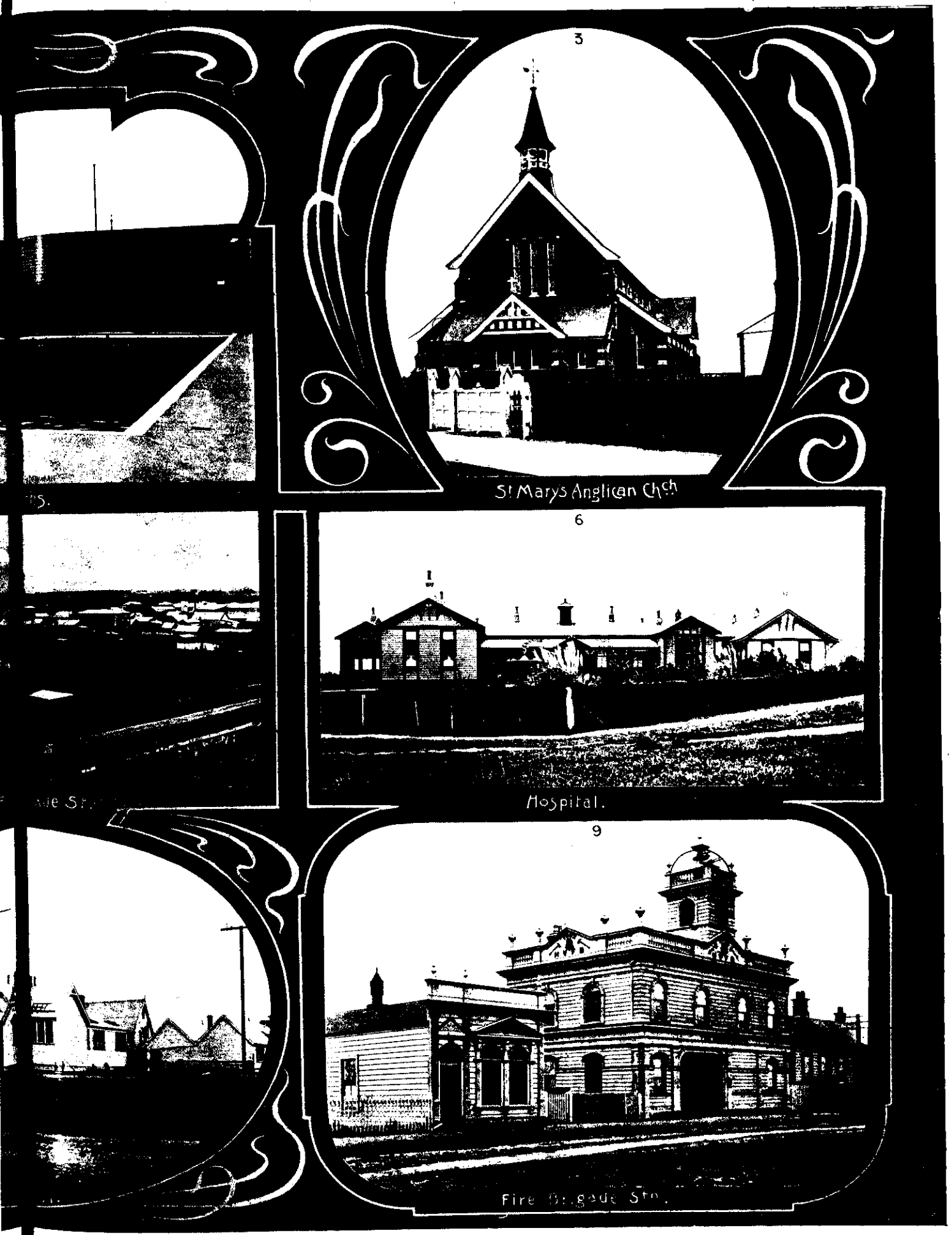
HAWERA. A PROGRESSIVE TARANAKI BOROUGH: VIEW OF HIGH-STREET, THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE, TAKEN FROM THE FIRE BRIGADE STATION TOWER.

The town of Hawera, in the fertile province of Taranaki, is situated 60 miles northwest of Wanganui by rail, 45 miles from New Plymouth, and is three miles inland from the Taranaki Bight, Patea being its port. It lies on the rich flat land between Wanganui and New Plymouth, and the surrounding district from which it derives its prosperity is devoted to dairying and farming. The borough is lit with electric light, has a population of over 2150, and the annual unimproved value of the rateable property is £160,000. It has a co-operative cheese and butter factory, flour mills, two woodware factories, sawmills, a hospital, three banks, two newspapers, a public library, an Agricultural and Pastoral Association, an Acclimatisation Society, and excellent swimming baths. Hawera is a well built town with fine wide streets and its business future is a very bright one.



HAWERA, A PROGRESSIVE

SOME OF ITS PR



E ARANAKI BOROUGH TOWN

PR T BUILDINGS.

DELEGATES TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE INTER-UNIVERSITY COLLEGE TOURNAMENT.

BACK ROW: C. M. Gilray (Otago), W. C. Harley (Canterbury), J. M. Hoghen (Victoria). FRONT ROW: D. Ferguson (Canterbury), A. F. Howarth (Auckland), J. F. Thompson (Auckland), G. F. Dixon (Victoria), T. Harrison (Otago), absent.

GROUP TAKEN ON EASTER SATURDAY AT THE LAWN TENNIS CONTESTS.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY COLLEGES' TOURNAMENT OF 1907 IN AUCKLAND.

A RED CROSS MATTER.

A QUARTETTE OF WELL-KNOWN OFFICERS.

COL. HOLGATE AND COL. WOLFE DISCUSSING THE DAY'S MANOEUVRES.

LIEUT.-COL. REID READING THE ORDERS FOR THE DAY.

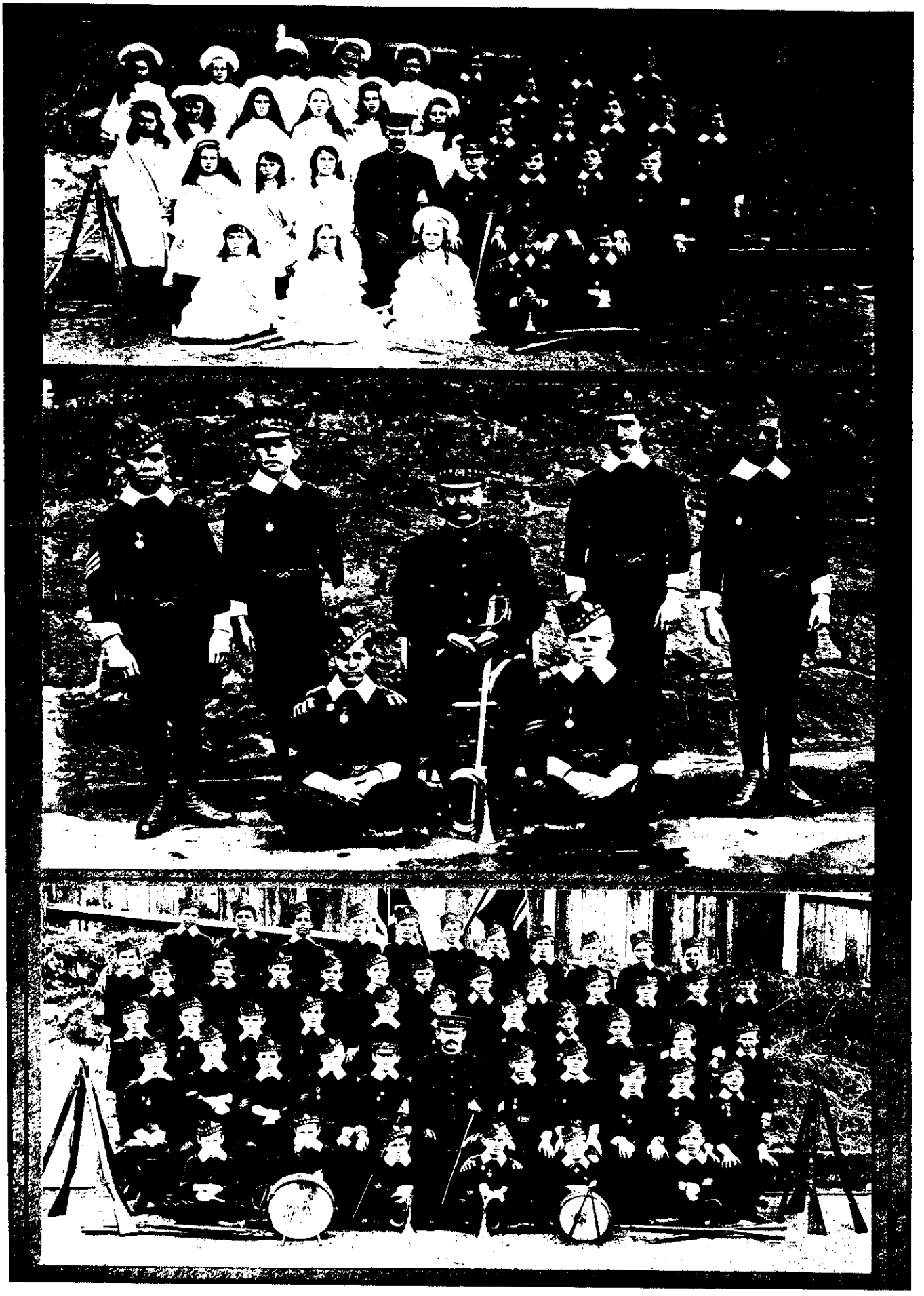
COL. WOLFE SUPERINTENDING OPERATIONS.

MAJOR CARPENTER IS AMUSED.

Morrison, photo. THE MAXIM GUN IN ACTION.

A GROUP OF OFFICERS.

SNAP SHOTS AT THE EASTER ENCAMPMENT AT CASTOR OIL BAY, AUCKLAND.



E. A. Rule, photo.

A CRACK CADET CORPS.

Napier-street School, Auckland, has a smart company of cadets, under Captain D. Dunlop, and at various times the boys have won a number of competitions. The top photograph shows the girls and boys who won distinction at a recent competition, and the second one is a picture of Captain Dunlop and his officers.

PUPPY LOVE: AN ADVENTURE IN HOLDING HANDS

By EDWIN L. SABIN

Oh, puppy love! Oh, puppy love!
Oh, soppy hearts, that touch!
When things that mean so little
Seem things that mean so much!

AROUND about, the whippoorwills had resumed their nightly cadence; over the grass the fire flies were going their mystic way, while already spellbound, the river lay dusky and still. The west was faintly pink from the departed sun, the east was faintly golden from the arriving moon, and the mid-heaven between was a faintly spangled blue. The air was mild and sweet, languorous with all lingering memories of a summer day. A subtle fragrance floated now here, now there, telling of great peonies drooping and drowsy, of musky petunias sighing for the hawk-moth's kiss, of modest mignonette dreaming of the bee, of a host of sweet peas unfolding to be plucked.

It was the hour for lovers—for hand-

BEULAH.

in-hand and eye-in-eye; for the replighting of troth but yester-given, and for the breathing of vows as yet unspoken.

Amidst this, the glamourous aftermath of a day in June, the village rested, its people relaxed for peace.

On the front walk of the Emerson cottage, half-way betwixt porch and gate, four figures stood for a moment hesitant; then they paired, one couple (the elder) proceeding through the gate, the other (the younger) proceeding across the lawn.

"You'd better sit in Grandpa Emerson's chair, kid," called back the man from the gateway. "That hammock looks very weak."

"We'll hurry back, Beulah," informed in her turn, his companion serenely—so serenely that one could with difficulty detect the sly hunter in her tones.

They laughed wisely, as those whose thoughts are in accord; the man passed his arm through hers, drawing her closer, and, step matched with step, they paced away down the gloaming path outside the pickets.

Beulah, seventeen and just out of the high school, and Harold, eighteen and a "prep." graduate, standing, surveyed the new hammock, hanging unoccupied and inviting, in the musky dimness beneath the apple tree.

"Shall I get in first," asked Harold—"to test it?"

"No; I was in it this afternoon, and it seemed strong. But you bring out a chair, if you're afraid."

"Oh, I'm not afraid on my account!" he assured bravely. "It ought to hold two people."

"Of course!" asserted Beulah, with a little toss of the head. "Please steady it for me." She slipped in, and, with feminine aptitude, was adjusted at once, presenting to him a bewildering medley of soft, white dimity, black hair and arched brows. "Now," she directed, looking up at him and thereby displaying a pair of violet eyes, "you may come."

Harold diffidently obeyed.

"No; from the other side would be better, wouldn't it?" she volunteered. "Dear me! Why are men so funny in a hammock? They are either all in or all out. Are you comfortable? You can't be!"

"I'm fine," he declared. "Are you comfortable?"

"Grand—as long as you don't move and make me slide. It's the same way with couch-pillows," she continued with sage raillery. "A girl will take one pillow and put it behind her, and it's exactly right; but a man will use every pillow in the whole house, and then he won't be fixed! He'll look all bolstered like an invalid, or else on the edge of a precipice, and expecting every minute to tumble off."

"I know it," admitted Harold meekly. "Where's your grandfather to-night?"

"Grandfather is discussing crops with old Mr. Maxley. Neither of them ever did one stroke of farming, but to listen you would never suspect it."

"I was going to wear my ducks," remarked Harold, apropos of nothing whatsoever that had yet been said. "All the fellows at school wear them," he added.

"I adore men in ducks."

"I'll skip and change, then. Shall I?"

"Of course not, silly! I mean, I adore ducks on men. They look so starchy and military in them—the men do; don't they. What do you suppose Ford and Helen are talking about?"

"Perhaps they aren't talking. I've seen them, honestly, sit by the hour and not say a word; just happy and eying each other."

"Yes," mused Beulah, dreamily, gazing into the round, yellow moon now upfloating as if released from the farther bank of the river before them. "I suppose that's the way with two persons who love each other and know that they love each other. They can talk without speaking. It must be splendid."

"I wonder when they'll be married."

"In the fall, I guess. I hope so. I've always wanted a brother—and Ford's perfectly grand."

"And I've always wanted a sister."

"Well, Helen's a lovely sister, you'll find," assured Beulah, still dreamily. A figure entered the gate. "There's grandfather," she announced. "You go and tell him where we are, and have him bring his chair out, if he'd like to."

"It's pretty damp for him here, isn't it?" suggested Harold, evincing a desire to parley over the matter. "He'll get the rheumatism."

"He never has rheumatism, and he's eighty years old. Isn't that wonderful? Go and tell him, please; or else I will."

"W-well," assented Harold, shifting reluctantly. "But he ought not to risk it."

"He ought to be told, though, anyway," insisted Beulah. "Really, he ought."

"All right," assented her companion in an injured tone, shifting farther. "But like enough he'll make you sit on the porch, then."

"Maybe. It is damp out here," agreed Beulah readily.

Harold straightened, with a great show of preparing to spring to the ground; his hand, slipping along the netting within, encountered something soft and warm and charged with electricity. It was another hand—but not his other hand; no. It did not move, and seemed quite insensible to the proximity of a stranger hand. Harold's hand remained very still, daring to move not so much as a finger lest it should frighten the new-found playmate away.

"Aw, no! He saw us; he must have," protested Harold huskily, sinking back. "He'll come, or he'll call you, if he wants to."

"Maybe he will," agreed Beulah, just as readily as before.

"It's—a—beautiful—night, isn't it."

HAROLD.

faltered Harold, striving to be matter-of-fact and collected, and not to indicate by his voice the whereabouts of his hand. But his voice sounded to him makeshift and self-conscious.

"Perfectly divine!" exclaimed Beulah.

From afar down the river reached their ears the mellow exhaust of a steamer.

"There comes a boat," informed Harold, maintaining the conversation.

His hand had been turning, gently, so as not to be noticed, and, in an unobtrusive way, closed over the other hand—over the little, velvety, innocent of a hand.

"So it does," murmured Beulah abstractedly.

"I've never been up the Ohio on a river-boat; have you?" pursued Harold, his hand gathering in the little, soft, velvety hand, inch by inch.

"No—yes; I mean, I went to New York once," responded Beulah absent-mindedly.

The little, warm, velvety hand betrayed a disposition to go away.

"But that isn't on the Ohio," corrected Harold.

His hand endeavoured to restrain the other hand; still unobtrusively, but persuasively.

"I know it. It's on the Hudson," replied Beulah. "What—what was it you asked me?"

"I said I'd never been up the Ohio on a river-boat," explained Harold.

"Oh, I have, loads of times; I've lived here all my life, you know."

The little, soft, warm, velvety, innocent of a hand was struggling and protesting, and the larger hand was pleading with it.

"On—a—steamboat?" hazarded Harold fatuously.

"No; I walked on the ice, winters, and swam, summers," she rebuked briskly. "And when you're through with my hand I should like to use it."

"Oh!" said Harold, with assumed jocularity. "Is that your hand?"

His own relaxed slightly, and the other quietly withdrew. He did not dare retain it, and presently it emerged from between them and fluttered about Beulah's hair.

"I suppose a brother has a right to touch his sister's hand," he proffered, feeling it incumbent upon him to be nettled. "And I'm your brother, too—about."

"Why—yes, if he wants to," mused Beulah. "But brothers don't usually care to, do they?"

"I don't know. Being a brother to a sister is something new to me," he confessed. "But I should think they would," he added hopefully.

"Other girls' brothers are all I've had experience with," she vouchsafed slowly. "Some of them did seem to have got in the habit, though."

"And other fellows' sisters are the only ones I've had," responded Harold. "It didn't seem to be anything very out-of-the-way with some of them, either."

"Didn't it?" murmured Beulah abstractedly.

The little hand had tucked in a hairpin or two, and had dropped to a very insecure position at the edge of her lap. Thence it slid, apparently unnoted by her, down in between them, about where it had been before. Harold's hand promptly found it.

"What steamer was it?" queried Harold.

"Where?" she asked.

"The one you went to—the one you went up on," he stammered. Oh, that delicious, warm, vivifying little hand! There were so many fascinating ways to hold it, and each was better than the preceding.

"It—was—— I—don't—know," murmured Beulah vacantly, staring hard into the moon.

"I've never been up the Ohio," announced Harold mechanically.

"I—haven't—either," she faltered. "Have you?"

"N-no, I don't believe I ever have," he replied huskily, trying hard to focus upon the topic.

"When was it, you say?" he asked—his fingers and his brain strangely affected in sympathy.

"When was what?" she returned faintly.

"When—you—went—up."

"I—don't—know," she mused. "Do you?"

"N-no-o," he uttered, grappling with the problem.

"There come Ford and Helen!" exclaimed Beulah abruptly; with a tiny pressure her hand fled.

"They don't want us," he averred, blindly groping for it.

"Oh, I'm sure they do!" she declared confidently. "I'll beat you——" And whi-sking from the hammock she sped, a dainty vision, through the moonlight, leaving hammock singularly cold and empty, and moon mocking.

Bewildered, resentful, somewhat giddy, Harold slothfully tumbled out and followed.

Senator Dubois has a new cook. People keeping house in Washington always have new cooks. This particular Dubois cook came claiming that she could do anything, and Mrs. Dubois intimated on the first day that they would have some macaroni for dinner.

"What's that?" asked the cook.

Mrs Dubois took her to the pantry and showed her the macaroni. "Do you mean to say you don't know what this is?" Mrs. Dubois asked.

"Oh, yes, 'deed I do, missus," the cook replied. "Only in the las' place I worked they lighted the gas with them things."—"New York World."

Some More Prize-winners at the Exhibition Baby Show

Williams.

VALENTINE REKA STANTON,
Mortimer Place, Christchurch, 2 years 5 days, third prize finest baby over two and under two and a half.

Coronation Studio

CHARLES ANDERSON,
Belfast, Christchurch, bronze medal finest and healthiest baby boy over six and under twelve months.

Burrell

NORMAN PORTERFIELD,
Islington, Christchurch, 1 year 11 months, silver medal.

Wrigglesworth and Binns.

NOEL HANNAH,
Riccarton, Christchurch, gold medal.

Coronation Studio

MARIE PRETTEJOHNS,
Riccarton, Christchurch, 5½ months, gold medal.

A. S. Hawley, photo.

OTAHUHU'S NEW TENNIS CLUB.

Players and visitors at the recent opening of the well-appointed tennis lawns which were started this year at Otahuhu.

S. G. Frith, photo.

FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT HALF-PAST TEN P.M. AT DR. STOPFORD'S RESIDENCE, "RANK TOP HOUSE," MT. EDEN, ON THE OCCASION OF THE "POTATO PIE SUPPER" GIVEN TO THE BESSES O' TH' BARN BAND.

Webb and Bunz, photo.

REPRESENTATIVES FROM EDEN TERRACE, AUCKLAND.

E. Denton, photo.

AUCKLAND TEAM, WINNER, THIRD PRIZE CONSOLATION HOSE AND HYDRANT EVENT.

Webb and Bunz, photo.

TIMARU, WHO CARRIED OFF THE CHAMPION AGGREGATE SHIELD.

FIRE FIGHTERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE CHRISTCHURCH EXHIBITION TOURNAMENT.

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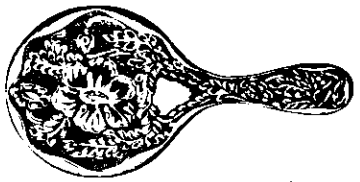
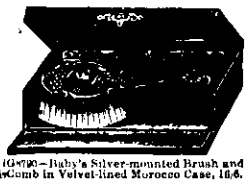


G4497—Silver-backed Hand Mirror, Newes Design, 9 in. long, 37/6.
Other designs at 25/-, 27/6, 30/- upwards.

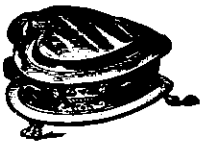
F7960—Silver Hair Brush, 9½ in. long, the fashionable "Watteau" design, 15/6.
Great variety of others at 18/6, 22/6, 25/- upwards.



G6790—Ruby's Silver-mounted Brush and Comb in Velvet-lined Morocco Case, 18/6.

No. G174—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Toilet Bottles, in 2 sizes, 10/6 and 13/6

G6081—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Puff Box, 3½ in. high, 10/6.
Others, 11/6, 12/6, 14/6, 16/6, upwards



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

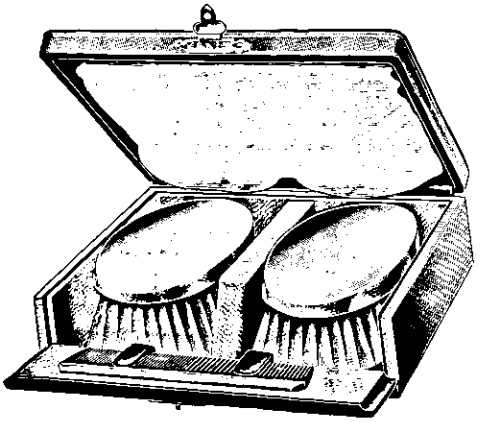
G4630—Gent.'s Silver Backed Military Brush "Angel Choir" design, 22/6.
Other designs at 21/-, 22/6, 27/6

F9799—Silver-backed "Watteau" design Clothes and Hat Brushes 7 in. long, 18/6 each.

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

G5858—Real Crocodile Skin Purse, with Solid Silver Mounts and Lock, 14/6.

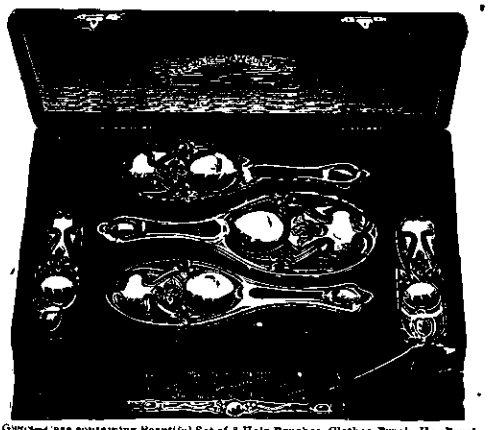
G3962—Cut Glass and Solid Silver Jewel Box, Two Sizes 3½in. long 10/6; 6in. long 18/6



G7506—Case containing 2 Gent.'s Military Brushes, Solid Silver Concave Backs and Comb, £3/10/-.
Other Silver Sets at 45/-, 52/6, and 60/-.

F8747—Solid Silver-mounted Comb, 7½in. long, 8/6.
Great Selection of others, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6 up to 21/-

G5085—Solid Silver and Best Steel Manicure Set, in Morocco Case, £2/7/6.
Other sets at 21/-, 25/-, 27/6 upwards.



G9913—Case containing Beautiful Set of 8 Hair Brushes, Clothes Brush Hand Mirror and Comb, all mounted in Solid Silver, £10/10/-
Other sets at £6/10/-, £8/10/-, £9/10/-.

BARTON, McGILL & CO.

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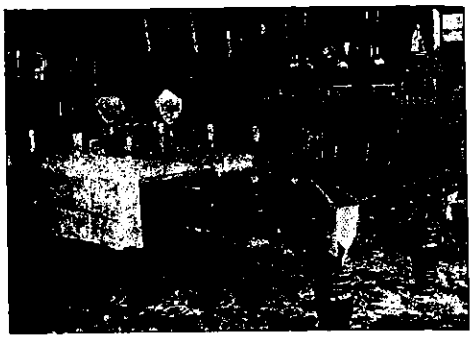

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W. S. BAILEY.] —— [W. G. LOWE.

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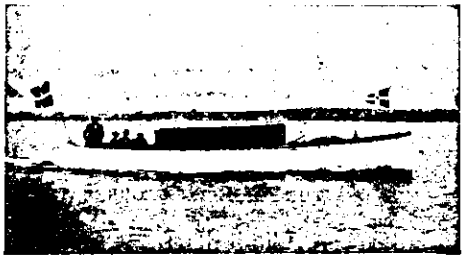

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The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

"THESE enormous breaks at billiards," said the sporting member, "will lead to some alteration in the rules. It is not likely that the public will pay to see over a thousand consecutive cradle cannons: it would be more tedious to watch than the spot stroke. If billiard matches are to retain their hold on the public, the play will have to be more of an all-round character. I remember the outcry against Ives for making a long run by getting the balls jammed in the top pocket and running off a thousand cannons. Big scores at either billiards or cricket become monotonous when they are often repeated."

"I was at the Aquarium," said the journalist, "when Peall made his spot stroke break of three thousand odd. The monotony was only relieved by the enormous amount of betting that went on. Fry, the great bookmaker, was betting in thousands, and the scene was anything but edifying. Peall was playing against the Scotchman, Hugh MacNeill, who, of course, was left hopelessly in the rear. A fellow scribe was so demoralised by the whole affair that he wound up a delicious description of the match by stating that Hughie didn't 'macneilly' enough. It is a curious thing that Peall could never make a break of even a hundred without putting his tongue out."

"A good many breaks," observed the cynic, "might be avoided in this world if people could keep their tongues still. I hear that there is likely to be a very pretty little entanglement in a certain quarter through an indiscreet revelation made by an employer in one of our large drapery establishments. I fancy the whole affair is capable of a quite simple explanation, and one of the parties has been the victim of a most untoward combination of circumstances, but just at present relations are a bit strained in that particular household."

"The particular revelation to which you so enigmatically refer," replied the doctor, "has been matter of common talk for some time. When a certain person is known to have———"

"I say, you fellows," said the dominie, "don't you think you have talked enough scandal for one time? The whole affair has been patched up, and I saw the parties chiefly concerned sitting together in the stalls the other night, apparently the best of friends again. To change the subject, I see from the English papers that the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge has published a book which has fallen like a bombshell into the camp of the Ritualists."

"I am a bit interested in that," said the journalist, "as I see he makes a very eloquent defence of the Evangelicals, and yet maintains that though they had depth, they lacked breadth and height. We have been so deluged with High Church theology lately that I had begun to think all other schools of thought were dead. Perhaps our pasonic friend can tell us what the book is about."

"I am afraid I should only bore you," said the parson. "I have certainly read the book with the greatest interest and fancy it is the best exposition we have had of what I cannot but regard as the coming school of thought; but it is not an easy matter to discuss in a club smoking-room."

"No, no, my dear fellow," observed the lawyer, "you won't bore us one bit. Believe me, we all feel an interest in these things, and if we don't go to church as often as you might wish, it is mainly because the modern sermon does not seem to help us much. You must admit that the average preacher is apt to be a bit wearisome."

"Gwatkin," said the parson, "is one of our most distinguished philosophical historians, and he has never done anything finer than his last book. He traces the history of religious thought from the earliest times, and his main conclusion is that every work which is done on the face of the whole earth for love or duty is true communion with God. From the Spartan Three Hundred to the child in the slums, who gives his last penny to one who needs it more than he does. It is the common duties done with a true heart that show the true light that is lighting every man. And he contends that the personal religion of the Evangelical was a deeper and truer thing than the return to authority of the Neo-Anglicans."

"And yet," said the philosopher, "in reading the book I felt that he had missed the need of corporate life to secure permanence of thought. What we really need is not less organisation, but more thought within the organisation. A man's real religion is that which he never talks about, but we need a society formed on well-defined lines to bind individuals together. The church is the cover which holds together and preserves what might else be merely scattered leaves of private opinion."

"I could not agree with the Mayor's housing scheme," said the land agent. "Not but what something ought to be done for our workers. We really want four-roomed cottages that would let for six shillings a week, and with the present price of land in the city and suburbs, not to mention the price of labour, even three-roomed cottages could hardly be let at the price. If you go out to the country to build you get the cost of transit added to the rent, and the cost of transit cannot be reckoned at the bare fare for one person for one return trip a day. You would have to adopt some system of family tickets, and that would probably entail financial loss. The main cost of houses in the city is the cost of the land, and that difficulty can be best overcome by some scheme of residential flats. We want to cater for the men who earn under 50/ a week, and I can see no other means than the model dwelling, where several families are housed in flats."

"The real difficulty," remarked the parson, "lies in the fact that everybody nowadays wants to live in the town. I frequently have visits from new arrivals who want me to find them work. I could get them any amount of employment in the country districts, but they all say they don't want to go away from the city. They like to be under some union, and resent the idea of farm work. I was visiting only the other day in a country place, where the conditions of life were easy and healthy, and I found several of the settlers were anxious to sell their places, and move nearer Auckland. They talk of greater advantages for their children, though I cannot see what greater advantage they could want than the pure air and delightful scenery of the country, coupled with an abundance of good wholesome food."

"The women folk," ventured the dominie, "are chiefly responsible for the exodus from the country to the town. They like to be 'near the shops,' as they put it, and to be in the fashion. I know some people whose sole amusement is walking up and down Queen-street. To them that represents seeing life. It is sad to reflect that after all the millions we have spent on education we have not yet been able to teach our people the real meaning of life and character."

"The only real solution of the housing problem is the freehold," said the political member. "Let every family own its own house and you would see an end of slums, and steadier labour conditions. People are naturally careless of other people's houses, and landlords are not anxious to waste money on repairs that are not likely to mean increased rentals. The model flat or model dwelling, or whatever you like to call it, is an abomination to the working man, and it is destruction of the best family life. We want to encourage a feeling of independence amongst our workers; and that can never be done by providing them with what are little better than charity houses. I believe the whole question will shortly be brought before the House, and something in the way of advances to householders will be attempted.

"I heard a strange yarn the other day," said the doctor, "from one of my patients. He had a curious mark on the upper part of his left arm, and at first I thought it was an old vaccination mark. But on a closer examination I saw that it bore the shape of something very like a Hebrew Aleph. He told me that it was a private mark of a certain Society, which in the early days had been formed for the purpose of extending the influence of a foreign Power in certain directions. He told me that the Society was still in existence and daily growing in influence, but that the members were now known to each other by other means. It may have been all a yarn, as the mark could conceivably have been left as the result of some skin eruption; but it struck me as curious."

"Now you mention it, doctor," said the lawyer, "I remember seeing a similar mark once on a man's arm, but I put it down to some freak of vaccination. Considering the way in which a certain European nation is working towards colonial expansion, I am inclined to think there is something in it. There are two or three men I know well whom I more than suspect of being in the pay of a foreign Government. They toil not neither do they spin, and yet they are always well provided with funds. If it were not for the fact that my lips are sealed by professional etiquette, I could tell a very queer story in this connection."

"South Africa," said the journalist," is honeycombed with foreign intrigue, but I must confess I thought we were fairly free from that sort of thing. When I was in Wellington I remember one of the detectives there hinted at something of the kind going on in New Zealand, but I thought he was only talking. I have heard rumours, now I come to think of it, of approaches having been made to China by a certain Government as an off-set to our Japanese alliance, and it has been whispered that the recent native troubles in India have not been purely spontaneous. As far as I can understand the object of the whole affair is to entangle England in some Eastern complications. Perhaps the Yellow Peril is more of a danger than we think."

At Wanderhus, in Norway, the day lasts from May 21 to July 22 without interruption; and at Spitzbergen, the longest three and a-half months. At Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has 21½ hours, and the shortest 2½ hours. At St. Petersburg and Tobolsk, the longest has 19 and the shortest five hours. At Stockholm and Upsala, the longest day has 18½hours. At Hamburg, Danzig, and Stettin, the longest day has 17 hours, and the shortest seven. At Berlin and London, the longest day has 16½ hours, and the shortest about eight.

MUSINGS and MEDITATIONS

By Dog Toby

THE CHILDREN'S REST.

WE are told that the thousandth baby to enter the children's Rest at the Christchurch Exhibition received a silver mug suitably inscribed. What the suitable inscription was we are not told; probably it was a verse or two of the song "They left the baby on the shore, a thing which they had never done before." The system of establishing places where we can leave what the papers in their advertising columns euphemistically term "encumberances" is one capable of almost indefinite expansion. Why, for instance, when ministers go for a holiday cruise to the Islands or the Sounds, or to various "conferences" in other countries, should they not have a creche provided for them where they can leave their various bills to be cared for, and coddled in their absence, and called for on their return? Some ministerial parents might forget to call for their offspring, or they might lose the ticket, or the different parliamentary babies might get mixed and call for a second judgment of Solomon to decide the true ownership. This would only add to the excitement of life for the members of our House of Representatives, and a Home of Rest for most of our recent legislative enactments, could not fail to be welcomed by the community as a whole. In social life some place where we could leave inconvenient companions to be called for would be much patronised. The married man could leave his mother-in-law, and unmarried couples could drop the often inconvenient chaperon. The astute confidence man might leave his victim in one of these halls of rest whilst he himself walked round the corner with his victim's watch and purse, and the gifts of mugs to the inmates would in such cases be singularly appropriated.

At Easter time, when our thoughts are turned for a space to things beyond this world, many of us will let memory wander back to the day when we saw our love-lamp blown about the night, and angel arms caught up our little one and carried it upwards to the Children's Rest. There is a pathos in the death of little children such as there is in nothing else. Their love whilst they were with us was so entirely free from all self-seeking, so trustful, and so confiding. Where shall we find the like in the loves and affections of maturer lives? More intense, more conscious, more knowingly capable of sacrifice, the love of wedded life may be; but it is the look of pure affection shining out of wildered eyes that we find in childhood, and nowhere else. Who can read the child mind? Who knows what it has cost the baby soul to keep back the tears when it has had to surrender some new found joy, because mother would be so vexed? For children are so eagerly anxious that we should share their pleasures with them, they bring us all their baby treasuses that we, too, may share in their finds. When baby has picked up some particularly precious morsel on the floor, or unearthed it from the place where we thought it had been so carefully hidden, how gleefully does it run to mother that she may have some too. In this world, with its clouding cares we too seldom know the angel influences that are with us till we see the white wings lessening up the skies. What it means to watch by that little cot, when the little feet that used to patter over the house are still; when the parched lips that used to lisp our names are faintly moaning between their gasps for breath; when we would give our all to be able to call our little one back to health, and our thoughts keep wandering to the time when the baby arms were round us, and the baby voice was calling—only a mother's heart can tell.

Ere the soul loosed from its last ledge of life,
Her little face peered round with anxious eyes,
Then, seeing all the old faces, dropped content,
The mystery dilated in her look,
Which on the darkening deathground, faintly caught
Some likeness of the angel shining near.
And all in her babe beauty forth she went,
Her budding spring of life in tiny leaf,
Her faint dawn whitened in the perfect day;
Bearing her life-scroll folded, without stain,
And only three words written on it,—two
Our names! Ah may they plead for us in heaven!

And Easter comes to bring us the message of hope, the message that the divine within us is immortal; and the little one in going to heaven has but opened a pathway thither, down which goodness comes streaming into our own souls. And when in after years we stand by the grave of the babe we lost in other days, should not we feel that in this stainless life taken from us, ere sin could blight or sorrow fade, we have really one of the most precious gifts that God can give—the memory of unselfish love to make us less self-seeking in our lives, the memory of innocent purity to make us less wedded to the baser passions of mankind. The life has returned to God who gave it, and returned as He gave it, unspotted by the world. We have a weary way to travel, seeing the sights and exhibitions of this life. Often will we be fain to stop and rest, but we are hurried on from corridoor to corridor, seeing much, finding interest in little, till our day of weary sight-seeing is done, and we pass once more through the gates to a wider and fresher world. And as we make with tired feet and stained robes, towards the portals that shall open to us the great beyond, shall we not feel thankful that while we were wandering gloomily and wearily among the mazy corridors of life, God called our little one, in all its stainless purity, and took it to Himself to the bright and tearless Children's Rest?

Medical Hints.

Evils of Smoking.—Tobacco, says Dr. C. Stanford Read, tends to produce anaemia, but up to the age of forty much excess of tobacco may be indulged in without permanent harm. Nevertheless, excessive smoking, especially of cigarettes, causes "tobacco heart," "tobacco blindness," and sleeplessness, and is prejudicial to the efficient working of the intellectual faculties.

The Sick-Room.—In preparing a sick-room let the floor and woodwork be wiped with a damp cloth—not scrubbed, unless some hours elapse before the patient is moved into it. See that the windows and doors open and close without any noise. If a fire has not been in the room for some time, light it some hours before the patient is moved in; if a fire is not needed, see that there is a clear passage up the chimney.

TECHNOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS. OF THE CITY AND GUILDS OF LONDON INSTITUTE AND SCIENCE AND ART EXAMINATIONS OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Examinations on behalf of the above bodies will be conducted by the Education Department at various centres about May and June next respectively.

Forms of application to be examined may be obtained on application to the authorities of the local technical or art school or classes, or from the Secretary for Education, Wellington.

The date by which applications to be examined must reach the Education Department are, for the City and Guilds Examinations, 19th April, or with late fee, 26th April, and for the South Kensington Examinations, 11th May, or with late fee, 25th May.

C. O. GIBBES,
Secretary for Education.

Education Department,
Wellington, 25th March, 1907.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA.

THE HOLLOWAY SEASON IN AUCKLAND.

The Holloway Dramatic Company are such firm favourites in Auckland that it was no surprise to find a packed house awaiting their appearance on Easter Monday, when "The Coal King" was staged. A picturesque and sensational melodrama may be always calculated to "catch on" with a very large proportion of theatregoers, and "The Coal King" was no exception to this rule. The play, which is in the main very similar to its fellow melodramas, was followed with breathless interest, and the various strong situations and striking climaxes were warmly applauded.

The acting of Miss Beatrice Holloway was again a feature, and one would much like to see this most charming and capable actress in high comedy. The company are assured of a highly successful season.

THE BESSES O' TH' BARN BAND.

The enormous and well-deserved success of this world-famous band has been as phenomenal in Auckland as in the South, and huge audiences of many thousands attended the open-air concerts at Takapuna Racecourse and at Alexandra Park. The band is above all criticism, and there can be little doubt that their visit will stimulate interest in brass band work in the colony, and tend to raise the level of the same. The Besses were very handsomely entertained in Auckland, and were sorry to leave. They play at Hamilton on Wednesday; Thames, Thursday; Waihi, Friday; and Rotorua on Saturday and Sunday. During their Auckland stay the band gave a concert at the hospital, a kindly act much appreciated by the patients and staff.

Lateral Curvature.—This is usually brought about by faulty positions in standing, sitting, etc., or by a young girl carrying a heavy baby about. The first thing to attract attention is that one shoulder appears to grow out behind, or to be higher than its fellow. There may be little or no pain, while the deformity is very marked. The prevention of this trouble is evident. Correct positions of the body must be enforced, and one side of the body must not be overstrained unscularly.

