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AND LADIES' JOURNAL

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PROMINENT AUCKLANDERS:

THE HON. J. A. TOLE, K.C., CROWN PROSECUTOR FOR AUCKLAND.



Tourist Department, photo.

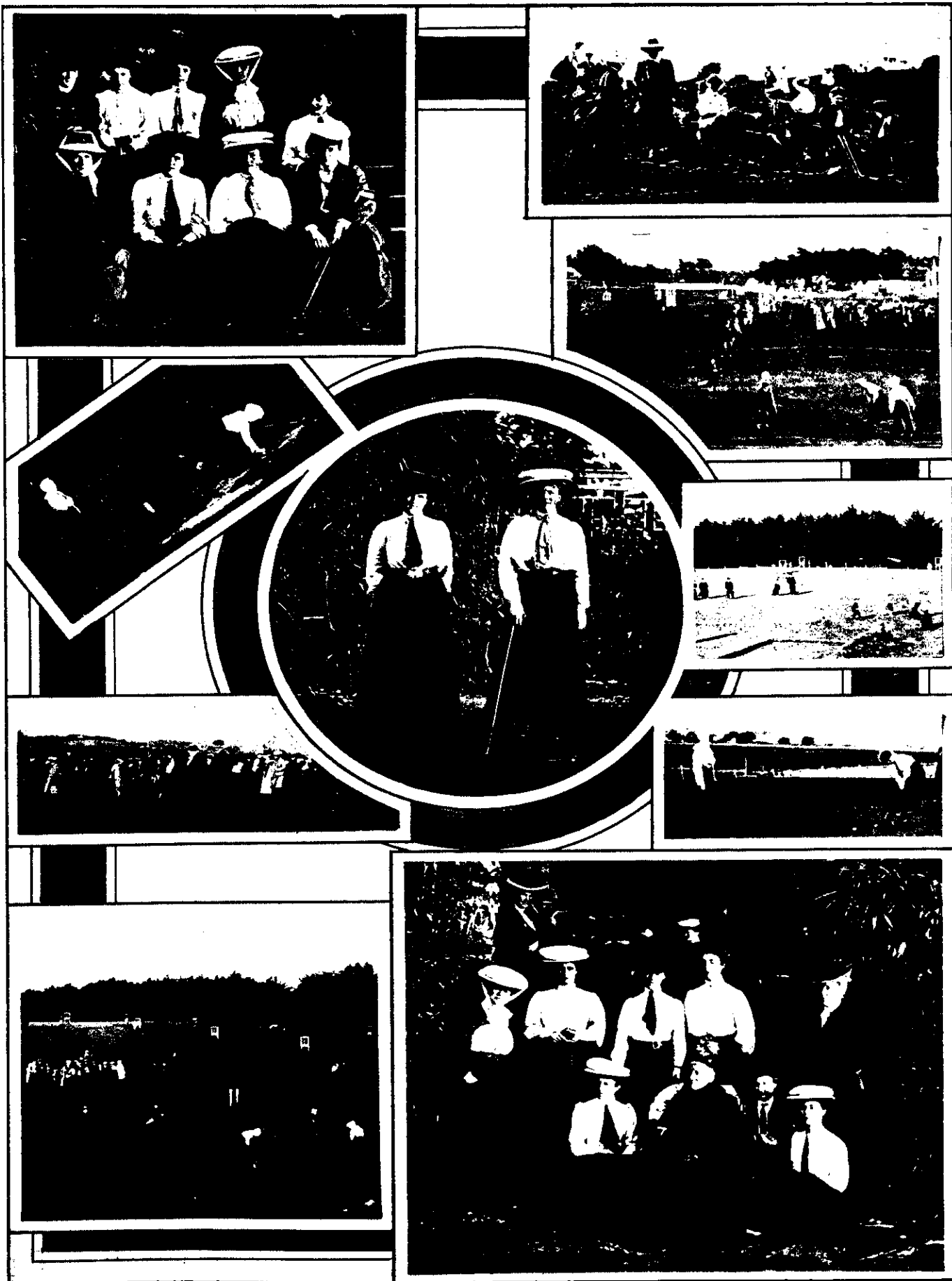
AMONGST THE CHANNEL ISLANDS, LAKE MANAPOURI, N.Z.



Kennedy, photo.

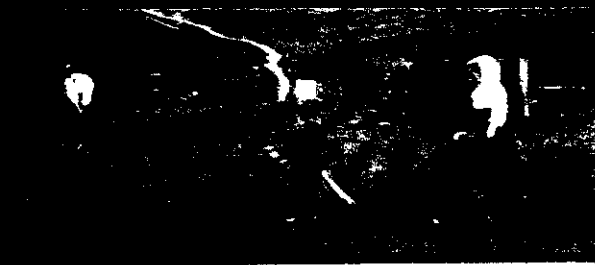
THE OAKS, FRONT AVENUE, TAITA, WELLINGTON.

Taita is twelve miles north of Wellington, and is famous for its nursery and market gardens and its splendid oak trees. Cork trees planted years ago have also done well.



THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.

