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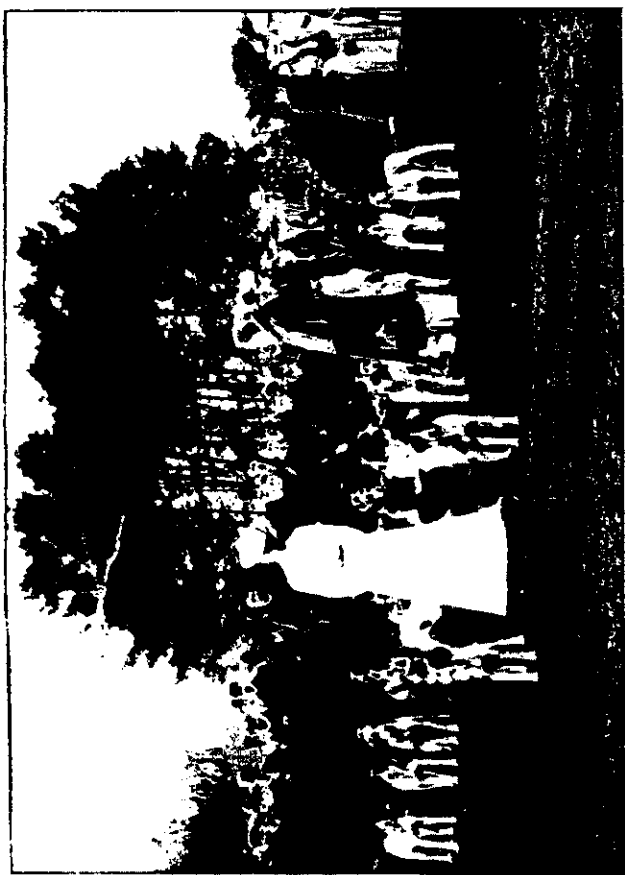
SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1907

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WELL-KNOWN WELLINGTONIANS: MR. C. M. MONTEFIORE.

RESIDENT SECRETARY IN NEW ZEALAND FOR THE OCEAN ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.



THE PAKURANGA HUNT CLUB'S SEASON: "AT HOME" GIVEN BY THE MASTER AND MRS. H. T. GORRIE.

THERE WAS A LARGE GATHERING AT "DUNKERON," THREE KINGS, ON SATURDAY, WHEN THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE SEASON WAS MARKED BY A VERY SUCCESSFUL "AT HOME."



SNAPSHOTS OF WELL-KNOWN HUNTING PEOPLE AND GUESTS AT THE "AT HOME" GIVEN BY MR. AND MRS. H. T. GORRIE.



NEARLY DINNER TIME.



"KAPAI TE SEWING MACHINE."

DOMESTIC STUDIES IN MAORI LIFE IN THE HOT LAKE DISTRICT.



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT: STAGHOUND AND SCOTTISH TERRIER.



HONOUR FOR A NEW ZEALAND COMMERCIAL MAN.

Sir James Mills, the capable managing director of the Union Steamship Company, who has just been created a Knight by His Majesty the King.

Value of Advertising.

Mr. Thomas Breeham, the founder of the famous pill manufacturing firm at St. Helen's, whose death was recorded recently, was a firm believer in the value of advertising. He made the phrase, "Worth a guinea a box" known in every part of the world.

His son, Mr. Joseph Breeham, to whom the control of the great business was handed over fifteen years ago, possesses the same business instinct.

Some years ago he conducted a party of Liverpool journalists over the new buildings of the firm, and dwelling on the subject of advertising, remarked:—

"Our turnover is £150,000 a year. Of this the material, interest on capital, labour, etc., absorb £25,000; and we spend £100,000 in advertising, leaving as a profit £25,000. My belief is," he added, "that if we reduced our advertising by one-half we should speedily be making no profit at all."

The late Mr. Thomas Breeham was not the gentleman concerned in the judicial separation proceedings which took place some years ago.



THE PREMIER AND CABINET MINISTERS ON THE UNION TURBINE S.S. MAHENO.



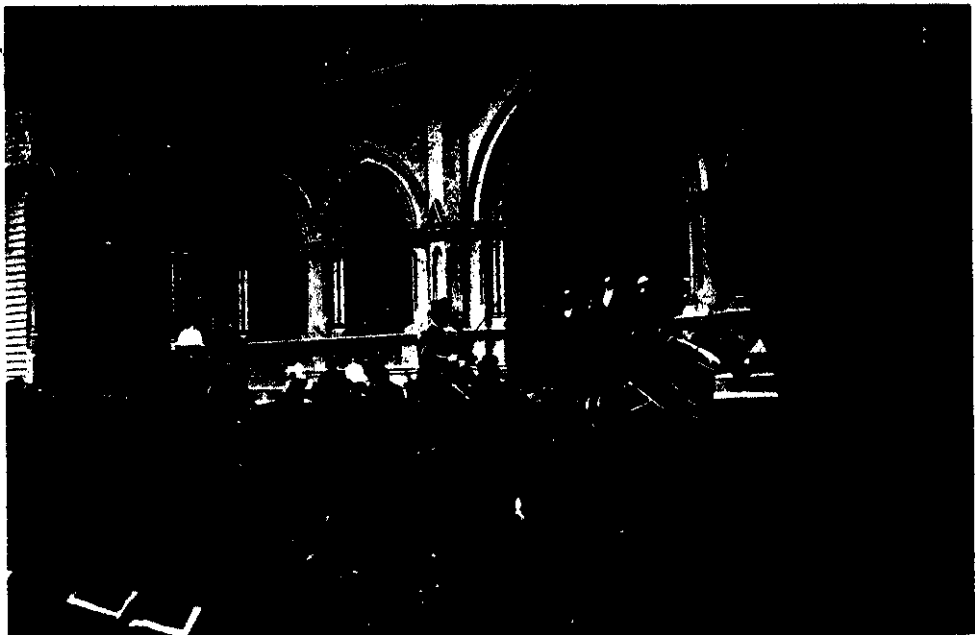
A FAMILY GROUP, TAKEN ON BOARD THE UNION S.S. MAHENO.
THE RETURN OF SIR JOSEPH WARD.



Bartlett, photo.

MISS MADOLINE KNIGHT.

Who is to play Lazzarini in "Maritana,"
Auckland Opera House, July 9-12.



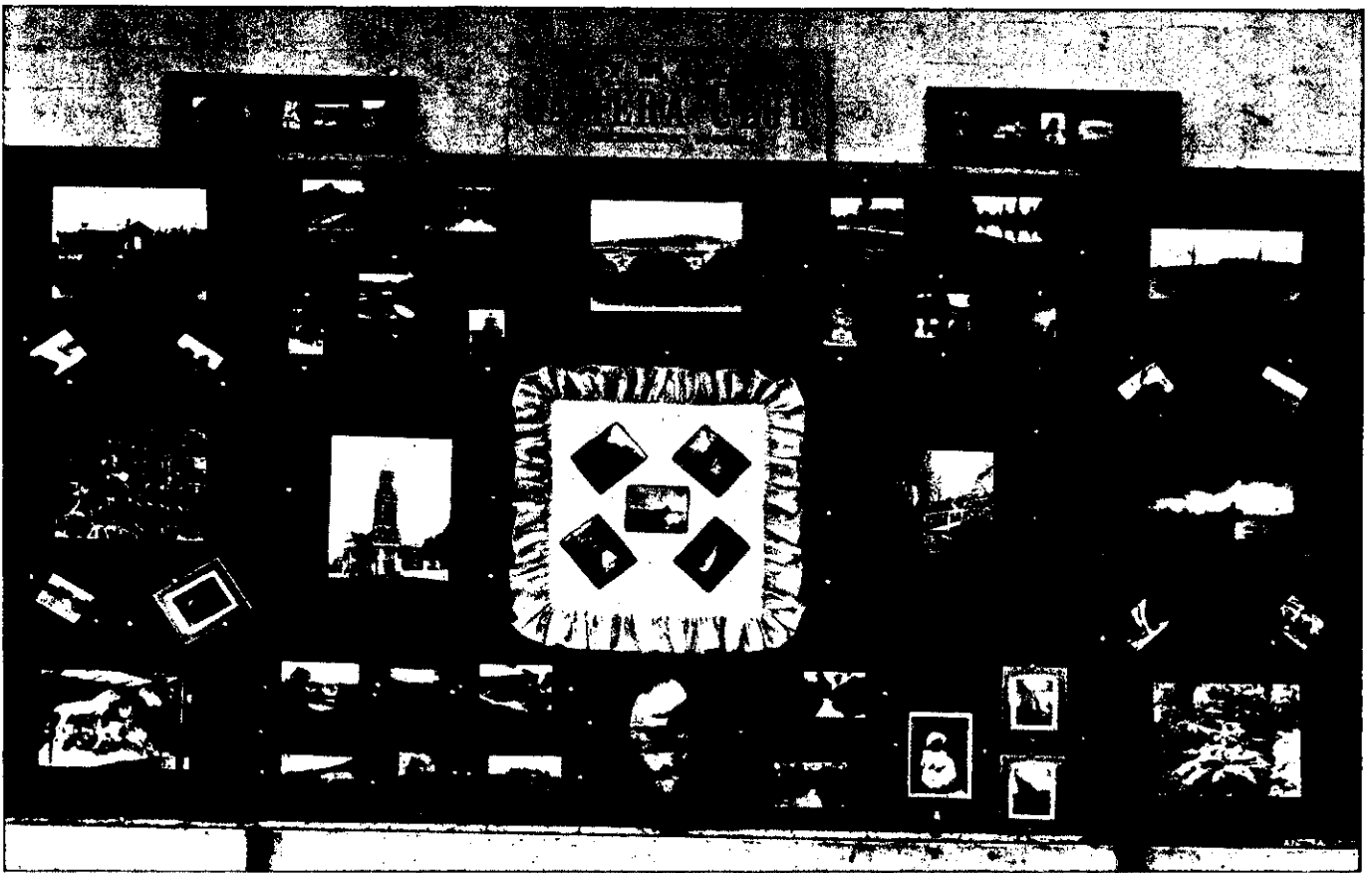
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, LORD PLUNKET, ARRIVING TO OPEN PARLIAMENT IN
WELLINGTON, JUNE 27, 1907.
S-haef, photo.



THE COLONY WELCOMES ITS PREMIER HOME AGAIN.

SPECIALTY TAKEN FOR THE "N.Z. GRAPHIC"

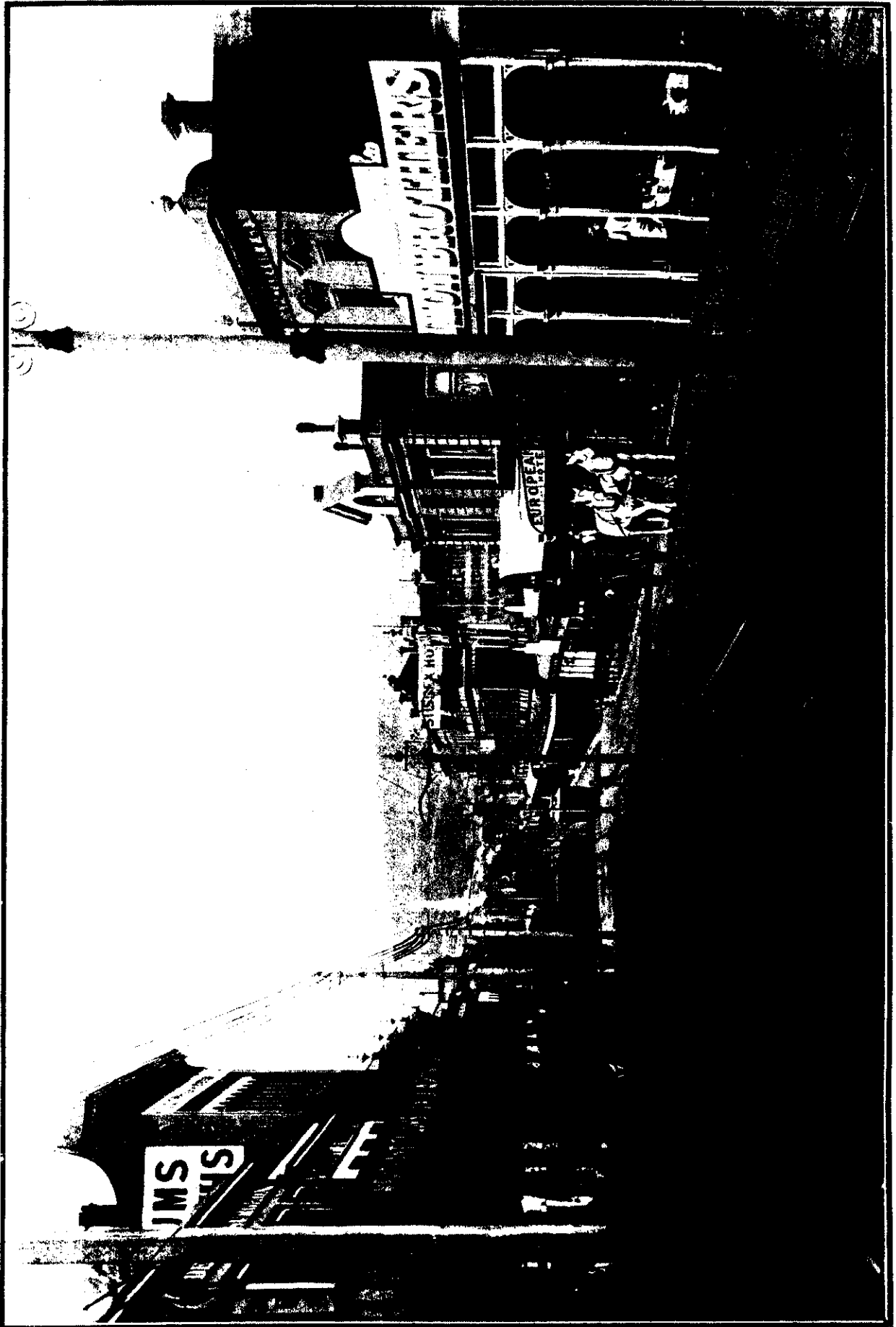
S. H. H. photo.



Prof. E. Cory, photo.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY. PERHAPS THE MOST POPULAR HOBBY IN NEW ZEALAND.

The Y.M.C.A. in Auckland has attached to it a very enterprising Camera Club. An exhibition of members' work was recently held, and proved very successful. The two views above show some of the best exhibits.



GEORGE-STREET, DUNEDIN, 1907.



CANOE BUILDING IN THE CAROLINE GROUP.



NATIVES OF THE CAROLINES IN MATS WOVEN BY THEMSELVES.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS DEVASTATED BY A HURRICANE, WHICH COST 280 LIVES.



WALL AMONGST THE ANCIENT RUINS, PONAPE.

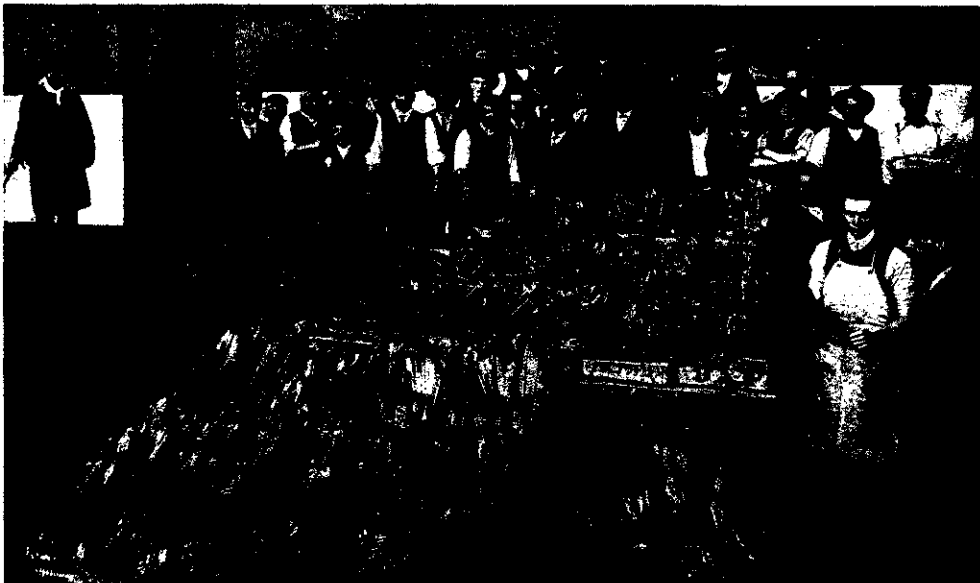


MASSIVE ANCIENT RUINS, PONAPE, CAROLINE ISLANDS.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS DEVASTATED BY A HURRICANE, WHICH COST 280 LIVES.



AN AUCTION OF SMOKED COD ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE UNION COMPANY'S BIG STEAMER.



AN EXHIBIT OF COD BY ONE OF THE COLONY'S BIG CUSTOMERS.



Photos, supplied by N.Z. Tourist Dept.

SELLING NEW ZEALAND BLUE COD AT A LARGE RETAIL STORE IN THE VICTORIAN CAPITAL.

THE NEW ZEALAND BLUE COD INDUSTRY. MEETING THE ENORMOUS DEMAND FOR OUR FISH IN MELBOURNE.



THE LATE SIR JOHN HALL,

Who died last week at Hororata, aged eighty-three years. Sir John, who was born in England, came out to the Colony in the year 1852, and has been closely connected with its public life ever since, particularly in Canterbury.



THE REV. CANON NELSON, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Paul's Anglican Church, Auckland, who has been appointed to succeed the Rev. D. W. Runciman as Registrar of the Auckland University College.



THE QUEEN OF SCOTTISH SONG: JESSIE MACLAHLAN,

Whose farewell New Zealand Tour opens at H.M. Theatre, Auckland, July 15.



ONE OF NEW ZEALAND'S MANY SCENIC GEMS: MOUNT MACKENZIE, FROM THE CLINTON RIVER.



A NATIVE CHIEF, SATAWAL.



CAROLINE ISLANDERS IN MARTIAL ATTIRE.



A NATIVE BELLE, SATAWAL.



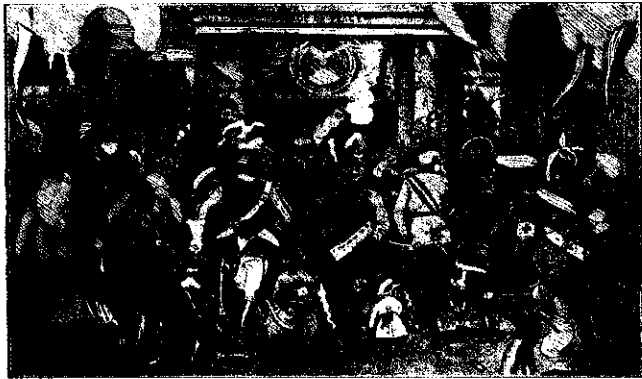
AMERICAN MISSION CHURCH, SATAWAL, CAROLINE ISLANDS.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS DEVASTATED BY A HURRICANE, WHICH COST 280 LIVES.



THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE.

This is to be the permanent home of the Peace Conference, the money for its erection having been contributed by Mr. Carnegie. At present, pending its erection, the Conference meets in a very unpretentious-looking building called THE HOFZAAL.



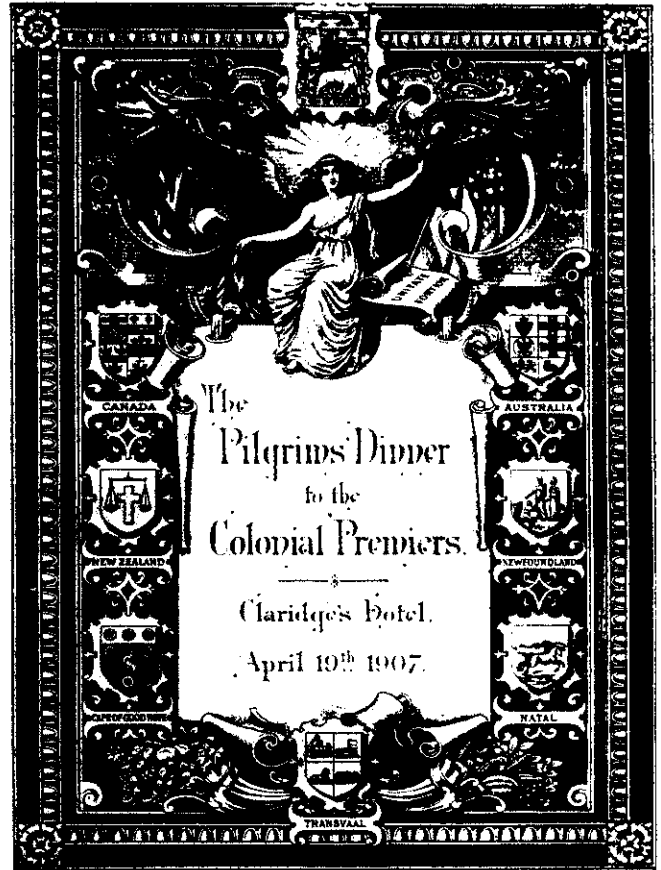
INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE, HOLLAND.

The sittings of this body, which is composed of representatives from all the Nations, naturally excites keen interest all over the world. Many people's ideas of such a Conference, which is one of the most astonishing manifestations of the age, coincide with that of "Punch's" comic artist, depicted above, but every year it grows in importance and influence, and must become a great factor in international relations.



AN UNCONVENTIONAL CAR.

Mr. G. W. S. Patterson, a popular Auckland, who is now in China looking after his business interests.



A BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR OF A MEMORABLE BANQUET.

One of the most notable banquets tendered to the Colonial Premiers while in England, was that by the Pilgrims' Club, at Claridge's Hotel. The exceedingly elaborate cover of the list of guests, table plan and menu is here reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Graves Aickin, whose daughter is officially connected with the club, of which Field Marshal Lord Roberts is president. The Pilgrims have no club house of their own, but meet together on occasions of moment. Their object is to foster and increase friendliness and interest between the American and the British peoples. It is very influential and has accomplished much good. A previous banquet was given to the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, British Minister at Washington.



A WELL-KNOWN AUCKLANDER.

The above is a snapshot portrait of Mr. Charles A. Jonas, accountant, who for twenty years or more has been a familiar figure in the city. He has been in continuous practice almost up to the present time, and may justly be considered a veteran in his profession. He was retained in some of the sensational bankruptcies, embezzlement cases and liquidations of the earlier days, which will still be fresh in the memories of many business men.



THE CHASE of the GOLDEN PLATE

By JACQUES FUTRELLE

THE THINKING MACHINE.

I.

PROFESSOR AUGUSTUS S. F. X. VAN DUSEN, Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S., M.D., etc., etc., was the Court of Last Appeal in the sciences. He was five feet two inches tall, weighed 107 pounds; being slightly above normal, and wore a number eight hat. Bushy, yellow hair straggled down about his ears and partially framed a clean-shaven, wizened face in which were combined the paradoxical qualities of extreme aggressiveness and childish petulance. The mouth drooped a little at the corners, being otherwise a straight line; the eyes were mere slits of blue, squinting eternally through thick spectacles. His brow rose straight up, dome-like, majestic even, and added a whimsical grotesqueness to his appearance.

The Professor's idea of light literature, for rare moments of recreation, was page after page of encyclopaedic discussions on "ologies" and "isms," with lots of figures in 'em. Sometimes he wrote these discussions himself, and frequently held them up to annihilation. His usual speaking tone was one of deep annoyance, and he had an unwavering glare that went straight through one. He was the son of the son of the son of an eminent German scientist, the logical production of a house that had borne a distinguished name in the sciences for generations.

Thirty-five of his fifty years had been devoted to logic, study, analysis of cause and effect, material and psychological. By his personal efforts he had mercilessly flattened out and readjusted at least two of the exact sciences, and had added immeasurably to the world's sum of knowledge in others.

Once he had held the chair of philosophy in a great university, but eventually one day he promulgated a thesis that knocked the faculty's eye out, and he was invited to vacate. It was a dozen years later that that university had openly resorted to influence and diplomacy to induce him to accept its LL.D.

For years foreign and American institutions, educational, scientific and otherwise, crowded degrees upon him. He didn't care. He started fires with the elaborately formal notifications of these unsought honours, and turned again to his work in the small laboratory which was a part of his modest home. There he lived, practically a recluse, his simple wants being attended to by one aged servant, Martha.

This, then, was The Thinking Machine. This last title, The Thinking Machine, perhaps more expressive of the real man than a yard of honorary initials, was coined by Hutchinson Hatch at the time of the scientist's defeat of a chess champion after a single morning's instruction in the game. The Thinking Machine had asserted that logic was inevitable, and that game had proven his assertion. Afterward there had grown up a strange sort of friendship between the crabbed scientist and the reporter. Hatch, to the scientist, represented the govt., whirling, outside world; to the reporter, the scientist was merely a brain—a marvellously keen, penetrating, infallible guide through material

muddles far removed from the delicately precise labours of the laboratory.

Now the Thinking Machine sat in a huge chair in his reception-room with long, slender fingers pressed tip to tip and squint eyes turned upward. Hatch was talking, had been talking for more than an hour with infrequent interruptions. In that time he had laid bare the facts as he and the police knew them from the incidents of the masked ball at Seven Oaks to the return of Dollie Meredith.

"Now, Mr. Hatch," asked the Thinking Machine, "just what is known of this second theft of the gold plate?"

"It's simple enough," explained the reporter. "It was plain burglary. Some person entered the Randolph house on Monday night by cutting out a pane of glass and unfastening a window-latch. Whoever it was took the plate and escaped. That's all one knows of it."

"Left no clue, of course?"

"No, so far as has been found."

"I presume that, on its return by express, Mr. Randolph ordered the plate placed in the small room as before?"

"Yes."

"He's a fool."

"Yes."

"Please go on."

"Now the police absolutely decline to say as yet just what evidence they have against Herbert beyond the finding of the plate in his possession," the reporter resumed, "though, of course, that's enough and to spare. They will not say, either, how they first came to connect him with the affair. Detective Mallory doesn't—"

"When and where was Mr. Herbert arrested?"

"Yesterday, Tuesday, afternoon in his rooms. Fourteen pieces of the gold plate were on the table."

The Thinking Machine dropped his eyes a moment to squint at the reporter.

"Only eleven pieces of the plate were first stolen, you said?"

"Only eleven, yes."

"And I think you said two shots were fired at the thief?"

"Yes."

"Who fired them, please?"

"One of the detectives—Cunningham, I think."

"It was a detective—you know that?"

"Yes, I know that."

"Yes, yes. Please go on."

"The plate was all spread out—there was no attempt to conceal it," Hatch resumed. "There was a box on the floor and Herbert was about to pack the stuff in it when Detective Mallory and two of his men entered. Herbert's servant, Blair, was away from the house at the time. His people are up at Nova Scotia, so he was alone."

"Nothing but the gold plate was found?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the reporter. "There was a lot of jewellery in a case and fifteen or twenty odd pieces—fifty thousand dollars' worth of stuff, at least. The police took it to find the owners."

"Dear me! Dear me!" exclaimed The Thinking Machine. "Why didn't you mention the jewellery at first? Wait a minute."

Hatch was silent while the scientist continued to squint at the ceiling. The reporter wriggled in his chair uncomfortably, but finally The Thinking Machine nodded.

"That's all I know," said Hatch.

"Did Mr. Herbert say anything when arrested?"

"No, he only laughed. I don't know why. I don't imagine it would have been at all funny to me."

"Has he said anything since?"

"No, nothing to me or anybody else. He was arraigned at a preliminary hearing, pleaded not guilty and was released on twenty thousand dollars bail."

"Did he give any reason for his refusal to say anything?" insisted The Thinking Machine testily.

"He remarked to me that he wouldn't say anything because, even if he told the whole truth, no one would believe him."

"If it should have been a protestation of innocence I'm afraid nobody would have believed him," commented the scientist enigmatically. He was silent for several minutes. "It could have been a brother, of course," he mused.

"A brother?" asked Hatch quickly. "Whose brother? What brother?"

"As I understand it," the scientist went on, not heeding the question, "you did not believe Herbert guilty of the first theft?"

"Why, I couldn't," Hatch protested. "I couldn't."

"Why?"

"Well, because—because he's not that sort of man," explained the reporter. "I've known him for years, personally and by reputation."

"Was he a particular friend of yours in college?"

"No, not an intimate; but he was in my class—and he's a whacking, jump-up, ace-high, football player." That squared everything.



"You really do not love him anyway."

"Do you now believe him guilty?" insisted the scientist.

"I can't believe anything else—and yet I'd stake my life on his honesty."

"And Miss Meredith?"

The reporter was reaching the explosive point. He had seen and talked to Miss Meredith, you know.

"It's perfectly asinine to suppose that she had anything to do with either theft, don't you think?"

The Thinking Machine was silent on that point.

"Well, Mr. Hatch," he said finally, "the problem comes down to this: Did a man, and perhaps a woman, who are circumstantially proven guilty of stealing the gold plate, actually steal it? We have the stained cushion of the automobile in which the thieves escaped to indicate that one of them was wounded; we have Mr. Herbert with an injured right shoulder—a hurt received that night on his own statement, though he won't say how. We have, then, the second theft and the finding of the stolen property in his possession along with another lot of stolen stuff—jewels. It is apparently a settled case now without going further."

"But—" Hatch started to protest.

"But suppose we do go a little further," The Thinking Machine went on. "I can prove definitely, conclusively, and finally by settling only two points whether or not Mr. Herbert was wounded while in the automobile. If he was wounded while in that automobile he was the first thief; if not, he wasn't. If he was the first thief he was probably the second, but even if he were not the first thief, there is, of course, a possibility that he was the second."

Hatch was listening with mouth open. "Suppose we begin now," continued The Thinking Machine, "by finding out the name of the physician who treated Mr. Herbert's wound last Thursday night. Mr. Herbert may have a reason for keeping the identity of this physician secret, but, perhaps—wait a minute," and the scientist disappeared into the next room. He was gone for five minutes. "See if the physician who treated the wound wasn't Dr. Clarence Walpole."

The reporter blinked a little.

"Right," he said. "What next?"

"Ask him something about the nature of the wound and all the usual questions."

Hatch nodded.

"Then," resumed The Thinking Machine casually, "bring me some of Mr. Herbert's blood."

The reporter blinked a good deal, and gulped twice.

"How much?" he inquired briskly.

"A single drop on a small piece of glass will do very nicely," replied the scientist.

II.

The Supreme Police Intelligence of the Metropolitan District was doing some heavy thinking, which, modestly enough, bore generally on his own dazzling perspicacity. Just at the moment he couldn't recall any detector of crime whose lustre in any way dimmed his own, or whose mere shadow, even, had a right to fall on the same earth as his; and this lapse of memory so stimulated his admiration for the subject of his thoughts that he lighted a fresh cigar and put his feet in the middle of the desk.

He sat thus when The Thinking Machine called. The Supreme Intelligence—Mr. Mallory—knew Professor Van Dusen well, and though he received his visitor graciously, he showed no difficulty in restraining any undue outburst of enthusiasm. Instead, the same admirable self-control which prevented him from outwardly evidencing his pleasure prompted him to square back in his chair with a touch of patronizing aggressiveness in his manner.

"Ah, Professor," was his non-committal greeting.

"Good-evening, Mr. Mallory," responded the scientist in the thin, irritated voice which always set Mr. Mallory's nerves a-jangle. "I don't suppose you would tell me by what steps you were led to arrest Mr. Herbert?"

"I would not," declared Mr. Mallory promptly.

"No, nor would you inform me of the nature of the evidence against him in addition to the jewels and plate found in his possession?"

"I would not," replied Mr. Mallory again.

"No, I thought perhaps you would not," remarked The Thinking Machine. "I understand by the way, that one of your men took a leather cushion from the automobile in which the thieves escaped on the night of the ball?"

"Well, what of it?" demanded the detective.

"I merely wanted to inquire if it would be permissible for me to see that cushion?"

Detective Mallory glared at him suspiciously, then slowly his heavy face relaxed, and he laughed as he arose and produced the cushion.

"If you're trying to make any mystery of this thing, you're in bad," he informed the scientist. "We know the owner of the automobile in which Herbert and the Girl escaped. The cushion means nothing."

The Thinking Machine examined the heavy leather carefully, and paid a great deal of attention to the crusted stains which it bore. He picked at one of the brown spots with his penknife, and it flaked off in his hand.

"Herbert was caught with the goods on," declared the detective, and he thumped the desk with his lusty fist. "We've got the right man."

"Yes," admitted The Thinking Machine, "it begins to look very much as if you did have the right man—for once."

Detective Mallory snorted.

"Would you mind telling me if any of the jewellery you found in Mr. Herbert's possession has been identified?"

Meredith, weren't you?" inquired The Thinking Machine blandly. "Well, I merely asked if you thought it would be wise for your men to go so far as to arrest her."

The detective bit his cigar in two in obvious perturbation.

"How—how—did you happen to know her name?" he demanded.

"Oh, Mr. Hatch mentioned it to me," replied the scientist. "He has known of her connection with the case for several days as well as Herbert's, and has talked to them both, I think."

The Supreme Intelligence was nearly apoplectic.

"If Hatch knew it, why didn't he tell me?" he thundered.

"Really, I don't know," responded the scientist. "Perhaps," he added curtly, "he may have had some absurd notion that you would find it out for yourself. He has strange ideas like that sometimes."

And, when Detective Mallory had fully recovered, The Thinking Machine was gone.

Meanwhile Hatch had seen and questioned Dr. Clarence Walpole in the latter's office, only a stone's throw from Dick Herbert's home. Had Dr. Walpole recently dressed a wound for Mr. Herbert? Dr. Walpole had. A wound caused by a pistol bullet? Yes.

"When was it, please?" asked Hatch.

"Only a few nights ago."

"Thursday night, perhaps?"

Dr. Walpole consulted a desk diary.



Dollie Meredith.

"Sure thing," replied the detective. "That's where I've got Herbert good. Four people who look just jewellery at the musked ball have appeared and claimed pieces of the stuff."

For an instant a slightly perplexed wrinkle appeared in the brow of The Thinking Machine, and as quickly it passed.

"Of course, of course," he mused.

"It's the biggest haul of stolen goods the police of this city have made for many years," the detective volunteered complacently. "And, if I'm not wrong, there's more of it coming—no man knows how much more. Why, Herbert must have been operating for years, and he got away with it, of course, by the gentlemanly exterior, the polish, and all that. I consider his capture the most important that has happened since I have been connected with the police."

"Indeed?" inquired the scientist thoughtfully. He was still gazing at the cushion.

"And the most important development of all is to come," Detective Mallory rattled on. "That will be the real sensation, and make the arrest of Herbert seem purely incidental. It now looks as if there would be another arrest of a person who is so high socially, and all that—"

"Yes," interrupted The Thinking Machine, "but do you think it would be wise to arrest her now?"

"Her?" demanded Detective Mallory. "What do you know of any woman?"

"You were speaking of Miss Dorothy

"Yes, Thursday night, or rather Friday morning," he replied. "It was between two and three o'clock. He came here and I fixed him up."

"Where was the wound, please?"

"In the right shoulder," replied the physician, "just here," and he touched the reporter with one finger. "It wasn't dangerous, but he had lost considerable blood."

Hatch was silent for a moment, dazed. Every new point piled up the evidence against Herbert. The location of the wound—a pistol wound—the very hour of the dressing of it! Dick would have had plenty of time between the moment of the robbery, which was comparatively early, and the hour of his call on Doctor Walpole to do all those things which he was suspected of doing.

"I don't suppose Mr. Herbert explained how he got the wound?" Hatch asked apprehensively. He was afraid he had.

"No, I asked, but he evaded the question. It was, of course, none of my business, after I had extracted the bullet and dressed the hurt."

"You have the bullet?"

"Yes. It's the usual size—thirty-two calibre."

That was all. The prosecution was in, the case proven, the verdict rendered. Ten minutes later Hatch's name was announced to Dick Herbert. Dick received him gloomily, shook hands with him, then resumed his interrupted pacing.

"I had declined to see men from other papers," he said wearily.

"Now, look here, Dick," expostulated Hatch, "don't you want to make some statement of your connection with this affair? I honestly believe that if you did it would help you."

"No, I cannot make any statement—that's all," Dick's hand closed fiercely. "I can't," he added, "and there's no need to talk of it." He continued his pacing for a moment or so; then turned on the reporter. "Do you believe me guilty?" he demanded abruptly.

"I can't believe anything else," Hatch replied falteringly. "But at that I don't want to believe it." There was an embarrassed pause. "I have just seen Dr. Clarence Walpole."

"Well?" Dick wheeled on him angrily. "What he said alone would convict you even if the stuff had not been found here," Hatch replied.

"Are you trying to convict me?" Dick demanded.

"I'm trying to get the truth," remarked Hatch.

"There is just one man in the world whom I must see before the truth can ever be told," declared Dick vehemently. "And I can't find him now. I don't know where he is?"

"Let me find him. Who is he? What's his name?"

"If I told you who I might as well tell you everything," Dick went on. "It was to prevent any mention of that name that I have allowed myself to be placed in this position. It is purely a personal matter between us—at least I will make it so—and if I ever meet him—his hands closed and unclosed spasmodically—"the truth will be known unless I—I kill him first."

More bewildered, more befuddled, and more generally betangled than ever, Hatch put his hands to his head to keep it from flying off. Finally he glanced around at Dick, who stood with clenched fists and closed teeth. A blaze of madness lay in Dick's eyes.

"Have you seen Miss Meredith again?" inquired the reporter.

Dick burst out laughing.

Half an hour later, Hatch left him. On the glass top of an inkstand he carried three precious drops of Herbert's blood.

III.

Faithfully, phonographically even, Hatch repeated to The Thinking Machine the conversation he had had with Doctor Walpole, indicating on the person of the eminent scientist the exact spot of the wound as Doctor Walpole had indicated it to him. The scientist listened without comment to the recital, casually studying meanwhile the three crimson drops on the glass.

"Every step I take forward is a step backward," the reporter declared in conclusion with a helpless grin. "Instead of showing that Dick Herbert might not have stolen the plate, I am proving conclusively that he was the thief—nailing it to him so hard that he can't possibly get out of it." He was silent a moment. "If I keep on long enough," he added glumly, "I'll hang him."

The Thinking Machine squinted at him aggressively.

"You still don't believe him guilty?" he asked.

"Why, I—I—I—" Hatch burst out savagely. "Hang it, I don't know what I believe," he tapered off. "It's absolutely impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible, Mr. Hatch," snapped The Thinking Machine irritably.

The worst a problem can be is difficult, but all problems can be solved as inevitably as that two and two make four—not sometimes, but all the time. Please don't say things are impossible. It annoys me exceedingly."

Hatch stared at his distinguished friend and smiled whimsically. He was also annoyed exceedingly on his own, private, individual account—the annoyance that comes from irresistibly butting into immovable facts.

"Doctor Walpole's statement." The Thinking Machine went on after a moment, "makes this particular problem ludicrously simple. Two points alone show conclusively that Mr. Herbert was not the man in the automobile. I shall reach the third myself."

Hatch didn't say anything. The English language is singularly inadequate at times, and if he had spoken he would have had to invent a phraseology to convey even a faint glimmer of what he really thought.

"Now, Mr. Hatch," resumed the scientist, quite casually, "I understand you graduated from Harvard in ninety-eight. Yes? Well, Herbert was a classmate of yours there. Please obtain for me one of the printed lists of students who were in Harvard that year—a complete list."

"I have one at home," said the reporter.

"Get it, please, immediately, and return here," instructed the scientist.

Hatch went out, and The Thinking Machine disappeared into his laboratory. He remained there for one hour and forty-seven minutes by the clock. When he came out he found the reporter sitting in the reception-room again, holding his head. The scientist's face was as blankly inscrutable as ever.

"Here is the list," said Hatch as he handed it over.

The Thinking Machine took it in his long, slender fingers and turned two or three leaves. Finally he stopped and ran a finger down one page.

"Ah," he exclaimed at last. "I thought so."

"Thought what?" asked Hatch curiously.

"I'm going out to see Mr. Meredith now," remarked The Thinking Machine irrelevantly. "Come along. Have you met him?"

"No."

Mr. Meredith had read the newspaper accounts of the arrest of Dick Herbert and the seizure of the gold plate and jewels; he had even taunted his charming daughter with it in a fatherly sort of a way. She was weeping, weeping her heart out over this latest proof of the perfidy and loathsomeness of the man she loved. Incidentally, it may be mentioned here that the astute Mr. Meredith was not aware of any elopement plot—either the first or second.

When a card bearing the name of Mr. Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen was handed to Mr. Meredith, he went wonderingly into the reception-room. There was a pause as the scientist and Mr. Meredith mentally sized each other up; then introductions—and The Thinking Machine came down to business abruptly, as always.

"May I ask, Mr. Meredith," he began, "how many sons you have?"

"One," replied Mr. Meredith, puzzled.

"May I ask his present address?" went on the scientist.

Mr. Meredith studied the belligerent eyes of his caller, and wondered what business it was of his, for Mr. Meredith was a belligerent sort of a person himself.

"May I ask," he inquired with pronounced emphasis on the personal pronoun, why you want to know?"

Hatch rubbed his chin thoughtfully. He was wondering what would happen to him when the cyclone struck.

"It may save him and you a great deal of annoyance if you will give me his address," said The Thinking Machine. "I desire to communicate with him immediately on a matter of the utmost importance—a purely personal matter."

"Personal matter?" repeated Mr. Meredith. "Your abruptness and manner, sir, were not calculated to invite confidence."

The Thinking Machine bowed gravely. "May I ask your son's address?" he repeated.

Mr. Meredith considered the matter at some length, and finally arrived at the conclusion that he might ask.

"He is in South America at present—Buenos Ayres," he replied.

"What?" exclaimed The Thinking Machine so suddenly that both Hatch and Mr. Meredith started a little. "What?" he repeated, and wrinkles suddenly appeared in the dome-like brow.

"I said he was in South America—Buenos Ayres," repeated Mr. Meredith stiffly, but a little awed. "A letter or cable to him in care of the American Consul at Buenos Ayres will reach him promptly."

The Thinking Machine's narrow eyes were screwed down to the disappearing point, the slender, white fingers were twiddled jerkily, the corrugations remained in his brow.

"How long has Mr. Meredith been there?" he asked at last.

"Three months."

"Do you know he is there?"

Mr. Meredith started to say something, then swallowed it with an effort. "I know it positively, yes," he replied. "I received this letter, dated the second, from him three days ago, and to-day I

received a cable despatch forwarded to me here from Baltimore."

"Are you positive the letter is in your son's handwriting?"

Mr. Meredith almost choked in mingled bewilderment and resentment at the question and the manner of its asking.

"I am positive, yes," he replied at last, preserving his tone of dignity with a perceptible effort. He noted the inscrutable face of his caller, and saw the corrugations in the brow suddenly swept away. "What business of yours is it, anyway?" blazed Mr. Meredith suddenly.

"May I ask where you were last Thursday night?" went on the even, steady voice.

"It's no business of yours," Mr. Meredith blurted. "I was in Baltimore."

"Can you prove it in a court of law?"

"Prove it? Of course I can prove it!" Mr. Meredith was fairly bellowing at his impassive interrogator. "But it's nobody's business."

"If you can prove it, Mr. Meredith," remarked The Thinking Machine quietly, coldly, "you had best make your arrangements to do so, because, believe me, it may be necessary to save you from a charge of having stolen the Randolph gold plate on last Thursday night at the masked ball. Good-day, sir."

IV.

"But Mr. Herbert won't see any one, sir," protested Blair.

"Tell Mr. Herbert, please, that unless I can see him immediately his bail-bond



"I Can Prove It by Twenty Witnesses"

will be withdrawn," directed The Thinking Machine.

He stood waiting in the hall while Blair went up the stairs. Dick Herbert took the card impatiently and glanced at it.

"Van Dusen," he mused. "Who the deuce is Van Dusen?"

Blair repeated the message he had received below.

"What does he look like?" inquired Dick.

"He's a shrivelled little man with a big yellow head, sir," replied Blair.

"Let him come up," instructed Dick.

Thus, within an hour after he had talked to Mr. Meredith, The Thinking Machine met Dick Herbert.

"What's this about the bail-bond?" Dick inquired.

"I wanted to talk to you," was the scientist's calm reply. "That seemed to be the easiest way to make you believe it was important, so—"

Dick's face flushed crimson at the trick.

"Well, you see me!" he broke out angrily. "I ought to throw you down the stairs, but—what is it?"

Not having been invited to a seat, The Thinking Machine took one anyway and settled himself comfortably.

"If you will listen to me for a moment without interruption," he began testily, "I want the subject of my remarks will be of deep, personal concern to you. I am interested in solving this Randolph plate affair and have perhaps gone further in my investigation than anyone else. At least, I know more about it. There are some things I don't happen to know, however, that are of the greatest importance."

"I tell you——" stormed Dick.

"For instance," calmly resumed the scientist, "it is very important for me to know whether or not Harry Meredith was masked when he came into this room last Thursday night."

Dick gazed at him in surprise which approached awe. His eyes were widely distended, the lower part of his face lax, for an instant; then his white teeth closed with a snap and he sat down opposite The Thinking Machine. Anger had gone from his manner; instead there was a pallor of apprehension in the clean-cut face.

"Who are you, Mr. Van Dusen?" he asked at last. His tone was mild, even deferential.

"Was he masked?" insisted the scientist.

For a long while Dick was silent. Finally he arose and paced nervously back and forth across the room, glancing at the diminutive figure of The Thinking Machine each time as he turned.

"I won't say anything," he decided.

"Will you name the cause of the trouble you and Meredith had at Harvard?" asked the scientist.

Again there was a long pause.

"No," Dick said finally.

"Did it have anything to do with the theft?"

"I don't know who you are or why you are prying into an affair that, at least on its face, does not concern you," replied Dick. "I'll say nothing at all—unless—unless you produce the one man who can and shall explain this affair."

"Both," he added.

The Thinking Machine sat back in his chair and sat there for a long time. At last he arose as if the interview were at an end. There seemed to be no other questions that he desired to ask at the moment.

"You need not be unnecessarily alarmed, Mr. Herbert," he assured Dick as he picked up his hat. "I shall act with discretion in this matter. I am not representing any one who would care to make it unpleasant for you. I may tell you that you made two serious mistakes; the first when you saw or communicated with Mr. Randolph immediately after the plate was stolen the second time and again when you undertook something which properly belonged within the province of the police."

Herbert still sat with his head in his hands as The Thinking Machine went out.

It was very late that night—after twelve, in fact—when Hutchinson Hatch called on The Thinking Machine with excitement evident in tone, manner and act. He was accustomed to calling at any hour; now he found the scientist at work as if it were midday.

"The worst has happened," the reporter told him.

The Thinking Machine didn't look around.

Detective Mallory and two of his men saw Miss Meredith this evening about nine o'clock," Hatch hurried on, "and bullyragged her into a confession."

"What sort of a confession?"

"She admitted that she was in the automobile on the night of the ball, and that—"

"Mr. Herbert was with her," the scientist supplied.

"Yes."

"And—what else?"

"That her own jewels, valued at twenty thousand dollars, were among those found in Herbert's possession when he was arrested."

The Thinking Machine turned and looked at the reporter, just casually, and raised his hand to his mouth to cover a yawn.

"Well, she couldn't do anything else," he said calmly.

V.

Hutchinson Hatch remained with The Thinking Machine for more than an hour, and when he left his head was spinning with the multitude of instruction which had been heaped upon him.

"Meet me at noon in Detective Mallory's office at police headquarters," The Thinking Machine had said in conclusion. "Mr. Randolph and Miss Meredith will be there."

"Miss Meredith?" Hatch repeated.

"She hasn't been arrested, you know, and I doubt if she will come."