Drinking with Meals.—The average person should drink about two and a-third pints of water a day, and there is no harm in drinking as much as a pint at dinner. Hot water is a distinct aid to sluggish digestion, and a drink of water last thing at night and first thing in the morning is conducive to good health.

Prevention of Obesity.—Those who seem addicted to putting on more flesh than is healthy may do much to prevent such an occurrence by being temperate with regard to both food and drink, at the same time leading a life of active exercise, both mental and physical. Malt liquors and fat-forming foods should, of course, be extremely restricted.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIBRARY.

It has been said that the Seven Wonders of the World are the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the tomb of Mausolus, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Zeus by Phidias, and the Pharos of Alexandria. This dictum at the time it was made was undoubtedly true; but during the last hundred and fifty years, on the spot formerly occupied by the famous Montague House in Bloomsbury, London, there have gradually been gathered together antiquarian, literary, and scientific collections which, although they do not possess the massive grandeur of the Pyramids or the exquisite beauty of design shown in some of the triumphs of past ages, are still as wonderful as any of these, illustrating as they do the history of the world from its very infancy. The building which contains these collections is the British Museum; and it is somewhat remarkable that a structure erected to accommodate collections showing the gradual growth of civilisation should stand on the grounds where in 1780 were encamped the troops which were to quell the Gordon riots, one of the centres of which was in Bloomsbury.

In this great building can be seen sculptures illustrating the history of Egypt from the time of the early Pharaohs—4000 B.C.—an immense number of household articles, jewellery, vases, tablets of the dead, tools, etc., typifying the oppression of the Children of Israel under Rameses II., right through the captivity, together with the coffins of ancient priestesses, with inscriptions of prayers to the protecting gods, and the embalmed remains of the leading members of the numerous dynasties. Here, too, can be seen antiquities of Babylonia, Assyria, and ancient Greece and Rome recovered from the tombs, many of them in a most extraordinary state of preservation, despite the fact that they carry us back to the time of Abraham; and, last but not least, there are fifty thousand volumes of manuscripts, including Latin and Greek papyri, found in the tombs of the ancient kings, containing the handwriting and seals of thousands of years; while close by the report of the latest speech delivered by one of our leading statesmen may be read!

On the death of Sir Hans Sloane, the great physician and scientist, it was found that by his will his executors were empowered to offer to Parliament his fine library and the whole of his vast collection of antiquities and works of art for twenty thousand pounds—thirty thousand pounds less than it had cost him. The offer was accepted, and an Act was passed in 1753 for "the purchase of the museum or collection of Sir Hans Sloane, Bart, and of the Harleian collection of manuscripts, and procuring one general repository for the better reception and more convenient use of the said collection and of the Cottonian Library and additions thereto." The money was raised by means of a public lottery, the amount being three hundred thousand pounds. This sum also included the cost of Montague House. There were one hundred thousand tickets issued of three pounds each. It was hoped that the funds thus obtained would be sufficient not only to meet the cost of extensions and repairs, but also to provide for the salaries of the officials. The collections, however, grew with such marvellous rapidity that eventually additional land had to be obtained close to the Museum at a cost of two hundred thousand pounds, and a separate museum for the natural history collection had to be erected at South Kensington.

When George IV. gave what is known as the King's Library to the nation—a library which cost one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, and which contains some of the greatest rarities in literature—it was decided to alter the whole character of the building. A separate library was erected to accommodate the sixty-three thousand volumes given by His Majesty; and in 1849 it was found necessary to erect the present magnificent reading-room. This reading-room contains one million two hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet of space; and at the time it was erected the surrounding libraries had an additional seven hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet. The building is constructed mainly of iron, with brick arches between the main ribs.

The library, which now contains between three million and four million volumes, is without exception the largest in the world, the only one which approaches it in size being the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris; and it is interesting to note that for the accommodation of this immense number of books upwards of forty-three miles of shelves are required!

For beauty of design, elegance of construction, and symmetry of form, there is no building in London which will bear comparison with the reading room at the British Museum. In the centre is a platform, slightly raised, occupied by the superintendent and his assistants. Round this platform, a few feet apart, are two rows of desks arranged in the form of a circle. The desks—the outer one has a circumference of nearly two hundred feet—are filled with large catalogues, and radiating from the desks like the spokes of a great wheel are the long tables provided for the readers. By an ingenious method, the tables are divided in the centre by a sort of partition which prevents students from being disturbed by the readers on the other side. On the top of the partition a number of electric incandescent lamps are fixed at intervals, and just underneath these are shelves and book rests, which, when not in use, lit flush with the partition. Each seat along the tables has a letter and number, and the reader (who is provided with pen, ink, blotting-paper, and a chair), on filling up the form when making application for a book, notifies the place where he is sitting, and the book is in due course brought to him by an attendant.

The whole of the wall-space right round the room to the bottom of the dome is filled with the lore of many centuries. Within the reach of the readers on the ground-floor there are twenty thousand works of reference, classified in their various subjects, and in regard to these no application to the superintendent is necessary; while in the two galleries above there are fifty thousand additional volumes. The dome has a singularly dignified appearance. At the bottom there is a massive cornice, and the inner surface of the dome is divided into two compartments, and these again are subdivided by beautiful ornamental panels. The light is admitted through large windows which rise perpendicularly from the cornice, and by this arrangement ample opportunity is afforded, owing to the curvature of the dome, for a magnificent scheme of decoration.

The interior of the reading room is one of the sights of London. Here foregather great historians, prominent politicians, and savants—men whose works have obtained a world-wide popularity. Among the "readers" in the past have been Guizot, Thiers, Louis Napoleon, Louis-Philippe, Cavour, Garibaldi, Macaulay, Blackstone, Dr. Johnson, the father of Disraeli, David Hume, the poet Gray, Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, Lytton, Huxley; and, coming to later times, Gladstone, Lecky, Gardiner, Wolseley, Goschen, Dilke, Morley, Lubbock (now Lord Avebury), and a host of others. From midday up to about five p.m., which is the busiest time of the day, the room is generally well filled; and as there is accommodation for upwards of four hundred and fifty persons, the scene is a very animated one. So many applications are made for books during the afternoon that boys are specially "told off" to bring the volumes on barrows which in appearance resemble those used by porters for luggage at railway stations.

In order to obtain a book the reader has to fill up a form giving the name of the author and title of the work, the press-mark (indicating the locality where the volume is to be found), and the date and place of publication. These particulars are obtained from the huge catalogues, and the reader is responsible for all the books that he borrows so long as the form he has filled up and handed in to the attendants remains uncancelled. There is no limit as to the number of books a reader may borrow; but in order to facilitate the work it is usual to fill up a fresh form for every volume he wishes to obtain. Special rooms are set apart for those wishing to see rare books or priceless manuscripts.

By the courtesy of Mr. G. K. Fortescue, who is the head of the important department of printed books, I was recently granted the privilege of inspecting the series of galleries behind the reading-room, where the major portion of the vast collection is kept. And what a perfect maze it is! The reading-room, as before stated, is in the centre of a large quadrangle, and in the four corners of the parallelogram unoccupied by the circle of the room a remarkable and ingenious series of galleries is built, affording accommodation for millions of books.

To avoid risk of fire, these galleries have skylights, no artificial illumination being allowed. They resemble huge cages, for the floors are of open ironwork, which admit the light through the several stories. The only drawback to this arrangement—a drawback which cannot be avoided—is that during fogs which are so prevalent in London during the winter months no books from these galleries can be obtained. Despite the extensive accommodation which was provided, owing to the Copyright Act—under which a copy of every book and paper published in the United Kingdom has to be sent to the British Museum—the number of volumes increased to such gigantic proportions that a special contrivance had to be resorted to in order to provide room for them. This takes the form of sliding-presses, consisting of a framework fitted with shelves open back and front so as to receive volumes on each side. These shelves are suspended on girders, and, running smoothly on wheels, can be easily moved backwards and forwards. They supplement the standard presses, and by this means the books in many places are six deep! All these presses are made of iron plates, the shelves being covered with leather.

Many of the choicest books which the library contains were bequeathed to the nation by private donors; others have from time to time been purchased by the trustees out of the grants made annually to the British Museum by Parliament. It is impossible to form an accurate estimate as to the value of some of the choicest books, for many in the library are the only known copies; but several have previously been sold at prices approaching five thousand pounds each. Probably the gem of the collection is the Mazarin Bible, which was printed in Latin at Mentz about the year 1455. This is the earliest complete printed book known. "The Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers," which was translated from the French by Anthony Wyderville, Earl Rivers, and printed by William Caxton at Westminster in 1477, is the first volume known with certainty to have been printed in England. Other specimens of the earliest productions of the printing-press in England include "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," "The Book of Tales of Cauntyrburye," and the English version of Aesop's Fables. Among the numerous old copies of the Scriptures and religious works are Martin Luther's translation of the Bible, and Myles Coverdale's Bible, dated 1530; the New Testament which belonged to Anne Boleyn; "The Assertion of the Seven Sacraments," the book which procured for Henry VIII., from Pope Leo X. the title of "Defender of the Faith," ever since borne by the British sovereigns; the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," which was presented to Queen Elizabeth by its author, Archbishop Parker; the "Codex Alexandrinus," an ancient Greek copy of the Scriptures supposed to have been executed by Thecla, a lady of Alexandria, in the fourth or fifth century, and presented by Cyril Lucar, the Patriarch of Constantinople, to Charles I. The last-named is one of the two most ancient copies of the Scriptures in existence.

The manuscripts in the British Museum forms the finest collection in the world. Among the most interesting are "the Recognitions" of Clement of Rome in Syriac, dated about 411; the English version of Wycliffe's Bible, written towards the close of the fourteenth century; the orations of Hyperides, Homer, Aristotle, etc., and the "Bull of Pope Innocent III., whereby he receives in fee the Kingdom of England, given to the Roman Church by virtue of a charter confirmed by the Golden Seal of King John, and takes it into Apostolic protection: Given at St. Peter's, II Kalends of May, A.D. 1214, and of the Pontificate of Pope Innocent the seventeenth year."

It would be impossible, owing to exigencies of space, to mention even a small proportion of the historical deeds which are to be seen in the library; suffice it to say that they include an ancient copy of the famous Magna Charta—the original copy is no longer in existence—granted by King John, and the charter granted by William the Conqueror for the foundation of Battle Abbey in Sussex after the battle of Hastings in 1066.

Reference has already been made to the Copyright Act of 1842, under which the Museum is entitled to a gratuitous copy of every printed book, newspaper, or document published in the United Kingdom; and it is this provision which has contributed largely to the tremendous growth of the library—a growth which has for a considerable time occupied the serious attention of the trustees, for it soon became apparent that unless further accommodation could be provided, especially for the newspapers, all the available space would be filled. We have seen the ingenious method of hanging-presses, by which a vast collection of additional books can be stored; and, as showing the stupendous growth in the number of volumes, it may be pointed out that in 1753 the library started with about fifty thousand books; in 1821 the number had only reached one hundred and sixteen thousand; in 1838 it was two hundred and thirty-five thousand; twenty years later it had reached five hundred and fifty thousand; while in 1896 there were one million seven hundred and fifty thousand volumes, not counting a single sheet or parts of works accumulating. Since then the growth has been much more rapid, and it is estimated that there are now about three million five hundred thousand volumes in the library. The work of arranging this collection is a stupendous undertaking; for each book has to be classified, and the press-mark indicating its locality has to be affixed on the back. According to the latest parliamentary return the total number of these press-marks during 1905 amounted to seventy-four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five; in addition to which thirty-seven thousand four hundred and four press-marks have been altered in consequence of changes and re-arrangements, nearly thirty-one thousand labels have been fixed to books and volumes of newspapers, and one hundred and fifteen thousand four hundred and ninety-seven obliterated labels have been renewed. There is a corresponding amount of work to be done in cataloguing. A large staff is engaged in the binding and repairing of books at the Museum. The number of volumes and sets of pamphlets sent to be bound in the course of last year was eleven thousand nine hundred and eighty-five, including three thousand three hundred and twenty-eight volumes of newspapers; while over twenty-five thousand books have been repaired.

The number of newspapers published in the United Kingdom received under the provisions of the Copyright Act during the year was three thousand two hundred and sixty-one, comprising two hundred and twenty-one thousand two hundred and sixty-nine single numbers; in addition to which large numbers of colonial and foreign newspapers, together with broadsides, parliamentary papers, etc., have either been presented or purchased.

With regard to the newspapers, it was calculated in 1882 that the space available at the Museum would be sufficient for thirty-three years; but since that time there has been such an enormous accumulation that the authorities have tried several means to cope with the pressure. Some time ago additional storage-room was provided in the basement and the new buildings; but this has practically been filled. The British newspapers in 1837 only occupied about forty presses, whereas now there are two and a-quarter miles of presses; besides which accommodation has had tobe provided for the colonial, American, and foreign newspapers. Some time ago land was obtained at Hendon, where a repository for storage of newspapers and other printed matter is now in course of construction; and it is believed that the extra accommodation which will thus be provided will be sufficient to meet the demands for a very considerable period.

The cost of the construction of the reading-room and the surrounding galleries was one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and the expenditure on purchases alone for the Museum up to 1875 was considerably over one million pounds. The Government has been very liberal in making large annual grants, sometimes amounting to upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, in order that the collections should be of the most representative character; and it was owing to the generosity of the late Sir William Harcourt, when Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1896, that the additional freehold land, on which sixty-eight houses stood, was secured at a cost of two hundred thousand pounds to meet the growing needs of the Museum. These houses are gradually being demolished, and when the whole of them have disappeared the authorities will possess a square plot of thirteen acres completely isolated by the surrounding roadways.

It is considered that this land will be sufficient to meet the requirements of the trustees for another century, but no one can prophesy with accuracy as to the growth of the Museum even in the immediate future. In the past all such predictions have been completely falsified; but, in the words of Macaulay, the Museum will remain "the repository of such various and precious treasures of art, science, and learning as were scarce ever assembled under a single roof."—"Chambers' Magazine."

Secrets of the Pantomime.

HOW STAGE EFFECTS ARE PRODUCED.

In a popular pantomime now running there is a military scene, in which a battery of artillery is heard galloping over a plain, says a writer in "Answers." Of course, a battery of artillery cannot possibly gallop behind the scenes in order to produce the effects, so the sounds of rattling guns are artificially made in this way. A quantity of sand, with some loose bricks and gravel, is placed in a trough; an empty soap-box is filled with scraps of old iron. This box is placed on a small truck, similar to a railway porter's truck on which he wheels passengers' luggage.

When the battery of artillery is supposed to come galloping over the plain, which the audience cannot see, a stage hand runs the truck bearing the box of old iron backwards and forwards at a rapid rate over the trough. The bricks in the trough, of course, make the truck bump, which causes the old iron in the soap-box to rattle in just the same way as heavy guns rattle in their limbers.

In another pantomime a building is blown up. This building is made of papier-mache, and when a few ropes are pulled behind the stage it comes crashing down at the very moment an explosion takes place, and volumes of smoke rise in a lurid glare. The explosion is due to a quantity of gunpowder, lycopodium, and sawdust ignited in an iron pot secreted in the building. The lurid glare is produced by the lycopodium and sawdust.

The thuds of falling beams and crashing timbers that accompany the demolition of this building are realistic enough. Dropped cannon balls furnish the thuds, while the tearing, crackling noise you have heard when a portion of the building is being rent is produced by a "crasher," a grooved cylinder working against slats of wood set in a frame. As the cylinder revolves its ridges catch the ends of the slats of wood, bend them, and let them go with a snap, causing a most realistic tearing sound.

All pantomime-goers are probably familiar with the "star-trap" and "vampire" acts. These features are not so common as they used to be, still they have not died out. A "vampire" is a trap-door in the floor of the stage, and the pantomimist, dressed, perhaps, as a demon, is bound across the stage and suddenly disappear through the folding doors. Below the "vampire" is a canvas shoot running down to the depths of the theatre. At the bottom of the shoot are soft pillows, in case the two attendants waiting at the sides of the shoot do not catch the performer in their arms as he descends. So soon as he is on his feet, the attendants push him on to a small wooden platform, which has four uprights, one at each corner, reaching to the stage. He stands bolt upright, with his arms pressed to his sides. The attendants withdraw a bolt, and the pantomimist shoots upwards like a flash of lightning, disappears through a portion of the stage cut in star sections, and bounds, in view of the audience, some six feet above the stage. As he descends he opens his legs in order to clear the "star," which shuts up automatically as he reaches the stage.

Visitors to the pantomimes have no doubt seen fairies slowly rise in a cloud of light from the back of the stage until they reach the flies. It may not be generally known that the girls are strapped upon a large movable scene, for the straps are so ingeniously covered with drapery that from the front of the stage the fairies appear to have no support whatever. As a rule, these scenes are very cumbersome, and often take thirty or forty scene-shifters to work them.

Transformation scenes are always troublesome to a stage-manager. A performer may jump the wrong way, as did a young lady in the provinces last Christmas. A scene had suddenly to be thrown into another, and for this purpose what is known as a "sink and rise" was employed. One of the actresses, intending to leave the stage, turned in the wrong direction, and stepped over the edge of the boarding where a portion of the scenery had just disappeared. She fell a distance of twenty feet, and was seriously injured.

Live animals very rarely take part in pantomimes, and actors and actresses prefer to perform without the assistance of their four-footed friends, because the latter claim more attention from the audience than their histrionic merits deserve. Every pantomime usually has some animal in the cast, but this is generally a man or a couple of boys in a skin. In the few cases where real animals are employed their feet are covered with rubber to keep them from pounding the boards, and they are tied in a way to make them incapable of suddenly walking through the footlights and tumbling among the members of the orchestra.

Talking of animals, it is interesting to know that the sounds of horses' hoofs galloping in the distance are produced by a man playing upon a flagstone covered with felt, with a couple of blocks of hard wood shod with iron.

Snowstorms are not unknown to pantomimes. The representation of falling snow upon the stage is produced by small pieces of paper dropped slowly from a trough which runs across the stage above the scenery. If thunder is required a stage hand vigorously shakes a piece of sheet-iron hung at the wings or behind the scenes.

Receipts for Currant Cookery.

COLLEGE PUDDING.

Grate the crumbs of a twopenny loaf, shred eight ounces of suet, and mix with eight ounces of currants, one of citron chopped fine, a handful of sugar, half a nutmeg, three eggs beaten, yolk and white separately. Mix and make into size and shape of a goose-egg. Put half a pound of butter into a frying-pan; and when melted and quite hot, stew them gently in it over a stove. Turn them two or three times, till they are of a fine light brown. Mix a glass of brandy with the butter and serve with pudding sauce.

CUMBERLAND PUDDING.

To make what is called the Duke of Cumberland's pudding, mix six ounces of grated bread, the same quantity of currants, the same of beef suet finely shred, the same of chopped apples, and also a lump of sugar. Add six eggs, half a grated nutmeg, a dust of salt, and the rind of a lemon minced as fine as possible; also a large spoonful each of citron, orange and lemon cut thin. Mix them thoroughly together, put the whole into a basin, cover it close with a floured cloth and boil it three hours. Serve it with pudding sauce.

CHEESECAKES.

Strain the whey from the curd of two quarts of milk; when rather dry, crumble it through a coarse sieve. With six ounces of fresh butter, mix one ounce of blanched almonds, pounded, a little orange-flower-water, half a glass of sherry or port, a grated biscuit, four ounces of currants, some nutmeg and cinnamon in fine powder. Beat them up together with three eggs and half a pint of cream till quite light; then fill the pattipans three parts full. To make a plainer sort of cheesecake, turn three quarts of milk to curd; break it and drain off the whey. When quite dry, break it in a pan, with two ounces of butter, till perfectly smooth. Add a pint and a-half of thin cream or good milk, a little sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg, and three ounces of currants.

CURD PUDDING.

Rub the curd of two gallons of milk well-drained through a sieve. Mix it with six eggs, a little cream, two spoonfuls of orange-flower-water, half a nutmeg, flour and crumbs of bread each three spoonfuls, one pound of currants. Boil the pudding an hour in a thick, well-floured cloth.

BREAD CAKE.

To make a common bread cake separate from the dough when making white bread as much as is sufficient for a quartern loaf, and knead well into it two ounces of butter, two of sugar, and eight of currants. Warm the butter in a teacupful of good milk. By adding another ounce of butter or sugar, or an egg or two, the cake may be improved, especially by putting in a teacupful of raw cream. It is best to bake it in a pan, rather than as a loaf, the outside being less hard.

TOO MUCH ALIKE

A PARISIAN'S ROMANCE

THERE is a moment of the year when Paris becomes insupportable, when the most fervent adorer of the boulevard asphalt sings as he thinks of a country lane."

So murmured Maurice Laugier one summer night as he tossed about, vainly seeking sleep.

It was toward the end of June; the city was like a fiery furnace. Maurice Laugier, hardened Parisian, loving travel as cats love water, when day broke took an heroic measure. He rose and summoned his domestic.

"Pack my trunk!" he said as Claude half opened the door.

"Monsieur is lucky to be able to get out of the city," sighed the man.

A few hours later Maurice was at the railway station taking a ticket for Montmorency. That was far enough.

As he journeyed he suddenly felt a great love for the country, admired everything—the doors that stuck, refusturesque cottages draped with vines. He vowed he would study nature, he would haunt the woods and meadows, but never go near Enghien, which is like Paris itself for gaiety.

At Montmorency all the best houses were full; he had to take a rather shabby room on a ground floor. But thanks to his good humour he felt amused with everything—the doors that stuck, refusing to stay either open or shut, the funny, red-tiled floors which rang under the wooden shoes of his hostess like the pavement of a church, the bouquets of paper flowers on the chimney-piece, the Manger at Bethlehem represented in yellow wax, all interested and pleased him. Even the mirror, bordered with false mahogany, which exaggerated his agreeable features into something quite extravagant and dolorous. This infidelity of the mirror made him laugh so that he fell into an armchair of yellow velvet, moth-eaten and surprisingly hard.

He went walking, admired the flowering hedges and listened in raptures to a finch which he took to be a nightingale. A goat tethered to a post held him a quarter of an hour at gaze. He wandered about the little paths and vowed he could live there for ever.

But he was mistaken. These felicities are soon over. After a few days of enthusiasm Maurice concluded that nature was monotonous and turned melancholy eyes toward Enghien. "I feel like hearing a little music," he said, by way of excusing himself. So he dressed carefully, lit a cigar, and sarted. It was very warm; the glaring white sand reflected the sun's rays, and seemed to double their intensity. Maurice walked slowly along the highroad, looking carelessly at the passers. He met children on donkeys which a driver goaded with his cruel prod; some little white-veiled girls passed on their way to confirmation. When he reached the station he saw a young girl whose beauty struck him as remarkable; she was accompanied by a maid, who carried a large basket.

"Why, she is charming!" he thought as he turned for another look at her: "She embodies my vague dreams of feminine perfection. Can it be possible that thus, at the turning of a road, when such a tought is furthest from my mind, destiny brings us face to face with our ideal? Has the moment arrived which shall decide my future life? Is this the woman I shall love?"

After an instant's hesitation he turned. "Decidedly," he said, "I won't go to Enghien." And he walked slowly behind the young lady and studied her costume.

She wore a mauve dress of some soft material and a hat trimmed with daisies; the long ends of a scarf drawn over her breast were carelessly tied behind, and the garland around her hat fell over one shoulder.

"Is she a young girl or a young married woman?" wondered Maurice. "She looks almost a child, but the maid and the big basket alarm me. They denote a housekeeper." This troubled him until to some question he heard the servant reply: "Yes, Mademoiselle Juliette."

"A pretty name," he thought.

When she reached the market-place at Montmorency, Mlle. Juliette went from stall to stall buying all sorts of things, and having them put in the basket. Not daring to follow her too closely, Maurice placed himself at an angle so as to keep her in sight. When her purchases were completed they went back to the highroad. The maid deposited the heavy basket on the ground and both stood looking the opposite way from Enghien, as though they awaited the arrival of someone or something. Maurice guessed that they were watching for a stage or omnibus which ran between the neighbouring towns. Presently the vehicle approached in a cloud of dust, with the cracking of a whip and a merry jingle of bells. Maurice hurried toward it with Machiavelistic cunning and scrambled in like an impatient traveller, thinking the while:

"Decidedly, I am going to Enghien."

As he had foreseen, the young lady stopped the omnibus and got in. Maurice could now get a good look at her, for she was seated opposite to him and had drawn up her veil. Her pretty face, animated by her shopping and rosy from her walking, had a joyousness quite full of charm. Her complexion was clear and fresh, her blue eyes candid as a child's, her nose well formed though rather wide in the nostrils and her mouth had a little tilt in the upper lip which was very attractive. As for her hair, wheat, threads of gold, sunbeams, occurred to the enthusiastic young fellow already almost in love, and were rejected as unworthy to compare with it.

Truly this was the realisation of his dream, his ideal. When she turned her profile he could see that the peculiar raising of the lip was accentuated, and gave a pouting expression which he found unusual and fascinating.

The girl looked out of the window at the passing scene, but several times caught Maurice's eye, quickly turning away with an imperceptible smile. The young man, ashamed of being caught staring, directed his attention to the landscape, during which time she examined him furtively.

The distance between Montmorency and Enghien is not long. The stage soon stopped. Maurice jumped out and offered his hand to Mlle. Juliette to assist her descent. She blushed and smiled as she thanked him, ran across the street to a house into which, when the woman with the basket joined her, she disappeared.

Maurice felt surprised at the solitude and sadness he felt on her departure. During the brief instants he had passed with her in the omnibus he had been so happy and content. And now a painful contraction of his heart held him motionless while he stared eagerly at the closed door.

"What's the matter with me?" he wondered.

The people passing began to notice him. He walked on, took a boat and made a tour of the lake, dined at Enghien, and returned to Montmorency as though in a dream. He found himself seated in his yellow armchair without knowing how he got there.

The next morning as soon as he had breakfasted he went to Enghien and hovered about the house where Juliette lived. This house was situated at the angle of the principal street of Enghien, and the one which followed the railway. On the railway side was a large garden belonging to the house, and Maurice found he could see very well through the fence.

After some time of watching, his patience was rewarded. Dressed in a white morning gown, Juliette slowly descended the steps, walked across the lawn, and sat down in a swing which hung from a tall tree. There she remained for a while, apparently lost in thought, then rising she walked about the garden while Maurice, his heart beating wildly, watched her with increasing admiration. She passed before him as indifferently as though she did not see him and went back to the house. He could have stayed there forever gazing at her dress trailing over the gravel. How quiet and gentle her motions were! He had never seen anyone walk so gracefully; her hair was lovely, done up so carelessly, and her smile, half melancholy, had a strange fascination.

For the rest of the day Maurice thought of nothing else. He recapitulated, discussed, dialogued, monologued, and the next day found himself again looking over the fence.

This time Juliette was armed with a pair of big scissors and occupied in cutting flowers, which she put into a basket on a bench near where Maurice was standing.

He soon perceived that she knew he was there, for she turned her head once or twice, looking surprised and uneasy.

"I am really outrageous—unpardonably indiscreet," thought Maurice, scolding himself without budging.

Still, it seemed to him that the young lady lingered about the bench and was rather slow in arranging the flowers in her basket, while on the contrary, when she went to cut them on the farther side of the garden she did so quickly and came back in a hurry.

And then, Mlle. Juliette, holding a branch of rose laurel all fresh and covered with dew, stopped and looked steadily at Maurice. The unhappy man, believing he read his doom in her eyes, was ready to fall on his knees and beg her grace, when suddenly she tossed the flowery spray at him and vanished. He passed abruptly from despair to joy. Quivering with pleasure, he deftly caught the branch and kissed it.

Back in his own room he faced the situation.

"Decidedly, I am in love," he said. "It is a fact admitted. Can I tear this love from my heart? I think not. Yes—all this means marriage, my dear fellow," and he made a comic gesture of dismay.

He resolved to introduce himself to Mlle. Juliette on the following day. When he reached the garden she was seated on a bench with her back turned toward the street. He was admiring her beautiful hair, negligently arranged so as to display her white neck, when someone called:

"Juliette!"

For an instant he fancied he had spoken unconsciously, and then a girl in a white cashmere wrapper came down the steps and crossed the lawn. Maurice looked at her angrily, annoyed that she should be dressed like his beloved.

"This must be her sister," he mused. "The singular colour of the hair is the same and the general resemblance is startling. Yet what a difference, too! The little peculiarity of the upper lip, so pretty in the one, becomes a grimace in the other. Juliette's nostrils are rather large, her sister's are flaring, and the roses on the cheeks of one become red apples on the cheeks of the other, the myosotis of the eyes changes to blue china."

"Come in to lunch; we are waiting," said the newcomer.

"She has Juliette's voice, but not so sweet," thought Maurice.

He watched them as they walked away, observing that Juliette's dress fell more gracefully than that of her sister; yet at a little distance he could not distinguish one from the other.

During that day and many following he thought about Juliette, but these dreams were troubled by the image of her sister, which blurred his memory, and the grimace came to his mind when he tried to recall the peculiar fascination of his charmer's smile. Still falling deeper and more deeply in love, he searched about for some means to meet Juliette where they might converse. For a long time he sought in vain, and then one evening he suddenly remembered the Casino where the best people met and where there was a band and dancing every night. Young people love to dance; she would surely be there. He instantly donned his evening attire and took the train for Enghien.

He was too early, of course; the rooms were empty but for two or three elderly men who were reading the papers; so he went out and strolled by the lake; the moon rose glittered over the water, making the scene misty and unreal, while the swans like enchanted creatures, silent and snowy, floated about in the vaporous light. Maurice, delighted, felt himself a poet.

When he returned to the drawing-rooms they had begun to fill, but Juliette was not there. Maurice was growing discouraged when someone said:

"Here come Madame and Mesdemoiselles Manivaux."

"Manivaux! What a hideous name!" thought Maurice, and turning he beheld his adored one with her mother and sister.

They advanced slowly, returning right and left the salutations which greeted their entrance. Maurice blessed his good star for having inspired him to come to the ball.

When they were seated he looked attentively at Juliette's mother, trying to read on her face whether her heart was hard or tender, and what would be his chances to soften it. During this examination he suffered a painful shock due to his nervous, impressionable nature: on Mme. Manivaux's face he saw Juliette's features faded, aged, altered by unrelenting time.

"And that is how she will look some day!" he thought with terror.

Shaking off these morbid thoughts with an effort he went to invite Juliette to a valse. She accepted modestly, but with a half-smile of recognition. They whirled away, Maurice trembling with happiness so that during the first half of the valse he felt too overcome to say a word; he feared his first speech might be too commonplace or too ardent. It seemed so wonderful that this lovely girl whom he had admired from afar should now be in his arms. He breathed the perfume of hair and felt the beating of her heart. At last, fearing she might wonder over his silence he bethought him of the branch of rose laurel.

"I wish to thank you, mademoiselle," he said; "that is why I came here tonight. I hoped I might meet you."

"For what have you to thank me, monsieur?" asked Juliette, raising her blue eyes to his.

"For the lovely flower you gave me yesterday, which made me so happy."

"I gave you a flower?" she queried sweetly. "Oh, yes, I threw you something."

"As one throws an alms to a supplicant?"

"No; as one throws a stone at an im-

discreet person whom one wishes to drive away."

"I suspected you were cruel," said Maurice, "from the conformation of your lips. And so I am not to stare at you any more across the fence?"

"Oh, monsieur," said Juliette laughing, "I was patient for a week, but Julie began to notice you——"

"Julie?"

"My sister."

"What a deplorable idea to call her Julie," thought Maurice.

"I told her to excuse you," resumed Juliette, "that you must be a neighbour since I had seen you in the omnibus and you had got out when I did."

"How kind of you to remember our first meeting."

"It was a Thursday," she said; "my day for going to market."

The music ceased, the valse was ended. Maurice took Juliette back to her place; he was very amiable to her mother and offered his arm to Julie for the next dance.

"It is strange," he reflected, as they danced, "when I don't see Juliette it seems to me that Julie is exactly like her: and yet this one is almost ugly with that queer grimace which draws up her lip. She has the same perfume in her hair, too, but she has put on too much. Suave and delicate in Juliette's curls, it now strikes me as too strong, almost vulgar."

"I had the honor of meeting mademoiselle your sister in the omnibus," he remarked for something to say.

"Yes, monsieur, she told me about it; it was her day for going to market."

"The same words!" thought Maurice," yet Juliette is not devoid of wit."

"Monday is my day for going to market," said Julie. "If it had been on a Monday you would have met me."

Maurice wished to say something complimentary, but found himself stammering nonsense. Fortunately, the music stopped, and he did not need to finish his phrase.

The evening wore on and drew to its close. When Mme. Manivaux got up to go Maurice helped them to find their wraps and went out with them.

"You are not afraid to come and go, three ladies alone?" he asked. "Permit me to escort you."

"There is no danger at all, monsieur," replied Mme. Manivaux, bowing and smiling; "but since you are kind enough to offer your company we shall be most pleased to accept it."

Maurice walked beside the mother and devoted himself to her exclusively.

"Monsieur," she said as they reached the house, "I hear that you are our neighbour and I hope you will call. We are always at home on Thursday."

"I shall have the honor of calling on next Thursday," he replied, thinking meanwhile: "This lady has the delightful manner of all mothers who have daughters to marry."

When he lay down to sleep that night he thought: "I would love Juliette more if her nostrils were not so wide and if her upper lip had not that tilt—it is a defect."

Then "dance that I am!" he cried, slapping his forehead. "I believe I am thinking of her sister!"

On the following Thursday he rang Mme. Manivaux's bell.

"Madame is dressing," said the maid; "but the young ladies are in the garden." As she spoke she opened the side door, which gave on the lawn.

Maurice saw the two girls seated by a rustic table. They were embroidering; near them stood a little girl about 13 whose back was toward Maurice. All three were dressed alike.

Another sister!

Maurice advanced. Juliette smiled at him, Julie bowed, the little girl turned and stared. He perceived with annoyance that the peculiarity of the lip was in her almost a deformity.

"Lili, offer monsieur a chair," said Julie.

"Do you feel sick?" asked Juliette. "You turned so pale just now."

Maurice was pale; he felt irritated and low-spirited. "What an ill-natured fellow I must be," he thought. "What does it matter to me if Juliette's sisters are ugly; it is her I want to marry. They look like her and it provokes me as though I saw bad replicas of a statue. It is not her fault if what is the charm of her face appears as a defect in the faces of her sisters. I feel like wishing her bright hair were black because their bright hair is just like hers; I don't like her dress because theirs is the same, and they don't look well in it. I came near flying into a rage because her mother is no longer twenty years old and at twenty was maybe even prettier than Juliette. I am foolish and unreasonable. This girl's affection may yet be mine; I already love her, and here I am spoiling my chances of happiness by this stupid irritation."

He tried to conquer his nervousness and make himself agreeable. "You embroider like fairies, mesdemoiselles," he said, lifting a corner of Juliette's tapestry.

"You are interested in needlework?" she asked, smiling.

"It is an arm chair," said Julie. "Juliette is doing the back, I the seat. The back is the most complicated."

"I am doing the arms," put in Lili, spreading out her work on the table.

"I would lose my way in all those stitches and different coloured silks," he said pleasantly while despair gripped his soul.

"It might not matter much," said Juliette.

"It is not nearly so difficult as it appears," observed Julie.

"I'll teach you if you want to learn," volunteered Lili.

Maurice looked at Juliette's hands and face and felt calmer; they were white and pretty; one slender finger was circled by a ring set with an emerald.

"If she would give me that I would wear it on my little finger," he thought. "No; I would hang it around my neck and kiss it before going to sleep."

But on looking at Julie's hand he caught the sparkle of a similar ring. He turned to look at Lili's hands; she also wore an emerald. He no longer wished for Juliette's ring.

As they chatted on, his gaze wandered to the swing where he had seen Juliette sitting the first time he had stood looking over the fence, then toward the bench where she had set her basket of flowers; he recalled how his heart beat when she passed before him, the wild joy he felt when she tossed him the branch of rose laurel; he remembered his projects, his dreams, his hopes; then looking at Juliette, he was angry with himself for his doubts and assured himself that he would be happy.

Suddenly a schoolboy of eight or nine came rushing over the lawn with unbearable yells and throwing himself on the neck of his sisters embraced them roughly.

"Pity me!" thought Maurice. "A brother! The likeness would prove it. What a little monster it is with those goggling blue eyes, his nose like a duck, and his beak of a mouth. Decidedly, a tilted-up lip is not so attractive as I thought at first; it easily turns into a hideous defect."

Juliette had been looking steadily at Maurice for some moments trying to find a reason for the hard, annoyed expression which had darkened his face.

"I do trust," thought Maurice, "that his name may not be Romeo."

The youngster meanwhile had hurried to the swing and was flying up and down, making the rings to which the ropes were attached creak unpleasantly.

"Take care you don't fall, Jules," cried Lili.

Jules!

They rose presently and walked about. The rather narrow paths allowed Maurice to walk alone with Juliette while the sisters followed.

He felt a strange sadness in walking through this garden which he had so earnestly wished to enter. He had to admit that some days previously he would have felt quite differently. Nothing had happened, yet this love so young seemed struck by some mortal wound.

"Still, I am sure I love her," he thought; "Am I going mad?"

He drew Juliette toward the bench and made her sit down beside him. "It was here," he said, "that you arranged the flowers in your basket. I did not lose one of your motions. You went from one bush to auther, light and fresh as the flwers you gathered! I thought I was watching the elf of the rose in her own realm. Then you threw me a flower to chase me away."

"No, no," she objected, "it was a gift."

"Then permit me to offer this in return," said Maurice, his ill-humour gone, and gathering a lovely rose he fastened it in Juliette's hair.

She thanked him with a smile.

"When it is faded will you keep it?" he whispered.

"Yes," she answered, her eyes falling.

At this moment Julie and Lili, who were doubtless spying, walked off to a little distance, then returned. They had gone to put each a rose in her hair. Jules had fastened one in his cap.

Maurice could not restrain a gesture of impatience. He took out the rose he had placed in Juliette's hair and threw it on the ground.

The girl arose abruptly with tears in her eyes.

"I am a brute" cried Maurice hiding his face in his hands. "Pardon me. I am suffering, nervous; I do not know what is the matter with me. You could not understand if I were to try to tell you." He picked up the flower and kissed it. "Let me keep it" he begged; "it has touched your hair."

But Juliette without replying, walked away.

Maurice felt unspeakably wretched. He appreciated the absurdity of his own rudeness and wondered again if he could be insane. He rose to follow Juliette and crave forgiveness, but she had already gone into the house He met Mme. Manivaux just coming out.

"I hope my daughters have taken my place since I was obliged to keep you waiting," she said, turning back toward the house, leading him into the parlour and offering him a chair. "It is so kind of you to come."

"My kindness is full of egotism, madame," he said with a polite smile; "the pleasure is for myself."

The conversation continued for some time on generalities. Mme. Manivaux made vain efforts to render it a little more intimate; Maurice seemed determinted to maintain it on the plane of the commonplace.

Julie and Lili entered the parlour.

"Give us a little music," said their mother, who was getting to the end of her resources. They had to be pressed a little, and then attacked a duet.

Maurice listened while he watched them out of a corner of his eye with a malicious smile. He regarded them merely as marriageable girls, with few attractions and no fortune. Juliette absent, it seemed to him that she was not unlike her sisters.

"What am I doing among such common people?" he wondered.

The duet over, Maurice complimented the sisters, and rose to take leave.

"We shall meet often, I hope," said Mme. Manivaux. "You are remaining for the season?"

"No madam," he replied, "important affairs call me to Paris sooner than I expected; but I shall have the honour to come and say good-by."

Juliette came into the room as he said this. She was so pale and grave, so dignified, that his heart contracted, and his love returned.

He withdrew, giving Juliette a long look of repentance, which she pretended not to see.

When he got home he thought of her tenderly, and felt miserable at the idea of going away and never seeing her again. "Why did I say I was going away?" he asked himself. "I am crazy enough to be put in a strait-jacket."

He could eat no dinner; insomnia and fever chased him from his bed. He got up, dressed and went to hover about Juliette's house.

One of the windows on the second story was lit, he saw shadows coming and going.

"Someone sick!" thought Maurice, his heart sinking. The window was raised as though to relieve a person oppressed for air.