The first picture is a group of prize-winners, the names from left to right being:- Back row: Mrs. Donald MacCormick, Miss G. Gorrie, Miss Cotter, Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, Miss Martin. Front row: Miss Cowper, Miss Pierce, Mrs. Williams, and Miss Hill. In the centre of the page are Miss Pierce and Mrs. Williams, runner-up and champion. The last photograph is a group of the committee and officers, who so successfully carried the meeting through.

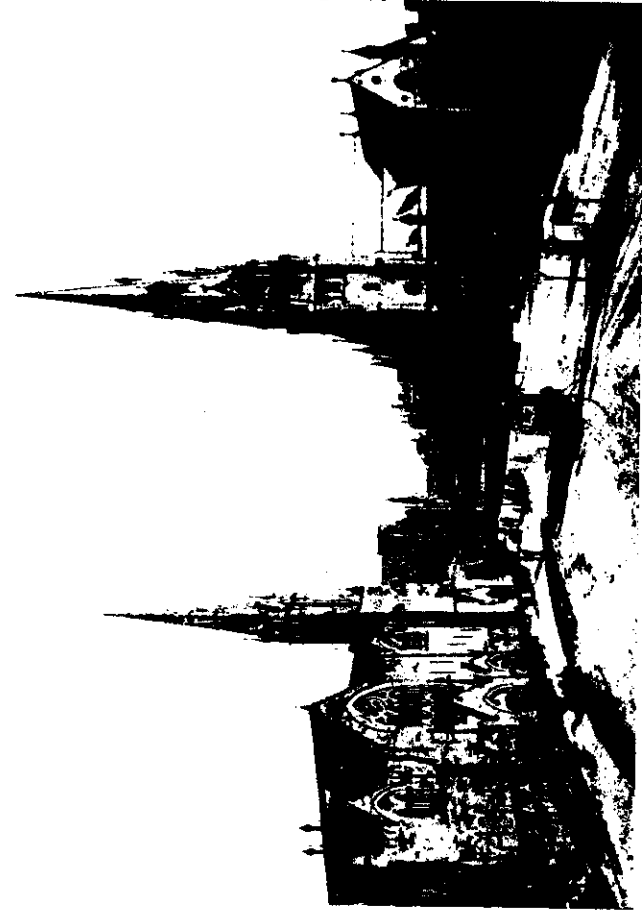


SNAPSHOTS AT THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING. AUCKLAND.

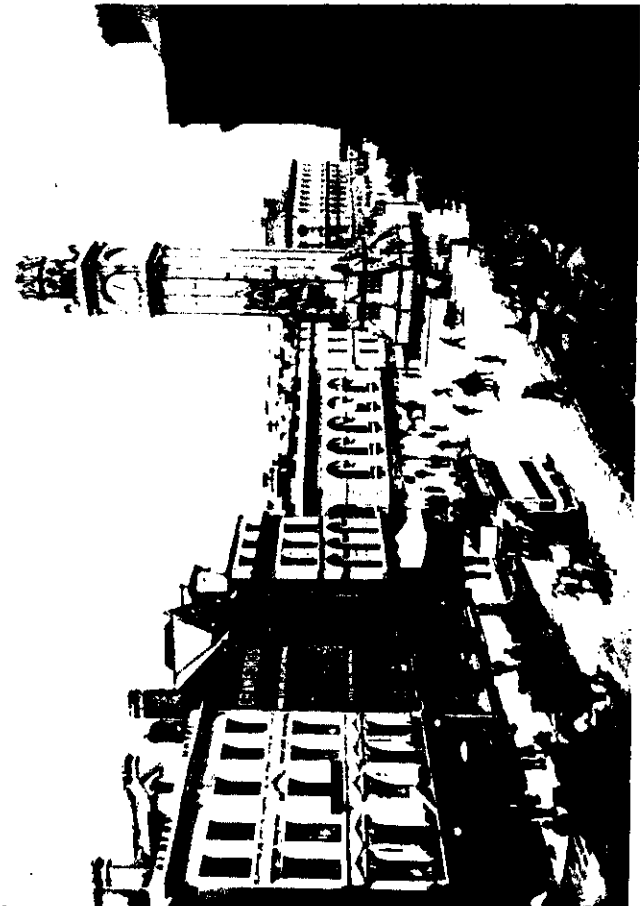
MRS. GUY WILLIAMS, WAIRARAPA. THE 1907 CHAMPION, IS PUTTING IN THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH.