"She will come," the scientist had replied, as if that settled it.

Next day the Supreme Intelligence was sitting in his private office. He had eaten the canary; mingled triumph and gratification beamed upon his countenance. The smile remained, but to it was added the quality of curiosity when the door opened and The Thinking Machine, accompanied by Dollie Meredith and Stuyvesant Randolph, entered.

"Mr. Hatch called yet?" inquired the scientist.

"No," responded the detective.

"Dear me!" grumbled the other. "It's one minute after twelve o'clock now. What could have delayed him?"

His answer was the clattering rush of a cab and the appearance of Hatch in person a moment later. He came into the room headlong, glanced around, then paused.

"Did you get it," inquired The Thinking Machine.

"Yes, I got it, but——" began the reporter.

"Nothing else now," commanded the other.

There was a little pause as The Thinking Machine selected a chair. The others also sat down.

"Well?" inquired the Supreme Intelligence at last.

"I would like to ask, Mr. Mallory," the scientist said, "if it would be possible for me to convince you of Mr. Herbert's innocence of the charges against him?"

"It would not," replied the detective promptly. "It would not while the facts are before me, supplemented by the statement of Miss Meredith here—her confession."

The Thinking Machine understood.

"You recognised him, then, by something he said or wore?"

Again Dick nodded reluctantly.

Dollie coloured exquisitely and her lips trembled slightly.

"Would it be possible, Miss Meredith," the even voice went on, "to convince you of Mr. Herbert's innocence?"

"I—I don't think so," she faltered. "I—I know."

Tears which had been restrained with difficulty gushed forth suddenly and The Thinking Machine squinted at her in pained surprise.

"Don't do that," he commanded. "It's—it's exceedingly irritating." He paused a moment, then turned suddenly to Mr. Randolph: "And you?" he asked.

Mr. Randolph shrugged his shoulders. The Thinking Machine recoiled still further into his chair and stared dreamily upward with his long, slender fingers pressed tip to tip. Hatch knew the attitude; something was going to happen. He waited anxiously. Detective Mallory knew it, too, and wriggled uncomfortably.

"Suppose," the scientist began, "just suppose that we turn a little human intelligence on this problem for a change and see if we can't get the truth out of the blundering muddle that the police have helped to bring about. Let's use logic, inevitable logic, to show, simply enough, that, instead of being guilty, Mr. Herbert is innocent."

Dollie Meredith suddenly leaned forward in her chair with flushed face, eyes widely opened and lips slightly parted. Detective Mallory also leaned forward in his chair, but there was a different expression on his face—oh, so different!

"Miss Meredith, we know you were in the automobile with the Burglar, who stole the plate," The Thinking Machine went on. "You probably knew that he was wounded and possibly either aided in dressing the wound—as any woman would—or else saw him dress it himself?"

"I bound my handkerchief on it," replied the Girl. Her voice was low, almost a whisper.

"Where was the wound?"

"In the right shoulder," she replied.

"Back or front?" insisted the scientist.

"Back," she replied. "Very near the arm, an inch or so below the level of the shoulder."

Except for The Thinking Machine himself Hatch was the only person in the room to whom this statement meant anything, and he restrained a shout with difficulty.

"Now, Mr. Mallory," the scientist went on calmly, "do you happen to know Dr. Clarence Walpole?"

"I know of him, yes," replied the detective. "He is a man of considerable reputation."

"Would you believe him under oath?"

"Why, certainly, of course."

The Supreme Intelligence tugged at his bristly moustache.

"If Doctor Walpole should dress a wound and should later, under oath, point out its exact location, you would believe him?"

"Why, I'd have to, of course."

"Very well," commented The Thinking Machine tersely. "Now I will state an incontrovertible scientific fact for your further enlightenment. You may verify it any way you choose. This is, briefly, that the blood corpuscles in man average one-thirty-three-hundredth of an inch in diameter. Remember that, please: one-thirty-three-hundredth of an inch. The system of measurement has reached a state of perfection almost incomprehensible to the man who does not understand."

He paused for so long that Detective Mallory began to wriggle again. The others were leaning forward, listening, with widely varied expressions on their faces.

"Now, Mr. Mallory," continued The Thinking Machine at last, "one of your men shot twice at the Burglar in the automobile, as I understand it?"

"Yes—two shots."

"Mr. Cunningham?"

"Yes, Detective Cunningham."

"Is he here now?"

The detective pressed a button on his desk and a uniformed man appeared. Instructions were given, and a moment later Detective Cunningham stood before them wondering.

"I suppose you can prove beyond any shadow of a doubt," resumed the scientist, still addressing Mr. Mallory, "that two shots—and only two—were fired?"

"I can prove it by twenty witnesses," was the reply.

"Good, very good," exclaimed the scientist, and he turned to Cunningham. "You know that only two shots were fired?"

"I know it, yes," replied Cunningham. "I fired 'em."

"May I see your revolver?"

Cunningham produced the weapon and handed it over. The Thinking Machine merely glanced at it.

"This is the revolver you used?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then," remarked the scientist quietly, "on that statement alone Mr. Herbert is proven innocent of the charge against him."

There was an astonished gasp all around. Hatch was beginning to see what The Thinking Machine meant, and curiously watched the bewitchingly sorrowful face of Dollie Meredith. He saw all sorts of strange things there.

"Proven innocent?" snorted Detective Mallory. "Why, you've convicted him out of hand so far as I can see."

"Corpuscles in human blood average, as I said, one-thirty-three-hundredth of an inch in diameter," resumed the scientist. "They vary slightly each way, of course. Now, the corpuscles of the Burglar in the automobile measured just one-thirty-one-hundredth of an inch. Mr. Herbert's corpuscles, tested the same way with the same instruments, measure precisely one-thirty-five-hundredth." He stopped as if that were all.

"By George!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph. "By George!"

"That's all tommy-rot," Detective Mallory burst out. "That's nothing to a jury or to any other man with common-sense."

"That difference in measurement proves beyond question that Mr. Herbert was not wounded while in the automobile," went on The Thinking Machine as if there had been no interruption. "Now, Mr. Cunningham, may I ask if the Burglar's back was toward you when you fired?"

"Yes, I suppose so. He was going away from me."

"Well, that statement agrees with the statement of Miss Meredith to show that the Burglar was wounded in the back. Doctor Walpole dressed Mr. Herbert's wound between two and three o'clock Friday morning following the masked ball. Mr. Herbert had been shot, but the wound was in the front of his right shoulder."

Delighted amazement radiated from Dollie Meredith's face; she clapped her hands involuntarily as she would have applauded a stage incident. Detective Mallory started to say something, then thought better of it, and glared at Cunningham instead.

"Now, Mr. Cunningham says that he shot the Burglar with this revolver," The Thinking Machine waved the weapon under Detective Mallory's nose.

"This is the usual police weapon. Its calibre is thirty-eight. Mr. Herbert was shot with a thirty-two calibre. Here is the bullet." And he tossed it on the desk.

VI.

Strange emotions all tangled up with turbulent, night-marish impressions scrambled through Dollie Meredith's pretty head in garish disorder. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Finally she compromised by blushing radiantly at the memory of certain lingering kisses she had bestowed upon—upon—Dick Herbert! No, it wasn't Dick Herbert. Oh, dear!

Detective Mallory pounced upon the bullet as a bound upon a hare, and turned and twisted it in his hands. Cunningham leaned over his shoulder, then drew a cartridge from the revolver and compared it, as to size, with the bullet. Hatch and Mr. Randolph, looking on, saw him shake his head. The ball was too small for the revolver.

The Supreme Intelligence turned suddenly, fiercely, upon Dollie and thrust an accusing finger into her startled face.

"Mr. Herbert confessed to you that he was with you in the automobile, didn't he?"

"Yes," she faltered.

"You know he was with you?"

"I thought I knew it."

"You wouldn't have gone with any other man?"

"Certainly not!" A blaze of indignation suffused her cheeks.

"Your casket of jewels was found among the stolen goods in his possession?"

"Yes, but—"

With a wave of his hand the Supreme

Intelligence stopped explanations and turned to glare at The Thinking Machine. That imperturbable gentleman did not alter his position in the slightest, nor did he change the steady, upward squint of his eyes.

"If you have quite finished, Mr. Mallory," he said after a moment, "I will explain how and in what circumstances the stolen plate and jewels came into Mr. Herbert's possession."

"Go on," urged Mr. Randolph and Hatch in a breath.

"Explain all you please; I've got him with the goods on," declared the Supreme Intelligence doggedly.

"When the simplest rules of logic establish a fact it becomes incontrovertible," resumed the scientist. "I have shown that Mr. Herbert was not the man in the automobile—the Burglar. Now, what did happen to Mr. Herbert? Twice since his arrest he has stated that it would be useless for him to explain, because no one would believe it, and no one would have believed it unsupported—least of all you, Mr. Mallory."

"It's an admitted fact that Miss Meredith and Mr. Herbert had planned to elope from Seven Oaks the night of the ball. I dare say Mr. Herbert did not deem it wise for Miss Meredith to know his costume, although he must, of necessity, have known hers. Therefore, the plan was for him to recognise her, but as it developed she recognised him—or thought she did—and that was the real cause of this remarkable muddle." He glanced at Dollie. "Is that correct?"

Dollie nodded blushing.

"Now, Mr. Herbert did not go to the ball—why not I will explain later. Therefore, Miss Meredith recognised the real Burglar as Mr. Herbert, and we know how they ran away together after the Burglar had stolen the plate and various articles of jewellery. We must credit the Burglar with remarkable intelligence, so that when a young and attractive woman—I may say a beautiful woman—spoke to him as some one else he immediately saw an advantage in it. For instance, when there came discovery of the theft the girl might unwittingly throw the police off the track by revealing to them what she believed to be the identity of the thief. Further, he was a daring, audacious sort

of person; the pure love of such an adventure might have appealed to him. Still, again, it is possible that he might have believed Miss Meredith a thief who was in peril of discovery or capture, and a natural gallantry for one of his own craft prompted him to act as he did. There is always, too, the possibility that he knew he was mistaken for Mr. Herbert."

Dollie was beginning to see, too. "We know the method of escape, the pursuit and all that," continued the Professor, "therefore we jump to the return of the gold plate. Logic makes it instantly apparent that that was the work of Miss Meredith here. Not having the plate Mr. Herbert did not send it back, of course; and the Burglar would not have sent it back. Realising, too late, that the man she was with was really a thief—and still believing him, perhaps, to be Mr. Herbert—she must have taken the plate and escaped under cover of darkness?"

The tone carried a question and The Thinking Machine turned squintingly upon Dollie. Again she nodded. She was enthralled, fascinated, by the recital.

"It was a simple matter for her to return the gold plate by express, taking advantage of an unoccupied house and the willingness of a stranger to telephone for an express wagon. Thus, we have the plate again at Seven Oaks, and we have it there by the only method it could have been returned there when we account for, and consider, every known fact."

The Thinking Machine paused and sat silently staring upward. His listeners readjusted themselves in their chairs and waited impatiently.

"Now, why did Mr. Herbert confess to Miss Meredith that he stole the plate?" asked the scientist, as if of himself. "Perhaps she forced him to do it. Mr. Herbert is a young man of strong loyalty and a grim sense of humour, this latter being a quality the police are not acquainted with. However, Mr. Herbert did confess to Miss Meredith that he was the Burglar, but he made this confession, obviously, because she would believe nothing else, and when a seeming necessity of protecting the real Burglar was still uppermost in his mind.

Continued on page 21.

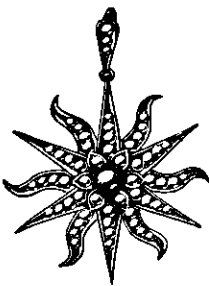


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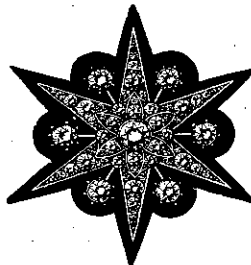
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THE CHASE OF THE GOLDEN PLATE.

Continued from page 19.

What he wanted was the Girl. If the facts never came out he was all right; if they did come out they would implicate one whom he was protecting, but through no fault of his—therefore, he was still all right.

"Bah!" exclaimed the Superior Intelligence. "My experience has shown that a man doesn't confess to a theft unless—"

"So we may safely assume," The Thinking Machine continued almost pleasantly, "that Mr. Herbert, by confessing the theft as a prank, perhaps, won back Miss Meredith's confidence; that they planned an elopement for the second time. A conversation Mr. Hatch had with Mr. Herbert immediately after Mr. Herbert saw Miss Meredith practically confirms it. Then, with matters in this shape, the real burglar, to whom I have accredited unusual powers, stole the plate the second time—we know how."

"Herbert stole it, you mean?" blazed Detective Mallory.

"The theft came immediately on top of the reconciliation of Miss Meredith and Mr. Herbert," The Thinking Machine went on steadily, without heeding the remark by the slightest sign. "Therefore it was only natural that he should be the person most vitally interested in seeing that the plate was again returned. He undertook to do this himself. The result was that, where the police had failed, he found the plate and a lot of jewels, took them from the burglar and was about to return Mr. Randolph's property when the detectives walked in on him. That is why he laughed."

Detective Mallory arose from his seat and started to say something impolite. The presence of Dolly Meredith choked the words back and he swallowed hard.

"Who then," he demanded, after a couple of gulps—"who do you say is the thief if Herbert is not?"

The Thinking Machine glanced up into his face, then turned to Hatch.

"Mr. Hatch, what is that name I asked you to get?"

"George Francis Hayden," was the stammering reply, "but—but—"

"Then George Francis Hayden is the thief," declared The Thinking Machine emphatically.

"But I—I started to say," Hatch blurted—"I started to say that George Francis Hayden has been dead for two years."

The Thinking Machine rose suddenly and glared at the reporter. There was a tense silence broken at last by a chuckle from Detective Mallory.

"Dead?" repeated the scientist incredulously. "Do you know that?"

"Yes, I—I know it."

The Thinking Machine stood for another moment squinting at him, then, turning, left the room.

VII.

Half an hour later the Thinking Machine walked in, unannounced, upon Dick Herbert. The front door had not been locked; Blair was somewhere in the rear. Herbert, in some surprise, glanced up at his visitor just in time to see him plunk himself down solidly into a chair.

"Mr. Herbert," the scientist began, "I have come out of my way to prove to the police that you were not in the automobile with Miss Meredith, and that you did not steal the gold plate found in your possession. Now, I happen to know the name of the thief, and—"

"And if you mention it to a living soul," Dick added suddenly, hotly; "I shall forget myself and—"

"His name is George Francis Hayden," the scientist continued.

Dick started a little and straightened up; the menace dropped from him and he paused to gaze curiously into the visaged face before him. After a moment he drew a sigh of deep relief.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Oh!"

"I know that that isn't who you thought it was," resumed the other, "but the fact remains that Hayden is the man with whom Miss Meredith unwittingly eloped, and that Hayden is the man who actually stole the plate and jewels. Further, the fact remains that Hayden—"

"Is dead," Dick supplemented grimly.

"You are talking through your—"

He coughed a little. "You are talking without any knowledge of what you are saying."

"He can't be dead," remarked the scientist calmly.

"But he is dead!" Dick insisted.

"He can't be dead," snapped the other abruptly. "It's perfectly silly to suppose such a thing. Why, I have proven, absolutely, by the simplest rules of logic, that he stole the gold plate; therefore he cannot be dead. It's silly to say so."

Dick wasn't quite certain whether to be angry or amused. He decided to hold the matter in abeyance for the moment, and see what other strange thing would develop.

"How long has he been dead?" continued the scientist.

"About two years?"

"You know it?"

"Yes, I know it."

"How do you know it?"

"Because I attended his funeral," was the prompt reply.

Dick saw a shadow of impatience flash into his visitor's face and instantly passed. "How did he die?" queried the scientist.

"He was lost from his catboat," Dick answered. "He had gone out sailing, alone, while in a bathing-suit. Several hours after the boat drifted in on the tide without him. Two or three weeks later the body was recovered."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Thinking Machine.

Then, for half an hour or so he talked, and—as he went on, incisively, pointedly, dramatically even at times—Dick Herbert's eyes opened wider and wider. At the end he rose and gripped the scientist's slender white fingers heartily in his own with something approaching awe in his manner. Finally, he put on his hat and they went out together.

That evening at eight o'clock Detective Mallory, Hutchinson Hatch, Mr. Randolph, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Greyton, and Dolly Meredith gathered in a parlour of the Greyton home by request of the Thinking Machine. They were waiting for something—no one knew exactly what.

Finally there came a tinkle at the bell and the Thinking Machine entered. Behind him came Dick Herbert, Dr. Clarence Walpole, and a stranger. Mr. Meredith glanced up quickly at Herbert, and Dolly lifted her chin haughtily with a stony stare which admitted of no compromise. Dick pleaded for recognition with his eyes, but it was no use, so he sat down where he could watch her unobserved.

Singular expressions flitted over the countenance of the Supreme Intelligence. Right here, now, he knew the earth was to be jerked out from under him, and he was not at all certain that there would be anything left for him to cling to. This first impression was strengthened when the Thinking Machine introduced Doctor Walpole with an unostentatious squint at Mr. Mallory. The detective set his teeth hard.

The Thinking Machine sat down, stretched out his slender legs, turned his eyes upward, and adjusted his fingers precisely, tip to tip. The others watched him anxiously.

"We shall have to go back a few years to get the real beginning of the events which have culminated so strangely within the past week," he said. "This was a close friendship of three young men in college. They were Mr. Herbert here, a freshman, and Harry Meredith and George Francis Hayden, juniors. This friendship, not an unusual one in college, was made somewhat romantic by the young men calling themselves The Triangle. They occupied the same apartments, and were exclusive to a degree. Of necessity, Mr. Herbert was drawn from that exclusiveness, to a certain extent, by his participation in football."

A germ of memory was working in Hatch's mind.

"At someone's suggestion three triangular watch charms were made, identical in every way, save for initials on the back. They bore a symbol which was meaningless except to The Triangle. They were made to order, and are, therefore, the only three of the kind in the world. Mr. Herbert has one now on his watch chain. There is another with the initials 'G. F. H.' in the lot of jewellery Mr. Mallory recovered from Mr. Herbert. The third is worn by Harry Meredith, who is now in Buenos Ayres. The American Consul there has confirmed by cable that fact."

"In the senior year the three young men of The Triangle were concerned in the mysterious disappearance of a valuable diamond ring. It was hushed up in college after it seemed established that Mr. Herbert was a thief. Knowing his

own innocence and seeing what seemed to be an exclusive opportunity for Harry Meredith to have done what was charged, Mr. Herbert laid the matter to him, having at that time an interview with Harry's father. The result of that interview was more than ever to convince Mr. Meredith of Mr. Herbert's guilt. As a matter of fact, the thief in that case was George Francis Hayden."

There were little murmurs of astonishment, and Mr. Meredith turned and stared at Dick Herbert. Dolly gave him a little glance out of the corner of her eye, smiled, then sat up primly.

"This ended The Triangle," resumed the scientist. "A year or so later Mr. Herbert met Miss Meredith. About two years ago George Francis Hayden was reported drowned from his catboat. This was confirmed, apparently, by the finding of his body, and an insurance company paid over a large sum—I think it was 25,000 dollars—to a woman who said she was his wife. But George Francis Hayden was not drowned; he is alive now. It was a carefully-planned fraud against the insurance company, and it succeeded."

"This, then, was the situation on last Thursday—the night of the masked ball at Seven Oaks—except that there had grown up a love affair between Miss Meredith and Mr. Herbert. The father opposed this because of the incident in college. Both Miss Meredith and Mr. Herbert had invitations to that ball. It was an opportunity for an elopement and they accepted it. Mr. Herbert sent word to her what costume to wear; she did not know the nature of his."

"On Thursday afternoon Miss Meredith sent her jewel casket, with practically all her jewels, to Mr. Herbert. She wanted them, naturally; they probably planned a trip abroad. The maid in this house took the casket and gave it into Mr. Herbert's own hands. Am I right?" He turned squarely and squinted at Dolly.

"Yes," she gasped quickly. She smiled upon her father, who made some violent remarks to himself.

"At this point, Fate, in the guise of a masked burglar, saw fit to step into the affair," the scientist went on after a moment. "About nine-thirty, Thursday evening, while Mr. Herbert was alone, the masked burglar, George Francis Hayden, entered Mr. Herbert's house, possibly thinking every one was away. There, still masked, he met Mr. Herbert, who—by something the burglar said and by the triangular charm he wore—recognised him as Harry Meredith. Remember, he thought he knew George Francis Hayden was dead."

"There were some words and a personal encounter between the two men. George Francis Hayden fired a shot, which struck Mr. Herbert in the right shoulder—in front—took the jewel-casket—in which Mr. Herbert had placed his card of invitation to the ball, and went away, leaving Mr. Herbert senseless on the floor."

Dolly's face blanched suddenly, and she gasped. When she glanced involuntarily at Dick she read the love-light in his eyes, and her colour returned with a rush.

"Several hours later, when Mr. Herbert recovered consciousness," the muffled voice went on, "he went to Doctor Walpole, the nearest physician, and there the bullet was extracted and the wound dressed. The ball was thirty-two calibre."

Doctor Walpole nodded.

"And Mr. Cunningham's revolver carried a thirty-eight," added the scientist. "Now we go back to the burglar. He found the invitation in the casket, and the bold scheme, which later he carried out so perfectly, came to him as an inspiration. He went to the ball just as he was. Nerve, self-possession, and humour took him through. We know the rest."

"Naturally, in the circumstances, Mr. Herbert, believing that Harry Meredith was the thief, would say nothing to bring disgrace upon the name of the girl he loved. Instead, he saw Miss Meredith, who would not accept his denial then, and in order to get her

first—explanations might come later—he confessed to the theft, whereupon they planned the second elopement."

"When Miss Meredith returned the plate by express there was no anticipation of a second theft. Here is where we get a better understanding of the motive of the real burglar—George Francis Hayden. He went back and got the plate from Seven Oaks. Instantly that upset the second elopement plan. Then Mr. Herbert undertook the search, got a clue, followed it, and recovered not only the plate but a great lot of jewels."

There was a pause. A sky-rocket ascended in Hatch's mind and burst, illuminating the whole tangled story. Detective Mallory sat dumbly, thinking harsh words. Mr. Meredith arose, went over to Dick Herbert and solemnly shook his hand, after which he sat down again. Dolly smiled charmingly.

VIII.

"Now that is what actually happened," said the Thinking Machine after a little while. "How do I know it? Logic, logic, logic! The logical mind can start from any given point and go backward or forward, with equal facility, to a natural conclusion. This is as certain as that two and two make four—not sometimes, but all the time."

"First in this case I had Mr. Hatch's detailed examination of each circumstance. By an inspiration he connected Mr. Herbert and Miss Meredith with the affair, and talked to both before the police had any knowledge at all of them. In other words, he reached at a bound what they took days to accomplish. After the second theft he came to me and related the story."

The reporter blushed modestly. "Mr. Hatch's belief that the things that had happened to Mr. Herbert and Miss Meredith bore on the theft," resumed the scientist, "was susceptible of confirmation or refutation in only one way, this being so because of Mr. Herbert's silence—due to his loyalty. I saw that. But, before I went further, I saw clearly what had actually happened if I presupposed that there had been some connection. Thus came to me, I may say here, the almost certain knowledge that Miss Meredith had a brother, although I had never heard of him or her."

He paused a little and twiddled his thumbs thoughtfully.

"Suppose you give us just your line of reasoning," ventured Hatch.

"Well, I began with the blood stains in the automobile to either bring Mr. Herbert into this affair or shut him out," replied the scientist. "You know how I made the blood tests. They showed conclusively that the blood on the cushion was not Mr. Herbert's. Remember, please, that, although I knew Miss Meredith had been in the automobile, I also knew she was not wounded; therefore the blood was that of someone else—the man."

"Now, I knew Mr. Herbert had been wounded—he wouldn't say how. If at home, would he not go to the nearest physician? Probably, I got Doctor Walpole's name from the telephone book—he being nearest the Herbert home—and sent Mr. Hatch there, where he learned of the wound in front and of the thirty-two calibre ball. I already knew the police revolvers were thirty-eight calibre; therefore Mr. Herbert was not wounded while in the automobile."

"That removed Mr. Herbert as a possibility in the first theft, despite the fact that his invitation-card was presented at the door. It was reasonable to suppose that invitation had been stolen. Immediately after the plate was returned by express, Mr. Herbert effected a reconciliation with Miss Meredith. Because of this, and for other reasons, I could not bring myself to see that he was a party to the second theft, as I knew him to be innocent of the first."

"All things must be imagined before they can be achieved; therefore imagine

THE BATH FOR TENDER FEET.

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Dr. Tanner, in his World-famed Medical work: "The Practice of Medicine," says: "As a wash for offensive feet 'Condy's Fluid' should be used."

"Condy's Fluid" is sold by all Chemists and Stores. Insist on having "Condy's Fluid." Substitutes are inferior in composition and strength.

tion is one of the most vital parts of the scientific brain. In this instance I could only imagine why Mr. Herbert was silent. Remember, he was shot and wouldn't say who did it. Why? If it had been an ordinary thief—and I got the idea of a thief from the invitation-card being in other hands than his—he would not have hesitated to talk. Therefore, it was an extraordinary thief in that it connected with something near and dear to him. No one was nearer and dearer to him than Miss Meredith. Did she shoot him? No. Did her father shoot him? Probably not, but possibly. A brother? That began to look more reasonable.

"For a moment I assumed a brother, not knowing. How did Mr. Herbert know this brother? Was it in his college days? Mr. Hatch brought me a list of the students of three years before his graduating-year and there I found the name, Harry Meredith. You see, step by step, pure logic was leading me to something tangible, definite. My next act was to see Mr. Meredith and ask for the address of his son—the only son—who at that time I frankly believed was the real thief. But this son was in South America. That startled me a little and brought me up against the father as a possible thief. He was in Baltimore on that night.

"I accepted that as true at the moment after some—er—some pleasant words with Mr. Meredith. Then the question: Was the man who stole from Mr. Herbert, probably entering his place and shooting him, masked? Mr. Herbert said he was. I framed the question so as to bring Harry Meredith's name into it, much to Mr. Herbert's alarm. How had he recognised him as Harry Meredith? By something he said or wore? Mr. Herbert replied in the affirmative—both. Therefore I had a masked burglar who could not have been either Harry Meredith or Harry Meredith's father. Who was he?

"I decided to let Mr. Hatch look into that point for me, and went to see Doctor Walpole. He gave me the bullet he had extracted from Mr. Herbert's shoulder. Mr. Hatch, shortly after, rushed in on me with the statement that Miss Meredith had admitted that Mr. Herbert had confessed to her. I could see instantly why he had confessed to her. Then Mr. Hatch undertook for me the investigation of Herbert's and Harry Meredith's career in college. He remembered part of it and unearthed the affair of The Triangle and the theft of a diamond ring.

"I had asked Mr. Hatch to find for me if Harry Meredith and Mr. Herbert had had a mutual friend in college. They had: George Francis Hayden, the third member of the Triangle. Then the question seemed to be solved, but Mr. Hatch upset everything when he said that Mr. Hayden was dead. I went immediately to see Mr. Herbert. From him I learned that, although Mr. Hayden was supposed to be dead and buried, there was no positive proof of it; the body recovered had been in the water three weeks and was consequently almost unrecognisable. Therefore, the theft came inevitably to Mr. Hayden. Why? Because the burglar had been recognised by something he said and wore. It would have been difficult for Mr. Herbert to recognise a masked man so positively unless the masked man wore something he absolutely knew, or said something he absolutely knew. Mr. Herbert thought with reason that the masked man was Harry Meredith, but with Harry Meredith in South America, the thief was incontrovertibly George Francis Hayden.

"After a short interview as to Hayden, during which Mr. Herbert told me more of The Triangle and the three watch-charms, he and I went out investigating. He took me to the room where he had found the plate and jewels—a place in an apartment-house which this gentleman manages. The scientist turned to the stranger who had been a silent listener. "He identified an old photograph of George Francis Hayden as an occupant of an apartment.

"Mr. Herbert and I searched the place. My growing idea, based on the established knavery of George Francis Hayden, that he was the real thief in the college incident, was proven when I found this ring there—the ring that was stolen at that time—with the initials of the owner in it."

The Thinking Machine produced the ring and offered it to Detective Mallory, who had allowed the earth to dip away from him slowly but surely.

"Mr. Herbert and I learned of the insurance fraud in another manner—

that is, when we knew that George Francis Hayden was not dead, we knew there had been a fraud. Mr. Hayden has been known lately as Chester Goodrich. He has been missing since Mr. Herbert, in his absence, recovered the plate and the jewels in his apartments. I may add that, up to the day of the masked ball, he was protected from casual recognition by a full beard. He is now clean-shaven."

The Thinking Machine glanced at Mr. Mallory.

"Your man—Downey, I think it was—did excellent work," he said, "in tracing Miss Meredith from the time she left the automobile until she returned home, and later leading you to Mr. Herbert. It was not strange that you should have been convinced of his guilt, when we consider the goods in his possession and also the wound in his shoulder. The only trouble is he didn't get to the real insides of it."

That was all. For a long time there was silence. Dollie Meredith's pretty face was radiant and her eyes were fastened on her father. Mr. Meredith glanced at her, cleared his throat several times, then arose and offered his hand to Dick Herbert.

"I have done you an injustice, sir," he said gravely. "Permit me to apologise. I think perhaps my daughter—"

That was superfluous. Dollie was already beside Dick, and a rousing, smacking, resounding kiss echoed her father's words. Dick liked it some and was ready for more, but Dollie impudently flung her arms around the neck of The Thinking Machine and he—passed to his reward.

"You dear old thing!" she gurgled. "You're just too sweet and cute for anything!"

"Dear me! Dear me!" fussed The Thinking Machine. "Don't do that. It annoys me exceedingly."

Some three months later, when the search for George Francis Hayden had become only lukewarm, this being three days before Miss Meredith's wedding to Dick Herbert, she received a small box containing a solitary ring and this brief note:

In memory of one night in the woods and of what happened there, permit me to give this. You can't return it. It is one of the few things honest money from me ever paid for.

HILL, THE BURGLAR.

While Dollie examined the ring with mingled emotions, Dick stared at the postmark on the package.

"It's a corking good clue," he said enthusiastically.

Dollie turned to him, recognising a menace in the words, and took the paper which bore the postmark from his hands.

"Let's pretend," she said gently—"let's pretend we don't know where it came from!"

Dick stared a little—and kissed her.

(The End.)

The Cave Man

A fascinating serial story of American political and social life, will begin in next week's Graphic. This tale by John Corbin is full of interesting situations. All you need do is to read the first chapter—the plot does the rest. It is impossible to leave off such a delightfully told story when you once commence.

THE CAVE MAN
BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

Lost flesh rapidly, was greatly weakened, took quantities of medicine, failed all the time. Was quickly cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.



"Some time ago I had a very severe attack of influenza which left me greatly weakened. I lost flesh rapidly, and was in a very bad way. I took quantities of medicine, but grew constantly worse. Finally, I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and began to improve from the start.

"I took about six bottles and was perfectly cured. I have used this remedy in my family a great deal and I know it to be a thoroughly reliable, health-giving compound and family medicine."

Mr. John Murrell, railway station master, of Sunnybank, Queensland, sends us this letter, together with his photograph, which we reproduce above.

This is a strong letter, one which must remove all doubt. You ought to profit by it greatly; for if you are weak, have lost flesh, are without appetite, and feel languid and depressed, here is a quick and certain cure.

Perhaps the trouble is with your blood, and you are suffering from headache, boils, eruptions of the skin, scrofula, or rheumatism. If you are suffering from weakness of any kind, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will restore to you strength and energy, and will make life the better worth living. Be sure you get

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

There are a great many substitute Sarsaparillas on the market that will disappoint you. Avoid imitations.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Take Ayer's Pills with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One aids the other.

Cadbury's Milk Chocolate

A concentrated sweetest-foam of the highest order. More nourishing and sustaining than any other. Refuse to accept substitutes. Cadbury's is the very best it is possible to obtain. Prepared by the Manufacturers of

CADBURY'S COCOA

of which the "Lancet" says, "It is the standard of highest purity."

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Which possesses all the elements that go to produce a good head of hair. Its powerful, stimulating properties go straight to the hair roots, giving them a life and vigour they never knew before. And life and vigour to the roots mean more hair, stronger hair, better hair. It will assuredly do all this for YOU, as it has done for thousands of others.

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The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

IN the silly season," began the journalist, who had just returned from his holiday, "there are some things which come as a godsend to the overworked newspaper man. We can always rely on certain subjects bringing in an immense amount of correspondence. The proverbial big gooseberry, the sea serpent, the failure of marriage, should the clergy wear button boots, and catch phrases, such as "wooden shanties" or "Who is Poole?" can be reckoned on to provide copy for a considerable period. One of the best draws is the old perennial question: "Why Men Don't Go to Church." It is better than anything else in a slack season. People will make all sorts of excuses for their non-attendance, except the real one—that they are too lazy."

"The subject," remarked the business man, "is one in which I take a great interest, and I fancy one of the main reasons why many men of intelligence do not go to church is because we have so few good preachers. The clergy seem to be taught everything except speaking and elocution, and yet you would naturally suppose these would be the most important things. The beauty of a service is often completely spoiled by the wretched sermon at the end. A badly composed discourse is read from a badly written manuscript, and badly read at that. Mere boys are set up to lecture grown men who have forgotten a great deal more than the preacher ever knew. Then the clergy are out of touch with the thought of the day. They preach about dogmas, and the authority of general councils, and the wickedness of men of science, and tell you not to read books by these impious writers. But we do read them, and we do think about them, and we look to the clergy for guidance. We would willingly exchange a whole library of discourses on justification and predestination for a single well reasoned sermon on personal immortality. Talk of men not going to church. I have seen Bristol Cathedral packed with men to hear Ainger or Wilson. Robertson, of Brighton, and Page-Roberts could always attract thinking men to their churches. We are told that we ought not to go to church for the sake of the sermon, and that if we went in the proper frame of mind we would find some good in even the worst of sermons. If the sermon is to be a matter of such small importance, would it not be better to cut it out altogether? I fancy the Church would be much better if the clergy were taught to preach."

"I hardly like to express an opinion," ventured the dominie. "I know most persons look on me with pious horror as a heretic of the worst type. I am told I am an Arian, or a Macedonian, or a Socinian, or an Erastian. One divine told me I was a Sabellian, whatever that may be. Now, I really don't care if I am the whole lot rolled into one. These bygone heresies may be of great interest to the clergy, but they are not of the slightest interest to the laity. We want men who can deal with the questions of to-day. The clergy themselves have introduced us to what is called "The Higher Criticism," that is to say, they

have many of them discarded the old belief in the literal inspiration of the Bible. What are they going to give us in its place? They talk about the Church, but I would far sooner believe in an infallible Bible than an infallible Church. We want to know what bearing modern science and the study of comparative religion have on the old belief. Then we want sermons to help us in our daily life, to guide us in our difficulties, and to inspire us and ennoble our ideals. Very few of us care much about dry-as-dust doctrinal disquisitions, and the pounding of dead heresies. Nor do we really interest ourselves in trivial disputes about small matters of ritual. You must not mind me being a little outspoken, parson. Present company is, of course, always excepted. I am told by men of your cloth that the old evangelical party is almost extinct, and people say that their teaching is quite obsolete now. All I can say is that it is a pity if it is so. It really reached men, and some of our finest soldiers and statesmen in India have been Evangelicals. What do you think, parson, of the matter?"

"The question," replied the cleric, "is a very difficult one. The supply of clergy is rapidly falling, and, worst of all, the number of candidates from our two great universities shows a lamentable decrease. Young fellows of intellect do not somehow seem attracted to the Church. I believe that we want a more even balance of parties. The Broad Church party seems almost dead. This is a great pity, as we are badly in want of men who can deal in a broad spirit with the intellectual problems of the day. The dominant party at present is High Church, and this party has never really appealed to men of modern thought. The Evangelicals are not extinct, far from it, but they are certainly in a minority. We do not realise enough that what appeals to the clergy does not necessarily appeal to the laity. We have no successor to Dean Stanley. I quite agree with you that more attention should be paid to preaching, but an orator is born, not made. It is not easy to teach the art of public speaking, and you must let me remind you that composing two, and sometimes three sermons a week is no easy task, even for a practised and fluent speaker. But I think the laity have largely themselves to blame for the poor quality of many sermons. They do not make the Church attractive to men of talent. I told a friend of mine the other day that in a certain diocese there were six "livings" vacant, and he said he did not suppose the whole six would really supply a decent living for a man if they were all lumped together. To change the subject slightly I should like to know exactly what we are to gain by being made a Dominion. I like the old term "Colony" myself, but I suppose the other is rather grand."

"The idea that Sir Joseph Ward had in his mind," put in the politician, "was that we were attracting too little notice. We were apt to be confused with small Crown colonies, and were in danger of being overshadowed by Australia.

I got a letter only the other day from a very intelligent correspondent at Home. He said he was quite surprised to hear that we were some 1200 miles from Sydney. People in England, he added, thought that New Zealand and Tasmania and Australia were all one, like England, Scotland and Ireland. The new title will serve to mark our dependence. I do not think that it in any way affects our constitution, but the Governor and his wife will have a better standing. But the word Dominion serves to mark out our national position, and will probably do much to raise us in the estimation of other nations. The whole colony is included in the birthday honours, and Sir W. S. Gilbert ought to compose a suitable ode for the occasion. He might add as a new verse to Sir Joseph's song, "I've polished up the title of the poor old Moa!"

The Zoo's Bill-of-Fare.

A remarkable insight into the variety and quantity of food, ranging from goats to monkey-nuts, consumed in the menagerie at Regent's Park is obtained from the report of the Zoological Society of London for 1906, recently issued.

The total cost of the food last year was £3,886—an increase of £337 compared with the previous year. Some of the more remarkable items in the bill are as follows:—

Horses 210, goats 240, beef 2224lbs., fountains 4013lbs., plaice 12,187lbs., fresh herrings 7012lbs., whiting 90,254lbs., shrimps 2555 pints, potatoes 119cwt., cress 1387 bunches, apples 27 cases, oranges 6450, Brazil nuts 1051lbs., lettuce 790 doz., onions 53 bunches, fowl heads 24,282, bread 5946 qtns., fresh milk 743 gals., reserved milk 2800 tins, eggs 28,693, biscuit 338cwt., meat extract 76 jars, carrots 93cwt. and 690 bunches, bananas 4589 doz., grapes 2414lbs., monkey-nuts 35cwt., Spanish nuts 18pks., lemons 612, marrows 65.

There is an increase in some of these quantities as compared with the previous year, due partly to their being more animals and partly to the rations of many having been increased.

An addition of over £60 to the fruit bill is due to there having been a larger number of fruit-eating birds and small mammals, while the quantities of fruit and potatoes supplied to the monkeys were raised.

The rice and preserved milk were required for the young elephant, the young Indian and African rhinoceroses, and for the young hippopotamus. The larger number of sea lions and the penguins account for the increased consumption of fish.

Beef has been required partly because on one occasion the supply of horses failed, and because it has been found that the Siberian tigers, presented by the Duke of Bedford, thrive better on beef than on horse-flesh.

The general health of the animals has been good. The most serious loss was that of the large female giraffe. There has been a notable improvement in the health of the monkeys since the monkey-house was disinfected and repaired.

None the less, the report states, the health of those kept in open-air cages, without artificial heat, has been markedly better than that of the inhabitants of the houses.

It is interesting to note that the total value of the animals in the Zoo is estimated at £17,042.

The number of visitors during the year was 896,423, the largest number on record, with the exception, of 1876, when the numbers reached 915,764.

LITTLE ARTHUR SURMAN, OF BROKEN HILL,

Brought Back Almost from the Verge of the Grave by

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Wasting away before his parents' eyes; a pitiful case with a joyful ending.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought Little Arthur Surman, of Broken Hill, back almost from the verge of the grave. After he had inflammation of the lungs, a wasting weakness set in, and no one thought he would recover. "Now he's as lively as a cricket," to use his mother's words, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills worked the miracle. The story of the cure was related by Mrs. Surman, who lives in Bismuth-st., Blue said:—

"When we were living at Port Augusta, Arthur took inflammation of the lungs, and the doctor never thought that he would pull through," said Mrs. F. Surman, Bismuth-st., Broken Hill. "The poor little fellow was only three. For days he was clean off his head with the fever. After a hard fight, the doctor said the worst was over—but it was weeks before the child was able to be out of bed. The cough stuck to him, and he was always bringing up a mouthful of nasty sticky phlegm, all streaked with blood. Every time he coughed it nearly tore his inside out. It wore him down till he was weaker than a baby in arms. We tried to build him up—but for six long years he kept wasting away. By the time he was nine, he was just a puny little skeleton. Everyone told me I would never rear him. The weakness after the fever was worse than the disease itself. For weeks he lay there too helpless to move. The child wanted for nothing—but he wasted away before our very eyes. No matter what we gave him, it made him sick on the stomach. His head ached by the hour, and every week he got a bilious attack. He wouldn't take in his food at all. He used to hold his little sides by the hour. And every cough seemed to shake the very life out of him. It wasn't only one day that he had this to go through—but every day it was the same, and all day long. "Months went by, and there was no change for the better," added Mrs. Surman. "His cough got worse, and he grew thinner and thinner. If I took him for a short walk, his legs gave way, and I had to carry him home. For six years he kept fading away. At last, he was just a bag of skin and bone. Down in my heart I had given up all hope, and so had my husband. He said to me one night, 'Well, mother, we can't have our boy with us much longer. It will be his birthday to-morrow, and we might as well give the poor little chap a party. It will be the last treat he'll ever have.'"

"That very week, when I was sweeping up the yard one day, I came across a little book telling about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cured a little girl over in New Zealand, so I sent to Mr. Dryden, the grocer, in Wolfram-st. for some of those pills. I cut them in two, and gave him half a pill after each meal. At first I thought they weren't going to do any good, and I was near leaving them off. But Arthur began to take in his food again, and so I kept on. After the third box, he was stronger on his legs, and his cough wasn't half so bad. From that on, he gained every day. He said his chest didn't hurt so much, and he brought up very little phlegm. By the time he had taken six boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he hadn't a sign of a cough. He was so well that I was able to send him to school. That's over eighteen months ago, but he has never been a day sick all that time. To-day he is as strong and healthy a lad as you'd meet in a day's march—and it's only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills we have to thank for that. They saved his life."

Now Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the strength in just one way—they actually "make" new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. But you must insist on getting the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If your local retailer cannot give you exactly what you ask for, order them by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington—4/ a box, six boxes 18/6, post free. If you are in any doubt about your illness, write to the same address for hints as to diet, etc.

The lad was so ignorant that he thought we got mush from the mushroom and milk from the milkweed. One morning a woman pointed to a horse in a field, and said:

"Look at the horse, Jimmy."

"That's a cow," the boy contradicted.

"No," said the lady, "it's a horse."

"Taint. It's a cow," said the boy. "Horses has waggon to 'em."

MUSINGS and MEDITATIONS

By Dog Toby

WOODEN SHANTIES.

It is curious how easily the public ear is caught by a phrase. Such phrases as "The thin red line," "Peace with honour," "Three acres and a cow," "Give Blaisey a chance," and "Give it to Duffy," have all at one time or another reigned supreme in the public mind. Just at present the episcopal description of our churches as "wooden shanties" is much exercising the attention of the more devout of the various people who write for the papers. Had the Bishop said "wooden buildings," no one would have concerned himself with the matter, but the word "shanty" has drawn down much wrath on his devoted head. And yet the word itself means no more than a wooden house, and is probably derived from the French word "chantier," a timber yard, and because wooden structures are in most countries looked upon as merely temporary erections the word came to mean an inferior kind of building. Most correspondents point out that it is the worshipper and not the building that makes the reality of worship. But the building often betrays the mind of the congregation, and it is a fact in many places that while palatial edifices are erected for government purposes, or hotels, or police stations, or lunatic asylums, very little by comparison is spent on the House of God. Our big cathedrals at home were built not when England was wealthy, but when England was, comparatively speaking, poor. They were built when England was guided by ideals, and their fine pointed architecture and magnificent roofs and tapering spires all speak to the desire of the nation to give of their best to God. But in a new country like New Zealand it is not easy to get together the stone for large and magnificent buildings. In many small country places the small and rude settlers' church represents much self-sacrifice that has gone towards its erection. More than one of these little wooden buildings of plain, unlined weatherboards, with a few rude benches and a table for furniture may represent quite as much devotion and generosity as the most costly and stately cathedral. People do not always realise how poor some of the country people are. They take up land with only a few pounds of capital, and live mainly from hand to mouth on the scanty produce of their farm. Many a man, while he is getting his place in order and waiting for some return from his land, has had to support his whole family on less than a pound a week. In many districts it would be a hard matter to raise ten pounds in ready cash from the whole neighbourhood. Therefore a church, however small, has to be built mainly by the personal work of the settlers. One man gives the ground, and another pays for the deeds. Then the ground is cleared by a working bee on Saturday afternoons. The felling has then to be taken in hand. Posts are split from the best timber available, and the storekeeper provides the wire at a small cost. Before the building is commenced a considerable expenditure in cash and labour is necessary. The design is generally prepared by a small committee, and they endeavour to make the money go as far as possible in the direction of providing the largest amount of accommodation. Such a building

when erected has but little of the ornamental, and only those acquainted with life in the back-blocks can realise at all adequately the large amount of willing labour and self-sacrifice that has gone towards the erection of this little church. But what the Bishop meant when he referred to wooden buildings was not churches such as these. He meant that if people in our large towns gave in proportion as these country people do, we should have better buildings. The wooden shanty in the country does often put to shame the more pretentious edifice in the city. Our finest building is the police station, one of our worst is the University. Our railway station is literally a wooden shanty. Auckland needs good buildings, and when we make a start with a Town Hall, a new University, and a new station and Post Office, it may be that we shall also erect a cathedral that shall be a fitting witness to our belief in religion as the mainstay of national life.

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The Fish: "You are anything but bashful."

The Lobster: "Oh, I don't know. I always turn red if I find myself in hot water."

Casual Impressions of Colonial Life and Character.

Owing to an accident the article prepared under the above heading for this number cannot appear until next issue. It is entitled "Extraordinary! Is it our besetting sin?" The answer is given in the affirmative; and this notable colonial characteristic is fully discussed.

Mrs Northesk Wilson (Flora Hayter), who gave an interesting lecture at the Eustace Miles Restaurant, London, recently, on "Colours and Music," translates sounds of all descriptions into colours.

"Everything in nature has its keynote, and every sound conveys a colour to those who are in the proper state of vibration."

Such was the gist of the lecture, which was illustrated by magic lantern slides

showing flower and geometrical forms produced by the human race. The effect of sound and colour on the blind and insane respectively, as described by the lecturer, caused some amusement. A raucous voice gives a blind man a "dirty green" feeling she said. Melba's voice, said Mrs. Wilson, is a "high blue," splashed occasionally with purple. Mme. Alice Gomez' voice some years ago suggested orange. Mr. Forbes Robertson has a violet voice, with specks of green (the colour of the depressed). Mr. Tree is a colour puzzle.

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THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE

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PUT THE BOOT IN.

(By P. A. Vaile.)

Rugby football is without question a great game. I always think it has a far greater claim to rank as England's national game than has cricket, for to excel at it one has need of all those qualities which go to make a good Englishman. Strength, speed, stamina, quickness and originality of thought, restraint in time of great excitement, dogged courage in facing danger, and indifference to physical pain are only some of the attributes which the distinguished Rugbyman should possess. So in many ways I consider that Rugby, properly played, brings out the man and the gentleman in a fellow more than does any other game I know of.