"She is suffering," he murmured, "perhaps because of my unkindness." Then, while he was gazing anxiously toward the window a sudden idea struck him that it might be Jules taken with an indigestion. The whole family would be waiting on him while he, Maurice, stood out there like a dunce. The blood rushed to his face, and he turned to go; but just then he heard something like a sob, heard with his heart rather than his ear, and he knew it was Juliette. Without stopping to reflect, he jumped over the fence to climb up to the window; but steps approaching in the streets checked his impulse, and the dawning day forced him to depart.

He did not dare to present himself on the following day; and the hours dragged slowly. In the evening he went to the casino, hoping to get some news of his friends. He walked about the drawing rooms until he heard someone say:

"Here comes Mme. Manivaux with her troop."

"Her troop! Exactly so," thought Maurice, with an ironical smile.

Jules advanced first, next came Lili, then Julie. Mme. Manivaux followed. People stared. The Manivaux looked embarrassed and rather awkward. Juliette was not with them.

Maurice slipped behind the groups of people, stepped out, and hurried with all speed to the house. The windows of the parlour on the ground floor were open, and a light shone through the curtains. He crept noiselessly to the casement, and looking in, saw Juliette sitting in an arm-chair, leaning her head on her hand. She looked pale in the soft, shaded lamp-light. She wore white, her hair was carelessly tied; she seemed depressed and suffering. Then Maurice discovered that she was crying.

"Juliette!" he exclaimed, trying to reach her; but the window had iron bars across it, which he shook in vain.

The girl bounded to the window and parted the curtains. Maurice tried to snatch her hand, but she drew back.

"You here!" she said, faintly.

"Stay, I implore you," he said. "Tell me you forgive me."

"For what?"

"Juliette," he said, gravely, "do not let us try to conceal our sentiments. You know very well that I love you with my whole soul. I have the audacity to believe that you are not indifferent to me. Yet I grieved you yesterday, and have been punished enough by my own regret. Tell me you forgive me and that you care for me a little."

"What good would it do to have me admit it, since you are going away?" she asked gently.

"But I'm not going. I don't know what demon tempted me to say that, since I am chained here and could not go away if I would."

"Well," she answered, unable to repress a joyous movement, "come to-morrow. It is not correct for me to be talking to you at the window while my mother is away."

He found her hand this time and kissed it, but she drew it away and went back into the room.

Maurice walked off happy.

He returned the next day and found all the family in the parlour. He was informed that Juliette had been indisposed, but had suddenly recovered on the previous evening. He exchanged a smile with the fair invalid which the others were too absorbed to perceive. They insisted on his staying to dinner. The afternoon seemed interminable; He was

not alone with Juliette for an instant, and was obliged to keep up a commonplace conversation.

The dinner was an agony. Jules was outrageous, Julie dull, Lili chattered incessantly, and the meal was badly served. Maurice left early without observing Juliette's pitiful look. He walked off whistling an air, and his heart was cold. He was not in love.

At the Casino, where he looked in for a moment, he met a physician whose acquaintance he had made, and to him he confided his singular state of mind.

"It is the beginning of nervous prostration," said the doctor; "get a change of air and of scene. Travel; interest yourself in some new occupation."

"If I might travel alone with her!" thought Maurice.

A few days after, Juliette received the following letter:

"If you do not love me, my dear, sweet Juliette, destroy this letter without reading it, for you will not understand it; but if you feel for me an atom of the deep, true love with which you have inspired me then, in the name of this affection, read to the end without anger. A strange conflict is raging within me. You have already half perceived without understanding it; you have suffered from it, alas! and despite my regret, I am powerless to conquer myself. I scarcely dare to tell you, Juliette, but your family inspires me with a jealous aversion; I am angry with your sisters for presuming to resemble you; angry with your mother for having once been as lovely as you. In them I seem to see you as in an imperfect mirror which distorts your image; my dream is troubled—my love hesitates. Your beauty is veiled behind the imperfections of those surrounding you, and if I did not flee from this circle my love would die as though in a suffocating atmosphere. I prefer the misery I suffer when away from you to the insant irritation which makes my heart ache in your presence. I would rather die of my love than lose it. You cannot doubt the sincerity of my sentiments, Juliette; I dare to believe you would be willing to be my wife. But if you do love me, give me a proof of confidence. Come to me; we will go far away from here and be married. In writing this, I feel all the insanity of my request, and yet—I will wait a week for you. At the end of that time all will be over for me. Pity my weakness."

At the end of her reading, Juliette sat silent, as though stunned, then her face flushed and with a sudden movement of anger she crushed the letter and threw it from her.

Maurice waited in dolorous anxiety; his reason came back little by little and he comprehended the enormity of his conduct, the indignity he had put upon his love. He feared the door of this hospitable house would be forever closed to him, and perhaps the heart of Juliette as well. Still he waited.

The eight days passed on slow and sorrowful. The ninth found Maurice, who had passed a sleepless night, prostrated by suffering and regret. "What shall I do?" he wondered. "I have destroyed my own happiness, like a child. All is over; my heart is empty; she has not come. How could I ever have thought she would! Since it is ended I must go, yet I would rather die." He let his head fall into his hands and gave way to his despair.

A soft hand on his shoulder aroused him. He looked up to see Juliette beside him. Suffocated by emotion, he could not utter a word; but he clung to the girl's arm as though he feared she might elude him.

"You are sick, Maurice," she said, sweetly, laying her cool hand on his burning brow. "We will cure you."

Maurice then saw Mme. Manivaux standing near her daughter, looking at him in her gentle, kind way as though she, too, were on the verge of tears.

"See how good a mother can be," continued Juliette; "she read your letter, and it was she who would not allow me to break with you." I wanted to, but she interceded for you. I cannot forgive you until you have merited her pardon; for you have outraged her feelings, though she is so ready to forget it."

"My mother!" cried Maurice, turning toward Mme. Manivaux, who opened her arms to embrace him.

"My dear son," she said, with tears; "I forgive you freely." And she added in a low tone: "All these dark thoughts will vanish when you have children of your own who will look like Juliette."

LAWN TENNIS

(By WIMBLEDON.)

The final for the Auckland tennis doubles championship was played at Mount Eden on Saturday when Grossmann and Vaile met Keith and A. Brown. The two opening sets were won by Keith and Brown in the hollowest possible manner, 6-1, 6-0, neither Grossmann nor Vaile playing at all well, while Keith was as usual very accurate and Brown most ably played his part at the net. Brown's play in these two sets was the surprise of the match. His volleying was really excellent and he displayed a considerable amount of judgment in anticipating and cutting off returns and at times he smashed most effectively. In the third set Grossmann and Vaile woke up a little and won at 4-6, and then went on to 3-1 in the fourth, but lost their advantage and the set with the score at 6-4.

Brown's play in the first and second sets and Keith's consistent accuracy enabled them to score a well-merited win. Vaile's play in the opening sets was too bad to be true, and Grossmann was erratic overhead. I lately used the word "strenuous" in referring to Brown's play. He fully deserved it on Saturday for he played up to every ounce he had to spare, and ably and intelligently carried out the tactics of his more experienced partner. In combination lies the success of every good pair. Brown and Keith certainly played well together, but I cannot say the same for Vaile and Grossmann. They were playing a most unorthodox game in that Grossmann took all lobs. Grossmann played this game with considerable success many years ago, and in theory there is, I believe, something to be said for it, but to one who is accustomed to the usual recognised tactics of the double game it is at times very disconcerting, and it was clearly so to Vaile. Several times when Grossmann crossed over behind him he did not get far enough over, and was naturally enough passed. These tactics require too much of one man, and they also require that one man to make his stroke if not a win at least so good as to place the other side at a disadvantage. Off Keith's fine lobs to his backhand, Grossmann, although probably better than anyone in Auckland at an overhead backhand volley, could not make his return severe enough to embarrass Brown, and, as Vaile frequently failed to cross smartly enough, the result was an easy pass down the side line. Vaile practically had no overhead work at all, which certainly was a mistake in tactics. Grossmann's volleying in the third and fourth sets was much better, but it was no more like his work in a single than chalk is like cheese. In the third set the large amount of work done by Brown in the earlier sets began to tell its tale and as Grossmann was volleying much better it looked as though the turn of the tide had set in especially as he and his partner were not feeling the strain so much as the winners. Grossmann had not been able to get any practice during the week, and this does not agree with him as his fine low volleying requires accurate timing. Brown was very keen to win, and I am pleased to see one of the young brigade in the front rank. May there be many more there before long. The game can do with them.

I am informed that the Auckland Association has received a rap over the knuckles from the New Zealand Council. It appears that the Management Committee of the New Zealand Association "has learned with regret that a championship meeting at Auckland was recently held in contravention o Laws of Tennis, Nos. 41 and 42," and it has written a letter to the local association on the subject. It is perhaps well that I have not to reply to that letter. In the first place, the Management Committee's information is wrong, for the "meeting" has been dragging its weary length like an Oriental dragon through the season, and is not yet concluded. No doubt the intentions of the Management Committee are good, but this, I am inclined to think, is an instance of "looking for trouble," and surely there is enough of that to be had without unduly chasing it.

Saturday was a quiet day at most of the lawns, as many of the local players were away for their holidays, and quite a number went up to the Hamilton tournament.

Miss D. Udy has won the ladies' championship singles, beating Miss Gray 6—3, 6—3. Miss Udy has a very fine forehand drive, in fact, most of the men have a lot to learn from her as regards this particular stroke.

The New Zealand University Colleges' lawn tennis tournament has produced some interesting play. There is some promising material amongst the contestants, but it will be some little time before any of them can hope to give the New Zealand championship a severe shaking.

Horace Rice is a little wonder. The "Daily Telegraph," speaking of the recent tournament, says his remarkable form was the outstanding feature of the meeting. He must certainly have been in both capital form and condition to wear H. A. Parker down as he did, for Parker, too, was evidently in great form, as his defeat of the Australasian representative, Heath, showed. I see that Rice centred his attack on Parker's forehand. This is precisely what nearly every man who meets Parker tries to avoid, and, in doing so, gives the active New Zealander those opportunities for acute passing shots that he knows so well how to use.

The boys' championship has not yet started. I am inclined to think that the local association makes a great mistake in allowing so many events to drag wearily on to the end of the season, as it does. About this time we frequently run into very broken weather, and, in any case, I think it robs the events of much of their interest if they are unduly spun out.

Vaile will play Grossmann in the final of the Mount Eden Club championship next Saturday. On form Grossmann is by no means a "bud thing" for this event. It is an open secret that Vaile has not taken the game very seriously this season, as he did not expect to be either in form or condition. He has, however, come on fairly well in his single game, and it is possible that if he is in an energetic mood he may make quite an interesting match of it.

NEW ZEALAND EXHIBITION.

EASTER ATTRACTIONS.

DRAWING OF ART UNION.

(Special Service.)

CHRISTCHURCH, Sunday.

The city is packed with visitors for the Easter holidays, and the bourne of all of them is the Exhibition. About 650 persons arrived by three boats from the North on Thursday, and close on 2000 more by seven boats on Friday. Three trains from the South on Thursday were packed with excursionists, and Friday expresses were also long trains heavily laden. The attendance at the Exhibition on Saturday totalled 29,096, making the number for five days 69,316, and aggregate to date 1,684,405.

There was no lack of amusements for the large multitude of visitors to the Exhibition on Saturday. The football matches, Christchurch High School Old Boys v. Wellington College Old Boys, Merivale (Christchurch v. Alhambra (Dunedin), and Wellington v. Christchurch attracted large crowds to the sports ground, the teams first mentioned winning in each case.

Mr. Bradshaw had a good attendance at the organ recital given by him in the afternoon, and the vocal and orchestral concert in which Mr. John Prouse and Mrs. Gower Burns were vocalists was greatly appreciated by a packed audience. The Dunedin Philharmonic Society gave a splendid concert in the evening before another crowded audience.

The final display of daylight fireworks took place in the afternoon, and the Tuaskina Maori girls, who will remain at the Exhibition till Friday next, gave some very graceful poi dances in the pa. In the evening half a dozen local bands gave a combined performance of Sousa's marches and other selections on the sports ground, and a magnificent display of fireworks, the last but one that will be seen here, was given by the representatives of Pain and Sons, London. An equally attractive programme of attractions has been prepared for Monday.

The drawing for prizes in the Exhibition art union took place on Saturday night. The results are as follows: J. H. Graham, Christchurch, 1; Mrs. Cowlishaw, Christchurch, 2; Mrs. F. H. Pine, Christchurch, 3; J. Boulden, Timaru, 4; P. J. Beaux, Christchurch, 5; Middleton, Grassy Hills, Waihao, 6; G. F. Pierce, Lower Hutt, 7; Oxley, Christchurch, 8; Mrs. Williams, Christchurch, 9; J. R. Meep, Christchurch, 10; M. Sullivan, Courtenay Place, Wellington, 11; E. A. Monckton, Christchurch, 12; D. Rodger, Christchurch, 13; J. Hounsell, Christchurch, 14; Jas. Harrison, St. Albans, 15; Mrs. J. P. Newman, Timaru, 16; J. Culliford, Christchurch, 17; H. E. Prince, Christchurch, 18; J. Coppell, Takaka (Nelson), 19; Miss Rhodes, Amberley, 20. Out of 8000 tickets issued, 6000 were sold.

On Wednesday and Friday evenings music lovers will have an opportunity of hearing Blanche Arral, the famous French vocalist, in connection with the Exhibition orchestra. In addition to others, madame will sing on Wednesday, "The Shadow Song," from "Dinorah," and "The Bell Song," from "Lakhme."

The proprietors of the tower lift are offering a prize of three guineas to the person who estimates nearest to the correct number of passengers on the lift since its inauguration on December 12. The competition is open to all passengers. The number carried to date is about 60,000.

There is no knowing what a tramp has had in the way of education. Many a pitiable-looking object in rags and tatters, equipped with a splendid professional whining voice, and accomplished in the art of shivering, commenced with a good education. So it was with Dreary Daniel, who called one day at a prim old lady's house to beg a few coppers and a dry crust—the dryer the better. He did not look an imposing object. The rags he wore were sodden wet, and there was not much of his hat left except the brim.

"My good man," said the old lady, "why don't you go to work, and give up begging? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?"

"Madam," replied Dreary Daniel in his old "free education" tone, "without evading your question, or wishing to presume, may I ask what practical utility moss would be to a man in my position?"

Since Adam delved and poor Eve span,
Since first the human race began,
Mankind has suffered countless ills,
But suffered most from coughs and chills.
Foundations they for all disease,
But now the hacking cough must cease,
For science now makes all secure
With W. E. Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

A MODERN LIGHTSHIP

The visitor, after trampling his way out in a lighthouse tender, whose bows all but vanished in the south-east sea that came heaving across Sandy Hook bar, with a reached, grey mane, had scrambled up the ten feet of free board over the side of No. 51.

Because of the strong currents that weave about Sandy Hook bar and a good bit off-shore, too, No. 51 does not always head the sea, and when the tall, south-east swell comes toppling in it often catches her in the beam for a couple of hours at a time, rolling her nearly rail-to, so that the day marks aloft on the masts hung for a second over the another. The big steam pilot boats that cruise around close by can always head into it if they like, but the fettered lightship must take it as it comes.

Forward, under the long topgallant forecastle head, that reaches aft for a quarter of the ship's length, is the great windlass over whose big drum leads the two-inch chain out through the hawse pipe till it sinks into the green sea. It is a hundred and twenty fathoms long, this monster cable, an eighth of a mile, and every link tilts the beam at fifty pounds, except where the sixty pound shackles cut in every fifteen fathoms. At the outer end of this iron gyve is buried a mushroom anchor of nearly two tons in weight, an iron disc four feet across, with a shank like the trunk of a tree, and to this great mooring gear No. 51 rides out the heaviest gales of the North Atlantic winter.

"Mark this," says the master, close alongside, "the strongest north-easters, when they blow four days on end, don't lift all that chain off the ground. In the ten years I've been on the station, I'll lay a bet that she's never tautened out her cable yet. There's eleven tons of it 'tween the hawsepipe and the swivel on the mushroom, and the last thirty fathoms of it's never le' the bottom since 'twas planted. That's how easy she rides."

Further aft, on either side of the rubber buffers that help in absorbing the shock of the sea on the cable are the paint and tool lockers, and casks of salt meat for the crew, as well as fresh water barrels, while overhead, from the carlines, swing thick ribs of beef and rashers of bacon and hams and tongues for the cabin.

Out on deck, the forward end of the house holds the galley, separated by a bulkhead from the ash lift, and by another from the automatic fog whistle room, while last of all comes the dynamo room, from which are operated the great electric masthead lights that make the ship what she is. A skylight breaks the quarter deck, and then looms a big companion-way, with a canvas hood for wet weather. And round about sweep the sturdy bulwarks to the height of a man's shoulder.

"The lights are up to me," says John Larsen, the chief engineer, placing a fondling hand on the starboard dynamo, a corpse, as it were, by day, a whirling mystery by night. "After all is said, it's the man that minds the lights that makes the lightship. For what would she be without them? A black hulk on the sea, wallowing her life away. This dynamo here supplies the electricity for the mainmast, the port one for the foremast. This station doesn't call for a light on both masts, as some others do, so we burn them alternately, each seven days. The dynamos have a power of 100 volts and 24 amperes each, and they turn up 450 revolutions a minute. Look, here is one of the lamps for the masthead.

"There are four of these fellows on each mast, of 100-candle power, making 400-candle power in each group. But, of course, the lenses around that lamp greatly magnify the strength.

"The cap'n says to start up the fog whistle; it's shuttin' in again."

"Here," quoth the chief, "now you'll have a chance to watch this performance."

He slowly opened a valve in the next compartment, and a small auxiliary engine noiselessly got under way, turning a large, peculiar steel wheel, with a hollowed periphery, in which metal knuckles were bolted at fantastic intervals. Above this hung a horizontal weighted lever, pressing on the rim of the wheel. Nothing happened for a few moments. It seemed like the failure of a Roman candle to answer the torch, but the face of the chief was undisturbed. Suddenly one of the knuckles struck the lever, and raised it slightly as it went around. Instantly the whole solar system seemed to be filled with the roar of doom. Stanchions vibrated, lamps quivered; you could feel it in your very jaws.

"Ha, never been shipmate with a 12-inch steam whistle before, I see," remarked the grinning chief, when the boom of the thing had died, only to revive reinforced before you recovered from the first blast. "We call those little knobs on the wheel cams," shouted Larsen, "and observe by your watch that this fog signal is the exact reversal of the lights. They burn twelve seconds, with a three second interval; the whistle blast is of three seconds, with an interval of twelve."

SUBMARINE BELL IN ACTION.

"Many people think that the submarine bell is hung from a vessel's keel," said John Larsen, "and here's where I'm going to show you that it isn't. Look! There is, suspended in the mid-air, as the skipper would say."

Amidships, on the port side of No. 51, there curved a strong, short gaspipe davit over the water, from the end of which was an unusual object, depending from a length of stout chain. This was the bell apparatus in its entirety, which had been hauled up out of the green and silent depths for the information of the visitor. When hanging from the davit it had a clearance of the ship's side of about two feet. There were apparently two almost separate contrivances, consisting of a massive metal egg-fashioned receptacle, superimposed upon a still more massive, thick-lipped bell, whose composition is said to be a secret. Along the chain, as the bell was lifted from the sea, a strong rubber hose was secured by many buckles, and a powerful hammer hung a short distance below the rim of the bell.

"It is suspended twenty feet below the surface," said the chief, "and is operated by compressed air from this little engine here in the fog-signal house. This kind of cylinder over the bell is stuffed full of machinery, which is acted upon by the compressed air injected through the rubber tube, and the heavy striker makes a contact with the rim of the bell at fixed intervals, like the sounding of the fog whistle. See, here is a small brass wheel, fitted with cams, just as the big steel one is for the fog signals, only the intervals are much more complicated.

"There is one stroke, then an interval of one and a half second; another stroke, and a five-second pause; then a stroke, and a second and a-half interval; another stroke, and a three-second pause; and so on, indefinitely, as long as the fog lasts, or the bell sounds. Now, if you'll come below, we'll listen to the peals of a submarine bell on the new Gedney buoy."

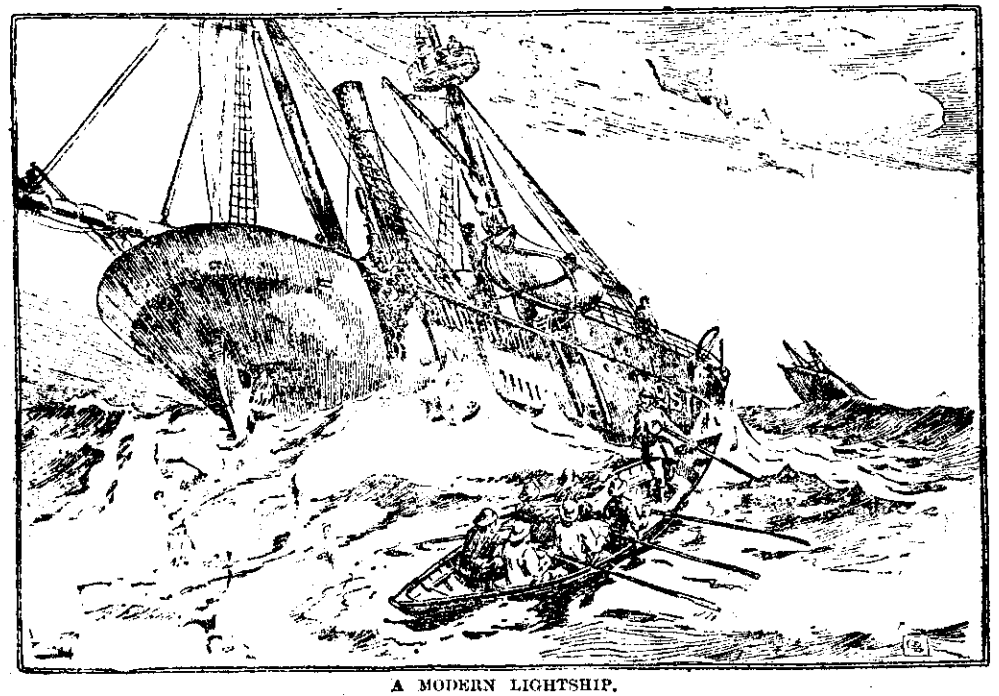
No. 51, being a steel vessel, was therefore a good conductor of subaqueous sounds, and we had not been below but a few seconds when the tinkle of a bell was plainly manifest without recourse to the receiver provided for the purpose, like a telephone instrument. Said the chief:

"That bell is more than three miles away, on the buoy, and if you did not know where you were in a fog, and heard those punctuated taps, you could ascertain exactly your position by referring to the code book, just as you do in the case of the lighthouses and ships to know the flashes. I'll connect our bell now, so you can hear what sort of sound it makes in the open air."

BELLS ARE ALL HARSH.

The engineer started up the machine that controlled the bell, and there, as it hung ten feet out of the water, and within twenty-four inches of the lightship's rail, we could watch the working of the tongue, or striker, just as it operated three fathoms below the surface. The tone of a bell weighing 200lb, as this one did, is generally believed to be mellow, with perhaps a trace of booming in it. But this submarine piece, when struck in the open air, assaulted the air so acutely that to get without the acid tang you had to cross the deck and put the companion-way between. There must be no sonorous chime of a bell destined to toll away its life beneath the flood. Its voice would not be heard: and so, for the service of the deep, to guide the confounded mariner into the paths of safety, the bell is cast with a bitter voice.

Again the vapour cloak closed in, for the weather was confused with itself—now clear, now hung with fog, as the steep easterly swell rolled smoothly in. So the bell was slowly immersed in its destined element to toll no knell, but instead to steer the harassed mariner into the fairway of knowledge and truth. And deep beneath the surface we could catch its note of warning, with stuttering tongue, announcing to the floating world that No. 51 was faithful to her, that the dunes of Sandy Hook bore west one-half north.—"New York Tribune."



A MODERN LIGHTSHIP.

TURNING ON THE LIGHT.

"Now," said the chief, "we'll couple her up, for I perceive that it's time," and he passed a leather band around the shaft.

Instantly the dusky main masthead sprang into colour, blazed out in the drab of the rainy sky for a time, blinked, died, and was born again in a few moments.

"She flashes every fifteen seconds," explained the big Norseman, whom Nansen might have chosen for the Fram. "The light burns twelve seconds, and there is a dark interval of three, so making a flash every quarter of a minute. This, as you see, is done automatically by this flashing device, that is connected with the dynamo shaft by this belt. At every revolution of the shaft the circuit is broken by the split here in this copper rim for three seconds, when connection is made again as the shaft makes the complete turn."

Here the lecture was interrupted by the face of the mate, Mr. Sverstadt, which appeared unexpectedly in the window.

In an interview with Admiral von Tirpitz, the German Naval Minister, which appears in a Home paper, the Admiral expresses his deep solicitude to dissipate the idea that Germany's naval activity implies any threat to Great Britain.

"Do you really suggest," he asks, "that the people of England seriously believe that the German nation and the German Admiralty are preparing an aggressive war against England? . . . All I can do is to repeat that, in my judgment, the charge is so essentially foolish that I personally look upon it as quite undeserving of refutation. . . . We have always looked up to the British Navy, and when it was decided to strengthen the German Navy, in order that we should have a Navy suitable to our rank as a first-class Power, and in order to enable us to defend, if needed, our commerce and our colonies, neither the Kaiser nor the Admiralty had any aggressive purpose in view."

For there is assuredly no single question in any part of the world that could be utilised as the cause for an aggressive action against England. If it had been otherwise, we should have been forced to introduce a bill of far wider dimensions in 1906. That Germany belongs to those Powers that view the idea of disarmament somewhat sceptically, can cause no surprise, for in the nature of things it is considerably more difficult for a Power with a small navy to consent to diminish its armaments than it is for a Power like England, possessing a navy so eminently stronger than the navy of any other Power to do so. Complaints are also made of the immense increase in the expenditure for naval armaments. But it must not be forgotten that England was the first to tread this path, and that in doing so she compelled the navies of other Powers to follow suit."

Here and There

Money from Seaweed.

Japan, which wastes nothing in its domestic economy, realises £400,000 annually from its seaweed products. According to the report of C. J. Davidson, an attache of the British Embassy at Tokio, more than 50 varieties of the seaweed found along the Japanese coast are utilised either for food or as manufactured products. The traveller sees bundles of dried seaweed, white with the crystalised salt of the sea-water, hung from the front of every food stall. The coarser varieties are stewed and served with fish. Some of the delicate sprigs of sea grass are boiled with fish soups and remain a vivid green, floating against the vivid lacquer of the soup bowls. Other species of seaweed are used in the manufacture of glue, of plaster, and of starch. Whole villages are given over to seaweed fishing and the drying and packing of the product for shipment to the manufacturing plants in the large cities. In the country along the seashore the farmers use the coarse and ropy kelp for fertilising their vegetable fields.

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Authentic Epitaphs.

Under this yew
Lies Jonathan Blue.
(His name was black,
But that wouldn't do)

Beneath this sod
And under these trees
Lieth the bod
Y of Solomon Pease.
Pease is not here,
But only his pod;
He shelled out his soul
And it went up to God.

Here lies Thomas Bly,
Killed by a sky
Rocket
In the eye
Socket.

Viewing this gravestone with all gravity,
Dentist Jones is filling his last cavity.

Here lies, returned to clay,
Miss Arabella Young.
Who, on the 1st of May,
Began to hold her tongue.

It was a coughin' that carried me off.
It was a coffin they carried me off in.

Here lies me and my three daughters,
Died of drinking Selzer waters.
If we'd a stuck to epsom salts,
We wouldn't have been in these here vaults.

Abe Dodd stood on the railroad track;
He did not hear the bell—
Toot, toot!
Farewell!

Here lies the body of Thomas Lee,
This is him. This is he.
A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

Here I lie, and no wonder I'm dead;
For a waggon wheel ran over my head.

Here lies the body of Robert Gordin
Mouth almighty, and teeth accordin',
Stranger tread lightly over this wonder:
If he opens his mouth, you're gone, by thunder!

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Not All Pleasure.

The cry is now all "back to the land." But this is how a correspondent of an Australian paper writes: "I caught the microbe of going on the land through daily reading the probates of wills of dead farmers, none ever under £3000. Got a lease of 30 acres while under crop. When the hay was shifted a splendid self-sown crop of poverty weed became visible. This won't want any cultivation, and I hope the market price of weeds keeps up next spring, as my hired assistant says they'll go three tons to the acre. Bought a pony with a weak set of bowels, 20 years old by the rings on the two teeth left. Gave him a bundle of green maize; he got at the water himself. He was as big as a Clydesdale when he died that night, and the stable boy said his temperature was 200 deg. Rabbits ate my turnip tops, and I set three traps. The first night my neighbour's dog walked away with a trap, singing like Marshall Hall's lyric orchestra attacking the Valkyrie. Next night we lost two of our best hens. Then successively we caught a prize Australian terrier, a brace of chickens, a kitten rabbit, and two ducks. Never thought trapping was so easy to learn. A fox took our turkey chicks one pale blue moonlight night, and then our cow died through eating half an "Australasian." We cart water three miles, but only a half a mile to go for beer, which is some compensation. I'm beginning to think better fifty years in a boarding-house than cycle "on the land."

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Projectile Takes Photographs.

A projectile to take photographs, and claimed to have been successful at heights up to half a mile, is the idea of Herr Marie, a German photographer. A camera, having the form of the usual almost conical shell, is thrown into the air by means of a kind of trap. At a predetermined angle as the camera turns to make its descent and is pointed slightly downwards, the shutter is automatically released, and a picture is taken of a broad expanse of country. In still air the flight and spot at which the aerial camera will fall can be calculated with much precision. Precautions are taken to avoid damage by concussion, and the results are expected to be of great possible value in military operations.

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Moving a House.

American skill and ingenuity were strikingly illustrated recently, when the contractors successfully completed the removal of an entire three-storey brick residence, situated at Harlem, a suburb of New York, to a new and more convenient site nearly half a mile away. After disconnecting the pipes, the house was raised by hydraulic jacks, and with such skill that the furniture inside, and even the ornaments on the mantelpieces were undamaged. Then began the long journey on a specially-improvised platform, and finally, after a couple of weeks, the brick house, without a pane of glass broken or a single crack in its walls was deposited safe and sound on its new foundation. By night-time all the pipes had been connected, and the family, the members of which had occupied their rooms during the entire process of removal, slept soundly after their travels.

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Hints Only.

The man who is afraid of nothing is the man who is frightened by a ghost.

Many a man's good fortune is due to the will power of a deceased relative.

It is good to beware of the woman who doesn't like sweets, flowers, or babies.

It may not be complimentary to human nature, yet a person with no faults has but few warm friends.

A wise young man keeps both eyes on the small boy with whose big sister he wants to face the parson.

It's all well to advise people to look on the bright side of things, but so many things have no bright side.

A woman doesn't worry as much over how she is to gain a crown of glory as she does how to gain a new hat.

The first thing a man does when he starts to help his wife at her work is to get her to wait on him and find things.

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A Breton Heroine.

A "deed of gold" is reported from France. At St. Vincent, near Lorient, in Brittany, the river Arz was frozen over. Some children ventured on the ice, utterly heedless of its weakness and the depth of the stream beneath. Before they had gone many steps they had fallen through, and were in the water. Mlle. Le Commandeur, a girl of 19, heard the cries of two women who saw the accident from the river bank some distance away, and soon divined what was the trouble. She resolutely waded into the river, making a way for herself through the broken ice, and with the water sweeping over her shoulders she reached the two elder children, one aged 10 and the other 7, who were clinging to the edge of the ice, and brought them to the river bank. The third child, a two-year old baby, she left balancing on the ice, thinking that he had a better chance of staying above water than the bigger children. But before she reached him he slipped, and was washed into midstream and sank out of sight. The girl dived, caught the baby's clothing, and dragged him to the shore. Rescued and rescuer were all put to bed at once, and so far none has been afflicted with any bad result of the wetting.

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Festival of the Dolls.

A curious custom of the Japanese is that of the observance of a certain day in April of each year, called Dolls' Day, or the Festival of the Dolls. On this day all the girls and women array themselves in gaudy attire, and the mother of each household adorns the family room in gay colours. Then the little girls dress all their dolls, old and new, in their best Sunday clothes and prop them up about the walls. In the afternoon a great feast is prepared, ostensibly for the benefit of the dolls, though the repast is actually consumed by the grown folks in the evening. Japan is the only country that has such a festivity.

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Musical Seasickness.

In a little book of jottings called "Notes of a Nomad," by W. A. Horn, there is an extraordinary example of ingenuity. He was challenged, it appears, to write thirty lines on seasickness, with a musical term in every line, and here is his first stanza:

If rolling is her crotchet
This vessel ought to "serve."
She spoils my "rest," she spoils my "notes."
She spoils my "repertoire."

There "demi" goes my dinner,
As the ship on "upper C"
"Appoggiaturas." Oh! the brute,
She's "pitched too high" for me. . . .

I know you'll think me very "bass,"
I'll "pause" till calm prevails;
It's all because they've gone and "set"
A bad "falsetto" sails.

I cannot "scale" the dizzy mast;
The "chords" are very slack;
Oh! how I "shake;" I know I shall
"It flat" upon my back.

I'll bet a "tenor" that she strikes
The "floor" upon the lee;
"Andante" up the money, should
She safely reach the "key."

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Cock Fighting in Our Language.

Many traces remain in popular speech of the hold that cock fighting gained on the nation during those centuries through which it was even an official institution in boys' schools. "That beats cock fighting" may be going out of fashion in favour of "That takes the cake," now that the former supremacy of the "sport" is being forgotten, but we still speak of "living like a fighting cock," though "living like a race horse" might be more in keeping with the times. When we say that a man "dies game," or that we are "game" for anything, we are commemorating the gamecock's spirit. The "white feather" is an illusion to the fact that such a feather in a fighting cock's tail was taken as evidence of inferior breeding and courage.

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Odd Occurrence in the Hunting Field.

On the afternoon of February 8, 1791, the hounds of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort were in full cry. The run had been a long one, and they knew that the fox was almost spent. Suddenly the scent turned abruptly from the open, leading straight into the garden of a cottage in the little village of Castle Coombe. Those who were following wondered what had happened, and were more astonished still to see the entire pack, without checking for an instant, dash through the open door into the little room. A shrill scream was heard, and when the whipper-in threw himself from his horse and gained the threshold he saw a sight which probably no fox hunter has ever met before or since. A white face woman stood clasping a child in her arms, and right there in the cradle from which the infant had just been snatched, eighteen couple of fierce hounds were struggling to devour their fox.

VERSE OLD AND NEW

What My Life is Like.

My life is like the shattered wreck,
Cast by the waves upon the shore;
The broken mast, the rifted deck,
Tell of the shipwreck that is o'er.
Yet from the relics of the storm
The mariner his raft will form
Again to tempt the faithless sea;
But hope rebuilds no barque for me.

My life is like the blighted oak,
That lifts its sere and withered form,
Scathed by the lightning's sudden stroke,
Sternly to meet the coming storm.
Yet round that sapless trunk will twine
The curling tendrils of the vine;
And life and freshness there impart,
Not to the passion-blighted heart.

My life is like the desert rock,
In the midocean, lone and drear,
Worn by the wild waves' ceaseless shock
That round its base their surges rear.
Yet there the sea-moss still will cling,
Some flower will find a cleft to spring;
And breathe e'en there a sweet perfume;
For me life's flowers no more will bloom.

My life is like the desert waste,
By human footsteps seldom pressed;
The eye no freshness there can trace;
No verdant spot on which to rest.
Yet e'en among these sandes so drear
The stork will tend her young with care—
E'en there the notes of joy impart,
But naught can cheer my lonely heart.

—Robert Emmett Roue.

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They Never Return.

Umbrellas strayed from clubland's halls
Come back, though not in silk;
The man who goeth out to balls
Returneth with the milk.
The swallows come again with spring,
That flit when summer's spent;
But all the seasons fail to bring
Me back the books I lent.

My senses strayed when Celia smiled,
Because her eyes were black,
But now no more by love beguiled,
I've got them safely back.
My heart I gave returned to me
As lightly as it went;
E'en hopes long lost once more I see,
But not the books I lent.

All things return; in twilight gray
Day dies to dawn anew;
The beef that's sent below to-day
Will make to-morrow's stew;
The bill collector cometh back
With covetous intent.
All things return—except, alack!
The books that I have lent.

They stood in "Russia" side by side,
They filled one rosewood shelf;
They're now belonging, far and wide,
To any but myself.
Oh! like my word, this world of pain
Will fizzle out and end
Before you'll ever see again
The books—the you lend.

—Booklover's Verse.

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Fortune's Failures.

Some say the gods are fickle. Not at all!
Hast ne'er within the workshop's shaded wall
Wrought what seemed good and puffed thee great with pride—
Yet seen in midday glare 'twas mean and small?

Oft I, in walking through the market-place,
Have happened, unexpected, face to face
With some unworthy bit of mine own craft,
And cringed beneath its failure and disgrace;

And, with a feeling of disgust and shame,
Have sought and tossed it back into the flame,
That none might know how fully could I fail.
May our Creator never feel the same?

ETHELLYN BREWER DE FOE.

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Inter Sodales.

Over a pipe the Angel of Conversation
Loosens with glee the tassels of his purse,
And, in a fine spiritual exaltation,
Hastens, a rosy, spendthrift, to disburse
The gems new-minted of imagination,
As amiable, a delicate animation
Informs our thought, and earnest we re-imburse
The sweet old farce of mutual admiration
Over a pipe.

Heard in this hour's delicious divagation,
How soft the song! the epigram how terse!
With what a genius for administration
We re-arrange the rumbling universe,
And map the course of man's regeneration
Over a pipe.

—W. E. Henley.

At the Bargain Sales.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through a bargain sale there passed
A maid, who'd lingered till the last,
Just shopping.

Her mien was sad, her face looked worn;
Her hat was crushed, her dress was torn.
She'd jostled there since early morn,
Just shopping.

"Oh, stay," the salesgirl said, "and see
This lovely silk at four-and-three
A yard." She answered, "None for me,
I'm shopping."

At six o'clock, as homeward went
The saleswoman, on pleasure bent,
They left her there by accident,
Still shopping.

A watchman making late his round,
Was scared by an unwonted sound;
On the third floor the maid he found,
Just shopping.

There, in the twilight, cold and gray,
Sauntered the maid, who'd shopped all day,
And nothing bought to take away—
Still shopping.

—Old Scrap-Book.

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The Vampire City.

Come with me into Babylon! Here to my woodland seat
Over the miles she lures and smiles—the smile of the bitter-sweet;
I hear the distant cadence, the siren-song she sings;
I smell the incense burning where her great red censer swings.

Out of the night she calls me, the night that is her day;
I see the gleam of her million lights a thousand miles away;
As the roar of a mighty army I hear her pulses beat
With the tramp of the restless vandals, the rush of the wearied feet.

Ever and ever onward a white procession goes;
Youths with the strength of lions, maids with the breath of the rose—
Toward her, but never from her, throned on her armoured isles;
They give her their lives for homage, but the City only smiles.

They know that her breasts are poison; they know that her lips are lies,
And half revealed is the death concealed in the pools of her occult eyes;
Yet still she is calling ever, and echo is never dumb:
Follow us into Babylon! Mistress of Life, we come!

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

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A Change of Subject.

We took an auto ride one day,
My lover bold and I,
And swiftly o'er the country roads
We joyfully did fly.

I'd no idea machines would let
One sentimental be—
You should have heard the things Tom said
Sub rosa then to me!

The air was sweet with country scents;
It was a glorious ride—
Then—miles from help, the motor stopped—
Some trouble underside.

I'd no idea machines would make
A man such passion feel,
But, oh, you should have heard the things
Tom said sub automobile!

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To My Cat.

Half-loving kindliness, and half-disdain,
Thou comest to my call serenely suave,
With humming speech and gracious gestures grave,
In salutation courtly and urbane:
Yet must I humble me thy grace to gain—
For wiles may win thee, but no arts enslave.
And nowhere gladly thou abidest save
Where naught disturbs the concord of thy reign.
Sphinx of my quiet hearth! who delignst to dwell,
Friend of my toil, companion of mine ease,
Thine is the lore of Ra and Rameses:
That men forget dost thou remember well,
Beholden still in blinking reveries,
With sombre sea-green gaze inscrutable.