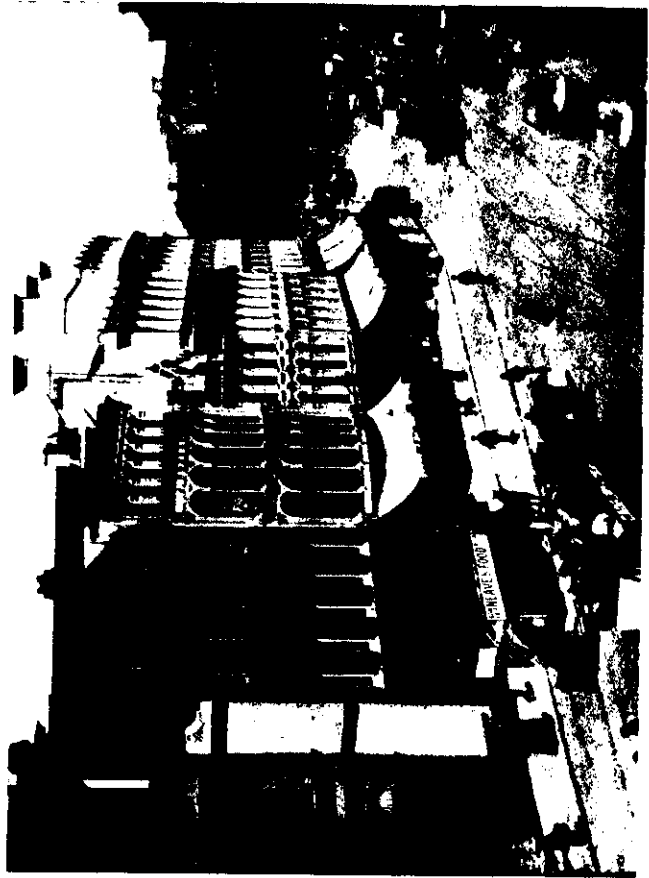
ROYAL AVENUE.



CASTLE PLACE.



THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.



CARLISLE CURVES.

STREET VIEWS IN BELFAST, THE SCENE OF THE FATAL RIOTS LAST WEEK.

The strike riots came to a head on August 12, and for three days the people were in conflict with the military. Paving-stones and other missiles were used by the mob, numbering at times 3000 people, and at length the soldiers were compelled to fire. The number of wounded was very large, and three persons were killed.



A. E. Warkleson, photo. Wanganui.

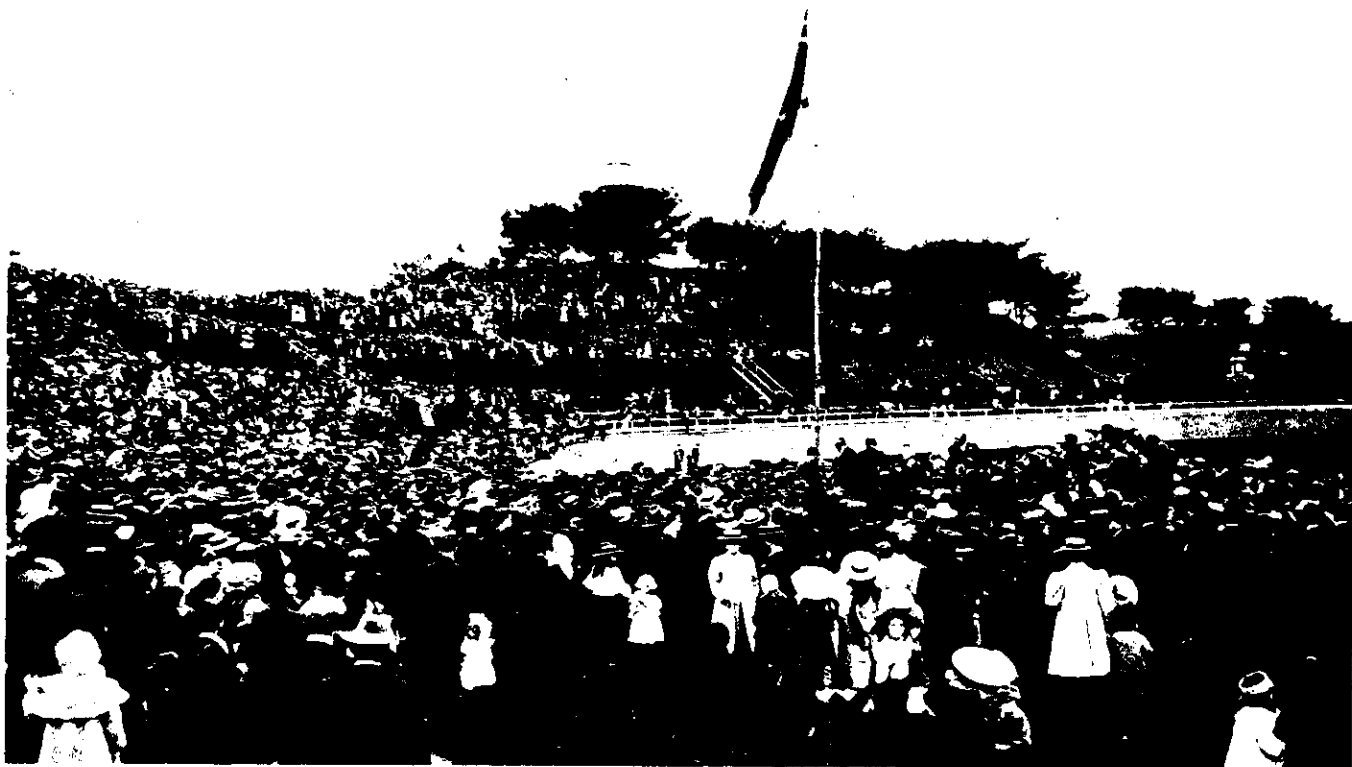
THE VAST CROWD AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

Webb and the Mayor are just entering the carriage drawn by four greys, the Garrison Band leading.



THE PROCESSION PASSING ALONG VICTORIA AVENUE, ON ITS WAY TO COOK'S GARDENS.