I shall never forget the pleasure I had from watching many of the historic struggles of the famous All Blacks in England, nor the pride I felt in them as worthy representatives of the manhood of New Zealand; and in their natural and unassuming demeanour on the field at a time when hero-worship was at its height, and a less well-balanced lot might have succumbed to the heady draught; and only those who have tasted its exhilaration in the only place that makes fame known by comparison champagne flows like milk.

But above all this there was, and is, cause for New Zealanders, footballers and otherwise, always to be proud of her All Blacks, and to emulate their example.

They played the game! Nobody can say it more eloquently than that if allowed the free run of a dictionary and a fortnight to do it in. They played a clean, hard, fast, sportsmanlike game that won admiration in spite of much idiotic railing at the wing forward by ignorant persons. But people who do not quite understand how they are being beaten cannot be expected to thoroughly appreciate the tactics leading to their downfall. So when volleying was first introduced into lawn tennis, the enterprising fellow who bounded to the net and cut off in mid-air his opponent's most telling returns was deemed in very truth a bouncer.

Perhaps the most remarkable match I saw in England was Oxford University v. New Zealand. During my visits to the Old Country I had noticed that strange disintegration of the moral fibre of England's men that is undoubtedly taking place. About the date of New Zealand's first match I had a three weeks' controversy in the "Spectator" on the subject, and in "The Times" and "Daily Mail" I pointed out most forcibly that the New Zealanders' tour meant something more than mere football; that, indeed, it was a question of the manhood of the nation being tried out, and I did not hesitate to indicate clearly what my opinion as to the result was. New Zealand and South Africa have since emphasised my view, and probably Australia will drive the argument home.

Holding these views it was only natural that I should be much interested in the meeting of Oxford University and our players. "Here," I said to myself, "I shall see the pick of the brainy muscle of the kingdom pitted against the New Zealand lads."

I scanned the teams with the utmost interest as they filed on to the ground, and I was well pleased. In bone and brawn and inches it was New Zealand every time; but my hyper-critical faculty was not satisfied with that. I searched the faces, and compared the carriage and, so far as it is given to an ordinary student of men to know, I saw in the boys from Greater Britain no want of intellect, strength of mind, or refinement as compared with England's elect. High words, perhaps, some will say. When I praise I mean it. Indiscriminate adulation is nearly as bad a habit as general swearing. When the words are really wanted—when, for instance, one kicks a trunk in the dark with one's big toe—they have lost their power of expression.

From the moment the referee's whistle went it was apparent that the Oxford match was going to give point to my remarks about England's men. For some ten minutes or so there was a semblance of defence—then a rout. I shall never forget the absolutely bewildered condition of the poor Varsity players. Hunter that day was meteoric. He darted in and out amongst his opponents in a manner that was truly amazing. Such dodging, or swerving as it is mis-called in England, I never before saw. He "cut in" almost at will, and on one occasion, after pass-

ing everyone, walked over the line between the posts and touched down amidst shouts of laughter even from the Varsity barrackers. Oxford's play was miserably stereotyped and feeble, and the score 47 to 0 barely indicates the difference of the teams. The match, if such it can be called, was a memorable one. It was the first meeting of an English University team with a team of New Zealand footballers, and it resolved itself into a team of big broad-shouldered fellows actually playing with, scarcely against, a team of semi-paralysed anxious looking youths.

This may sound like crowing over the defeat of an opposing team. It is not so, for, were that the object, a dozen other matches might easily be added. My desire is to emphasise the value of strength, and quickness of resource, and, above all things, the desirability of "playing the game" even under the most adverse circumstances. Oxford was hopelessly beaten within a quarter of an hour, and abandoned any hope of scoring, merely attempting to defend; but from first to last there was no incident in that match which might bring the flush of shame to the face of any participant in it; and this brings me right home again to Auckland.

A few days ago I watched a football match between some Auckland gentlemen, ex-college boys, and I saw some things that "gave me furiously to think." There has been much talk in the South recently of foul play. It isn't all in the South. We have our share of it here.

One of the teams was being beaten. Certainly not as badly as Oxford was, but it didn't take it the same way as Oxford did. "Put the boot in," said one ruffian, as they formed up for a scrum, and they did "put the boot in" to good effect, as one player had to give up the game for a few weeks and wear four stitches in his head.

On another occasion I saw one of the ex-college gentlemen on the ground in a scrum. He was across an opponent who lay on the ground face upwards. I observed that college gentleman roughly "sawing" the face of his prostrate opponent with the bony part of his forearm, which he drew backwards and forwards across it several times.

On the line out I frequently saw players who had no chance of getting at the ball deliberately "wipe" the man who was marking them across the face or throat with the forearm.

On several occasions I saw players who were nowhere near the ball hit an opposing player on the face with open hand, striking with the palm at the end of the wrist, in which way, as is well known, a very severe blow can be dealt, especially when one is not expecting it.

I repeatedly saw players trying to strain their opponents' necks, and willfully attacking men who were not near the ball. On one occasion I saw an ex-college gentleman raving after the ball. There were many players on both sides in front of him, and one of the opposition was near him. He "landed" him on the head from behind, and promptly "downed" him.

During a scrum I distinctly saw an ex-college gentleman jump with all his energy so that he landed with both knees doubled up on the chest of a fallen opponent, and later on I saw another one holding a player down on the ground. I cannot fully explain the hold in the press, but the man seemed to be in pain, and on rising warmly remonstrated with the offender, but, of course, it was an accident!

When things were going very badly I heard another ex-college gentleman say, "Now, then, lads. You know your game. Keep the boot going." And the blood-stained shins of their opponents showed clearly that they did know that portion of their game at least very well, but even then they didn't win, and the lads who played the game like men and gentlemen beat them handsomely.

Now, the question arises, "If these things are done by players who practically claim to be on an equality with University men, what are the All Blacks of the future going to be?"

The answer is easy. All blackguards. As I stood within a few feet of the players and saw these things my mind flew back to the Crystal Palace, to Cardiff, to Blackheath, to many places where clear-cut football gems stand out brightly in my mind, and I could not help comparing these fellows with men who play the game.

It is many a long year since I played Rugby football, but I can well remember the solid satisfaction I felt in grassing my man, especially when he had only me

to beat to score; and I didn't try to do it gently, either. That doesn't come into Rugby, and so long as a man has the ball he must take anything that comes his way fairly, but this everlasting foul play which is continually increasing must be stopped unless the game is to become Americanised and lose its hold on the people.

I have spoken to some of the Rugby authorities about it. They know it is not exactly confined to ex-college or alleged ex-college gentlemen, and some day there will be a shocking example, and someone will "go up for life."

During the matches I refer to I was moving up and down the line, and so I and others saw the things I refer to distinctly.

"What about the referee?" Well, he is not argus-eyed, and these pleasant gentlemen know that his eyes must follow the leather. The line-judges should be given some specific powers with regard to foul play, for they can see much more of this kind of thing than the referee can, and in all cases they should be appointed by the authorities.

The teams referred to by me are not playing under the Rugby Union, but the practices referred to are not confined to them. I have repeatedly been asked to deal with this matter, and have as often declined, for although I have seen lots of rough play one realises that Rugby is not a lady's game; but when ex-college gentlemen deliberately lay themselves out to maim or incapacitate their opponents, often in the most cowardly way, it is time for someone to speak.

It is no uncommon thing for a player when fairly "grassed" to inform his collar that he will "lay" for him, and a week or two ago I saw one player eight or ten yards over the line make a violent effort to throw a man, who had tackled him keenly, but absolutely legitimately, a little while before.

Which shall it be, "All Blacks" or "All Blackguards"?

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 24.

Mr. C. R. Williamson, of Auckland, arrived by the Ranik on a holiday trip to the Old Country. At present he is making London his headquarters.

Two New Zealand editors, Mr. T. W. Leys, of Auckland, and Mr. Mark Cohen, of Dunedin, are included in the party of British editors who have been officially invited to visit Germany. The party leaves London to-morrow, and will spend about a fortnight in visiting the leading cities of the Fatherland. A formidable programme of entertainments has been mapped out for the travellers.

Recent callers at the High Commissioner's Office: Mr. Lawrence Foot (Clinton), Mr. William Barnett (Christchurch), Mr. George E. Prince and Mr. H. O. Manz (Wellington), Mr. A. Louisson (Christchurch), Mr. W. Broadway (Christchurch), Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Chick (Christchurch), Dr. and Mrs. Earle (Wanganui), Mr. Gordon-Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. M. Frazer (New Plymouth), Mr. R. Seymour Fanning (Napier), Mr. C. R. Williamson (Auckland), Mr. James Lovell (Auckland), Mr. Thos. J. Lovell (Auckland), Mrs. Joseph and daughters (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. John T. Evans and family (Gisborne), Miss Himmell (Dunedin), Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gibbin (Te Anau), Mr. D. Renouf, Mr. John Renouf (Napier), Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Grundy, Miss Grundy (Wellington), Miss F. Waterhouse (Napier), Mrs. R. C. Lambrey, Mr. C. Lambrey (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Cartmear (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Williams and Miss Williams (Dunedin).

Mr. F. Hobbs, of Christchurch, who is a member of the "San Toy" touring company, distinguished himself at the Harborne Club's golf links, Birmingham, on Whit Monday, by winning the John Wilson Challenge Cup, and the first prize in a match with 65 competitors. The result was somewhat of a

surprise, as Mr. Hobbs, an 18-handicap player, went round the course in 87, thus achieving the phenomenal net score of 69. The score of the runner-up was 182-80, 74, and the third man scored 184-97, so the New Zealander had an easy victory.

Mrs. S. McGuinness, of Taranaki, and the Misses Reay, of Christchurch, are on a holiday trip to the Old Country. They left the Moldavia at Marseilles, and spent ten days in France before coming on to London. After touring in the United Kingdom, during the summer, they proposed returning to New Zealand by way of New York, Vancouver and Sydney.

Miss F. Waterhouse, of Napier, who arrived here by the Tongararo, on April 27th, will probably return to New Zealand about October, travelling by the Orient line via Suez. Miss Waterhouse hopes to visit various parts of England, Scotland and Ireland during the next few months.

Miss M. Himmell, of Dunedin, arrived by the Ranik on the 12th inst., after a very enjoyable trip. She is on pleasure bent, and will remain in London for a couple of months, and then travel through Scotland and Ireland, afterwards visiting Paris and Berlin, in which city she has relatives. Miss Himmell has not yet decided by which route she will return to New Zealand.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Grundy and Miss Grundy, of Wellington, arrived by the Omrah last Saturday after a very pleasant trip. Mr. Grundy is attending the Federal Conference of Education, which begins today, as the representative of the Wellington Education Board, the New Zealand Educational Institute and the Masterton Technical School. He will remain in London with his wife and daughter until the close of the Conference, and then leave for the Midlands, where he has relatives and friends whom he has not seen for thirty years. Later on Mr. Grundy will probably make a tour through the North of England, and through Scotland, visiting en route representative educational institutions, particularly those connected with primary education. Returning to London about the middle of July, he will visit schools here, and probably take a trip to Paris. He expects to leave London for New Zealand on August 23, by the Orontas.

New Zealand papers are asked to record the death of Mr. Thomas Audrey, eldest son of the late Sir John W. Audrey, on the 20th inst., at Ardath, Salisbury, in his 67th year.

Mr. T. Y. Lusk, of Dunedin, who arrived by the Tongararo on the 27th ult., intends staying two or three years in London to continue his studies as an architect with some of the leading men in that profession. Subsequently he hopes to return to the colony to start in business for himself.

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MR JOHN YOUNG, late of Heliopolis, is requested to call upon Messrs Beale and Beale, Solicitors, Queen-st., on a matter of importance.

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The "New York Press," in a recent article on American bad manners in the concert hall and at the opera, made these admissions:—"Let the music plunge into a sudden silence and a dozen whispers are betrayed, programmes rattled, and a number of other mannerisms which have been creating a separate circle of annoyances. Chairs are scraped along the floor, doors allowed to squeak, and late-comers to stalk in with insolent indifference to the havoc they are creating. From the top gallery of the opera to the most decolletée row of boxes there is a ceaseless rustle and whisper, betraying what is worse than bad manners—a complete lack of sympathy with what is being offered. For he who is open to the glamour and meaning of music is morbidly sensitive to any alien sound or sign; and it is to him that the music belongs. The others have paid for their seats, but for all that they are outsiders, allowed in on sufferance, and should behave as such."

Madame Albani, now visiting Australia, and shortly to come to New Zealand, is not an Italian. She is a French Canadian. In private life the artist is Mrs. Gye. The name Albani was selected by Lamperti, the great singing master, when the young soprano from Canada made her first appearance in "La Sonnambula," at Merano, Italy. The artist was then 18, and the Opera House, at the close of the brilliant performance, rang with shouts of "Albani! Albani!"

A recent concert in Gisborne afforded some humorous incidents, although they were most displeasing at the moment, says the "Poverty Bay Herald."—"The beating of my own heart was the only sound I heard," sang Mrs. Howie in that rich voice with which she is gifted; it was deeply impressive, but unfortunately just at that moment the town clock clanged out the hour of nine. "Good-bye, Summer," sweetly sang Miss Bonar-Miller, and there came a shower of hail on the iron roof. The duet, "The Wanderer's Night Song," was being delightfully sung by Miss Miller (soprano) and Mrs. Howie (contralto), when there came a soulless lark-in to the side door and uttered a piercing "whoop."

Fashionable women in Cleveland (Ohio) have established a manure parlor for cats. It is regarded as a form of a news-moment.

At a "sing-song" given the other night by a well-known gentleman in his home, a male guest sang "Queen of the Earth." The host, bent on making

things pleasant all round, asked what sort of queen she was—was she queen of diamonds? "No," coyly interjected the host's nipper; "queen of spades." The nipper was "shoveled" out of the room to bed.

The gallant Ganz, who would have us believe that Patti was married for the first time in 1899, tells of a private operatic performance at Craig-y-nos, the singer's castle in Wales:—"Soon after Madame Patti's happy marriage with Baron Rolf Cederström, one of the most charming of the many agreeable Swedes whom I have met—she asked me to come down to Craig-y-nos and conduct 'La Traviata,' which she proposed to give on the stage of the lovely little theatre in the castle, as her husband had not heard her sing in opera. The performance, on October 16, 1899, went off well, and, needless to say, all the visitors staying at the castle and all the neighbours who came for the event were enchanted. Especially enthusiastic was raised by Madame's brilliant execution of 'Ah fors' è lui' and the melancholy 'Addio del passato' of the last act touched all hearts."

Miss Marie Hall, the famous violinist, is now visiting New Zealand. Mr. M. Marcus, manager for Messrs. J. and N. Tait, has rearranged the tour, which commences on Thursday evening, July 4th, at Wellington. Miss Hall will give a series of three concerts at the Choral Hall on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, July 25th, 26th and 27th. New Zealand instrumentalists are to be congratulated upon being able to hear Miss Marie Hall, who is included amongst the six greatest violinists of the present day.

The young Australian pianist, Mr. Percy Grainger, seems likely to secure fame not only for his playing but also for his compositions. According to letters received recently he is now hard at work upon some very ambitious efforts, in which Sir Edward Elgar is taking great interest. In fact, the latter has given as his deliberate opinion that Mr. Grainger is to be one of the world's modern composers.

To those who are acquainted—and who is not—with the world-wide reputation of Clara Butt, whom the "Daily Mail" calls "the custodian of a nation's voice," it will come as a shock to learn that that voice was very nearly lost to them. Her parents were adverse to her following a professional career, and had it not been that she won the Royal Scholarship of 400 guineas at the Royal Academy of Music, Miss Butt might have wasted her sweetness on the desert air of suburban drawing-rooms. Of course, when she made her debut in the Albert Hall there was no question of her future. The public enthusiasm was repeated next day in the Press, and from that day Madame Clara Butt has never looked back.

After a most successful tour through Canada, the United States and Australia, Miss Jessie MacLachlan will give a series of farewell concerts in New Zealand, commencing Monday, July 15th, in Auckland. Few vocalists that have visited New Zealand have been more popular with the various audiences than Miss MacLachlan. The reason is not far to seek. Imbued as she is with a deep and intense love of her country and of its minstrelsy, she infuses into her singing a spirit and fervour which makes a deep impression upon those who hear her. It is not only the fact that she is a vocalist of rare ability, and that she possesses a soprano voice of great power and brilliancy of tone, that makes her so successful. She is also above everything a true exponent of the inner spirit and character of the songs she sings. When she bursts forth with unrivalled power and expres-

sion in the martial strains of the Scottish patriotic songs, she kindles in the hearts of her hearers a fire of patriotism. Equally successful also is she in the simple ballads, those songs of the people that they have heard their mothers sing, which awake memories of their childhood and the country they have left behind. It is this which makes Miss MacLachlan's singing of Scottish music stand out so pre-eminently. She feels what she sings, and she infuses her whole heart, aided by her incomparable voice, into the interpretation of the songs she is singing. Nothing finer in the range of vocalisation can be imagined than the trumpet-like and powerfully dramatic manner in which she declaims "Scots Wha Hae," "A Hundred Pipers," and that wonderful song "Blue Bonnets o'er the Border." What wonder that the impressionable Celtic nature is moved to the wildest enthusiasm. So also in songs of England and Ireland, the prima donna is equally at home, showing that she possesses, in an eminent degree, the true artistic spirit. In Mr. Douglas Young, it is said, the company possesses a tenor of rare ability, whilst Mr. McLinden's cello solos are also most artistic. Mr. Buchanan adds to the completeness of the company by his excellent accompaniments.

Santley tells a story of the effect of his operatic acting on a member of his own family. He was appearing as Valentine in "Faust," and among the spectators was his little daughter, who was witnessing her first stage performance. During the duet scene, she became terribly agitated, and when Santley fell, after receiving his "fatal" wound, his daughter gave a piercing yell, and had to be carried screaming from the theatre! Valentine's song, "Even Bravest Heart May Swell," was written expressly for Santley's voice by Gounod, one of the closest friends of the vocalist.

In America, at all events, orchestral enterprise appears to be meeting with encouragement of the most practical description. At Pittsburg, according to the "Musical News," Emil Pauer, the well-known conductor, is to receive a salary of £3000 for the season, while the orchestra itself is supported by a guarantee of £8000 per annum for the ensuing three years. Minneapolis has raised a sum of £18,000 in order to carry on its orchestra under Emil Oberholfer for a similar period, and the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, directed by Frederick Stock, has recently been presented with a donation of £10,000.

A Vienna correspondent writes:—"The Emperor Francis Joseph recently conferred orders upon several of the artists who took part in the festival held last year at Salzburg, in honour of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Mozart. As it is some time since his Majesty bestowed honours upon artists, the marks of favour are all the more gratifying to those concerned. Lilli Lehmann received the gold cross for merit, and Felix Mottl was honoured by the expression of his Majesty's great appreciation of his talent. Further, the Emperor conferred upon Dr. Camille Saint-Saëns the Austrian decoration for art and science."

Santley is seventy-four, and his musical jubilee has been celebrated recently in the Albert Hall, London. A medical friend of the writer of the "Scientific Notes" in the "Pall Mall Gazette" enlarges upon the price he would pay for the privilege of gazing upon Santley's vocal chords. But "C. W. S." says that "vocal chords do not make the singer." "What gives beauty, character and value to a voice is its overtones or harmonies. These are produced in the vocal chords, but as far as the chords are concerned they are only potential. It is the resonator's chest, throat and nose which select and reinforce certain of these over-tones, while ignoring others."

There is a certain kind of cheap piano which commands a market among humble folk who can afford only a very few pounds for an instrument. Pianos of this particular order are known in the profession as "orange boxes." The

description obtains a peculiar significance in the light of an advertisement quoted in the "Music Trades Review"—which appeared in a recent issue of a German horticultural journal—"Gartenbau-Zeitung." It ran thus: "Piano, new, elegant, noble tone, for sale (cheap). Will take apples in exchange.—P—I—, Berlin, S.O." We may be forgiven the hope that Germany will keep that piano.

There was no mistake (writes friend George Tallis) about the reception given to Mr. J. C. Williamson's new Comedy Company when it inaugurated its Australian career at the Princess Theatre on Saturday evening (June 22nd), with a delightful performance of "The Blue Moon." The combined attractions of a new piece and new people sufficed in itself to draw a very large section of Melbourne playgoers to the theatre—indeed, the whole of the dress circle and all but a few seats in the stalls were all reserved before the opening night, and the immense audience which assembled showed every symptom of unequivocal approval, expressing their appreciation alike for the splendid mounting, the gorgeous Eastern colouring, the artistic setting, and the veritable triumph which Mr. Gerard Corentyne has secured in the general production of the piece, while each and every member of the new organisation made a most favourable impression. In singing the company proved particularly strong; Miss Amy Murphy's beautiful soprano and Mr. Reginald Kenneth's fine resonant baritone were uplifted in numbers that pleased the audience immensely, while Miss Maud Thorne also sang daintily and expressively. In comedy work the organisation is no less well equipped; Mr. Victor Gourié scored all along the line as Moolraj, the Burmese-Bermudsey boy, his song, "O, Be Careful of the Crocodile," with its quaint dance, scoring a triple encore. The same compliment was paid Miss Daisy Wallace for her taking-ly sung "She Didn't Know," and this lady achieved a genuine triumph for her singing, her acting, and her dancing alike. Mr. Myles Clifton also shone to advantage, and the same remark applies to Mr. Harold Parkes, Miss Celia Ghisloni, and Mr. P. B. Rathurst. Chorus and orchestra, under the new conductor (Mr. Alfred Moulton), could not have done better, and altogether the premiere was a most emphatic success.

In many respects, the tour (including New Zealand) upon which the "Mother Goose" Company has just entered is one of the most extensive ever essayed by any of Mr. J. C. Williamson's organisations, and it is doubtful whether any other management in the world would attempt it. As a single instance of the long distances to be crossed and the expenditure involved, the forthcoming trip to Perth may be quoted. Only that town in West Australia will be visited, and it has only, comparatively speaking, a limited population within reach of the theatre, and yet it will cost in fares alone a round £750, without freight and other expenses, to transport the company there, while the whole of the passenger accommodation of a large coastal steamer will have to be given up to the members—and this for a fortnight's season. Then, too, the smaller theatres to be met with on tour has necessitated the duplication in a smaller size of every single piece of scenery and property in the same lavish style of ornamentation as has distinguished the mounting in the big metropolitan centres. Again, the necessity of "carrying kids," as the presence of children in the company is referred to, puts a big responsibility on the shoulders of the management. The youngsters have to be carefully looked after, and two trained nurses have been engaged for that purpose, who will watch over the youngsters' interests and well-being by night and day, while one of the first duties of the advance agent in every town will be to fix up comfortable quarters for them near the theatre. Finally, whenever a land journey is to be made by the company a special train will be required, so that altogether "Mother Goose" will have to keep on laying large size eggs in order to cope with the task of keeping that gay old bird moving around the Commonwealth and New Zealand.

Though the name of Carreno is new to most New Zealanders and Australians

as a pianist, it is well recognised by those in touch with the musical centres of the old world that she has long held an unique position among the leading pianists of the day. It is the personal quality that speaks through Madame Carreno's fingers that accounts for the extraordinary charm that her playing yields both to the musician and the uncultured listener. Everything she does means something. Says one critic:—"In no pianist before the public is that rare art of appealing directly to the senses more highly developed than it is in the case of Madame Carreno. It is a common remark to say that a piano is made to sing. In the case of this remarkable woman it means that the touch of the soul is at the end of her fingers, just as it hovers in the singer's throat. Madame Carreno is said to have reached the maturity of her art." She comes to New Zealand under the wing of our old friend, Herr Benno Scherck.

Appropos of the above, Carreno has been delighting Melbourne and Sydney audiences in an unprecedented manner, and comes to Australia with an immense reputation. Her breadth of tone is marvellous, exceeding that of any contemporary performer, while her soft playing is of exquisite delicacy, and she has striking individuality, with a temperament which immediately enslaves her audiences. Her tour is a flying one, as she has to come on to us in New Zealand, and yet be in America by October.

As the name denotes, "Brigadier Gerard," Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's fine novel, which is to be staged as a comedy drama by Mr. Julius Knight and Mr. J. C. Williamson's Dramatic Company on Saturday next, is a military play, dashing, sparkling with gorgeous uniforms and dressings, and full of grand situations. It is a story of the time of Napoleon, showing how Captain Gerard is sent in search of papers which are in the hands of the conspirator Tallyrand, and, after numerous thrilling situations, he eventually recovers them. Mr. Knight has an ideal part in the title role. Miss Marion Grey, as the Comtesse, stately and attractively dressed, is very effective; Mr. Hubert Willis represents the Emperor Napoleon, as a cold, stern, inevitable, and exacting soldier; Mr. Leslie Victor portrays Tallyrand as a sinister, unscrupulous fawn of Gerard. Other parts are sustained by Messrs. Rupert Julian, Harry Plummer, Herbert Bentley, Reynolds Denniston, and Miss Dorothy Sidney. The story of the play lends itself to the display of elaborate and picturesque scenery and dresses.

Raffles pleases the public immensely, and as the gentlemanly burglar Mr. Knight is certainly hard to resist. The production affords an amusing evening's entertainment, and to enter upon the ethics of the play as a play would be as absurd as to discuss the morals, honesty, and sobriety, etc., of the puppets in musical farce. "Raffles" will not educate or elevate, but has no pretences that way, nor is it one of those productions likely to require revival, but it must have already proved a very good investment for Mr. Williamson. Its popularity may be ephemeral, but while it lasts it "goes big," as they say on the stage.

An evening with Wagner—being a description of Tannhäuser, was given before the Auckland Society of Musicians and friends by Herr Johan Wieleart last week. The lecture, which was bright, able, and instructive, as well as entertaining, was excellently illustrated by some of the better known numbers, the parts being taken by Madame Wieleart (Elizabeth and Venus), Mr. Carter (Tannhäuser), Mr. Barry Coney (Wotan and Herman), and Miss Rosewarne (Shepherd).

The third adventure in matrimony by Miss Ellen Terry has drawn attention to the fact that when she married the second time she was seven years in retirement from the stage, and seemed even as if she might leave it for ever. In her life of the actress Mrs. Cran writes: "Here there seems to be fresh proof of that curious want of ambition to which Ellen Terry confessed later on. She

had played each part as it came in her way as well as she knew how, but each part was not to her as a battle won to conquer an empire. She did not see that empire in her dreams. She never had the slightest craving for glory. She renounced her career at the age of twenty without any suspicion that she had anything to renounce. For six years she lived in the country, putting all that energy and vitality which she was afterwards to devote to her art into her life.

"It is said that Charles Reade, when hunting in Hertfordshire, met her by chance in a country lane, and told her in his rough yet kindly way that she was a fool to have left the stage. 'Why don't you go back?' 'I don't want to.' 'You will some day.' 'Never.' Then, mindful of certain financial troubles threatening her rural peace, Ellen Terry added: 'At least, not until some' one gives me £40 a week.' 'Done!' said Charles Reade. 'I will!'" Reade thus recorded the event in his diary: "Ellen Terry. A young lady highly gifted with what Voltaire justly calls le grand art de plaire. Left the stage for some years. . . . Her expression kills any pretty face you see beside her. . . . She is a pattern of fawn-like grace. . . . A very charming creature."

Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. John Hare, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert were among the brilliant gathering at the Royal Academy Banquet, at Burlington House, at which the Prince of Wales was present. Music had eminent representatives in Sir Hubert Parry and Mr. Charles Santley.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

RUINS ON PONAPE.

The disastrous hurricane in the Caroline Islands which resulted in the loss of over a hundred lives calls attention to this comparatively little known archipelago. Ponapec, or Ascension Island, is one of the most interesting of the group, principally on account of its cyclopean ruins, which are very similar to those at Eastern Island. Their origin is a mystery, and their use can only be guessed at. Describing a great ruin at Ponapec, the late Mr. F. J. Moss writes in "Through Atolls and Islands in the Great South Sea":—"Before us rose a massive structure, 20 feet high and 170 feet broad, with walls of enormous thickness, formed of basaltic prisms, some of huge size, laid in alternate transverse rows, the larger in one direction and the smaller in the other. It was the western wall on which we gazed in silent wonder, and through a great opening in the centre, evidently intended as an entrance, we could see the inner walls of the same height and character. The islet, like all through which we passed, was embanked with massive walls of the same style as the building. These careful embankments, the great walls, and the solemn silence, gave to the whole the appearance of a city dead and deserted now, but with canals once crowded by canoes filled with devotees eager to attend the savage rites and sacrifices of which the ruined mass before us may have been the sacred scene. That it was built for a temple seemed clear to my mind."

Many quotations came from the works of Thales, the Greek philosopher and one of the seven wise men. It was he who said, "Know thyself"; "Few words are a sign of prudent judgment"; "Search after wisdom, and choose what is most worthy"; "There is nothing more beautiful than the world"; "Time is the wisest thing, for it invents and discovers all things."

He also said that it was the hardest thing in the world to know oneself, and the easiest to admonish another. In his youth Thales was urged to marry; but he said, "It is too soon"; and later in life, upon being urged again, he said, "It is too late."

How Men Will Live a Hundred Years from Now.

How men will live, dress, keep house, and travel a hundred years from now is forecasted by Baron Russell, the English scientist, who predicts the future from a study of the past and present tendencies of the things that concern our daily life. This has been Baron Russell's hobby for years, and the result has been given in a book entitled "One Hundred Years Hence," which is regarded by many sociologists as a most scientific attempt to gaze into the future.

In the first place, women will relegate the corset and other injurious clothing to the company of the farthingale and other obsolete garments in a comparatively short time. Already tight-lacing and the wearing of such corsets as unnaturally compress the internal organs of the body are being rejected by women of sense, who decline to injure themselves and their offspring at the command of fashion.

WOMEN WILL DISCARD PETTICOATS.

If one were asked to suggest the various steps by which the ultimate costume of the century, whether male or female, will be arrived at, Baron Russell thinks few would not boggle at the task. But two characteristics certainly will be demanded—that it shall give all movements of the body the greatest possible freedom consistent with warmth, and that it shall be as easy as possible to put on and off. There will be an inner garment worn next the skin for purposes of cleanliness. This will be made of some fabric not unlike the Japanese soft, silky paper, so that it can be destroyed as soon as taken off. Next will be a middle garment worn for warmth, and, lastly, an outer suit for protection.

It is not in the least likely that so insensatory and degrading an occupation as that of the washer woman can survive, the middle garment, completely cleansable by vacuum action and oxygenation, will, of course, be made of some vegetable fibre like cotton or flax. It will be some developed form of combination easy to put on and off, fastened by a single knot or button. It will be highly porous, for the importance of properly ventilating the skin will be perfectly well understood.

Thus far male and female costume will be identical. It is not to be believed that woman, already long emancipated from the corset, will continue a slave to the skirt and petticoat and other restraining garments. She will, no doubt, wear a costume much like what Miss Rehan wore as Rosalind, a tunic and knee skirt, probably in one, with garters made of some elastic material.

FRENCH HEeled BOOTS WILL BE FORGOTTEN.

The foot covering will be totally different. Towns will be sanitary underfoot, and the streets will be free from mud. Consequently it will be no longer necessary to wear uncomfortable and deforming boots. Footgear, whatever it be, will be formed of vegetable fibre.

One object sought, consciously or unconsciously, in dress is the class distinction.

In the coming age every one will take pride in his work, and no longer will treat work with the disgraceful contempt which we only by degrees are transcending by healthful and proper appreciation. Consequently, the clothes worn at work no doubt will be specially designed to facilitate the exertions of the worker. And in the copious hours of leisure there will be variety, increased by the wearing of special garments for special amusements.

Every one will enjoy the comfort of a complete change of dress when play time comes, and every one will dress for dinner, although not in swallow-tail coats.

It is generally agreed that the tendency of the sexes is to become less divergent intellectually and morally. As it will have been realized long before the advent of the next century that the surest way to improved capacity is in increased responsibility, women will not be allowed a hundred years hence to shirk their political obligations. We may see with half an eye that every year women are becoming more capable and also more desirous of aiding the councils of the public, and in some of the colonies, as well as in some of the states of the union, they already are voting with the

most wonderful intelligence and usefulness. The influence of the female vote in New Zealand for some time has been perceptible in the legislation of that highly enlightened colony.

DIVORCES WILL BE EASY BUT INFREQUENT.

No doubt the marriage laws will undergo amendment in one or two particulars. It will be realized that it is much more immoral to compel unwilling couples to live together matrimonially than to set them free to remedy one of the most hideous mistakes. The frequency of divorce petitions will be diminished from the time we get rid of the idiotic and almost incredibly wicked convention by which we take almost every conceivable caution to insure that a girl in marrying shall have no possible means of knowing to what she is committing herself.

The next step will be in recognizing that it is disgraceful for parents to put pressure on the inclinations of their children, and social exorcism will render such pressure impossible. A third step will be the abatement of our present entire neglect of any demand for good character in a bridegroom, who would be outraged if he thought that the least aspersion could be suggested concerning his bride. In other words, the greatest improvement in the status of marriage will be effected when we recognize the claim of woman to be made the equal of man in knowledge, in discretion, and in social rights.

CRIME WILL BE REFORMED OUT OF EXISTENCE.

The repression of crime will be largely through preventive measures. With improved detective methods the chances of escape in any given case will be greatly diminished, the innocent will be rarely accused at all, and the punishment of the guilty will be of a reformatory character. In the meantime the study of mental science will have made great strides, and a great source of crime will be eliminated because men and women with the mental twist which leads to crime will be absolutely prevented from propagating their race.

In the sweet bye and bye of a hundred years from now Baron Russell thinks there will be no brooms. Instead there will be handy contrivances of various shapes and furnished with elastic nozzles capable instantly of exhausting the air within. Such a nozzle wheeled over the floor will remove every particle of dust from the surface of the carpet, at the same time picking up all such things as scraps of paper, pins, and other debris of the previous day. A similar instrument differently shaped will clean the curtains, supposing curtains to be still in use at the time, and will dust chairs and tables—though there will not be anything like so much dust as there is now, nearly all kinds of combustion being abolished.

HEAT AND ENERGY WILL COME FROM WATER.

There will be no coal. Water will be our great source of energy. The economical analysis of water into its own component gases whose chemical affinity and antipodal attraction already are utilized to some extent in such appliances as the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe and electrical storage batteries, is a secret capable of extraordinary benefits to the new age. By burning hydrogen in oxygen we can already produce the greatest heat practically needed in the arts; the electrical furnace only superceding this process because it happens to be more manageable. But when we want oxygen and hydrogen we do not in practice now obtain them from water; we only combine them as water in the act of utilization.

The rational line of progress is obviously to seek means of directly composing water. When we can do this compendiously and economically we shall have an inexhaustible supply of energy—for water thus used is not destroyed as water, as coal is destroyed. Aqua coal, when we utilize its stored energy. The act of utilizing the gases recombining them, and we can use them then for the reproduction of almost every kind of energy that man at present needs. We can use them for heat by burning them together. We can use them for light by burning them in the presence of any substance capable of being made incandescent. We shall be able to use them to generate electricity by some sort of contrivance akin to the accumulator of the present day, a highly rudimentary

invention; and it would even now be a simple matter to utilize their explosive recombination for the direct production of power as motion.

THERE WILL BE NO DIRT IN THE FUTURE.

Utilized apart, the constituent gases of water have many uses and possible uses. Hydrogen under suitable treatment yields the greatest obtainable cold, as oxygen and hydrogen together yield the greatest heat. If our flying machines need a sort of ballast to reinforce their mechanical lifting apparatus, hydrogen is the best possible assistant. And the probable uses of oxygen still more are numerous.

One of the greatest problems of our own day is the disposal of waste products of all sorts, the sources of inconveniences, disease, and dirt. Oxygen, if readily and copiously obtainable, is capable of destroying them all.

Medicine likely will find in oxygen the great propulsive force of its forward movement. Numerous diseases not only can be cured but ultimately abolished when we have once discovered how to use oxygen. The universal source of power likely will be in the decomposition and the recombination of water. But electricity probably will not until after several decades approach the limits of its realm.

KEEPING HOUSE WILL BE A DREAM.

The kitchen fire, of course, will be an electric furnace. Lighting will all be electric and no doubt wireless. The abolition of horse traffic in the cities and the use of vacuum apparatus which will be continually at work in all the streets, keeping them free and dry from mud, practically will remove the necessity for boot brushing, even supposing that we shall still wear boots. Every man and woman in dressing will pass a vacuum instrument over his or her clothes and get rid of the little dust existing, for we shall be more and more intolerant of dirt in any form, having by that time fully realized how dangerous dirt is.

A woman of the year 2000 who could be miraculously transported back to the present moment probably would faint at the intolerable disgustiveness of our cleanest cities of this age, even if the cruelty of employing horses for traction and the frightful recklessness of allowing them to soil the streets in which people walk did not overpower her sensibilities in another way.

LITTLE COOKING DONE AT HOME.

Cooking perhaps will not be done at all on any large scale at home. At any rate, it will be a much less disgusting process than it is to-day. In no case will the domestic servant of a hundred years hence be called upon to stand by a roaring fire laid by himself and to be cleaned up by herself when done with in order to cook the family dinner. Every measure of heat will be furnished in electrically fitted receptacles with or without water jackets or steam jackets; and unquestionably all cooking will be done in hermetically closed vessels. Animal food will have been wholly abandoned before the end of the century, the debris of the kitchen will be much more manageable than at present, and the kitchen sink will cease to be a place of unapproachable loathsomeness. Dishes and utensils will be dropped into an automatic receptacle for cleansing, swirled by clean water delivered with force and charged with nascent oxygen, dried by electric heat, and polished by electric force. And all that has come off the plates will drop through the scullery floor into the destructor beneath to be oxygenated and made away with.

PURE COUNTRY AIR IN THE CITY FLAT.

All apartments in city homes will contain an oxygenator, which will furnish purer air than the air of the fresh country-side. And in bedrooms at least there will be a chemical apparatus which will absorb carbon dioxide and at the same time slowly give off a certain amount of oxygen—just enough to raise the oxygenation of the air to the standard of the best country places. Similar appliances will be at work in the streets, so that town air will be just as wholesome, just as tonic and invigorating as country air.

Since the high buildings of the future will keep out the sunlight, electric light,

carrying on all the ray activity of the sunlight and just as capable of fostering life and vegetation, will serve the streets. Thus so far as hygiene goes, town life will be on a par with country life.

TRAINS WILL RUN 200 MILES AN HOUR.

A hundred years hence trains will be run one over top the other, perhaps to the height of several stories, not necessarily provided with supporting rails, for we may have discovered means by which vehicles can be propelled above the ground in some kind of guideways, doing away with the great loss of power caused by wheel friction; that is to say, the guides will direct but not support the cars. The clumsy device of locomotive engines will have been dispensed with. Whatever power is employed to drive the trains of the next century will certainly be conveyed to them from central power houses. The trains perhaps will not stop at all. They will only slacken speed a little, but the platform will begin to move as the train approaches and will run along beside it at the same speed as the train so that passengers can get in and out as if the train were standing still. When all are aboard the doors will be closed all together by the guard and the platform will reverse its motion and return to its original position.

With trains travelling at quite 200 miles an hour, and certainly nothing less would satisfy the remotest suburbanites of the next century, a passenger putting his head out of the window would be blinded and suffocated. So the windows will be glazed, the oxygenators and carbon dioxide absorbers in each carriage keeping the air sweet, and other suitable appliances adjusting its temperature.

There will be no such thing as grade crossings; wherever the road crosses the line there will be bridges provided with endless moving tracks to carry passengers and vehicles across. Of course horses will long have vanished from the land. Cities will be provided with moving streetways always at action at two or more speeds, and we shall have learned how to hop on and off the lowest speed from the stationary pavement and from the lower to the higher speeds without danger.

When streets cross one rolling roadway will rise in curve over the other.

HORSES AND WAGGONS FORGOTTEN.

There will be no vehicular traffic at all in cities of any size. All the transportation will be done by the road's own motion. In smaller towns and for getting from one town to another automatic motor cars will exist, coin worked. A man who wished to travel will step into a motor car, drop into the slot machine the coin which represents the fare for the distance he wants to travel, and assume control.

We may safely suppose that the ocean ships of a hundred years hence will be driven by energy of some kind transmitted from the shores on either side. The ships of a hundred years hence will not lie in the water. They will tower above the surface, merely skimming it with their keels and the only engines they will carry will be for receiving and utilizing the energy transmitted to them from the power houses ashore, perhaps worked by the force of the tides.

There ought to be societies formed for the encouragement of laughter. Goldsmith, who was always laughing, tells us of "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind," and the scornful Byron says, "And if I laugh at any mortal thing, 'tis that I may not weep." Many people are afraid to laugh, because they think it is not good form. They are wrong, and the writers just quoted are often wrong. Nature evidently intended us to laugh, or children would not know how Nature has evolved laughter in the race to develop and mature our children. Laughter is healthful, and provocative of good morals as well as good health. Hamlet says that "one may smile, and smile, and be a villain," and so one might; but no one could laugh and laugh and be a villain. To smirk, grin, guffaw, or smile, is not to laugh. A good, whole-souled, hearty laugh is a panacea for many ills, and worth a doctor's prescription.

The Circle of Death

IT was a night in mid-August, and Texas was sweltering. The cowboys, eight in all, were sitting around their camp-fire, made of dry sticks and bleached driftwood, gathered from the banks of the Red River, some three hundred yards distant.

The sun-dried grass had been carefully burned away in a wide circle, and exactly in the center of the space of blackened stubble and earth the campfire had been built. That precaution was necessary in those days, some twenty years ago, for then the loathsome, deadly centipede and tarantula, and particularly the centipede, had not given way to the advance of civilisation. These dreaded things would not venture on newly burned ground, and where fire had passed the weary ranchman and cattleman could spread his blanket and sleep peacefully and without fear.

The eight cowboys on this mid-August night had finished their supper of dried beef, broiled over the coals, and cold corn cakes, and had lighted pipes for a smoke before turning in. They talked bawlingly of the incidents of the day, and swore great wicked, naked oaths, as was their way. They did not know, of course, that death, foul and horrible, was in their midst.

Dan Bowman, the big, sandy-haired cowboy who could take a two-year-old steer by the horns and make it bawl quita, unbent one of his sinewy knees and straightened out his leg flat in front of him, letting the light from the fire flare up on the lower part of his shirt front, which before had been in shadow.

Instantly, Bud Green, who sat directly across the fire from him, and who was his side-partner, started as if to spring to his feet, but checked himself. His face was blanched and strained, and his eyes were staring at the lower part of Dan's shirt front.

Almost simultaneously with Bud's terrified start, Dan, impelled by that keen, animal-like instinct which is a part of the nature of all men whose lives are associated with danger, glanced down—and saw a large centipede disappearing in an opening of his shirt.

He took breath with a catch, like a man strangling, and his hand moved convulsively, as if to clutch the venomous thing and crush it, but he caught himself in time and remained motionless.

It had all happened in an eye's wink, and the wretched cowboy had been aided in his warning to restrain himself by his partner admonishing him, hoarsely:

"For God's sake, Dan, don't move, don't breathe. Maybe it'll come out agen!"

Then, to the others, who had not seen

"Keep still, boys! A centipede's crawled inside o' Dan's shirt. Don't lift a hand or do nothin' that'll disturb it, an' maybe it'll come out agen without tetchin' him."

How the centipede had got on the cowboy was a question hard to answer. It may have crawled up on his leg while they were burning the grass on the campsite, or it may have clung to his clothing while they were picking up wood for the fire. In either case it must have secreted itself, with devilish cunning, in a seam or crease of his clothing, and kept quiet and hidden as long as he moved about; otherwise it would have been detected long before. Evidently it had started as soon as he sat down, and spring the gap where the shirt was unbuttoned, had crawled in for safety.

Dan never moved a muscle, but all the colour left his face, and his lips became pallid, like a sick man's. The agony he endured could not be described. The things he thought could not be imagined. Every moment he expected to feel against his cringing skin the crawl of its feet, then the sting of its wicked bite, the swift and fatal rush of the filthy venom through his veins, the numbing paralysis, the hardening of the flesh, and the oozing of the little milk-like drops of sweat from the pores around the bite, and then—

He did not know which way the centipede was going. He only knew, from

pulse to pulse, that his life was being spared and his torture prolonged.

The others sat as motionless as if they were petrified, and as silent as if they lacked the power of speech. The injunction of the cowboy's partner was being obeyed to the letter. Some of them dreaded to look at Dan, whom they already considered doomed, and kept their eyes bent on the fire. Others, with bated breath, watched him, expecting every second to see him clutch madly at some part of his shirt and shriek in despair.

About three minutes had elapsed—it seemed hours to them—since the centipede had entered Dan's shirt, and it had not been felt. The tension and fearful suspense were telling on him. His eyes had become bloodshot and the veins stood out on his temples and hands.

His partner watched him closely, faithfully, across the fire, his soul wrung with desire to help him. But he was as powerless to help as if Dan already stood beyond death's dividing line. With a six-shooter in his hand, he would have had a good chance of rescuing him from a band of Comanche or Apache Indians, but even to touch him now might mean death. He caught Dan's eye for a fleeting moment and read its message.

"That's all O.K., Dan," he said, in low tones, fearing that even the sound of his voice might rouse the centipede. "If it happens that way I'll see that no harm comes to her an' the youngster. I'll look out fer 'em, Dan."

Another minute elapsed, then another, and then Bud suddenly leaped to his feet in an attitude ready to spring, his eyes strained with the intensity of action and his hat clutched in his hand, ready to strike.

Dan knew at once the cause of his partner's agitation, and dropped his eyes. He beheld the centipede emerging from the other side of his shirt. The shirt stood out in a loose fold from his body, and the centipede had obviously crawled entirely around him, clinging to the garment.

The hideous thing was slowly turning abruptly on the facing of the shirt, which was apparently a laborious feat for it, since its body must bend more than customary. Leg by leg it came out, and inch by inch Dan's partner drew within striking distance.

The centipede was about half out when it missed its footing. Its loathsome body twisted once or twice, as if about to topple backward against the bare bosom of its victim. Dan became nauseated, almost blind, and his partner's heart was thumping as though it were in his throat.

A few more squirms and the centipede steadied itself, and then dragged its full length out of the shirt.

On the instant Bud sprang across the fire, there was a sharp flick of his big hat-brim, and the centipede was writhing in the black dust, and just at the feet of the man around whom it had drawn a circle of death. From there it was kicked into the fire, to perish, as it should, a thing accursed.

Saved, Dan sank backward, limply, and a cold sweat broke out on his brow. His partner raised him gently, and held a flask of brandy to his lips. Being a strong man, he soon revived, but there was no sleep for him that night.

Through the long hours until dawn he sat and stirred up the fire and watched furtively, his flesh crawling at every touch of his clothing.—By James Ravenscroft, in "The Metropolitan."

At a public dinner in an English city, the toast of "Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces" was proposed in rather unusual terms. In submitting the toast, the chairman said: "This is a toast which requires very little comment from me, as the subject is one with which you are all familiar. The Army and Navy have been drunk for many years, and the Reserve Forces have now been drunk for something over twenty years."

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Here and There

Maxims of Publius Syrus (45 B.C.)

As men, we are all equal in the presence of death.

When we pause to think, we often miss our opportunity.

There are times when we may do well to forget what we know.

The fear of death is more to be feared than death itself.

The two greatest blessings of human life are good health and good sense.

Observe the golden mean between saying too much and too little.

♦ ♦ ♦

A Little Misunderstanding.

The German is a long time in learning American idioms. One who had been there for a year or more, and could speak some English before his arrival—a very short and corpulent man, by the way—went to his grocer's and paid a bill which had been standing for several weeks.

"Now you are all square, sir."

"I was not."

"You are square, I said."