—Graham R. Tomson.

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The Wise Man's Almanac.

They ain't no sense, as I kin see,
In mortals, such as you an' me,
A-faultin' Nature's wise intents,
An' lockin' horns with Providence.
It ain't no use to grumble an' complain;
It's just as cheap an' easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather an' sends rain—
Why, rain's my choice!

ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES

THE IRISHMAN'S PLIGHT.

A merchant, who is well known for his philanthropic spirit, was approached one day by an Irishman, formerly in his employ, who made a touching appeal for financial assistance. Said he:—

"I trust, sor, that ye'll find it convanient to help a poor man whose house an' everything in it was burned down last week, sor."

The merchant, although he gives with a free hand, exercises considerable caution in his philanthropy, so he asked:—

"Have you any papers, or certificates, to show that you have lost everything by fire, as you say?"

The Irishman scratched his head, as if bewildered. Finally he replied:—

"I did have a certificate to that effect, sor, signed before a notary; but, unfortunately, sor, it was burned up with the rest of me effects!"

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NO ULTERIOR MOTIVE.

Adolphus promptly offered his seat to a severe, prim-looking old lady who entered the car with a "will-nobody-make-room-for-me" sort of look on her face. Yet she hesitated when Adolphus rose.

"Do I look funny and eccentric to you?" she asked severely.

"No; not at all," replied the young man in surprise.

"Or worth a fortune?" she inquired, scowling.

"Most certainly not," said Adolphus with emphasis.

"Perhaps you think I will go home and alter my will in your favour?"

"Madam, pray relieve yourself of all anxiety on that matter. I assure you no such base thought ever entered my head."

"That's all right," she snapped. "Now I'll sit down, but I don't want any misunderstanding about it."

As for Adolphus, he came to the conclusion that chivalry had had its day.

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BRAVE MAN!

Jones was one of those conceited, make-believe bold hunters, and always spinning his yarns about his experiences in Africa, and he generally wound up by saying he never yet saw a lion he feared. One night, after he had finished yarning, he was a little taken back by one of his audience, who said:—

"That's nothing. I have lain down and actually slept among lions in their wild, natural state."

"I don't believe that. I'm no fool," said the bold hunter.

"It's the truth, though."

"You slept among lions in their wild, natural state?"

"Yes. I certainly did."

"Can you prove it? Were they African?"

"Well, not exactly African lions. They were dandelions."

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ALL FROM BEER.

King Edward has just paid a visit to Lord and Lady Burton at Rangemore, in Staffordshire. His Majesty has always shown great friendliness to our brewer peers, and Lord Iveagh and Lord Burton are among the few who have the privilege of entertaining him annually, remarks "M.A.P." In 1902 His Majesty went to Burton-on-Trent and inspected all the departments of the great business of Bass, with its turnover of £5,000,000 a year. Rangemore is a magnificent hall, built in the Italian style. Lord Burton has spent £200,000 in improving it, and has added some wonderful tapestry and valuable pictures. His lordship is a young-looking man for his sixty-nine years. He is a very genial and pleasant companion, whose agreeable frankness and honesty have made the King his warm friend. He was in Parliament as one of the Liberal representatives of Staffordshire constituencies for over twenty years—for most of them as Mr Michael Arthur Bass. A baronetcy was conferred on him in 1882, his peerage coming four years later. His family motto, "Basis virtutum constantia," alludes punningly to the delicious fluid of which he is justly proud. Lord Burton has no son to inherit his title, but a new peerage was created nine years ago in favour of his only daughter, Nellie, Mrs Baillie of Dochfour, and her sons. Mrs Baillie's striking characteristic is an utter absence of affectation, concerning which two good stories are told. Miss Bass, as she was then, rather astonished some old fogies at a Holyrood ball by her lively style of dancing. "Hardly the manners of a Vere de Vere," remarked an old general as she whisked past him in the mazes of a Highland schottische. "No," said Miss Bass, dropping him a saucy curtsey, "they are the manners of a Beer de Beer, and jolly good beer it is, too!" At another dance she glanced at the noble name of Tullibardine, which a young scion of the house of Atholl had written on her programme. "Is that really your name?" she asked, "It is a very curious one, and very long for every-day use." "Well!" replied the heir of all the Murrays, a little nettled, "it is a name pretty well known in Scotland. Have you never heard of the Tullibardine who fought at Culloden, or of my great-great-grandfather, who fell at Malplaquet?" "Never, I am afraid," was the frank reply, "but then, you see, my great-great-grandfather was a bottle washer!"

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NAPOLEON AND HIS BARBER.

Constant, Napoleon's barber, tells of the many difficulties he experienced in shaving the Emperor. Napoleon would take his place in the chair, conversing and gesticulating. Suddenly he would call for a paper, or turn rapidly to look behind him. The utmost caution was necessary upon the part of his barber to keep from cutting him; yet in spite of all these restless movements, not once while Constant was shaving the Emperor did he do so. Sometimes when in the chair he would sit still and motionless as a stone, and Constant tells that he could not get him to move his head either way in order to facilitate the operation of shaving. Napoleon had a singular whim of having only one side of his face lathered and shaved at a time. When he shaved himself, which was seldom, he invariably cut himself badly. This was due to his restless impatience, and though he was scrupulously neat in his person, he would, after hewing a slice from his cheek, give up the operation in disgust, and go about with part of his face unshaved until he had found his faithful barber.

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RED TAPE.

One of those extraordinary stories which ever and again are told for the purpose of illustrating the vast accumulation of red tape in which the clerks at the War Office are supposed to be buried, is related in the "Aldershot News." An officer in command of a battalion quartered in Marlborough Lines was amazed one morning to find on his parade ground a traction engine and several trucks of stones and gravel. The material was deposited on the ground, and in due course the engine and trucks returned with further loads. On asking at headquarters for an explanation of the delivery, the commanding officer was informed that the instructions had come from the War Office. Not satisfied with this explanation he caused further inquiries to be made, with the result that the original requisition for the material was produced, and it was found to be dated 1856! In moving out of the old offices in Pall Mall, a clerk, our contemporary adds, had come across this requisition in a long-forgotten pigeon-hole, and seeing it was for 100 tons of road material for the laying out of roads, had the order executed, with the result that the material was dumped in the only available spot in North Camp.

"What do you call your dog, Henry?"

"I call him Hen, sir."

"After yourself, I suppose?"

"No; I call him Hen because he's a setter, sir."

In a tram accident an Irishman was badly hurt. The next day a lawyer called on him and asked him if he intended to sue the company for damages. "Damages?" said Pat, looking feebly over his bandages. "Sure, I have thim already. I'd like to sue the railway for repairs, sor, av ye'll take the case."

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THE NEW CHAUFFEUR

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE, Author of "Courtesy and Freedom," Etc.

ALFRED and Julia adored each other. He was dark and she was fair, and they were well matched in beauty and affection, though he was but a penniless officer, and she the daughter of a well-to-do merchant in the provincial town where Alfred's regiment was quartered. They loved each other so fondly that they dared not contemplate life passed alone. He was sure that if they parted, he would go abroad to fight and die in a foreign land. She was convinced that in that case a broken heart would be her end. But they were young; life stretched out before them like some beautiful sunshiny plain, and it seemed folly to talk of death, when glorious happiness might still be attained. Only, one great obstacle made them afraid. Julia's father, a nonconformist, had solemnly assured her he would never consent to his daughter's marriage with any man but a business man like himself. As for soldiers, he abhorred war and despised their profession. In addition, Alfred was penniless. All he possessed was £100 a year, bequeathed to him by an old aunt, and his regimental pay. If he left the army, the latter would be forfeited.

The two young people stood hand in hand, sadly meditating on these facts in the embrasure of the drawing-room window looking out over the gardens belonging to Julia's father. The house reeked of wealth, solid undoubted wealth. The orchid houses overflowed with valuable plants, priceless old masters covered the walls of the vast reception rooms, the fine stables resounded with the neighings of handsome horses and the rolling of innumerable carriage wheels. What hearing could a poor young fellow expect, who asked for the hand of the lovely daughter, and could bring no guerdon but an old name, a gentlemanly bearing, an empty purse, and an untarnished scutcheon? The case appeared hopeless, but Julia felt she could never resign her handsome, honest, well-bred lover for the sake of some prim, unsympathetic plain-visaged merchant, who would leave her to mope all day alone, and in the evenings regale her ears with talk of stocks and shares.

Just then a splendid motor drove up the approach, and her eyes followed it absently.

"How well that chauffeur drives—see the neat way he turns those awkward corners," said Alfred, whose practised eye was caught by an exhibition of skill. Had he not often, and with considerable success driven the regimental coach himself?

"That is Lord Marchmont's motor," Julia answered. "The driver is French, and I believe uncommonly well paid."

"Indeed." Alfred seemed lost in thought.

"What is it, Alfred. Won't you speak to me, are you already sorry you love me—darling—you don't regret?"

"Never—listen. Julia—did you say you knew your father would only give you to a man who is a worker?"

"Yes—the self-made man, he declares, rules the world. Ah, Alfred, if you could only do something great—something daring, something that would force him to respect you—"

"What can I do?" said Alfred gloomily.

"Oh, think, dearest, think—you are so clever, so resourceful."

"I have it—Julia, I must leave you now—things cannot go on as they are. I am determined you shall be my wife, and I will find out a way, but for the present we must not meet—"

"Not meet!" Julia's lips dropped, her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Alfred, I cannot live without you!"

"If I come here often, your father will object, he looked sternly at me to-day——"

"Not see you!" Julia clasped her hands despairingly.

"Not till I have deserved you. Not till I am a man after your father's heart. It shall not be long, I promise you—trust to me."

He embraced her hurriedly, if fondly, and Julia, left alone, felt that the sun had ceased to shine.

Lord Marchmont was an authority on motors: he possessed some of all sizes and capacities. No sooner had he purchased one than he exchanged it for another, swifter or more perfect. His talk was all of gear, chains, horse-power, tubes, and boilers. He infected everyone he approached with his enthusiasm, and insisted on all his friends sharing in his pet hobby. So he persuaded Julia's father, who delighted in horses and owned a stable full, to buy a much-recommended car of a new and perfected pattern.

Chauffeurs, as we all know, are extremely tiresome and untrustworthy persons. Even Julia's father, who governed his household with a rod of iron, was incapable of controlling the chauffeur's vagaries. They are an ungrateful, idle, and overpaid race, and, like pretty women, presume on their unrivalled position. Consequently chauffeurs came and went, dismissed summarily, after several rebukes, at a moment's notice, some defiant, some indifferent, some insolent, some contrite, and some breathing out threats of vengeance. Alfred knew this, and like a clever diplomatist, on this knowledge he formed his plans.

Discarding his usual neat and gentlemanly dress, he obtained a month's leave of absence from his regiment, frequented public-houses, and changing his whole mode of life began to associate with the chauffeurs of the neighbourhood. He was not long in scraping acquaintance with the last chauffeur discharged by Julia's father, who still lingered in the town, and was the very man, an ill-conditioned, black-browed, foul-mouthed foreigner, who had departed breathing threats of vengeance. Him he questioned respecting the merits of the car, its peculiarities, weaknesses and virtues. At all hours of the day, Alfred and his new friend, employed in one of the garages, might be seen together, grimy-handed, with dirty clothes, oiling, tinkering, cleaning, grovelling like veritable slaves on the foul earth beneath the unwieldy, filthy cars, dripping with oil and grease. Alfred's extremely natty and fastidious habits disappeared entirely, his nails grew black and broken, his hands were cut and here and there skinned, scarred and raw, and with the shaving off of his neat well-curled moustache, it would have been difficult to recognise the dandy officer of a crack regiment in the workmanlike blouse of a begrimed engineer.

Days passed. Julia despaired. Her lover seemed completely lost to her. She danced, dined and flirted without zest, moved about like a disembodied spirit, and cried herself to sleep at night. Her father made no further observation on the disappearance of Alfred, than that he supposed at last the Colonel had decided to keep those idle officers a little more strictly to their tasks, as he had seen none of them dangling their long legs about the place lately. Julia winced, but hoped, as a fond, faithful woman will hope, that some day all this misery would work out to a good end.

One day her father announced that he had engaged a new chauffeur, who seemed more intelligent and modest in his demands than the previous ones, and invited her to come out for a drive and test his prowess. Julia, slack of step and languid in manner, proceeded upstairs to don the little cap, and wind round her pretty face the bewitching folds of white chiffon which constitute the correct motor mode, and contribute to the charm and mystery of female nature.

The chauffeur held out his hand to assist her in entering the car according to custom. His attitude was perfectly correct and respectful, yet Julia was struck by something in him which reminded her of a dear familiar figure. He looked impassive and businesslike, and after a second wistful glance she felt ashamed of her momentary hesitation. Her father critically examined everything as they started. The new man was smart and neat, with a military precision about him that bespoke the greatest care, he drove admirably, with a mixture of decision, dash, and prudence that appealed favourably to his employer. The brass appurtenances of the car shone brilliantly in the sunshine, and everything looked spick and span and faultless.

The next day and the next they drove out, and the same faultless conditions were repeated. After a week Julia's father grew tired of his new toy, and pleaded the pressure of business when the car came round. Julia went alone. She enjoyed the noiseless spin, the fresh air beating against her cheek, the sense of solitude and liberty, and the possibility of letting her thoughts wander unobserved to the ever-favourite topic—Alfred's love. To-day, as they passed over a bleak, wild moor, where the heather grew rich and rank, and the cry of the pee-wit sounded hoarsely, the chauffeur suddenly turned round, and for the first time addressed her, inquiring respectfully if she were comfortable.

"Perfectly," she replied wondering, the tones of the man's voice sounding familiar in her ear.

"Is this the speed you like, or would you prefer to go faster.'"

"Yes, faster—faster—always on and on."

She held her breath. She looked again and again the chauffeur. She felt as in a dream, speeding thus through the keen, autumn air. Then catching hold of his hand impulsively, "Alfred," she murmured.

"Hush!" He stopped the motor, and gave her fingers a slight pressure. "Remember I'm Tennant, the chauffeur."

"But, why—why?" she was breathless with excitement.

"Don't ask, dearest, and don't talk to me, only remember I am trying to deserve you, trying to be a man after your father's heart—always near you, always watchful and loving."

Julia leant back blissfully, wrapping her furs more closely round her, content to be silent.

After that the drives became a daily habit, a dear and priceless habit. Sometimes her father accompanied her, and

pleased her by his praises of their new delightful chauffeur; sometimes she went alone, and spent peaceful hours dreaming of the future. On those occasions she always spoke to Alfred, a few happy words of love, which kept her calm and well-satisfied till the next meeting. She would have been content to pass years like this, near her lover, resting on his affection, conscious of his loyalty and devotion, wishing and caring for nothing more tangible. Those long, wild drives grew very dear to her, the bleak moorland seemed to blossom with the flowers of her fancy, the wide silent landscape in which she and Alfred were often the only living objects, took a firm hold of her imagination; the swiftness of the motion fanned her thoughts and pleased her impatience. To rush like this through space, they two alone, was a novel, a delicious, an unforgettable experience. All the world faded from her memory; the clouds and sky, the mountains and valleys, she and her lover were monarchs of all.

Julia's father now began to look very favourably on the chauffeur. "There's a man after my own pattern, Julia," he would say, "sober, respectful, hard-working and self-reliant. His heart is always in his work. He will go far—I think I must raise his wages."

Julia's heart beat with fond approval, and the blood coursed joyously through her veins. She had no wish to hurry, to anticipate, but just to live, and let her lover work out his fate.

Meanwhile he was anxious and troubled. He had certainly satisfied his employer, but he seemed no nearer to marrying his daughter. Only some lucky circumstance would help him, some chance by which he could show the mettle that was in him. This young man, who had ridden fearlessly in steeplechases, who was a noted polo player, a daring rider, longed for a spice of danger, the whip to his slack pulses, the impetus to desperate deeds. To drive a lady out for her daily constitutional, and clean the car afterwards might be duty, but was not adventure, the kind of adventure for which his heart lusted. Julia was content, with the woman's happiness in the present, that fears lest something should happen to cloud the perfect peace, but the man grew restless. Excitement, that was what he wanted. It came at last, though not exactly in the form he anticipated.

Julia had acquired, like most amateurs, the craze for speed. The swiftness of the machine seemed to help her thoughts and give her a new sensation. Alfred drove skilfully, and as carefully as the great pace Julia insisted on allowed. Hitherto they had escaped all accidents, and Julia became day by day more reckless. "Faster," she would urge, "go faster." Alfred dared not remonstrate in the presence of her father, who seemed indifferent to danger, and gradually he himself began to believe in his lucky state. Julia, folded in her warm wraps, her cap pressed tightly on her head, felt the keen air cool her cheeks with exquisite delight. It was so perfect an enjoyment, she only wished it would last for ever. The drives lengthened more and more, the pace increased until whole days passed in this roar and excitement, which resembled dram-drinking or the inhaling of some Eastern herb in its witchery and strange mysterious joy. Some of the roads in the neighbourhood were very steep, rude declines and sharp curves broke the monotony of their progress, indeed one or two were marked dangerous by the society which watched over the welfare of bicyclists and motors. At first Alfred sought to avoid these, a mishap to the lady of his love must be deprecated at all costs, but Julia resisted.

"What, not go there! There is no danger, and if there were I know Lord Marchmont came down this way yesterday, and he was telling me all about it, and how well his chauffeur drove—surely you are capable of his feats—"

Alfred bit his lip. To measure himself against Lord Marchmont's chauffeur was his ambition, but then there was the risk to Julia. He dared not take it on himself, her father must decide.

"What do you wish, sir?" he asked, turning respectfully to his employer.

"Obey my daughter," he replied shortly. Alfred threw one anxious glance at Julia. A keen smile played over her features. She was not afraid, but if anything did happen, she possessed full confidence in her lover's science and presence of mind.

At first Alfred, threading the steep hills and turning the sharp corners, drove slowly as his instinct bade him, but when they came to a long hill that ended with a curve that led to a small bridge, Julia bade him put on speed. He remonstrated, she commanded.

"Just look at this lovely expanse," she cried. "There is nothing in sight—oh, hurry, hurry!"

The hill was indeed long, and the impetus became tremendous. Alfred was on the alert for the curve at the bottom, and the narrow dangerous bridge, but his attempts to slacken speed were perpetually foiled by Julia's entreaties. As they turned the corner he beheld a cumbrous waggon with four horses almost across the road. He blew the warning horn, and noticed that there was just room to pass, when at that instant a child ran from behind the cart. To avoid injuring it, Alfred drew aside a little, the car swerved, touched the side of the bridge, recoiled from the violence of its impact, swayed and overturned. Julia's father lay under the car, Alfred, dazed and giddy with pain, saw to his horror Julia fall over the parapet and into the swiftly rushing stream. In an instant, taking a header into the water, he reached her struggling form, held her up tenderly, and swimming with failing strength, landed her at last safely on the bank. When her father, unhurt, extricating himself with some difficulty from the debris, looked around, he saw his daughter swooning, with closed eyes and dripping garments, in the chauffeur's arms.

"She is safe, thank God!" said Alfred, white as a sheet, covered with blood, and almost fainting with pain.

"And you—are you hurt?" said his employer.

"Only a little," but his ghastly paleness belied his words.

They drove home in a spring cart which was fortunately procured from a neighbouring farm, and Alfred was the only one who suffered from the effects of the accident. Julia's father escaped with a few bruises; she herself was unhurt, thanks to Alfred's courage and promptitude; but he was severely cut about, and forced to keep his bed for a couple of weeks. Naturally he expected his dismissal for carelessness and bad driving, and his anxious thoughts and wakeful nights contributed not a little to retard his recovery. Julia, on her part, lived in the wildest terror. Every day she inquired about the chauffeur's condition, but dared not write or communicate with him. She sent him flowers from the garden and luscious fruit from the hothouses, and hoped that he would realise her anxiety and watchful care from these offerings. Her father had never mentioned the accident, his brow was clouded and he looked absent and annoyed.

Julia felt sure that his first act would be to send away the chauffeur, but so long as the latter remained seriously ill, nothing could be done.

At last, the decisive day arrived. Julia found her father in the library surrounded by papers. Seeing him busy, she turned to leave the room, when his voice, clear and decided, stopped her.

"Julia," he said, "the chauffeur is well again, and I have sent for him here."

"Yes, papa," were the only words she could utter.

"I suppose you know that owing to your rashness we were all nearly killed?"

"The chauffeur drove well," she murmured.

"Of course he drove well, but such a thing must never happen again. He ought to have known better than to gratify a silly woman's wild caprice."

"I am sure he did all he could," she urged in a passion of anxiety.

"Certainly, but—"

"You will discharge him?"

"What do you think? He saved your life—my daughter's life— would that be a fit reward?"

"Oh, no, Papa—then you do think well of him?"

"I think he is a brave, modest young man, and better worth rewarding than my own foolish girl—"

"Oh, Papa!"

"Shall I offer him money—how much? You shall decide."

"No, no, Papa," said Julia, flushing, "not money—"

"No, I agree with you, we cannot offer him money. What a contrast is a superior, refined, quiet, sober man like that to the silly popinjay of a young officer, who came here courting you. Ah, it's work alone, the work of brains and hands, that makes a true man—a worthy man."

"Then, Papa, you stand convicted on your showing. That chauffeur you appreciate is the very same young officer who has done all this for my sake. He loved me, he worked for me, he saved my life, and now let him have his reward. Let us both be happy—let me marry him."

The girl pleaded eloquently, and her eloquence was not lost on her father, a shrewd man of the world.

Thus it came about that when Alfred appeared, obedient to his summons, and prepared to receive instant dismissal, he found his beloved one smiling and tearful, while her hand was gently placed in his, with a few kindly, broken words of gratitude from her father.

A flutter of excited gossip filled the country at the news of the engagement of the handsome young officer to the merchant's daughter. Unfortunately, it also became incumbent on Julia's father to find another chauffeur.

The City of Kabul.

(By Mrs Kate Daly.)

As regards mere geographical distance, the Afghan capital is not appreciably far from our own possessions in India; in literal fact it is as far away from anything that is not Afghan and supremely Eastern as if it were on another planet. It is a closed city in the strictest sense; it is shut off from anything outside it by the inexorable rule of an absolute despot, whose word is the only law its people know.

No stranger may enter Kabul save by the Ameer's permission: no man who values his life would dare to cross the frontier without that permission and the necessary guarding of his safety which it includes. Nor may any subject leave the country without his sovereign's sanction, nor any inhabitant of Kabul itself pass beyond a three-mile radius without the outposts. Here there is no coming and going at individual will—there is only one will over all.

On the first day of my arrival in Kabul it seemed to me that I had suddenly become completely shut off from all that I had ever known of the world. Even India seemed to have become so far away as to be inaccessible. The long journey from England, full of incident, was over, the tedious last stage of it over the Khyber Pass accomplished, and there I was in the Afghan capital at last - immured.

OLD KABUL.

At moments like those one is apt to think of all the stories that one has heard of the place to which destiny has brought one, and old stories of Kabul are not pleasant to think of. The strangeness of my new surroundings that night (the closely shut in house, the difference of the domestic arrangements, the guard of soldiers at my door—all these were things that made me feel as if I were in some new world, from which there is never going to be any escape. But there were two other things that impressed me still more that night—the rushing of the Kabul River, swollen by the winter rains, and the dismal howling of the pariah dogs, who go about the city at night literally seeking anything they can devour.

One's first inspection of the houses and residences of Kabul heightens the impression of jealously-guarded security which a first general glimpse of the city has given. There are no cheerful rows of houses seeming to invite free entrance; here the private house is as secure as a prison and as rigidly inviolate. Every door is barred to the outsider.

As the outer walls are usually those of the compound within which the house itself stands, they present a somewhat blank appearance to the street. There are no smiling faces at windows, no surreptitious peeps into lighted rooms at family parties. The closely-shut, heavily-secured door implies much. And every man must open it to a sudden summons with a quaking heart, for none ever know—so much intrigue and treachery and false accusation is there—when they may not be haled off to prison, perhaps to death, on some charge which is not known to them.

LIFE AND MOVEMENT.

Yet, jealously guarded as the whole city is, and as the houses are, there is abundance of life and movement and colour in the streets of Kabul. If the dress of the people is poor it is picturesque, and to Western eyes there is a vast amount that is deeply interesting. A procession of blind men holding on to each other's garments and led by a lame man; the story-teller, with a circle of spell-bound listeners around him—these are only some of the things that strike the Western mind as matters connected with the East from time immemorial.

Of these crowds in the streets, however, one soon notices that they are almost entirely composed of men and children. Women are rarely seen abroad. Some women are carried as brides to their husband's harem and never leave it again till their death. Children—of whom the Afghans are universally very fond—go about freely in the streets and bazaars. Nightfall puts a strict stoppage to these perambulations. From ten in summer and nine in winter none may leave his house before sunrise next morning, unless he provides himself with the proper permission. At night the city is given up to the soldiers and the pariah dogs.

HORDES OF MONGRELS.

The latter, a vast horde of mongrels of all sorts, and often of considerable size, act as scavengers, but they will attack anything, and hence every soldier on guard at night carries a stout stick as well as his gun. So common is it for people to be bitten by these dogs that one often hears of cases of pilgrimage to a certain holy shrine in the neighbourhood, prayers offered at which are held to be particularly efficacious.

The dominating feeling of all life in Kabul is, of course, essentially fatalistic. Everything that happens is Kismet (fate). If a man falls under the displeasure of the Ameer and is cast into prison, or is beaten to death with sticks, or suffers tortures such as Europeans have not heard of since the Middle Ages, it is because it was ordained to be.

It is difficult for anyone who has always lived under a constitutional government and has enjoyed the rights and privileges of a free man to understand what it means to the population of a closed city like Kabul to live under a sovereign power which holds and exercises the absolute power of life and death.

That power is sometimes announced to the entire population in an impressive and dramatic fashion. On one of the hill-sides outside the city there is a gun which is fired every day at noon as a signal. All who hear it know that noontide has come. But there are times when this gun is discharged at some hour which is not that of noon. Its sudden note is heard everywhere—then people whisper to each other, "Someone has been blown from the gun!"

The absolute ownership of life is the keystone of this edifice of Eastern despotism. And life is of small account. After all, everything is the will of Allah. If it be that he has given the power of life and death to one man to exercise over others, it is Fate. That is the dominating influence, the true atmosphere of the Closed City, which, in spite of the modern features now found there, is in essentials as far off and as barbaric as in the days when no European had ever set foot in it.

"Ever see an Indian policeman?" asked the passenger with the bristling mustache.

"Yes," said the passenger with the skull cap. "I used to know one in Omaha."

"How did he look in uniform?"

"Much like the ordinary copper, only a little more copper-coloured, of course."

Scientific and Useful

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

An impressive lecture and demonstration of an entirely new form of wireless telegraphy was recently given in London by its inventor, Mr Valdemar Poulsen. In wireless telegraphy as we now know it, the condition of things may be expressed very imperfectly and very simply by saying that the electric spark occurring between two highly charged bodies gives rise to an electric ripple in the ether, as a stone dropped into a still pond will give rise to a ripple on the surface of the water. According to Sir William Preece, who was chairman at Mr Poulsen's lecture, that gentleman's invention has sounded the death-knell of spark telegraphy. Mr Poulsen likens his system to a tuning-fork giving out steady and continuous vibrations, in sharp distinction to the series of explosions to which the spark form of electricity might be compared. He claims that by his system absolutely perfect tuning is possible, so that there can be no mixing up of messages intended for different recipients, and also that unauthorised tapping of messages will be an impossibility. Moreover, he looks forward to solving the problem of wireless telephony. The reality of the wireless energy was clearly and unmistakably demonstrated to the audience, for incandescent lamps were lighted without any metallic connection, copper-wire was melted in mid-air, and various other striking experiments performed.

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RED NOSES ELECTRICALLY CURED.

Among the lesser evils to which the human flesh is heir, the possession of a red nose may be counted as one of the most distressing to its unfortunate owner. Various causes may be assigned to the phenomenon; but this question may be charitably disposed of by simply stating that the immediate cause is abnormally enlarged blood-vessels. A German professor has invented an electric vibrator or concussion instrument which from the description appears, as it were, to punch the nose under operation hundreds of times a second with a bundle of about 50 gilded platinum points, remarks "Chambers." The application of the instrument is said to cause bleeding, and there does not appear to be any good reason for doubting the statement. However, it is said that the patients are able in most cases to endure the rapidly-repeated pricking without inconvenience, and one or two treatments a week are sufficient to bring the most abnormal noses back to their pristine purity and whiteness. As this desirable result is said to be attained without the destruction of the excessive blood-vessels or leaving any scar, the patient may presumably return to those courses which caused the blushing of the sensitive member in the pleasurable certainty that if the roseate hue should once more appear it may again be put to flight with a little more electrical "inconvenience."

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LIVING CRYSTALS.

There is perhaps nothing more striking about the revelations of modern science than its continual tendency to break down old boundaries; and there are those who believe that at some future time all boundaries will have been removed, and nature will stand revealed as something infinitely simple. The attempt to draw a line between the animal and vegetable kingdoms has long ago been abandoned, and now even the boundary between living and dead is threatened. In a striking communication by Professor O. Lehmann at a concourse of German physicians and physicists at Stuttgart, it was shown that the crystals of numerous substances show all the characteristics of life as revealed in some of the lowest organisms with which modern science is familiar. All substances which crystallise do so in a specific form peculiarly their own, and many of these forms are strikingly like vegetable structures. to start it, crystals are capable of growth, and they will also absorb substances from the surrounding medium, and thereby poison themselves, as it were, and deform their natural development. But while living things are fluid or partially so, crystals have always been believed to be solid. Now, however, Professor Lehmann has shown that liquid crystals may be produced, and about 50 varieties are mentioned. Among them we find soft-soap, which consists of innumerable soft crystals. Several chemicals, mostly with alarming names, are quoted as exhibiting very wonderful crystalline forms. Some are viscous fluids, which, under the microscope, are found to consist of distinctly crystalline structures in constant motion. Another chemical is as liquid as water, but every drop is demonstrably a distinct crystal. Others even have the power of assuming the form of a chain resembling a bacterium, and sometimes these rods are of spiral form and are occasionally seen in serpentine motion. When it is remarked that the rods eventually break up and the fragments develop into perfect individuals, it will be seen that the resemblance between these crystalline structures and some of the lowest forms of life is practically complete. In any case, it appears to be impossible to draw a definite line separating the one from the other.

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THE WORLD'S COSTLIEST DRUG.

One of the newest, most important, and most expensive drugs on earth is that known as adrenalin.

Those who are not physicians will be first interested in learning that adrenalin costs 4/ a grain—that is £1400 a pound.

Adrenalin is the most powerful astringent, hemostatic, and heart tonic known. If you do not know what an astringent is, bite an unripe pomegranate. Its astringent effect will pucker up your mouth.

Just so adrenalin puckers up the walls of the smaller blood-vessels, so that the blood cannot flow from them even if their ends are severed.

Since this costly drug closes and contracts the arteries, even when they are cut by the surgeon's knife, it is most valuable in all forms of haemorrhage. But it has another great and all-important use. Experiments have proved that it is a most powerful heart stimulant.

It will bring back to life a heart that is being killed by chloroform.

Chloroform, though quick in its action, is dangerous, but must often be used, when every moment is valuable, where there are many patients, as in military hospitals in war-time.

So, if chloroform is necessary, it is of the greatest possible value to know that adrenalin can be injected into a vein and prevent such heart failure as an overdose of chloroform often causes. This action of adrenalin has been proved by many experiments.

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EARTHQUAKES.

Speaking on the subject of earthquakes and geysers before a large audience at the London Institution, Mr. W. Herbert Garrison observed that the 37 seismographs throughout the world recorded every year 30,000 earthquakes, big and small, of which 50 each year were sufficiently large to shake the whole earth throughout its entire mass. So far as seismic disturbances were concerned—at least those of maximum intensity— the British Isles enjoyed a position of "glorious isolation," simply earth tremors being experienced here. In Japan there were from 30,000 to 33,000 earthquakes every year. It was estimated that not 10 per cent of the damage done at San Francisco was immediately caused by the earthquake, 90 per cent being caused by fire when the water and the dynamite used by the authorities to check the fire when the water was exhausted. The earthquake which destroyed San Francisco meant a movement of anything up to 50,000,000 cubic miles of rock.

THE SCENT of CALAMUS

By HELEN TOMPKINS

An act of gross irresponsibility may often affect other persons more than its author.

JOHN!"

Mrs. Laidlaw sat up in bed wide awake.

"Somebody called. Do you suppose that it was Emma walking in her sleep?"

Her husband answered:

"I didn't hear a thing. You must have been dreaming, Sophie."

His wife was dressing herself feverishly in the dark. "I have not closed my eyes," she asserted firmly. "I felt nervous and depressed, just as though something horrible——"

"You always feel that way, Sophie, you know," objected her husband, in an injured fashion.

"John Laidlaw, I tell you that something is wrong! I heard a cry. It's a mercy that we have not all been murdered in our beds!"

"If there is something wrong, let the person who is in trouble speak for himself," said John Laidlaw. "I wish that you would take something for your nerves, Sophie. I am getting ——"

"Hush!"

This time Laidlaw himself started up in bed as if galvanised by an electric shock.

"By George! there is something wrong!" he said, as he fumbled with his trousers and tried to find the electric button in order to snap on the lights. "Wait, Sophie——"

He finished the sentence in the hall outside his bedroom. He thrust aside his terrified wife and tried to gather his wits together.

"Is that you, father?"

"Yes, Emma; let's have a little light, if you can find that confounded—— It's as black out here as ——" Comparisons failed him utterly. "What is the matter, anyway?"

"I don't know," said his daughter. "The cry came from Mr. Gresham's room. It sounded like a call for help. I am so terrified——"

Her fingers jarred quaveringly, but the groping fingers touched the electric button that filled the upper hall with light.

John Laidlaw stared at his pretty daughter a little confusedly.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"It is eleven o'clock father. I have not been asleep. I have not even undressed. I heard Mr. Gresham come upstairs, and directly the door closed I heard his cry for help. Don't stop to ask questions father, for God's sake! He may be dead or dying. That last cry was much weaker ——"

She was dragging him along the hall as she spoke.

As they reached the threshold of young Gresham's room, however, the door stood open—she recoiled with a cry. The young artist lay face downward across the rug just inside the room.

The sight instantly cleared Laidlaw's brain.

"Call the police, Emma," he said hurriedly, as he knelt beside the prostrate figure. "And do, for Heaven's sake, tell your mother to stop screaming!"

His daughter was staring past him with wide open eyes.

"Hadn't I better call a doctor, too?" she asked faintly. "He looks—hideous, somehow. Loosen his collar, father. Is it a fit, do you suppose? He said nothing about being ill at supper time."

Laidlaw's hand slipped from the man's wrist to his chest.

"All the doctors in the world can't help him," he said concisely. "He is dead."

"Dead?"

The girl fought hard for self-control, but failed. Her hand slipped from the stair-railing to her throat, ther was a little convulsive sigh, and she slid helplessly forward in a dumb heap at her father's feet.

Fortunately, help came to the distracted Laidlaw from another source.

Sterling Morton, also, had rooms on the second floor of the boarding-house, and just as Emma Laidlaw fainted her father heard the rattle of the young man's latchkey in the lock.

Morton displayed his usual good sense in the matter. In less than an hour the house was in the hands of the police, and a doctor was bending over the body of young Gresham.

"Quite dead," he said shortly, as he laid the young man's head gently back upon the floor.

"It is a case for the coroner, Mr. Laidlaw, and not for the physician."

"It's a terrible thing to happen in a man's house," whimpered Laidlaw agitatedly.

His face had grown chalky white.

"No, I don't know whether he had friends in town or not. Quiet and well-mannered and peaceable. Both my wife and daughter were greatly attached to him. In fact, the shock—— My daughter is under the care of a doctor now. To be plain with you, she——"

"I wouldn't go into that now, Mr. Laidlaw," suggested young Morton, decidedly. "You—we are all apt to say things——"

The physician had risen from his knees

I should like to know if he had ever complained of heart-trouble," he said. "Somebody ought to know. He hasn't the appearance ——"

He turned the body over again very gently.

"I'm afraid that it will be a more serious matter," he said, regretfully. His distorted face tells the story plainly. The convulsed appearance of his features——"

Morton looked at him anxiously. "Are there any signs of violence?" he asked hurriedly.

"None whatever. In fact, I may as well say plainly that I have at present no data whatever upon which to base an opinion as to the cause of death. It may be that something may come up later that will determine it. There are no marks of violence."

Morton hesitated. "It seems to me that there is a peculiar odour in the room," he suggested.

The physician looked up at him quickly. "I had not detected it," he said. "I have a cold, and the sense of smell——. Do you mean the odour of some drug?"

"No. That is, I don't know whether it is the odour of a drug or not. I am not even certain that it is any odour at all. I do not notice it now. But when I first entered the room ——"

The man from police headquarters looked at him a little suspiciously.

"Then you were in the room before the alarm was sent in?" he asked quickly.

"Mr. Laidlaw had just discovered the body when I entered the house."

The young man spoke with a slightly heightened colour. "I heard the sound of agitated voices just as I entered the door, and a moment later heard Mr. Laidlaw call out to his wife that his daughter had fainted. Naturally, my first impulse was to ascertain if it was too late to help Mr. Gresham. A moment's investigation convinced me——"

"Was it then that you detected the odour?"

"It was then that I fancied I detested it—yes."

"Should you say, speaking at a venture, that the odour was about Mr. Gresham's clothing, or his breath?"

"It is impossible for me to say. Under oath I should not like to say that there was anything in the matter save a freak of the imagination. I should not have spoken of it, I dare say. I only thought——"

The detective bent over the body again. "I can detect no odour save that of tobacco," he said positively.

"Nor can I—now. I beg that you will allow me to withdraw the remark."

"Were you on terms of intimacy with Mr. Gresham?"

"Scarcely. He was older than I, and rather reserved."

"Had he any friends in town? Is there anyone whom we should notify and consult with at this time?"

Morton hesitated—a little longer than seemed necessary. "I knew very little about Gresham," he said. "He was a surly sort of chap—reserved and reticent. He dabbled a little in water-colours, I have heard. I never saw any of his work. While I have never felt enough interest in him to dislike him, I—— He was not my kind, you know."

"Not your kind? Had he any bad habits?"

"Not that I know of. He was selfish and calculating, and what would be termed a trifle—effeminate. I hardly know the precise term that I would like to use. We never met the same people—we did not move in the same circles—he and I. In a word, we were simply indifferent to each other."

"I am told that Mr. Laidlaw's daughter is young and attractive," hinted the detective pointedly. "Can you tell me whether she shared your indifference for her father's lodger—or not?"

Morton hesitated. "I am not in the young lady's confidence. If she showed him any more consideration—any more favour—than was shown to the other boarders—there were four of us besides Gresham—I am not aware of it. Mr. Gresham was not in any sense a ladies' man. So far as I know, he displayed only an ordinary amount of courtesy to the daughter of his landlord." He hesitated again. "Perhaps hardly so much as was shown her by the others," he added, at length.

Perhaps the detective was satisfied—perhaps he only wanted the young man to think that he was.

Mr. Laidlaw tells me that an engagement had existed for nearly a year between his daughter and Mr. Gresham," he remarked, "and had only recently been broken off. It seems very strange that you—so long a resident of the house, almost a member of the family—should have known nothing whatever of this."

The delicately veiled sarcasm was not lost upon young Morton. He flushed in an annoyed fashion.

"Mr. Gresham was not a man to tell things of that kind," he said vaguely, "and, as I have said, I was hardly upon terms of such intimacy with him as to invite confidences of that order. I have already told you why——"

"Of course, in the absence of any proof that the gentleman died of heart-disease—a theory that I cannot entertain for a moment—the presumption is that he died from the administration of a quick poison," said the physician, who evidently felt that he had been excluded from the conversation and kept in the background quite long enough. "The nature of the poison used can, of course, only be determined by an autopsy, which has already been ordered. I hope to be able to tell you the exact cause of death in less than twenty-four hours."