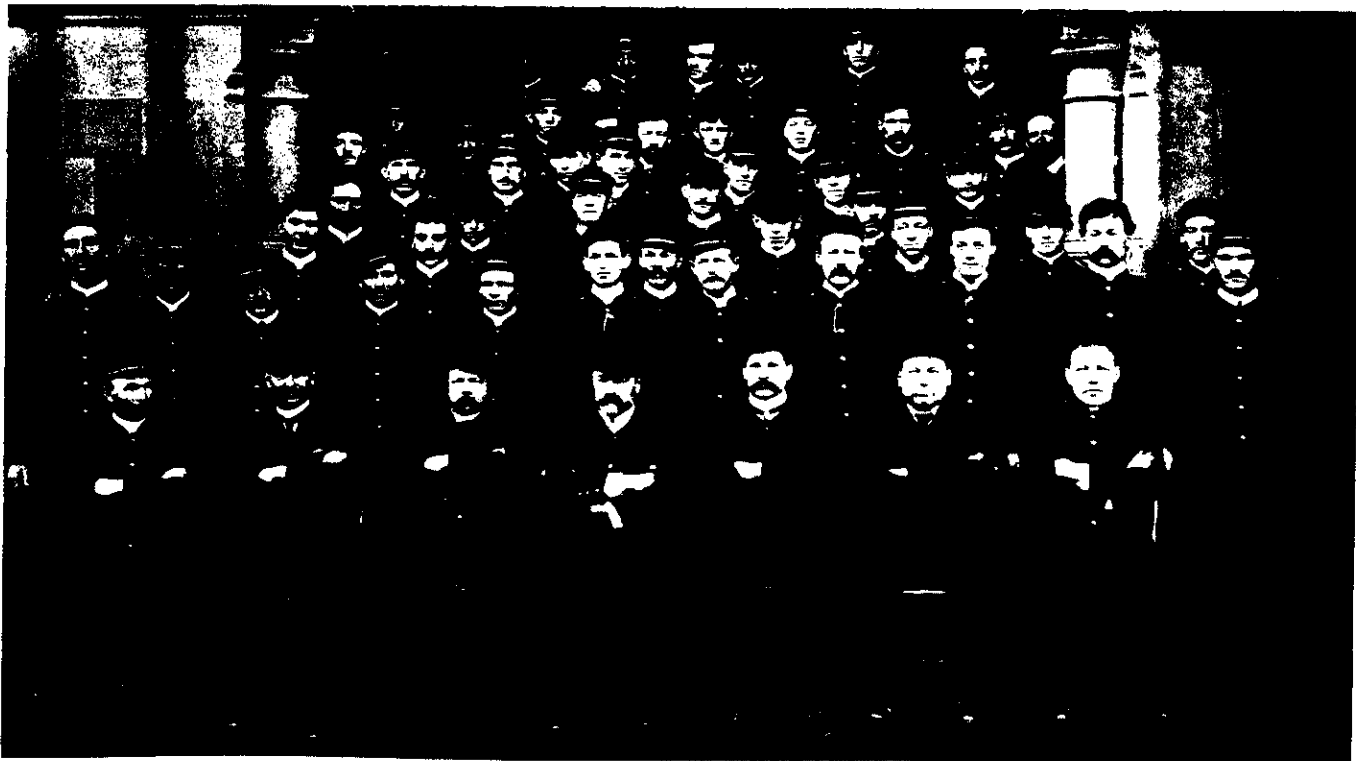
WANGANUI'S ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME TO W. WEBB, CHAMPION SCULLER OF THE WORLD.



Newham, photo.

THE MAORIS MAKE A PRESENTATION IN COOK'S GARDENS.

WANGANUI'S ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME TO W. WEBB, CHAMPION SCULLER OF THE WORLD.



LETTER CARRIERS AND SORTERS AT THE AUCKLAND GENERAL POST OFFICE.

FRONT ROW: F. Storey, F. Bush, W. McCullough, F. Abercrombie (Clerk in Charge), G. Morris, M. Turner, W. Connell. SECOND ROW: P. King, R. Bramble, Gus. Brown, E. Taylor, A. Hunt, J. Price, W. Kymor, J. Whitcombe, D. Vaughan, H. Anger, H. Newick, F. Woolley. THIRD ROW: C. James, R. Parsons, C. Harvey, W. Walsh, T. Quinn, F. Gossey, C. Warner, C. Nankervis, C. Anger, J. Williams, C. Phillips. FOURTH ROW: Leitch, W. Cox, A. Gill, S. Dickey, R. Roper, S. Hooker, T. Stitt, B. Cottingham, Newbold, J. Spence, A. Jackson, E. Colford, J. Capill, M. Campbell, G. Swindles, W. Bell. TOP ROW: F. Craig, G. Coghlan, G. Murray, O. Burgess, J. Watson, R. Turner.

THE VIVID EAST

First Impressions of a Colonial Cleric

By the Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, sometime Congregationalist Minister, Auckland.

THE RISEN SUN.

A TRIP TO JAPAN.

QUEER CUSTOMS AND FASHIONS.