"I was square?"

"Yes, you are all square now."

Hans was silent for a moment; then, with reddening face and flashing eyes, he brought his plump fist down upon the counter, and said:

"See here, mint front, I will have no more peevishness with you. I treat you like a shentleman. I pay my bill, and you make a shake of me. You say I was square ven I know I was round as a parrel. I don't like such shakes. My peevishness mit you was done."

♦ ♦ ♦

An Imperial Socialist.

Mr. Sidney Olivier, who has been chosen to succeed Sir Alexander Swettenham as Governor of Jamaica, is by no means a stranger to the West Indian island. In fact, he knows everything about it worth knowing, for he has already had five years' residence in the island as Colonial Secretary. He was sent out in 1899, when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had charge of the Colonial Office, and the confidence of that astute judge of character was amply justified by the immense value of Mr. Olivier's services. He stayed in the island until 1914, and during three years of his sojourn practically ran the executive machine. He reorganised the finance of Jamaica, and made the country solvent, proving himself a statesman of no mean order. Nor was he less successful as a disciplinarian. When the riots broke out in Montego Bay, Mr. Olivier, in the absence of the Governor, took the reins in his hands, and aided by the soldiery, rapidly quelled the rising. The new Governor may be said to be a specialist in Colonial and West Indian affairs. In 1890 he was Colonial Secretary to the Government of British Honduras; in 1895 he was appointed Auditor-General of the Leeward Islands; and the following year acted as Secretary to the Royal Commission which was sent out, under Sir Henry Norman, to investigate the conditions of the West Indies. For these services he was appointed C.M.G. by the late Queen Victoria. Mr. Sidney Olivier was born in 1859, and is the son of the Rev. H. A. Olivier, of Hants. He was educated first at Lausanne, then at Kington School, Tonbridge School, Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree, and finally in Germany. He entered the Colonial Office in 1882, heading the list in an open competition. Mr. Olivier was one of that remarkable band of reformers who started England, towards the end of the eighties, by the publication of "Fabian Essays," and it is a strange coincidence that almost every contributor to that pioneer work of the aims of the Socialist, Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. Hubert Bland, and many others, has "arrived." At the time of its publication Mr. Olivier was the secretary of the Fabian Society, an office he held

for many years. That he has been true to these early ideals is evidenced by the fact that only a few days ago he lectured before his old society on "Socialism and Middle-class Economics." In 1881 he published a volume of "Poems and Parodies," showing a fair ability as a versifier, and he has also signed his name to two plays, one of which was successfully produced by the Stage Society. He is above the average height, with the strong, bearded face of the pioneer. His eyes are brilliant and searching, and his well-shaped lips indicate a strong phase of determination typical of the man. His appointment has given complete satisfaction to the natives, with whom he was always a prime favourite.

♦ ♦ ♦

Horse-Power of a Horse.

The old-fashioned street cars were drawn by two horses; the modern ones are driven by motors rated at from 30 to 50 horse-power. The conditions that make necessary such an increase in power were not recognised at first, so that some of the earlier electric roads were regarded as failures. Says an editorial writer in the "Electrical Review":—"Two horses were all that were required for drawing the ordinary horse-car; and when it was attempted to apply the electric motor, the inventor assumed that if he used a four or five horse-power motor, he would be doing all that could be required; yet there is no doubt that the failure of all the early attempts to apply the electric motor to street railways service was due, in part, to the small power of the motors. The conditions were underestimated, and the motor was far too small for the work required of it. Not until two motors, each rated at about fifteen horse-power, were adopted as the standard equipment, was the running of the car satisfactory; and it was not long before this had been raised to two twenty-five horse-power motors for all except level roads. It seems strange that it should be necessary to place mechanical apparatus in a car which is rated at more than twenty times the animal power that used to move the older vehicles; but this is due, first, to the fact that the cars are larger, and hence heavier, and they must run at a higher speed; and also to the fact that a horse is capable, for a short time, of working at a considerably greater rate than one-horse-power. In other words, he has a large overload rating. On the other hand, the electric motor is rated for that power which it can perform continuously. Its ordinary performance is usually considerably less than this."

♦ ♦ ♦

Victor Hugo's Hope of a Future Life.

Victor Hugo's opinion on the question of life beyond the grave was a remarkable one. Definite and virile, it struck incisively against the jaded and sceptical spirit of his age and country. Backed by his strong intellect, the creed of such a man is a distinct note in the discord of warring theologies, its power multiplied by the number of Hugo's gifts, its value measured by the worth of his personality.

The great Frenchman was firmly convinced that he would meet all his friends in a future world. He was equally sure that he had always existed from the anti-biblical times, when the Creator placed him on earth. He believed that he would exist forever, inasmuch as he felt in his soul thousands of hymns, dramas, and poems that had never found expression.

When the atheists would say to him, "The proof that you will not exist in the future is that you did not exist in the past," Hugo would answer:—

"Who told you I did not exist in the past centuries? You will say that is the legend of the ages. The poet has written, 'Life is a fairy tale twice writ-

ten.' He might have said a thousand times written. You do not believe in the doctrine of surviving personalities for the reason that you do not recollect your anterior existence. But how can the recollection of vanished ages remain imprinted on your memory when you do not remember a thousand and one scenes and events of your present life? Since 1802 there have been ten Victor Hugos in me. Do you think that I can recall all their actions and all their thoughts?"

"The tomb is dark, and when I shall have passed the tomb to emerge into light once more, all these Victor Hugos will be almost wholly strangers to me, but it will always be the same soul."

♦ ♦ ♦

Five Years' Drift.

Dr. Nansen, Norwegian Minister to the Court of St. James, one might recently resume the character of Polar expert, and lectured to the Royal Geographical Society on Polar problems.

The way to reach the Pole, he said, would be to follow the course of a bottle—get in a ship and drive it into the ice north of Behring Straits, and remain in it until it came out near Greenland. "Such a drift would take five years, it is true," he added drily, amid laughter. He claimed that the Fram's drift showed it to be possible.

Dr. Nansen made fun of the idea of reaching the Pole by motor car, balloon, airship, or submarine. He showed that motor cars would have to climb fields of ice hummocks 20 feet high, and said that balloons and airships would make observations of little value. Submarines were of still less importance, because they would have to dive thirty or forty fathoms to get under the ice at all.

♦ ♦ ♦

Big Ben Run Down.

Unlike the legislators whose time he regulates, Big Ben is overworked, remarks the London "Express." Mr. L. V. Harcourt, who, as First Commissioner of Works, is responsible for Big Ben's well-being, has prescribed a rest, and the great clock must go into hospital in order to make a thorough recovery. His mechanism is so great that he will be divided into three parts, each to be treated separately. The machinery which is responsible for the chimes will be thoroughly restored in one week, and then for another week Ben will fail to strike the hours. After that, when the hours and the chimes are in working order, Big Ben must be stopped altogether while the mechanism which records merely the Londoner's time is attended to.

"It will take half a dozen men to remove the works," said a member of the firm of Messrs E. Dent and Co., who have sole charge of Big Ben. "They will clean the parts on the spot, and then take them to our factory in Hanway-place, Oxford-street, to be repaired. If he had lasted until next year Big Ben would have celebrated his jubilee without ever having been really ill. There have been signs, lately, however, that he wants a thorough overhauling. The little lapses we have noticed are not the outcome of caprice. Having been working steadily, day and night, since 1858, he naturally wants a rest, and we are arranging it so that the public shall be inconvenienced as little as possible."

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Anecdotes and Sketches

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

For the first time in six months Mr. Elmer Jurgins, on two consecutive mornings, walked to the railway station. As he went, men turned to stare at him, women pointed at him out of the windows, and even the small dogs seemed to take delight in barking at him. At the station his arrival created a mild stir, and on the second morning a group of his fellow citizens gathered about him.

"Mr. Jurgins," said the spokesman, "why do you walk to the depot in this humble fashion? Where is your automobile?"

"Sold it," said Jurgins, shortly.

"Going to get a larger one?"

"No, sir; I'm done with 'em."

A murmur of surprise ran through the group.

"Cost too much?" inquired the spokesman.

"Not at all. It was not very expensive to buy, and it was cheap to run. It was not the automobile that I kept, but keeping an automobile, which was expensive."

Someone asked for an explanation.

"Well, gentlemen," said Jurgins, "six months ago every man in this town called me 'Jurg,' was glad to walk with me and swap yarns, moved up to give me half his seat in the car, and seemed generally satisfied with me. Blinks, the grocer, knocked off a little on my bill now and then, and gave my boy a bag of candy when I settled with him."

"Toomy" gave me two thousand pounds of coal in a ton, and never sent in a bill for it until I asked him what I owed him.

"I hired your boy, Billings, for ten cents an hour to cut my grass and do chores. I used to do most of them myself in the evening."

"My wife could buy ten yards of goods and cut a dress, hire Nancy Cook for ten dollars a day to sew it together, and fit it, and be as well dressed as the rest of the women here. And when there was tennis, croquet, or golf, no one in the town was more likely to be asked to take a hand than my wife and I."

"Then I bought that automobile."

"For at least four months no man in town has called me anything but 'Mr. Jurgins.'"

"Blink adds a little to every bill because he thinks I can afford it."

"Toomy cuts the weight short and demands cash."

"Nancy Cook is only a seamstress when she sews for your wives. When mine wants her she is a modiste at five dollars a day, and requires fifteen yards of goods."

"Blink's boy won't work for me at all, since he no longer considers it a neighbourhood service, and I have to get a man at thirty cents an hour—and he has to do everything."

"My milk costs me a cent a quart more, and I haven't been asked to play tennis, golf, baseball, or croquet once this summer."

"No, gentlemen. I could buy an automobile, buy gasoline for it, and hire repairs made for it if necessary, but I can't afford to keep the automobile in the town if I live and let it be known that I own it."

"Boys, I am no longer 'Mr. Jurgins' the automobilist. I am 'Jurg' again, henceforth and for evermore."

As the train pulled in there was a rush by each commuter to secure a whole seat, one-half of which he could offer in fellowship to the restored comrade.

TIRE SOME.

At Harvard University the students have a little epigram which they use to warn speakers not to be too prolix. It compares a speech to a wheel. "You know, professor," they would say, "the longer the spoke the greater the tire."

"BILL INSIDE."

Bill Jones is a country storekeeper, and last spring he went to Wellington to purchase a stock of goods. The goods were sent immediately and reached home before he did. When the boxes were delivered at his store his wife happened to look at the largest. She uttered a loud cry, and called for a hammer. A neighbour, hearing the screams, rushed to her assistance, and asked what was the matter. Pale and faint, she pointed to an inscription on the box, which read as follows:—"Bill inside."

HE WOULD NOT WASTE AN INSULT.

Some time since I paid a visit to the studio of a well-known artist, and found him funning and painting at a picture in a manner which quickly convinced me that something had considerably disturbed his equanimity.

"It's that ass X," he informed me, on my asking what had happened. "The fellow popped in on me, and declared that this part of the picture was disgraceful. I nearly kicked him down the stairs."

"You seem pretty busy on it," I suggested.

"Well," he answered, "the ass was right. Hang fit! You would not have me insulted, and not make the most I can out of it, would you?"

That struck me as an eminently sensible way of using the acid and insulting adviser who is right.

ONE OF THE SIGHTS.

Dr. X, a fashionable London physician, married an exceedingly plain elderly bride; indeed, her unfortunate appearance excited comment wherever she went.

A lady patient, bent on being polite, was apologising to Dr. X for not having called upon the lady for some time.

"I am expecting my sister to stay with me," she said, "so put off coming to see you wife till she came. You know, she comes from the North every year, and we see all the sights of London together; and"—impressively—"the very first thing we have arranged to do when she arrives is to call upon Mrs. X!"

CONFUSED IDENTITY.

People taken by surprise sometimes say what they do not mean. A carful of people were entertained recently by a conversation which neither of the participants found comic. A train was waiting in a dim station at the end of a dull afternoon; lights were not yet lighted, and it was decidedly dusky within the car.

An excited and near-sighted woman hurried in, hurried down the aisle, peering at the passengers as she went, and at last, as she dropped into a seat beside another woman, exclaimed with a sigh of relief:

"Oh, it's you!"

"Certainly not!" snapped a startled stranger, turning; whereupon the mistaken traveller hastily apologised:

I beg your pardon—but it's so dark in here I was quite sure you were."

Another woman in similar circumstances, became even more confused. She was waiting for her sister in a railway station when a gentleman, looking for his wife, and misled by a general resemblance in figure and clothing, stepped up behind her, and, laying his hand on her shoulder, exclaimed:

"Thank goodness, Emma, it's you!"

The name he used happened to be really hers, which made the sudden familiarity even more startling. She jumped nervously.

"You're mistaken, sir!" she gasped. "I'm Emma, but she isn't me."

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A FATE FORETOLD

By EDITH H. FOWLER, Author of "The Professor's Children," Etc.

"H, mother, mother, do hurry down!" cried a girl, looking up from a newly-read letter, and rushing to the foot of the staircase. "It has come!" and she clasped the precious document in her hands, trembling with ecstasy.

"What has come, little one?" asked Mrs. Findlay, hurrying into the dining-room.

"What has come, little one?" asked the rector, coming out of his study, where he spent many a peaceful morning hour before the world was awakened.

"The chance of my life," replied Elizabeth enthusiastically. "Oh, it is too good to be true!"

"You seem to me full young to be brought face to face with the one chance of your life," said her father slowly, smiling as he watched the pretty, childish face. "And my experience is that our great chances come, not dressed up as crises, but on the wayside of everyday life, and we have passed them before we recognise their importance."

"Oh, father, how can you be so stupid! Don't you know that all a girl wants is her chance, and she must have it before she is old?" Elizabeth looked ten years ahead, which would bring her to her thirtieth birthday, and decided that by then she would be almost too old to live, and much too old to feel.

"But still we are in ignorance of your wonderful news, love," suggested her mother, "but perhaps it had better wait now till after prayers, lest it distract our thoughts."

Elizabeth did wish her father would not read quite such long chapters—especially on this eventful morning—though she could not possibly have remembered afterwards what it was about, for her mind was far away amid the splendours of a London season, for which her aunt had written to invite her. London was but a name to Elizabeth—but the name of a fairy palace of wonders and splendours, and her silly little head already pictured herself "meeting her fate" in the dazzle of its ball-rooms, and making a brilliant match, at which all the village folk of Farquay would catch their breath. By the time prayers were over Elizabeth was dizzy with the hopes and possibilities of this most wonderful chance.

She had been frothing and chafing against the narrow bounds of a home which lay in a wooded valley running down to the sea, one of the loveliest bits of unknown England; where the sweet shelter of loving parents' care enfolded her, and the simple interests of fisher-folk and land labourers claimed her sympathy and help.

But Elizabeth wanted to see life—which she spelled with a capital L, and meant thereby most of those things which are not life at all, but a miscellaneous collection of pleasures and gaiety. She had no patience with the perfect content of her father and mother in this lovely little country parsonage, and the diverse friendships of parochial life; and in her worst moods had almost wished herself the daughter of her mother's sister, who had married a rich manufacturer, who afterwards became a member of Parliament, and had been recently knighted for a small contribution to political service and a large one to political funds. But now her aunt's invitation that she should come to London for two months of the season and play the part of daughter

to them, wiped all her discontent away, and filled her with an utterly inadequate delight.

"It is a beautiful time of year to waste in London," said the rector sadly, when they were discussing the proposal over their bacon.

Elizabeth gave a little scream. To call London "waste."

"I am sick of summers here!" she said petulantly, for fear of even attempted hindrances to her plan. "Nothing but country and sea and dullness and poor people. I never have anybody to speak to."

"You have your mother," said Mr. Findlay, reprovingly, wondering however anyone could ever want more; but her mother quickly interposed.

"Elizabeth does not exactly mean that, my dear; she is referring to friends of her own age. It is natural for a girl to want young companionship, and I quite understand why she finds it a little dull here." Mrs. Findlay forgot the hurt which was pricking at her own heart to smooth the way between Elizabeth and her father.

"Smithson is a young fellow," persisted the rector, "and she sees enough of him."

"But he is only the curate," observed the girl scornfully; "I want to meet real men, thank you."

"Smithson is a good fellow, too," he continued, tapping at his egg, "and a gentleman."

"He has not a very distinguished name," replied Elizabeth hotly, "and he never went to a public school, and only on a scholarship to Cambridge."

"Only on a scholarship?" did you say, my child?" asked the rector amazed. "How could he have gone more honourably? And his widowed mother could only afford to send him to a Grammar school. But even Eton does not necessarily make a gentleman."

"Does your aunt mention a date for your going, dear?" asked Mrs. Findlay, anxious to change the subject.

"She says the first of May. Only a fortnight from now. Oh, mother!" and Elizabeth's smiles came back with a happy rush. "Won't it be lovely? And I may get some new dresses, mayn't I. Aunt says I must go to her dress-maker, and not think about the bills."

The rector frowned, but his wife spoke quickly. "When you are being a daughter to my sister, dear—a sweet and helpful daughter, I hope—of course you may accept her gifts. Your father and I cannot afford to give you much to spend on dress, but in your life here you do not need much. In London it is different."

Elizabeth smiled, and the frown was wiped off her father's brow. Mrs. Findlay being one of those ideal women who happily are to be found so often amid the realities of wifehood and motherhood, whose mission it is to keep her children's faces covered with smiles and her husband's free from frowns.

"Mother," exclaimed Elizabeth, in an awe-stricken voice, as the rector left the room. "The wonderful part of it all is that it is my fortune coming true."

"Your fortune, dear?"

"Yes, I didn't tell you, because I knew you don't believe in fortune-telling. But that girl who was staying with Mrs. Mason told me fortune, and she said that I should 'meet my fate this summer, on the 17th day of the month.'"

Mrs. Findlay stroked her daughter's hand and nodded sympathetically. Oh, the wisdom of such silences when dealing with the folly and impetuosity of youth!

So Elizabeth packed up her possessions and her hopes, and started on her journey with unlimited faith in all that it should bring her; and she never noticed the look in Jack Smithson's eyes as he stood in mute misery on the platform. Of course, she knew he was in love with her, but so prosaic a fate as becoming engaged to her father's curate was out of the question for a girl whose destiny surely lay awaiting her in the gorgeous experiences of a London season.

Her first dinner party fell on the 17th May. The preceding three weeks had been a little disappointing to Elizabeth, as life in her uncle and aunt's London home did not seem so dazzling after all; not so very different from her parents' life in the country rectory, except that her uncle went to his business in the city instead of in the parish, and spent his evenings in the House of Commons rather than in his study; and her aunt looked at shop windows in her daily walk instead of the views which nature shows over every gate and across each valley, and left cards at big houses in the afternoons rather than find a welcome in the cottages where her mother's only calls were continually paid. But the dinner party would make all the difference. It was the beginning of the new life, and sure as her fortune foretold it was to be on the 17th day of the month. By day and night Elizabeth dreamed of this coming crisis, and when the under housemaid came up to lace her new gown, and help her to dress, the girl felt a foretaste of the future of a great London lady, and the country rectory seemed continents away.

"I want to introduce my nephew to you," said Lady Warrington on the eventful evening. "Captain Farquhar, Miss Findlay—and will you take her down to dinner, Fred?"

Elizabeth looked up, and beheld the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life, tall and fair, with long-lashed blue eyes, which looked straight into hers, and set her foolish little heart beating furiously.

"This is luck," he said impressively, "for I was just waiting to be introduced to you."

"It is love at first sight," thought Elizabeth excitedly, "and I am sure I feel it, too. How wonderful!" and a flush rushed up into her cheeks.

"Why, I wonder?" she said softly.

"I knew we should be friends. I am never mistaken in my first impressions. Large indeed must have been Freddy Farquhar's circle of female friends, as this was his usual method of opening fire with a stranger."

"Do you know anybody here?" asked Elizabeth, as they sat down to dinner, and the rustle of talk enfolded them in as complete an aloneness as the trees of a forest could have done.

"No," he replied, looking curiously down the avenue of table decorations, and wondering where his aunt had collected so many outsiders; "do you?"

"I don't know anybody but you," and her voice lingered on the you with a tender touch, which Freddy was quick to note. He glanced at the girl beside him, and could not quite make up his mind how she came to be such an accomplished little flirt. There was a

rapt, expectant look on her face, giving a look of wistfulness to her youthful freshness, which was quite attractive.

"And nobody else matters," he added boldly, "if we are to be friends, as I know we are. Just you and I," he repeated sentimentally.

Elizabeth smiled. Her golden dream was evidently quivering into reality.

"I feel sure," he continued, "that in some former state—in Greece, perhaps, at the very foot of Olympus, who knows—you and I met thousands of years ago. Of course, you believe in a former existence?"

Now Elizabeth had been brought up in the simple belief of a future existence, which is quite enough, even if it is a little old-fashioned, to occupy our thoughts and guide our lives during the brief span of earthly years; but she felt suddenly ashamed of the teaching which dare not pass beyond the bounds of written Revelation.

"I never thought about it," she stammered.

"Oh! but you should. It is a delightful idea. The sudden attraction you feel for some people is the revival of an affection which can never die." Freddy Farquhar had been reading his "Daily Mail," and Elizabeth drank in every word he uttered as the inspired response to her foretold fate. Perhaps, indeed, they had been set apart for each other from the foundations of the world; nothing seemed too wonderful to be true on that wonderful spring evening when Elizabeth expected to meet her destiny.

And after dinner, when the married ladies drifted together into domestic and social discussions, Elizabeth found her way on to the flower-laden balcony to be alone with her happiness; and there Captain Farquhar followed her. The men downstairs were not in his set, and he felt gloomy and bored.

"Another season!" he said sadly, watching the lights of the carriages flitting through the darkness of the park trees which stood silhouetted against the pale green of the western sky. "How sick I am of it all!" There was something very depressing to Freddy in the sight of rich respectability, such as was gathered in his uncle's dainty dinner party that night, and the contrasting thought of the sheaves of unpaid bills which littered his own writing table.

"Sick of London!" she exclaimed in astonishment, and her heart beat faster at the thought that the old life no longer held him. Besides, he evidently wanted comforting, and there is nothing that stirs a woman's heart so quickly.

"I should like to begin a new life," continued Captain Farquhar, with visions of big game and possibilities of fresh pleasures beyond the seas.

"Then why don't you?" said Elizabeth softly. She was beginning to feel that they had been in love with each other for half a lifetime.

"That doesn't depend on me alone," and he wished with a new longing that his uncle would only so increase his allowance as to make a tour round the world practicable.

"But perhaps the other person may want you to," she suggested with a sensation of cold water trickling down her back.

"Perhaps," echoed Freddy, and then with a sudden change of mood: "I expect it will all come right; there's fate in these things. Don't you know?"

"There is indeed."

"It doesn't matter what we do," he continued glibly, which was a comfortable creed, and eminently suited to his selfish life, "we fulfil our destiny all the same."

Then Lady Warrington disturbed them, and good-nights were said, and the party melted away till only Freddy was left behind.

"How you flirted with that girl!" exclaimed his aunt reproachfully.

"She isn't a bad-looking little thing. Who is she?" asked Freddy languidly.

"A niece of the Larkins. Lady Larkins adores her, and told me with positive pride that the curate at home is in love with her."

"I thought that was the usual thing." "Well, so did I," confessed Lady Warrington with a laugh. "But he would have killed you if he had been here to-night."

"Good job he wasn't, then," drawled her nephew. "I am not up to coping with the Church militant this hot weather. But perhaps it would have been the best thing that could have happened to me, after all," he added gloomily.

"Freddy," said Lady Warrington, severely, "you want a cheque! I thought as much when you felt such a craving for your relations' society, and proposed yourself to dine here to-night."

"I do, my sweet aunt; a large one." "Oh dear! Oh dear! If I had been your mother I should have spanked you at least three times a week, and you need it still; but as I am only your mother's childless sister, I suppose I shall go on spoiling you to the end. Where are my spectacles, you naughty boy, and a pen that will write?"

From the night of the Warrington's party London was a changed place for Elizabeth. The very atmosphere seemed like the haze of dawn which would usher in her golden day-dream. Her imagination grew, and the weed looked so like a flower. There was no detail of this imaginary future which she did not settle in her foolish little mind, even to the colour of her court dresses and the furniture of her boudoir; and there was

no heroic attitude with which she did not endow her equally imaginary lover. When her uncle spoke slightly of Captain Farquhar as a "bad lot," she was young enough to think it a grand thing for a man not to be good, and ignorant enough to be attracted by, to her, such unknown qualities as debt, dissipation, and familiarity with all that is base and bad in the world. So the month of May slid into June, and summer was in the air, and Elizabeth's head in the clouds. Her letters home were short and careless, and the rector expressed just displeasure on their receipt. Her mother forgot her own disappointment in finding excuses for Elizabeth, which is the way of mothers during the many and miscellaneous stages through which their children pass. Her aunt thought the girl dreamy and a little anaemic, for which she dosed her with iron pills; and her uncle noticed nothing at all to differentiate her from the wholesale mass of ordinary girls.

On the 17th of June Elizabeth saw her hero again. She was at tea with her uncle on the Terrace of the House of Commons, helping to entertain a small party which was stamped with the brand of constituents, and imagining herself one of the great ladies who throng that stone-cool and gay retreat from the glare of a summer's afternoon. Suddenly a large party gathered round one of the tables not far away, and Elizabeth saw that Freddy was amongst them. She had expected great things from the recurrence of her fateful date, and Captain Farquhar's appearance answered her hopes. Her heart beat fast, and her eyes wandered with her thoughts to the distant table. A vague unrest stirred her as she watched him talking and laughing with a beautiful girl beside him, but she reasoned that he could not join her yet. When her uncle proposed returning to see the further sights of the building, Elizabeth begged for one stroll along the river, as she felt sure that directly Freddy saw her he would come and tell her of his love. For so her thoughts had grown on the food of fancy. But when, by lingering

near and looking hard, she at last caught his eye, he dimly recognised an evident acquaintance whose identity had been swept away by the swelling tide of the season's interests and amusements. He raised his hat and talked on to the ladies of his own party.

Elizabeth's castle in the air came crashing down with the shock; and she walked behind her uncle to see with unseeing eyes those strange sights which delight the constituent mind. A dining-room full of long tables, where legislators doze to dine; long, empty corridors lined with cupboards; men writing letters in rooms beyond the portals of glass doors which no strangers may pass—and, above all, a momentary glimpse through a high window of green benches sparsely covered with meditative men and apparently deserted hats. However she might try to reconstruct that castle with explanations and excuses and interpretations, slowly her hopes for the future failed her, surely her faith in her fortune faded; sadly the truth beat into her bewildered brain that there had been no ease of love at first sight, and he had never cared at all. She thought her heart was broken, but it was only scratched, and, like a baby's bruise, needed but the simplest remedy to make it well.

For the next month Elizabeth was very home-sick. London was hot and tiring, and airless and hopeless. Nobody therein really cared for her, and her concerns were of no importance in the engulfing tide of life which swirls through a London season. The thought of home grew dearer, the memory of friends burned brighter, and it was with a longing to be comforted that Elizabeth entered the train that was to take her to the nearest town to Farquhar village. The sick soreness of disappointment stung her afresh as she opened her newspaper and saw that a marriage had been arranged between Captain Farquhar and an American heiress, and her eyes filled with tears as she read the date of the paper—the 17th of July—recalled her vain hopes of that prophetic date.

It was a golden summer's evening when the train rushed into the nearest

station to Elizabeth's home. The sweet smell of the country, which can only be appreciated after a sojourn in London, filled her with delight and wonder that she had never enjoyed it before. The rich, full-blown woods clothed the hill-sides with folds of shaded green, and the distant sea-line was ruled straight and clear against the glowing sky. And hurrying along the platform to meet her came the curate with hands held out in warmest welcome, and his usually grave face made glad with smiles.

"I have brought your bicycle, and the luggage is to go in the carrier's cart. Your father and mother are quite well. We are all so looking forward to your coming."

Elizabeth's voice was queer and shaky when she tried to answer him. Truly it was very good to be going home; but the goodness thereof made her want terribly to cry. In fact, as the bicycles glided into the leafy shade of the woodland path that wound from the town to the village by the sea, the tears would no longer be kept back. Slowly they brimmed up and welled over in the peace of the sweet summer stillness, which was broken only by the faint plash of the incoming tide, like a mother's "hush" to her troubled child; and then a quick sob escaped her, and at that pitiful little sound Jack Smithson jumped off his bicycle, and stopped hers, whispering gently, "What is it, dear?"

"Nobody cared for me in all London," she explained with catching breath.

"I care for you," he exclaimed hotly, for the sight of Elizabeth's tears had broken down every reserve.

"Do you really," she asked, drying her tears.

"Of course I do, and I want you, oh, so dreadfully, sweetheart!"

Elizabeth contrasted the bitter cold of that awakening to her mistake on the terrace with the glowing warmth of Jack Smithson's declared love.

And then, because she was a woman and could not keep a secret, and because Jack was so understanding, she told him of her disappointment in the fulfilling of her fortune, without giving any details concerning Captain Farqu-

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WHOLESALE AND FAMILY DRAPERS.

bar; and the curate avowed that it was entirely the fortune-teller's fault, which was a most soothing conclusion, seeing that it exonerated both Elizabeth and Freddy in her own mind.

"I should have liked London much better if I had not been thinking about my fate," she protested weakly.

"Of course you would. But nobody could help doing so in your place. At least," he added in a scramble after truth, "very few people, and hardly any woman."

"Still," said Elizabeth, half sadly, as they at last pursued their way after a long rest in the paradise of love's dawn, "I wish she had foretold a fortune that came true. It would have been so romantic if I had met my fate on the 17th day of the month."

"Darling," said Jack with a happy laugh, "we will forgive your fortune-teller after all. For whom did you meet when you stepped out of the train?"

"Why you," said Elizabeth wonderingly.

"And what day of the month is it today?"

"Oh, Jack! how lovely! It is the 17th of August."

A Romantic Marriage.

Mr Carew, leading man in Miss Ellen Terry's company, who recently married England's greatest actress, is only 32, while his bride is 50. In an interview with the "American's" correspondent, he gives some account of what is a remarkable romance: "We were married secretly to avoid undue notice. Miss Edith Craig (Miss Ellen Terry's daughter knew of the marriage, and we cabled to Miss Ellen Terry's son (Mr Gordon Craig), who is in Italy."

Mr James Carew first came into prominence on the American stage. Last January he was engaged to play Captain Brassbound himself in Miss Ellen Terry's Company, and subsequently toured with her in the States.

Miss Terry was born at Coventry on February 27, 1848, and is thus in her

sixtieth year. She recently celebrated her stage jubilee.

Miss Ellen Terry has now been three times married. She was married in 1864 to the late Mr G. F. Watts, R.A., then

more than thirty years her senior, and retired from the stage. The match was made by the late Lady Holland, and both parties were glad to be relieved of it. Miss Terry returned to the stage, joining her sister Kate, but in 1867 she again retired on her marriage to Mr Charles Wardell, an officer in a cavalry regiment, who was subsequently known on the stage as Mr Charles Kelly, and acted also as a stage manager. He died in 1885. It was not until 1874 that Miss Terry again returned to the stage.

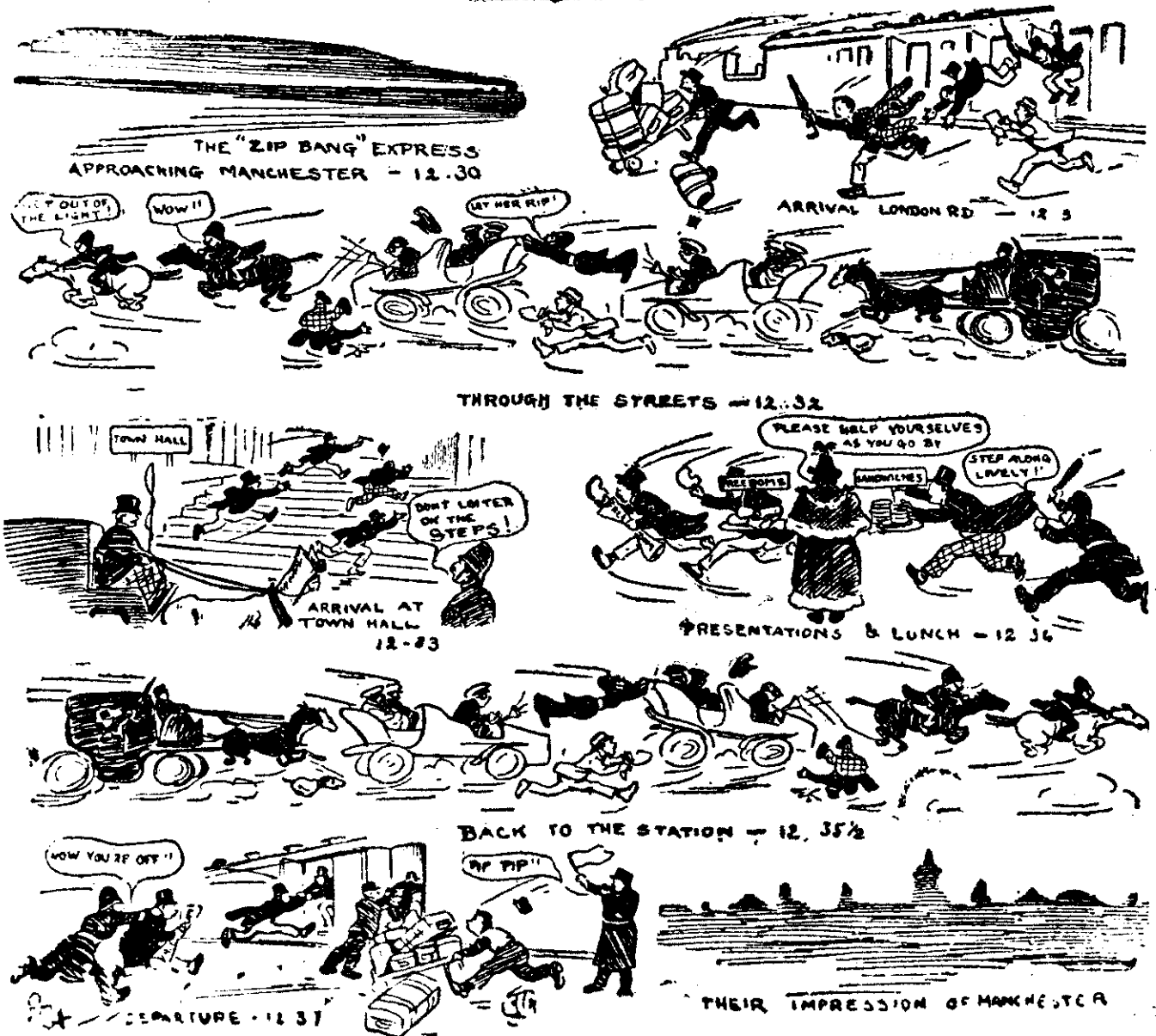
By her second marriage Miss Terry has a daughter whose stage name is Ailsa Craig, and a son, Mr Gordon Craig, the painter and actor, who first appeared on the stage in 1880.



The laughing orchin whose play Inclined to banister-sliding, Who came on a tack by the way, Was said he ceased his deriding, When the tack is a cough we endure, We still may continue our scoffing, For Woods' Great Peppermint Cure Drives a nail in the coffin of coughing.

THE PREMIERS AND THE FREEDOM OF MANCHESTER

THE FLYING VISIT.



An amusing account was given by our London Correspondent some days ago of the records in train travelling, eating, and speech making put up by the Colonial Premiers on the occasion of their 300-mile trip to Manchester to receive the freedom of that city. What the correspondent put in words the cartoonist of the "Manchester Despatch" has been equally happy in describing pictorially.

SKIN ECZEMA IN WORST FORM

Black Splotches All Over Face—
Produced Severe Itching—Year's
Treatment by Physicians Did No
Good and Became Despondent—
Affected Parts Now Clear as Ever
—Alabama Lady's

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"The Cuticura Remedies not only cured me of that dreadful disease, eczema, but other complicated troubles as well, and I have been the means of others being cured of the same disease by the Cuticura Remedies, and I don't hesitate in saying that the Resolvent is the best blood medicine that the world has ever known." Lizzie E. Sledge, Selma, Ala., Oct. 22, 1905."

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EVOLUTION

By W. PRITCHARD EATON

"I long to talk with some old lover's ghost."

HND to think," said Miss Elizabeth Dwight, with mock solemnity, "that in this very house Welcome Amidon (was that his funny name?) wooed and won the fair Elizabeth!"

"The other fair Elizabeth," I corrected, a little sulkily.

"Don't pay me compliments, if it hurts you," said Miss Elizabeth Dwight, looking at an ancient photograph on the wall. "Do you suppose this is a picture of—the other Elizabeth?" she asked.

"Probably. Photography had reached a high state of development in Revolutionary times," I remarked sarcastically.

"Oh," said she, peeping at me out of the corner of her eye, "I suppose not!"

I nursed my grievance silently, gazing into the huge fireplace where the kettle hung on its crane over the great birch logs that awaited the winter. It was a little hard to have brought Miss Elizabeth some miles up the valley expressly to show her the ancient elm-buried town where my New England ancestors had read their Bibles and drunk their cider with one eye open for Indians, and very expressly to show her the house where Welcome Amidon, a famous captain of our line, had conducted his hardest siege against the thrice craftily fortified heart of the fair Elizabeth Allen—only to have Elizabeth Dwight take it all lightly. If she wasn't impressed because Welcome Amidon was my progenitor, she might at least have shown a glimmer of serious interest because Elizabeth Allen was a great-aunt of some of her's! I'm very sure that if I had been making my first visit to the spot where a branch of my family had lived and loved and borne children and left its mark on trees and houses a hundred years ago and more, I should have been not only interested but a little awed and reverential. Of course, I didn't really expect anything more personal of her, but I did expect that. But here was Miss Elizabeth pretending to be serious in the most frivolously ironical manner. I maintain that my veneration was quite justified, and that if I continued to look into the age-blackened fireplace in silence, paying no more visible attention to her, it was no more than she deserved.

"You might tell me about the door-mat man and his Elizabeth," said a penitent voice behind my shoulder.

"The what?" said I, choosing to ignore the almost imperceptible emphasis on the "his."

"The door-mat man. You know those brown scratchy door mats in hardware shops frequently say 'Welcome' on them in large red letters," chuckled Miss Elizabeth.

"I thought for one moment," said I "that you were experiencing some contrition for your conduct, but I see you were not, since you choose to make game of my progenitor."

"I don't know why I should be contrite," said she. Besides, contrition is the final aspect of timidity."

"I would rather feel contrition than know the definition thereof," I retorted severely.

"That's quoted from somebody," said Miss Elizabeth, knitting her brows.

"It is," said I, "from Thomas a Kempis, an excellent, godly man."

"And forgiving, too. He would have told me the story."

"You've heard the story a dozen times," said I.

"I've forgotten it," said Miss Elizabeth.

I looked at her reproachfully, but she met my eyes with a wondering glance as if to say, What is the matter? I sighed despairingly. Miss Elizabeth sat down on the mahogany footstool upholstered in black haircloth with red roses embroidered upon it. She popped her chin in her hands like a child awaiting a fairy tale.

"It was in 1785—" I began.

"I thought it was '84," said Miss Elizabeth demurely.

I looked at her again, feeling of a sudden foolishly happy. She was gazing into the great fireplace, a tiny smile on her lips. "The story, please," she prompted.

"It was soon after Yorktown, then? I began again, "that Captain Amidon, young and impetuous, renewed his boyhood suit for the hand of the fair Elizabeth Allen."

"Young and impetuous—that's fine!" said my audience. "I'm sure there ought to be a 'brave' in there, too."

"That is implied in the statement that he wooed the fair Elizabeth," said I.

"Oh!" said she.

"He had distinguished himself during the later years of the war for youthful courage and a cool-headedness and strategic skill beyond his years," I went on; "but we don't need to go into details of his military exploits, do we?"

"I suppose they're not the important part of the story," Miss Elizabeth reflected. "Still, they would be interesting," she added brightly.

"We will omit them," said I. "The captain went away to war a boy and very much in love with Elizabeth Allen. He came back a man and more in love with her than ever."

"What a funny man!" said Elizabeth Dwight.

"Was he?" said I.

She examined the watering pan which stood by the hearth.

"Was he?" I asked again, leaning forward to catch her eye.

"I never knew one like him," she said, suddenly giving me look for look.

I resumed my narrative somewhat less enthusiastically. "Elizabeth Allen lived in this house—doubtless often sat on that footstool and warmed her feet in winter with that warming pan—my companion was peering inside of it—and the captain rode his big black horse up the valley and clattered down the quiet street to see her, I'd hate to say how often. Everybody knew he loved her; if they didn't he told them. But what her feelings toward him were nobody could find out for sure, least of all the captain. There used to be other horses at the door, other wooers within, and that made the captain sulk. He was said to be very handsome when he sulked like a thunderbolt. However, Miss Elizabeth Allen, your great-aunt, would not torment him the worse. The others never received so much encouragement as when he was sulking, his big body taking up half the chimney-corner."

"He was a great punny," said Miss Elizabeth.

"He was a brave soldier," said I.

"Poh!" said she.

"Anyhow," I went on, "sulking or happy, in despair or hope, he kept at his wooing. When he was in despair she would suddenly melt to him; when his hopes ran high she would suddenly turn ice. And no answer could he get, either yes or no, for one mortal year."

"Only a year?" laughed Miss Elizabeth.

"A year is a long time to keep a man on the rack," I replied. "Only a pretty woman could be cruel enough to do it—and for no crime than loving her too well."

"She might want to find out if his love were really constant."

"Poh!" said I. "That false platitude again! A platitude is the last extremity of the feminine bluff."

"Mercy!" cried Miss Elizabeth. "I won't do it again!"

"Well, one winter afternoon," I resumed more confidently, "the captain drove up to the door in his sleigh. His tormentor came out, looking. I have no doubt, more tormenting than ever with her peat, flower-like face peeping from

the encircling furs, and they drove northward together over the frozen crust. Tradition says that the captain's face was grimly determined, though how tradition knows is a mystery, for they met nobody. Soon they began to climb through a winding gorge into the high hills. The Connecticut valley disappeared behind and below them. The shadows of the primeval hemlocks darkened their track. And, "Where are we going?" said Elizabeth Allen. "To Canada, maybe," answered the captain, and clucked to his horses. Elizabeth sat up very straight and looked at him. "Sir, this has ceased to be a joke," said she. "Madam, for once we are in perfect accord," was his reply. And again he clucked to the horses. "What do you want?" said the girl, flaming with anger. "Your answer—Will you marry me? Yes or no," said Captain Welcome Amidon. "No!" cried she. "Now, sir, take me home."

"He didn't gain much by that cave man proceeding," remarked Miss Elizabeth Dwight.

"No?" said I. "Well, he merely replied that if her answer was 'No,' he'd have to give her time to reconsider it, and he clucked the horses on again northward. 'I hate you,' said Miss Elizabeth. 'You love me,' said the captain, 'or you will before we get through the Green Mountains.' So they rode on and on, through clearing and forests, over frozen streams and past the lonely mountain farms, always northward, silent, will clashing against will in wordless conflict. Night came on and it was bitter cold. Some wild thing crashed through the underbrush close to their path, it was miles off, the nearest town in Vermont, and no return was possible from there till the next day. Tongues would talk, Miss Elizabeth stormed; the captain clucked to his horses. It grew blacker. She wept and begged; he urged the strong span northward. Again there was silence. The road grew steeper; the forest swallowed up the trail in gloom. 'Yes,' the captain heard a sudden whisper in his ear. They still point out the spot where he turned the sleigh in its tracks."

"Thank you," said Miss Elizabeth Dwight. "Your progenitor was a cave man, just the same."

"Perhaps," said I, rising and looking at my watch. "But maybe the Big Stick is as useful in love as anywhere else. If you've seen enough of the house that became the home of my cave man and your great-aunt, let us say good-by to the folks and depart."

"This great, snoring thing is a decoration in this sleepy, time-fouled street," said Elizabeth, as we climbed into the car. "Now, if it were only a sleigh—"

"If he lived to-day, the captain would use a motor car," said I, with conviction.

She shook her head. "No," she said. "He would do nothing so unromantic. Even a cave man has a sense of romance."

"Romance consists in making the practical serve an ideal end," said I. "An automobile will do as well as the chariot of the sun." I put over the lever as I spoke and headed northward.

"This is not the way home!" cried Miss Elizabeth in a startled voice.

"I'm going to take you down the valley by another road, for variety," I answered in a matter-of-fact tone, with just a shade of surprise in it at her exclamation. She sank back reassured. We whizzed over a State road and a steel bridge where the captain had used the fields and ice, clugged through a thriving, busy town where he had skinned a farming hamlet; but as we began to climb the winding gorge into the hills, a second generation of hemlocks came down the slope to meet us, as their predecessors had met him; the Connecticut

valley slipped lower and lower, and the far blue hills came up one by one over the horizon.

"This is lovely, glorious!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth. "But it's a funny way home," she suddenly added, as the river disappeared from sight.

"It's the captain's road to Canada," said I.

"O Jack, don't be a silly boy!" she said, with a laugh. "We'll be late to tea if you're not careful."

But I noticed that there was a shade of uncertainty in her laugh. The machine lurched up over the last thank-you-mum in silence and sped along the level. A farmer was standing in his barn.

"Waal," he hailed us, "didn't git stuck, did ye?"

"No," said I. "She's eighty horse-power, and will take Mount Washington without lying down. But she's pretty heavy to handle coming back to the bottom."

"S that so?" he replied. "I reckon it might be. Ye'd better watch out on the hill just ahead. 'Bout a hundred rods down that's a sharp turn and ye might have a few regrets if ye went off'n the bank."

I thanked him more heartily than he knew and sped on. Peeping at Miss Elizabeth, I saw that she looked annoyed, and a bit frightened, too. "For Heaven's sake don't be a goose," she said. "Turn back. It's getting late and the hills are piling up in front. Look, you can see them."

"I don't need to see them to know they are there," I answered. "I wish they were higher, though."

The machine took the first pitch of the incline with a sickening lurch. Miss Elizabeth braced back and gritted her teeth. "What do you want, anyway?" she said.

"You," I replied calmly, my eye on the road.

"You've taken a nice, gentlemanly way to get me, I must say!" she sniffed.

"It's effective for the present, at least," I replied, as I worked the car slowly around the ugly turn where the road hung over the rocks, and then let her out. The wind flew by our faces.

"What if we should meet a team coming up in this narrow road? Are you mad?" she cried.

"No, just come to my senses," I replied, easing the brake some more.

"You think the formula that worked on one woman when applied by your cave man ancestor will work on another when applied by you, do you?" She was sneering now, between her gasps of terror as we sagged and rose over the thank-you-mums.

I screeched the horn madly. "You bet it will work, or it's Canada by morning!" I shouted as we struck the sand at the bottom, skidded a sickening moment, righted, and cut northward between the great boles of the sugar maples at fifty miles an hour.

"Jack," she said, touching my sleeve, "I have always liked you."

I blew the horn to break her sentence. "Whether you have liked me, do like me, or will like me," I cut in, "is a matter of complete indifference to me. Liking is not what I want, as you very well know and as you have very well known for a year."

"If you keep up this nonsense I shall hate you," she said, her cheeks reddening.

"At least," said I, "that will be something definite."

We came around a corner at a criminal speed and narrowly missed a bad mix-up with a farmer's waggon. The horse took fright and disappeared in a cloud of dust, the driver sawing and tugging on the reins. Before us was another plunge, longer and steeper than the last, and across the valley yet more hills piled up and up, rosy in the level sunlight that now passed above the valley and left the lowlands in a faint dusk. "Jack, dear Jack, are you going to take this hill at such a breakneck speed?" she pleaded. "You'll kill us both. Please don't do it!"