Morton left the room with an air of indifference not quite genuine enough to be convincing.

Once outside, however, and away from the detective's watchful gaze, his entire expression altered.

"What to do next?" he whispered. "My God! what a blunder—what a blunder! I must have been mad!"

Mrs. Laidlaw was hovering distractedly about in the hall.

"They say that the verdict of the coroner's jury will be 'death as the result of poison administered by a party or parties unknown,'" she whimpered, clutching at the young man's sleeve.

"Thank God, Emmy is out of it! The man from the office has been asking all sorts of mad questions."

Morton turned upon her with a face that was quite as white as her own.

"Mrs. Laidlaw, pull yourself together," he whispered desperately. "I have made a mistake, and I—must undo it now—or risk consequences that would be worse than death. I must see your daughter at once—and alone."

Her wits were still wool-gathering.

"She is in a stupor," she said faintly. "She would not know you now. The doctor has administered a strong opiate. It is the only way to save her from illness, he declares. Oh, Mr. Morton, this will kill Emmy—this awful thing will kill her. The whole affair will have to come out now. People will say that she cared more than she should have cared for a man who had already announced his intention of marrying another woman."

Morton drew her relentlessly back to the subject.

"I will talk to you about that later," he said impatiently. "In the meantime, I can't tell you how urgent the need is, Mrs. Laidlaw. I will not speak to your daughter. I will not disturb her in any way,—but I must see her—now! Five minutes from now will be too late."

"If you will not disturb her," she said weakly. "She was not to be disturbed, the doctor said, on any account, or he would not answer for the consequences."

Morton set her aside pitilessly.

"Who is with her?" he asked hurriedly. "No one? That is good. No, don't detain me any longer, Mrs. Laidlaw—please! I want to—set something right, and I have only a moment to do it. Wait for me here."

He pushed the door of the sick-room open as he spoke and entered it. A minute passed—another. There was no sound save that of the girl's quiet breathing. No movement; not the slightest noise. Then the waiting woman saw the young man come out again. He was smiling a little, although his lips were set and stiff. Just as he started to speak, however, there was a little sound behind him in the silent room—the vague fluttering of the leaves of an opened book—the faint slap of a curtain caught in the breeze.

"I want to speak to your husband," he said restlessly, before she could question him. "Come down to the dining-room, Mrs. Laidlaw, and have some hot coffee. You are shaking like a leaf."

She tried to twist herself loose from his hold. "John has left the window open in there," she said hurriedly. "She will take cold. I must see——"

But the smile had faded out of Sterling Morton's grim face and tightly closed lips.

"The windows are closed," he persisted stubbornly. "I want you to help me to find Mr. Laidlaw now."

The detective came out of the dead man's room just too late to catch their conversation. He waited until they had vanished.

"Principal or accomplice. I wonder?" he whispered under his breath. "I will be able to answer that question to-morrow, when I find out where and how he spent the time from six to eleven to-night. Is he shielding her—or protecting himself? He went into her room just now—what for? To hide some evidence of the crime? I was too far away to catch what he said to her mother or to know what she said to him. I am sure that his movements were too noiseless to break the girl's stupor. What did he want?"

He listened quietly, but no one else came into the dimly lighted hall. He heard the sound of voices below, conversing in low tones, but he could not solve the mystery of which he sought the solution. He listened intently again and then stepped inside Miss Laidlaw's room.

It was dimly lighted, but the young girl's face was in shadow. He knew, from her heavy breathing, that her sleep was due to an opiate rather than to fatigue.

The clothing that she had worn during the day was thrown carelessly across a chair, and on the table beside the bed was a second sleeping-draft, to be taken in case the first did not produce the desired result.

Her slippers were on the window-sill, and the window itself was wide open. A light breeze fluttered the white curtains and made the flame of the candle flare ominously.

A moment later the detective stepped outside in the hall and heard slow steps ascending the stairs. "He went inside to open the window," he said to himself. "What was the object? What possible reason—— Yet some motive—some motive strong enough to make him risk the fastening of suspicion upon himself——"

Young Morton and Mrs. Laidlaw came down the hall again, together.

The landlady was saying:—

"Mr. Gresham often had letters from Ogden. John fancied that maybe some of his people lived there, or that the postmaster there would know where to reach them."

"I will wait for them," said Morton restlessly.

"I think that I have heard him speak of Richard Gresham, of Ogden, who was either his brother or cousin. I think ——" Then he caught sight of the waiting detective and stopped short.

"The verdict of the coroner's jury will be 'death as the result of poison administered by a party or parties unknown,'" said Carter, the detective.

He looked at Morton, but he addressed the woman. "There are a dozen people in the house who will be examined by the coroner in the morning, but I expect to gain but little information from any of them. I understand that Miss Laidlaw has been engaged to the deceased, and that the engagement had recently terminated in a—shall we say, disagreement?"

Sophie Laidlaw flushed in a considerable fashion.

"I believe that there was something in the nature of an engagement existing at one time between them," she said, reluctantly. "They were not engaged, however, at the——"

The detective looked at her oddly.

"So the engagement was dissolved," he said, musingly. "May I ask at whose request?"

Morton had been making signs to Mrs. Laidlaw—signs which she was too bewildered to understand.

"Mr. Gresham was much older than Emmy," she said, plaintively, "and he was of an exceedingly jealous disposition. She was quite as fond of him as he was of her, but he made her life a burden with his groundless suspicions. She got tired of it at last, and told him so flatly. They agreed to terminate the engagement then. It had been a mistake from the beginning."

"Did the rupture of the relations seem to affect Mr. Gresham—his general health or his spirits?"

The excitement, the fright through which she had passed, her anxiety about her daughter, stirred Mrs. Laidlaw's usually placid nature to hitherto unstirred depths of bitterness.

"He was on with a new love soon enough after his quarrel with my daughter," she said, with unwonted asperity.

"He was soon engaged to a woman on the East Side somewhere. Emmy said that he had the assurance to tell her all about it. I think she was a widow. They were to have been married in a month—so he said. Personally, I think he was too selfish to care for any woman. He only wanted to spite Emmy——"

Morton's signs were now too plain to be disregarded. He was shaking his head violently.

Carter wheeled about sharply just in time to catch this signal from Morton. Again the detective wondered—"Principal or accomplice? Is he trying to shield the woman or to protect himself?"

There was a faint sound from the room where the sick girl lay, and the mother scuttled agitatedly away. Morton seemed eager to terminate the interview, but the detective stopped him.

"As near as I can find out, Mr. Morton," he said, genially, "you seem to have been more familiar with the character of the deceased than anyone else. You will be asked a lot of questions about that to-morrow."

Morton frowned. "In spite of the fact that I positively disclaim any knowledge whatever about the man?" he asked, pointedly.

"You have lived under the same roof with him for nearly eight months," said the unperturbed Carter. "You have known him as the anxious lover, the accepted suitor, the ex-fiancee of a charming young woman in whom you were interested."

"Interested?"

"Come, Mr. Morton, you will have to tell the coroner's jury to-morrow; you may as well tell me the truth to-night. Were you not, in some sort, a rival of the man who now lies murdered upstairs?"

"So that is what all this palaver points to?" said young Morton, contemptuously. "I can account for every moment of my time, Mr. Carter, from the hour of six until that of eleven. I feel no interest—speaking in an especial and personal sense—in Miss Laidlaw. So far as I know, Mr. Gresham may have committed suicide."

"Do you believe that?"

Morton reddened.

"No, frankly, I do not," he said, decidedly. "He was too much of a coward to do anything of the kind."

"I have examined his room thorough-

ly," said Carter, in a sudden burst of confidence. "The poison which he took was probably contained in the glass of water which he drank just before his first terrified cry for help reached Mrs. Laidlaw's nervous ears. In his fall the little stand which held the glass was overturned and the glass itself shattered into fragments. The autopsy to-morrow will settle the nature of the poison. The maid—an honest but not over-intelligent creature—carried the water up, in accordance with her usual custom, at half-past nine. Mr. Gresham had spent the evening out, as usual. You found the front door locked?"

Morton nodded.

"The person who put that poison in the glass knew Mr. Gresham's habits. Gresham was not the sort of man, I should judge, to awaken any very particular interest in anyone. Inclined to be selfish and cold. Am I stating the case correctly, Mr. Morton?"

Morton nodded again. He spoke with an effort. "You have described the man's character," he said. "If there was any chance of an accident——"

"Where did the poison come from? Is it likely that the Laidlaws had any about? You see, I am making no secret of my bewilderment over the matter."

"I do not know——"

Carter hesitated, then produced a small bottle from an inner pocket of his coat. "I found this bottle in a desk of the Laidlaw's sitting-room," he said, abruptly. "A large part of it has been used, as you see. What was it used for?"

Cold drops of a sick sort of terror shone on Morton's forehead.

"I do not know," he stammered. "Even if this was the poison, a part of which was used, I do not see why the Laidlaws should be involved. The sitting-room was always open, and——"

"I am not accusing the Laidlaws—as yet," said the detective, coldly. "You will pardon me, perhaps, for saying that your rash impulsiveness may harm them more than anything I could possibly do. You are taking the guilt of someone in the house for granted, Mr. Morton. I am not."

Even as he spoke the light was growing dim in the room. A new day had begun.

Carter led the way down the back stairs, through the lower hall, and into a garden at the back of the boarding-house.

"You are not doing very much to help me, Mr. Morton," he said, in a low voice. "It may be that I can get along without your help, however. I see Mr. Laidlaw keeps a bit of old-fashioned greenery here in the heart of the city. I feel sure that the murderer came up the back stairs, and that this door was not locked last night."

He looked at the young man a little wonderingly. Morton's face was drawn and haggard.

A clue which the detective had overlooked—was overlooking still—lay in the little fragrant garden, and he dreaded that Carter's eyes, sharpened by growing suspicion, would discover it.

Carter's eyes followed the other's glance warily. There were two or three rows of vegetables set in green lines in the rich black mold, a wooden frame covered with woodbine, and a white rose-bush, fragrant with bloom. A few jonquils were beginning to scatter their fading gold upon the grass, and a tangled hedge of unpruned honeysuckle made the air overpoweringly sweet. Near the steps a few rank stalks of calamus had usurped the tiny pool left by the overflow of a hydrant, and the crisp blades stirred softly in the morning air. Morton's eyes swept the garden, from the tangled honeysuckle to the little clump of calamus at their feet, then forced himself reluctantly to meet the detective's steady gaze.

"If you are sure that you have nothing more to say to me," he said, slowly, "I think I will go out for a walk. Frankly, I have told you all that I know, and I deny your right to catechise me further. Unless you believe that I am guilty of the murder——"

"I am almost sure that you are not," said the detective, quietly.

"Look here, Carter, we may as well understand each other," said the young man, hotly. "Gresham was a sulky brute, and I cared little enough for him, God knows, but I left him alive and well, and apparently in his usual heavenly frame of mind, at six o'clock. I did not speak to him, nor did he speak to me. When I entered the door I heard Laidlaw maundering on in his idiotic way, and saw the poor devil's body on the floor. That is all I have to say."

Without another word the exasperated young man wheeled sharply and re-entered the house.

Five minutes later the detective heard, as he still loitered about aimlessly in the hall, the front door close jarringly behind him.

II.

The sitting of the coroner's jury was apparently barren of results.

At least so far as fixing the responsibility of the crime was concerned.

The autopsy showed the presence of poison in large quantities. It developed that Gresham had no relations save a second or third cousin living in a distant town, and that he had few friends. His engagement to the relict of a clothing dealer was evidently of an intermittent nature.

Apparently, it had hardly been regarded seriously on either side.

Gresham had called on her the night of the murder, apparently in his usual spirits. She had had a headache, however, and had dismissed him a little earlier than usual. It was barely ten o'clock when he left her house.

Where he had gone from there—where he had spent the hour that had elapsed from the time he left her to the moment when the landlady had heard his cry for help—remained a mystery.

Sterling Morton clearly established an unimpeachable alibi.

He, also, had called upon a young woman of his acquaintance, and had taken her to the theatre afterward. It had been about 11 when he left her, and he had only had time to walk the four blocks lying between her home and his boarding-house when the alarm was given.

Investigation, moreover, hardly bore Mrs. Laidlaw out in the assertion that her daughter had cared but little for her quondam fiance.

She had only broken with him after much urging on her mother's part, and had seemed bitterly to resent his attentions to the other woman—attentions of which he had openly boasted.

She had grown thin and listless, and, in spite of the opiate-induced stupor that had followed the discovery of Gresham's body, she had not rallied from the shock as completely as they had had hoped. The physician who had her case in charge declared that she was in the initial stage of brain fever, and that it would be weeks before her evidence would be worth anything. She raved continually, but, strange to say, her ravings never once touched upon the tragedy.

"At the hands of a party or parties unknown."

The words still rang in Morton's ears as he followed Arthur Gresham's body to the cemetery; it rang in his ears later as he sat in his own room and found himself listening for the dead man's step upon the stair—the click of the key in the lock—the surly exclamation as he fumbled for the electric button.

Time passed slowly after that, but there were no new developments. The widow of the clothing dealer went into black, but she did not care to press the investigation further. The murder promised to remain an unexplained mystery.

It is true that Carter, whose pride was piqued, kept up a perfunctory sort of investigation for some days, but without results.

In the meantime, Emma Laidlaw gradually, very gradually, was dragged back from the gates of death.

Her mother told young Morton that Emma had never mentioned Gresham's name.

Morton himself had not seen her. He sent her flowers once or twice after she had begun to improve. She had been sitting up at intervals for more than a week, when he arranged a tray for her one day. There was a cluster of heavy crimson June-roses upon it, and some late strawberries. Tucked away, quite under the napkin and out of sight, was something that he went into the garden to get with his own hands.

Ten minutes later the tray was returned to the kitchen apparently untouched, and an hour later Morton passed the hurrying physician upon the stair. His patient had relapsed. A prolonged fainting-fit had been followed by an ominous rise of temperature and a return of her delirium. Morton swore softly under his breath as he went back to his own room.

By the next morning, however, to his relief, the danger had passed. Mrs. Laidlaw told him so. No. Emma had not eaten the berries. He had no cause to blame himself in the least.

He was not surprised, the next day, to be told that the young girl wished to see him.

"Close the door," she said to him peremptorily. "Then you knew all about it—After all? You were not in the house. Who told you?"

"I know that you are not guilty," he said.

"They would not talk to me about it, and I was afraid to ask," she said feverishly. "Ever since I have been myself I have wondered who did it. He did not care for me, you know, nor for the other woman. He only dangled after her, and boasted of it until I was half mad with jealous fury. That night I waited a long time for him to come in. I meant to beg him to leave the house.

"I knew that he was not a good man—I knew it from the first. I knew that he had gone to see her that last night. I left my room at half-past ten, and waited in the hall a long time.

"I thought I heard his step, and some reluctance to have him come and find me there waiting so shameless drove me into the garden, and I stood there just beside the steps, waiting for his door to close.

"I did not know that my feet were crushing the calamus-roots. I did not care for that—for anything. It seemed to me that my heart would break.

"It was not Arthur, after all. Whoever it was, however, went on to his room—at least, I think so. It may have been the murderer, for all I know. I grew chilled after a time, and tired, and I went back into the house.

"Everything was quiet, and I assured myself that I had been mistaken.

"I opened the door softly and looked inside his room. The light was burning, but there was no one there. I walked about restlessly for a moment. The air was close and heavy, and the odour of the calamus-roots made me a little faint. I waited until the clock struck eleven, and then went back to my own room."

She hesitated.

"The scent of the calamus was still quite perceptible in the room when my father entered it," she said slowly. "The odour of it went with me into the delirium that made my illness a long nightmare. I knew then, just as I know now, that it was the murderer's step that I mistook for his that night—that as I waited there for him in that silent room Death also waited at my elbow. If I had only known——"

He looked at her steadily.

"The front door was locked," he said. "Was it a man's step you heard or a woman's?"

She shook her head.

"God knows," she said. "I can only repeat that I was quite sure that it was his—Arthur's—step. Day before yesterday, when you sent me the bit of calamus, I knew——"

"That I wanted to see you—that I felt it quite impossible to wait longer," he said feverishly. "I did all I could for you, you know. After I had been fool enough to blurt out what I did about the odour in the room, there was nothing else left for me but to help you—if I could. I was afraid that he—Carter—would distinguish the odour, and I went to your room and threw open the window, leaving your slippers upon the window-sill. You see, I had watched the long struggle between your love and your pride, and as soon as I found out——"

"Why did you suspect my presence in the room?" she asked.

He bent over her and dropped a little knot of blue ribbon in her lap.

"I found this on the floor," he said simply. "I had begun to suspect before, but after that I knew. But I also knew that you were no guilty. And the torture of knowing that you would be under suspicion—that every impulse of your loving womanly heart would be ruthlessly paraded to public view—maddened me. The man was a scoundrel, Emma. How on earth you ever came to fancy him is more than I——"

"Hush!" she said gently. "I loved him."

The rage died out of his face. "When I think of that widow, with her blowsy figure, and her coarseness, and then of you! You are a queer lot, Emma, you women."

"A queer lot—yes," she agreed absently. "Mr. Morton, who killed Arthur?"

"Heaven only knows. I haven't the vaguest idea. I only wish I had. Did you hear the rattle of a latch-key that night, Emma—before you heard the step in the hall, I mean? Was the front door locked?"

"It should have been—I don't know," she said quite helplessly. "I thought that, of course, it was Arthur—it was

just about the time for him to come in. Somehow, I never once thought of any one else."

"It's no use going over it again," he said gloomily. "It's not that I am afraid for you, you know, even if Carter were idiot enough to want to press the case against you. But with things left at loose ends in this way there is always the danger of something coming up. Every time I meet Carter on the street he looks at me in a curious, superior sort of way. I might almost as well be guilty myself."

"I am very sorry," she said plaintively. "You have been a good friend to me, Mr Morton, and, so far, it seems that I have caused you nothing but annoyance and vexation."

She was still looking at him a little uncertainly, a little wistfully, as he went away. If Arthur had only had a father, a brother—some one to push the matter! But he had been little liked. Now there was no one to care, while, somewhere in the world, the man whose hands were stained with his blood walked unmolested among his fellows in the full light of day.

III.

It was almost dark when Morton left the house. He met Cruikshank on the stoop as he went out. There was nothing strange in that—Cruikshank was essentially a man of leisure. He looked at Morton now with inquisitive but not unkindly eyes.

"You are looking seedy, old chap," he said critically. "Is there anything that I can do to help you—in any way?" he added pointedly.

In a saner frame of mind, Morton would only have laughed at the suggestion. Sore-hearted and desperate as he was, he acted upon an impulse of the moment.

"I don't know that anybody can help me, Bobby," he said gloomily. "It's the same old thing, you know—Gresham's murder."

"Detectives are supposed to be very clever," suggested Cruikshank lazily. "Why don't you consult them?"

"Oh, hang the detectives!" said Morton.

"Come up to my room and have a weed," said Cruikshank amiably. "We can be quiet there, and if there is anything I can do, short of confessing to the murder myself——"

With the key turned in the lock he pushed the cigars across the table and faced Morton steadily. "State your case, old man," he said coolly.

"I didn't care a rap for Gresham," Morton explained. "I am not wasting any tears over him now that he is dead. But ordinary regard for the sanctity of human life——"

"Cut it out, Morton—all that rot," said Cruikshank calmly. "State it straight, old man."

Morton flushed.

"Gresham was a rascal, in a weak, effeminate sort of way," he said, a little more hurriedly. "We hated each other most cordially, he and I. He behaved like the scoundrel that he was to—Miss Laidlaw. I love her, and I would marry her to-morrow if she would have me, which she will never do as long as Gresham rests upon the pedestal which she has reared to his memory. Besides, there is always the danger that Carter or some over-zealous officer of the law may make trouble for her in connection with the affair. She is the only one who could have had any feelings——"

"I beg your pardon, Morton, but I appreciate the situation," said Cruikshank reflectively. "What you want, then, as I understand it, is to discover the murderer?"

Morton nodded.

"We will begin sensibly, then. Gresham's life could only have been taken for four motives—first, greed. We may safely eliminate this from our calculations, I think, as the man had no money. Second, jealously; third, fear; fourth, accident.

"No, no one cared for him, as you have already so feelingly remarked, except Miss Laidlaw, and she is not that kind, you know. The other woman in the case could have had no occasion for jealousy—she was not fond enough of him for that."

Morton frowned.

"I don't care anything about her," he said fretfully.

"Why had he ever been fool enough to think for a moment that Bobby Cruikshank could help him?

"She has as little of the murderess about her as you have. So far as fear is concerned, that might as well be eliminated from the count also." He uttered the last words contemptuously. "Personally, I believe that the man died from heart disease," said Cruikshank easily. "You see——"

"There was the autopsy, Bobby."

"Well, what of it? Suppose poison was found in his stomach. Nowadays, everybody takes poison, one way or another. Either for the heart or the nerves or the complexion. Maybe in his case it had a cumulative effect. I have heard of such things. I don't blame you, though, for being a bit disgusted with the whole thing. The police are such idiots. I kept still enough, I can tell you, when they were asking all sorts of foolish questions about the poison found in the Laidlaw sitting-room."

"You!"

"Yes. Didn't I ever tell you about that? You see, I bought the poison for Laidlaw two or three years ago myself. Paid for it too, by Jove. He wanted it to get rid of a stray dog, I think. And I knew, of course, where he kept it. You remember that I went hunting some weeks ago and killed a wild goose."

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Morton, a little wearily. He had heard Bobby tell of the goose until he was sick of the very name. There was something in What Bobby was saying, however, if he only had the brains to puzzle it out.

"Well, I brought that bird home, and I had read up on the thing, and I thought I would do a little taxidermy. I knew that poison was used in taxidermy in large quantities, and I had it ready to my hand. But it was all a failure after all. Look!"

With these words he tore the covering from an object on the table and looked at Morton ruefully.

In spite of his torturing anxiety, the latter could hardly repress a smile. The faded, moth-eaten, featherless creature bore little enough resemblance to the bird which Cruikshank had displayed with such pride during the week of the murder.

"Something wrong with that poison, Morton, sure as you live," declared Cruikshank positively. "I wouldn't mind in the least taking a couple of spoonfuls of it myself. It's been nuts to the insects."

Morton was staring at him confusedly. At him first, and from him to the disreputable, moth-eaten specimen on the table and back again. But he did not speak.

"I fixed up the poison the morning of the murder, and, by Jove, there was nothing wrong with the strength of the solution, either. I doubled it on purpose, to make sure."

"I wonder that you weren't afraid to leave it that day while you were gone," said Morton.

He was trying to speak calmly, but his heart was beating a mad tattoo against his ribs. "It was a dangerous thing to do, Bobby."

"Yes; but, you see, I didn't leave it—not I. I was not such a fool," objected Cruikshank triumphantly. "I kept it in the breast-pocket of my coat all day. I was late in getting away from my office that night. It was all of ten minutes to eleven when I slipped my key in the lock. I was annoyed enough over it, I can tell you. So I ran up-stairs and emptied the solution into a glass and went back down the hall to Beckwith's room as softly as I could to get a cigar. But the door was locked——"

He hesitated.

"To tell you the plain truth I had taken a bit more than was good for me that night on the way home."

"I was back in my room before the alarm came, and it sobered me, all right—you can be sure of that. I was glad enough to know that the beggar didn't get hold of the glass in my room with the poison solution in it. Not that it would have hurt him any even if he had drunk the whole of it. It's been nuts——"

"And you found the glass just as you had left it?"

"Certainly; brimming full on the table by the door. I had heard Gresham come upstairs while I was trying to make Beckwith open his door."

A light was dazzling Morton—a great light. He looked at the man before him—vapid, feather-brained, harmless—and shuddered.

"Wait just a moment, Bobby," he said suddenly. "I will be back directly."

He knocked feverishly at Emma Laidlaw's door.

"Just a minute," he begged. "I want to ask you a question, Miss Laidlaw—an important one."

Her mother opened the door. "If it is anything about him——" she protested nervously.

"Just a moment, please," he repeated earnestly. "Are you sure, Miss Laidlaw, that the step you heard that night before you gave the alarm stopped at Gresham's door?"

"Quite sure."

She looked at him with a fast-dawning terror in her eyes.

"I have been thinking it over, Mr Morton, and I feel quite sure that it was the murderer whose step I heard that night. The footfall was light and just a little uncertain. It stopped at Mr Gresham's room, and I heard the door open. A little later I heard some one moving cautiously down the hall. After that I came back into the house."

"And you are quite sure that the step which you heard stopped at Gresham's door?"

"Quite sure," she repeated.

"Are you positive enough about this to testify to it—on oath, if necessary?" he asked.

"Yes. Sure enough for that.

He shook his head in answer to the question in her face. "Not now—maybe some day," he said very gently, and went downstairs again, where Cruikshank—poor happy-go-lucky Cruikshank—with scarcely brains enough to be curious, sat waiting for him.

"I have been thinking it over, Bobby," he said cheerfully, "and do you know, I have about come to your conclusion. I have decided that Gresham's death was due—to an accident."

"Heart-disease, old fellow, or Providential visitation, or something on that order," agreed Cruikshank comfortably. "It'll be early enough to worry over it when Carter takes up the trail again—if he ever does. Have another cigar?"

But Morton shook his head with a little shuddering qualm. Bobby's hands were well manicured; white and soft and shapely. It was very unfortunate that there should be blood upon them.

Whittaker Burnham's Musicale

By HUGH PENDEXTER

IT was the first phonograph to come to Peevy's Mills, and its advent caused something of a stir. The town clerk had just characterised it as "ourreligious," and was endeavouring in vague asperation to prove that its only mission was to play "dance music." The selectman and the G. A. R. veteran, as they filled pipes from his plug, took no positive stand, but readily united with him in asking—Why had Whittaker Burnham bought it?

The selectman for the tenth time repeated, "How came a man so sot an' stern in his natur' as Whittaker ter go in for talkin' machines? I always s'posed he lived only ter double th' dollars."

"While I don't approve of his buyin' it," drawled the town clerk, "I guess I've found th' reason. He wants ter chirk up his wife. Ever since their boy Bob ran away, ten years ago, she's been gloomy an' depressed like. Whittaker, close as he is, would buy anything ter rouse her up. But dang a talkin' machine!"

"Yas," observed the stiff-legged veteran, who revelled in a local reputation of having supplied the brains behind every campaign in the Civil War, "they're mighty peculiar. I guess no one knows what they really be. I remember when Grant was askin' my advice about th' Wilderness——"

"A talkin' machine is peculiar only in its disposition ter be cussed," amended the town clerk heavily. "They work simple enough. Th' principle is—wal, ye know how they condense milk? It's jest th' same."

"Jest like canned an' preserved stuff," cried the selectman, loudly, his eyes dilating as he absorbed the theory.

The veteran's jaw flapped loosely as he listened to this simple exposition, but the clerk received the interruption coldly. "As I was sayin'," he continued, "it's like condensin' milk. Ter say music is canned ain't ter th' p'int. It's more'n that. It's condensed." And he surveyed the selectman defiantly. Then, swinging his chair to face the open-mouthed veteran and ignoring the selectman, he gravely elucidated. "Ye see, they squeeze th' music inter th' smallest compass an' trim off th' edges. When th' machine starts goin' it kind of expands, meller like, an' ta-ta-tra-la-la, an' there ye have it!"

The veteran ruffled his sparse locks dubiously, and tried closing one eye in a futile essay to get the proper perspective, while the selectman frowned at the stove and shifted the conversation by reminding the others of the original question. "But ye ain't give no answer ter th' invitation. I was asked by Whittaker ter call here an' invite yer up ter th' house ter-night ter hear th' contraption play for th' first time. Mp errand's done. What d'ye say?"

"Don't think I'll go," declared the clerk, biting a penholder meditatively. "It's unmoral."

"Wal, I think I'll accept," confessed the veteran, sheepishly. "I don't expect ter enjoy it much, but Whittaker might feel put out if we all kept away. I remember when General——"

"Ye see," expostulated the clerk, sorrowfully, "they can teach a machine ter say anything. Who knows what this one has been taught?"

"By Judas!" cried the selectman, his dull eyes bulging. "I know now what old Burnham is up ter. His wife is failin' everyday because nothin' is ever heard of Bob. Whittaker'd rather lose all his money than his wife. He's goin' ter talk into this thing an' teach it ter cry out that a reward will be paid ter anybody furnishin' him with a clue ter Bob's whereabouts. Machines in every city will be rippin' it off, an' somebody is sure ter hear th' offer."

The town clerk's eyes rolled wide in amazed envy as he ponderously digested the suggestion, and his pipe grew cold as he regretted that he had not advanced the theory. The veteran, too, he loathed to behold, was impressed to the point of stupor. Naturally, it all irritated the clerk, and as soon as he could group his features into a sneer he sought to turn the tide by facing the veteran and felicitating that individual by earnestly inquiring, "Lemme see, what was it General Scott said to ye when ye called on him in Washington?"

But the selectman was not to be sidetracked so easily, and before the veteran could delight in a long-drawn-out recital he babbled aloud in self-admiration, and with much gusto repeated the salient points of his conclusion. As the clerk could not endure any relegation to the second rank, he closed the situation by loudly banging his desk-cover and proclaiming that it was time to go for the mail. But even after he had ushered his guests outside, the selectman talked on, and the veteran, with mouth agape, forgot reminiscences in listening.

The clerk, halting on the top step, viewed the two in sullen silence, for a moment. Then further to evince his position he bleated: "No, I shan't go up ter-night. I don't believe in them contraptions."

II.

Old man Burnham, in the meanwhile, was experiencing considerable difficulty with the "contraption," or seemingly so. His wife had paid but scant attention as he unpacked it, and his mouth pulled down at the corners as he furtively noted her abstraction.

"I guess I can never fix this horn on, now I bought th' dangetd thing," he grumbled.

"Let me help you, dear," she offered listlessly, and his frosty gaze burned warm as he saw the colour mount her cheeks in her deft endeavour to aid him. "Why, you've turned this screw 'way in," she cried triumphantly, as with her scissors she remedied his blunder. "Of course you couldn't fix it with the screw that way." And quickly the horn was secured in place.

"We'll enjoy this, I'm a thinkin'," he observed genially, still studying her careworn face from the tail of his eye.

"Enjoy it? Oh, yes; we'll enjoy it," Mrs Burnham repeated vacantly. "Ten year ago yesterday it was. Ten long weary years!"

"Why d'ye always hark back ter that?" he cried in despair, and his black-veined hand shook as he arranged the records. He knew it was foolish to expect her to forget. He had hoped, however, that the talking-machine would by some mysterious means operate to arouse her brooding mind, even if but for a day. He had purposely tampered with the screw to give her a petty victory, and now she was cast back amid her bitter cogitations again, and her eyes neither saw him nor the toy as she sat by the window and propped her chin in one thin hand.

It was her favourite seat; for from that particular window she could watch the brown sweep of dusty road until it dodged behind the curve. On winter nights she had sat there, oblivious to his presence and with the curtains pulled behind her, so she might pierce the darkness.

"Why d'ye always hark back ter that?" he repeated weakly, now inviting what he had fought so hard to avoid.

"To Bob?" she inquired wearily. "That what you mean, Whittaker?"

"Yas, I mean Bob," he returned fiercely. "Ain't I yer husband? Ain't I ter be considered at all? Don't I count for nothin'?"

"Give me back my boy, then!" she cried, rising from her chair and stretching her arms to the window. "Give me back my boy!" Overpowered by her emotions, she sank in a limp heap and sobbed, "Oh, Bob! Bob!"

Her husband pressed his throat and his voice was husky as he asked: "I guess ye'll always hold it against me because Bob went away, won't ye?"

She ceased her weeping by a mighty effort and sought to smooth out her face as she replied: "I know you've spent money and time, Whittaker, in trying to find him. But—my son! my son!"

"It's killin' her," he mumbled to the machine. "It's killin' her, an' she blames me." As if hoping she would refute this conclusion, he patted her gray hair with clumsy gentleness and whispered: "I guess, little woman, ye ain't got much use for me."

"You did all you could," she replied, not turning her head.

"But ye blame me for his goin' away?"

"Bring him back."

"Ye think I was too snug with my money an' too hard on him because he didn't take to farm work. Ye think if I'd treated him different he'd never quit us."

"Bring him back. If dead, bring his body back." Then meeting his gaze openly, with her face seamed and white, she moaned: "He is to be found somewhere, dead or alive. Bring him back."

"Ye blame me for all," he muttered. "An' mabbe I was too harsh. But I've tried my best to find him. I'll begin again ter-morrer. I'll go ter town an' hire more detectives."

"Give me my boy, Whittaker," she whimpered, again bowing her head in her hands. "I guess I'm all unstrung, but I want him. Oh, how I want him!"

The fierce, hungry light in her staring eyes, now looking at him through the hot tears, caused him humbly to retreat and ponder in awe over the mighty weight of a mother's love. "I'll find him if it takes every inch of land I own," he promised more calmly, his iron jaw set at its most stubborn notch.

"Forgive me, dear, if I seem out of sorts"—her mood was sadly gentle now—"but when I think of the long years and in the night seem to hear his sweet voice singing the old songs about the house, I know I must have him back soon, or it will be too late. Don't you remember how he used to sing?"

"Yas," he groaned, "but ye can't feel jest th' same toward me till he comes back." In declaring this he hoped she would reassure him.

She bit her lip for a moment and looked down; then raising her head she said simply: "You've done your best, and I shouldn't dwell on why Bob left home. He did wrong to wring my heart. Yet I can't forget your last words to him. I—no, nothing can ever be the same with me till he comes home—till he comes home."

He bowed his head as if receiving a sentence and his face was haggard as he resumed adjusting the machine. She blamed him and always would. Had the boy died, she would have remained the same loving helpmate. But now she was changed. He loved the boy, he told himself, and only God could know the washings his soul had received from useless tears, as in moments of privacy he gave way to his grief. He had been harsh. He had spoken words at that last parting the memory of which would always upbraid him. He felt guilty. To his neighbours he always presented the same hard face, but in his heart he ever hungered for the boy.

A movement at the window caused him to turn. She had risen and was shading her eyes in an effort to scan

"Come out, Bobbie!"

the new dusky road. "Someone's coming," she faltered.

He knew the wild hope ever tugging at her soul when a figure turned the curve, and to save her further pain he explained briskly: "Only three of the boys comin' up ter hear the machine."

"Oh," she sighed, lapsing into her chair again.

"Yas, only some of the boys. I know'd they'd enjoy it." Then pleadingly: "Kind of chirk up a bit, if ye can. I don't want 'em ter think ye're sour on me. There! If ye'll go ter the door, I'll light a lamp."

III.

The guests consisted of the town clerk and his companions of a few hours before. The clerk was stern and solemn, as if present under protest, and he viewed the crude gaiety of the others with a semblance of contempt. As for the machine, he refused to join in the inspection, and, instead, sat down beside Mrs Burnham and returned her mechanical smile with a curt nod. But the veteran and the selectman could only bubble in the keenest anticipation, and the latter, believing he had discovered his host's ulterior intention of utilising the device in the search for the boy, caused some misapprehension as to his sanity by sundry sly nudges and prolonged chuckles.

"Wal, shall we have some music?" inquired the puzzled Mr Burnham, caressing his side and backing away from the grinning selectman.

"Let's set an' talk a while," sniffed the clerk, not turning his head.

"Let's hear the music," cried the veteran excitedly. "I remember when——"

"Wal, we can talk while it's playin'," compromised Mr Burnham.

The clerk immediately stepped to the table and became absorbed in a photograph album as his host gingerly slipped on the first record.

"Here's Bob's picture," whispered the mother, reaching a fluttering hand over the clerk's shoulder. But the other's attention faded into nothingness, and he jerked about in lasting amaze, as the smashing roar of the bass drum, the purr of the snare and the blatant blare of the trombones, decorated and frilled into fanciful conceits by piccolo and cornet, began streaming from the reproducer to drown her rhapsody. He had had no idea it would be like this, and he could not censure the old veteran for nervously stumping back and forth in an eccentric effort to keep time. The ranting lilt of the march made even his rebellious feet wish to prance, and once for all he shed his disdain, surrendered and accepted the machine as a mighty thing.

Mrs Burnham, who had listened almost impatiently, kept her finger on the photograph, and, as the first selection ended, whispered: "This was Bob just before he—he went away."

"What next?" bawled the veteran.

"He was only fifteen when this was took," she murmured.

"Yas," acknowledged the clerk dully, his eyes seeing only the machine. "Yas, I s'pose so."

Her husband, beneath the running fire of query and comment, was anxiously observing her and had noted her hand on the album. He knew his last stratagem had hopelessly failed. If ever she should give the music heed, it would only accentuate her saddened thoughts. She smiled slightly at the next, a monologue, lost largely on her guests, but at the close obstinately returned to the album and said: "Here's another that was took two years earlier. Some think he has my chin."

Then awakening to her husband's wistful gaze, a wave of pity swept over her, and she sought to shake herself into a show of enjoyment throughout several selections.

"Give us that comic song again," begged the clerk, his eyes swimming in tears of laughter. "What was it the feller said? 'Oh, I never, never——' Ha, ha! Wal, if he ain't a funny cuss!"

"There's only one more left," said the selectman regretfully. "Let's have that, an' then I vote we try 'em all over again."

"Jest as ye say," agreed Mr. Burnham wearily.

"Hope it's a war tune," gasped the veteran. "Gee whiz! But don't they remind me of them dark days when Grant use ter say ter me——"

B-r-r-r, buzzed the machine and pompously announced: "'Ben Bolt,' the famous American ballad, as sung by Alan Ramnore, the popular barytone of the Extravaganza Opera Company, for the Excelsior Phonograph Company of New York City."

Tinkle, tinkle, rippled the accompaniment and softly retreated before the bell-voiced singer and his wealth of melodic sweetness.

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice Ben Bolt, sweet Alice——"

A shriek caused the four men to stumble to a right-about to behold Mrs Burnham's face distorted and pasty white, while her hands worked convulsively. Now her wild outburst took on words and she screamed: "Robert! My boy!"

"—When you gave her a smile, and trembled with fear at your frown," continued the machine.

"She's dyin'!" whispered the slow-minded father.

"Sha'n't ye give up!" stuttered the town clerk, lolling back very limp.

"Churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt," sobbed the record.

"Bob! Oh, Bob!" panted the mother, tottering forward only to fall into her husband's arms.

"By th' Etarnal! It is Bob!" bellowed Mr Burnham, laying her on the couch.

"They have fitted a slab of granite so gray," wailed the record.

"It reminds me of when General Sherman took me aside and said—"

"Oh, Heavens!" The selectman shivered with an unfamiliar emotion as he, too, caught the well-remembered voice of the long missing boy.

Then, as the true import flashed home to all three, they became galvanised into an intensity of motion and danced madly around the machine, calling encouragement into the horn, with the clerk trumpeting through his hands to make the singer hear; but the old man kneeling beside the prostrate woman heeded none of it.

"Hello, Bob! Hello! This is me! Don't ye know me?" implored the clerk, standing on one leg.

"And sweet Alice lies under the stone," the liquid voice replied.

"Bob! Bobbie! I say, Bob! Come out!" hoarsely begged the veteran, stumping his stiff leg to command attention.

"Yas, jump out, Bob," choked the selectman, moving back a few steps.

But the machine was inexorable and with awful obliviousness repeated the primal query:

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice——"

"'Ben Bolt!'" exploded the veteran, now completely beside himself. And only habit impelled him to add: "Why, we use ter sing that back in th' dark days after Fredericksburg, when General Hooker——"

"Yer mother's dyin', Bobbie," reproached the clerk in a dry sob.

"—And kept time to the click of the mill——"

"Stop it!" groaned the gray-faced father from the couch. "Stop it! It will kill her."

"My boy," murmured the mother, struggling to her elbow and looking confusedly about. "My boy! Where is he? I hear his voice."

"See the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet——"

"Come out, Bobbie," whimpered the selectman in one last appeal, shaking the horn.

"Stop it!" repeated the old man, staggering from his knees.

"—Lies scattered and fallen to the—"

B-r-r-r. Click! And the lever was reversed.

IV.

A pale-faced woman clung to the porch railing of the Burnham house and scanned the road with aching eyes. No word yet from her husband, and her heart was like ice within her breast. He had assured her he would return within a week, and that period of time had elapsed, without bringing a sign from him. No doubt he had failed once more, and——

"Got a message for ye," chuckled a voice, and she turned to behold the veteran hopping on to the porch.