IN Australia and New Zealand it is not an uncommon thing to hear the question asked: What is the fashion in Brisbane, or Auckland, or Christchurch? If a similar question were asked of Japan, one would have to reply, which fashion? It would be difficult to find any country in the world that presents greater variety in the way of fashion than Japan. But the class that strikes me as being the most amusing is that known as "Hycala"; pronounced "High Collar"; a term coined from European fashion. Amongst many



A TYPICAL JAPANESE FARMER.

Japanese everything that they can assume or adopt that is European is considered good style. Of course, amongst thousands of educated and travelled Japanese this is all right; and at a function at Tokio, for example, it would be difficult to find a company of frock coat-

ed, silk hatted, patent leather booted gentlemen, more correct than those present. But the fun begins when those who have the "Hycala" fever do not possess either the knowledge or the means to adopt it properly. The attempt in many instances is humorous in the extreme. A few examples from life will best illustrate this. A man was seen in Osaka with a frock coat on his bare body, getas (Japanese clogs) on his feet, and small hard felt on his head, and his legs completely bare. This man strutted along the street with the air of a man who had attained considerable eminence in social matters.

SARTOR RESORTS.

Osaka is not a village, it is a city of a million inhabitants; yet in this same city was seen a man attired in a small round hard felt hat, a short flannel shirt that did not reach his waist, a waist band, and a pair of liga boots. This man was so satisfied with his "Hycala" condition that he looked with considerable disdain upon those of his fellow countrymen who were not so well attired as he. Near by Nara I saw a father leading his little daughter along a railway platform, whom he had evidently taken to Kobe to have fitted out in "Hycala" style. The little maid had black shoes, stockings striped with every imaginable colour, a bright velvet dress, and a hat trimmed with the same material of a different colour, adorned with a large feather. Nearly all Japanese walk with the toes turned in, the habit doubtless being the result of the strain upon the foot to keep the getas in position; so the appearance of the little maid as she walked along with her "Hycala" style may be better imagined than described; she was the centre of an admiring group as she walked and her father seemed to glory in the advance which his daughter had made beyond all her companions in the realm of fashion. Poor girl, she had no waist, and her hair could not be done to suit her European hat, so a more grotesque figure it would be difficult to find.

LADIES OF THE RED BLANKET.

In all the cities may be seen groups of men and women from the country who come in to see the sights in most extraordinary attire. One class of such is known as "The Red Blanket Brigade," owing to the fact that something like a red blanket is generally part of their outfit. The women in such groups invariably show the greater part of their limbs, encased in light blue material



AT THE WELL.

which gives them the appearance of wearing blue tights; around them, loosely thrown, they wear the red blanket, while around their head they wear a white cloth. The men sometimes appear

with through the agency of Japanese postcards.

HIGH COLLAR WAITRESSES.

At the Seiyoen Hotel, Genyo Park, one of the most fashionable hotels in Tokio, there is employed a staff of very pretty girls to serve refreshments to patrons in a most attractive booth in front of the hotel. It is impossible to gaze upon these girls without amusement. The European takes in the situation at a glance; the attire of the girl is "Hycala" style with a dash of Japanese thrown in. This is the result: The girls are short, and all waist, to start with; they have white European boots on their feet, with short black stockings; their skirt is of dark green material and fastened outside a blouse of light orange. The whole thing must be seen in order to be thoroughly enjoyed. To say that these girls look stiff and awkward is to say the truth, and if the management were wise it would without delay reinstate these dainty daughters of Japan in their own most becoming dress.

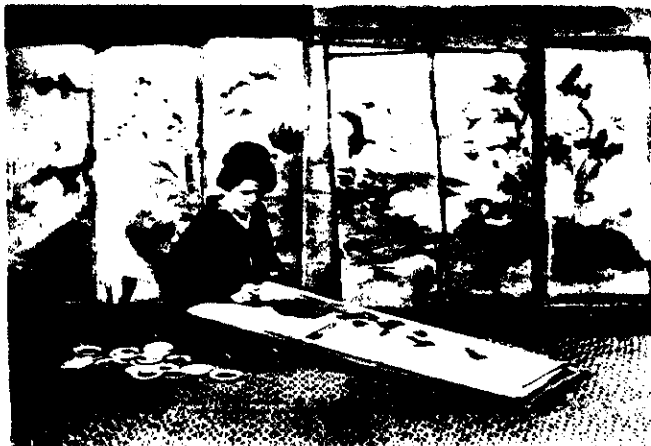
ENGLISH DONE INTO ADVERTISEMENTS.

In the way of advertising some very curious customs prevail. In the capital city not far from Shimbashi Railway Station is a shop which rejoices in the following intimation: "This shop is of the kind sugar with many cake for which to sell cheap." In another city of nearly a million inhabitants there is a shop whose owner is desirous of cultivating a trade for foreign clothes, so his shop bears the alluring suggestive title, "The museum of the European clothes." Near the great shrines at Nara on a side path appears this information, near a tea



JAPANESE GARDENER STARTING OUT RICE PLANTING.

to have no regular clothing at all, but to be thatched from head to waist with straw. Their costume is picturesque in the extreme, to say the best of it; but it is the poles asunder from the dainty garbs that we have been made familiar



A SCREEN PAINTER AT WORK.



WAITRESSES AT MY HOTEL, TOKYO.

house: "Every kind lady and gentleman wait here to see the cool and quiet, and the rest by the waterfall."