"Will you marry me?" I asked.

"Not!" she said, turning deadly white as I shoved the lever over.

We were alive and whole at the bottom, the angel of fools and lovers alone knows how, but Elizabeth was ghastly. My heart smote me and my purpose almost failed.

But I steeled myself somehow and kept on.

"Will you turn back?" she finally moaned.

"Somewhere on that hill we passed the captain's turning-point," I replied. "But I will not turn till I have his reason."

"I'm faint and hungry and ill," she besought me, and her words did not belie her. "If we don't get back I don't know what the family will do. And what will people say? How can we ever explain it? O Jack, please, if you love me take me home!"

I got out and lighted the lamps. Then I looked in the tanks. "Water and fuel enough for the next town," I said.

"What is the next town?" came from the machine.

I named it truthfully. Oh, please, please!" she pleaded. "I didn't know we were so far into Vermont!"

"Will you marry me?" said I, climbing back beside her.

"You beast, you ugly beast!" she cried. Then she grew softer. "I'll tell you to-morrow, honestly I will; I'll tell you early in the morning."

"If you tell me in the morning it will be in Canada," I answered, as we shot northward through the fast deepening night.

The increasing peril of the road and my constant efforts to hedge secretly eastward toward the Connecticut valley allowed me no time for conversation, had I been disposed to talk. We bumped on in silence. The speed was down now, and I had to stop frequently to grope for the way, but it was reckless driving enough. Once we stopped to fill the tanks and buy food at a store. Presently the moon rose, and looking back southward Miss Elizabeth recognised the outline of Ascutney bulking up against the sky. "Why," she cried, "we are half-way up the State!"

"No, not more than a third," I answered. "But it's early evening yet."

"You might put back to Cornish and let me stay with the Russells, or somebody," she said with a sudden flicker of hope.

"I shook my head. "It's home or

Canada." And I put the speed up a notch over a gleaming straightway. The night air was getting very chill, and I felt Elizabeth shiver. Perhaps she learned a little against me that I might feel it better. "You can be very stubborn—Jack," she said.

"The stake is very big and very dear to me," I muttered.

"You can't get home now, anyway," she said plaintively, "not down all those terrible hills."

"I know the river road like a book and this moonlight is as good as day," said I. "I can get you home at midnight easy. An hour from now, though, we'll be up in the Woodstock Mountains, and there I'm a total stranger to the roads. And the grades are worse than anything we've struck yet."

Even as I spoke we saw through the trees ahead the break of a valley, and, beyond, the hills piling up once more. A mountain loomed dimly across our northward track. The car sagged over an ugly rut, and one side went into the gully. Elizabeth caught my arm convulsively, and a nervous sob escaped her. Then something snapped—whatever mysterious nerve it is that keeps the will at fighting tension—and she wept. "You—you may take me home," she said, between her sobs.

Almost in front of the house where Captain Welcome Amidon wooed the fair Elizabeth Allen and brought her home from their fateful sleigh-ride, two of my sore-taxed tires sank wearily down on the rims. I roused my sleepy and astonished relations, and half-carried my Elizabeth, wrapped in my coat and all the robes in the car, into the house. Then I plodded to the railroad, and flagged the night train down the valley to reassure her family.

The next morning I found her inspecting the dusty machine. She put both hands in mine. "I slept in Elizabeth Allen's chamber," she said, "and dreamed the loveliest dream?"

"About what?" I asked.

"About a great brute of a cave man," she answered, "who dragged off his bride by the hair."



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THE ELECTRIC SLEEP.

Electric sleep, or anaesthesia, is produced by the action on the brain of intermittent electric currents of low voltage. It has been a subject of special study for several years by Professor Stephane Leduc, of Nantes, and others, and the application has been perfected until it is practicable to put dogs and rabbits quickly into a calm and regular sleep, with general and complete anaesthesia. In rabbits, at least, the sleep can be safely prolonged to eight hours or more, although ether and chloroform bring much risk after two hours. Electric sleep makes possible the painless electrocution of animals, an increase of voltage causing the loss of will and sensation, to be followed by cessation of respiration and stoppage of the heart. Animals killed by this gradual action have been free from the severe wounds shown in the criminals executed in New York. Electric sleep has been induced several times in human subjects, the first trial having been on Professor Leduc himself. The experience is not wholly agreeable, the loss of speech being followed by loss of movement, and then by a sensation of dreamy consciousness and impending peril with no power to cry out or raise a hand. There are no bad after effects.

A SOLID MASS OF METAL.

After the great fire in San Francisco, hundreds of tons of lead and zinc and other metals were found fused into a solid mass, four or five feet thick, covering the entire foundation of the ruins of an old shot tower. This represents a large money value; but owing to its enormous size and weight—some hundreds of tons—it is quite impossible to make use of the metal by any ordinary means. It has been decided, therefore, to cut the metal up into blocks weighing about one ton each, and this work is now being accomplished by means of an electric arc. All the men who are engaged in cutting or melting the channels through the mass of metal have their faces covered with canvas to protect them from the blinding glare of light.

THE TRADITIONAL MAN IN THE MOON.

In our infancy there was pointed out to us the mysterious man in the moon, who looks solemnly down from his perch in the sky. No doubt we have made many a childish speculation concerning this grave personage, who has been watching the successive generations on the earth come and go for centuries, and wondered how he came to be away up there in the moon so many miles from us.

Well, he was sent there because he was a naughty fellow, a wicked man, who picked up some sticks that did not belong to him on Sunday. The first mention of this is in the Bible, where it is told that a certain individual was put to death for such a proceeding.

From this Bible story originated one of the greatest and most ancient superstitions—that of the man in the moon. The man in the moon is known to every

nation, and is pictured as leaning on a fork on which he carries a bundle of thorns or brushwood which he was caught stealing on the Sabbath day; and as a punishment he was confined in the moon. The dark lines and spots which compose the features of this traditional man are in reality the shadows of lunar mountains on the moon.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BRAIN.

That portion of the substance of the brain which is known as gray matter is supposed according to the highest authorities, to be most intimately related to intellectual action. Sometimes curious aggregations of gray matter are found in particular parts of the brain, and Dr. Oswald Morton has recently suggested that these may be the cause of the extraordinary mental powers occasionally exhibited by persons whose general intellectual capacity hardly rises above that of idiots. Such powers, or aptitudes, always relate to some special faculty, like memory, without including other faculties.

The aggregations referred to might explain the marvellous memory for music exhibited by "Blind Tom," and the more still extraordinary powers of Heinecker, the child of Lubeck, who lived in the early part of the eighteenth century; and who knew the chief incidents of the Pentateuch at the age of one year, had mastered all of sacred history at two years, and was intimately acquainted with modern and profane history and geography, and spoke French and Latin, besides his native tongue, at the age of three. When four years old he died.

With reference to what has been called the relation of "brain light and dreams," Professor Scripture of Yale once stated that he had reason to think that the faint light which is seen in darkness, or with closed eyes, and which appears in the form of rings, waves, and irregular figures is due, not as is generally supposed, to chemical changes going on in the retina, but to something occurring in the brain. He proposed that it should be called "cerebral light."

This cerebral light appears to be located in those higher centres of the brain that are connected with visual memories and imaginations. A close relation has been observed between these cerebral light figures and the contents of dreams, and Professor Scripture suggested that the hallucinations produced by drugs, like hashish, may be simply modifications of such figures.

NAMING THE STARS.

From time immemorial the heavens have been an object for investigation and amazement of the inhabitants of the globe; and to the student of astronomy nothing is more interesting than the great similarity of the stories that have grown up about the stars among the most widely separated peoples.

The constellation which to-day is called the Milky Way was known to the primitive Indians and to the African bushmen as the A-shen Path, the cinders of which were conceived to be hot and

glowing. The ancient inhabitants of Britain called it Watling-street, or the path of the mythical giants, the Watlings.

To the casual eye the gulf between the highly civilised, ancient Greeks and the American Indians is well nigh impassable. Yet the constellation known colloquially to modern Americans as the Dipper was called the Bear by both these people.

The imaginative Indian thought of the four front stars as a bear, those in the tail as pursuing huntsmen, and the small star on the end as a pot in which they were to cook their victim.

The aboriginal inhabitants of Australia showed an ingenuity almost equal to that of the Greeks in naming the planets. The constellation of the Pleiades, which is composed of seven stars, was considered by the Greeks to be a band of maiden. In explanation of the dimness of the seventh star, they said that one of the maidens fell in love with a mortal, and thereafter hid her light through envy of her sisters, who were beloved of the gods.

To the Australians on the other hand, they were known as a queen with her six attendants. Like the Greeks, the Australians also sought to account for the dim star, and so the myth grew that the queen had been stolen by a neighbouring constellation, the Crow.

DRINKING WATER FROM SEWAGE.

At present the greatest difficulty of a modern city is to obtain a pure water supply. Science is now planning to remedy this difficulty by rendering all water pure, no matter how vilely polluted it may have been.

In brief, all drinking water in future will be purified sewage water.

Throughout the civilised world, and especially in large continental areas, the difficulty of obtaining pure water, without which a healthy population cannot exist, is being felt with ever increasing severity. All rivers and streams in inhabited countries are in a greater or lesser degree sewage, and with the growth of population they will all become polluted to a deadly degree. The only remedy, therefore, as the population cannot be kept down, is to make the sewage harmless.

The complicated process by which this is to be done will consist in first destroying the harmful bacteria by the action of other bacteria, then freeing the water from all bacteria and organic life and finally aerating the water so as to make it palatable and acceptable to the stomach.

According to the new scientific theory of sewage transformation, the mass of polluted liquid and solid is passed through a series of nine bacteria beds. During the passage of the sewage through these beds it loses all its offensive and harmful character and becomes entirely transformed in nature, so that only an expert could know what it had been. Part of it escapes in the form of gases, while the nitrified solid matter deposited at the bottom of the bacteria beds is extremely valuable for fertilising purposes.

At the conclusion of the process we have a volume of clear water, at least harmless to man, but containing, perhaps, a considerable quantity of anaerobic bacteria, although they will rapidly decrease in number now that the material upon which they labour has been removed.

The finishing touch will be given by pumping pure air into the water which is necessary to make palatable. The air will also cause the death of the few remaining anaerobic bacteria, to whom oxygen is a sure poison.

Do not envy the beautiful hair of others, but possess it yourself. Some are born with beautiful hair, others acquire it, but none have it thrust upon them. Those who acquire it do so, for the most part, by the discovery that there is a remedy for locks thinned by disease, or which may have become prematurely gray; and that remedy is



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Vacation Tour in Portugal

A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY

In the minds of most people Portugal is lumped generally with Spain, and Portuguese and Spanish are all more or less the same to the average foreigner. The recent political disturbances in the little Kingdom which nestles by the side of King Alfonso's dominion have called attention to it, and some extracts from a charming volume called "Through Portugal," by an American named Major Martin Hume, will be read with interest.

Major Hume confesses that he was brought up in the Castilian tradition that Portugal was altogether an interior country, and the Portuguese uncouth bores, and sets forth frankly his sense of his former injustice "towards the most beautiful country and the most unspoiled and courteous peasantry in Southern Europe." There are inconveniences which the traveller must encounter if he wants the joy of seeing an "unbacked" land, but they are not serious. The hotels in the small towns furnish at least clean beds, and among the native dishes some which attract the Anglo-Saxon. There are good modern hotels in Lisbon and Oporto, and at Brus-saco, the scene of a famous battle, is a wonderful hotel, probably the most beautiful in Europe, says Major Hume—a magnificent structure which was built as a royal residence, and is a bewilderingly lovely thing of chiselled stone set in a paradise of garden, terrace, and glorious woods. The author does not forget to add to his catalogue of its virtues "a bill of almost disconcerting moderation." The pleasantest way of travelling through the country is by carriage, and this is not expensive. The railways, having been meant chiefly for the conveyance of freight, offer comfortable but exceedingly slow passage.

There is little mendicancy in Portugal; the author encountered it in its systematic form only at Batalha, where groups of clubby, pretty children kneel by the roadside, ready for begging, their hands joined as in prayer, "their eyes closed reverently, and their expression just like little dirty angels." That is in central Portugal; the race in the north is one eminently self-respecting and independent. Major Hume describes the peasant of that region as working hard, and living frugally upon about 30 cents a day, "and so long as he can earn his dried stockfish, his beans, bread and grapes, with a little red wine to drink, he scorns to beg for the indulgence of his idleness."

"The absence of vociferation and vehemence in the people," he writes, "did not mean sulkiness or stupidity; but was the result of the intense earnestness with which their daily life was faced their unregarding aloofness toward strangers was not rudeness, but the highest courtesy which made them avoid obtrusive curiosity; and soon I learnt to know that their cold exterior barely concealed a disinterested desire to extend in fullest measure aid and sympathy to those who needed them. In all my wanderings I have never met, except perhaps in Norway, a peasantry so full of willingness to show courtesy to strangers without thought of gain to themselves as these people of North Portugal, almost pure Celts as they are, with the Celtic innate kindness of heart and ready sympathy, though of course with the Celtic shortcomings of jealousy, inconstancy and distrust."

The streets of Oporto glow with rich colours in shop and market, and the peasant women, who still wear the ancient costume of their country, add here and there a characteristic gleam of brightness. The men are shod, but the women, old and young, go barefoot. They carry queer bent-shaped baskets, heavily laden, set upon their black pork pie hats. "Their skirts, usually black, but often with a broad horizontal stripe of colour round the bottom, are very short, and gathered with great fulness at the waist and over the hips. Upon the shoulders there is almost invariably a brilliantly coloured handkerchief, and sometimes another upon the head beneath the hat; and long, pendant, gold earrings shine

against their coarse, jet-black hair. It is evident that for the most part they work quite as hard as the men, but they have no appearance of privation or ill treatment, except that their habit of carrying heavy weights upon their heads has the effect of ruining their figures. . . . There are no indications anywhere of excessive drinking, and even smoking is not conspicuous among the working men and boys in the streets; they seem, indeed, too seriously busy for that, except on some feast day, when, with their best clothes on, they are gay enough, though not vociferous even then, as most Southern peoples are."

Wherever the traveller went he found relics and reminiscences of heroic and romantic times, and of strange historical scenes. In the Church of Santa Cruz, at Coimbra, King Manuel, early in the sixteenth century, set on a throne before the high altar the mummified corpse of his predecessor, Alfonso Henrique, crowned and shrouded in royal robes, a grisly form watching through empty sockets the homage of his shrinking subjects. Two centuries earlier as tragic a picture was seen in a monastery church not far away. Across the river Mondego, from Coimbra, there are the ruins of a palace wherein lived Inez de Castro, the beautiful girl for whose sake the prince Dom Pedro refused obedience to his father's command to marry another. The shining waters still leap in the fountain beside which, at the old King's orders, this fair Inez was murdered. As much as Pedro loved her he hated his father, and they never met again. When the young man came to the throne after two unhappy years, he took from the convent grave the body of his beloved, and the ghastly figure, clothed in the garb and jewels of a queen, was placed upon a throne in the monastery church of Alcobaca, "whilst all the courtiers upon their knees, kissed the dead hand of her whom they had insulted and condemned in life." In the church of Santa Clara, at Coimbra, the traveller climbs a turret stair to a small, dark room wherein stands a little altar. There is a trap in the centre of it, and this, when lifted, reveals a grating through which one may peer into—the Middle Ages. "A large solemn choir-chamber, with carved stalls in rows extending lengthwise along it, and the ample central space occupied by a magnificent canopy, under which, lit by a tiny red lamp burning eternally before it, lies a great coffin of rich repousse silver, in which there rests the body of the sainted queen, the patron of Coimbra, the heroic Aragonese princess, who in 1323 rode between the armies of her husband, King Diniz, and their rebellious son, and stayed their unnatural strife at her own great peril." Here within the walls of Santa Clara the poor "Beltramea" passed her last dreary years, and here at Coimbra reigned Leonor, the wickedest queen in Portuguese history. She had many ways of disposing of those she hated—the dungeon was the mildest; and the cruellest of all her contrivances she turned upon her sister, the Princess Maria. She poured poisonous words into the ear of Maria's husband until Prince Joao, wrought to madness, murdered the unhappy lady. Then came Leonor's mocking and jeering at the wretched man, and proclaiming her sister's innocence. Of course, he tried to murder her too, but failed; and the base creature lived on in the happiness that belongs to her kind.

Some of Major Hume's most fascinating pages are devoted to the ancient Portuguese monasteries. He writes with peculiar vividness of the mediaeval castle-monastery of Thomar, still splendid in its decay. The old round church of the Templars was built in 1108, and its interior is described as a quaint and curious mixture of Byzantine, Moorish, Romanesque, and Gothic. In the great choir which was added to the round church the reluctant Portuguese nobles suddenly swore allegiance to Philip II. as

King of Portugal as well as of Spain; and in the Gothic cloister is to be seen the stone coffin of Baltasar de Faria, who served as Philip's instrument in forcing upon Portugal the Spanish form of Inquisition. Faria's cruelty was something beyond the human, and loathing men said of his end that "earth itself would reject and refuse to assimilate the body of such a monster." Fate apparently proved the truth of the saying, for one may look through the pane of glass set in his sarcophagus and there behold the mean, shrunken mummy of Master Baltasar, forever debarr'd from the good clean earth. Thomar, the author concludes, is a relic which, in its way, has hardly an equal in Europe; but something even more wonderful he was to visit later—the famous abbey of Batalha. "The wonder and envy of ecclesiastical architects for six centuries, and even now, dismantled and bedevilled as it is, one of the most beautiful Gothic structures in existence. . . . Think of an edifice with a facade of exquisite beauty, and all of it of the lovely soft colour of an old Japanese ivory carving! The author quotes a remark from a manuscript of Lord Strathmore, who visited the abbey about the middle of the eighteenth century, that one part was left imperfect, "being so beautiful that nobody dared to finish it." Major Hume throws down his gage to the purists who condemn that marvel, the cloistered court of Batalha, as too exuberant in ornament—he finds it exquisite, and cares nothing for the opinion of the aforesaid purists. He notes the remarkable groining in the chapter-house, "springing like palm branches from clustered pillars in the wall and all centring in the apex of the roof," and he quotes "Vathek" Beckford's description: "It is a square of seventy feet and the most strikingly beautiful apartment I ever beheld. The graceful arching of the roof, unsupported by console or column, is unequalled; it seems suspended by magic; indeed, human means failed twice in constructing this bold, unembarrassed space. Perseverance and the animating encouragement of the sovereign founder at length conquered every difficulty, and the work remains to this hour secure and perfect." The founders of the house were a married pair, King John the Great and his English Philippa, the daughter of John of Gaunt. Here they lie within their stately monuments, their sons around them.

Of the palace at Cintra, the Moorish Alcazar which John and Philippa made their summer residence, the traveller has many interesting things to say in the way of description and of history. Cintra, indeed, inspires him almost. "It did Byron, whose 'glorious Eden' it was. As for Lisbon, he laments over the fashion in which the picturesque has been turned into ugliness and filth—for along the river side have been built smoke-belching factories and docks almost as hideous as the factories, and the splendid view provided by nature is thus absolutely wasted."

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"Another son, working in a factory, has frequent occasion to use Zam-Buk for cuts, for which it is invaluable. I always keep a pot of Zam-Buk Balm in the house as my family remedy for cuts, burns, or any kind of sore, and have always found it to do its work quickly and well."

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THE WATERLOO OF APRIL FIRST

WELL, I'll be flabbergasted!" quoth Gideon Welcome Gilpin. Gideon's height being to his breadth as two to one, there were nearly three hundred pounds of him to undergo flabbergastion. He hitched up his expansive overalls and pushed an immense straw hat further back on his bald head. Pulling a pair of round, heavy silver-rimmed spectacles down to the gnarled end of his nose, he gazed earnestly above them along the main street of Rockford.

On the right hand pavement going due south was a slight, girlish figure crowned with yellow hair, which gleamed under an irresistible little blue velvet toque. A blue box coat hung gracefully from her shoulders, and a pair of small tan shod feet moved briskly beneath the pleats of a short blue walking skirt. She was the new primary teacher in the Rockford Graded School and popular among the children, if one judged by the number who surrounded her.

On the left-hand pavement, also going south, strode the new principal, seemingly unconscious of the dainty lady on the other side of the street. His large, well-shaped head sat firmly on broad shoulders, and he walked with long sweeps of the muscular arms, which inspired the boys of the senior class with a wholesome awe.

"I'll be flabbergasted!" repeated Gideon. "Si and Orve says they don't take notice of each other, but I believe they do, and they'd ought to, anyhow," stubbornly. Gideon was voicing the sentiment of Rockford, which, to a man—including the women—had decided on the peculiar fitness of a connected future for the new principal and primary teacher. "Igiots, both of 'em, if they don't," Gideon concluded ambiguously.

He retired behind the pigeon hole case devoted to Uncle Sam's postal service, and sat down on a high stool. Being alone, he pushed the glasses nearer his eyes, and proceeded to the perusal of such postal cards as had not been called for. This task completed, he seated himself in a broad arm chair facing the postal boxes, and awaited the arrival of his cronies, Si Lewis and Orve Webster. Both were gentlemen of leisure, the former luxuriating on a pension granted him because of a leg broken under a camp follower's wagon ten miles from the guns of Gettysburg; the latter being enriched by the proceeds from the hotel which he ran strictly by proxy, his wife being a brisk worker.

Principal Phillips lived at the hotel. Ruth Emery boarded across the way with the Si Lewis household, while both called daily at the post office; therefore to whom should the people of Rockford look for reliable information in the case of Emery versus Phillips if not to their respective landlords and the sorter of their mail.

"He don't ever come to see her," was all the information Ruth's landlord could honestly give, despite his willingness to possess more.

"He don't seldom ever leave his room evenings," informed Orve, tapping the boot of his lame foot. "He's got more stay-at-home in 'im than any man I ever see before."

But the information that Gideon Welcome Gilpin dealt out was of a highly perplexing order. If either of the two teachers were "corresponding regularly," of course the case in hand was hopeless, but Gideon annulled that idea. "He don't write to a single 'Miss,' and only regular to one 'Mrs.,' and that's his mother. I know that because—here Uncle Sam's servant was wont to clear his throat, "her answers come in them flimsy envelopes, so thin you can't help seein' through," so thin for Miss Emery, she don't 'Mr.' a single envelope."

"Mebby you haven't kept their letters straight these five months," suggested Si, as the triumvirate sat around the office stove.

"Tight!" ejaculated Gideon. "Don't you fool yourself." Then he leaned

back and added meditatively, "The're sly about it—the igiots!—but I bet they don't fool me—there's something in the wind between the two."

"What?" demanded Si and Orve. They resented this assumption of superior wisdom on the part of the postmaster, as he could not bring a ghost of proof to the support of his assertion.

But Gideon knew. His own had been a middle-aged love affair, and he remembered various symptoms which may only be felt, not expressed. Therefore, he watched for the tangible and expressible the following afternoon when Ruth and the principal entered the post office. They did not enter together. Ruth came first, her cheeks flushed with the January wind, and her brown eyes aglow as she responded to the questions of the little ones who escorted her.

"Any mail for me?" she asked at the postal window, and then her face underwent a quick, indefinable change, and Gideon felt the wireless telegraphic message which announced the entrance of the principal.

"Now, I'll give 'em a chance and watch 'em," thought Gideon craftily, and, creaking around to the swinging gate which guarded Uncle Sam's corner, he beckoned to the children. They understood the meaning of his crooked forefinger, and left Miss Emery with a whoop. Behind the counter, Gideon, ostensibly paying no attention to the teachers, but with his ears wide open, dealt out sticky sweets with a generous hand.

Alas! his candy and his efforts were wasted. He heard a pleasant "Good afternoon" from both, and a simple remark on the school and weather. Then the outer door closed, and Henry Phillips leaned over the counter, while the children, with gummed hands, made a wild dash for the street and their beloved "teacher."

Gideon sat down heavily on his high stool, and turned a furtive eye on Principal Phillips with the uneasy feeling that the latter understood his motives. There was always a twinkle in Philip's eyes whenever he looked toward any member of the triumvirate.

"Have a fresh drop," invited Gideon to hide his chagrin. He pushed a box of six-months-old chocolates in front of the principal, who valiantly chewed one. "Pretty little girl that," began Gideon boldly.

"The child in red?" asked Philip, gazing abstractedly out of the window.

"Pshaw!" exploded Gideon, lifting one brow and dropping the other, "I mean the little school ma'am."

"Oh, Miss Emery!" carelessly. "Yes, from all I hear, she is a very nice young lady."

"From all I hear," groaned Gideon when, a moment later, he sat in a deserted room. "Gosh, and all hands! A pair of igiots they are, but I know the signs." Si and Orve, who had been wedded nearly half a century, had forgotten the signs.

"See here," said Gideon, mysteriously, an hour later, "Si, hand me over some of the tickets for that lecture course you're runnin', and I'll sell 'em for you." Gideon was possessed of a bright idea, which made his bearded and creased face glow.

"What's struck you into sellin' lecture tickets?" asked Si curiously, pulling some out of his pocket. Si, being in his own estimation a great manager and a good church worker—where no manual labour was required—had arranged a lecture course for Rockford, proceeds to swell the pastor's lean salary.

"Don't be askin' too many questions," advised Gideon, winking wisely.

He pocketed the tickets, and went out to receive the mail bag which hung over the dash board of the incoming stage. At the door he sent out his voice in sonorous rhyme: "Here's the old mail bag, hangin' with a sag exactly like a rag, fastened by its tag." The rhyme informed the driver that the spirits of the postmaster were buoyant.

A few evenings later he announced to the cronies, "Well, I done it!"

"Done what?" grumbled Si, backing up to the stove and shivering.

"Done what I set out to—smoothed the way for the Perfesser." The gleam of a battle fought and won was in the postmaster's eyes. "It took a deal of workin' in one way and another, but I finally done it."

"What?" demanded Orve and Si in unison.

Gideon leaned forward and laid a hand impressively on Orve's knee. "I sold him two tickets for the lecture." He leaned back to allow that information to sink in, and then continued, "At first he allowed one would be enough for him, but I hinted and hinted 'round the bush until I got him to blushin'—red, mind ye!—and then he up and took two. Now you'll see folks' eyes open at the lecture to-night. Wish I was goin' myself to see 'em come in. I tell ye they'll make the handsomest pair we've ever seen in Rockford."

Gideon was fairly hugging himself over his success, when the door opened, and the primary teacher blew in with the drifting snow. She nodded at the group around the stove with a smile so winning that the thoughts of each dwelt on the stupid blindness of the principal. Gideon, beaming, did her the honour to rise, but her first words banished his smile.

"Mr. Gilpin, I am told you have lecture course tickets for sale. May I buy one, please?"

It took Gideon a long time to make accurate change and find that ticket. For a moment after the door closed behind her, he stood staring at it. Then he sat down, mopped his face with a red bandanna handkerchief, and remarked feebly, "Well, I'll be flabbergasted!"

"Yes, you smoothed the way for the Perfesser fine, didn't you?" jeered Si.

"Don't see what the fool is thinkin' about wastin' that second ticket," grumbled Orve.

Not only on the occasion of the first lecture was the Professor's second ticket wasted, but on each similar occasion he entered the church alone, while the primary teacher followed demurely in the wake of her landlady and the landlady's husband.

"I tell you," affirmed Gideon when a warm March sun called the trio to the bench on the south side of the post office.

"I tell you that Perfesser is a dod-blumin' puzzle."

"So he is," averred Si. "Nothin' has come of my tryin' to be friendly with him and invitin' him over—to see me, of course I said, but any fool could see I meant that he should come over and set up with Miss Emery."

"Well," growled Orve, "if a girl hain't got sp' enough to set her cap for a feller she can't catch him, that's all, no matter who helps her. I wouldn't ha' believed the little school ma'am was so lackin' in grit."

The three were watching the handsome principal swinging down the left-hand walk, and the dainty little red-cheeked lady tripping along opposite in the midst of her locket.

Suddenly Gideon asked, "School out April first, ain't it?"

The others nodded, and he added grimly, "Them two are sure enough April fools to my thinkin'."

"So they be," assented the others. The triumvirate, whose leisure, public spirit, and inquiring minds enabled them to penetrate the hidden places in the lives of the Rockford population, felt defeated in their efforts to glean the truth in connection with the teachers.

That the truth could be so unusual and astounding, Orve was the first to learn, and Gideon the last. School was "out" at noon, and the afternoon stage to the station was piled high with the baggage of the principal and primary teacher, homeward bound, as Rockford supposed. The stage stood at the post office door when Henry Phillips entered, bearing under his arm a big box, from which he poured dozens of large square white envelopes. The postmaster fairly gasped. Never had such a mail come his way before.

Over the white drift the principal extended his hand, "Good-bye, Mr. Gilpin," he said, his face glowing with a quizzical cheerfulness which ever irritated the worthy servant of Uncle Sam. "I shall certainly miss the Rockford triumvirate and the interest they have taken in us." At the door he turned with a laugh. "I had quite forgotten," he remarked ambiguously, "that this is All-Fool's day."

"Now what in thunderation does he mean?" communed Gideon with himself as he examined the envelopes.

Almost the first name which met his

puzzled gaze was "Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Welcome Gilpin." He held the envelope up to the light, tore the end off, and addressed himself to the engraved contents. "August first," he read aloud, slowly. "Gosh, and all hands!" His lower jaw sagged and his eyes bulged. He pushed his hat back, and scratched his head.

A hasty step sounded outside the door, and Orve bounded in, utterly forgetful of the leg broken in behalf of his country. His face was a study. So was Si's, who stood close on the other's heels. Both were breathless.

"What do you think of that?" demanded Orve. "They've both resigned," exclaimed Si.

"What does this mean?" asked Gideon blankly, holding up the engraved sheet, and paying no attention to their remarks.

"Mean?" yelled Orve. "Can't ye read an ordinary weddin' announcement? It means they was married on the sly two days before they struck Rockford, and now they've started off on their weddin' tower, lookin' like the Land of Beulah."

Gideon leaned against the counter helplessly. "Been married eight months, and there we—" He stopped and tacked in another direction—"Goin' on a tower eight months after the weddin'! Well, I've always said they was igiots. But why—"

"Because," interrupted Si, who understood the end of Gideon's question, "because, under the laws of this state no married woman can teach, and it seems they hadn't enough stray cash to set up housekeepin' yet, so they postponed tellin' the school board all of their business until school was out."

Gideon cast the announcement on the counter, and brought his lower jaw up with a snap. An expression of injury crept over his large good-natured face. "Well I'll be flabbergasted—" he began, and stopped, interrupted by a boy's jeering voice as he derided a school mate. The three glanced foolishly at each other, for the voice was calling:

"April Fool will soon be past,
And you're the biggest fool at last!"

Some poets rhyme for fame alone,
And some for bread and butter;
Some rhyme because their nature is
Poetic thoughts to utter.
But these poor rhymes have nought aim,
They're written to secure
The health of all humanity
By Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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When it does its work properly your food nourishes you and the vigor of health tingles in your veins. But when your stomach fails and indigestion seizes you, then your system is starved and your blood filled with impurities. Be warned in time! Avoid suffering and ill-health by taking

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RULES YOUR STOMACH AND CURES

Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Anemia, Weak Headache, Dizziness, and all forms of

INDIGESTION

Letters to Women in Love

The Spoiled, the Adored, the Irrepressible American Girl

By MRS JOHN VAN VORST.

THE few letters which follow are not love-letters, but they treat of love. Love-letters, as a matter of fact, are interesting only for the person to whom they are addressed. But letters to people in love—are they not addressed more or less to the world at large? The very oldest woman I ever knew, a Frenchwoman, said once to me:—

"No woman could begin her existence over again, no matter how sorry she might be to leave this world. The truth is, to live is to suffer. But," and here she drew very close to me, "there is one thing I regret." My eye questioned here. "What do you regret?" And she answered in a whisper: "Love."

To Miss Beatrice Thayer, Fifth Avenue, New York.
My dear Beatrice:

You are not very much of a letter-writer, I know. I have heard from you not more than a dozen times in the last few years since you left school. I must attribute the long epistles you used to send me from Farmington to the fact that it was the fashion among the girls in the graduating class to have "lots of correspondence." You were rather dithered, I don't doubt, at my sanctimony. But you know how fond I was of your dear mother, and that, ever since her death, I have looked upon you as a sister in a measure. I can't realize that you are twenty-two. For me you will always remain a child. Indifferent you doubtless are to this being "looked upon as a child," but when you grow older it will seem very sweet to you. In any case I take the liberty of occupying myself about you, quite as though you had turned to me for protection.

Well, then, in the first place—for this is the reason of my present letter—you can imagine my surprise on receiving from Reginald Wells a long, long letter—all about you!

You know my especial fondness for Reggie. He is one of my favourites, one of the old-fashioned sort who still have a little time now and then for their friends of long standing. Reggie never comes over to see his uncle in Washington without stopping off at Baltimore to lunch or dine and have a good talk with me. I never remember very much what we have talked about, but I do keep a most charming recollection of his grace and good looks, of his spontaneous frankness, his boyish air, his exquisite courtesy, his reverence, and his youth, with all the power that the qualities I name can give to a man. Reggie is twenty-seven I know, and I had never thought much about him from a sentimental point of view, except to reflect that all girls must be in love with him, and that he would sure day be sure to marry, when all of a sudden came this letter about you, showing that he is deep in an adventure of the heart, and that for him, as for the rest of us, the course of true love does run, and never has, run smooth.

I can't send you the letter—that would be quite fair to Reginald—but I must tell you in a measure what he says, and find out from you how you feel on the subject.

Reginald Wells loves you. Of course, this you knew.

His affection is not the commonplace sentiment of any young man who is attractive for any young girl who is pretty. He is attractive and you are pretty—that he really appreciates you. He speaks of you in the most beautiful way—of your character, the power you have for bringing out the very best there is in a man. He admires you, and he is not surprised that you should

care nothing for him. You have so much charm and magnetism that you could win anyone you wanted to. He does not find it astonishing that he should not appeal to you, with his humdrum existence. He has very little time, when his work is done, to devote to artistic, literary and intellectual pursuits. These he must forego so long as his income, fair as it is, has not placed him among the real men of leisure.

Yet, though Reggie continues to affirm that you don't care for him, he suggests in a number of little ways that perhaps you may.

He says, for instance, that he doesn't think there's any other man you do love. He tells me you have often asked him to come down with your father to Long Island from Friday to Monday in the summer. And he also adds that he and Mr. Thayer are the best of friends.

But I jump from one thing to another without giving you the details as Reggie gave them, and as you are going to answer them in your letter to me.

When he first met you, on his Class Day, he knew that he could never care for anybody else. You had come up to Cambridge with the sister and mother of his roommate. As soon as he saw you together he was jealous, horribly jealous. He imagined that the man who had shared his quarters with him for two years had been hiding a love affair—since he had never mentioned your name—and was now to announce his engagement. The announcement, however, did not come, and Reggie says that at the beginning you seemed glad to have him so attentive to you; you encouraged him, and he was the happiest man in the world.

You let him send you flowers and books. He hadn't the slightest idea you were a flirt—indeed, he doesn't think so now. Only all of a sudden you seemed to change. He couldn't talk with you as he had. You were dippant, you laughed at the things he said seriously, and took seriously the things he meant you to laugh at. He grew constrained, and could not even make up his mind to ask you whether anything had happened. He tried to believe it was his imagination, that you would, from one day to the other, go back again to your old manner with him. Not that you were really disagreeable to him. On contrary, you were perfectly friendly, and, indeed, when he came down to the country you went about with him more freely than you had. It was simply, he realized, as he analyzed his feelings, that you could never have for him the sort of sentiment he had for you.

And Reginald does not want you as a friend! What shall he do? His dream which, like an infatuated bubble, once reflected the world on the lovely colours of its moulded sides, has been brusquely reduced to the little lamp spot that astonished us so as children. "What shall he do?"

I must answer him, but I don't want to write before hearing from you.

"You don't want Reggie to suffer, but you can't make him happy." Is that it?

You can't be inebriated of what he desires. It must be disagreeable for you, too, the sort of constraint that has come into your relation with each other.

You are not, surely, among the class of girls who delight in being absolute mistresses of every situation and who would rather that others suffer than to feel anything themselves.

You are too young for staidness. Then what is your attitude?

Above all, don't be provoked with Reggie for writing to me, and don't be vexed with me for telling you of it.

From here I can see your desk—not a bit the sort which is conducive to letter-writing. There are always pictures and flowers, and copies of magazines, and kodaks, and open boxes of candy, and paper-covered novels piled upon it (with strict injunctions to the housemaid "not to touch anything").

Somewhere underneath all these frivolous and half-sentimental upper strata there is a silver-cornered blotter, a massive inkstand and an elaborate pen (rusty, no doubt).

Please, dear, do a little house-cleaning. Get down as far as the pen-and-inkstand and let me hear from you.

II.

To the same:

I was delighted with the rapidity of your answer.

And the fierce indignation with which you respond—how indicative it was! You are young, pretty, charming, cultivated. What more natural than that you should be loved, and fall in love yourself? Yet the mere indirect suggestion of such a thing brings an outburst.

"Love Reginald! You've always been very fond of him, but there's never been any question of love!"

Fortunately your letter doesn't end here. You do make a few concessions.

He has never asked you to marry him, in the first place. In the second place, you have never told him that you didn't like him. In the third place, he must be rather dull not to understand that you couldn't see as much of him as you do if he were—or ever could be—more to you than a friend.

In other words what you mean is that you are perfectly willing Reginald Wells should be your devoted slave, you are perfectly willing that he should think of you, be with you, dream about you to the exclusion of all else. In return you deign to see as much of him as you can without being bored. You would be indignant if he were less attentive to you, or more attentive to some other girl. To speak frankly, you care for Reggie just enough not to want anyone else to have him! This promises charmingly for his future happiness!

And really I am no better off than I was before. I am half-inclined to telegraph Reggie that he is wasting his time, and that he might better turn his thoughts aside from the stony-hearted Beatrice!

III.

To the same:

Last night the maid brought me your telegram. "Don't write R. until hearing from me." I spent the evening in agreeable speculation as to how soon I should be able to congratulate Reggie on his engagement. I blessed you for having come to your senses. Not at all!

This morning the post brings your letter. Reggie had been away for several days, and you waited until you could see him before quite making up your mind as to what you really think. Not that you spoke to him of his conduct—a to me; that would have been dismal. But you sought while you were with him—I know you—to analyse your feelings now that you are sure he cares for you.

This certainty with regard to his sentiments had two distinct effects upon you. You were more self-confident, you were more indifferent. You had an added sense which came from the assurance of his love, and this same assurance took from the charm of conquest a piquancy it had hitherto possessed. Am I right?

There is nothing more alarming in life than this moment which precedes the

declaration of a man. . . . I was going to say a man with whom you are falling in love. How you would have resented that if I had said it!

As soon as a man has actually announced his adoration then conscience is called into play and you must take a decision. But during the interim you live in the atmosphere of irresponsibility. You disregard all conventional codes of conduct; and you are as dippant, as reckless, as pathetic, as emotional, as you like—not fearful of consequences because you know the present situation cannot last; and heedless of opinion because you know you are adored.

Well, after an hour with him you thought you could be happy with him, perhaps, but you don't believe that you would be unhappy without him.

You don't absolutely declare that you will never marry him. If he really loves you, he must wait. It won't hurt him to wait, since he seems to think you are worth waiting for.

Finally, as far as I can make out, the sum of your remarks is about this: you hate the idea of an engagement. You can imagine marrying, but you can't imagine being engaged.

I am not going to write to Reginald at all. I have nothing to say to him. It is with you that I shall continue my correspondence.

IV.

To the same:

Your effusive epistle in defence of the American girl has reached me. America, you say, has created a new variety of female; the unmarried woman who is not an old maid. Every other country arranges society in such a way that wives alone hold any sway. With us the lion's share, in the distribution of social rights, has been given to girls. America is as proud of her "surplus" of young girls each year as she is of her rears, or her harvest of golden wheat. All this is true, I admit, but I don't see in it, as you do, advantages only.

There is not another land, to be sure, which has its "Golden Girl." If you run through hastily any one of the fifteen albums you see that the history of American society, sentimental, dramatic, economic, intellectual, is written in the American girl.

How can they resist so much attention?

The truth is they don't. Between the ages of twenty and twenty-five they have no other object in life but to have a good time.

Everybody encourages them. It seems as though the whole country rejoiced to think that it possessed a true aristocracy as a reward for the gigantic effort it is sustaining—an aristocracy which enjoys leisure and luxury, which is guided by no other rule than its own pleasure. Truly the aristocracy of the aristocracy is the American girl.

But the fathers of the land are not a bit jealous and envious like some classes that are oppressed. There is not a hard, overworked father in America who doesn't feel keen, secret pride at "the way his girls do things."

And the "girls"—the princesses or queens they might better be called—of this privileged group have the same misanthropic idea as other aristocrats regarding their little toward society in general. Delightful as the process may be of never doing anything that bores one, and of living to have a good time, there may be certain shortcomings in the results of such conduct.

What are these results? When the "Golden Girl" has been "paid attention" by any quantity of men, and for a number of years, it grows very difficult for her to determine on any one

of her suitors, doesn't it? She has become critical—very naturally. All suitors seem to her more or less alike; they have the same good points, the same weaknesses. They don't really understand her ambitions.

Why then should she pick out one more than another when she can dispose of half a dozen?

Why should she inflict upon herself the monotonous society of anyone when she can be surrounded by any number?

Why should she submit to the annoyance of being bound when she can exercise her caprices as though they were laws, and enjoy her liberty at the same time?

Don't you suppose that our young American men are disconcerted by such proceedings? Don't you realise how discouraged they are to feel that the girl they love requires constant amusement, luxury, wealth, diversion in order to be happy?

Perhaps the benefits by all these advantages simply because they are at hand and because her father provides them for her. Perhaps they are not an indispensable part of her happiness. But how is the poor young man to know this?

In his uncertainty he hesitates to declare his love. He dreads seeming presumptuous if he supposes that his devotion alone can make up for so much liberty, so much gaiety, and the alluring frivolity that any girl would necessarily have to renounce in marrying him.

If he makes a timid advance the chances are he will be discouraged. So he withdraws disheartened, bitter. And who knows? Perhaps two people have missed their opportunity for a real, enduring happiness—two people who were worthy of each other, who might have led useful lives, and who together would have added to the general advancement of the whole country. Who knows?

Let us suppose that I address myself to a girl who is postponing the moment for saying "Yes" simply because she fears to appear ridiculous in the eyes of her friends. It is understood that I am thinking of her, not of you, and with her I am quite at ease; so I say:

"You don't want to be married before you are twenty-five?"

"Not before I am twenty-eight!"

"And until then?"

"I'll see; there's plenty of time."

"You'll see what?"

"I'll see if I find a man who suits me well enough to give up my liberty for him."

"And if you don't find this man who comes up to your ideals?"

"I can still have a good time just as I am."

"And after that?"

"I will try to take up something interesting."

"Or somebody?"

"Perhaps, I shall do as the rest do. I'll go in for philanthropy."

Ah! This is just what I hoped you would say. You fell into my trap delightfully. You recognize that, at a given moment, you will have had enough of yourself, and that in order not to hate life you will have to take up some outside work, a charity. Why do you end there?

Why not begin there?

Why occupy yourself with a charity when you are already worn out and half through existence? Why not give your attention at once to the "neighbour" who "loves you as you love yourself"?

Why not do this while you are young and lovely, with every right to hope, and to be happy?

What neighbour do I mean?

Reginald, of course!

Oh, but I forgot! It wasn't with you, it was with the other girl I was talking!

V.

To the same:

I am sorry not to see you before you sail. Not that I would prevent your departure if I could, even though it does mean turning your back upon poor Reggie!

I should like to talk over with you your plans and enjoy in advance all that you are going to see. But you sail in a week!

I cannot come to New York, you can't come to Baltimore; so we shall have to continue in this way our intercourse.

It is perhaps not the worst of ways.

Shall you write to Reggie? Do you want me to write him about you while you are gone? How long shall you stay? And where shall you be?

Let me hear from you, if only a line, before you leave.

VI.

To the same:

Your note, sent back by the pilot, has just reached me. So you saw him the night before you sailed and he "almost" proposed.

How does a man "almost" propose, I wonder?

There are among the friends of every girl I know about a dozen men who have "almost." I should like some day to question them and have their views on the subject of this semi-achieved proposal.

But what touches me even more is something you tell me of yourself: "You 'almost' accepted Reggie. He never looked so attractive to you as he did that night in his evening clothes—his eyes were so dark—he really is much the best-looking man you know, and he seemed to care so terribly about your going away. So you 'almost' accepted him."

I can't say that my anxiety for Reggie's fate is altogether calmed. No, not that. But I am glad you are going away in this lenient attitude toward my friend.

Women are so impressionable before they really love. It is characteristic of us to consider every incident with the man for whom we are forming an attachment, as final. The least little thing he does weighs ponderously for or against him in our hearts. If it is some small neglect we observe, instantly the protest rises to our lips: "He's not the sort of man I could ever marry!" If, on the contrary, he has surprised us agreeably we are pleased at our own good taste which murmurs contentedly: "That's the sort of man I could care for."

So I am glad, dear, that it was under this impression you separated from Reggie.

Travelling, for a woman, is, as a matter of fact, the most dreary of occupations if she has not some sentimental pre-occupation for which to make a setting with all the changing scenes she visits.

If she can say to herself: "He has been here, he has seen this," or, "Perhaps we'll come here some day together," or "How much more we could see if he were only here," then the perpetual packing and unpacking, the climbing in and out of omnibuses and trains, the visiting of museums and churches, lose their prosaic monotony and become the action in an imaginary romance.

It is something in this spirit that I fancy now you will see Europe. You are coming north from Naples through Italy, and then to Paris. Write me only when you reach the French capital. Until then you will be too busy sight-seeing. But in this traveller's activity the heart is wonderfully at leisure.

And who could traverse Italy untouched? I have seen elderly, gray-haired women grow flushed and agitated in listening merely to a gondolier retail some one of the amorous legends of Venice. The story may have been silent a hundred years, the lovers dead and underground, but its echoes sound like magic; ears grow young again and eyes grow luminous as the picture rises in such admirable surroundings. There is something in the very atmosphere of Italy that stirs the longing to be loved which has no age. In youth we nourish it with hope; in the later years we silence it with memories.

What a pity Reggie could not follow you!

Good-by, dear, until Paris. Address me always here.

VII.

To the same:

I have kept my promise. Not a line have I sent Reggie about you since you left. You, of course, have written to him "now and then." It would be too much to expect that you should send him really long, good, comforting letters! I can fancy his gratitude for the little foreign post-marked scraps you have deigned to address him. But just the same, haven't you been glad to receive his faithful messages? There were four waiting for you, and a cable, when you reached Paris. They made you "awfully homesick." It seems as though you had been away a year and you don't even talk of coming back yet. Your father is deep in the old-book question, hunting editions, having bindings copied, and so on. You say there is "nothing especial

for you to do." In fact, you seem frankly bored!

A woman bored in Paris?

There is only one thing to account for it. Paris is the best place in the world to be when you're not in love, or when you're with the person you love—but separated from him. I confess, it is mor-

tel. The very resources contribute to aggravate your ennui.

In America everything is arranged for the woman. Upstairs we possess New York. What is there we can't do, and alone?

(Continued on page 53.)

Williams' Shaving Soap

produces a lather that differs from all others.

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Second, in lasting qualities. It holds its moisture and remains on the face, thick and creamy, without the drying and smarting effects of other kinds.

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Frotooids are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient, in so far that they not only act as an aperient, but do remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs all the waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them. The beneficial effects of **Frotooids** are evident at once by the disappearance of headache, the head becoming clear, and a bright, cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish, depressed feelings, by the liver acting properly, and by the food being properly digested.