"From whom?" she whispered.

"I tell ye, it reminds me of when General Sherman took me aside and said——"

"Give me the message!" she cried fiercely, snatching the yellow slip from his hand.

"I know what it says," grinned the veteran, as her nervous fingers tore at the paper. "It was telephoned in from th' junction, an' th' town clerk read it out loud."

But with a glad cry Mrs Burnham left him and stumbled in to the house, her eyes blinded with happy tears; for on the yellow paper she had read:

Be prepared to hear "Ben Bolt" sung to-night. We arrive late stage.

WHITTAKER.

The Pleasures and Perils of Press Photography.

I am a Press photographer. What does that convey to you? Well, I am a man with a camera who has to go here, there, and everywhere to supply the picture papers with photographs of everything of importance that takes place. Recently I had orders from one of my editors to go up in a balloon and take snap-shots of a new airship. I am a nervous man, but I had to go. The other day I spent in the depths of a Durham coal-mine, taking pictures by flashlight; next week I may probably be sent to America.

I go off at a minute's notice, travel at express speed, and do my work at high pressure. The anxiety is tremendous. A little while ago I was sent off to the Isle of Man to get snap-shots of the motor races. I had strict injunctions to get on the course, photograph the cars in full flight, develop my plates, and have them in the newspaper office at least six hours before any other paper could get them. That is the sort of unreasonable instructions you get from an editor. Off I went, and spent three miserable days in Manxland during the preliminary trials. The weather was so dark, wet, stormy, foggy, and overcast I could get nothing.

A MOTOR-RACE MISHAP.

On the morrow every Press photographer in the kingdom would be on the course, and the following day their results would appear in all the morning papers. What was I to do? I went to a local photographer who had taken the cars at their trials the day before I arrived. I bought his entire stock, and sent the best off to my newspaper, and they appeared before the other Press photographers reached the course.

At the recent trials at Blackpool the police were very strict, and would allow no one on the course. I saw half a dozen photographers perched up on a wall. That wasn't good enough for me. I meant to get better pictures than could be got from that poor altitude. How did I manage it? I equipped myself in a smart motor kit with a long white coat, and addressed the constable as "officer" as I stood and chatted with him about the weather and other trifling matters. Everybody thought I was a judge or a committee-man—except the other photographers when they saw the papers the next morning containing my results.

The police hinder one dreadfully, and have to be most skilfully bluffed. I once had to snap-shot a prominent M.P. on his way to the House. The constable would not hear of it, and ordered me off.

POLICE AND PUBLIC.

I had expected opposition and anticipated it. I took a confrere. He carried the camera beneath his overcoat and—presumably—didn't want to do anything but yawn up at Big Ben. As soon as I saw my M.P. approaching, I began arguing and remonstrating, reminding the police-officer that this was a free country. Meanwhile, my confrere had "snapped" the Parliamentary celebrity, and I departed, of course, very much aggrieved at the punctiliousness of the police force.

Sometimes a policeman does you a good turn, quite unintentionally. When I went down to the Salisbury railway disaster I was peremptorily refused admittance across the rails. I meant to get in somehow, so I walked down the line for about a mile and a-half. Here I actually came upon the milk van which, you will remember, the boat express ran into. Nobody else had photographed it, so I got an exclusive picture, what we call a "scoop." I tell you, one has to be full of resource. It's no good to tell your editor you can't get a picture. You must get what you're sent out for. There's a space left in the newspaper for your photograph, and you've got to fill it. I was over in Madrid for the Royal Wedding. I had only twelve plates with me on the morning of the ceremony, and had just used the last of these when the bomb was thrown. Here was a dilemma. To come away without a pictorial record of the terrible mishap was out of the question. I was only a few hundred yards away from the scene of the outrage. I rushed up, thinking of all I had missed. Turning, I saw a meek-looking Spaniard with a camera. I borrowed it by main force, explained as best I could my reasons for doing so, at the same time operating the camera, and taking as many pictures as possible in the few moments of panic. It happened that the camera was good, and the Spaniard reasonable, otherwise I might have been added to the number of the victims of anarchy. These pictures appeared in several London papers a few days later.

DUEL DANGERS.

One of the most difficult jobs I ever had to tackle was to photograph a Parisian duel. The scene of the duel I refer to was guarded on all sides. I entered a house adjacent to the square wherein the sanguinary conflict was to take place. Climbing over two roofs at imminent peril of my life, I reached a huge drain-pipe, a kind of perpendicular sewer. On to this I clambered, and dropped down to within a few feet of the combatants. Here I "snapped" them in several vengeful attitudes.

I remember a rather funny incident that occurred when I was out at Monaco at the motor-boat races. We wanted to get some good pictures of the boats coming "head on," so we stationed one young photographer on a floating buoy. That evening, after the races were over, we were all bustling about to catch the train back to Paris. Suddenly someone said: "Why, where's Jones?" "By Jove!" said his chief, "I declare I had forgotten all about him. He is still on the buoy!" He had been sitting there for about six hours.

HARD ON THE NOVICE.

The hundreds of queer incidents one goes through would fill a book. The "green" photographer is a source of endless fun. Once there was a young chap, evidently quite new to the game, who came down to Ascot to get snap-shots of celebrities. I don't know where he had been brought up, for he didn't even know Lord Rosebery by sight. As soon as we found this out we would pick out a common-place looking individual, and say: "Why, there's the Duke of Portland or Westminster." Out would come the youth's camera, and the "duke" would be snapped." In this manner we introduced him to all the celebrities in the kingdom. What they said at his office we did not learn, but he seems to be doing something else now.—From "Answers."

Books and Bookmen

"THE DRAGON PAINTER": By Mary McNeil Fenollosa. (Sidney McCall, Little, Brown and Co., Boston.)

An idyllic Japanese love story, of more than ordinary interest and strength, the trend of which goes to show the travail that goes to the making of a great painter, or, as the Japanese term it, a "Dragon Painter," out of a too ardent lover. There is more than a passing glimpse given of the domestic life of Japan, and a striking example is also furnished of the lengths to which filial love will go in that country. Interspersed with the love story are details of Japanese art and its methods. The book is beautifully illustrated, and forms an exceedingly fascinating narrative illustrative of Japan, as seen through the eyes of one who really knows and loves it. The book cannot but enhance the already high reputation its writer enjoys.

"I WILL REPAY": A Romance. By the Baroness Orczy. (Greening and Co., London.)

The wish to get even with the individual who has wronged us is more deeply engraved in man than perhaps any other primitive sentiment. That vengeance belongs to God, and that human beings cannot repay with impunity, is being constantly demonstrated, but in vain. How futile vengeance can be rendered by love may be read in the new story, "I Will Repay," by the author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel." The scenes are laid in Paris ten years before and during the Revolution of 1793, and the narrative begins where Monsieur Paul Deroulede, the son of a rich but plebian financier, and the Vicomte de Marny, son of the Duc de Marny, fight a duel, which ends fatally for de Marny. Deroulede, a man of generous and honourable instincts, and adverse to duelling, would have spared de Marny, but the Vicomte insisted on a duel to the death. The duel over, de Marny was taken home by his second, the Marquis de Villefranche, who explains to the old Duc, now almost in his dotage, that the fault lay with the Vicomte alone. But the Duc, remembering only that his son, the last hope of the de Marny's, lay dead, called for his daughter Juliette, aged fourteen, and insisted on her taking a solemn oath to avenge her brother's death. Juliette is very averse to this, but the Duc makes her repeat the following vow after him, and swear to it: "I swear to seek out Paul Deroulede and encompass his death in any way God may direct, and may my brother's soul remain in torment until the Judgment should I break my oath." To fully appreciate the effect of this oath upon Juliette, it must be remembered that she was young, impressionable, and a Roman Catholic. Ten years elapsed before Juliette meets with any opportunity of keeping her oath. In the meantime the old Duc has died, and she is living in a small apartment in Paris with her old nurse, Petronelle, and, indeed, living upon Petronelle's savings, the de Marny estate and revenues having been wholly confiscated by the Republic. Walking through the street in which Deroulede lives, she is grossly insulted by one of the Amazons, whose existence was one of the greatest horrors of the Revolution, and is dragged into safety by Deroulede, in whose doorway she had fled for shelter. Paul loves her at first sight, and insists that she and Petronelle shall remain, for some time, at least, under the shelter of his roof. Deroulede's mother gives her the loving care she would receive as a daughter of the house, and Juliette could have been very happy but for her oath. Soon she discovers that she loves Paul, but the discovery only makes her more determined to keep her oath. Overhearing one day the details of a plot that was being arranged by Paul and the gallant Scarlet Pimpernel, to effect the release of Marie Antoinette from the Conciergerie, she informs the representatives of the National Convention of the plot, bidding them search Deroulede's house for documentary proof. Next day Deroulede is arrested. No sooner had Juliette posted the letter containing her accusation of Paul, than she was stricken with remorse for her Judas-like act, and she cleverly contrives to throw the suspicion on herself, by saying that she had accused Deroulede out of revenge, and she, too, is arrested and thrown into prison. Next day she appears before the Tribunal, and Paul defends her, inculpating himself, with the result that both are condemned. In the meantime the Scarlet Pimpernel has not been idle. He has arranged a rescue, and actually carries it into effect, while the mob are crying "A la lanterne! les traitres!" in the Scarlet Pimpernel's inimitable manner, and brings them to England and safety, and eventually, faults and vengeance forgotten, to love and wedded happiness. The book is eminently readable, and the delineation of the two passions, love and revenge, working in Juliette, are very fine. But it lacks the force, the depth, and the high romanticism of the ever delightful "Scarlet Pimpernel," and the tendency of its writer is to become too prolific.

"THE QUEEN'S TRAGEDY": By Robert Hugh Benson. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, No. 1 Amen Corner, London, E.C.)

An intensely pathetic story of the life and times of Mary Tudor, told, as only a scholar, a gentleman, and a Roman priest could tell it. The picture of Mary Tudor, as drawn by Mr Benson, will come as a revelation to the majority of readers, whose sole idea of her as a queen and a woman might be summed up in that opprobrious appellation by which she has always been known, to posterity. But Mr Benson's defence of her is so able, and his palliation of her many dark deeds so plausible that like Agrippa, his readers will be "Almost presuaded" that Mary Tudor was more sinned against than sinning. Mr Benson also attempts to show that Philip of Spain was principally responsible for the burnings, and the gross cruelties that were perpetrated upon Mary's Protestant subjects, and in showing this he only proves Mary Tudor's unfitness to wear the Crown of England. There are several fine descriptions of important events during Mary's reign. Notably, her first meeting, and her marriage with Phillip of Spain. The Queen's reception of the Pope's Legate (Cardinal Pole), when the act of reconciliation was signed, and the interview between Mary and Elizabeth, after the discovery of a plot against Mary's life, in which it was said that Elizabeth was implicated. The contrast between Mary and Elizabeth is very powerfully shown by Mr Benson, in this interview. Mary is described as weak, peevish, sombre, repellant — utterly unlovable; Elizabeth as love-compelling, virile, beautiful, dominant. But Mr Benson's delineation of Elizabeth as revengeful, is contrary to historical fact. Whatever Elizabeth's faults were, lack of generosity was not one of them. That plot and counter-plot were characteristic of those troubled times, cannot be gainsaid, and that Elizabeth plotted and counter-plotted is feasible enough. But to charge Elizabeth with threatening when she came into her kingdom, to repay the ill service, or the non-service visited upon her while a prisoner and a dependant, is a distinct libel, and totally undeserved by her; and the large measure of liberty of faith and conscience that is enjoyed in these days by Protestant, Romanist, and Non-conformist alike, is directly due to the "lion-nature that could not descend to the destruction of small things." But, if in the perusal of Mr Benson's book the reader can find some slight palliation of Mary Tudor's faults as a Queen—in contemplation of her great sufferings as a woman—"The Queen's Tragedy" will not have been written in vain.

"A SPINNER IN THE SUN": By Myrtle Reed. (G. P. Putman, New York and London—The Knickerbocker Press.)

A sickly sentimental story of the everlasting punishment order, the theme of which is the foolish grief, lasting twenty-five years, to the utter exclusion of every other sentiment of one of the principal characters, Evelina Grey, over Anthony Dexter, one of the most worthless conceivable specimens of manhood The author, not content with branding her villain with cowardice of the deepest dye towards the woman he professes to love, must needs make him a vivisectionist, which last accusation seems to have proved too much for him, though he seems to have got along comfortably enough until her discovery of him; and he accordingly removes his exceedingly mal apropos personality in the nick of time—just when the happiness of the hero and heroine are trembling in the balance—to that bourn prepared for those whose death is self-inflicted. What's in a name? has been asked by the poet, and that there is a great deal of signification in a name is evidenced by the one borne by another of the characters of the book, Mehitable Smith, commonly called Miss Hitty, who is quite as eccentric as her name. Under cover of a life-long outwardly expressed antipathy to men and marriage, she is discovered at the villain's death to have cherished from girlhood a secret passion for him, "counting the day lost that brought her no sight of him." So thoroughly has she carried out the deception that she has brought up her orphan niece, Araminta, in entire ignorance of the claims that nature has upon her creatures, and has taught her to pray every night "To be saved from the contamination of marriage." It is some small satisfaction to find that the first distinctly eligible man that Araminta meets, namely, Ralph Dexter, the villain's son, causes her in an incredibly short time to throw overboard the teachings of a lifetime, and alter her petition to the more vigorous plea of "Not to be saved from the contamination of marriage." The book is utterly absurd, and there is not a single character in it that can lay claim to the slightest air of reality. It is also mischievous in tendency and unfit for perusal by the unformed mind. That this writer can pen graceful sentiment has been shown by her "Lavender and Old Lace." And the sooner she returns to a more healthy style the better.

DELTA.

America has long been famous as the land of tall stories. Here is the latest "veracious" and startling item of news taken from a paper published in Fairfield, Illinois:—

"A small green twig swallowed more than a year ago by Timothy Wisecare, a farmer near here, was coughed up, and as a result Wisecare is recovering from what his physician at first pronounced bronchitis.

"Wisecare had been working in some timber, and held a twig of cedar about an inch and a half in length between his teeth. Being suddenly frightened he swallowed the twig, without at first noticing any inconvenience.

"Later he developed symptoms of bronchitis, and was advised by his physicians to go to Colorado. After a stay there of some eight months and not improving, he concluded to return home to die, as he said, upon his arrival. While in bed recently he was seized with a violent coughing spell and soon dislodged the twig. Upon examination by Dr. J. P. Walters it was found to be as green as on the day it was swallowed, and also gave indications of growing."

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 am sorry that I did not write sooner, but I have been away for a holiday, and I have not had the "Graphic." My mother and I went to Wellington and had a lovely time. One day we went over to Day's Bay in one of the ferry boats, and had a lovely day. I think the electric trams are just lovely. Do you like them? Have you ever been to the Hutt gardens? We went out there one day in the train. The gardens are just lovely. My auntie is coming up to stay with us, and she is bringing her little baby boy with her. He is such a darling. Have you been to the Exhibition? Mother and I did not go, but father went, and he brought me a nice little gold bangle with lucky beans on it, and a little gold pin with lucky beans on it too. Well, I must say good-bye now, for I have no more to say. With much love to you and all the other cousins, from MARJORIE.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie,—Thank you very much for your dear little letter, which I have just received. I hope you enjoyed your holidays; you seem to have had a lovely time. I wonder how long it will be before you have electric trams in Napier. I like driving in them very much indeed, and the faster they go the better I like it. Some people don't like them at all, and I know several who would rather walk ever so far than ride in one of them. No; I didn't go to the Exhibition, but I have heard a great deal about it, that is not so good as seeing it, but is better than nothing, isn't it?—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you very much for the badge, which I received yesterday. It is very pretty, and it was very kind of you to send it so soon. I have not got a sister who is ill, but suppose that you mean myself, as I have been ill for some time now. I am much better now, thank you. I was ever so glad to be at home again after being at the hospital for such a time. I'm sure I never have and never will appreciate home as much as I do now. I have just begun to walk a little, but don't get along very well as the muscles seem to be so very stiff still. I hope to be able to go to hear the "Besses" if they play in the afternoon, and in the Domain, but it seems very doubtful if I do or not, as the last day or two I have been in bed with a sore throat and heavy cold. Most of my stime I spend on the balcony. I have not read "Lin McLean," but should like to very much. I have just finished "Lavender and Old Lace," and think it very pretty and quaint. Have you read "With Clipped Wings?" it is a New Zealand story, and I like it very much. With love to the cousins and yourself, from yours sincerely, AROHA.

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[Dear Cousin Aroha,—I never thought you would be bothered to write to me as you must still be feeling far from strong, so thought, of course, it must be your sister. You can't think how pleased I am that you are well enough to do so. You must be feeling wonderfully better to be able to think of going to hear the famous Besses o' th' Barn Band, and I do hope you will be able to. People from the South tell me it is really a great treat, and that they are not in the least over-rated, so we may all expect a great treat. Home is always lovely after one has been away from it for any length of time, and it must be doubly so in your case. How did you manage to catch cold again? Everyone seems to be having them now, so you are quite in the fashion. "Lavender and Old Lace" is charming, isn't it? I haven't read "With Clipped Wings, but should like to. Who is the author? I have just finished a book I had heard a great deal about, "Lucy of the Stars," and I was so disappointed in it, it is pretty fresh and well written, but it does'nt end up as it should, and I never like wrong endings, do you? I read "The Dr. of Crow's Nest" recently, and liked it much better than most of Ralph Connor's books, so if you are wanting something to read there are two quite new books for you.—Cousin Kate.]

P.S.—I nearly forgot to answer your postscript. "I, like you, am very fond of Maori names, and don't in the least mind you using one if you wish. Don't you think Rakura a pretty name? I saw such a sweet-looking Maori girl of that name in the King Country, she was very shy, though, and would hardly speak to us, though she could talk English quite understandably, if she wished.—Cousin Kate.

Prince Easy and Prince Endeavour.

Once upon a time there was a king called Deepheart, who had twin sons, called Prince Easy and Prince Endeavour.

When they were ten years old, King Deepheart summoned them to him, and said—

"I have two gifts which I intend to bestow upon you to-day. Choose, each of you, which you will have. One gift is a magic ring, which will give its possessor wealth and beauty, and physical strength, and all splendid and precious things in the world. The other gift is a pearl which will give its possessor love and patience. Choose now which you each desire; but you must especially notice this, that at the end of thirty years the owner of the ring must give back the ring, and with the ring everything he has gained by its aid, whereas the owner of the pearl shall keep it for ever and ever."

After the king had finished speaking there was a long pause, for both princes were deeply considering the matter.

At last Prince Easy spoke and asked—

"Might we not each try them both for a few days just to see which we like best?"

"No," said the King; "whoever has the ring must keep it for thirty years, and whoever chooses the pearl shall keep it for ever and ever."

Then Prince Easy asked—

"But how does the ring give its owner things?"

The king explained—

"The man who wears the ring needs only to wish strongly for anything in order to get it."

"Horses, and toffee, and footballs, and guns, and bicycles, and plums, and cake, and all kinds of things?" asked Prince Easy excitedly.

"Yes," answered the king, smiling. "Anything he likes, if he wishes hard enough."

"Well, then," said Prince Easy, shaking his curly locks, "I shall choose the ring."

"Oh, but don't forget," warned the king, "that at the end of thirty years you will have to give up everything."

"Oh, I don't mind that," said Prince Easy. "I shall have had enough of everything by that time, and I'll be happy enough to last the rest of my life."

"What do you say, Endeavour?" asked the king.

"I think that I should like love and patience," said Prince Endeavour; "but if I had the ring, could I not get them by wishing for them?"

"No," said the king; "the owner of the ring must soon lose all love and patience."

"What does that matter?" cried Prince Easy. "I won't need love and patience if I have everything I like. Father, please give me the ring."

So the king quietly gave the pearl to Prince Endeavour, and the ring to Prince Easy.

"Now," he said, "you must go out into the world, and you must not return to me for thirty years."

Accordingly they kissed their father, and departed together.

"How foolish of you," said Prince Easy to his brother, "to choose the pearl! What are you going to do now?"

"I am going to work and to love," said Prince Endeavour.

"Ah, then, I must leave you," said Prince Easy, "for I am going to play, and to be happy."

Then Prince Easy wished that he were big and strong, and grown-up; and, to his surprise, he suddenly became a great big man with a beautiful moustache, and broad shoulders and long legs.

And then he began to wish for all sorts of things, and as fast as he wished things came true; and soon he was living in a magnificent palace, with thrones, and golden pillars, and marble staircases, and fountains, and goldfish, and peacocks; and he had crowns, and sceptres, and horses, and elephants, and reindeer, and thousands and thousands of soldiers and servants.

He had all the delicious things in the world to eat and drink; and he lived in a land where the sun shone for ever and the birds sang continually, and where it never rained and never snowed.

"Poor Prince Endeavour!" thought he. "How foolish he was not to take the ring!"

But years went by, and Prince Easy began to find things rather tiresome.

He had eaten strawberries and cream ad chocolates, and Turkish delight, and peaches and plums, till he was sick of sweet things.

He had beaten all the conjurers at magic, and all the strong men at feats of strength; he could tumble down whole houses just like Samson; and he could lift an elephant with his teeth, and he could jump higher than any man had ever jumped, and he could play cricket better than Grace, or Fry, or Ranji, and

he could tear 20 packs of cards between his fingers.

But, somehow, he was weary of sweet things, and he was tired of doing strong things, for somehow there seemed no satisfaction in doing them when he had only to wish in order to be able to do them; and he was tired of perpetual skies, and he wished he could unwish them, but it was a peculiarity of the ring that what the owner had once wished must remain.

Soon nothing seemed worth doing, and nothing seemed worth wishing for, and in time he could not wish at all. Moreover, he was haunted by the thought that in a few years he would have to give up the ring, and then everything would vanish. And so, in the end, he enjoyed nothing; and his life was full of disgust, and weariness, and fear.

Meantime, Prince Endeavour was working and loving.

At last, however, the 30 years were done, and the brothers met again at the Court of King Deepheart.

Prince Easy was a big, powerful, handsome man, with tremendous muscles; but he looked selfish, and weary, and miserable; whereas Prince Endeavour, though not so big and strong and handsome, looked much happier.

"Now, my sons," said the King, "tell me how you have fared. How have things gone with you, Prince Easy?"

"Father" replied Prince Easy, "I am tired of everything; I am sick of life!"

"What?" exclaimed the King; "a big, strong, handsome man like you tired of life! We must have a feast and a dance to-night to cheer you up."

"Ah-!" said Prince Easy. "I have feasted and danced every night for 30 years, and every year I enjoyed the feasts and dances less, for I grew tired of dainties and dancing, and I was disturbed, too, by the thought that every year brought the end nearer. Now I can feast and dance no more."

"Are you tired of life, too, Prince Endeavour?" asked the King, turning to his other son.

"Nay, nay, father," replied Prince Endeavour: "life grows to me more beautiful every day; there is so much to do, and so much to learn and so much to love. The pearl has made everything seem beautiful. The stars and the flowers and the hills are all glorified by the love which gave them and the rivers and the seas and the winds all sing of love. Eternity is too short to exhaust the wonder of everything! My food is simple but it is sweet for I have earned it by my work, and my friends are few, but they are true, for I have won them by my love."

"Wisely didst thou choose," said the King; "for there can be no beauty and no lasting happiness without patience and love." Then, turning to Prince Easy, he said—

"Give me the ring."

Sadly the Prince gave it to him, and at once his strength and his beauty departed, and he became a poor, weak thing, with trembling legs, and thin arms, and narrow shoulders, and a low brow.

"Foolishly didst thou choose," said the King; "for thy strength and the beauty were merely superficial, and thy wealth and thy possessions could bring thee no happiness, since thou thyself, in thyself, hadst no love, and no patience, and, therefore, no real beauty, nor strength, nor wealth, nor joy. Thou thyself art a poor, feeble, withered thing, able to do nothing, able to enjoy nothing. Life is to you vain, and tiresome, and empty."

But Prince Endeavour pitied his brother, and he cried—

"Father, may I give Easy my pearl, and then he will grow strong and happy, and will not need sweet things, and glittering things, and hard, cold gold?"

The King smiled, and said—

"Yes, give it."

And Prince Endeavour, not without sorrow, gave it.

But to his great surprise, he found another pearl in his hand at once, and history says that this pearl gave birth to many more, and that Prince Endeavour went about distributing them, and making people happy.

"This is the story of Prince Easy and Prince Endeavour."—"Little Folks."

POSTCARD.

Freight Department., Auckland-King Country Railway.

Prohibitionville, Dec. 20.

Dear Sir,—Please send for your case of —— Books —— at once. It is leaking.

B. H., Station Master.

OUR PUPPY:

HOW HIS CONDUCT BECAME QUITE HORRID.

With mud upon his clumsy feet,
He jumped on Auntie Jane,
And Father said, "I'll have to whip
That tiresome dog again."
We said, "Oh, don't!" But Father did,
And filled our hearts with pain.

Just after this, for chastisement,
He showed he didn't care,
By worrying a goat-skin rug,
And robbing it of hair.
To punish him for that, we thought,
Was shockingly unfair.

While burying a bone, last week,
He wrecked a garden-bed.
Once more, with grief, we watched our pet
To execution led.
"He didn't mean the slightest harm!"
Among ourselves we said.

But now we're satisfied he should
Be smacked till black and blue.
What do you think the wretch has had
The wickedness to do?
He's gone and chewed up Buster Brown,
Before we'd read it through!

—FELIX LEIGH.

A Seaside Amusement.

Have you ever tried drawing houses, etc., on the sands? I expect so. But have you made a clock face? It is great fun, and looks most imposing when finished. You must first of all collect a heap of little round pebbles, and this will take some time. When all is ready, choose a piece of smooth, firm sand, and draw two big circles, one within the other. Then divide the circles into four equal parts, and begin putting in the Roman figures, in pebbles, beginning with the twelve to six, then the nine and three, and so on. The figures should be marked on the sand with a stick, before "pebbling" them. Draw in the hands, and put two little pebbles to imitate the winding-up holes of the clock, and your work is finished. People always find pleasure in looking at anything of this kind at the seaside, and if the hours of high or low tide are indicated each day by beans of movable hands, formed by sticks, a useful and novel feature is added to this ingenious idea.

An Eastern Puzzle.

An old Persian died, leaving seventeen camels to be divided among his three sons in the following proportions:—The eldest to have half, the second a third, and the youngest a ninth. Of course, camels cannot be divided int ofractions, so, in despair, the brothers submitted their difference to a very wise old dervish.

"Nothing easier!" said the wise Ali "I will divide the mfor you."

How did he do it? The old dervish divided the seventeen camels into the desired proportions by adding one of his own to the number, thus making it eighteen. The eldest brother then took his half—nine; the second his taird—six; the third his ninth—two, making seventeen in all, and giving back the one camel over to its owner, the wise dervish.

His Sixth Birthday.

He has given up his cradle and his little worsted ball,
He has hidden all his dolls behind the door;
He must have a rocking horse,
And a hardwood top, of course,
For he isn't mamma's baby any more.

He has cut off all his curls—they are only fit for girls,
And has left them in a heap upon the floor;
For he's six years old to-day,
And he's glad to hear them say
That he isn't mamma's baby any more.

He has pockets in his trousers, like his older brother, Jim,
Tho' he thinks he should have had them long before,
Has new shoes laced to the top,
'Tis a puzzle where they stop;
And he isn't mamma's baby any more.

He has heard his parents sigh, and has greatly wondered why
They are sorry when he has such bills in store;
For he's now their darling boy,
And he will be their pride and joy,
Tho' he cannot be their baby any more.

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Miss Back, of Gladstone-road, has returned to Auckland from the Waikato.

Miss Foster (Gisborne) is visiting friends in Wellington.

Mr. C. V. Houghton left for the South by the Rotoiti last week.

Miss Pasley (Nelson) is visiting Mrs. Pasley in Gisborne.

Mrs. Pittar (Wellington) is visiting her mother, Mrs. DeLatour, in Gisborne.

Miss H. Woodbine-Johnson has returned to Gisborne, after visiting the Sounds and Cold Lakes.

Mrs. P. Barker and the Misses Barker, who have been visiting the Exhibition, returned to Gisborne last week.

Mr. W. R. C. Walker, principal of the Hamilton High School, was a passenger for the South by the Rotoiti last week.

Mrs. E. Parker, who has been for a trip to the South Island, returned to Gisborne last week.

Mr. Dewing has been for a trip to Rotorua, and returned to Gisborne last week.

The Misses Ireland, Hulme Court, Parnell, left Auckland by the Manuka on a short visit to Sydney.

Miss Carrie Bayly, New Plymouth, is in Auckland, visiting her sister, Mrs. Noble, Claybrooke-road, Parnell.

The Misses Butters, of Ponsonby, left by the Wimmera last Monday, on an extended visit to Australia.

Miss Estelle Nolan, Ellerslie, Auckland, is visiting her brother, Mr. Bert Nolan, Christchurch.

The Misses Brook (Epsom) are staying with Mrs. E. J. Miller, "Heworth," Te Awamutu.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gilfillan, St. Stephen's-avenue, are spending Easter in Wanganui with their daughter, Mrs. Percy Lewis.

Mr. Harry Woolley-Hart, of London, who has spent the past 18 months in the colony, returned home by the Karamea, which left Auckland last Saturday.

Mr. Alfred Kidd, M.H.R., has been again nominated by Sir G. M. O'Rorke for the vacancy on the Grammar School Board.

Mr. J. W. H. Bright, for many years "mine host" of Bright's Hotel, Hamilton, has now taken over the management of the Lake Hotel, Takapuna.

Judge Seth-Smith of the Native Land Court, accompanied by Mrs. Seth-Smith, arrived from the North by the Clansman last week.

Mr. Alex. M. Lowrie, formerly editor of the "New Zealand Farmer," was selected as assistant town clerk by the Auckland City Council last week.

Mr. G. Smeeton Clark, of Parawai, Thames, left on Monday for Wellington, where he will be present as one of the examiners for the School of Mines.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kenderdine, Parnell, were passengers to Sydney by the Manuka. They intend spending the next month or two visiting Melbourne and Sydney.

Mr R. C. Grigsby, manager for Messrs Collins Bros. and Company, was tendered a valedictory dinner at Buchanan's Cafe last week by members of the staff on the occasion of his approaching visit. A choice musical programme was gone through and several toasts honoured.

Recent guests at the Star Hotel include Messrs. H. W. Seton-Karr, H. Beale (London), M. Passmore (Dunedin), J. A. Selig (Sydney), Miss May Newman (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Mackey, Miss E. R. Duncan (Wanganui), Mrs. Jordan Rodgers, Miss Hope Rodgers, Miss Newman (Attonga, N.S.W) Mr. G. Morse (Fordell).

Mr. Ernest Ifwerson, who has been a regular visitor to Gisborne, was met by thirty business men and commercial travellers at Gisborne, a few days ago, and a farewell social evening was indulged in. Mr. Ifwerson, who is entering into business in Auckland, was presented with a handsome silver salver.

Mr. J. C. Colbeck, Remuera, and the Misses Dorothy and Ruth Colbeck, left for Sydney by the Manuka. In Sydney they will join a White Star liner for the Cape, afterwards proceeding to England, where they will spend a year or two visiting places of interest in England and on the Continent.

The following recent visitors are staying at the Royal Hotel: Mr. J. T. M. Hornsby, M.H.R. (Carterton), Messrs. E. A. Tayler (Christchurch), G. W. Wilkinson (Whitehaven), S. G. Bennett (Christchurch), D. Buchanan (Masterton), E. Driver, C. Martin, F. Holmes (Wellington), J. J. Green (Tonga), P. R. Pedley (Sydney), W. G. Ridings (Waihi), E. Gordon (Dargaville), A. R. Standish (New Plymouth), C. C. Howard (Picton), H. S. J. Christophers, Geo. Barr (Hawera).

Mr. Arthur Cowie, the youngest son of the late Primate Bishop Cowie, has been lying dangerously ill in New Plymouth with a severe attack of pneumonia. His condition was so serious that his brothers, the Rev. E. M. and J. P. Cowie, and his sister, Mrs. Marshall, of Ohaupo, Waikato, were telegraphed for, as the doctor held out small hopes of his recovery. He is now convalescent. Mr. Cowie has the sympathy of countless kind friends, who appreciate his good missionary work.

The following visitors have been staying at the Waiwera Hot Springs Hotel: Mrs. Craig, nurse, and children, Waihi; Dr. and Mrs. Earnest Walker, New Plymouth; Mr. B. Raynes, Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. R. Stegall, Miss I. Buddle, Mr. Huxtable, Mr. Allison, Mr. W. E. Johns, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. W. R. Mowbray, Mr. Alfred Walker, Miss Williams, Miss Harrison, Captain Sharpe, Mr. Philson, Mr. and Mrs. Weir and child, Mr. and Mrs. Houchen, Mr. Gillies, Miss Stevenson, Dr. Barter, Mr. McLean, Mr. H. Nathan, Mr. Finlayson, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Mr. N. Menzies, Mr. Ulrich, Miss Dunnett, Miss Bracken, Mr. Kettle, Mr. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Hemphill, Mrs. Scruby, Mr. R. Moore, Messrs. Williams (2) Auckland).

Visitors staying at the Central Hotel are: Mr., Mrs., and Miss Beatson, Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Runcie, Mr. T. White, Mr. F. Montague (Wellington), Miss Johnson (Pokeno), Mr. Ed. Tregear (Wellington), Mr. J. S. Fox (Okato), Mr. F. Buckland (Cambridge), Mr. W. Price (Thames), Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Rob. Patterson, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Naylor (Dunedin), Mr. Parkhouse (Samoa), Mr. R. Hay (Dunedin), Mr. W. Greenbourn (New York), Misses Kelland (Timaru), Mr. H. Oram (Wellington), Mr. H. E. Evans (Wellington), Mr. Miller (Melbourne), Mr. Adams (Melbourne), Mr. A. G. East (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. Hayes (Goodooga, N.S.W.), Mr. and Mrs. Spring, Mr. and Mrs. Little, Dr. Little, Mr. A. Baker (Melbourne), Mr. W. S. Gillmann (Chicago), Mr. J. Rothchild (Wellington), Mr. Riechelmann (Nukualofa), Mr. Rob, Mr. Louglan (Nukualofa), Mr. J. Adair (Gisborne), Mr. Thos. Broadhurst (Melbourne), Mr. and Mrs. Bates and family (4) (Hamilton), Mr. J. P. McWilliams (Cowra, N.S.W.), Mr. J. Nielsen (Poverty Bay), Mr. C. Emanuel (Waihi).

WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Miss Robertson (Nelson), is staying with friends in Wellington.

Dr. Leatham, of New Plymouth, was in Wanganui last week.

Dr. Acland, of Christchurch, was in Wanganui this week.

Mrs. Ruck, of Auckland, is the guest of Miss Brewer in Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, of Ohakerne are at present staying in Wanganui.

Mrs Seddon is visiting friends in the West Coast district.

Mrs. Stratton Izard, of Masterton, is staying in Wanganui.

Mrs. Innes, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Mt. Cook.

Mrs and Miss Windeyer (Sydney) have been visiting Wellington lately.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Weston, of New Plymouth, were in Wanganui last week.

Mrs H. D. Bell and the Misses Bell have gone to Lowry Bay for some weeks.

Miss Hanmer, of Christchurch, is the guest of Mrs. Christie, St. John's Hill, Wanganui.

Miss R. Acland, of Christchurch, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. Simpson, in Wanganui.

Dr and Mrs C. P. Knight (Wellington) have gone to Taranaki for a week or two.

Miss H. Williams returned to Wellington last week after a visit to the Hermitage.

Mrs. McKnight and children, Palmerston North, have gone to Paikakiki for a fortnight.

Mrs. Waddy, Blenheim, is staying with her sister, Mrs. Broad, Palmerston North.

Mr. and Mrs. Rennell, Palmerston North, are spending the Easter holidays at Carterton.

Mr and Mrs Taverner (Rangitikei) are making a stay at Titahi Bay, near Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wilson, of Wanganui, have returned from their trip to Dunedin and the Southern Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Gray, of New Plymouth, spent a few days in Wanganui last week.

Miss V. MacDonnell has been staying with Mrs Larnach in Wellington en route to her home in Kaipara.

The marriage of Miss Willis and Mr Menzies (Wellington), is fixed for April 9th.

Mr. Swainson, of the Bank of New Zealand, Palmerston North, has been transferred to Woodville.

Mr and Mrs C. W. Rattray (Dunedin) were in Wellington for two or three days before leaving for England by the Ionic.

Captain Fergusson, R.N., and Mrs Fergusson, have been spending two or three weeks in the Hot Lakes District for fishing.

Colonel F. Stevenson, C.B., who has been paying a visit to the colony, returned to the Old Country by the direct route a few days ago.

Mr and Mrs R. Levin (Wellington) have gone to Palmerston North, where they will occupy Mr Allan Strange's residence for some months.

Mr and Mrs John Duncan (Wellington), and Miss Duncan, are going to England early in April. They will probably return at the end of the year.

Colonel and Mrs Wood, who have been spending a month or so at Bellevue Gardens (Lower Hutt), have gone to Nelson for a long visit. They are most likely going to England next year.

The Rt. Rev. C. Wilson, Bishop of Melanesia, and Mrs Wilson, have been staying in Wellington—first with the Rev. A. Hansell and Mrs Hansell (Karori) and afterwards at Bishopscourt.

The "Post" says it is understood that Mr. Harold Beauchamp, head of the firm of Bannatyne and Co., Wellington, is likely to succeed Mr. Malet as chairman of the Bank of New Zealand.

Miss Nellie Skerrett is leaving Wellington in a few days' time for South America, where she means to spend a year or so with her brother, who is living near Buenos Ayres. From there she will go on to England in order to pay a lengthy visit to her married sister.

Dr and Mrs Martin are off to England by the Ionic for a couple of years. They are taking their children with them and will establish them in comfortable quarters before they undertake the business of sight-seeing. A motor-car specially fitted for touring is to meet Dr Martin on his arrival in the Old Country. He and Mrs Martin intend to travel about a good deal in that manner.

Major and Mrs Johnston, who have been in New Zealand for the last three years, are returning to the Old Country as Major Johnston's term of service with the New Zealand Government is now up. Both he and Mrs Johnston have made many warm friends in Wellington and at the Hutt, where they have been living for two years or so. Major Johnston was entertained at a complimentary dinner before leaving.

HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE.

Miss Hobbs is in Rotorua for a week.

Mrs. Pierce, of Wellington, is on a visit to Napier.

Mrs. L. McHardy, of Blackhead, is on a visit to Taupo.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Russell, of Hastings, are on a visit to the Old Country.

Miss F. Davies (Gisborne) is visiting her friends in Hawke's Bay.

Miss Godfrey, of Waipukurau, is spending some days in Taupo.

Dr. Toswell, who has been on a holiday trip, returned to Hastings last week.

Miss Carston, of Waipukurau, is on a visit to Taupo.

Miss Stuart, of Timaru, is on a visit to Napier.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Blythe, of Auckland, are at present in Napier.

Mrs. Logan has gone to Taupo for the Easter holidays.

Miss Irene Simcox, of Porongahau, is staying with Mrs. Kettle, Bluff Hill.

Mrs. W. Stead, of Kumeroa, is in Napier for a few days.

Miss Johnson, of Gisborne, is the guest of Mrs. Logan.

Mrs. Cuttield, of Wanganui, is in Napier, and is the guest of Mrs. Todd.

Mr. L. W. Raymond, who has been in Napier for some years, left for Invercargill last week.

Mrs. W. Jarvis and her daughter, of Greenmeadows, left last week en route for a trip to the Old Country.

TARANAKI PROVINCE.

Mr. Macklow, of Auckland, is at present in New Plymouth.

Mr. L. Horrocks, Feilding, is spending his Easter holidays in New Plymouth.

Mr. Len. Williams, Wanganui, is on a visit to New Plymouth.

Mr. W. Latham, Auckland, is on a short visit to New Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Davy, New Plymouth, are on a short visit to Auckland.

Mr. D. Day, of Okaiawa, spent his holidays in New Plymouth.