A PREFERENTIAL TARIFF.

One cannot be long in Japan without learning that it is the fashion to have two prices, one for the foreigner and the other for the Japanese. If I go into a barber's shop for a shave or haircut I pay 20 sen for the shave and 50 for the haircut. In the same shop where I was thus charged on one occasion I saw a young woman undergoing treatment at the hands of the tonsorial artist. He first shaved very carefully above the outer rim of the eyebrow, and then the underneath part and the eyelid. This gave the eyebrow somewhat of an arched appearance, clean and regular as the unruly hair was removed. Then her nostrils were shaved with a long narrow blade. A few irregular hairs about her ears also received attention, and when the whole work was done she put 5 sen down on the bench and walked out. If a Japanese has his hair cut he pays for it in a similar fashion, and the foreigner receives an extra bow to compensate him for the extra money which he pays. The same thing applies to hotel life. I have slept on the floor of a house adjoining a hotel, because there was no room for me in the inn, and took my bath and meals in the hotel. For this entertainment I was graciously bowed off the premises when the time came to leave to the tune of 14/ per day. In a Japanese hotel in a small town, for very moderate comforts I have been made to pay 10/ per



HAND THRESHING RICE—FIRST PROCESS.

tographists who refused payment for developing plates for me, and changing the plates from the carriers, etc. So put-

It is said that the wondrous politeness of the Japanese finds its origin in four. However it came it has come to stay. It

stantly they bow to each other, and as it is always considered to be the greater honour done to another to be the last



GATHERING THE JAPANESE EQUIVALENT TO COCKLES, OR PIPIS



RICKSHAW COOLIES TAKING TWO LITTLE LADIES OUT SHOPPING.

day. At the same time a leading artist in Japan, who travels a great deal, informs me that he stays at the largest and best Japanese hotels everywhere, and never pays more than 2½ yen per day (about 4.6). It is very difficult to tell how this custom of fashion is going to operate.

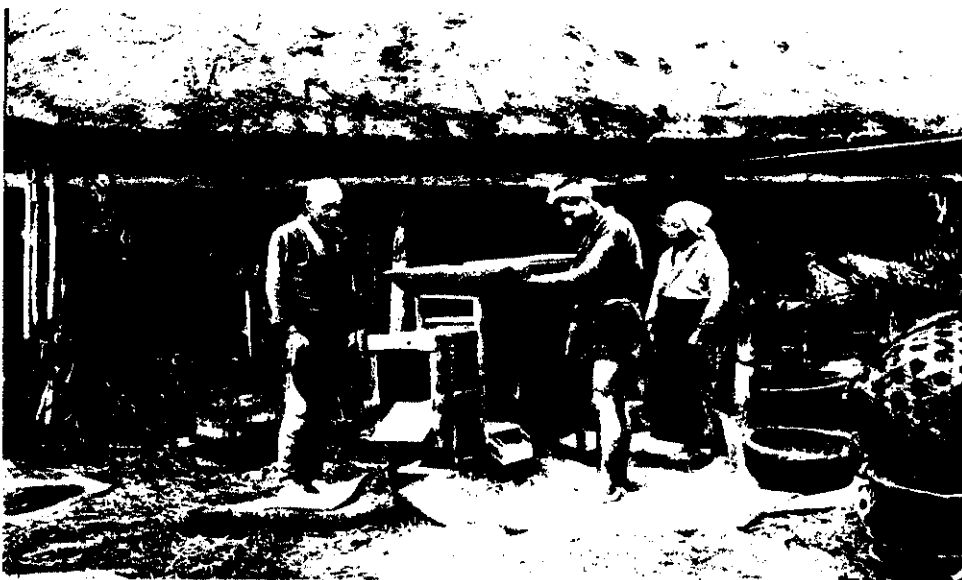
tung one over against the other it is as well for the foreigner to examine the honours that are offered him, and never allow himself to be outdone in chivalry.

is a most beautiful trait in the character of these people, not only amongst the educated and wealthy, but amongst the coolies. Two coolies will meet and in-

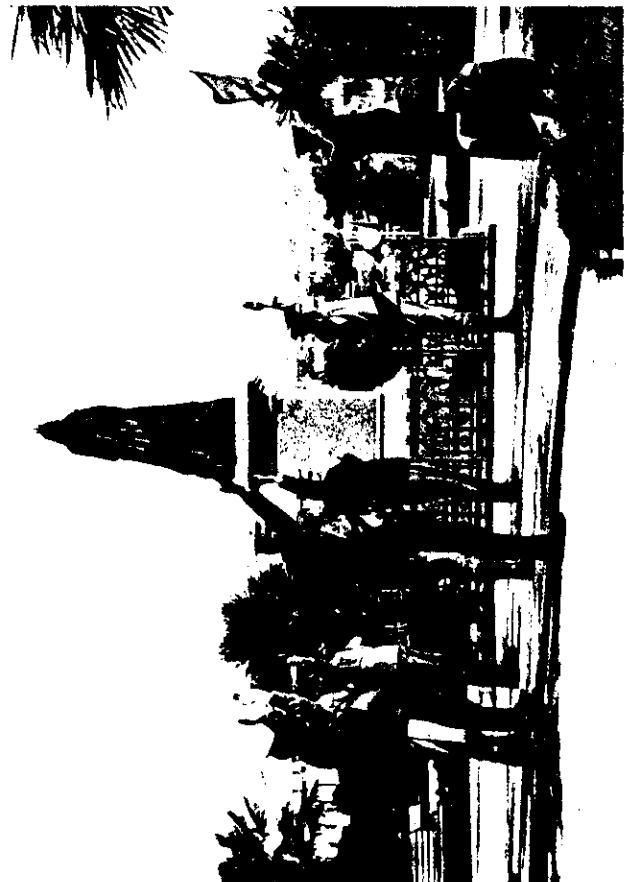
to assume the upright position, the one on rising slightly if he sees that the other is still bowed will instantly duck his head again.