Frotooids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested, and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all. It is of the utmost importance that this should be borne in mind, for in such cases to take an ordinary aperient is to waste time and permit of a serious illness becoming fatal.

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Frotooids are only now being placed on the Australian market, consequently you may at present have a difficulty in getting them from your local chemist or storekeeper; but ask for them, and if you cannot get them at once, send stamps or postal note for price, 6/6, to W. G. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong, and a bottle of them will be immediately forwarded to you post free. Chemists, storekeepers, and wholesale dealers can now obtain wholesale supplies from W. G. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

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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,—Thank you very much for the badge you sent me. I am sorry to say that it got broken coming through the post. You asked me to tell you what I did during the holidays. It was a very stormy week, so I did not go out except on the last day, when my sister Jessie and I went for a ride. My two cousins came up from Wellington for a few days, and while they were here we had a slight snowstorm, but not enough to have any fun snow-balling. I will now ask you a riddle. "When is the most dangerous time to go into the bush?" With love to you and all the other cousins, CORDELIA.

(Dear Cousins Cordelia, I am so sorry the pin of your badge got damaged; they are so frail, that I am afraid they often do get spoilt going through the post. It was a pity you did not have nicer weather for your holidays. How did you manage to pass the time when you were not able to go out? I expect your cousins from Wellington were very disgusted, weren't they? It must have been very disappointing for them to spend their few days' holiday indoors. We have been having some fairly cold weather here, but, of course, we never have snow. I think I have heard your riddle before; isn't the answer "The spring-time" because the trees shoot and the built-rushes out, or something like that.—Cousin Kate.)

Dear Cousin Kate,—We broke up on Friday for a week's holiday, but I wish it was for a fortnight, because my brothers came home on Thursday, and they have got a fortnight, but I suppose I will take it. You ask me to tell you all about the towns I have visited. I did not like Wellington very much, for it was too windy. But I think I like Napier best of all, it is such a nice clean little place. I have been to Sydney, too, and like it very much. I was there in the great heat drought, and horses were falling down dead. Mother was having her washing done that day, and as soon as the clothes were put out they burnt on the line. Well, dear Cousin Kate, this is all I can say to-day, for I am in a hurry. With love to you and the cousins, I am, your loving cousin, EDITH.

Dear Cousin Edith,—It is quite a long time since you wrote to me last, and I thought you were going to be a most regular correspondent. It was very nice of you to write, though, while your brothers were at home, because, of course, you must be wanting to spend all your spare time with them. I hope you will enjoy their visit, even if you do have to go back to school before they leave. I did not like Wellington very much either, and after Auckland I like Dunedin better than any of the

other New Zealand towns I know. Napier I thought a dear little place, and beautifully clean-looking, but I would not care to live in such a small place. I can quite imagine that being in Sydney during the heat drought was quite enough to make you dislike it, but even if it is hot, it is nice to live in a big bustling town, where there is always something going on, don't you think?—Cousin Kate.)

Dear Cousin Walter, I have been so very interested in reading the cousins' letters that I would like to know whether you will allow me to join your band. I have been in this place about five months, having come from Napier. I came up to Auckland in the s.s. Talune, the time she had that very bad trip. From there I went to Rotorua, and from there to Whakatane. This place is rather small, but lately there has been a great change. The Whakatane and Opoitiki show will commence soon, and many school children are going to put different exhibits in—I remain, yours truly, WALTER.—P.S.—Kindly send me a blue badge.

Dear Cousin Walter, I am always pleased when I hear that the cousins' letters have interested anyone sufficiently to make them wish to join the band, and especially am I glad to welcome new boy cousins, for I have only a few of them. I expect you find Whakatane very much smaller and quieter than Napier, and as you have only been there five months it is rather too soon to ask you if you like it nearly as well. Are you a good sailor, if not you must have had a very unpleasant trip from Napier to Auckland, and the Talune is one of the smaller coastal boats, too, isn't it? Next time you write tell me what you thought of Rotorua, and write soon, there's a good chap.—Cousin Kate. P.S.—I have posted a blue badge to you, and hope it will arrive safely.—C.K.]

Dear Cousin Kate, I suppose you were beginning to think I had left your band altogether, but I have not. I would have written before, only I have not been able to because I have had the measles, and I only just got up this morning; all my brothers had them, and then I got them, and I think they are so horrid. There are measles at almost every house at Takapuna. I have not been to school for five weeks. Aren't I having a long holiday? Holidays are not so very nice, because when you go back it is all the harder, I think. I think this is all I have to say, with piles of love to you and your cousins. Good-bye, with love from Cousin RENE.

Dear Cousin Rene,—It is indeed a very long time since you wrote to me last, and I was beginning to think that you had decided to write no more. I am afraid your father is not a very reliable postman, dear Rene, and the next time you give him a letter to post you must be sure and tie a piece of cotton or twine tightly round his little finger so that he will not be able to forget it. I see your letter was written quite a week before I received it. I am so sorry you have been having the measles; they are horrid things

to have, but so many children have them just now. Five weeks is a very long holiday, and you will have to work so hard at your lessons all the rest of the term if you want to catch up to your class mates, won't you?—Cousin Kate.)

Dear Cousin Kate, I am very glad that you like my letters; I will try and write as nice ones as I can. Our pussie has hurt his paw, it is very funny to see him go hopping about the house on three paws, but it is beginning to get well again now. It was raining very hard for the Hastings races. Mother went the second day, but did not go the first, but father went both days. One of my little friends had a birthday party last Saturday, it was from 2 o'clock to 6 o'clock; they asked me to go, but I could not, because I have a nasty, old, cold; and on that very morning, a lady rang mother up on the telephone, and asked her if I could go out for a motor-drive with them, but, of course, I could not. I was very disappointed. The other day a man was driving a pair of horses in a buggy down a rather steep hill, when the brake of the buggy broke and the horses began to bolt down the hill. When they got to the bottom of the hill they dashed in through a fence, and turned round and bolted up the hill again. The man was thrown out and got his leg broken. It was a nasty accident, wasn't it. I have read all Ethel Turner's books, and I thought that they were very nice; but I like "Seven Little Australians" the best, which do you? But my favourite authoress is L. T. Meade, I am very fond of her books, are you? Well, I am afraid I must stop now, lots of love for yourself, and all the cousins.—Yours, etc.—MARJORIE.

Dear Cousin Marjorie, I am afraid I shall only be able to answer your letter very briefly this week; it has come in so late that if I do not hurry it will have to be held over until next week, and then you would be wondering what had happened to it. I am so sorry you have been having such a bad cold, especially as you had to miss two such treats. Wasn't it unfortunate that the party and the motor-ride should both have been on the same day? I hope you will be quite well again by the time you see this in print. You must be careful and not catch the measles; such numbers of children have had them up here, that several of the schools have had to close. That was a very nasty accident you told me about, but I think the driver was lucky to get off with only a broken leg, it might have been very much worse.—Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, I would like very much to join your band. Will you send me a blue badge, please? Blue is my favourite colour. I go to the Taradale school, which is a mile and a half away from here. I am eleven years old and in Standard V. I am very fond of school, and botany is one of my favourite subjects. I have a sister and a brother, whose names are Rima and Alan. My brother is in the same class as I am,

and Rima is in the third standard. Now, I will say good-bye, as I cannot think of any more to say. I know there is another Marjorie, so will you call me Marjorie Grace, please!—MARJORIE GRACE.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie Grace,—I shall be very pleased to have you for a cousin, and I will send you a blue badge at once, blue is my favourite colour too. It is funny that both my cousin Marjories should live in Napier, isn't it? I wonder if you know one another? Do you have to walk the mile and a half to school, every day. It is rather a long walk, especially in wet weather. I suppose you and Alan are very nearly the same age, as you are in the same standard at school. Couldn't you persuade him to join the Cousin's band, too? I want some more boy cousins to join. Botany is very interesting, isn't it? and it gets more and more interesting as one gets on with it.—Cousin Kate.

★ ★ ★

[Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic" on June the 19th. We are just having our midwinter holidays, and if it is fine I am going to town to stay from Friday till Saturday. You asked me to send you my address, so I will write it at the end of my letter. It has been a very wet day, and very cold, and the creek was very high. One time, when it was very wet, and the creek was high, it carried away our bridge, but it did not wash it away this time. I think I will close my letter, as this is all I have to say, with love from Cousin MADGE.

★ ★ ★

[Dear Cousin Madge,—Thank you very much for remembering to send me your address. Have you had a badge yet? If not I will post you one next time. I am sorry you are having such disagreeable weather for your holidays, but I dare say you will manage to amuse yourself somehow, won't you? It is a good thing your bridge was not carried away this time, I suppose last time you had to stay at home until it was replaced, hadn't you?—Cousin Kate.]

★ ★ ★

[Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very glad to see my letter in the "Graphic" on June 19th. We have just had our quarterly exam, and the ones that did the best in every subject get their photos taken. We are just having our midwinter holidays, and I might go to town for a day or two. I am going to send you my address this time. I am away staying with a friend of mine, and I am having a good time. If I write any more perhaps you will get tired of reading it. So I will close with love from EDNA.

[Dear Cousin Edna,—It is very good of you to write again so soon, and I hope you are always going to be a very regular little correspondent. I am afraid you are not having very good weather for your midwinter holidays, but I suppose one hardly expects fine weather at this time of the year. I wonder if you did come to town as you expected. You must tell me how you amused yourself if you did next time you write. I am glad you are having a good time. Does your friend live at Henderson, too?—Cousin Kate.]

When Animals Weep.

Animals are said to weep from various causes. Grief at the loss of young ones and mates makes the dog, horse, elephant, rat, bear, deer, monkey, donkey, mule, cattle, camel and giraffe shed tears. Sobbing has been proved in the parrot, though this may be mimicry. The stag at bay and the caged rat have been seen to weep, while monkeys have wept when pitted or from terror. The elephant has wept at the loss of its liberty, and in some cases also from vexation. The dread of punishment has caused captive chimpanzees and other apes to weep. Joy, pain, fatigue, thirst, ill-usage, sympathy, old age, approaching death, and pettishness have all drawn tears from animals or at least driven them to a tearful state.

A slight of colds set out one day.
Great ugly throats, and flow away,
Across the hills and over the sea,
Determined vengeance thus to be.
But all at once these colds grew fewer,
Vanquished by Woods' Great Peppermint
Cure.
And so they died, all one by one,
Their deadly work left all undone.

Like Mother, Like Son.

(By MRS. EDITH E. CUTHELL, Author of "A Fearful Flight.")

Roy, the old retriever, opened half an eye and growled. Patch, the pointer, sprang up half asleep and pointed. Trim, the terrier, cocked his head on one side and yapped interrogatively, "Who on earth are you?"

"What do you want?" asked Patch. "Stop that row, kids, and don't disturb me," grumbled Roy.

For, with a rush and tumble, their entrance hastened by a push behind from Carey the keeper, came bundling, suddenly and hurriedly, two fat and active puppies, into the kennel at the Homo Farm.

"Foreigners," criticised Trim, taking their measure with his black eyes.

"Not sportsmen, I'll be bound, remarked Patch and Roy.

The puppies sat down on their haunches and surveyed their new home solemnly.

"I'm Brother Bernard," said one.

"And I'm Sister Charite," echoed the other.

"And we've come such a long way," they said, both together. "We've been days in that horrid and stuffy basket, and the world's been going up and down, and jolting and banging, and whistling and puffing—oh! it is nice to be able to stretch one's legs!" With which they scampered round the yard, scrambling over the prostrate Roy, jostling Patch, till they fell one over the other and landed in a corner on their backs and out of breath.

The occupants of the kennel all heaved a sigh.

"What an awful couple of kids! Why on earth have you come here?"

Would you, too, like to know? Well, then, this is the story.

It was on a dull day, with a lowering sky, a few months back, that the Squire, motoring back from Italy, homeward bound, thought he would attempt the pass of the great St. Bernard, which leads into Switzerland. He had been well-advised had he lingered on the south side of the Alps till the weather looked more promising. For the storm burst ere the car was half-way up. The flakes fell thicker and faster every yard they went, and the road grew deeper in snow. Slower and more laboured drove the car. Denser grew the air, more and more difficult was it to steer the way.

Then suddenly, before the occupants had time to think, there came a jolt, a lurch, the car turned slowly on one side, and down—down—down—over the edge of the precipice. And with a bang some of the machinery exploded.

Up on the summit of the pass, at the Hospice of the good monks of St. Bernard, a lay-brother at the porter's lodge looked out into the night.

"Misericorde! what a storm! And so sudden! If but mercifully it do not catch unawares some poor travellers tempted by the spring season to cross the pass! I will loose the dogs."

For centuries the good monks have kept this breed of huge and sturdy mastiffs. Generations of training and practice have taught these wonderfully sagacious dogs to seek and find and enclose travellers lost in the snow. But it was surely the first time in the annals of the race that one of them had brought help to the victims of a motor-car smash! The strange form lying overturned in the snow, the stranger smell that pervaded it, made even Charite, the oldest, wisest, and most experienced of all the dogs of the Hospice, pause in her search and sniff suspiciously. But she soon went on with her duty. Scratching here in the snow, smelling there, sniffing in tracks, nosing heaps and hollows, she suddenly stopped short, and began to dig furiously with her great paws. Charite's nose had told her true, as it always did. Ere long she had scraped up the snow and uncovered the Squire's head. He lay motionless, and the blood oozed slowly from a cut. Charite waited. The next move she expected from those she found was that they should notice the flask of brandy she wore hanging round her neck and restore themselves with a drink from it. But the Squire made no sign. So Charite went on with her work of mercy.

"Boo-oof! Boo-oof! Boo-oof!" Deep and resounding, like the tone of a church bell, her baying rang over the mountain-side through the frozen midnight air.

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The monks heard it at the Hospice, and hastily grasped their staves and lit their lanterns.

"It is Charite again. She has found some poor soul. God be praised!" they said.

It was some weeks afterwards, a beautiful sunny spring day, that the Squire, pale and feeble, but himself again, was preparing to leave the Hospice where he had been so carefully nursed back to life and health.

"And the dog Charite, that found me? I would like to have her for my own. What will you take for her?" he asked the Father Prior.

But the latter shook his head.

"Not all the gold in Europe will buy Charite, Monsieur. She is too valuable here for her work. But the monastery is poor and times are hard, for since the opening of the railway tunnels under the mountains, fewer travellers come over the pass and lodge with us. But it is well known that Englishmen are rich. If, as a little thank-offering, you would buy two of Charite's puppies—nice promising puppies!"

And that was how Brother Bernard and Sister Charite found their way to the kennel at the Squire's Home Farm in Berkshire.

Nice promising pups indeed! If only the other denizens of the kennel could have heard the Father Prior they would have let him know what they thought of them.

"Never a moment's peace," growled old Roy; "and in June, too, when I want to be getting all the rest I can before my work begins in September."

"And so noisy! Voices deep enough for dogs twice their size," grumbled Patch.

"And so strong for puppies. I tried to put them down, but they were too much for me," grunted Trim.

"And so spoilt," growled Roy. "The fuss that's made over them compared with me, after all the years the master's shut over me!"

"Stupid, unintelligent things that can't point a bit," sneered Patch.

"They're the pets now," and poor Trim had tears in his bark. "Fetch'd out of the kennel at all times—shown

off to visitors—taken for walks! Why, Harry actually wanted to have them sleep in his bedroom last night."

Nice promising pups! That was what little Harry thought them. Never did he tire of exhibiting them, never did he weary of telling the wonderful story of how their mother had saved his father's life. Bernard and Charite amply repaid their affection. When Harry appeared they both bounded on to him till they nearly knocked him flat. Bernard carried off one of his boots and gnawed a hole in it, and Charite spoilt a clean white sailor suit by sleeping on it one muggy day.

If the kennel had peace the afternoon that Bernard was lost, it was Harry who cried his eyes out. Roy, Patch, and Trim did not regret Bernard's absence, especially at feeding time. But Harry refused to be comforted. Bernard had last been seen sniffing and scraping near a rabbit-hole in the sand pit in the park.

Probably he smelt something live within and his hereditary instincts were aroused. He scraped at the sand as his forefathers did at the snow, with the result that he was missing at supper time. Next morning not a sign of him anywhere. Little Master Harry's grief awoke every man and boy about the Hall into activity to find the puppy. The Squire, too, was anxious. He felt this was ill repaying Charite's kindness to him.

But it was Harry who suggested digging down the rabbit hole. As they dug they heard a deep whimper. Encouraged, they dug on, to find the pup safe and sound some way down, buried in by a fall of sand after he had squeezed his way down.

After this rescue there was no holding Bernard. He was free of every where, and, like the king, could do no wrong. He inveigled Charite into all manner of scrapes, and Roy, Patch, and Trim wished they had never been born, such a life the puppies led them. It was not to be expected that they did not exult over the good setting down that the geese gave Bernard and Charite not long after the sand-pit adventure.

The pups were at large, roaming the

yard, into which the big barn opened. Very free and independent they felt themselves.

"Poor things!" exclaimed Charite, referring to Roy and Co.; "shut up in that dull old kennel, while we're allowed to do as we like."

Sss! Sss!" came a queer noise round the corner of the barn—a noise such as the puppies in all their headlong career had never heard before—and there hove in sight a procession, Mr Gander solemnly waddling in front, and his two wires respectfully following him. The pups stopped short and stared. Horses they knew, cows with bells they knew, and mules that kicked. But what were these?

"Sss! Sss!" came the hissing again. Down came three long white necks, open went three huge pink beaks, as they seemed to the astounded puppies, and "Sss!" the Gander and his wives quickened their pace as dwent for the puppies.

"Sss! Sss!"

How Roy and Patch and Trim in the kennel chortled, and how Bernard and Charite ran! Behind them the craning long necks and the sharp beaks, in their ears rang that alarming hiss. Pursued by these strange and unknown monsters, the panic-stricken puppies fled across the yard. Just in time, Charite leapt up the high step which led into the barn, and to the delighted ears of the inhabitants of the kennel came the sound of a piercing squeak as Mr Gander pecked the leg of Bernard the hindmost.

The puppies were quite good and quiet that night in the kennel. Ever afterwards Harry had only to hiss, if they were tiresome, to cow them at once.

Poor Harry! Time went on, spring grew into summer, and the dreadful event happened in which the pups were to play such a noble part. It was hay-time. Harry, his morning lessons over, ran out to see the mowing machine at work. The sun was pouring down from the noonday sky, and Harry had only put on his little cap. On he ran in the blazing heat, struggling through the high grass, taking a short cut across the hayfield to get to the machine. Then, quite suddenly, the little

white figure collapsed and the grass closed over him. Harry had got a sunstroke.

Nearer and nearer on its ceaseless journey round the field came the whirling machine with its cruel slashing blades, and no one had seen the little boy running through the grass, no one had seen him fall.

Except the four bright eyes of Bernard and Charite, who had followed him.

"Boo-oo! Boo-oo!" came the deep yap of the pups as they stood over the prostrate form of the unconscious child buried in the grass. The instinct of their race was aroused. Nearer and nearer whirled the machine.

"Boo-oo! Boo-oo! Boo-oo!"

"Mind them puppies! What's they barkin' at?"

The machine stopped. The Squire's little son was saved from a horrible death, and Bernard and Charite had proved themselves worthy descendants of the noble race of St. Bernard mastiffs.—E. R. Cuthell.

A Gentleman.

Some time ago one of the newspapers asked whether people were growing less courteous than they used to be. A correspondent wrote that when he was a lad the standard of gentleness was impressed upon him by his father—not with a strap—in a way that he never forgot. They were walking in the country, and as they reached a stile a working man, who was on the other side before them, and had the right of crossing first, stood aside until they had passed. The boy, thoughtless after the fashion of his kind, got over first, saying never a word. Then his father got over and said, "Thank you" to the man. Turning to his son, he said, "You did not thank the man who stood aside for you." "But he isn't a gentleman," answered the lad. "Perhaps not," was his father's crushing rebuke, "but I want you to be."

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"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses."

P. F. MULLINS,
Cowley's Creek, Victoria.

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet, but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it."

D. McDONALD,
Trinkey, via Quindri, N.S.W.

"My wife is 52 years old, and I am 75. I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, having quick cured us both."

J. E. HAYNITT,
Strath Creek, via Broadford, Victoria.

"I suffered from Asthma for about fifteen years, was that ill at times could scarcely walk from one room to another, often had to sit up in bed part of the night. Tried doctors, patent medicines, and herbals, without success, was almost tired of trying anything, when, one day, hearing about your Bronchitis Cure, I decided to give it a

trial. I used five bottles of your Bronchitis and Asthma Cure, with the result that the difficulty of breathing and distressing cough have all disappeared. I cannot speak too highly of your valuable medicine, and I recommend it to all my friends."

ELIZA LANGTON,
Wideman's Ferry, New South Wales.

BRONCHITIS AND PLEURISY.

A Severe Case Cured by Two Bottles of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

After other treatment had failed.

Mr. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong.
Dear Sir,—Some months ago in Sydney I suffered from a severe attack of influenza, and was confined to my room for about a week, at the end of which time, feeling somewhat better, I got up and tried to transact my business as usual. But I got up too soon, for the very next day I had a relapse, and suffered tortures from what the doctor told me was pleurisy and bronchitis. The pain from the former in my

chest and shoulders was frightful, and for four long weeks I was confined to my bed under the care of a well-known Sydney doctor, and all the time his medicine gave me but temporary relief. The landlady of the hotel (the Cleveland, where I resided, told me of a medicine—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure—from Victoria, which had cured her of a bad attack of bronchitis and pains in the chest, and begged of me to try it. I did so, and, in thanks and gratitude to you, tell you that, after the second bottle, my cough had ceased; but what is more astonishing, the pains from pleurisy entirely left me, and in about a week I was able to attend to my duties as usual.

Yours faithfully, J. BRAHAM,
Melbourne "Punch" Office, Melbourne.

BRONCHITIS.

Child's Life Saved by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

After the Case had been "given up."

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—We have to

thank your bronchitis cure that we have one little boy spared to us, as we nearly lost him. After doctors had given him up we saw the advertisement for your Bronchitis Cure, and gave it a trial, with the result above mentioned—Yours faithfully,

MRS. E. GRANT,
c/o Mr. Harvey, Baker,
Chiltern, Victoria.

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

A Twelve Years' Case with Distressing Cough.

Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis and Asthma Cure.

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Please send by post to Copmanhurst a complete course of your valuable medicine for obstinate asthma. The last medicine you sent me cured one man that had a distressing cough for 12 years. Please send post office order enclosed for payment.—Yours thankfully,
WILLIAM CASHAM,
Upper Copmanhurst, via Grafton, N.S.W.

Beware of Imitations! The great success of HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, has induced a number of unprincipled persons to make imitations, each calling his medicine "Bronchitis Cure," with the object of deceiving the simple-minded, and so getting a sale for an imitation which has none of the beneficial effects that HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE has. Consequently it has become necessary to draw your attention to this fact, and to request you in your own interests to be particular to ask for HEARNE'S and to see that you get it.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, Small Size, 2s; Large Size, 4s. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

NOTICE.—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure No. 1a does NOT contain any poison within the meaning of the Act. It is equally beneficial for the youngest child and the most aged person.

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Mr J. McCosh Clark went South by the *Rarawa* on Sunday.

Miss C. Willis has left Cambridge for Auckland, where she will spend the winter.

Staff Nurse Hawkes, of the Auckland Hospital, has been appointed charge nurse at the Stratford Hospital.

Miss Esther Lewis left Auckland on Monday by the *Zealandia* on an extended visit to Sydney.

Bishop Lenihan went South by the *Rarawa* on Sunday to attend the funeral of the late Father Lewis, of Wellington.

Mrs Chester, late of London, has leased "Laloma" from Mr W. Wright, and she and her family of two sons and a daughter take possession on the 1st July.

Mr. H. Gully, of Wellington, one of the counsel for the Shaw, Savill Company in the Calliope Dock case, returned South by the *Patena* on Monday.

Mr. T. Clarkson, who has been engaged for several years on the literary staff of the "Canterbury Times," has accepted an appointment as managing editor of the "Gisborne Times."

Mr. C. P. Skerrett, K.C., who has been appearing for the Harbour Board in the Calliope Dock case, returned to Wellington by the West Coast boat on Monday with Miss Skerrett.

Mr James Crabtree, of the Sydney Philharmonic Society, arrived by the *Victoria* on Sunday, under engagement to the St. Patrick's Operatic Society for their forthcoming production of "Mariana."

Mr Percy R. Tudehope, late of the "Star" lithographic staff, left Auckland on Monday by the s.s. *Zealandia*, en route for England. He joins the White Star liner s.s. *Persic*, at Sydney, and expects to reach London about the beginning of September. He intends following up the further study of his business by attending the art classes in London and America and the Continent, and expects to be away from Auckland for a few years.

Mr. W. F. Forster, who for the past three years has occupied the post of night editor on the "New Zealand Herald," was last week presented by the literary staff with a handsome souvenir of fraternal esteem, the occasion being Mr. Forster's departure from Auckland to a position on the editorial staff of the "Hobart Mercury." Mr. Forster leaves for Hobart, via the South, by the *Tarawera*.

Mr and Miss Wright left Cambridge on Monday for Auckland, but will return early in August for Miss Wright's marriage, which is to take place from the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Roberts. They will both be much missed. Mr Wright is president of the bowling club, and Miss Wright took part in all social events.

The latest arrivals at the Central Hotel include Mr R. G. Black (Gisborne), Mr L. B. Cuseen (Melbourne), Mr and Mrs H. McMurdo (Whakapirau), Mr B. Old (Gisborne), Mr H. Patterson (Melbourne), Mr R. Bruce (Gisborne), Mr and Mrs Alex. McLean (Gisborne), Mr J. S. McEwen (Hastings), Mr G. H. Stubbs (Waitara), Miss H. McDonnell (Kaipara), Mr S. Manning and Miss Manning (Christchurch), Mr G. Martin (Christchurch), Mr H. W. Bailey (Sydney), and Mr L. B. Brickhill (Sydney).

The latest guests at the Grand Hotel include Mr and Mrs F. Fairholm (London), Mr C. Maudsley, and Mr and Mrs S. J. Riddiford (Wellington), Dr. and Mrs Moss (Melbourne), Mr W. T. R. Morton (Christchurch), Mr H. Evans (Dunedin), Dr. and Mrs Baxter (Wanganui), Mr and Mrs T. Guthrie Bowie (Sydney), Dr. J. M. Bell (Wellington), Mr J. M. Clarke and Mr G. P. Crawford (Wellington), Mr and Mrs W. Tripp (Portobello, Edinburgh), Mr G. H. G. Scott (Northumberland), Mr and Mrs G. C. Herbert, Mr and Mrs T. W. Stringer (Christchurch), Mrs Vine (London), Mr P. B. Russell (Gisborne), Mr Ernest C. Dixon (Sydney), Count Tarasowski (Frankfurt), Mrs Hewlett (France), Mr and Mrs Barry and child (Waltham), Mr G. E. Pyrah (Wellington).

HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE.

Mrs C. Margoliouth, of Napier, has been spending some weeks at Okawa.

Miss Hay, of Auckland, has been on a visit to Napier.

Mrs R. Humphries, of Kereru, is in Wellington for a week.

Mrs Abraham, of Wellington, has been spending a few days in Napier.

Miss Thompson (Napier) is on a visit to Gisborne.

Miss Louie Hoadley (Napier), is on a visit to Wellington.

Mr and Mrs T. Baker, of Takepau, have been in Napier for a few days.

Mrs Cranby, of Napier, is spending a holiday in the North.

Miss Carter, of Gisborne, is on a visit to Napier.

Miss Reid, of Auckland, has been in Napier for some weeks.

Mr R. D. McLean has sailed for Napier, after spending a lengthy visit in London.

TARANAKI PROVINCE.

Dr. Munro Home, of Liverpool, is at present visiting New Plymouth.

Mr. H. P. Barry, of Wellington, is on a visit to New Plymouth.

Miss T. Wordsworth, of Auckland, is paying Mrs. Stanshish, of New Plymouth, a visit.

Mrs. A. L. Hempton, whose husband has been transferred from Levuka to the Bank of New Zealand at Whangarei, is at present on a visit to her mother, Mrs. William Bayly, Bell Block.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Mr. and Mrs. Herries are in Wellington again for some months.

Miss Keeling (Palmerston North) is visiting friends in Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Oldham, of Taihape, have been staying with relations in Wanganui.

Mrs. G. Pharynx, of Feilding, has been in Wanganui on a visit.

Mrs. and Miss Barnicoat, of Wanganui, has just paid a flying visit to Wellington.

Miss Lifiton, Wanganui, has been the guest of Mrs. J. P. Innes, Palmerston.

Mrs. E. J. Armstrong, Palmerston, has returned from Napier.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacy Peake, of Cambridge, who have been visiting relations in Wanganui, have returned home.

Mrs. R. K. Reed, Palmerston, is home again, after spending some weeks with friends in Hawke's Bay.

Mrs. A. D. Thompson and her sister, Miss Wilson (Palmerston), are visiting friends in Wellington.

Mrs. and Miss Bremner, who have been staying in Wanganui for some weeks, are back in Wellington.

Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave and her little son, Geoffrey, Palmerston, have gone on a short visit to Hawke's Bay.

Miss Myrtle Barber (Wellington) is going to England shortly for a holiday trip.

Mrs. Corbett, who has been spending some weeks in Wellington, has returned to Sydney.

Professor Starr-Jordan, a distinguished American citizen, is at present in Wellington giving a series of lectures.

Miss Hilda McDonnell (Kaipara), has been in Wellington lately, staying with Miss Harcourt.

Mrs. Ziele (Christchurch) is in Wellington, staying with her parents, the Hon. H. and Mrs. Gilmer.

Dr. and Mrs. Prendergast-Knight are back in Wellington after a month or two in Sydney.

Mrs. and Miss Robertson have returned to Wellington after a short stay in Sydney.

Miss Kate Dean, who has been spending six months or so in Sydney, is back in Wellington.

Miss Porter, who has been visiting relatives near Greymouth for the past three months, has returned to her home in Palmerston.

Mr. J. K. Logan has returned to Wellington after nearly a year's absence in England and abroad. Mrs. and Miss Logan, who went with him, are coming out by way of South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Pickering, who have been living in Wellington for some years, have returned to England for good. They are travelling by way of Sydney and Suez.

Dr. Bell, who has been in New Zealand for three years or so as Government theologian, has just left Wellington for a holiday trip to Canada. He is a native of that country by birth, and has many friends and relations there. During his stay he intends to lecture on New Zealand and its scenery. Dr. Bell leaves Auckland to catch the next Vancouver steamer at Fiji.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Izard returned to New Zealand by the *Maheno* after a trip to the Old Country. Mr. Izard, who travelled to England with Sir Joseph Ward, spent only three months there, and came out by the same boat as his chief, but Mrs. Izard had been in England over a year. They are at present staying at a hotel, until their house—now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. H. Bethune—is vacant again.

Mr. G. F. Smith, who has just left Wellington to reside in Nova Scotia, was for many years assistant secretary to the Wellington Harbour Board. Some time ago he resigned his position, went to Canada to live, but had not been there long when he was cabled for to return in order to take the secretary's place while the latter was absent in England. Mr. Smith—who is a retired naval officer—travels to Nova Scotia via Australia and England.

Considerable interest is taken by Wellington people in the case of Mr. Athole Reader, news of whose triumphant acquittal on charges of perjury has just reached us from London. Mr. Reader was born in Wellington, being the son of Colonel and Mrs. Reader, well-known residents. He left New Zealand in his early twenties, since when he has seen a good deal of the world. His mother, who became the wife of Mr. N. W. Werry, after the death of Colonel Reader, has been living in England for some years past. One sister is Mrs. Deamer, of Greytown, Wairarapa, and the other is Mrs. Hosking, of Dunedin, whose husband was lately made a K.C. His stepsister, Miss Daphne Werry, has attained honours in the scholastic world at Home. A short time ago information was received that Mr. N. W. Werry had died of cholera while on a visit to India.

Mrs. Webster (Wellington) has been staying with Mrs. Guy (Palmerston).

SOUTH ISLAND.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harper returned to the West Coast last week.

Miss Bathgate (Dunedin), is staying in Christchurch for a lengthened visit.

Mr. Bealey (Hororata) is the guest of Mrs. John Anderson, Armagh-street, Christchurch.

Miss Cowlishaw, who has been visiting friends in Dunedin, has returned to Christchurch.

Miss Wilson and Miss Madge Walker (Christchurch) have gone to Napier for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Bourne and family have left Christchurch for Auckland, where they intend to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Williamson have returned to Gisborne, after visiting friends in Christchurch and Timaru.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rhodes, "Meadowbank," are staying at "Palmwood," Papanui-road, during the winter months.

Miss Cleveland, who has been on a visit to her sister, Mrs. H. Elworthy, (South Canterbury), has returned to Melbourne.

Headaches of every kind yield to Stearns' Headache Cure in a few minutes. These tiny, tasteless wafers bring certain relief from almost every kind of pain. "Used wherever heads ache."

Spoonerisms.

It is rather striking how many of these slips have occurred in conversations between mistresses and maids. Possibly the cares of housekeeping bring on lapses of tongue. For instance: A gentleman, having called to see Miss Smith, her maid went to her, and said:

"Please, Miss, Mr. Jones has called, and I've shown him into the drawing-room. He said you were expecting him."

"Oh, Jane!" cried Miss Smith in a flutter of excitement, "go and fight the lion!"

Jane's face was a picture, and it was not till she was half-way down the passage that she realised that her mistress wanted the fire lighted.

Another hurried mistress asked the cook, in all seriousness, if she had "kicked the coopers," meaning, of course, "cooked the kippers."

While a maid-servant, on her mistress asking her if anyone had called while she was out, remarked that "an insubstantial spectre" had been.

A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

At the dinner table, too, spoonerisms seem to be frequent.

A nervous young lady convulsed the party by asking for the "fickle pork," while a pompous old gentleman, at a restaurant, ordered "two bladders' toes on roast," much to the waiter's amazement.

The following is rather amusing:

A very shy man went to supper with his fiancée's parents for the first time, and taking his seat at table, eyed with pleased anticipation, the roast duck, and pigeon pie confronting him.

Judge of his terror when the host, anxious to impress his future son-in-law, grasped a huge carving knife, and said, with his most impressive air:

"Mr. Blank, will you have puck or DIE?"

SPOONER AND THE SOLDIERS.

Professor Spooner is said to have once made a speech to some yeomanry men from an agricultural district. The men were leaving for the front, and after blandly referring to them as "tons of soil," the professor began to enlarge upon the necessity of young men learning how to "shoot and scoot." The speech reached its climax when Spooner reminded them how, when troops came home everybody "flung out all their hags" to welcome them.

SLIPS BY CLERGYMEN.

In church, too, these slips have occurred, and tickled the congregation. One vicar announced gravely that a fire in a neighbouring church had been caused by and "overhotted fleas"; while a curate referred to the bishop of the diocese as a "Shoving Leopard of the sheep in his charge."

It was this same curate, who, at a bazaar, introduced a Miss Mildred Sutton to his friends as "Silly Mutton." As may be supposed the young lady felt rather sheepish.

THE MUZZLING ORDER.

During the summer, when the muzzling order was in force, a tender-hearted old lady noticed two little pug-dogs wearing these appendages, and turning to a friend, said in a voice quivering with indignation:

"What a shame it is to puzzle the mugs!"

On another occasion, asked if she patronised the local shops, she replied: "Oh, no! The shops here are so expensive, that I have to steal at the doors."

Apparently a tendency to spoonerisms runs in the family, for it was this lady's son who one day said that he had been "boiling his icicle."

THE GUINOA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1/2 has been sent to the writer of this verse, Miss O.A. Muenchberg, Dunedin.

To make a "guinea poem,"
You need to stop and think—
Not wasting time, with *SAPON*,
My dear, is just a hint!

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday of the four-*FOUR* line verse about "*SAPON*" wins each week. *SAPON* wrappers must be enclosed. Address: "*SAPON*" Campaign, Washing Powder, P.O. Box 483, Wellington.
List of Prize-winners with FULL NAMES may be inspected on application.

AWARDED SPECIAL SILVER MEDAL

For Artistic Floral Display of Flower Bouquets, Baskets, and other designs at the Auckland Horticultural Society's Spring Show, 1906.

Table Decoration and all classes of Floral arrangement undertaken.

PLUMER & SANDWELL, 126 QUEEN STREET.

GILBERT J. MACKAY, 126 QUEEN STREET.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nellie Dawson, eldest daughter of the late Mr. B. P. Dawson and Mrs. Dawson, "Oakleigh," Carlton Gore-nd., Auckland, to Mr. John Bencowe, of London.

The engagement is announced of Miss M. Good, eldest daughter of Mr. E. R. Good, of Rangiora, to Mr. T. R. Southall, a master at Christ's College, Grammar School, Christchurch.

The engagement is announced of Miss Phyllis Buchanan, of Ashburton, to Mr. Richmond Fell, of Nelson.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rouse, daughter of the late Dr. Rouse, of Lyttelton, to Mr. H. Oldfield, of Gisborne.

The engagement is announced of Miss M. McCullagh, eldest daughter of Mr. G. McCullagh (of Messrs McCullagh and Gower, Queen-street, Auckland), to Mr. A. H. B. Sator, of Ponsonby.

Orange Blossoms.**TOWNSEND-HAWKINS.**

The Church of St. John the Baptist, Northcote, was the scene of a rainbow wedding on Wednesday, June 26th, when Mr. Frank Townsend, son of the late Mr. John Townsend, Thames, was married to Miss Lucy Hawkins, eldest daughter of Mr. B. T. Hawkins, one of the oldest residents of Birkenhead.

The Rev. A. F. Smith officiated at the service, which was choral.

The church, which was nicely decorated, by girl friends of the bride, was filled long before the time appointed for the ceremony, despite the inclemency of the weather.

The bride was given away by her father. She was beautifully gowned in cream silk voile, the bodice daintily arranged with a fichu of Paris-tinted insertion edged with two rows of finely pleated silk outlining a transparent V of Paris lace over net. The customary orange blossom wreath adorned the hair, falling from which was a lovely Brussels lace veil. A large shower bouquet of white azaleas and maidenhair fern completed a charming toilette. There were ten bridesmaids, dressed in shades to represent a rainbow. Misses Ruby Townsend and Rhoda Murray-Smith were similarly attired in pretty frocks of moonlight blue chiffon voile over lace, the bodices having transparent lace yokes over net edged with silk lace and chiffon platings. Their white felt hats were trimmed with tulle and ostrich plumes, and they carried shower bouquets.

Misses Ray and Rene Hawkins wore soft white dresses trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and long white silk sashes. These two maids, in company with the remaining six bridesmaids, who wore pale shades of green, pink and yellow Empire dresses, carried shepherdess' crooks, with flowers and ribbons to match their costumes. Mr. W. Hawkins attended the bridegroom as best man, and Mr. F. Cooper as groomsmen.

After the ceremony, the bridal party adjourned to the Gladstone Hall, where about seventy-five people partook of the wedding breakfast. Mr. E. W. Allison, M.H.R., presided, and after a few well-chosen words of congratulation to the newly-wedded couple, proposed the health of Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, which was heartily responded to by all present. During the evening about 200 persons assembled at the Gladstone Hall as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Hawkins, and a most pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. Townsend were the recipients of numerous costly presents. The honeymoon is to be spent at Rotorua.

The bride's travelling dress was of wine cloth relieved with creme, felt hat to match massively trimmed with wine and green berries, biscuit cloth coat; Mrs. B. T. Hawkins wore a beautiful dress of black lace relieved with heavy lace, and jet, creme Maltese scarf, and bouquet of violets; Mrs. Townsend, mother of the bridegroom, wore black brocade trimmed with creme, bouquet of tea roses and violets; Mrs. Hancock, smart dress of white pleated chiffon over white brocade, white chenille hat and feather to match; Mrs. Grayson looked well in sapphire blue silk; Mrs. Guthrie, nut brown glaze and Paris-tinted lace; Miss Martin, creme silk, lovely Maltese bertha; Mrs. Riddell, brown cloth costume; Miss Messenger, black glaze; Miss Wilfred Hare, navy cloth Eton coat and skirt with turquoise silk vest; Mrs. Wilson, black silk, small black hat to match.

LIGHTBOURNE-BRUCE.

A very pretty but quiet house wedding took place at Cambridge on Thursday, the 20th inst., when Miss Effie Bruce, eldest daughter of Mr. A. Bruce, of Mingaroa, Halcombe, was married to Mr. R. Lightbourne, of Taihape. The bride wore an exceedingly pretty dress of white Swiss embroidered muslin over glaze silk, white tulle veil, and wreath of orange blossoms. Miss Jean Bruce was bridesmaid, and wore cream serge. Miss Bessie Bruce wore a pale pink silk; Mrs. Bruce, mother of the bride, wore black silk; and Miss K. Stevenson, cousin of the bride, navy blue tailor-made costume. The bride's travelling dress was a blue cloth tailor made with white facings and blue hat trimmed with red berries. The happy couple left for Auckland, en route for their home at Taihape.

MORSE-CULLEN.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents, Camp, Tauranga, on Wednesday, June 26th, when Mr. Albert John Morse, third son of Mr. R. Morse, of Cambridge, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Fanny Margaret Cullen, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Cullen, of Tauranga. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Jordan, B.A., in the presence of a large assemblage of relatives and friends. The bride, who looked exceedingly charming attired in a handsome costume of navy cloth with cream mervilleux and silk trimmings, and white fur toque with sky blue trimmings, and carried a lovely bouquet of jonquils, azaleas and maidenhair fern, was given away by her father, Miss Hannah Cullen (sister of the bride) and Miss Maggie Fielding (cousin) were in attendance as bridesmaids, the former wearing a cream serge dress with sky blue trimmings, and hat to match, and the latter a pale pink with white silk trimming. Each carried a bouquet of violets and maidenhair fern. Mr. E. J. Cullen acted as best man. The bridegroom's presents to the bridesmaids were an engraved gold ring and a gold brooch. The presents, which were both numerous and useful, go to show the esteem in which the bride was held by her numerous friends, both in Tauranga and elsewhere. At the wedding breakfast the health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed by the Rev. Canon Jordan. In the evening the newly-married couple left amidst good wishes and showers of rice, by the s.s. Ngatiawa for Auckland, where the honeymoon is to be spent, Mr. and Mrs. Morse will make their future home in Rotorua.

THOMSON-COPELAND.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Wanganui, last Friday afternoon, when Miss Muriel Copeland, eldest daughter of Mr. T. M. Copeland, of Wanganui, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. James W. Thomson, third son of Mr. Peter Thomson, also of Wanganui. The Rev. R. M. Ryburn was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a sweetly pretty dress of cream embroidered crepe, with transparent pointed yoke and embroidered chiffon bolero, with vandyked pleated ribbon edging, the skirt being tastefully trimmed with gathered ribbon forming true lovers' knots and festooned with applique medallions. She carried a beautiful bouquet, and wore the orthodox veil and

orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Emily Copeland, sister of the bride, and Miss Jean Thomson, sister of the bridegroom, who were daintily attired in white embroidered Indian muslin with floral sashes and hats of white felt, with chiffon streamers, and bandeaux of pink roses and shaded velvet leaves. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a handsome set of marmot furs, and to each of the bridesmaids a gold brooch set with rubies and sapphires. The duties of best man were ably carried out by Mr. Clare, with Mr. Pritchard as groomsmen. As the bridal party left the church Mr. Arthur Towsey played the Wedding March. After the ceremony a number of guests were entertained by the bride's parents at Dustin's tea-rooms, where the young couple were congratulated and the usual toasts honoured. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson were the recipients of many useful and valuable presents. The bride's going-away dress was an Eton coat and skirt of reseda invisible check tweed with cinnamon coloured trimmings, relieved with passementerie and French knots, vest of embroidered chiffon over cream satin, and hat of cinnamon silk trimmed with shaded feathers to match and autumn leaves. The happy couple left by the afternoon train for the North en route to Auckland, where the honeymoon is to be spent. We join in wishing them long life and every prosperity.

VERCOE-CONNON.

A pretty wedding was solemnised at St. George's Church, Thames, on June 26, the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Albert Vercoe, eldest son of Mr. J. Vercoe, and Miss Hilda Connon, second daughter of Mr. Wm. Connon, mine manager. The bride was given away by her father and looked charming in cream figured silk voile, the bodice made with zouave of net interlaced with ribbon and finished with rosettes, the trellised effect being prettily carried out on the gathered skirt, which was surmounted with true lovers' knots of silk. She wore the orthodox wreath and veil and carried a choice bouquet. The bridesmaids were Miss Alice Connon (sister of the bride), and Misses Elsie and Evelyn Vercoe (sisters of the bridegroom) all wearing cream silk, the skirts being made with alternate French and pin tucks, and their blouses inset with lace and finished with revers edged with silk lace. They wore becoming cream felt hats and carried bouquets. The best man was Mr. E. Hardman, cousin of the bridegroom, and the groomsmen, Mr. J. Connon. The presents received by the young couple were numerous and valuable, including a silver sugar scuttle and pearl-handled butter knife from the bride's fellow employees at the Hauraki factory.

SHAW-QUALTROUGH.

At the residence of the bride's parents, on Thursday, the 27th of June, an interesting wedding was celebrated, when Mr. Chas. Shaw, of Pukekura, and Miss Amy Qualtrough, sixth daughter of Mr. Wm. Qualtrough, of Fencourt, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The Rev. W. Goly, of Trinity Presbyterian Church, officiated. The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by her sister Kate as bridesmaid. Mr. C. Shaw, cousin of the bridegroom, acted as best man. After the ceremony, many friends were received and hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Qualtrough.

The bride was attired in a stylish white box dress, and wore the orthodox veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaid wore a white dress, relieved with blue. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome gold brooch, set with diamonds and rubies, and to the bridesmaid a gold brooch.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw were the recipients of many useful presents.

The young couple left on their honeymoon, which will be spent at Te Aroha and Auckland, amidst showers of rice and the good wishes of their friends.

The bride's travelling dress was a navy blue costume, with hat to match.

MACCORMICK-RICHMOND.

A wedding in which considerable interest was taken, was celebrated at the residence of the bride's mother by the Rev. W. Gillies on June 26th, when Miss Margaret Richmond, daughter of Mrs.

Richmond, "Rockwood," Mount Eden, Auckland, was married to Mr. Donald MacCormick. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. Alex. Aitken, wore a charming gown of soft white satin trimmed with duchesse lace, the veil being of embroidered white net. Miss J. Richmond and Miss Heather, the two bridesmaids, were prettily dressed in white muslin trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and carried bouquets of rose. Mr. E. A. Dargaville acted as best man, and Mr. Douglas Hay as groomsmen. The bride's mother wore a handsome costume of black satin, trimmed with white. A large number of guests were afterwards entertained at afternoon tea, and inspected the beautiful presents, of which Mr. and Mrs. MacCormick received a great number. The bride's going-away dress was a stylish brown coat and skirt, and brown hat with red roses.

Famous Anagrams.

Of all the extravagances caused by the anagrammatic fever when many years ago it was at its height, none comes up to that of a Frenchman named Andre Pujon, who, discovering in his name the anagram *Pendu a Riom* (the seat of criminal justice in the province of Auvergne), felt bound to fulfil his destiny, committed a crime in Auvergne, and was actually hung in the place to which the omen pointed.

Among the papers of William Oldys, the bibliographer, was found the following anagram on himself:—

"In word and will I am a friend to you; And one friend old is worth a hundred new."

The father Pierre de St. Louis became a Carmelite monk on finding out that his lay name, *Ludovico Bartelemi*, gave the anagram *Carmelo se devotet*; and Sylvester, in dedicating a translation of *Du Bartas* to his sovereign, made the following anagram:—

"James Stuart—A just master."