Mr. S. Weston, of Wellington, is on a visit to his home in New Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Baker Gabb, of Masterton, are on a visit to New Plymouth.

Dr. and Mrs. Walker, New Plymouth, are on a visit to Christchurch.

Mrs. W. D. Webster, New Plymouth, is the guest of Mrs. Tansey, of Mangawheka.

Misses B. and L. Webster, New Plymouth, are on a visit to Wellington.

Miss Govett, who has been on a visit to Wellington, has returned to her home in New Plymouth.

Miss E. Bayley and Miss Brewster, New Plymouth, have been on a short visit to Wanganui, but have now returned.

Mr. R. Woodhouse, formerly of New Plymouth, and for some time Town Clerk at Marton, passed through New Plymouth last week on his way home to Auckland.

Miss Lynch, M.A., of Palmerston North High Schools, has been appointed first secondary assistant at the Eltham District High School.

Mr. J. C. Malfroy, who for some years was a member of the New Plymouth Magistrate's Court staff, and who has been clerk to the Magistrate's and Warden's Courts at Hokitika, has been promoted to Dunedin.

SOUTH ISLAND.

Mr and Miss Murray-Aynsley (Christchurch) have left for the Southern Lakes.

Miss Medley (Wellington) is staying with Mrs C. C. Bowen in Christchurch.

Mrs W. Bond (Timaru) is also staying with Mrs Elworthy.

Mr and Mrs Davidson (England) are staying with Mrs Pitman (Christchurch).

Mrs George Gould (Christchurch) is staying in Dunedin. She is the guest of Mrs Sinclair-Thompson.

Mr and Mrs S. Williamson (Gisborne) are staying with Mrs Elworthy at Merivale, Christchurch.

Miss Kater (Sydney), who is in Christchurch, is the guest of Mrs Henry Acland.

Mrs Henry Brett, who has for some time been staying with her daughters in Christchurch, has returned to Auckland.

Mr and Mrs G. Wilder (England) are visiting Christchurch. They intend to spend some months touring New Zealand in their motor car.

A MEAN THING.

"Now I am ready, how do I look, dearr"

"You remind me of a Sioux in his war paint,"

"Oh, you nasty thing, you ——"

"Don't cry, darling; I only meant you were dressed to kill."

Pretty Finger Nails.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE AMATEUR MANICURIST.

If a woman's hair is "her crown of glory," then, assuredly, says a lady manicurist, her hands are her sceptres of power, for the expression of a hand is as individual, as powerful to charm or to displease as is the face of its owner. There is a wonderful personality about hands, and the manner in which a hand is kept adds to or detracts from its personality.

No matter whether a hand be attractive or repulsive in itself, the proper tapering of the nails and their careful trimming and polishing gives to every hand—good or bad—an air of good breeding—a symmetry is acquired merely by the use of a few implements of manicuring and habits of cleanliness.

A woman can, if she chooses to give the time to it, manicure her own finger nails as well as this can be done for her by a professional manicure. That is, if her nails are simply normal, healthy nails.

FILING THE NAILS.

The amateur will find it easiest to file her nails when they are dry and hard, after which they must be soaked.

There is a lot to be considered in filing the nails. In the first place, most of us have stiff files with elaborate silver handles, which are now relegated to other practically useless articles of the dressing table. The best manicure file is a pliable, springy, thin file, without any handle. This sort of file gives with the nail and manages to work around the edges neatly right into the corners. The nail must be filed evenly and in a rounded shape. The pronounced almond shaped nail is not in vogue just at present. It is a nuisance to piano players—as well as to players upon stringed instruments—and it seemed made to be broken and to wear out the fingers of gloves in a single wearing.

After the nails are filed it will be found that some of them will have a little raggedness of edge. This is rubbed off upon a little strip of emery or sand paper provided for the purpose. Sometimes a sharp rubbing around the edge of the nail with a bit of chamois leather will rub off the raggedness left by the file, and which seems caused by the separation of an inner and outer shell of the nail, as though it grew in layers.

This part of the work finished, the professional manicurist plunges the hands which she is treating into warm or tepid water in which is well-mixed glycerine, rose water, and some of her own secret preparations for improving the texture of the ends of the fingers and softening the nails. The fingers rest in the water during most of the work. An ordinary finger bowl generally serves for this purpose.

TRIMMING THE CUTICLE.

When a woman manicures her own hands it is obvious that she cannot hold one hand in water while she works upon the other. She may let them rest for half an hour or more in the water, or she may try a plan which amateur manicurists, whose time is limited to not more than an hour for purposes of manicuring, find eminently successful. The other plan is to rub well around the nails and under the cuticle, as far as one's fingers may do this, some simple ointment or merely vaseline. Rub this in thoroughly and smear it over the nails. Try to keep the ointment on the nails until each one has been treated.

The grease quickly softens the nail and its cuticle, and makes it ready for the easy insertion of an instrument for pushing up the cuticle. If your nails are well kept this instrument will not need to be used often, for the more the cuticle is broken around the nail and the more its edges require to be clipped the worse for the delicate appearance of the nail.

A little metal cuticle knife is gently inserted under the cuticle and moved round so as not to scratch the nail nor cut the flesh, but merely to loosen the cuticle. This is a work of delicacy and care. After the cuticle has been loosened it is clipped. Nails should never be trimmed until after they have been softened by water or ointment.

After the trimming and loosening of the cuticle it is often pushed back gently and firmly with an orange stick. Amateurs will find the orange stick all that is necessary for the average well-kept nail, and its constant use will prevent the necessity of the cuticle knife, a risky instrument in unskilled hands, and sure to be detrimental in the end to the fingers. Everyone knows that constant trimming of the cuticle makes it thick and tough and far from as dainty as that cuticle which is merely pushed back every morning with an orange stick.

But there are different hands, just as there are different dispositions in women, and the hands of some require severe treatment in order to keep them decent.

After the loosening, pushing, and trimming of the softened cuticle, the nail is ready to be cleaned if such a thing is required. The manicure inserts the point of an orange stick under the nail to clean it. White powder, too, is inserted in this manner to give a white finish under the nail—the powder being brushed away afterwards—and rose tipped finger ends are achieved in the same manner, rather than by any process of nature.

But who would disclose the secret of her rosy finger tips? And who will deny their beauty when seen to blush through translucent, pearly-tinted nails?

THE FINAL POLISH.

So much being done—and these little things occupy at least three-quarters of an hour—the nails are now ready to be burnished and polished.

The woman who manicures her own nails will spread them out upon a towel and gently dab upon each one a bit of pink ointment. This she will rub well over the nail until it is a muddy red colour.

With a buffer she will rub and rub until she is tired and her nails take on a glossy pink, which is a forecast of what they will look like when she has finished.

With a bit of old linen she will wipe off as much as she can of the pink paste. Usually it all comes off. Then, with another and perfectly clean buffer she will polish her nails until they glimmer like the inner side of a tinted sea shell.

Last of all the manicure gently rubs the orange stick around under the cuticle to remove any trace of paste or powder which may remain. The amateur usually washes her hands, which, if her nails are well polished, does not affect them.

At this season of the year fingers require to be more frequently manicured than in warm weather. The nails become hard and the cuticle less soft and pliable. A few touches every morning with the orange stick and a few rubs with the buffer every two days, with the use of the file every other day, will keep one's nails so trim and pretty that a real prolonged process of manicuring need not be gone through more than once a week. This occupies an hour when ointment is used on the nails by the amateur, and more than that time if they are soaked in water.

Never cut the nails with scissors, if it is possible to avoid it. Cutting the nails makes them blunt and unlovely upon the edges. But, just the reverse should be the case with a young child's nails. Trim them with the scissors. They are much too soft to be helped by filing, and the little tender fingers are frequently bruised and injured by the file.

Mr. Samson Biggs is a schoolmaster, whose precept and practice of the blessings of punctuality are, as a rule, faultless. Should a lad be five minutes late in the morning, he is "kept in" ten minutes after school; if ten minutes, a penance of twenty minutes is imposed, and so on. But even Homer nods, and lo! Mr. Samson Biggs was a whole half-hour late himself one morning. Among the pupils there was the usual smart boy, who was not slow to remind him of his offence, nor to quote from some of his own lectures on the subject.

"Yes, boys," said Samson, when he had listened to the smart boy. "Nicholson is quite right, and, as I punish you, it is only fair that you should punish me. So you shall all stay and keep me in for an hour after school this afternoon!"

IN AGONY DAY AND NIGHT.

Rheumatism in the Blood.
Mrs. Matthews, Masterton
Thirty Years of Pain
Bed-ridden and Crippled
Cured for Good
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"For fully thirty years, I was never a day free from Rheumatism," said Mrs Jacob Matthews, Queen St., Masterton, "I suffered the greatest pain a woman could bear. For months I never left my bed. I lay on my back suffering untold torture. The cleverest doctors in the town could do me no good. They said my Rheumatism was in the blood. I was a crippled wreck till Dr. Williams' Pink Pills set me on my feet again, as strong and active as ever.

"Never to my dying day shall I forget what I went through. Often I shrieked with agony. I was wrapped in flannels and blankets—and even the touch of these almost sent me mad. At night, the sweat rolled off me until I thought I would die with sheer weakness. My joints were so stiff that I could not bend my elbows or knees. I could not turn in bed to save my life. I was the most miserable woman on God's earth.

"The pain I suffered was enough to kill twenty people," said Mrs Matthews. "It was no wonder my nerves broke down. The least noise irritated me. Even the shutting of the bedroom door jarred me. Every day I wished myself dead. I was a burden to myself, and a terrible expense to my husband. The best treatment did me no good.

"For months I lived on nothing but milk and such like sloppy food. At last, I even turned against these. My skin was dry and hard—I didn't seem to have any blood in my veins at all. I felt as if all my bones were broken, and my flesh battered and bruised. Words cannot describe what I suffered.

"So it's no wonder my cure is the talk of Masterton," Mrs Matthews went on. "For over fifty years I have been in the district, and everyone here knows how bad I was. They will all tell you how I lay in agony day and night. When I look back now, I wonder how I lived through it all. I had given up all hope, when I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured a man who hadn't left his bed for years. When they cured one cripple, I thought they might, at least, ease my pain. I tried them—and they saved my life.

"Soon after starting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," added Mrs Matthews, "I got a wonderful appetite. Then the pain began to ease off so that I could get a little sound sleep. I lost that old down-hearted feeling, and picked up hope. You may be sure that I kept straight on with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After three boxes I felt as if twenty years had been lifted off my shoulders. From that time on, I gained every day. Before long I was able to go for a short walk. The neighbours could scarcely believe their eyes. Now I am a strong, healthy, hard-working woman, although I am past seventy. When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life they worked a down-right miracle. My daughter-in-law, Mrs Alfred Matthews, can tell you that they did just as much for her."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs Matthews because they struck straight at the root and cause of her crippling Rheumatism. They don't tinker with mere symptoms. They don't act on the bowels. They do only one thing, but they do it well—they actually make new blood. In that way they root out the cause of all common blood diseases like anaemia, indigestion, biliousness, headaches, backaches, kidney trouble, lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, spinal weakness, and the special secret ailments of girls and women, who suffer unspeakably when the richness and regularity of their blood becomes disturbed. But you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—in wooden boxes—sold by chemists and storekeepers, or sent, post paid, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, on receipt of price—3/ a box, six boxes 16/6. Write for hints as to diet, etc.

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1/ has been sent to the writer of this verse, Mrs A.B., Palmerston South, Otago.

Said Dirt to Grime, one Summer's day
"Life can't be lived of late,
That wretched SAPON'S come our way,
I say . . . . let's imigrate!"

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best four-SHORT-line advt. verse about "SAPON" wins each week. SAPON wrapper must be enclosed. Address, "SAPON" Oatmeal Washing Powder), P.O. Box 633, Wellington.

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, February 16.

The King and Queen returned to London last Saturday evening, after their eventful week's visit to Paris. Their Royal Highnesses appear to have enjoyed their spell in the French capital greatly, and the more so probably since they went as private persons, and could dispense with the pomp and circumstance which is inseparable from the visits of Sovereigns to other lands when they travel as such. The Parisians gave our King and Queen a great reception, but as far as possible they respected their visitors' desire for privacy, and beyond warm greetings to the royal couple as they drove through the streets, never attempted to mob them after the fashion that the people at Marienbad did King Edward on the occasion of his visit to that health resort last year.

Some fears were entertained by the Parisian police authorities that the Anarchical element in the Gay City might make their presence known to the King and his Consort in an unpleasant fashion, and the known dangerous characters were most carefully shadowed and shepherded during the visit, and the persons of the King and Queen as closely guarded as they could be without the royal couple having it made plain to them at every turn that they were the objects of much solicitude on the part of the French police. On their Majesties' departure from Paris the precautions of the police were, however, plain to see. Police and plain-clothes men swarmed the precincts of the Gare du Nord. It transpired that the reason for this was that a warning had been received from Brest. It appears that a private in the colonial infantry stationed at that port had written to the prefecture, stating that, from a conversation he had accidentally overheard between two well-known Anarchists, he was convinced that an attempt would be made on the King and Queen of England on their departure from the Gare du Nord. Although the police did not attach much importance to the information, they thought it wise to take all possible precautions.

On Tuesday the King opened Parliament in State, driving with the Queen from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament in his gilded chariot drawn by the familiar eight cream-coloured horses wearing their crimson trappings. A leaden sky overhung London, and a chill drizzle was falling as the Royal procession passed through the lineless, troop-lined Mall, but his Majesty's faithful subjects lined the route to St. Stephen's in their thousands, and cheered him and his Consort to the echo. On a fine day the procession to the House is worth going a long way to see, but on Tuesday it was a pageant in disguise. The accompanying mounted troopers had hidden their silver bright accoutrements and vivid gold-laced uniforms under huge cloaks, and the soldiers lining the roadway were draped from chin to ankle in their somewhat ill-fitting great coats. Apart from the King's coach the only splashes of colour were the red and white plumes and the crimson cloaks of the Horse Guards. The old, big, rumbling, but comfortable-looking State carriage, with its huge windows and gaily-trapped cream horses, looked out of place in the sombre picture afforded by the procession as it proceeded through the muddy streets. It looked as if it had come straight out of fairy-land. In it sat the King and Queen, the former arrayed in the brilliant uniform of Field-Marshal, and the Queen, who wore her dazzling diamond crown, had a white robe over her shoulders which concealed the dress she wore. Their Majesties looked well, the King particularly so, and the Queen undoubtedly looked as young as she did ten or twelve years ago. They were obviously pleased with the warmth of their reception from the crowds who lined the streets and from the Palace to the House of Parliament, and the Queen was smiling and bowing and the King saluting and smiling all through the route.

The usual features of the Opening Ceremony were in evidence in the House of Lords on Tuesday, and the spectacle was one of great brilliance. The occasion, however, will remain memorable, more by reason of a most unusual occurrence in connection with the King. He and his gracious Consort did not take their places on the throne till ten minutes past the appointed hour!

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Lieutenant E. H. Shackleton, F.R.G.S., the leader of the new Antarctic expedition, will be remembered in New Zealand as the third lieutenant under Captain Scott on the Discovery, and as one of the party of three who carried the British flag to latitude 82.17 S., the southernmost point ever reached by man. It is for me personally an interesting coincidence that I was the first pressman to obtain, through Lieutenant Shackleton, the details of that famous sledge journey on the night of his return to Christchurch from the Antarctic, and also the first to get from him this week a full account of the plans of his new expedition in search of the South Pole.

Lieutenant Shackleton tells me that the edition de luxe of the "South Polar Times"—the newspaper of the late National Antarctic Expedition—will be issued shortly. It is limited to about 250 copies, at 5 guineas a copy, and the cost of production has been something like £1000. The whole edition has already been sold before issue.

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The announcement that Lieutenant Shackleton will take a motor car with him on his "dash" for the South Pole has inspired the muse of the "Westminster Gazette's" office poet. He explains why the bold lieutenant is taking the car:—

"The reasons are enough to send the Automobile Club
En masse to the Antarctic at full speed:
There's not a fowl, a mongrel, or a cyclist,
or a cub
To make the careful chauffeur drive with heed;
There's not a legal limit; and there aren't
any police;
There's ample room for safe side-slipping there;
Road-side repairs are cleanly where there's
none but frozen grease;
And frozen smells can not pollute the air!

Where dust the driver misses,
Cars can never need a scrub!
A perfect Eden, this is,
For the Automobile Club."

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Mr Sydney Ernest Lamb, B.Sc., head of the engineering department of the Municipal Technical Institute at Portsmouth, has been selected for the position of lecturer in mechanical engineering at the Auckland University College. Mr Lamb holds the degree of B.Sc. (London), with honours in engineering, and is an A.R.C.S. (London) in both mechanics and physics, and an associate member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers. He is 32 years old, and has had nearly nine years teaching experience—for two years as science master at Gravesend Technical School, and for six and a half at Portsmouth Technical Institute. He gained his engineering experience at the naval dockyard at Devonport, and at the Royal College of Science, London, which he attended for three years. The Principal of the Portsmouth Education Committee describes Mr Lamb as "an able teacher, thorough in his methods, a good disciplinarian, and withal popular, maintaining a high average attendance to the end of the session. Mr Lamb is married, and has two daughters.

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Mr F. H. Templar, of Auckland, who is on a visit to this country, and who is staying at present at Kidlington, lectured on New Zealand a few nights ago before the Oxford branch of the Tariff Reform Association. Mr Templar said it appeared to him, as he went about, that the only part of the Empire which knew little and cared less about the Empire was the Mother of the Empire itself. Replying to the argument that a tariff would increase the cost of living, he said he found the cost of living in free-trade England to be just as much as it was behind the tariff wall of New Zealand. Mr J. Allan Thompson, one of the New Zealand Rhodes scholars at Oxford, moved a vote of thanks to Mr Templar at the close of his address.

Recent callers at the High Commissioners' Offices: Mr E. Verner Barrett (Christchurch), Miss A. R. M. Laird (Auckland), Miss Maude Francis (Christchurch), Miss Irene Skinner (New Plymouth), Miss C. Hudson, Mrs Chadwick (Ormondville), Miss A. M. Bradley, Miss Rouse, Mr Henry Hope (Wellington), Mr F. E. Laughlin (Ashburton), Mr B. H. Preston, Mr A. J. Blewden (Auckland), Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs Chayter (Wellington), Captain M. Irvine and Mrs R. Irvine.

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Miss A. R. M. Laird, of Auckland, who arrived here on a pleasure trip last June, spent the ensuing three months in visits to Folkestone, London, and Woking. Since October she has not left Folkestone until this week, when she came up to London for a brief visit. Miss Laird will probably return to New Zealand about the end of this year, but her plans are quite uncertain owing to the long and serious illness of her relative Miss MacGregor Laird, of Folkestone, who visited Auckland some five years ago.

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Madame Clara Butt, who is shortly to visit the Australian colonies, has been seriously ill, but is now recovering rapidly. She was able to leave this week for Bournemouth, where she will spend a week or two to recuperate. Madame Butt will make her reappearance at Leeds on Monday, February 25, her doctors forbidding her to sing at an earlier date. Madame Butt so narrowly escaped a severe attack of rheumatic fever that her speedy recovery is a matter for much congratulation.

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London "Gazette" states that the King has approved the appointment of Mr Otto Romcke, at Melbourne, as Consul-general of Norway for Australia and New Zealand.

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Colonel A. P. Penton, who formerly commanded the New Zealand Defence Forces, but has recently been Commandant of the Ordnance College, has been appointed to the post of Brigadier-general commanding the Scottish Coast Defences. His headquarters will be at Edinburgh.

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Mr Blewden, the amateur boxer, has been spending his first few days in the Old Country seeing the lions of London under the guidance of Tom Sullivan, ex-champion sculler, who is "mine host" of the Spencer Arms, Putney, and with whom the New Zealander is staying. Blewden commences serious training next week.

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.

BALLARD.—On March 15th, at Manuka Park, Drury, the wife of Sam Ballard, a daughter.

CORNISH.—On March 28th, at her mother's residence, Hepburn-street, Ponsonby, to Mr and Mrs G. Cornish, Te Aroha, a son.

FEAR.—On March 23rd, at Wanganui-avenue, Ponsonby, to Mr and Mrs A. E. Fear, of Pukerimu, a daughter.

GIESE.—On March 27, at "Haruru" Nursing Home, the wife of T. W. Giese, of a daughter; both doing well.

KELLY.—On March 27th, King Edward-st., Mt. Roskill, to Mr and Mrs W. D. Kelly, of a daughter; both doing well.

OWEN.—On March 28th, at their residence, Henly-st., Parnell, the wife of Constable R. Owen, of a daughter; both doing well.

SOMERVELL. — On March 23, at Lower Hepburn-st., the wife of A. M. Somervell, carpenter, of a son; both doing well.

MARRIAGES.

CHICKEN—EXETER.—At the Congregational Church, Napier, by the Rev. McNaughton, Albert, son of J. Chicken, to Clara, fourth daughter of T. Exeter. Both of Napier.

CLARKSON—MONCRIEFF.—On February 20, 1907, at St. Matthew's Church, Auckland, by the Rev. W. E. Gillam, W. R. Clarkson (of Gisborne), youngest son of Mrs Jas. Clarkson, Herne Bay, Ponsonby, Auckland, to Louie Monerieff, youngest daughter of Mr S. J. Monerieff, of Public Works Department, Auckland.

FERGUSON—CRAIGH-BAIRD.—On February 12th, at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. W. E. Gillam, Wiley Drummond, second son of J. W. Drummond Ferguson, Melbourne, to Agnes, youngest daughter of David Craigh-Baird, "Craigh Hall," Melbourne.

PEARCE—STRINGER.—On March 19, at Otahuhu Methodist Church, by the Rev. W. Slade, President of the Conference, Ernest Alfred, fourth son of Mr G. Pearce, J.P., of Waitara, to Rhoda Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr H. Stringer, Otahuhu.

DEATHS.

BEUTH.—On March 26th, at Cambridge, Alfred James, dearly beloved husband of Leonilla Beuth, and first son of John Frederick and the late Elizabeth Beuth; aged 30 years.

DOUGLAS.—At Auckland Hospital, Caroline Ann, wife of Joseph R. Douglas, of Onehunga; aged 43 years.

DAVIS.—On March 26th, at Brentwood-avenue, Edna Jessie, dearly beloved infant daughter of Charles and Jessie Davis; aged 5½ months.

Safe in the arms of Jesus.

HYDE.—On March 15th, at Rangiuru, Vera Eileen, the infant daughter of John and Annie Hyde; aged 7 months.

HUXTABLE.—On March 28, 1907, Charles Henry Huxtable, late of Hobart, Tasmania; aged 86 years.

JONES. — On March 24th, 1907, at her parents' residence, Upper Pitt-st., Myrtle Emma, infant daughter of W. and A. Jones; aged 5 months. At rest.

KNIGHT.—On March 27th, at her son's residence, Mt. Albert, Ann Robertson, widow of the late John Knight, Wood Head, Calrnie, Scotland; aged 88 years. Beloved by all.

NEWSON.—On March 28, 1907, at his late residence, St. George's Bay-rd., Parnell, Charles Norris Newson; aged 56 years.—Home papers please copy.

O'MEARA.—On March 28, at her parents' residence, Drake-st., Eisle Montague, dearly beloved daughter of William and Emma O'Meara; aged 7 months.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

MURPHY.—Ant Auckland, on March 26th, 1907. Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Bartholomew Murphy, late of Tuakau; aged 75 years.

PAYNE. — On March 12th, 1907, at Port Albert, Auckland, William Payne, J.P.; aged 87 years.

PERKINS.—On the 22nd March, 1907, at Te Kopuru, Northern Wairoa, Beatrice, the beloved daughter of Walter and Frances Elizabeth Perkins, in her 24th year.

SCHULTZE. — On March 29th, 1907, at Auckland, Alexander, the dearly beloved husband of Louisa Schultze; aged 62 years.

TURNER.—On March 27th, 1907, at the Little Sisters of the Poor, Ponsonby, Cecila Turner; aged 84 years. R.I.P.

WADDELL.—On March 28th, at his late residence, Khyber Pass, John Waddell, sen., the beloved husband of Jane Waddell.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss E. Philpotts, fifth daughter of Mr. Philpotts, of Picton, to Mr. C. G. Wilkin, son of Mr. J. C. Wilkin, of Christchurch.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Arthur, daughter of Mr. T. Arthur, "Inchkeith," Wellington, to Mr. Brereton Tennent, of Marlborough.

Orange Blossoms.

CHICKEN—EXETER.

A popular wedding was celebrated at the Congregational Church, Napier, on the 20th of March, by the Rev. R. McNaughton. The bridegroom was Mr. Albert J. Chicken, only son of Mr. J. Chicken, and the bride was Miss Clarrisa C. Exeter, fourth daughter of Mr. T. J. Exeter. The bride, who was given away by her father, was very prettily dressed in a pale mauve silk, richly trimmed with lace and insertion. She also wore the customary veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Lily M. Exeter and Miss Eva Chicken, sisters of the bride and bridegroom. They wore frocks of white embroidered muslin, and lace hats, relieved with violets. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. E. Hyde as best man, and Mr. H. Minett was groomsman. The "Wedding March" was played by Mrs. Ball as the happy couple left the church. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at the residence of the bride's parents, Enfield-road, where the bride and bridegroom's health was proposed by the Rev. McNaughton. The happy couple left by the afternoon's train, en route for Auckland, to spend the honeymoon. They received a great number of beautiful presents, including a handsome set of cutlery and a silver tea service from the firm of H. Williams and Sons. The bride's travelling dress was a navy coat and skirt, tailor-made, and hat to match.

GIRVEN—PATRICK.

A very pretty wedding, in which considerable interest was taken, was solemnised at St. Andrew's Church, Hikurangi, on March 26th, when Miss May Patrick, eldest daughter of the late Joseph K. Patrick, was married to Mr. John Girven, second son of Mr. Adam Girven. The church, which was crowded, was decorated with nikan palms, ferns, and greenery for the occasion. The Rev. M. Soule officiated, and Miss G. Soule presided at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Joseph Patrick, looked well in a handsome but simple full and flowing dress of pale cream silk embroidered voile, which was enveloped by a beautifully fine and large bridal veil. She wore the customary wreath of orange blossoms in her hair, and also a spray across the corsage. Her shower bouquet was composed of white flowers, creepers, and ferns. The bridesmaids were her two sisters, and the young sister of the bridegroom. Miss Jessie Patrick was attired in a pretty blue-grey dress, trimmed with cream, and hat to match. Miss Emily Patrick and Miss Molly Girven were gowned alike in lovely soft dresses of white silky muslin, trimmed with lace and Valenciennes insertion let in, and lilac bebe ribbon run through. They also wore lilac ribbon belts and white chiffon hats with lilac flowers, and carried bouquets of dahlias and ferns. Mr. George Girven was best man. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's mother, where about fifty guests were entertained. The bride and bridegroom subsequently drove to Whangarei, where they caught the steamer for Auckland, en route to Rotorua. The bride's going-away dress was a navy blue costume, with ivory silk blouse, and hat of navy chiffon, with white ostrich feather. Mr. and Mrs. J. Girven received many useful and valuable gifts.

The History of Some Popular Phrases.

Although in some cases several versions have been given of the origin of popular sayings, there are quite a number which can be traced to one authentic source, and the history of these is sometimes of rather a humorous character.

"MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN."

The origin of this phrase has been told by Dr. Butler, who was head master of Shrewsbury School and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. It appears that many years ago a party of gipsies were apprehended and taken before a magistrate. The constable gave evidence against a very extraordinary woman, named Betty Martin. She became violently excited, rushed up to him and gave him a tremendous blow in the eye. After which the boys and rabble used to follow the unfortunate officer with cries of "My eye and Betty Martin."

"MIND YOUR P's AND Q's."

This expression arose from the ancient custom of hanging a slate behind the alehouse door, on which was written "P" and "Q" (pints or quarts) against the name of each customer, according to the quantity which he drank, and which was not expected to be paid for till Saturday evening, when he received his wages.

"CATCHING A TARTAR."

A native of the Emerald Isle is said to be responsible for this phrase. In a battle an Irishman called out to his officer: I have caught a Tartar!" "Bring him here, then," was the reply. "He won't let me," rejoined Pat, and, as the captive carried off his captor, the saying caused much amusement, and has been a popular phrase ever since.

Anyone who has witnessed the manufacture of a rustic whistle can be at no loss for the origin of the saying,

"AS CLEAN AS A WHISTLE."

A piece of young ash, about 4in long and the thickness of a finger, is hammered all over with the handle of a knife until the bark is disengaged from the wood and capable of being drawn off. A notch and a cut or two having been made in the stick, the cuticle is replaced and the instrument is completed. When stripped of its covering, the white wood, with its colourless sap, presents the very acme of cleanness.

"AS RIGHT AS A TRIVET"

seems to have had its origin in the fact that a trivet, or any other utensil with three legs or points of support, will invariably stand firm, although these may not be exactly of the same height or length. The case is, however, different with a four-legged stool, considerable skill and accuracy being required to ensure it resting on all four legs at once.

Whether sign-painters ever take umbrage at hearing the phrase,

"GRINNING LIKE A CHESHIRE CAT,"

the writer does not profess to know. It was on account of the unskilful efforts of one of their fraternity, however, that the saying arose. Some years ago a sign-painter of Cheshire attempted to represent a lion rampant, which was the crest of an influential family, on the signboards of many inns. But the lions were a failure, and resembled cats to such an extent that they were always called by the more ignoble name.

"AS MAD AS A HATTER."

One is at a loss to understand why a hatter should be made the type of insanity, rather than a tailor or a shoemaker. An authority, however, explained the origin in the following ingenious way. The French compare an incapable or weak-minded person to an oyster. "He reasons like an oyster," they say, and it is suggested that, through the similarity of sound, the French *huitre* may have given occasion to the English "hatter." From "*Il raisonne comme une huitre*" may have come out "As mad as a hatter."

"RAINING CATS AND DOGS."

This phrase is derived from the French word catadoupe, a waterfall; cats and dogs being the nearest approach which John Bull can find for the expression.

"AS DEAD AS A HERRING."

It may not be generally known that a herring dies immediately upon its removal from its native element from want of air. Accustomed to swimming near the surface, it requires a good supply of air, and so it comes about that the gills, when dry, cannot perform their function. Hence the saying, "As dead as a herring."

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, April 2.

There was not such a large attendance at

THE RACES

on Easter Monday as there usually is on that day, but it was a very cheery meeting all the same. Some very pretty gowns were worn, but I'm afraid I shall not have time to describe a great many of them, so will only tell you a few of the prettiest. Lady Lockhart wore a beautiful deep-toned mauve chiffon taffeta with V-shaped cream vest outlined with velvet, small cream hat wreathed with shaded roses; Mrs. Fraser, smart cream cloth Eton costume with black ceinture and facings, small hat with dark green wings; Mrs. Gorrie, black chiffon taffetas with cream vest, black plumed hat; Miss Gorrie was daintily gowned in white worn over pink glace, pretty floral ribbon sash, chic hat of pale pink felt with long pink ostrich feathers; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield was gracefully gowned in black chiffon taffeta relieved with cream black picture hat; Mrs. T. Hope Lewis, cream disc-spotted colienne, with very pretty green hat; Mrs. Lowrie (Hawke's Bay), black and white striped mousseline, with smart black hat; Mrs. Alfred Nathan wore a black chiffon voile toilette charmingly trimmed with black and white, and small hat with shaded feathers; Mrs. Hamlin, rich black chiffon taffeta, black hat with white ostrich feathers; Miss Rose Nathan, royal navy chiffon velvet, with net and lace vest, white felt hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Ernest Benjamin, navy blue colienne with cream, black vest, black hat; Miss Marks, dark blue cloth coat and skirt, and black hat; Miss Benjamin was dainty in white cloth and pretty white hat; Mrs. J. R. Bloomfield wore a beautifully fitting blue organdie muslin, daintily finished with lace net, small blue hat; Mrs. Harry Bloomfield was charming in a mole grey cloth Eton costume, dainty hat of same shade with large cluster of shaded bird of Paradise plumes at one sides; Mrs. Duthie, white cloth coat and skirt and pretty black hat; Mrs. Wilfred Colbeck, pale blue crepe de chine, beautifully trimmed with lace, black hat with white ostrich plumes; Mrs. F. Waller, dark sapphire blue cloth skirt and silk Eton jacket with stitched bands, blue velvet and fur hat; Mrs. George Bloomfield, grey cloth gown, the bodice daintily finished with grey chiffon frills and white lace, green hat; Mrs. Edwin Horton wore a very pretty pale blue cloth coat and skirt with white facings, pale blue hat with blue ostrich feathers; Miss Davy, dark violet cloth tailor-made gown, with small hat to match; Miss Ida Thompson, pretty green velvet costume with cream net lace blouse, becoming hat to match; Miss Horton was beautifully gowned in deep heliotrope chiffon taffeta, with smart hat en suite; Mrs. Foster, navy blue taffeta, with white lace yoke, blue hat; Mrs. R. Burns, pale blue crepe de chine, with insertions of white lace, white lace hat, with pink roses; Mrs. Seaville, white cloth Eton costume, and pretty deep pink hat; Mrs. R. B. Lusk, reseda green taffeta, with cream lace yoke, white and green hat; Mrs. Gore Gillon, dainty ivory cloth Eton costume and black plumed hat; Mrs. Harry Marsack, tomato red Eton costume, with velvet facings, and small hat to match; Mrs. Mackay (Wanganui), cream Brussels net and lace gown, over glace silk, cream hat to match; Mrs. Stevenson, violet and white floral muslin, with pretty violet and green toque; Miss May White, dainty pale pink silk, with Valenciennes lace yoke, green hat, wreathed with pale pink roses; Mrs. George Edgecumbe (Palmerston), dark green cloth coat and skirt, with velvet facings, small green velvet hat, with shaded roses; Miss Bell, white embroidered muslin, pretty pale blue hat, wreathed with pink roses; Miss Muriel Dawson, cream cloth Eton coat and skirt, small white hat; Mrs. R. Dargaville, navy blue and white costume and black hat; Mrs. Buckleton was smartly gowned in a fine check silk taffeta, with lace vest and green velvet facings, very pretty pale blue hat; Miss Snell wore a pretty grey silk toilette, with small lace yoke, black plumed hat; Mrs. Walker, navy blue cloth tailor-made gown, with small black hat; Miss Wylde-Browne was gowned in an effective brown and green costume, white crinoline straw hat, with white osprey; Mrs. Reid, beautifully fitting black cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, and black hat; Miss Jessie Reid, pretty pale grey chiffon taffeta, and black plumed hat; Mrs. Markham, white costume and white hat; Miss Walker wore a most effective gown of blue cloth and blue and white spotted silk, with touches of cream on bodice, and becoming hat to match; Miss Busley wore a pretty white inserted muslin frock, with chine sash, and black picture hat; Mrs. Cotter was handsomely gowned in a Pompadour silk, with cream yoke, and small black hat; Miss Cotter was prettily frocked in a pale blue colienne, with white yoke, white felt hat, with shaded roses; Mrs. Fred Yonge, navy blue gown, with white yoke, and black hat; Miss Allie Yonge, pretty white muslin, and blue and white hat; Mrs. Keesing, pale green taffeta, with cream lace encrustations on bodice, black hat; Miss Beryl Keesing, pretty pink floral muslin, with cream net yoke and pink silk ceinture, white hat, wreathed with pale pink; Miss Dannet, stone grey silk, with touches of cream on bodice, black hat; Mrs. Williams, very pretty reseda green colienne, and black hat; Mrs. Shipherd, blue challie gown, with cream yoke, and black hat;

CROQUET TOURNAMENTS.

Among the many outdoor recreations now in vogue that of croquet is, for many reasons, entitled to special favour. After several alternating periods of revival and desuetude, croquet has of late years been steadily gaining ground. It seems to be peculiarly suited to those who desire a healthy form of recreation without the violent exercise inseparable from tennis and some other games. With the recent tournaments at the different suburbs the croquet season may be said to have ended. The final match of the Takapuna Croquet Club is now being played off. On Monday afternoon an enjoyable progressive game was played to finish the season, Mrs. Geddis presenting the prizes. Mrs. Parr won the first prize, and Miss La Trobe the second. Mr. Julius Williamson proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Geddis for the use of their lawn during the season. Afterwards there was the most welcome tea served, and appreciated by players and visitors.

PHYLLIS BROUN.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, March 20.

It really is too disappointing, the Easter holidays are just here, and steady rain seems to have set in, which will, of course, put a stop to all outdoor sports. The Auckland cricketers are here, and their match against Gisborne is to-day, but surely this horrid rain will upset all arrangements. The Hawke's Bay cricket team arrive on Friday, and will play on Saturday and Monday, the tennis players will come by the same boat, so we are hoping and praying for fine weather.

TENNIS.

The return tennis matches between Kaiti and Whataupoko were played last Saturday on the latter courts with the result that Kaiti were again victorious. Still there were many interesting games played, some especially being very keenly fought for. The day was beautifully fine, and the courts were all filled with players looking very bright and pretty. Delicious afternoon tea was provided by Mrs Elliott, and Mrs Jex-Blake, assisted by others. There were many spectators and some I noticed were Mrs W. Barker, white silk dress, pink hat; Mrs Jex-Blake, white linen cream and pink hat; Mrs Murray, white linen, black hat; Miss Murray, floral muslin, Leghorn hat, with pink roses; Mrs Agnew Browne, check costume, hat to match; Mrs Morrison, cream serge, touches of pale blue, white and blue hat; Mrs Bradley-Smith, white muslin, white hat; Miss Bradley, white embroidered muslin, pale blue hat; Mrs Cyril White, navy taffetas, navy and white hat; Mrs Symes, cream lace frock, cream hat; Mrs Stephenson, white muslin, white hat; Mrs Mann, pale pink silk voile, hat to match; Mrs J. Williams, champagne-coloured silk voile, pink and blue hat; Mrs T. Coleman, black costume, black hat; Mrs W. Barker, cream lace gown, pink and heliotrope hat; Miss E. Barker, floral muslin dress, pale blue hat; Miss Tucker, cream muslin dress, cream hat; Miss Pyke, green linen dress, white embroidery hat; Miss N. Davies, white silk, cream and pink hat; Miss Schumacher, cream striped coat and skirt, cream and green hat; Mrs A. Seymour, white linen, pink and black hat; Miss Cordner, grey voile over pink, grey and pink hat; Miss A. Sherratt, white linen, white lace hat; Mrs McLean, grey voile dress, grey hat; Mrs J. Barton, white

muslin dress, black hat; Mrs Johnston, grey costume, grey and white hat; Miss Hesketh, navy taffetas skirt, white silk blouse, navy and white hat; Miss Williamson, navy coat and skirt, hat to match; Miss M. Williamson, grey costume, pink hat; Mrs Anderson, white costume black hat; Miss Rees brown voile dress brown hat with violets.

THE FLORAL FETE

to be held at the Park on Saturday promises to be a great success. The proceeds are to go towards the Gisborne School Grounds Fund.

The school cadets returned last week from their trip to Christchurch. They seem thoroughly delighted with the charms of the Exhibition and all the other pleasure resorts that Christchurch posseses. Mr Kinder has offered the boys a prize for the best essay on "The Exhibition."

ELSA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, 28th March.