AN "HONOURABLE DINNER."

A gentleman came out from England under engagement to the Japanese Government to fill a most important position in a technical college. About the same time a Japanese gentleman was appointed to a similar position. Within a week it dawned upon the students and some of their friends that it would be a nice thing to have a dinner at which these two gentlemen could be made welcome and receive a proper introduction to the fraternity. The dinner was arranged; the two gentlemen were told of what was being done in their honour, and were bidden to the feast. The feast came off with great éclat, and both of the heroes of the evening made speeches, and said many kind and complimentary things. But at the end of the month when the English gentleman received his cheque he found a deficiency of 8 yen; he drew the attention of the cashier to the fact, and the document was sent back from one office to another, until after considerable rotapeism it came back with the assurance that it was quite correct, for 8 yen had been deducted for the dinner given in his honour. That particular gentleman is not having any more honourable dinners at a cost of 16. At the same time, on two occasions I have had to do with pho-



CLEANING RICE—LAST PROCESS.



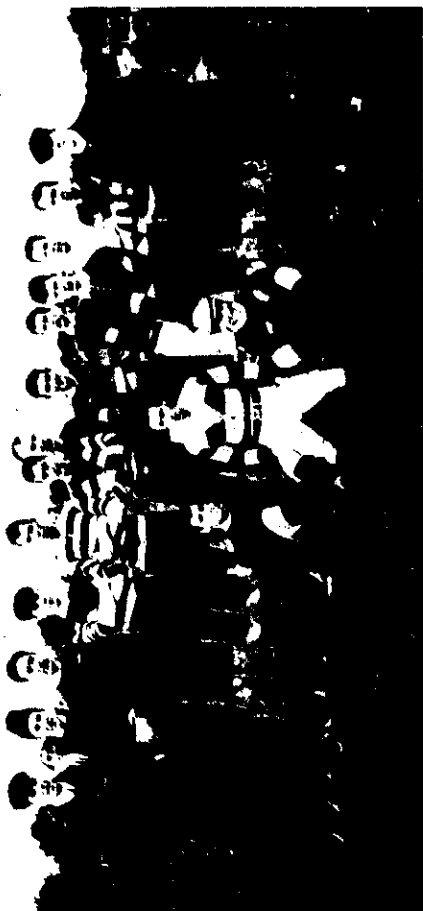
PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION OF VOLUNTEER OFFICERS.

During the past week Captain Lascelles, Chief Instructor of the Staff, has been holding classes in Auckland for the instruction of Volunteer officers. About forty men availed themselves of the opportunity, and splendid work has been the result of this innovation. The classes were of an eminently practical nature. Our pictures were taken in the Albert Park, while the officers were being instructed in semaphore signalling by a petty officer and five seamen from H.M.S. Encounter.



THE LAW TEAM.

"LAW V. BANKERS" FORMED A SPORTING FOOTBALL MATCH IN AUCKLAND ON SATURDAY, WHEN THE LEGAL TEAM WON BY ELEVEN POINTS TO NIL.



THE HANKS' TEAM.



GRAND NATIONAL HURDLES.



BEATFORT STEEPLECHASE—AT THE SOD WALL.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE RACE.



AT THE DOUBLE. SECOND TIME ROUND.

SNAPSHOTS AT RICcartON ON THE GRAND NATIONAL HURDLE RACE DAY.



AT THE SOD WALL AND DOUBLE, SECOND TIME ROUND, IN THE STEEPLCHASE.



AT THE YALDHURST CORNER IN THE WINTER CUP.



White and Prince photo

ELAIR, THE WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLCHASE.

GRAND NATIONAL MEETING AT CHRISTCHURCH.