The nervous strain of household care wears out even the strongest women. Take Stearn's Wine, the peerless tonic, which builds up the body and makes the weak strong. Pleasant to the taste.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Ladies, my remedy is used by the leading HOME SPECIALISTS, and is a POSITIVE PERMANENT CURE, DESTROYING EVERY ROOT. Treatment posted to any address upon receipt of 4/6. Mrs. Hemslay Burnett, Toilet Specialist, Invercargill, Otago.

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Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

(The charge for inserting announcements of birth, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.)

BIRTHS.

AUSTIN.—On 21st June, at Mrs King's Nursing Home, Salisbury-st., Chch., the wife of Robert C. Austin, a son.

BOTTING.—On 24th June, at Maryhill-terrace, Mornington, Dunedin, to Mr and Mrs A. J. Botting, a son.

BRENNAN.—On June 28th, at No. 8, Hargreaves-st., the wife of W. Brennan, Kakaui, of a daughter.

BRODERICK.—On June 21st, 1907, at her residence, Arthur-st., Ponsonby, the wife of A. J. Broderick, of a daughter; both doing well.

DEVEREUX.—On June 24th, the wife of Humphrey Boucher Devereux (Walth Gold Mining Company's office, Walth), of a son.

FRANCIS.—On June 26th, 1907, at Hill-st., Opawa, the wife of C. H. Francis, a daughter.

GLUESTEIN.—June 18th, at Mrs Walslow's Nursing Home, 183, Madras-st., Chch., the wife of J. H. Gluestein, of a daughter.

GRAHAM.—On June 28, at Mercer, the wife of W. G. Graham, Whangarei Heads, of a son.

GREAD.—On the 19th of June, at Mrs Bona Nursing Home, Chch., the wife of G. A. Gread, of a daughter.

HORNE.—On June 28th, at Nurse Margaret's Home, "Rawhiti," the wife of F. C. R. Horne, of Coromandel, a son.

HUTCHESON.—On June 17th, at Mrs William Philpott's, McFadden's-rd., Chch., the wife of J. R. Hutchison, a son (still-born).

MENZIES.—On June 29, at "Methven," Eden Terrace, to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Menzies, a daughter.

PEEK.—On June 27, at Mercer, the wife of B. L. Peek, of a son.

PIEROTTI.—On June 22, at Nurse Margaret's Nursing Home, "Rawhiti," Park-rd., to Mr. and Mrs. M. Pierotti, a son; both doing well.

SHEARER.—On June 29th, at their residence, Auburn-st., Khyber Pass, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Shearer, a daughter.

TUCKER.—On the 25th June, at their residence, "St. Leonard's," Glen-rd., Stauey Bay, the wife of Alex. Tucker, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

ALEXANDER-GORDON.—On 15th May, at St. Paul's Manse, Christchurch, by Rev. Thomas Tall, M.A., B.D., Samuel McDonald Alexander to Rebecca Gordon.

DAWSON-GODDY.—On June 12th, in the Baptist Church, Kalkorai Valley, Mr. M. Dawson, of Ravensbourne, to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Mr Christopher Goddy, Half-way Bush.

GUMMER-EDWARDS.—On June 1st, at the residence of the bridegroom's parents, "Sylvan," Mt. Roskill-rd., by Rev. W. Day, Charles M. Gummer, eldest son of Thos. G. Gummer, to Lina May, eldest daughter of David Edwards, Oamaru.

HAND-HAFFORD.—At Helensville, on Wednesday, May 29th, by Rev. Father Meagher (Nuptial Mass), James, eldest son of the late James Hand, to Bridget, eldest daughter of Matthew Hafford.

HERDEGEN-HILL.—On June 7, at Auckland, Otto Herdegen, of Rotorua, to S. J. (Sadie) Hill, of Auckland.

JONES-FLOOD.—On Saturday, June 29th, at All Saints', Ponsonby, by the Ven. Archdeacon Calder, Robert Jones, eldest son of James Jones, of Brixton, London, to Annie Flood, eldest daughter of George Flood, Portobello, Dublin. Home and Australian papers please copy.

MARQUET-WASS.—On June 12th, at Westland Methodist Church, by the Rev. T. R. Richards, David, youngest son of Captain L. A. Marquet, to Catherine Elizabeth (Kate), daughter of Mr John Wass, Hargreaves-st., Wootton.

ORBELL-ULRICH.—On Wednesday, June 18th, 1907, at All Saints' Church, Dunedin, by the Most Rev. the Primate, assisted by the Rev. H. H. Bedford, R. Leslie Orbell, Timaru, to Ethel, second daughter of the late Professor Ulrich, Otago University.

ORK-COOLEY.—On 12th June, at the residence of the bride's father, "Milton House," Ashfield, Sydney, by the Rev. Dr. Varcoe, Alfred, elder son of A. Orr, Ashburton, to Bertha, second daughter of W. Glover Cooley, Esq.

ROSS-BROWN.—On June 5th, 1907, at Papanui, Samoa, George Wilson Ross, fifth son of the late John Ross, teacher, to Flora Alice Brown, youngest daughter of Frederick Brown, Stratford.

SHUTE-OWEN.—On June 20th, at St. Saviour's West Lyttelton, by the Rev. W. W. Chambers, Albert Mark Shute, of Auckland, to Amy Ellen, younger daughter of Mr John Owen, Lyttelton.

SHERSON-DEVITT.—On June 12th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. J. B. Moore, Hugh, fifth son of William Sherson, to Edith Emily, eldest daughter of J. C. Devitt, Epsom.

SHIRLEY-CARTER.—On June 12th, at St. John's Church, Luttimer-square, by the Rev. Purchas, Horace, youngest son of E. H. Shirley, Fendleton, to Clara May, youngest daughter of Thos. Carter, Linwood.

SPILLER-HIDE.—On June 19th, 1907, at the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Car-gill-road, Dunedin, by the Rev. W. Grigg, Harry, eldest son of J. Spiller, photographer, Christchurch, to Alice Beatrice, youngest daughter of William White, road, Ohoka, Canterbury.

WALTERS-SMITT.—On June 26th, 1907, in the residence of the bride's mother, Mount Roskill, by the Rev. J. Henning, Eltham, William Rupert Walters, to Mary Ellen (Lovie) Smith.

SILVER WEDDING.

DE RENZY-MASSON.—On July 1, 1882, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. T. McGregor, M.A., Thomas George, second son of the late Rev. George De Renzy, M.A. (T.C.D.), to Rose Bantock, eldest daughter of William Masson, St. James' Park, Hawthorn, Melbourne.

DEATHS.

APPLEBY.—On June 22nd, at Maramara, James Roy, youngest and dearly-beloved son of James and Isabella Appleby, aged 18 years.

BARTLETT.—On the 27th June, at Waterdale Farm, Waitahuna, George St. Luke Bartlett, aged 69 years.

BLAMIERES.—On the 22nd June, at Chch., Lavinia, wife of Rev. Wm. L. and mother of Revs. Harry, Herbert, Percy and Ernest Blamieres; aged 59 years.

BOWDEN.—On June 30th, William, dearly beloved husband of Jan Bowden, and eldest son of Martha and the late Elias Bowden, aged 55 years.

BULTE.—On June 30th, at Thirang, Adolphe Jean Francois Bulte, late of Bruges, Belgium, in his 78th year.—R.I.P.

BULLEN.—On June 26, at Auckland, Benjamin Bullen, relict of late Charlotte Bullen; aged 83 years.

CHAPMAN.—On 26th June, at her residence, Balclutha, Margaret Strachan, beloved wife of Andrew Chapman; aged 69 years.

COLLINGS.—On June 26, at Bond-st., Arch Hill, Evelyn Maud, the dearly beloved adopted daughter of W. and M. Collings; aged two years and eight months.

DE CARLE.—On the 23rd June, at Sydney, Leslie Prentice De Carle, younger son of the late Edward De Carle, of Dunedin.

DONNELLY.—On June 24th, 1907, at her parents' residence, No. 10, Wood-st., Ponsonby, Mary Agnes, dearly beloved eldest daughter of E. and M. A. Donnelly. Beloved by all who knew her.

DOUGLAS.—On the 27th June, at 126, High-st., Catherine, the relict of the late Stewart Douglas.

DYE.—On July 1st, at her parents' residence, Russell-st., Arch Hill, Olive Ruby, dearly beloved youngest daughter of William and Nina Dye, aged 1 year and 2 months. "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

FOLEY.—On June 23rd, at Burwood, Julia Agnes, beloved wife of Maurice Foley; aged 38 years. R.I.P.

GAIR.—On June 20th, at 91, Tuam-st., Chch., John, the dearly beloved husband of Martha Gair; aged 72 years.

GUY.—On June 26th, at his late residence, Yaldhurst, Thomas, the beloved husband of Sarah Guy; aged 48 years.

HASSALL.—On June 30th, at her parents' residence, Whitson-terrace, off Howest-st., Newton, Irene, dearly beloved daughter of John George and Mary Hassall; aged 1 year.

HOLLAND.—On June 25, 1907, at his parents' residence, Rose-rd., Grey Lynn, after a long and painful illness, James Reginald, dearly loved youngest son of S. J. and M. Holland; aged 12 years and nine months. Deeply loved and sadly missed.

JOHNSTONE.—June 27th, 1907, at his residence, 100, King-st., Sydenham, Chch., Charles, beloved husband of Mary Louisa Johnstone, after a long and painful illness; aged 71 years. Late of N.Z. Rail.

KREELY.—On June 25, 1907, at Walth, Joan Elizabeth, beloved daughter of Ernest and Annie Kreely; aged 10 months.

LAPTHORNE.—On June 22nd, at the Cam Mills, Rangiora, William Henry Lapthorne, in his 56 year.

MAIKE.—On June 22nd, 1907, at Christchurch, Alice May, beloved wife of Albert Paul Maize, and daughter of the late James Maize; aged 34 years.

MRAD.—Passed peacefully away at her residence, 59 Conduit-st., Ellerslie, Melbourne, Mary Ann Mead, dearly loved mother of Mrs. Ernest Pateman, Brighton-rd., Parnell, N.Z.; an old resident of Victoria for over 50 years; aged 72 years three months.

No loved, so mourned.
Victorian, N.S. Wales, and South African papers please copy.

McDONALD.—On the 24th June, at Totara, Jessie, youngest daughter of Jane and the late James McDonald.

McGUIRE.—On June 30th, at his sister's residence, Eltham, T. and Walter John, dearly beloved husband of Jeannie McGuire, and fourth son of Ellen and the late James McGuire, Brown-st., Ponsonby. R.I.P.

MILLAR.—One June 30th, at his parents' residence, Ponsonby-rd., Arthur Edward Millar, beloved son of Robert and Flora Millar, aged 5 weeks. "A sleep in Jesus."

O'SULLIVAN.—On June 25th, at the residence of her brother, Mr M. O'Sullivan, "Awarahi," Bealey-st., St. Albans, Chch., Catherine, dearly beloved wife of John O'Sullivan, Methven; aged 44 years. R.I.P.

SANDERS.—On July 1st, at Auckland, Anna Sanders, aged 74 years.

SWORD.—On the 25th June, at his residence, Victoria-st., Ravensbourne, William Edward, beloved husband of Annie Sword; aged 62 years.

PALMER.—On June 26, at her parents' residence, New-ton-place, Mary B. J. Palmer, beloved infant daughter of John and Mary Palmer; aged five weeks.

PARRIS.—On June 28th, at his parents' residence, 28, College Hill, Harold W. H., dearly beloved youngest son of William and Alice Parris; aged 2 years.

PELLERY.—On June 28, 1907, Aramiah Charles Pelly, of New North-rd.; aged 55 years.

PERKINS.—On June 25, at Williamson's-avenue, Ponsonby, Iris Mistle, infant daughter of Annie and E. A. Perkins; aged 12 months.
"It is well with the child."

PICKETT.—On June 26th, at her late residence, Morrinsville, Lizzie, the beloved wife of Albert B. Pickett.

POCKINGTON.—On 27th June, 1907, Martha Mary Ann, wife of W. O. Pockington, Eden Terrace.

SANDERS.—At Rosebank, Lockerbie, N.B., William Sanders, late of Kyeboon Station.

SIMPSON.—On June 27, at Auckland, Sarah Ann, the beloved wife of Washington Lewis Simpson, and widow of the late John Mortimer, of Taranaki; aged 50 years.

TILTON.—On June 28, 1907, at Auckland Hospital, Thomas Augustus, the dearly beloved husband of Mary Ann Tilton; aged 58 years.

VAUSE.—On June 28th, at his late residence, No. 12 Norfolk-st., John, the dearly beloved husband of Mary Ann Vause; aged 60 years.—R.I.P.

No mourning and no flowers, by request of deceased.

WALLACE.—On June 27, 1907, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs A. C. Low, Blackheath, Eleanor, relict of the late Thomas Wallace, in her 75th year.

By request of the deceased no mourning will be worn.

WHITEHEAD.—June 23rd, at Chch. (suddenly), James Whitehead, of Kaipoi; aged 58 years.

WOODS.—On June 28, 1907, at her sons' residence, "Cambridge House," Vincent-st., after a long and painful illness, Eliza Jane, second daughter of the late Edward William Allen, and relict of late Jonathan Woods; aged 72.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

AUCKLAND HOCKEY ASSOCIATION "AT HOME."

Invitations have been issued by the committee of the Auckland Hockey Association for an "At Home" to be given in the Royal Albert Hall on Friday, July 12th. A strong and energetic committee have affairs well in hand, and the ball has every promise of being a most successful one. It is being given partly to entertain the members of the Otago representative team, which will be in Auckland on that date.

A SMALL ENJOYABLE DANCE

Dear Bee,

July 2.

AN EVENING WITH WAGNER.

A large number of members and friends responded to the invitation of the Society of Musicians for their June meeting last Saturday evening in St. Andrew's Hall. The form of entertainment was a description of the plot and setting of the opera "Tannhauser," given by the President (Herr Johan Welaert), while the principal numbers were contributed by Madame Welaert, who represented Elizabeth and Venus; Miss Frieda Rosewarne, a young shepherd; Mr John Carter, Tannhauser; and Mr Barry Coney as Herman and Wolfram von Eschbach. With such talented artists, the result was a most interesting description, and a musical treat. Not the least enjoyable part was the delightful rendering of the well known march in Wagner's opera by Herr Welaert. The evening was a most instructive and pleasant one. Madame Welaert was very graceful and pretty in herliotrope nina de soie over glaze, with white net panel embroidered with crystal beads; Miss Frieda Rosewarne looked charming in a moonlight blue chiffon frock mounted on a blue glaze

foundation; Mrs MacAndrew was in black, and wore an effective emerald green evening coat with white Irish lace applique round the cape; Mrs Jobson, black skirt and white silk blouse, and pretty blue evening coat with lace capote; Mrs Payton, black lace evening gown over dahlia silk; Miss Payton looked graceful in white silk; Mrs Rankin Reel, black foillette; Mrs Hope Lewis, black, and lovely shade of blue evening coat; Miss Fenton, white silk evening gown; Miss Pierce, black; Mrs Keating, Paris-tinted lace gown over white silk; Mrs J. W. Stewart, black brocade evening gown; Miss A. Murray, pretty Dresden blue silk blouse and black velvet skirt; Mrs Neaves, black evening gown; Miss Ruby Coleman, pretty white silk frock; Miss F. Cooke, black evening frock; Miss Airey, shell pink silk; Mrs H. Bagnall, black evening gown; Mrs W. Gorrie, black brocade; Miss Pearl Gorrie, white silk evening frock; Mrs McK. Geddes, white silk blouse, black skirt, and vicux rose evening coat; Miss Geddes, pretty white silk frock; Madame Boeuvre, black evening gown and handsome champagne cloth coat; Miss Amy Stevenson, dainty white silk; Mrs Law, black silk foillette; Miss Law, black and French grey evening coat; Miss Alice Law, black, and pale blue coat; Mrs Upton, black brocade evening gown; Miss Nellie Upton, white silk evening blouse and black skirt; Mrs Horatio Phillips, black silk; Miss Phillips, black with touches of white; Miss L. Moir, black evening frock with large pink crush rose on décolletage; Mrs H. Airey, pretty white silk and lace blouse, black skirt; Mrs Oxley, black silk and heliotrope coat; Miss Jourdain, pretty Dresden china blue silk blouse and black skirt; Mrs Reid, black taffeta gown; Miss Jessie Reid, white silk and effective crimson silk kimono evening coat; Mrs C. Phillips, white silk.

COLLECTOR Disposing of Duplicates will send selection of countries on receipt of reference or deposit. Prices far below any catalogue. — Collector, "Himala," Devonport.

and Maltese berthe; Miss M. Bittle, pale green silk; Miss M. Walker, black chiffon taffeta and cream lace; Miss Cooper, creme silk.

A WORTHY CAUSE.

The annual entertainment organised by a strong committee to raise funds for the New Zealand Society for the Protection of Women and Children and the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is this year to take the form of a progressive euchre-bridge party, to be followed by a dance. It takes place in the Choral Hall on Thursday, July 18th. Tickets are obtainable from any member of the committee at the moderate charge of 2/6. The object is a most deserving one, and it is hoped that a very large attendance will materially increase the funds of the society, to enable them to greatly enlarge their sphere of action during the coming year.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee, June 29.

A MOST ENJOYABLE PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE EVENING

was given by Mrs. Wells, of "Oakleigh," on Monday evening as a farewell to Miss C. Willis, who left for Auckland on Wednesday. The fine large dining-room at "Oakleigh" was profusely decorated with flowers, which are a rarity with most people at present, and consisted of chrysanthemums, camellias, white paper narcissus, and yellow jonquils. There were five bridge tables. Miss Willis gained the greatest number of points among the ladies, and won a dainty little trinket box of cut-glass and silver. Mr. Farnall won the men's prize, a cut-glass and silver matchbox. The evening passed only too quickly. Mrs. Wells received her guests in navy blue silk voile, trimmed with old gold and blue silk applique, and cream silk front; Miss Wells, pale pink silk blouse, trimmed with Paris lace medallions, and black velvet skirt; Miss H. Wells, black canvas voile, with cream lace yoke; Mrs. B. Couper, pale blue crepe de chine blouse, trimmed with lace and black crepe de chine skirt; Mrs. Roberts, black silk evening dress, trimmed with black spotted net, violets on corsage; Mrs. A. J. Edmunds, black chiffon taffeta evening dress, tucker of real Honiton lace; Mrs. Chester, black gown; Miss Willis, pale blue silk blouse, with point lace yoke and bertha, and brown velvet skirt; Miss C. Willis, prune velvet, with silk Maltese lace scarf; Miss Gwynneth, black silk, with transparent yoke, and collar of spotted net, elbow sleeves, with ruffles of net; Miss Wright, cream satin frock, transparent yoke of French Valenciennes lace, spray of yellow jonquils on corsage; Miss K. Willis, grey glace silk blouse, and grey voile skirt, bodice cut square, and outlined with black velvet; Miss Richardson, a dainty white muslin, bodice tucked and inserted with lace.

Should the weather permit,

A PARTY OF GOLFERS

go to Hamilton on Saturday to play matches with that club.

On the following Saturday six lady golfers from the Cambridge Club go to Auckland to have a week's golf, and we trust they may give a good account of themselves. They are looking forward to having an enjoyable time. The party will consist of Mrs. A. J. Edmunds, Misses K. Willis, H. Wells, G. Brooks, A. Clark, and N. Young.

On Tuesday evening Dr. and Mrs. Coates entertained a number of friends

AT ROTORANGI

as a farewell before leaving, as they have sold their place. A buggy load of guests drove out from Cambridge. Dr. and Mrs. Coates were an ideal host and hostess, and looked after everyone's comfort. The first part of the evening was taken up with the well-known farce, "Box and Cox," which was exceptionally well put on. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Mair, and Mr. Brown, who was splendid, taking part in it. Afterwards there was dance-

ing, and a delicious supper was served. Mrs. Coates received her guests in a pale heliotrope silk blouse and black silk skirt; Mrs. L. Mair wore black evening dress; Mrs. W. Coates, white silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs. Cox, black voile and creme lace scarf; Mrs. R. Peake, black silk, handsome lace collar; Miss Peake, blue silk blouse, large collar, black skirt; Mrs. C. Peake, cream silk evening dress; Mrs. Bingham, white silk blouse and black ing dress; Mrs. Attwood, pink silk blouse, skirt; Mrs. A. Stone, rich black silk even-black skirt; Miss Seacombe, white muslin; Miss Wells, pink silk evening dress; Miss H. Wells, black evening dress; Miss K. Willis, creme net blouse, brown velvet skirt.

THE WAIKATO HUNT CLUB'S MEET

was held at Hautapu, members being present from all parts of the district. Capital runs took place over the properties of Messrs. Taylor, Thomas, Hannon, McNaughton, Forrest, Parr, Brown, Qualtrough, and Swayne. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of "Bardowie," with their usual hospitality, entertained between seventy and eighty of the hunting party at afternoon tea. Some of those following were: The Master (Mr. Norman Banks) on Flourish, the huntsman on Scout, the whip on Bachelor, Mrs. Banks on Captain, Mrs. Phair on Richmond, Mrs. Crowther on Taranaki, Mrs. Graham on Tui, Mrs. C. Peake on Moana, Miss Banks on Mahomet, Miss Hill on Ophir, Miss McNeil on a bay, Miss Buckland on Hector, Miss Pickering on Yorkie, Miss Hicks on Wild-fire, Messrs W. Taylor on Pirate, H. Crowther on Glasgow, S. Banks on Galatea, J. Taylor on Glen Innis. Driving were: Mr. and Mrs. Couper, Mrs. Thornton, Mrs. Wynn-Brown, Mrs. Martyn, Miss Richardson, and Miss Wells, and others.

ELSIE.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, June 28.

Last Monday Mrs. Levin gave a

DELIGHTFUL TEA

in her very pretty home. From 3 until 4.30 we played progressive euchre, and were a very merry party. The prizes were won by Misses Kennedy and Darling. A dainty tea was served in the dining-room, the table being decorated with jonquils. After tea we had some songs from our hostess Mrs. Levin looked charming in a soft cream skirt, lace blouse, with a hand-painted collar; Mrs. Humphries, dove grey accordion-pleated frock, lace yoke and cuffs; Miss Chapman, pretty grey costume, trimmed with blue cloth, and turquoise buttons, white hat with wings, white furs; Miss Fannin, white voile frock trimmed with lace and brown furs, brown felt hat; Miss Macfarlane, smart navy blue tailor-made coat and skirt, white plush hat with quills; Miss J. Macfarlane, grey costume, crimine furs, Claret picture hat with feathers; Miss Kennedy, pretty violet cloth frock, violet velvet buttons on bodice, artistic violet picture hat; Miss McLean, neat dark blue and green check costume, smart little coat, trimmed with lace, small white cloth hat, trimmed with tartan ribbons and peacock's feathers; Miss Todd, grey Eton costume, navy blue hat with wings; Miss Hindmarsh, white silk blouse, green skirt, white hat trimmed with chiffon and feathers; Miss B. Hindmarsh, smart navy blue coat and skirt, small white hat, long white feather; Miss Thompson, purple cloth coat and skirt, purple hat, grey feathers; Miss Deane, cream coat and skirt, navy blue hat, clusters of shaded pink roses; Miss M. Dean, grey long coat and skirt, white silk blouse, becoming scarlet hat; Miss Darling (Wellington), navy blue frock, touches of blue, blue picture hat; Miss Rutledge, brown coat and skirt, coat faced with blue, green hat; Miss Nina Hoadley, smart navy blue costume, white velvet picture hat, white furs; Miss Humphries, neat navy blue frock, becoming navy blue toque; Miss Hay (Auckland), black cloth coat and skirt, coat faced with white, smart white hat with feathers; Miss Jardine, grey Eton costume, trimmed with white silk, white furs, pretty grey and pink picture hat; Miss Margoliouth, white silk

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THE VIEWS APPEAR WEEKLY.

Mouse, long grey coat, large black hat, with black feathers; Miss Vera Margoliouth, smart black and white check frock, trimmed with black velvet, black velvet hat; Miss M. Locking, pretty claret pinafore frock, white lace blouse trimmed with blue, becoming white three-cornered hat, with one long plume; Miss McLernon, dainty white cloth frock, trimmed with moss green velvet, gold braid on bodice, white velvet picture hat; Miss Seal, navy blue coat and skirt, pretty white velvet hat; Miss Snodgrass, cream serge Eton coat and skirt, green hat; Miss Snodgrass, smart navy blue coat and skirt, small blue and green hat; Miss Kettle, navy blue costume, green chiffon stole, pretty green hat.

THE GRAND CONCERT

held in the Theatre Royal last Tuesday in aid of the hospital was as good as local talent could make it. There were seventeen items, and everything was encoered, which says a lot for the performers. There was a large and fashionable audience. Mrs McLernon, black silk and lace frock; Miss McLernon, cream net frock, scarlet flowers on bodice, blue chiffon stole; Mrs Bowen, pale blue and pink flowered blouse, blue rosettes, blue skirt; Mrs Campbell, black satin, berthe of white lace, grey coat; Mrs McLean, black frock, pretty blue coat, lace collar; Miss McLean, white crepe de chine frock, touches of violet, violet in hair; Miss Fanning, pale blue silk and lace blouse, black satin skirt; Mrs A. Kennedy, white silk blouse, Valenciennes lace yoke, white serge skirt, pretty grey coat, faced with white satin; Mrs Berneau, white frock, trimmed with lace, white coat; Miss Rutledge white silk dress, lace berthe; Miss Kennedy, eau de Nil silk frock, deep lace berthe, pink chiffon stole; Miss D. Kennedy, blue silk and lace frock; Mrs Cranby, white satin frock, chiffon on bodice, blue belt; Mrs Duncan, pretty pink chiffon blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Neville, pink satin frock, pretty pink flowered taffeta coat, chiffon sleeves; Mrs Nantes, white satin and lace frock; Miss Williams, black satin, long grey coat; Miss M. Williams, white silk dress, trimmed with chiffon, pretty long cream cloth coat; Mrs Tylee, black satin, blue stole; Miss Chapman, pale pink silk blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Joseph, green brocade, lace berthe; Miss M. McVay, black satin frock, grey chiffon stole; Miss J. McVay, pretty blue silk and chiffon dress, red coat; Mrs Baker, peacock blue frock, lace panel, fur coat; Mrs Dewes, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Sheath, pink silk frock, trimmed with lace; Mrs Toner, black silk frock, lace yoke; Miss Thompson, white silk blouse, deep blue belt, scarlet coat, trimmed with white fur; Mrs Williams, black net frock, red on bodice, red coat; Mrs Stuart, black satin and lace frock, Gobbin blue coat; Mrs Westall, white silk blouse, violet coat; Miss Sutton, white silk, blue coat; Mrs Canning, black and white spotted net frock, touches of black velvet; Miss Darling, pretty black net frock, blue stole; Mrs Allan, white silk and chiffon frock.

Last Friday Mr St Lawrence Toner gave a very enjoyable

SONG RECITAL

in the Athenaeum. He was assisted by Miss Williams, Miss Joseph, and several of his pupils. The hall was crowded. Almost every item was encoered, and one must say that Mr Toner's pupils do him very great credit. Miss Joseph, of London, is a violinist of great ability, and her playing was delightful to hear. Mr Toner's magnificent voice was greatly admired. Amongst the audience I noticed: Mrs Berneau in a cream lace blouse, cream skirt, long cream coat; Miss Rutledge, white muslin, trimmed with lace, touches of pale blue; Mrs Baker, white silk, long fur coat; Miss Williams, black lace frock, red on bodice; Miss Joseph, pale green silk dress, berthe of lace, deep belt; Miss N. Hoadley, white muslin and lace dress; Miss Hindmarsh, scarlet silk frock, lace on bodice; Mrs McKay, white lace and net blouse, pretty cream coat, touches of pale pink; Mrs Bowen, prune-coloured frock, trimmed with lace and velvet; Mrs Campbell, cream blouse, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, grey coat; Miss Margoliouth, cream silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Todd, white silk and lace dress; Miss Fanning, white silk blouse, black

skirt; Miss Kirk, white silk, blue coat; Miss Shaw, pale blue silk, house trimmed with lace; Miss Tonkin, sky-blue voile frock, trimmed with white lace; Miss Kennedy, white embroidered muslin, blue coat, trimmed with fur; Miss Williams, pale pink silk blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Thompson, white silk dress, red coat, trimmed with white fur; Miss McVay, pale blue silk frock, white coat; Miss J. McVay, white frock, becoming red coat, satin collar; Mrs Toner, black satin and lace frock; Mrs Duncan, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Abraham, white lace and net frock.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,

June 29.

Another of Miss Bedford's CINDERELLA DANCES

was held last Wednesday evening in the Freemason's Hall, and it was said by many to have been the jolliest ever held, as everything turned out as it should do — the weather very cold (although early in the day it simply poured, but towards evening it cleared beautifully), good music, splendid floor, and last, but not least, plenty of partners, so what could one want more? Miss Bedford was wearing black lace veiled in canvas voile, bodice profusely trimmed with sequin trimming, heavy silver belt; Miss D. Bedford, white embroidered muslin, searlet satin empire belt; Miss J. Fraser, turquoise blue silk full skirt, corsage finely tucked and inset with cream lace; Mrs. Frank Wilson, rose pink silk, tucked and trimmed with cream Valenciennes lace; Miss D. Gray, eau de nil silk with empire belt, and frills edged with a darker shade, cream lace yoke; Miss Gwen Gray (debutante) looked extremely well in a dainty cream silk, full skirt prettily frilled, décolletage trimmed with lace finished with a deep corselet belt finely shirred; Miss Bayley, dainty white embroidered muslin, relieved with an empire belt of pale blue silk; Miss M. Fookes, pretty pale pink crepe de chine, with yoke of cream lace; Miss G. Fookes looked charming in cream silk, with pale blue empire sash, and chon in coiffure; Mrs. M. Wilson (Naseby), black silk bodice encrusted with sprays of wheat, finished with berthe of real lace; Miss L. Skinner, shell pink silk, cream lace on corsage, pink rose in coiffure; Miss Brewster, pale green voile, full skirt, deep tucker of white net, threaded with pale green bebe ribbon; Miss L. McAllum, rose pink with berthe of cream lace; Mrs. Penn, violet flowered voile trimmed with narrow velvet bands of same shade, and frills of cream lace; Miss E. McAllum, cream tucked voile with olive-green folded silk belt; Mrs. H. Stocker, pretty shell-pink silk full skirt, tiny vest of frilled Valenciennes lace; Miss Mr. Webster, pretty cream muslin, skirt finished with tucks, deep empire belt of grey and pink floral silk; Miss Ethel Penn, cream tucked silk; Miss Hanna, turquoise blue figured voile décolletage prettily and profusely trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Miss N. Hanna, cream voile full-tucked skirt, cream lace berthe; Miss B. Webster, cream voile relieved with pale pink roses; Miss L. Webster, cream tucked and inserted voile; Miss Crawford, cream silk scarlet flowers on corsage, finished with same coloured empire belt; Miss R. Crawford, cream tucked muslin, full skirt, deep lace berthe; Miss Roy, pale pink floral muslin, silk folded belt; Miss Doris Roy, white frilled muslin, satin Empire belt; Miss Amy Kemp, rose pink silk with darker shaded belt; Miss Hoskin, black silk, white lace berthe; Miss E. Hoskin, pale blue silk veiled in net, folded silk belt; Miss T. Hoskin, pink floral muslin, cream lace berthe, rose pink skirt; Miss Standish, sea-green satin, corsage prettily trimmed with cream lace; Miss Wordsworth (Auckland) looked charming in a pretty cream tucked silk full skirt, lace berthe, pale pink rose in coiffure, etc. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs. Medley, E. Humphries, Steeds, Johns, E. Bayley, Easter, Higgin, Dixon, Armitage, Deacon, McAllum, Baker, Horribin, Frelaw, E. Glynes, Taylor, Gordon, Phillips, Gunton, Stanish, Storey, H. Davies, sen., Webster, H. Stocker, Mills, Robinson, Hervey, Matthews, etc.

NANCY LEE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee,

June 28.

Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. John Stevenson gave

A VERY ENJOYABLE DANCE

in the Fire Brigade Hall, the floor of the large up-stairs room was simply perfect for dancing, and the music was excellent. A most delicious supper was laid in the adjoining room, with small tables dotted about. From the gasoliers were festoons of crimson and gold ribbons, with native berries and foliage. The tables were artistically decorated with narcissi, and the candle shades were dainty pale golden crinkled paper, with shaded rose leaves twined round them. One of the down stairs rooms was converted into a cosy sitting room. Mrs. Stevenson received her guests in an exquisite cream chiffon gown over cream glaze silk, the skirt was very full and had a wide band of hand-painted pink and crimson shaded flowers and foliage, the corsage had a cross-over effect of painted chiffon coming below the waist, and outlined with deep crimson velvet; Miss Ida Stevenson wore a pretty cream crepe-de-chine frock, the skirt was made with wide French tucks, and berthe of lace on her corsage; Mrs. Oldham (Taihape), cream glaze silk with robe of cream lace, berthe of lace and full sleeves edged with same, in her coiffure she wore a large pale pink rose; Miss Dugan (debutante), wore a dainty white silk frock with shu of net and lace, and a spray of lilies of the valley on her corsage; Mrs. D'Arcy, black chiffon taffeta gown, with cream net and lace on her corsage, threaded with pale blue; Mrs. Brettargh, black silk gown with bands of black jet and cream lace, cream opera cloak; Mrs. Lewis wore a lovely black lace robe over pale grey glaze silk, transparent lace yoke and sleeves; Mrs. Dodgshun, black silk brocade muslin, with fine cream net lace transparent yoke with berthe of black killed chiffon; Mrs. McNaughton Christie was gowned in an apple green satin full skirt with deep swathed belt of the satin and berthe of lace; Mrs. Blundell, black surah gown with bands of deep cream insertion and full silk sleeves, edged with lace, pretty shoulder scarf of cream chiffon embroidered in gold; Mrs. Lacy Peake (Cambridge), wore a becoming cream satin gown with trained skirt and wide panel in the front of embroidered chiffon and pearls, wide swathed satin belt and deep berthe of embroidered chiffon full gauged sleeves edged with a frill of embroidered chiffon; Mrs. Fairburn, black brocade gown, the skirt was made with a deep band of black velvet at the foot, velvet sleeves and berthe of cream lace on her corsage; Mrs. H. Sarjeant wore a most charming frock of old rose chiffon taffetas, the skirt had true lovers' knots of killed taffeta, and the corsage was profusely trimmed with cream lace outlined in gold thread; Mrs. Wall, turquoise blue silk, the skirt had festoons of gauged silk on it, and berthe of lace on her corsage, her opera coat was of blue satin and gauged at the waist with high storm collar edged with white fur; Mrs. Pratt wore a stylish gown of black chiffon taffetas, the corsage was veiled in fine black lace, and in her coiffure she wore a white feather osprey; Miss Gresson, pale blue silk frock with berthe effect of Valenciennes lace; Miss Allison, cream silk gown with full gauged skirt, and berthe of lace on her corsage; Miss Roberts (Ashburton), rose pink satin frock with wide swathe belt of the same material and cream lace on her corsage; Miss Barnicoat wore a becoming gown, composed of tiny frills of cream Valenciennes lace with soft palest green silk caught at intervals on the skirt, and the same daintily arranged on her corsage, in her coiffure she wore a bunch of pale green grapes and foliage; Miss Jackson, pale pink brocade gown, the corsage was prettily trimmed with cream lace; Miss W. Anderson, crimson velvet gown with Vandyck collar of deep cream lace; Miss Mason, pale pink striped silk frock with high swathed belt of the same material and Maltese silk lace on her corsage; Miss Brettargh (debutante), cream silk gown with overskirt of embroidered net, and berthe of chiffon, in her coiffure she wore rosettes of white silk; Miss Brewer, stylish gown of black silk, with berthe of cream lace



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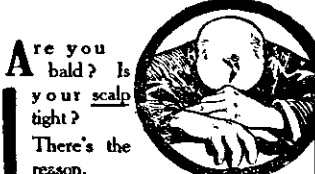
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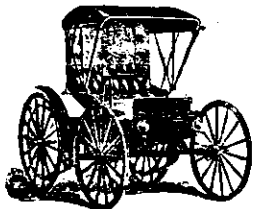
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and a spray of crimson berries on her corsage; Miss R. Brewer (Waverley), cream silk frock with flechu of net in her coiffure she wore rosettes of white chiffon; Miss Wilford, very becoming gown of the palest blue crepe-de-chine, the skirt was made with frills of the crepe-de-chine, edged with cream Valenciennes lace, the corsage prettily trimmed with the same lace; Miss Nixon, pale pink silk gown with overskirt composed of tiny frills of Valenciennes lace; Miss Jones, becoming frock of maize shaded silk with berthe of lace on her corsage; Mrs. Gonville Saunders, pale green silk gown, the skirt was made with wide French tucks and cream lace on her corsage, with black velvet in her coiffure; Miss Bremner (Wellington), (debutante), dainty frock of white muslin with Valenciennes lace on her corsage; Miss Stanford, pale blue silk gown with berthe of lace; Miss Blundell, pretty pale pink crepe-de-chine, the skirt was made with wide French tucks, berthe effect of narrow Valenciennes lace; Miss Darley, cream silk with overskirt of cream lace; Miss Christie, pretty frock of pastel blue chiffon taffetas with real lace on her corsage; Miss D. Christie, pale pink silk frock with berthe of lace.

On Saturday afternoon

THE ANNUAL FOOTBALL MATCH

between the Te Aute and the Collegiate School was played on the Recreation Grounds, and resulted in a win for the former team. Amongst the interested onlookers were Mrs. and Miss Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mr. Babage, Misses Hadfield and Barton, Mr. R. Stevenson, Miss Stevenson, Mrs. and Miss Eimison, Miss Moore, Miss Blundell, Dr. and Mrs. Wall, Miss Barnicoat, and many others.

On Saturday evening Mrs. Dogdshun gave a farewell bridge party for her daughter, Mrs. Lacy Peake, who left on Monday for her home in Cambridge. The first prize, a pretty Liberty soap, was won by Mrs. Fairburn, the booby, a china bowl, fell to Mrs. Gifford Marshall. Amongst those present were:—Mesdames Dogdshun, Peake, Christie, Serjeant, Fairburn, Blundell, Anderson, Goodwin, Griffiths, Greenwood Hughes, Johnston, Jones, Marshall, Lewis, Barnard-Brown, Misses Owen and Reichart.

THE ANNUAL DANCE

given by the Girls' College Association was held in the Drill Hall last week. The walls and ceiling were entirely covered with pale yellow drapery and quantities of evergreens which quite did away with the bare look of the hall. A most delicious supper was provided, the take being very artistically decorated with masses of narcissi and violets. Miss Fraser wore a beautiful black chiffon taffetas gown and berthe of real lace, her opera coat was of pale grey silk, profusely trimmed with wide silk braid; Mrs. Gore-Martin, black satin gown, with deep cream lace on her corsage; Mrs. Wall, becoming cream satin frock, the long trained skirt was very full, her corsage had a deep berthe of Irish lace and tucker of the same; Mrs. Marshall, pastel-shaded tiny cheek silk gown, the skirt had medallions of Valenciennes lace, and the corsage prettily trimmed with lace; Mrs. Lacy Peake (Cambridge), cream satin gown, the full skirt was made with a wide panel in the front, with embroidered chiffon and tiny French knots, berthe of deep embroidered chiffon; Mrs. G. Currie wore her wedding gown of pale cream satin, the skirt was edged with a wide flounce of embroidered chiffon and berthe of the same on her corsage; Miss Moore, dainty white crepe de chine frock, the skirt had wide French tucks and lace on her corsage; Miss Skeet, pale pink silk, veiled in cream chiffon, with edging of narrow white satin ribbons; Miss Barton (debutante), pretty white muslin frock, the skirt had numerous tiny frills on it, wide swathed silk belt, and berthe on her corsage; Miss Gresson, white silk, her corsage was veiled in soft white net; Miss Jones, stylish maize-shaded chiffon taffetas, with bo-ber effect of cream lace, and long black velvet sash; Miss Taylor, black chiffon gown, with berthe of Maltese lace; her sister wore a pale silk, with full skirt and deep swathed belt, with flechu of lace; Miss Nixon, pale pink glaze silk, with overskirt composed of tiny frills of narrow cream Valenciennes lace; Miss Roberts (Ashburton), rose-

pink satin gown, with berthe of lace; Miss Barnicoat, pale grey gown, with berthe of cream lace; Miss Ashcroft, becoming heliotrope silk gown, the skirt was made with a flounce, and on her corsage sequin net with spray of heliotrope flowers; Miss Brewer (Waverley), crimson velvet gown, with berthe of real lace; Mrs. Meldrum, white chiffon taffetas, the corsage was made with narrow frills of the silk and a wide panel on the skirt of the same; Miss L. Barnard-Brown, white glaze silk, with over-robe of cream lace and long pale blue ribbon sash; Miss Christie wore a becoming pastel-blue chiffon taffetas gown, with trained pleated skirt, finished with French knots, and berthe of real lace on her corsage; Miss B. Cutfield, pale pink silk gown, with full skirt and berthe of lace; Miss Blackmore, crimson velvet gown, with wide berthe effects of deep cream lace; Miss Knapp, becoming cream chiffon taffetas gown, with berthe of lace on her corsage and spray of dark red flowers; Miss Currie wore a black velvet gown with berthe of real lace; Miss McIntosh, black silk gown, with overskirt of fine black net, and flechu of the same, with spray of yellow shaded flowers.

HUIA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee,

June 28.

The weather continued very fine for the third and fourth days of the winter show. On Thursday

AN INTERESTING FOOTBALL MATCH

was played between a team representing Lincoln College (Christchurch) and a junior Palmerston team. The visitors were victorious by 8 points to 5. Among others there were Mrs. Colien, wearing a black skirt, sealskin coat and smart little navy blue toque with green plaid ribbon and green quill; Mrs. F. S. McRae in cream, the coat made with deep basque, and a collar embroidered in pale blue, pretty pale blue felt hat, with brown tulle and brown tips; Mrs. F. Pratt, blue green tweed costume, green felt hat with green bird; Mrs. W. Fitzherbert, navy blue, scarlet hat with scarlet wing; Mrs. P. Sim, long, fawn coat, cream felt hat with cerise roses; Miss Fitzherbert, long navy blue coat, green scarf, navy hat with green plaid ribbon and blue quills; Miss Collins, grey Eton coat and skirt, pink scarf, sailor hat; Miss Gemmel, in navy blue, made with long coat, cream hat; Miss Fookes (New Plymouth), navy blue Eton costume, cream and navy straw American sailor with pheasant wing; Mrs. Guy, long navy blue coat, dark red velvet hat with silk trimming of same shade; Mrs. Webster (Wellington), in navy blue coat and skirt, green cloth collar and cuffs, black hat with black feather; Miss F. Waldegrave, red cloth costume, white felt hat with white wing and touch of black velvet; Mrs. McKnight, long navy blue coat, green scarf, felt hat of two shades of blue, and having blue peacock feathers; Mrs. Renell, dark grey costume, blue felt mushroom hat with wing and cluster of pink flowers on bandeau; Miss Bell, cream serge, made with short pleated basque, burnt straw hat with brown silk and marguerites; Mrs. Burr, dark grey coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with black wing; Miss O'Brien, in brown, the coat made with deep basque, brown felt hat with shaded pink ribbon; Mrs. Bunting, brown tweed costume, sable fur and toque; Mrs. Uridge, in grey, with long grey coat, brown beaver toque, with touch of red velvet; Mrs. McGill in grey, brown hat with autumn tinted leaves; Mrs. Warburton, black skirt, black caracat coat, navy felt hat with navy and green plaid ribbon; Miss Stafford (Wellington), long grey coat, small navy hat; Mrs. Colbeck, navy costume, navy hat with green velvet and quills; Mrs. Park, black coat and skirt, black hat with black feather; Miss Park, navy blue coat and skirt, grebe toque; Miss F. Park, navy coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with shaded blue ribbon; Mrs. Hume, blue Eton costume, navy hat with two shades of pale blue silk and cluster of primroses; Mrs. Alcken, navy Eton costume, coat strapped with cream cloth, navy felt hat with velvet and wing; Mrs. Millton, black cloth tailor coat and skirt, facings and collar of cream embroidered cloth, black hat with black

tips; Mrs. Innes, dark grey coat and skirt, white cloth collar, white felt hat with wing; Miss McLennan in black, the long coat having pipings of white, black hat with grey striped ribbon; Miss E. McLennan, dark green coat and skirt, pink hat; Miss Pascal, in navy blue, the coat strapped with black silk, pretty cream hat with two shades of blue silk trimming; Mrs. C. Harden, long grey coat, green hat; Mrs. Bendall, in brown, cream hat, with shaded cream and fawn feathers; Miss Currie, blue green coat and skirt, collar and cuff of blue velvet; hat of blue straw with blue green silk trimming.

ANDREW BLACK

and his concert company gave a concert in the Opera House on Monday night. The audience present include Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. P. Sim, Dr. and Mrs. Martin, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Cohen, Mrs. J. M. Johnston, Mrs. and Miss Park, rs. Bendall, Mrs. J. P. Innes, Miss Liffiton (Wanganui), Miss E. McLennan, Mrs. Freeth, Mrs. Renell, Miss Bell.

GOLF.

A ladies' foursome match, for prizes presented by Mrs. Warburton, was played on the Hokowhitu links on Tuesday afternoon; Mrs. Freeth and Miss Wyke proved the winners. Other entries were Mrs. Melliss and Mrs. Bag-nall; Mrs. Seifert and Mrs. Cohen; Mrs. Abraham and Miss O'Brien; Mrs. Louis-son and Mrs. Jackson; Mrs. Warburton and Mrs. Porritt; Mrs. Innes and Mrs. Keeling; Mrs. Moore and Miss M. Abraham; Miss Milton and Miss Barraud; Miss Fitzherbert and Miss F. Waldegrave; Mrs. J. Strang and Miss Robinson; Mrs. McRae and Miss E. McLennan; Mrs. Munro and Miss Neave; Mrs. Macpherson and Miss McLennan. A team of ladies was to have gone to Dan-nevirke on Wednesday to play a match with that club, but heavy rain prevented.

VIOLET.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,

June 27.

This week I have a budget of mixed news for you. To begin with,

THE RETURN OF SIR JOSEPH AND LADY WARD

was a great event, and they must have been very gratified by the warmth of their greetings. They are looking so well after their trip, and are evidently delighted to be back among their friends again. Lady Ward was wearing a smart checked tweed tailor-made, and toque with upstanding tips. Miss Eileen Ward was all in white, with ermine furs and a pretty hat. In the evening the whole party appeared at the Town Hall, where the citizens were assembled to meet them with a hearty welcome. The Premier was greeted with tremendous cheers, and his speech was closely listened to with evident appreciation. The musical programme, though good of its kind, was a little long for the audience, who were anxious for the business portion of the evening. Lady Ward was wearing black taffetas with a yoke of fine lace and a lace scarf; Miss Eileen Ward wore pink crepe de chine with vest, and short sleeves of esprit net. Her white kimono-shaped wrap was particularly graceful and becoming. Also on the platform was Mrs. Findlay in pastel taffetas with full sleeves and bretelles of black Chantilly lace, caught up with rosettes of black velvet.

