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Here and There

Free Shooting Dangerous.

Some amazing statistics were given at the recent Sports Congress at Paris by the Inspector of Forests in an argument against reducing the cost of shooting licenses. He said that in Bohemia licences had been abolished, and during the first fifty-two Sundays of free shooting fifty persons were killed, 3014 injured, and 24,469 domestic animals slain.

The Bashful Tsar.

When Peter the Great went to London to learn all about shipbuilding (at Deptford), William III. paid him much attention, though the former was somewhat upset one day when the Tsar's monkey leaped on to his shoulders during a visit to the Russian monarch. Peter was extremely bashful in society, and when William took him to the House of Lords he was too shy to go into the chamber, but, to their merriment, peeped at the peers through a window in the roof. Not to "make fish of one and flesh of the other," however, he treated the Commons in the same way. His shyness pursued him even at a ball which William gave at Kensington Palace in honour of the Princess Anne's birthday, for a little room was got ready where he could see the brilliant gathering without being seen himself. But in the dock-wards among the working men his bashfulness was gone, and whatever good points Peter had were displayed then.

Hero of Dargai Retires.

Colonel Mathias, the famous leader of the assault by the Gordon Highlanders on the heights of Dargai in the autumn of 1897, has just retired from the Army under the age regulation.

It was a critical moment in a fight with the Afzidis when Colonel Mathias said to his men: "Highlanders, the General says the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordons will take it." And they did.

The regiment, to use the words of Sir William Lockhart's official despatch, dashed through a murderous fire, and in forty minutes had won the heights, leaving three officers and thirty men killed or wounded on the way.

Among the wounded was Piper Findlater, who, shot in both ankles, propped himself up against a boulder and piped "The Cock of the North" until the Gordons had won the heights, and he had won the Victoria Cross.

Sir William Lockhart recommended Colonel Mathias for the Victoria Cross, but he never got it.

A good story is told of the steep climb which the charge entailed. "Stiff climb, eh, Mackie?" said Colonel Mathias, who was breathless, to the colour-sergeant by his side. "I'm not so young as I was, you know."

"Never mind, sir," the sergeant replied; "ye're gaun verra strong for an auld man."

Rodgers Buller's Toboggan.

During the fighting with the Kaffirs at the Cape, many years ago, Buller, not then Sir Rodgers, found a body of the enemy strongly posted at the foot of the table-land on which he and his men were standing. Before the natives could be beaten and driven away, the British force had to get down the steep sides of the plateau under fire. Buller has always been the soldier's friend. What he wants his men to do he must do with them and, if need be, show the way. So when they reached the edge of the precipice he jumped up, and, pointing to another regiment, called to his troops, "You won't let these other red-coats beat you." Then sitting down at the head of the slope he just made himself into a toboggan and slid down the hillside in spite of the Kaffir fire, which luckily missed him, and by the time he had formed his men at the foot not a single darkey could be seen. They had all vanished at the sight of the bold man sliding down a precipice in order to punish them.

Thoughts of Master Minds.

Avoid shame, but do not seek glory; nothing so expensive as glory.—Sydney Smith.

Between us and hell or heaven there is nothing but life, which of all things is the frailest.—Pascal.

Literature is the daughter of heaven, who has descended upon earth to soften and charm all human ills.—Bernardin St. Pierre.

Though men be much governed by interest, yet even interest itself, and all human affairs, are entirely governed by opinion.—Hume.

We're we as eloquent as angels we should please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.—Colton.

Women carry a beautiful hand with them to the grave, when a beautiful face has long ago vanished, and ceased to enchant.—Lord Beaconsfield.

The power to feel love is the measure of man's divinity, and any man may have as much of this power as he will exercise. It is the one realm in which whoever will may be a king.—Clara E. Laughlin.

Civil liberty requires for its support religious liberty, and cannot prosper without it. Religious liberty is not an empty sound, but an orderly exercise of religious duties and enjoyment of all its privileges.—Philip Schaff.

Bodyguards of the Rich.