On Friday afternoon last Mrs. McLernon gave a most enjoyable "At Home" at her pretty home on Bluff Hill. The day was bright and sunny, and the many guests were able to wander round the grounds and play croquet. Mrs. McLernon received her guests in a handsome grey silk dress trimmed with lace and medallions; Miss McLernon, dainty pale blue dress, bodice trimmed with cream Valenciennes lace; Miss E. McLernon, pretty pink flowered muslin and Valenciennes dress. Amongst the many guests I noticed Mrs. Bowen in a pretty olive green silk dress trimmed with ruchings of green silk, smart green toque with berries; Mrs. Claude Cato, white cloth Eton coat and skirt, coat trimmed with dainty pink trimming, white toque with feathers; Mrs. Dewes, navy blue voile dress, bodice with cream lace, blue toque to match; Mrs. Paisley, black dress with black silk mantle, black bonnet; Mrs. Bull, navy blue striped coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Paisley, white muslin dress, white Leghorn hat and black feather; Mrs. Sheath, navy blue glace silk frock trimmed with navy blue ruchings, black hat; Mrs. Kennedy, cream cloth Eton costume, white and black toque; Mrs. Bradley, pretty pink muslin frock, bolero effect of Valenciennes lace, green hat; Miss Nevill, brown voile frock, brown hat trimmed with lace; Mrs. Riddell, white embroidered linen dress, long white coat, white hat with roses; Miss Fannin, grey costume, grey hat; Miss McVay, brown and white check tron costume, brown hat with peacock feathers; Miss Shaw, dainty white muslin dress, white hat with roses; Miss M. McVay, pale green voile dress, green hat to match; Mrs. Tomlinson, painty pale blue dress trimmed with lace, black picture hat; Mrs. C. D. Cornford, lovely black glace dress, bodice trimmed with white lace, black and white toque; Mrs. Edgar, white muslin and Valenciennes lace frock, pretty white hat with feathers, white stole; Miss Hitchings, cream glace and lace dress, cream hat with forget-me-nots; Miss Davis, navy blue coat and skirt, white hat trimmed with navy blue; Miss J. McVay, dainty white muslin and Valenciennes lace dress, white Leghorn hat trimmed with green; Miss Canning, black silk dress, black hat with feathers; Miss Humphies, dainty white muslin dress, white hat with feathers; Miss D. Kennedy, pale blue silk dress, white hat with pink roses; Miss Hill, navy blue coat and skirt, black hat; Miss G. Hill, blue flowered muslin dress white lace hat; Mrs. Lawlor, black dress with black hat; Mrs. Hill, grey coat and skirt black hat; Mrs. Leslie Thompson, cream serge dress, pretty violet and blue toque; Mrs. Peacock, black silk dress, black bonnet with plumes; Mrs. J. Cato, navy blue coat and skirt, claret coloured hat with feathers; Miss Bee, dainty pale blue voile dress with picture hat; Mrs. G. Kelly, black and white dress, black hat with feathers; Miss Ellison, cream dress, white hat with large feather; Miss Williams, black silk voile dress relieved with cream lace, black toque; Mrs. W. Cato, neat navy blue Eton costume faced with pale blue cloth, pale blue felt hat to match; Mrs. Sibbalds, pale blue voile dress with black picture hat; Mrs. Orr, black voile dress trimmed with lace, black hat; Mrs. Baxter, grey voile dress trimmed with lace, black hat; Miss Fleming, neat cream Eton costume, toque to match; Miss T. Brown, cream silk dress with cream hat; Mrs. Mayne, grey voile frock with lace on bodice, white hat with roses; Miss Locking, white silk dress with white picture hat; Miss M. Williams, white silk and insertion dress, cream toque with flowers; Mrs. White, grey silk voile dress trimmed with cream lace, grey toque to match.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, March 30.

The visit of the Besses o' th' Barn Band to our town on Friday last evoked a great deal of pleasurable excitement, and despite the adverse climatic conditions prevailing, a large number of citizens assembled at the railway station to welcome them. After the band gave two concerts in the Theatre Royal, a final one was given on the racecourse, the Garrison Band escorting them to the grounds. Amongst those there I noticed Mrs. Alexander, fawn coat and skirt, black and white hat, relieved with scarlet roses; Miss Avery, sage green voile, with cream silk vest and lace revers, pale mauve hat; Mrs. Armstrong, black and white costume; Mrs. C. Webster, Misses Roy (2), Mrs. Davis, Miss B. Harrop (Auckland), Mrs. Brocklehurst, Miss Morshead, black; Mrs. F. Morshead, black Eton costume, cream silk vest, black and white toque, white feather boa; Mrs. Watkins, navy blue and white costume hat to correspond; Mrs. Bedford, pale blue voile over glace trimmed with cream lace and insertion, black feathered hat; Miss D. Bedford, white Indian muslin, white crinoline straw hat trimmed with feathers; Miss Brett, navy blue and white costume, pale blue belt, white Valenciennes lace hat with pale pink roses on bandeau; Miss Mackay, cornflower blue linen, Tuscan hat, trimmed with feathers; Miss Bayley, white silk blouse, brown skirt, hat to correspond; Miss Taylor, grey checked skirt, white embroidered muslin blouse, toque en suite; Mrs. Penn, heliotrope floral delaine, trimmed with rich cream lace, pale heliotrope crinoline straw hat and chiffon toque; Miss I. Taylor, heliotrope muslin, white Valenciennes lace hat; Mrs. Alec. Hill, olive green voile, trimmed with bands of cream insertion, darker shade of green hat; Miss G. Fookes, cream cloth costume with silk blouse, olive green belt, hat en suite; Misses Hanna (2); Miss J. Fraser, Miss E. Fookes, white pique costume, white hat swathed with emerald green chiffon; Miss Dempsey, dark navy skirt, cream and navy spotted delaine blouse, hat to correspond; Mrs. Bridge, black and white costume, toque en suite; Mrs. Fookes, black; Mrs. Bullock (Wanganui), Mrs. McHardy, claret-coloured costume, trimmed with brown fur, cream silk vest, black feathered hat; Mrs. W. Bayly, black and white costume; Miss Bayly, navy blue costume, trimmed with white, dark brown hat; Miss C. Bayly, stylish Eton costume of black and white check, dainty cream silk and lace vest, shaded vieux rose hat; Miss Messenger, navy blue and white costume, cream and cornflower blue hat; Mrs. Courtney, black and white costume; Mrs. Sladdin, Mrs. Govett, Miss D. Govett, pale blue linen, trimmed with white, hat to match; Miss Corkill, dark brown costume, strapped with velvet, cream silk vest, brown and white hat; Mrs. R. Smith, Misses Smith (2), Mrs. Pascoe, navy coat and skirt, cream silk vest, toque to correspond.

NANCY LEE.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, March 29.

Mrs. McKnight and Miss Randolph were the hostesses at tennis last Saturday. The attendance was not large. Mrs. McKnight was wearing a navy blue Eton costume braided in black, Maltese lace scarf, and a navy crinoline hat with bright blue chiffon and white wings; Miss Randolph, black skirt, blue and white striped linen blouse, blue straw hat with navy and pale blue wings; Mrs. Barnicoat, black Eton coat and skirt, cream silk and lace blouse, black hat with black and white tulle ruching and black glace bows; Mrs. Warburton, back and white striped costume, coat made with deep basque, burnt straw hat with grey silk scarf; Mrs. Adams, fawn and white

striped linen, brown hat with autumn leaves; Mrs. Bendall, pale blue cambric and white embroidery, cream straw American sailor with brown and pink tulle and berries; Mrs. Thompson, black skirt, white embroidered linen blouse, pale blue linen hat; Miss Glendinning, blue and white floral muslin, white lace and black vevet ribbon trimming bodice, brown hat with pink roses; Miss Wilson, pink check muslin, Panama hat; Miss Monro (Sydney), pale green floral muslin and white Valenciennes lace, white embroidery hat with white and pink floral ribbon; Miss Margaret Waldegrave, pale blue and white striped linen frock, bodice trimmed with white embroidery, cream hat with pink, cream and heliotrope flowers; Miss F. Randolph, white embroidered linen, white hat with pale blue tulle ruching; Miss Porter, pale blue linen, cream hat; Miss Robieson (Masterton), dark skirt, white embroidered linen blouse, Panama hat; Miss G. Bell, black skirt, white embroidered linen blouse, cream hat with pink band; Messrs. Connell, Thompson, Hughes, Smith, McLean, Hughes, Waldegrave (2), Reedy, Reed, and others.

AN AFTERNOON TEA.

Mrs. Millton entertained a few friends at afternoon tea on Monday last. Some interesting croquet was played. Mrs. Millton was wearing a dark skirt, and white embroidered linen blouse; Mrs. Fitzherbert, a navy blue costume made with a long coat, mauve hat, with flowers of paler shade; Mrs. Martin, grey check Eton coat and skirt, white silk collar, white lace hat with wreath of white flowers; Mrs. Broad, grey Eton coat and skirt, coat braided in white, white lace vest, cream hat with cream tulle ruchings. Mrs. Lang, dark green costume made with very long coat, black and white crinoline hat with white ospreys; Mrs. Leary, black coat and skirt, black hat with black wings and grey silk rosette; Mrs. Watson, fawn and brown check, strappings and belt of brown silk, cream hat with brown tulle and pale mauve roses; Mrs. Guy Green, Eton costume braided in black, cream hat with cream tulle and black tips; Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave, brown cloth coat and skirt, coat made with short basque and having brown velvet collar, becoming cream Leghorn hat with black tulle and black tips.

The ladies of the Manawatu Golf Club held a meeting on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Porritt was elected captain, and Mrs. Lionel Abraham hon. secretary, and Mrs. J. P. Innes, Mrs. Holmes, and Miss McLennan are the committee. A vote of thanks was passed to Mrs. Monro and Mrs Mellsop for their services last season as captain and hon. secretary respectively.

EASTER WEATHER.

The weather is dreadful for Easter. It rained continuously for two days, and Good Friday was spoilt with stormy showers off and on all day. A number of bowlers from other clubs are in Palmerston to compete in a series of matches to be played here. The Petone, Thorndon (Wellington), Hastings, Stanton, Marton and Dannevirke clubs are represented.

VIOLET.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, March 29th.

During the week several games in Miss Imlay's croquet tournament have been played, and a great deal of interest has been taken in the various matches; the beautiful lawn being in excellent order. Amongst the players were Mesdames Colin Campbell, Sarjeant, Blundell, James Watt, Christie, Fairburn, Imlay, Saunders, Dalgshun, Misses Moore, O. Stanford, C. Stanford; Messrs. Dalgety, Campbell, Imlay, Saunders, Jas. Anderson, W. Anderson, James Watt, Harold Goodwin, Izard, Sarjeant, Harper and Dr. Lyons.

Last Saturday there were quite a large number of players and onlookers at the Campbell-street tennis-courts. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. Wall. Some of those on the lawn were Mrs. Gonville Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, Miss O'Brien, Miss Burke (Napier), Mr. and Mrs. Barnicoat, Mrs. Glenn, Miss Barnicoat, Dr. Wall, Misses Darley, Newton, Cave, Christie, McIntosh, Baker, Richmond, Messrs. Hardwicke, Allan, Harold, Anderson, R. Stevenson, Biss and others.

On Friday evening Mrs. Gifford Marshall and the Misses Stanford gave

AN ENJOYABLE RIVER PICNIC

in the oil launch. Last week Mrs. Gonville Saunders also gave a small lunch party in honour of Miss Burke, of Napier, who is staying with her. Saturday proved an ideal day for the Wanganui Girls' College swimming sports. All the events were keenly contested, and there were a large number of interested spectators. The prizes were presented by Mrs. Ballance, of England, who is staying in Wanganui.

HUIA.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, March 28.

There has been a good deal going on in a subdued way, in spite of the season.

Last Friday Mrs. Bristowe gave

A VERY JOLLY LITTLE DANCE

at her residence, Karori. It was a terrible night, wet and windy, but all the guests turned up prepared to enjoy themselves, and they did! Special drags and 'buses took out a big contingent of young people from town, and returned with them long after midnight. The big room was cleared for dancing, and the wide verandahs were closed in with awnings and furnished with cosy seats and decorations. Mrs. Bristowe wore pale blue glace, the pretty bodice being draped with delicate lace. Her young daughter was in white, with a handsome chine sash. Two guests who are staying with Mrs. Bristowe are Miss Cotter (Auckland) and Miss Anderson (Christchurch). The former wore pale blue taffetas made with deep tucks and folds of lace. Miss Anderson was in white eau de soie, with a smart belt. Miss Haybittle wore white chiffon, with touches of red; Miss Simpson, white glace and lace frills; Miss E. Simpson, sky-blue taffetas; Miss Miles, lilac crepe de chine, with folds of velvet; Miss — Miles, white taffetas and lace; Miss Jones, ivory glace, with berthe of handsome lace; Miss Ewen, pale blue glace and roses; Miss Watson, electric blue velvet; Miss Beauchamp, vieux rose satin; Miss — Beauchamp, white taffetas and pale blue belt; Miss Stuart, black glace veiled in net; Miss Riley, white chiffon and pale blue belt; Miss Nelson, dull blue chiffon satin, with folds of sapphire blue velvet; Mrs. A. Ballance, white chiffon satin and roses.

Directly after Easter there will be

SEVERAL WEDDINGS TO DISCUSS.

That of Miss Morna Fell and Captain Earl Johnston will be rather a big affair, as the bridegroom has so many relations in Wellington. His cousin, Mr. Duncan Menzies, will be married two days previously at Greatford, Rangitikei, where his fiancee, Miss Willis, lives. Captain and Mrs. Johnston will reside in India.

There was

A CHEERFUL LITTLE FUNCTION

at the Girls' College a few days ago, when the Old Girls' Association had an afternoon tea. After some business matters had been discussed, some good music was listened to with appreciation, and an amusing recitation was much enjoyed. Miss Ecclesfield, who is one of the head teachers, wore a white silk voile and a hat with flowers; Mrs. Hudson, dark blue tailor-made, and blue hat; Miss S. Johnson, pale blue voile and white hat; Miss Stevenson, green canvas and hat with flowers; Miss Alexander, dark red cloth and black hat; Miss Pringle, white voile and hat with flowers; Miss Davidson, pretty voile dress and smart hat; Miss Winder, white embroidered linen and floral hat; Miss Gibson, white muslin and dull green hat; Miss Duncan, grey tailor-made and black hat.

THE VICTORIA COLLEGE SPORTS

were held on Saturday afternoon, and in the evening there was a concert to celebrate the event. The sports were quite exciting, and as the selection of competitors to represent the College at the University Tournament at Auckland depended on the result of the races there were some great struggles to win. The grandstand and the enclosure were well filled with people, and the chaff and barracking of the students, together with frequent war-cries, made things go off with spirit. Among the spectators were Mrs. Easterfield, Mrs. Von Haast, the Misses Van Staveren, Mrs. Brown, Miss Martin, Mrs. and Miss Wilson, Mrs. Jones, Miss Robertson, Miss Mackellar, Miss Hislop, Mrs. Richmond, Misses Fell, Miss Cox, and many others.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, March 27.

A RECEPTION

was given by Miss Moreland at Christ's College on Tuesday afternoon as a farewell to her friend Miss Holly who is shortly returning to England. The weather was too damp and cold for a garden party so tea was served in the dining room. Miss Moreland wore a white dress and pale green hat; Miss Holly champagne-coloured voile with belt and ribbons of pale blue silk and rose-trimmed hat; Mrs Reeves black silk toilette black bonnet relieved with white; Miss Reeves tailor-made costume of grey tweed black and white hat with red feathers; Miss N. Reeves dress of turquoise blue voile black and white hat; Mrs J. S. Thomson black dress with white chiffon scarf, black hat; Mrs Blunt, pretty grey voile dress, heliotrope toque, grey squirrel furs; Dr Alice Moorhouse, olive-green silk dress, black hat; Miss Bowen, coat and skirt of fawn-coloured cloth, hat with roses; Mrs Hogg, pale grey costume, black hat; Mrs Bevan-Browne, crimson silk gown, black hat; Miss Murray-Aynsley, a pretty white frock, black and white hat; Miss Merton, a pink dress, hat to match; Miss M. Williams, dark blue costume and hat; Mrs Julius, black and white toilette; Mrs Talbot, black dress, white lace scarf, and black and white hat; Mrs J. Bond wore white; Miss Cook, dress of turquoise blue, white hat, with roses; Miss Lucy Cook, costume of vieux rose cloth, faced with white, hat ensuite; Miss Hill, costume of pale heliotrope cloth, toque to match.

A FAREWELL TEA.

was given in Broadway's rooms by Mr and Mrs Hurst Seager prior to their leaving Christchurch for a trip to England and the Continent. Amongst the guests were Dr and Mrs Jennings, Dr and Mrs Talbot, Miss Coster (Fiji), Mr C. Wood, Dr and Mrs Finch, and several others.

The Misses Meares gave

A TENNIS PARTY

at Toowoomba, Merivale, on Wednesday afternoon to several of their girl friends. A tournament was played, Miss Wilding and Miss C. Prins being the winners. Others present were Misses Anderson (2), Bloxam, Symes, Merton, Martin, Hindmarsh (Napier), Thomas (2), E. Preston, Burns (2), Molineaux and Nancarrow. After tennis the winners were presented with silver photo frames. Afternoon tea was served on the lawn, and a very enjoyable time was spent.

MADAME BLANCHE ARRAL'S CONCERT,

given in His Majesty's Theatre, was very largely attended. Amongst those present were Mrs and Miss Deans, Mrs and Miss Boyle, Mrs and the Misses Burns, Mrs and Miss Izard, Mrs and Miss Louisson, Mrs and Miss Elworthy; Mr and Mrs Wigley, Mrs and Misses Julius, Miss Acland, Miss Kettle, Mrs and Miss Pitman.

AT THE EXHIBITION

the oratorio "Elijah" is being given. Miss Amy Murphy (Dunedin), is soprano soloist, Mrs LeCren (Auckland), contralto, Mr Carl Puschell, tenor, Mr John Prouse (Wellington), baritone, and Mr H. Whittingham, organist. The Exhibition orchestra and chorus of 140 voices are under the conductorship of Mr Henry Wells.

A CHARITY BALL

in aid of Nurse Maude's Nursing Fund is being arranged by Mrs Wardrop and a number of other ladies. It will be held in the Art Gallery, Armagh-street, on April 2, and promises to be a most successful affair.

DOLLY VALE.

STAMP COLLECTING

ITS EDUCATIONAL VALUE.

Stamp collecting is a hobby which should be encouraged by all parents, if only as a means of educating the young. It is simply wonderful what a varied knowledge is obtained by the careful study of stamps of various countries, and different periods. Until the pictorial stamp craze set in, the postage labels were really the record of the changes of rulers of many countries. For instance, it is by the portraits on the stamps of the United States that the features of the various presidents are so well known. Then, too, the stamps of France show the changes of Government from Republic to Empire and back again to a Republic. Now, however, stamps have, in many instances, practically become a means of advertising the scenery of different countries, also the particular birds and beast, fishes and plants, that are found in special localities. The stamps of Australia show the emu, kangaroo, lyre bird, and platypus; New Zealand, the kiwi, huia, and kaka; Canada, the beaver, and Newfoundland the seal and codfish. As for the stamps of Labuan, they are a miniature menagerie, showing the crocodile, Malay stag, Argus pheasant, orang-utan and honey bear.

Apart from these are, however, the illustrations of physical features of various countries. Thousands upon thousands of people have become familiar with the scenic wonders of this colony by means of the pictorial issue of stamps. Just the same other countries are being advertised by means of the stamps issued from time to time, and in the meanwhile, every boy and girl who collects, is in a pleasing way imbibing an extended knowledge of his own and other lands. Even the Commemorative stamps are useful in their way, always provided that they have something to commemorate. For instance, how could the progress of America be better illustrated to a boy's mind than by means of the envelope stamp illustrating the changes made from the days of the Pony Post, to the mail train across the Continent. Then, again, President Kruger's jubilee stamp illustrates the progress of the Transvaal from the old bullock team to the railway train over the veldt. The present issue of stamps of the Transvaal, bearing King Edward's portrait, further impresses upon the child the fact that the Republic has passed away. A great amount of knowledge of Africa is gained from the pictures on the stamps of the various colonies. Art is also taught by the famous paintings reproduced on the Colombian Exhibition issue of the United States. Unfortunately the New Zealand Exhibition issue cannot be classed as works of art, although it is not the fault of the designs. In the United States St. Louis Exhibition series of stamps the 10c., showing the Louisana area purchased from France, impresses forcibly upon the mind of collectors how near the America Continent was to being of, as at present, being held by people speaking the same language, although very distinct forms of government. To those who think a little more on the matter, that stamp calls to mind how cleverly Napoleon played checkmate with England, when, finding he could not hope to hold a colony in America, he sold his rights to a British colony which had separated from the Mother Country after a war that left bitter memories that are only now beginning to die out.

Stamps have also their record of human suffering to tell. Surely it is pathetic to see in the change of stamps evidence of the time when the free Finns were forced into the Russian Empire, and their distinctive stamp replaced by that of the Czar.

Then there is the old issue of Alsace and Lorraine, which reminds one how Prussia resumed what France had stolen from Germany. Just the same, the most recent issues show the regrettable separation of Norway from Sweden, regrettable, because it may yet mean the absorption of both by the Colossus of the North, once the house is set in order sufficiently to allow the old policy of aggression to be resumed. Foiled by Japan in the East, Russia may yet spread the other way, and two countries divided by jealousy will be more easily dealt with than if they were united as of yore. Had Denmark, Norway, and Sweden remained united, probably Schleswig-Holstein would not have been taken from the former country.

Turning to Egypt, we see once more how modern history is taught by the stamps. First, there are those of the Khedive, then those indicating the time the French had so much influence, on which appears the inscription in that language. Now we have the English occupation shown in the stamps, while the Camel stamps of Sudan indicate that the work of extension goes on.

The progress of the world may also be studied in the stamps. The completion of that wonderful engineering feat of bridging over the Victoria Falls is well depicted on a recent stamp, while one Exhibition issue of the United States shows the bridge at Niagara Falls, the automobile, and the great Atlantic liner. The end of Spain's Colonial Empire is recorded by the over-printed stamps of the United States for use in Cuba, Porto Rica, and the Philippines, also the seizure of the Hawaiian Islands, and the Panama Canal Zone, by the upholders of the Monroe doctrine. The history of Germany's first entry into the Pacific may likewise be read on the stamps of Samoa and New Guinea. It is not often that Great Britain loses any part of its Empire across the seas, but the stamps used in Heligoland (once a British possession) are now German. Whether the fact that the island is being steadily washed away had anything to do with its cessation it is hard to say. In fact, from the above brief sketch it will be seen how as men make history the stamps record it, and their collection by young people is really an education as well as a pastime, which as the years roll on may also become a profitable speculation.

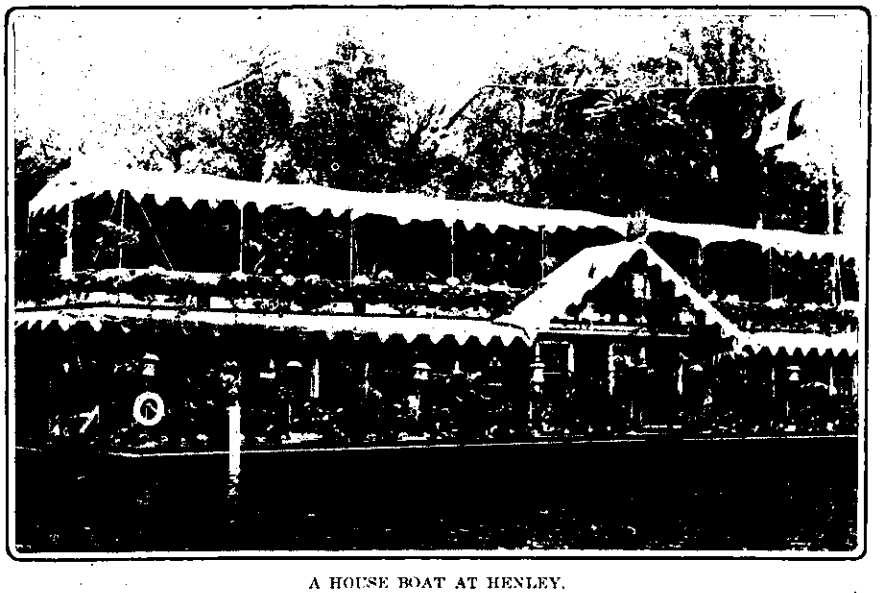
* * * *

A French journal states that a scandal has occurred at Hanoi, it having been discovered that 200,000 francs' worth of stamps have been fraudulently surcharged with a view to increasing their philatelic value. The only trouble is that similar scandals are not raised in all places where systematic surcharging goes on. The only real cure is for collectors to collect distinct stamps, and not those disfigured by overprints.

A MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.

The Earl of Shrewsbury is driving and sitting by him is Princess Alexander of Teck. Prince Alexander, who will be remembered as having visited New Zealand with the Duke and Duchess of York, is seated behind.

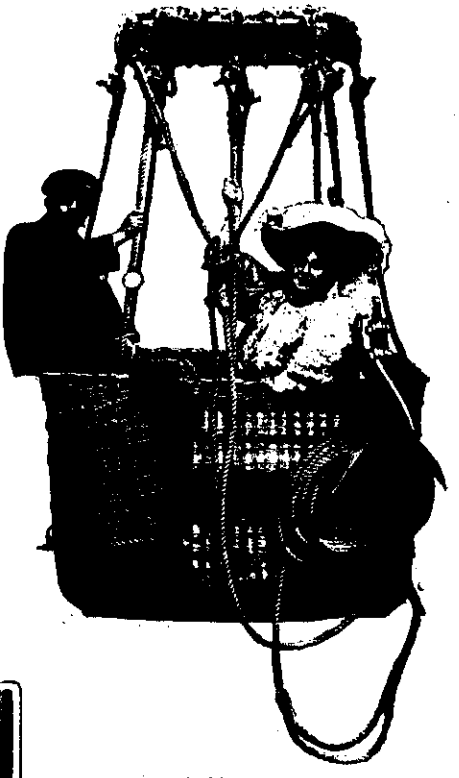
A SUMMER DAY ON THE THAMES: GOING OVER THE ROLLERS AT MOLESEY LOCK.



A HOUSE BOAT AT HENLEY.

The houseboats are always a feature of the famous regatta. Some of them cost hundreds a week, and much money is spent on decorations at Carnival time.

HOW ENGLISH SOCIETY AMUSES ITSELF.



A COSTLY PASTIME.

Ballooning is the coming craze in society and theatrical circles, and is said to be a cure for tired nerves. Miss Earle, a pretty actress, made an ascent recently with Mr. Spencer, the well-known aeronaut. The photograph was taken just before the start.

A Master of Craft.

MR. W. W. JACOBS AND HIS STORIES.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs' father was a wharfinger at Wapping, and it may have been this that led the novelist to see the humour in those who man our ships. From his earliest days Mr. Jacobs loved the sea, and it was his original intention to be a sailor. So one day he went on an experimental voyage, and was so frightfully ill in consequence that he vowed then and there that he would be a "landlubber" after all. And that is how W. W. Jacobs came to take to writing instead of being a sailor, and the public will be grateful that chance led him to adopt a calling which enables him to use his talents in the interests of others.

It was some time after Mr. Jacobs had decided that he would not go to sea that he decided to adopt literature. In those days he did not know he could write—had no suspicion of it, in fact. So he entered the Post Office and spent some years counting other people's money in the Savings' Bank Department.

The first thing he ever wrote was an article for a magazine published by the Post Office. But it was a gratuitous contribution, and "W. W." felt at that time encouraged that they would take it even as a gift. So he wrote another article, and sent it to an outside journal which gave him five shillings for it. Then he grew bolder; he wrote a story. He sent it to Jerome K. Jerome, then editing the "Idler," and the result was that it was not only accepted, but the editor asked for more. It was this that caused Mr. Jacobs to think of story-writing seriously.

It is only seven years since Mr. Jacobs left the Post Office, though his first book came out ten years ago. This was "Many Cargoes," a collection of his short stories, and it is rather curious that though it has since run into more than eighteen editions it was declined by five publishers before the sixth saw its merits. But this is often the case with those who are destined to become great authors. With the single exception of Hall Caine, I believe there is no living writer who had his initial effort

accepted by the first publisher it was offered to.

It is rather curious, too, that, although Mr. Jacobs used to spend much time on the river watching sailors and bargemen in his younger days, only one story he has ever written was modelled on a story he actually heard a sailor tell. This story he managed to write in a day as the result, but as a rule it takes him a month to write a short story. His usual method is to write in the evening, for the daytime will be given up to gardening or some other similar pastime. Then about seven o'clock he will go into his study, lock himself in, and begin to write. He writes slowly, and sharp to the hour of ten he stops. He is not in the habit of burning the midnight oil. His plots,' he says, come from nowhere, they form themselves. "But," he says "I generally begin with a man and a girl. They are pretty certain to lead somewhere."

One thing, however, he is very careful about, and that is the name of each character. A great deal is in a name where the novelist is concerned. He does not invent names, but has kept a list of curious names which came to his notice whilst he was in the Savings' Bank, and on these he draws when he wishes to name his characters.

A short time ago this led to a rather curious episode. A lady living in Somersetshire wrote to ask where he got a certain name from, as it was her surname, and she had never heard of it anywhere else. Perchance, the good lady is one of the Savings' Bank clients.

The human panorama of the river always impressed Jacobs. The men he met there, rough diamonds most of them, but good fellows at heart, and often generous to a fault, always linger in his memory, and thus aid him in his work. Jacobs has a great admiration for these sea-faring folk, in spite of their bluntness, and that is why he is so happily inspired in introducing them into stories. Of his voyages on colliers and barges he tells many stories. Here is one. Some of his literary friends were one day discussing the forcible language a certain sailor used, when Jacobs broke in with:

"The worst language I ever heard was on a Cardiff collier. When she set out for London every man on board, from the captain downwards, except the mate, had had more to drink, I believe, than was good for him. At all events, they were a lively crew.

"The mate was in charge and on the bridge during the whole voyage. He began swearing not very long after we left Cardiff, and he continued until we got to London, and he didn't repeat himself once!"

Jacobs can tell a story as well as write one. Here is one he is very fond of:—

"Little Johnny is busily engaged doing his home lessons when his big brother enters. He pats him on the head, and says affectionately:

"'Well, Johnny, my boy, what are you at work at now? Is it geography?'

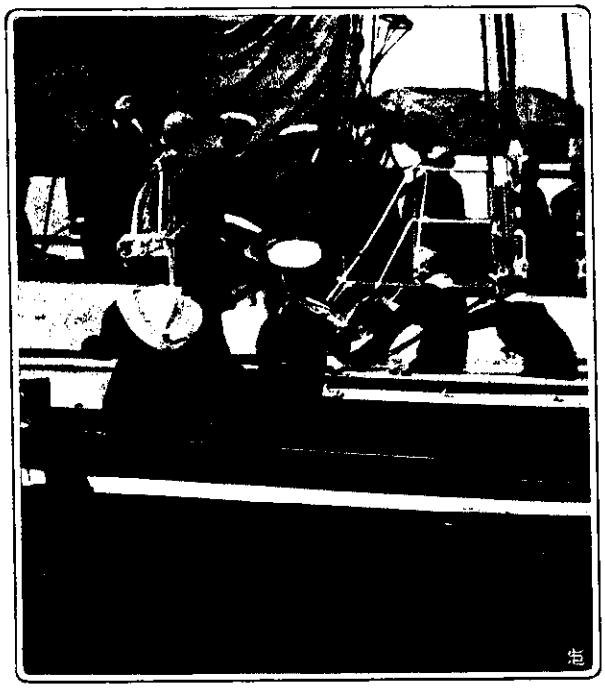
"'If it's upstairs I'm not going to fetch it,' says Johnny, without looking up."

BEING SHOWN ROUND THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT DERBY BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

ATTENDING A THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S.

Mr. Jacobs shares with many other authors a love of writing for the stage. The great success that attended the production, by Cyril Maude, of "Beauty and the Barge" at the Haymarket, makes one hope that ere long another such treat may be in store for playgoers.

HIS MAJESTY AS A SPORTSMAN IN THE ROYAL BOX AT ASCOT.



AT COWES REGATTA.

INCIDENTS IN KING EDWARD'S BUSY LIFE.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

BY MARGUERITE

USEFUL GOWNS FOR AUTUMN.

I am giving you a sketch which I feel sure you will like, for a simple but very graceful wrapper, to be trimmed with insertions either of Irish crochet lace or of embroidery to match. I think you will find the double points which form a shoulder cape very becoming indeed. The elbow sleeves, too, are particularly pretty.

MORNING WRAPPER IN VIYELLA.

The popularity of filet lace is practically assured for the autumn, most of the new dentelles designed as trimmings showing the influence of this vogue. The prettiest tea-gowns, as well as afternoon frocks, are fshioned of snowy crepe de Chine supplemented with graduating panels of string coloured filet lace mounted over chiffon or are adorned round the hem with diamond-shaped motifs of the same, outlined with narrow pleated frills of string-coloured chiffon to match.

A GRACEFUL GOWN IN BLACK CLOTH AND COURTAULD'S CRAPE.

AN EMPIRE NIGHT DRESS IN NAINSOOK.

Royal blue, the colour which has the almost unique advantage of suiting blondes and brunettes alike, will be seen again this season, the material chosen being the soft faced cloth supplemented with an embroidery carried out in floss silk of the same shade. The dress is frequently made in pinafore form over a vest of folded chiffon in the same shade, a relief being in some cases afforded by a vest of ecru coloured net liberally encrusted with lace.

I think you will be pleased with the accompanying suggestion for an Empire night-dress. The robe de nuit sketched by our artist has a vest formed alternately of tucks and lace insertion, and a very pretty Empire bolero, turned back with pointed revers, trimmed in like fashion. The square neck can be filled in with a collar band of tucks and lace, if you like, but for my own part I think that it is infinitely prettier left as it is. It would be quite easy to have chemises and camisoles to match.

I'M SO GLAD YOU BROUGHT THE BABY
SO AM I
I'VE GOT AN IDEA NOW THATS A PEACH
HOW DOES IT LOOK NOW, MARY JANE?
IT LOOKS JUST PERFECT BUSTER
NOW WE'LL GO AND GIVE THE ALARM
I'LL GET IN HERE MYSELF
WHAT IS MY SON UP TO NOW?
THEY LOOK JUST LIKE LEGS
YOU'VE GOT THEM FULL ENOUGH NOW I THINK


SEE, THERES A MAN IN THE CARRIAGE
OUCH
BITE IT, TIGE
SHAME ON YOU BUSTER
RESOLVED!
THAT COWARDICE IS A THING THAT I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE GUILTY OF
I KNOW THAT FEAR MAKES PEOPLE SICK AND EVEN KILLS SOME INSTANTLY. THOSE WHO LIVE IN FEAR ALL THE TIME JUST DIE BY DEGREES
SOME PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS AFRAID THAT SICKNESS OR BANKRUPTCY OR SOME THING MUST SURELY GET 'EM. IF THEY HAV N'T GOT A PAIN THEY'LL WONDER WHY. THEY BELIEVE THAT SICKNESS AND SIN IS OUR NATURAL CONDITION AND GO THROUGH LIFE SCARED STIFF, BUT NEVER JOLLY AND HAPPY OR WELL
I AM ASHAMED

NEW POSSIBILITIES OF THE AUTO.

Bones: Why are you crawling under the machine? There's nothing the matter with it.

Jones: I know it, but there comes Brown. If he sees me with this auto he'll expect me to pay him the money I owe him.

HOW IGNORANT!

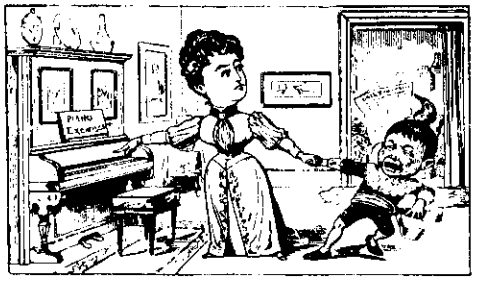
Mr Dubley: "She was braggin' about how successful her dinner party was. She said it wound up 'with great eclaw.' What's 'eschw,' anyway?" Miss Mugley: "Why I guess that was the dessert. Didn't you never eat a chocolate eclaw?"

FUN FOR WILLIE.

Small girl (with smaller brother: "How much is it to Shepherd's Bush?" Box-Office Clerk: "Tuppence. I've told you that five times already." — Small Girl: "Yes, I know; but little Willie likes to see you come to the window; it reminds him of the Zoo."

A FAMILY DISCORD.

Or, how Tommy played the piano and the Old Man.



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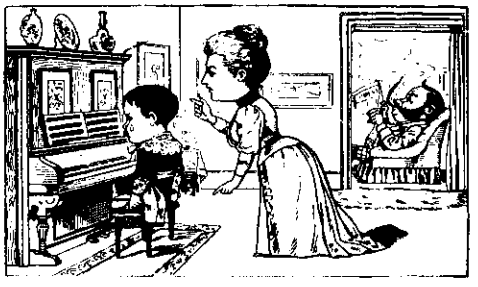

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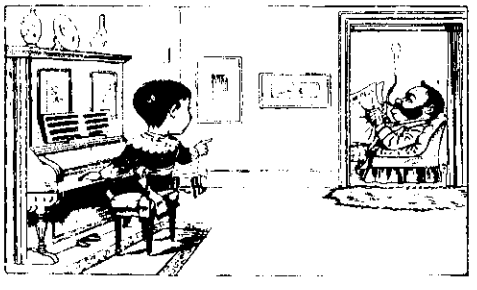

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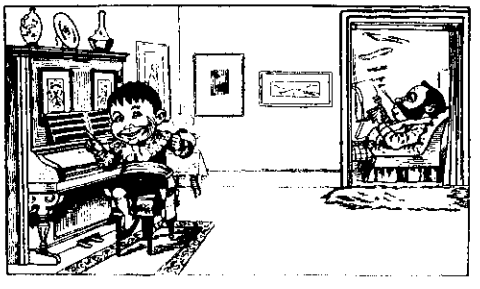

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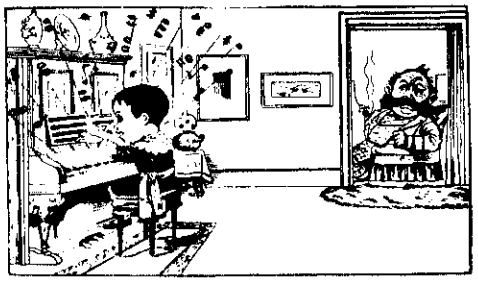

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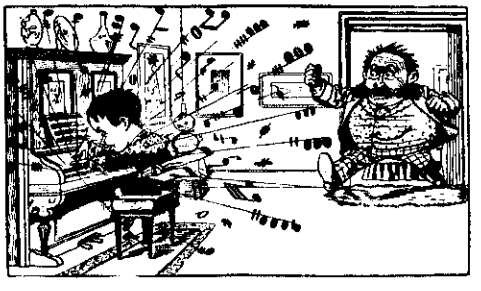

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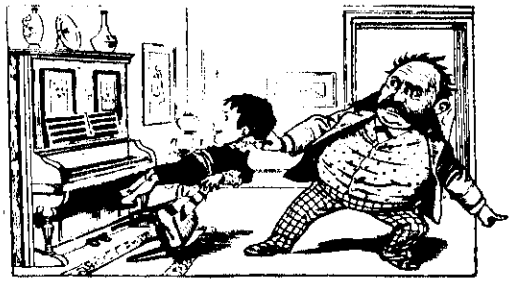

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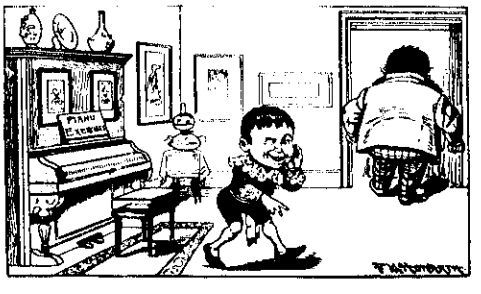
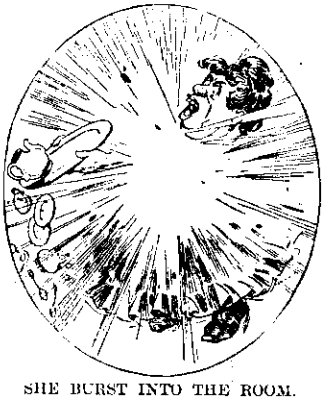


VIII.

SHE BUTTONHOLED HIM.

SHE SAILED UP THE AISLE



SHE BURST INTO THE ROOM.

SHE JUST DROPPED IN.

THINK THIS OVER.

Of troubles connubial, jars and divorce,
This, we believe, is the fruitfullest source—
A man falls in love with a dimple or curl,
Then foolishly marries the entire girl.

THE RHYME FOR TWELFTH.

"There are Bookth that I have on my thelvth
Which declare that no word rhymth with twelvth!"
Said Lisper McGee.
"How eathy for me!
Thtoopid Writerth! It rhymth with themthelvth!"