One of the most delightful events imaginable was the

MASK PARTY.

given by Mrs. J. E. Fulton. Indoors there was a medley of strange voices ranging from shrill cracked treble to mysterious whispers and expressive grunts, as each person tried to baffle others. The disguises were most difficult to penetrate, especially when, in addition to a mask and new coiffure of contrasting hue to the wearer's own hair was worn. Unmasking took place before supper, and great was the laughter as familiar faces appeared in unexpected places. Mrs. Napier MacLean was the success of the evening as a "Sandwich Man," and no one guessed who she was. Mr. E. Reid was well got up as a stout little Dutchman,


and Mr. J. Stout was unrecognisable as a monk in scarlet, with a particularly forbidding expression. Quite one of the best characters was "Hiawatha," impersonated by Miss G. Harcourt. There were many others present, but it was difficult to identify them in masks, and the majority appeared in evening dress once the dominoes were discarded. Mrs. Fulton wore black crepe de chine with

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motifs of lace and jet, a touch of colour being given by a cluster of roses; Miss Fulton's ivory mousseline de soie, embroidered in pale green was concealed by her domino of pale blue tussore silk. Mr. Fulton represented a Frenchman with much success. After supper was over fortune-telling, progressive bridge, and other amusements held sway, and it was long after midnight, before the party broke up. Prizes, which were charming liberty gifts, were won by Misses C. Smith and S. Nathan, and Messrs. Harcourt and Rex Bridge.

THE STAR CLUB BALL

Is always a good one, and this year it was even more successful than last time. The Sydney-street hall was a festive scene with its paraphernalia of oars and flags interspersed with greenery. The supper-room was decorated with white and blue, together with vases of narcissi.

Among those present were Mrs. Biss, wearing black tulle with sequin embroideries and touches of velvet; Mrs. Pearce, black nixon de soie with tucker and sleeves of white tulle; Mrs. Bridge, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Fulton, black Chantilly lace over white tulle; Mrs. D. Menzies, black crepe de chine with berthe of blonde lace, and a single rosette of gold tissue; Mrs. MacBeth, pale blue tulle with jewelled embroideries; Mrs. K. Duncan, white tulle veiled in lace and net, pale pink belt; Miss Simpson, white satin and roses; Miss Barnett, black crepe de chine and lace; Miss Ward, pale pink tulle with berthe of pink and green chine ribbon bordered with lace; Miss Ewen, salmon pink chiffon lace with handsome motifs of lace; Miss Borlase, pale blue lace, lace and chiffon; Miss Hannah, black mousseline de soie with chine sash and bretelles; Miss — Hannah, ivory tulle and lace; Miss Shannon, pale blue lace and lace; Miss Richardson, pale pink tulle with garniture of lace; Miss Waldegrave (Palmerston), ivory crepe de chine; Miss Beauchamp, pale blue chine, flowered with pink; Miss Bothamley, pale pink tulle; Miss Fitzgerald, white chiffon tulle and lace; Miss Stuart, ivory satin; Miss Haybittle, white chiffon tulle and lace; Miss Jones, pastel chiffon lace; Miss McDonald, sky blue crepe de chine.

MRS. OSWALD BEERE'S DANCE

was a delightfully informal affair, and went off extremely well. The hostess wore ivory satin with a deep belt of berthe of pale blue velvet; Miss Whitten was in sky blue chiffon lace, with motifs of lace; Mrs. Jackson, pearl grey crepe de chine hemmed with darker velvet; Mrs. Peers, black satin veiled in printed chiffon; Mrs. Blundell, black chiffon lace and lace berthe; Miss Wilson, ivory tulle; Miss Hoggard, rose pink satin; Miss Lee, white satin veiled in spotted chiffon; Miss McKenzie, sky blue tulle; the skirt having panels of lace; Miss Menteth, white chiffon tulle; Miss Boddall, pale blue mousseline de soie; Miss Kember, corse satin, with jewelled lace berthe; Miss King, pale pink mousseline de soie; Miss Marchant, ivory tulle; Miss Brandon, white soie de chine.

Dull, drizzling rain in the early part of the afternoon spoilt the opening of Parliament from a spectators point of view. Once inside, all was warmth and brightness, and everywhere one saw familiar faces and friendly greetings. Lady Ward was, of course, the centre of interest to the ladies present, and she was surrounded by people eager to welcome her back. She looked very charming in a graceful dress of crepe de chine, the bolero bodice being embroidered and appliqued with velvet, and the smart short sleeves finished with the same material. Her toque was of crinoline straw, trimmed with chiffon and upstanding tips, and she carried a lovely bouquet tied with satin streamers. She was accompanied by her daughter, who looked very well in champagne face cloth, braided and worn over a vest of lace and net, and a beaver hat with roses.

QUELLEN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, June 26:
THE DANCE

which was given last Wednesday evening by Mrs. and the Misses Croxton at their residence, "Thorpe," St. Albans, was a delightful affair, and was

thoroughly enjoyed by all present. A large marquee, with an excellent dancing floor, was erected at the end of the verandah. It was decorated with quantities of native flax and bracken. Mrs. Croxton was wearing a becoming gown of porriwinkle blue tulle, trimmed with cream lace; Miss Croxton, a pretty pale blue Louise silk, with rose point lace; Miss E. Croxton, a dainty frock of pale pink Louise with berthe of cream lace. Amongst the numerous guests were: Miss Reece, in a blue brocade trimmed with lace; Miss Meredith-Kaye, cream Louise with quantities of chiffon and lace; Miss Louison, a charming frock of floral painted pink chiffon over lace silk; Miss Bruce, white silk with frills of Valenciennes lace; Miss Drummond (Sydney), pale pink and blue flowered muslin; Miss Allan, white satin with silver embroideries; Miss Guthrie, pale blue satin and lace, with corsage bouquet of violets; Miss N. Guthrie, white lace over glass, with roses and rose pink silk sash; Miss Waymouth, cream accordion-pleated voile with red roses on the corsage; Miss Martin, pale pink silk; Miss Simms, white muslin trimmed with pale blue and pink; Miss Wood, pale pink silk and lace; Miss Wilson, black crepe de chine relieved with orange silk; Miss E. Wilson, white silk and net; Miss Steele, white Oriental satin; Miss Henton, a gown of pink tulle; Miss B. Ferguson, black, with white lace and Parma violets; Mrs. Staveley wore cream voile with lace; Miss Collins, pale blue silk; Miss Kohn, pink voile; Miss Staveley, white silk with insertions of white lace; Miss Arrowsmith, pale blue silk with pink roses; Miss E. Arrowsmith, heliotrope silk and lace; Miss Rogers, white silk with pale blue sash; Miss Marks, white satin gown with blue flowers and sash; Miss Brett, black silk, trimmed with cream lace; Miss Freda Brett, white muslin; Miss Thomas, wore black silk and net; Miss Winstone, pale pink tulle; Miss Paterson, gown of pale blue silk; Miss Morris, white silk; Miss Coster, white silk with Valenciennes lace insertions; Mrs. Tennant, a pretty white chiffon tulle.

AN AFTERNOON TEA

was given by Mrs. George Merton, "Park Terrace," in honour of, and to say farewell to, Mrs. Bourne, who intends living in Auckland. Tea was served in the dining-room, which was decorated with yellow chrysanthemums. Mrs. Merton was wearing a gown of black crepe de chine, with cream lace; Miss Merton, brown voile; Miss G. Merton, a pale blue skirt, and white silk blouse; Mrs. Bourne, a costume of black face cloth and black hat; Miss Bourne, a frock of white voile, and pretty blue hat; Mrs. Syme, brown coat and skirt, green hat; Miss Symes, a grey tweed costume, with floral hat; Mrs. Gower Burns, a green coat and skirt, mauve hat, and sable furs; Miss Burns, a costume of green tweed, with green hat; Miss Kettle, grey coat and skirt, green hat; Miss B. Russell, white cloth costume, black hat; Mrs. Denham, a pale grey costume, with toque en suite; Mrs. Irving, grey coat and skirt, grey hat; Mrs. J. Anderson, black cloth dress, sealskin coat, black toque with feathers; Miss Moliniaux, navy blue costume, with floral hat.

The second gathering of the newly-formed

MUSICAL CLUB

took place at Mrs. Haslam's house in Lower Riccarton on Tuesday afternoon. The members present were: Mrs. Gower Burns, Mrs. H. H. Loughman, Mrs. Wilding, Mrs. George Harper, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. Crooke, Miss Devish-Meares, Miss Cook, and Miss L. Cook.

A CHAMBER CONCERT,

the first of a series of six arranged by Mr. and the Misses Wells, was given in the Alexandra Hall on Thursday evening, when there was a capital attendance. A few of those present were: Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Henry Cotterill, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Ronalds, Miss Meares, Mrs. Randall, Mrs. and Miss Elworthy, Miss Reeves, Mrs. and Miss Wilding, Miss Gardner, Miss Macdonald, and Mrs. Wells.

GOLF.

At the Shirley Links the Yankee tournament is still being played, and will not be finished till next month.

The senior medal match was played on Wednesday, and was won by Miss Carter, Miss R. Wilson coming second.

DOLLY VALE.

REDUCED PRICE LIST

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BLACK, BROWN, AND GREY HARE NECKLETS, worth 2/3, now 1/6 each.	AMERICAN STONE MARTEN—Usual Price 48/, now 42/, usual price 76/6, now 69/6; usual price 110/, now 99/6.
HARE NECKLETS, wholesale price 2/11, 3/6, and 3/11, our price 2/6, 2/9, and 2/11 each.	BEARSKIN NECKLETS—Usual price 25/6, now 19/6; usual price 30/6, now 25/6; usual price 45/, now 39/6.
BROWN, FAWN, GREY, AND WHITE HARE NECKLETS, usual price 4/6, now 3/11.	SKUNK FURS—Usual price 37/6, now 33/6; usual price 42/, now 37/6; usual price 45/6, now 39/6.
MARMOT FUR NECKLETS, usual price 5/6, now 4/11 each.	MUSQUASH FURS—Usual price 32/6, now 27/6.
WHITE FUR NECKLETS, Large Size. Usual price 6/6, now 5/11 each.	KOLEMSKY FURS—Usual price 62/, now 55/.
BROWN MARMOT NECKLETS—Usual price 8/11, now 7/11; usual price 9/6, now 8/6; usual price 10/6, now 9/6.	OPSSUM FURS—Usual price 69/, now 59/6.
BROWN MARMOT NECKLETS (Special). Extra Large Size—Usual price 12/6, now 10/11; usual price 13/11, now 11/6. Better Qualities, up to 21/6.	LYNX FOX—Usual price 68/6, now 58/6.
MINK FURS—Usual price 30/, now 27/6; usual price 33/6, now 29/6.	STONE MARTEN FUR, 6ft long. Three Whole Skins; Two Heads, Four Tails. Usual price £15 15/, now £12 10/.
MARMOT FURS (lined with Ermine)—Usual price 26/6, now 23/6. Better Qualities up to 55/.	A LARGE STOCK OF FUR MUFFS, to match above goods, all selling at Reduced Prices, from 3/11 to 45/ each.

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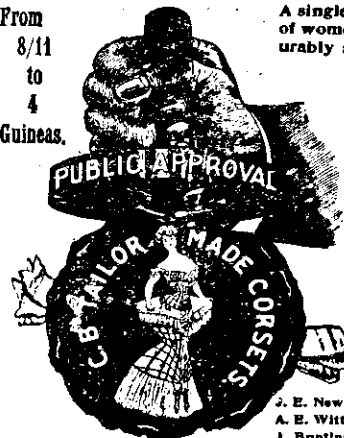
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An Ideal Fabric for Outdoor and "At Home" Wear.

As rich in appearance as Lyons Silk Velvet costing a Guinea a yard, and wears longer.

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Is one of the most fashionable FINE FABRICS for entire costumes manufactured for the present season. Nothing else has such lustre of finish, such sheen and softness of texture, and no other fabric yet produced shows such varying play of light and shade.

Every yard of the "Louis" Velveteen, and the "Louis" Chiffon Vel Duvet, is stamped with the name spelled L-O-U-I-S and guarantee of wear, and Ladies should insist on seeing this and thus avoid the substitution of inferior imitations.

From Drapers & Silk Mercers throughout the Colonies.

Keeping House in Savage Africa

Troubles that seem insurmountable to the housewife in civilised countries are merely incidents in Kongoland

By MRS L. S. FARLOW

THE wheezy old stern wheeler Pioneer dumped us down at Nyangwe, Manyemaland, Congo State, three years ago, among savages who say, "It is good to eat meat that talks!" Picture a wild chaos of giant trees and dense undergrowth, with the lofty crowns knit together with gorgeous parasites that dropped blooms like coloured stars. Far in the depths the elephant screamed and trumpeted by day, and the lion's grunting roar froze my blood at night. There were things that crawled,—pythons twenty-five feet long,—and things that flew,—huge bats that I feared were vampires.

And what shall I say of our human neighbours? Giants, some of them, with four-inch ivory disks in their ear lobes and big skewers of bone through the nose. They were all but entirely nude, with shining bodies reeking with palm oil and powdered camwood, and embossed with scars raised in high patterns through the use of white wood ash in open wounds. Teeth filed to snarl points, armed with monstrous knives and spears, and telegraph drums of logs and monkey skins—they were dreadful to look upon. Not a word of their jargon could we speak; not so much as a hut awaited us.

But duty called us hither. My husband was surveyor and engineer on the Royal Tanganyika, and Great Lakes railroads. His daily life was killing one, and I determined to make him comfortable. Angry rhinos would throw engines off the track; the Lumbwa and Nandi tribes would steal the fish plates and bolts from the line; and my husband's workaday troubles fermented in a sad tragedy. Another lion terrorised the platelayers at Kimaa station, and young Cogswell, Herbert's colleague, resolved to bag him. The two took up their quarters for the night in one of the ears, leaving the windows open and the doors unfastened, waiting to hear the usual nightly roar. Both tired men dozed off, however, with express rifles on their knees; and toward three in the morning the man-eater came along in uncanny silence, laid hold of Cogswell by the shoulder, and dragged him bodily out through the window. His remains were afterward recovered, and his destroyer killed in due course.

SAVAGES AS LABOURERS.

First we had to get a house of some kind. There were plenty of trees in the forest; but what about labour? The savages were ugly at first; twice they pulled our tents down and threw them into the swamp. It was different after I had given a little magic lantern show—though this was nearly spoiled by the blinding tropic moonlight. No sooner had they got over their terror of the lantern and seen the first few pictures (the story of Robinson Crusoe), than I heard everywhere the throb-throb of the telegraph drums and saw little signal fires streaking the night with fitful radiance. My audience was a little terrifying, but the experiment was successful. Next day Herbert and I had labourers galore. They began to make us bricks from the curious earth of the giant anthills, and meanwhile rigged us up a hut of bamboos and palm ribs, with a roof thatched of palm leaves and a doorway only three feet square.

They spread feasts for us too of weird viand—chiefly goat's flesh, roast monkey, and smoked fish, all of them liberally dashed with chili peppers and palm oil. It was a sight to see the bricks for our future home being molded from the ant earth. The walls seemed to grow by magic, and in less than a week we were

installed in a four-room bungalow, with outhouses for the strangest of servants.

Meanwhile Herbert and I did our best to get together a serviceable vocabulary in Limongo, paying for our tuition chiefly in medicine and surgical aid. We knew of old the respect which the Kongo savage has for the white doctor. But we knew also that the medicine most in demand was that most drastic in effect. True, we used quinine and castor; but we produced our greatest effect by allowing the monsters to sniff vigorously at a huge bottle of ammonia, after which they went their way gasping and choking, with tears streaming down their faces, marvelling at the strength of the white man's medicine.

The cases daily brought to us might well have taxed a New York specialist. Thus one day a boy was brought in with a frightful spear wound in the abdomen. I did what I could for him, but of course, an immediate laparotomy was out of the question. He recovered, however, and became one of my best servants, going round the house in one of my cast-off shirt waists of sky blue silk.

SNAKES IN THE KITCHEN.

The house itself was not bad, but for some reason was infested with snakes. The poisonous whip-snake, especially, a foot or two long, seemed to prefer our reed walls and thatch to any other place; and more than once I would find one of these hideous little reptiles drinking out of the tin basin I was about to wash my hands in. It is astonishing, though, what a woman can grow accustomed to. Think of stumbling over a hideous snake, in one's kitchen, over six feet long! My chief boy told me sympathetically that these horrible things came in after the rats.

We rise at five to the eery sounds of a war drum, and once more the awful business of catering for the day afflicts me. Our beds at least are decent; for we have superseded the old mattresses, made from the dry peelings of the banana palmus, rolled and sewed together; and after a whole year of negotiation, we got proper mattresses from home.

All our water has to be brought from the river by reluctant looking savages, and is certainly not nice to look at when it is brought in. Commonly it is the colour of pea-soup; but it is the best we can get, and has to serve for washing, cooking, and drinking. Of course, the awful liquid is most carefully boiled before we drink a drop of it. Next a lump of alum is put in the pitcher to bring down the thick, blackish brown sediment, and lastly the stuff is put through two filters. Even when all this is done it has a vile taste.

My sisters at home, in great centres of civilisation, would perhaps like to hear about my bread. This, too, is topsyturvy, like the other details of my house-keeping; for my first duty is to get the poison out of it. It is known as cassave or Manioc, and is produced from a poisonous root which has to be chopped, dressed, and steeped in water for seven days to extract the poison, before it can be worked up into bread. Even then it is boiled, not baked, and is pretty heavy and tough after all this labour has been expended on it. It may be bought ready made in the market place, tied up in plantain leaves. About thirty rolls of the stuff can be bought for a piece of brass wire about a foot long.

I often think ruefully of butcher and fishmonger, poulterer and game man, with their assortments of delicacies, and contrast their customers' lot with vain regrets as I am taxing my ingenuity to

provide three meals a day, often without meat, milk, bread, or flour. I do not consider tough hippopotamus steaks meat at all. There is an occasional goat to be had; while even the skinniest fowl will almost buy a wife for its lucky Congo possessor, so rare and precious is it.

On fast days we have "putty pudding" of manioc for breakfast; and for dinner in the evening fried hippo meat, with wild bananas and more "putty." This diet is tempered only by a few miserable pineapples, and occasionally bats and parrots, smoked over the wood fire. Our chief dessert is sugar cane and a few nuts.

My servants do the washing with their feet instead of their hands, and have inherent objections to work of any kind. At home these boys and girls are clothed (such clothing as they need, that is) by the bark of a certain tree; they eat only manioc and a few small animals which they trap. I tempt them to light labour with a few gaudy handkerchiefs or scarfs; but get very little in return.

GOING TO MARKET.

When I go to market the way lies through an almost impenetrable jungle, haunted by strange birds and screaming monkeys; and through this I am carried in a blanket hammock for a fare which works out at ten cents a day. Since money, as we know it, is absolutely unknown, I have to take with me a strange assortment of knife blades, coils of trade brass wire, rolls of calico, and baskets of cowry shells; while the larger denomination of coin is represented by the miserable specimens of goat that trot after my hammock. I can frequently pay for goods, however, by depositing an ivory tusk with the village head man, and drawing against this precisely as though it was an account opened at a big department store at home. I must say I have never been cheated in this strange banking business, but have received the uttermost value for my "money," down to the last plantain.

Then, too, strange savages come to my door with unexpected delicacies. One morning, Jennie Walla, my chief maid, told me a "gentleman" had come to see me. I went out into the compound, and saw there two fearsome savages, one of them a Manyema man over six feet high, and the other a mere dwarf from the Great Forest. The former had some honey to sell, which his small companion carried in a hollow log.

The pair of them had been waiting for some time in curious stork-like postures, resting on one leg, with the other raised and placed on the knee. I advanced to inspect the honey, and found a gruesome, dark, viscid mess, like molasses, speckled with dead bees, wraps of straw, and miscellaneous dirt, not forgetting salbs of wax.

Its owner, however, had a high opinion of its value, for he asked two small goats in exchange. I was turning to leave him, when he thrust into the mess a monstrous and filthy paw wherewith he tasted the "honey." This done, he plunged in his hand again and extended it to me, hoping that I too might taste and find it good. But I fled in disgust, not heeding his reduction in price to one tiny goatlet.

As I return from market I often wish my sisters at home could see the caravan. In front walks my head girl, Jennie Walla, with a huge basket of purchases on her head, together with my drugs and instruments, without which I hardly ever venture outside the door. My servants carry all things on their heads except their babies, which are slung from their hips with strips of monkey skin. Then comes my mat hammock, suspended from bamboo poles and borne by four boys. The rear is brought up by my gun bearers and canoe men; the former never leaving from their hands for a moment my trusty .450 elephant rifle and the .303 magazine.

For pets I have baby lions, or it may be a fatherless and absurdly diminutive elephant; and instead of going to a theatre the cannibals come and dance in our compound every night.

We and our home—such as it is—are utterly at their mercy; but they know that at least we can at will trace up elephant spoor, and with one shot from the marvellous .450 bring down a five-ton tanker which will provide them and theirs with an indescribable orgy lasting for many days.

For six months now I have been able to get a new relay of excellent servants, chiefly owing to the fiendish cruelty practised by the Belgians in the Upper Congo. These men have unscrupulously

set tribe against tribe, with the result that all the old horrors of cannibalism and slavery are in full swing, from Bangala to Manyemaland.

One of my girls was one of eighteen wives of a chief on the Mobangi River, who was killed in a raid by a rubber hunting tribe actuated by the Belgians; and the poor woman, with all her sister wives, was condemned to be buried alive in the grave underneath the corpse of her husband. How she escaped, and came down the river in itself a thrilling story. I call her Esther. The poor woman suffers from chronic dyspepsia. And no wonder! She had been consulting a native witch doctor, who thoughtfully made a hole in her back with a lion's claw to let out the evil spirit, which manifestly possessed her. Worse still, he had put her on a diet of ground millstone for seven months, and her poor stomach had naturally resented the forty or fifty pounds weight of pulverised rock she had taken. The "doctor" next recommended cinnamon bark, and poor Esther consumed altogether forty pounds of that.

NEW WAY TO WASH DISHES.

Her deputy is John Randolph. John developed an unpleasant way of cleaning the knives on his own bare and dirty legs. I next objected strongly to his lack of clothing, and turned over to him four yards of excellent muslin, with a strong hint as to what he was to do with it. He carried out the idea admirably; but as the weeks went by I began to see the garment shrink unaccountably. Later on the shrinking appeared to go on under my very eyes. I found out with amazement that he was trading off in pieces his one and only garment. One night when dinner was unaccountably late Herbert ran angrily into the kitchen, and found that aggravating boy taking a leisurely bath in the pot he should have boiled the potatoes in. That he had ingenuity, however, is evident from the fact that before we imported flatirons, John suggested he and Esther should take turns sitting on boards between which the clothes were stretched, in order to smooth out the wrinkles.

Then there was Aloysius. He was sent across the river one day with a note to a chief, asking for the loan of a couple of bolts of cloth. He came back with these, and remarked to me, "That is mighty strong medicine," meaning the note. It would have cost Aloysius many a hard day's work to earn that cloth.

Next day, after much flinching, he asked me if he could have a scrap of old newspaper which he found in the kitchen. Of course, I gave it to him, and it was not until a full month later that I learned its destiny. Carefully folding the precious sheet, Aloysius took our canoe and paddled up the giant stream to a village eight miles away, where he called on the chief, presented the scrap of old newspaper, and told him it was an extra strong mukunda from the white woman requesting three goats. Of course, that head man was entirely bewildered, knowing nothing of mukundaa; but my doughty Aloysius got his three goats, and therewith gave a magnificent feast to some friends across the river, who envied his affluence as the white woman's servant.

One great curse of the housekeeper in Central Africa is the amazingly destructive white ant. Anything not made of sheet iron cannot last long. My boxes and furniture, after a few months' wear, gradually show the tell-tale holes, and in a year or so are completely riddled by these boring creatures. Then if one tries to start a little farmyard, whose live stock consists mainly of wretched goats, along comes a leopard in the night, and sweeps off the pick of them.

Speaking about Coffee

Did you ever try

'Camp'
COFFEE?

If not, you have no idea how good it is; how easy to make; and how economical to use. Just try a little best time you want coffee—follow the directions on the label, and you'll be astonished. It is so good, *McCormack & Co., Coffee Specialists, Chicago*

LETTERS TO WOMEN IN LOVE.

Continued from page 42.

London, on the other hand, is all planned for the man. Even the hansom cab is a masculine invention which entirely overlooks skirts. The shop windows abound with leather articles, toilet articles, colonial articles, all for men.

But Paris? It is meant for the man and the woman together, and to the exclusion of the rest of the world. For the French, love, sentimental companionship, is not a luxury. Like the red wine they drink it is a necessity for all classes. The French workman designates his sweetheart as "the one with whom I can talk." . . . his comrade, some one he needs in his daily life.

And what is thus openly expressed by the artisan has become, it would seem, the raison d'être of Paris. What are the saloons which have made French society famous? They are nothing more than the reunion of men and women who can "talk together." The woman's lunch and the "stag" dinner are unknown in France. Even at the professional banquet, which a doctor or a lawyer offers to his colleagues, the women of his family appear, to help him receive his guests.

My dear, have we not seen men in France exercise their talents even in the

"do things." Even the way the poor women dress their hair is a lesson to the New Englander who has too long looked upon the "crowning glory" as a nest of vipers.

And since you have seen how simply the French girl dresses, how satisfied she is with little before her marriage, and how this marriage appears to her as the only destiny for a woman, have you not come nearer than ever before to regretting that you were Mademoiselle—not Madame?

But this I don't, for the moment, press. On the contrary, it would seem as though there were something in the atmosphere of Paris which was separating you, in thought at least, and only temporarily, I hope, from America and American ways, from the informality and sans gêne of our people, from us, from me—from Reggie.

Am I right?

You are American to the very marrow of your bones. You could not be happy in a country which, however much you might admire its traditions and be attracted by its culture, must for ever remain to you a foreign country, that is strange, alien, different, "queer."

IX.

To the same:

I have your short note telling me that Reggie has arrived in Paris!

He did not come to see me, nor even write me, before sailing. He was afraid that I would dissuade him from such a definite move. Now it is done I make no comment. I shall wait until hearing



"Not that you were really disagreeable to him."

most womanly realms? What, since time immemorial, have been more especially designated as feminine pursuits than cooking and dressmaking? Yet, in Paris, who are the best cooks? Men, all of them. Who are the best dressmakers? All of them men!

Don't think I am straying away from my subject. You are my subject, and I am convinced that the atmosphere of Paris is favourable to my wishes regarding you.

Montesquieu said two hundred years ago:

"When one has been a woman in Paris, one is never satisfied to be a woman anywhere else!"

Why?

Because the women of France are cherished until they are twenty, courted until they are fifty, and revered in their declining years. Thus, to be in Paris without someone to protect you, to make love to you or to adore you, is enough to make you long for . . . even for Reggie.

VIII.

To the same:

You can't imagine how I enjoy even the foreign postmark on your letters. I turn them over and study them sometimes before slipping my paper-knife along the edges of the envelope to take out the transparent sheets of paper, too few, alas, and written over on one side only. Fortunately I can read between the lines, and I know Paris well. As a rule we Americans have the feeling of: "Oh, how wonderful Paris would be if it were not for the French!"

But you seem to be an exception to this rule. You are full of enthusiasm over the manner in which French people

more in detail from you before expressing my opinion one way or the other.

Perhaps Reggie has done the wisest thing in the world—perhaps he's most foolish. In a courtship the same act may appear glorious or ignoble, depending entirely upon how the woman courted takes it.

X.

To the same:

Your second letter has come, and I see that poor Reggie has made a dreadful mistake!

In Italy, after an anonymous sort of fashion, you longed for somebody, for an amoureux, someone to make love to you, someone to complete, with a personal romance, the wonderfully picturesque setting which surrounded you.

In Paris you felt first that it was a natural desire, then that it was a conventional necessity to be married. It was this transition from the national to the conventional wherein poor Reggie's chances perished.

But have they quite perished? Is it as hopeless for him as you think?

All of a sudden you have adopted the Latin idea of a woman submissive to man, a man who is lord and master, and who asks neither advice nor criticism, but approval only. Which approval, if his wife, mother, sister, or sweetheart fail to give, he finds elsewhere.

Why this change?

Could Reggie be prepared for it?

You say that he seems like a girl. He doesn't know how to order people around, he hesitates about an hour, it seems to you, over the menu when it is handed to him in a restaurant, and finally he gives it to you, as if you could arrange the dinner for his guests!

Small things, all of them, but very irritating.

And what you hate, too, is to see Reggie so badly served and so cheated! Not speaking French, he never discusses the price of anything. He simply holds out his hand full of coin, and lets the menials fall upon it. Then, occasionally, there is an awful revulsion in his Ameri-

Don't let outside influences affect too much the true course of your feelings. Don't let your inclination for Reggie be thus, by some superficial thing, transformed into a positive revulsion. Don't feel that you are responsible for Reggie just because he cares for you.

Be more simple!

At your age things decide themselves.



"Then, occasionally, there is an awful revulsion in his American mind."

can mind, against this grandiose system, and you catch sight of him, when you have regained the carriage, lingering in some unpleasant dispute.

Then Reggie insists upon wearing a straw hat, and there isn't a self-respecting Frenchman of the world who would think of wearing a straw hat in Paris before the Grand Prix has been run. This, too, is only a detail. But, for a woman, the great passion which we call love is nothing more than a collection of details—a series of small, trifling things which, appealing to our taste, seducing it, meeting with our sentimental approval, determine the attraction love is.

Dear friend, don't be hard on Reggie.

You need take no heart-rending decisions. As a woman grows older and her chances of happiness diminish, there is something irrevocable in whatever she determines to do. It is as though time had put a mortgage upon every act she attempts.

While youth is still yours, let there be something lovely in the spontaneity of your choice! Don't be hampered, Beatrice, by worldly considerations. If you love Reggie ever so little, let him see it. This confidence, if you place it in him, will act as magic upon his powers to please you.

No, you say?

You like him better when he is melan-

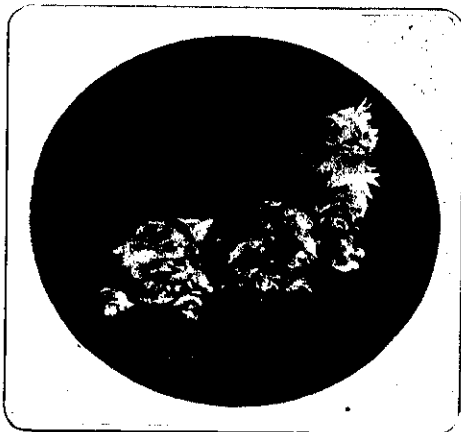


"Your father is deep in the old-book question."

choly and hopeless than when he is exuberant and reassured?
 Ah, Beatrice! The truth is, Reggie loves you too well. You are too sure of him. A woman who is loved in this way is always ready to say no until . . .
 Until what?
 Until she is no longer loved.
 Take my word for it.

XI.

To the same:
 Indignant, enraged, discouraged, petulant, thus you appear in your last letter. And why?
 Simply because Reggie has—proposed to you!
 What a terrible offence indeed!
 With our highly-cultivated sensibilities, we women cannot understand how any man is able to propose when things are so against him that he is sure to be rejected.
 So you have refused Reggie? Poor Reginald Wells!
 And you are not even sorry for him. It was his own fault. He chose the most unpropitious moment: when you were alone together up in the towers of Notre Dame, with Paris stretching immense, vague, anonymous before you, and all the past stirring in your veins, and Reggie seeming so pale, so personal, so insignificant by comparison with what was in your thoughts.



MRS. LLOYD BANENDALE'S CHINCHILLA KITTENS.



THE BARONESS VON LAURENTZ'S ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.

Reggie. It is never too late to mend, and no one incident is final in love or in life.
 To the same:
 You seem perfectly amazed that Reg-

any man who has ever loved her should not continue to do so until the end of his days. I don't mean by this that Reggie has stopped loving you. Alas, no, quite the contrary. You beg me for

He had not been a week in New York before he came over to pay me a flying visit, between trains, under pretext of being "rushed" with business. Of course, the first thing he spoke about was you.



A CHAMPION BULLDOG, OWNED BY MRS. E. WATERLOO



MRS. CROUCH'S POODLE.

You wanted to run away from him, and you couldn't. You wanted to hide under the uplifted wings of the little angel of Notre Dame, and beg her to protect you.
 Ah, Beatrice! As you turned toward the frail and exquisite little statue, whose delicate wings, immobile through the ages, have typified that unchanging purity toward which man lifts his eyes as to the supreme ideal, thus Reggie turned to you. His feelings, like yours, were arduous, reverent, seeking protection against the world for what was the best in him.
 He "froze you." These are the words you use—expressive, at least. You felt that you didn't care whether you ever saw him again. After you had said "No," you came all the way down the winding staircase into the church below without speaking again. The carriage was waiting for you near the bridge, you got into it. Reggie asked if he might come after dinner to the hotel, and you answered that there would be nobody there; you and your father were dining out.
 Since then you have not seen him.
 It is the last sentence of your letter which gives me a glimmer of hope. You exclaim:
 "After what had happened I should think Reggie would at least have sent me some flowers or written me a line."
 If you were "sorry for him," if you felt "like a sister" to him, I should be more anxious. Your charming egoism on this occasion shows, as a matter of fact, how absorbed you are in the affair.
 Well, well, dear, be sincere, this is all I ask of you. Most sentimental failures are due to a lack of genuineness. Be true to yourself and you will be true to

gie should not have written to you since landing in America.
 Why should he write to you?
 This question hasn't presented itself to your mind.
 A woman can never understand why

news of him, so I give it to you, outspoken. Reggie looks wretchedly ill. He is working night and day against the orders of the doctor, who says that he should go to the seashore and "loaf" for a month at least.

I shall not repeat the things he said. You do not deserve to hear them.
 The only thing left to say was: "Don't take it so to heart." I fancy he found this little enough consolation.
 "To heart? Why, it's my very fibre,"



A VALUABLE PEKINGESE, OWNED BY MRS. FREEMAN.

he retorted. "You don't suppose it's a passing fancy, do you, any light matter? For two years she's been all I've thought about. Everything else was a side issue. To heart?" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

I attempted to explain, but he interrupted me.

"Oh, I'm not going to kill myself, if that's what you call taking it seriously. My mind is steady. I'm not a complete coward."

"Why, Reggie," I said, "the happiest

keep out of her way. I can't let my misery seem like a reproach to anyone."

We didn't speak of you again after this last remark of Reggie's. I felt too uncertain of you to proffer any encouragement. I felt, Beatrice, that you were a victim almost as much as he, and far different. His suffering came from you, and yours came from the dipant education which had led you to consider everything in life from the standpoint—not of what it was worth—but of whether you wanted it or not. This

depends on your own way of acting. Men best know what they want; women know best how to describe their wants. Pride alone can now interfere with your future joy.

XIII.

To the same:

Reggie has told me the good news of your letter to him. You are on the ocean now. You were right to persuade Mr. Thayer to bring you back. I can fancy your feelings. Reggie seems distressed in the midst of his gladness to hear from you. He doubts still what reason brings you homeward so unexpectedly. He fears that you may long simply, as a child, to play again with fire!

I send this to your New York address. Your ship ought to get in to-day. Let me hear from you as soon as possible after arriving. Is it to be, or not to be?

P.S. Reggie's telegram has this moment arrived. Heartiest congratulations to you both. Don't

make a too long engagement! I am sure your father must be in a hurry to have such a son-in-law as Reginald Wells. Write soon, and remember that I love you both as much in your foolish happiness as I did in your foolish misery!



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Private Boarding House, newly decorated and refurbished.
Excellent Table. Every Home Comfort.
Good sea bathing.
Terms on application to Managersess.



CHILD STUDY, BY ELLERBECK, NEWTON, AUCKLAND.

marriages I know are those where the woman began by refusing the man, and ended by proposing to him herself!"

Reggie smiled, and I saw in this relaxation of his features how wan his expression had become.

"No," he said, "she knows what she wants, and the best thing for me is to

is fatal to happiness. When it seemed that you could no longer have Reggie, his true value first occurred to you. You had to miss him, to want him, and think you had lost him before his real merit became apparent to you.

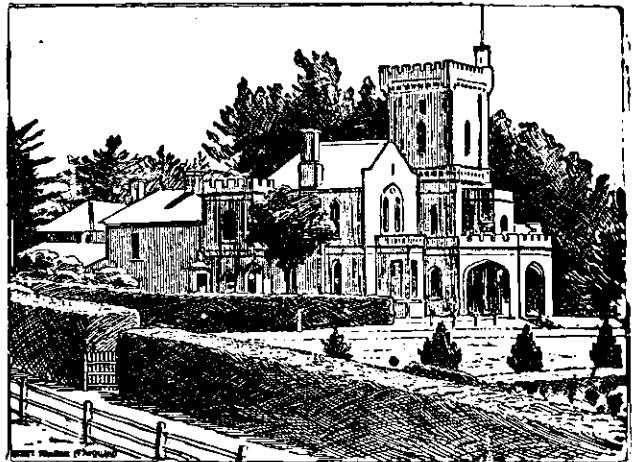
Is it too late?

That remains to be seen. All de-

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TWO SMART EMPIRE COATS.

THE POPULAR SKIRT FOR DANCES.

All round skirts that just touch the ground are popular among dancers now, but trained ones are seen, and certainly bear a greater appearance of elegance when their wearers are not dancing than do the shorter skirts.

I observe that every sign points to the supremacy of the sash, which has come into its own again as regards ball-room attire, and with the advent of the striped and sprigged muslin dresses that will score a huge triumph in the summer will increase in multitude. In old times the sash was arranged in primitive fashion, once or twice draped round the waist and tied by hand at the back in a large bow.

Nowadays our methods are more subtle, and made-up sashes are the rule instead of the exception. It is essential that the flowing ends should be excessively long, and that they shall fall from a carefully arranged chain of ribbon, while the drapery that is to be passed round the waist is most neatly and cleverly boned so that though the folds may look natural they remain in the same position from one occasion to another.

◆ ◆ ◆

CHARMING CONCEITS.

While preserving the simple outline of an immaculate tailor-made, the Frenchwoman rarely forgets the importance of a touch of colour cunningly introduced, and a striped costume in two shades of grey cloth owes not a little of its success to the narrow collar of pale pastel blue cloth worked over in flat white braid, and having a narrow border of black and white taffetas.

A touch of cherry colour with a navy blue serge costume represents another charming conceit, which greatly appeals to the Parisienne, the waistcoat being of silk in the tone in question, embroidered in French knots in black and silver, and bordered with black and silver braid. The coat is made with studied simplicity, the fronts being cut away and rounded off, and the waistcoat reaching from the throat to below the waist.



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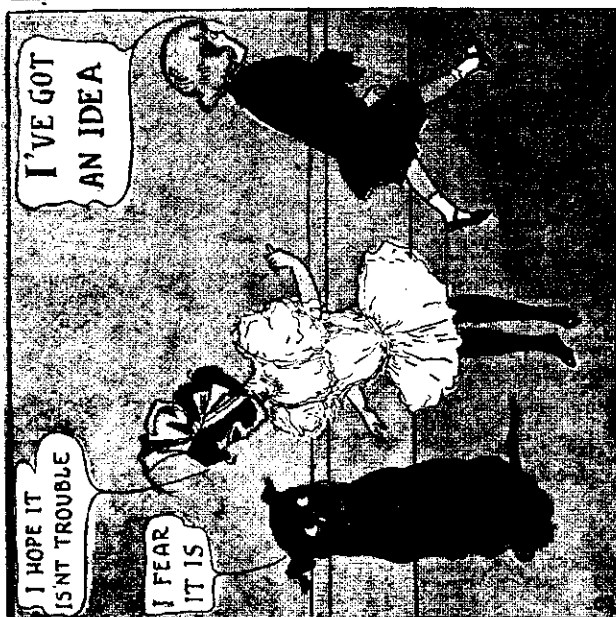
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habit cloths only used.

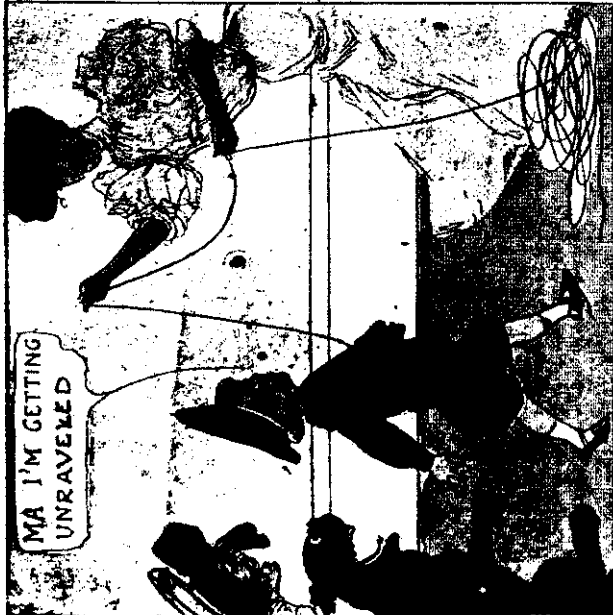
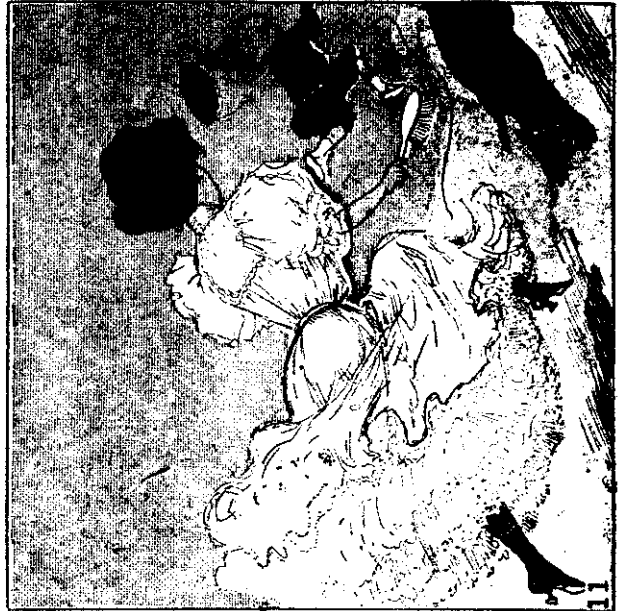
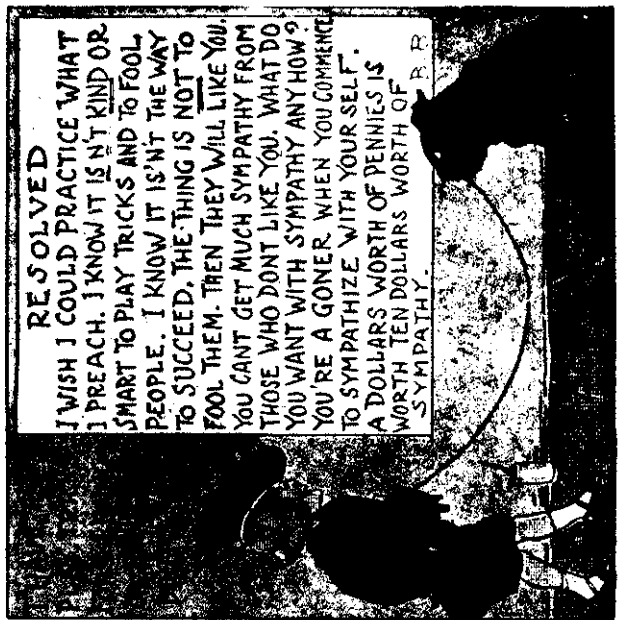
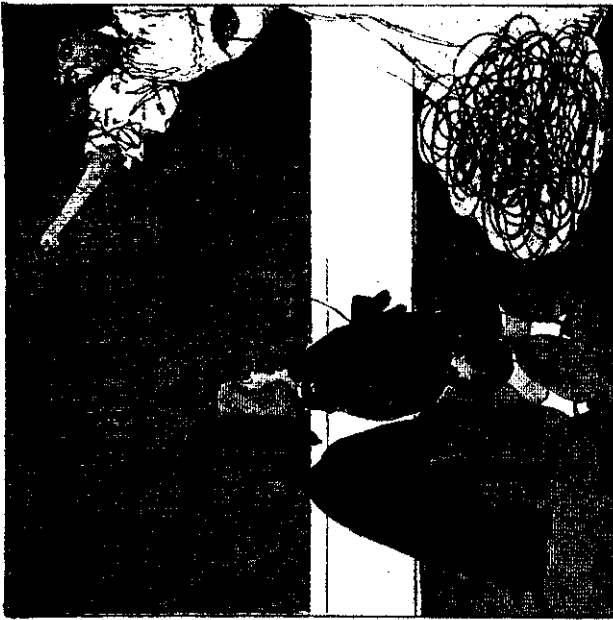
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Inspection invited.

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183 QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.



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SHE TOOK THE CREDIT.

A little granddaughter of Sir Edward Burne-Jones quarrelled with her baby brother, and bit, scratched, and pinched him. Her horrified nurse said reproachfully:

"The devil must have put it into your heart to do such things."

"Perhaps the devil did put it into my heart to bite," said the child; "but I thought of the scratching and pinching."

CITIZENSHIP TESTS.

Mike: "At the next election, Pat, we want a man who will keep out the Japanese."

Pat: "Dude we do, Mike: there's devil a wan of them kin spake th' English laugwidge intilligiatly, th' hay-thins!"

AN EXPIRED PATENT.

Uncle Mose: "See my patent leathar shoes, colonel?"

The Colonel: "They are not patent-leather shoes. Patent-leather shoes shire."

Uncle Mose: "I know, suh; but de patent hes expired on dese shoes, boss."

MAKING IT EASIER FOR HIM.

The conventional husband was making the conventional spring-bonnet remarks.

"After I have worried all winter over the money I was trying so hard to save," he said, "I find that you have spent it all for your new hat."

"Yes," replied his sweet young wife. "I want to relieve you of as many of your worries as possible."

THE ONLY WAY.

"Scribbleigh says that his last novel is sure to live."

"Yes, he is naming his children after the principal characters."



SEEING THE OTHER HALF.

Fashionable Slummer (anxious to say the right thing): "Beastly weather for motoring, isn't it?"

THE LATEST.

The Great Naturalist: "Here is a specimen of something that I was sure would sooner or later be evolved."

The Reporter (examining it): "What is the creature—a new kind of horse-fly?"

The Great Naturalist: "No, sir; it is a 'honkolocest' or 'auto-fly.'"

SORT OF A SEE-SAW.

The man who saws his own gratewood doesn't see the need of a cheerful little fire, when his wife would like to have one.

He: "I am a confirmed bachelor."

She: "Indeed? May I ask how many girls assisted in the confirmation?"

PROGRESS.

Blacksmiths forge ahead. Money lenders advance daily. Real-estate men gain ground. Gamblers get the upper hand. Tailors press forward.

GREEDY.

He: "What do you think? I overheard Mr Spoonem talking to Miss Phatter in the conservatory, and he told her she was sweet enough to eat."

She: "The glutton! That Phatter girl weighs fully two hundred pounds."

BELIEVED IT.

"There's lots of money in stock," "uite right. That's where all mine went."

WHERE HE GOT THEM.

Mr Quick (calling upon Mr Parvanu in his new town residence): "Them your ancestors up there, Jake?"

Mr Parvanu: "Yes, sir. The whole line of 'em from right back."

Mr Quick: "Well, Jake, they came very near being mine too, and would if I hadn't found a job lot of old portraits round at Stickstein's auction that came £50 cheaper."

HER BELIEF.

"But Mrs. Brown has suffered a great deal for her belief."

"Indeed! I never knew she had any belief except that she can wear a number four shoe on a number six foot."

THAT ACCOUNTED FOR IT.

Mrs Wickwire: "The idea! Here is a story in the paper about a woman suing for a thousand pounds for the loss of only a thumb."

Mr Wickwire: "Perhaps it was the thumb she kept her husband under."



HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

Any Pleasant Afternoon.