It is no exaggeration to say that scores of millionaires in New York, in order to gain privacy in their homes, are guarded quite as closely as any king. It is literally true that the President of the United States is much more easy to approach by any ordinary citizen than many owners of great fortunes. It is not generally known, for instance, that whereas anyone might call up the President by telephone, or at least the White House, it is impossible to do the same with many New York millionaires. The names of the possessors of great fortunes do not appear in the telephone directories. These men are not without telephone communication with the outside world, but they choose to have private wires laid to their houses, in order to avoid the annoyance of being continually rung up. In other words, these houses are far more isolated than the average private residence, and the inconvenience they must endure is of course obvious. While they can ring up anyone, they themselves cannot be called on the telephone except by the chosen few who have their private numbers, so that the seclusion works both ways.

In the matter of personal mail, again, the possession of wealth and the notoriety it inevitably brings is a source of great inconvenience. The mail of a multi-millionaire is likely to be so heavy that a secretary, and perhaps a considerable staff must be employed to care for it. This mail is, of course, for the most part unsolicited. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, for instance, receives an average from four to eight hundred letters a day making direct appeals for charity. His own personal mail, which is naturally large, is not included in this number.

Device to Save Millions.

The American Steel Trust has adopted a fuel-saving device which, it is believed will reduce the organization's total cost of production by some millions a year. A method has been discovered by which the enormous quantity of gas given off in the smelting of the iron ore can be profitably utilised. Hundreds of gas engines have been ordered to furnish the

motive power for the trust's enormous plant. Four engines of this type have been in use at the Edgar Thompson Works, which form part of the steel combine, for some time. They have been subjected to the severest tests, and have been found thoroughly satisfactory.

Girl Sleeps for Twelve Months.

Marie Dalbin, a sixteen-year-old girl, has been in a state of coma since June 1 of last year in the little village of Reconvales in the Aveyron Department, France. She lies in her bed apparently asleep, but with a smile on her face. Her breathing is hardly perceptible, but her pulse makes fifty-five beats to the minute. Early last evening she was affected with gastric troubles, and ceased to take food. A few days later she fell asleep, with a smile on her face, since. Several doctors are studying the case.

Ferry Boat Typists.

The New York municipal government has officially recognised the American craze for speed by installing typists and machines on its municipal ferry-boats running between Staten Island, one of the most popular of the residential suburbs, and the business district of the city.

The trip takes twenty minutes, but the business men who live in Staten Island and make money in Wall-street have been complaining loudly that this was a criminal waste of time. They demanded an accelerated service, but when the city's engineers pointed out that a quicker service was impossible they declared that something would have to be done to save the time wasted on the trip.

The city has met them by installing typists on the boats, and the business men now spend their time during the "voyage" in dictating letters at lightning speed, which are ready to be posted on the boat's arrival at the landing quay.

Residents of Harlem and the northern suburbs are now demanding similar conveniences on the elevated and underground railways. Some parts of the city are quite forty minutes distant from Wall-street, and the residents there declare that they are placed at a disadvantage in competition with the Staten Islanders.

It has also been suggested that telephones be installed on the trains, and that telegraph messengers be posted at all the elevated and underground stations. Much valuable time could be saved that way, it is declared. Others are demanding that breakfast cars be run, so that no time should be lost in breakfasting at home.

Selected for Beauty.

The Russian newspaper, "Slovo" draws attention to the remarkable array of beauty among lady employees of the Post and Telegraph Offices in St. Petersburg.

The public have hitherto been inclined to regard the fact as due to chance, but the "Slovo" now states that it is the result of careful selection on the part of the Government.

It has been discovered that the written applications of several lady aspirants which were refused on the grounds of "no vacancies" had been marked with lead pencil notes in the margin and erased so badly that they could easily be read.

One of these remarks ran: "Thirty years old, unsightly, small, bad figure." Another corner note in microscopic letters denounced the applicant as "old, ugly, thin, and too high," while others are even less complimentary.

The "Slovo" suggests that in future the national ballet should be recruited exclusively from the female staff of the post offices.

He tumbled on the bed at midnight
 As the clock was striking the hour;
 And he hoped that he got rid might
 Of the cough that made him so sour.
 Hot gruel and the drops they gave him,
 But such treatment he did not care,
 There was only one thing that could save
 him,

Do you Take Cold Easily?
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Are Your Lungs Weak?

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