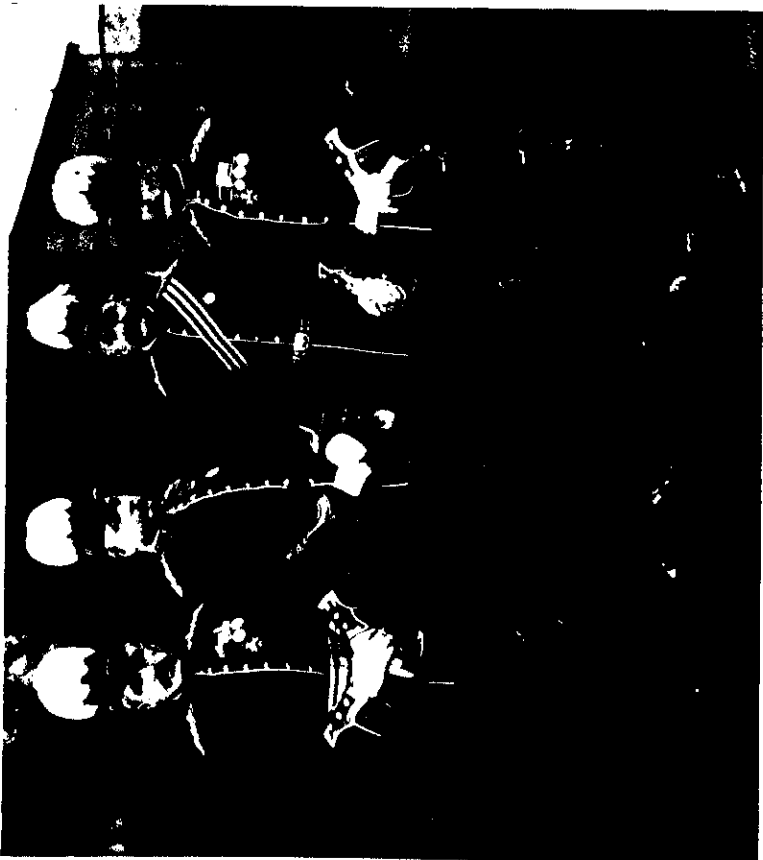
AUCKLAND'S ELECTRICAL ENGINEER, MR. ALEX. WYLLIE.

No less than 114 applications were received by the Auckland City Council for the post of electrical engineer for the city, at a salary of £500 a year. These came from all parts of the Empire, and by command of the Council, the number was reduced to ten by the City Engineer. The Council went through the qualifications of these, and at last week's meeting, by ballot, selected Mr. Alexander Wyllie, at present in charge of the Electricity Department of the Borough of Walsall, an important industrial town in England with a population of 92,000. Mr. Wyllie received his early education at Prince Albert College, Adelaide (South Australia), where he gained a University scholarship in the year 1895. In 1888 he graduated in arts and in 1891 in science. At the same time he was the winner of the Argus Engineering Scholarship, valued at £600. In 1895 he was appointed Borough Electrical Engineer to the Corporation of Walsall, which appointment he has held ever since. Mr. Wyllie's experience covers a long connection with municipal tramway matters. He is a member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers and of the Incorporated Municipal Electrical Association, and is fully qualified in every way to carry out the duties required. Mr. Wyllie will probably leave England in about four weeks.



HARRY JACKSON.

Sole survivor from the wreck of the scow Surprise, which went ashore, during a heavy gale, on the rocky coast south of Tairua. Jackson, who is a stalwart young Norfolk Islander, was left clinging to the rigging after the scow struck a rock between Slipper Island and the mainland. The scow drifted towards the shore, and when about 150 yards off, Jackson decided to swim for it. Shaking hands with a seaman named Johansen, who was also clinging to the rigging, he dived over, and was caught in the breakers and dashed on shore. He climbed half-way up the cliff, but could not get any further, and had to remain where he was from Sunday morning till Monday afternoon, when he managed to get up and find his way to a settler's house. All his companions were drowned.



Muir and Mackinley, photo.

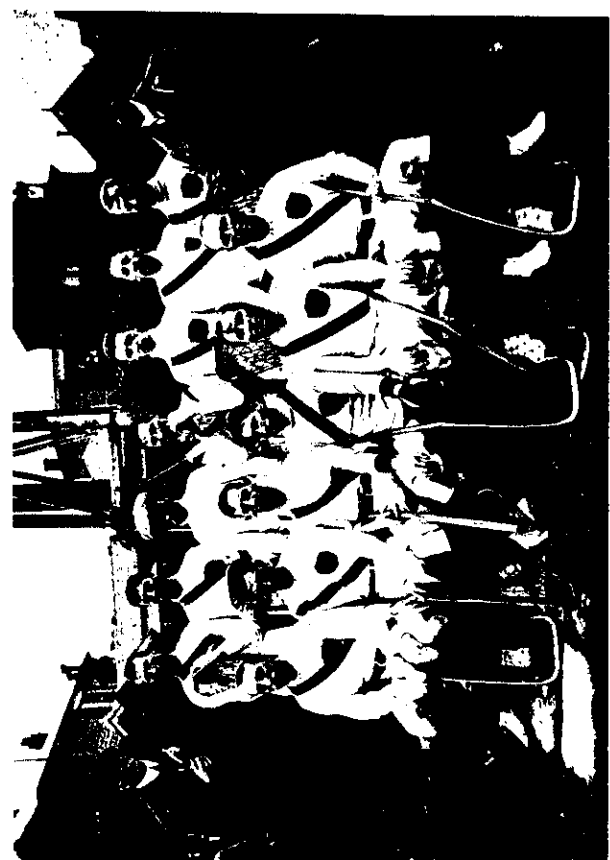
SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE NEWLY ORGANISED DEFENCE COUNCIL.

This is the first photograph taken of the Council in uniform. From left to right they are—Colonel R. H. Davies, C.B., Inspector General; Colonel R. J. Collins, V.D., Finance Member; Colonel W. C. Webb, Secretary; Colonel A. W. Rolan, C.B., Chief of General Staff.

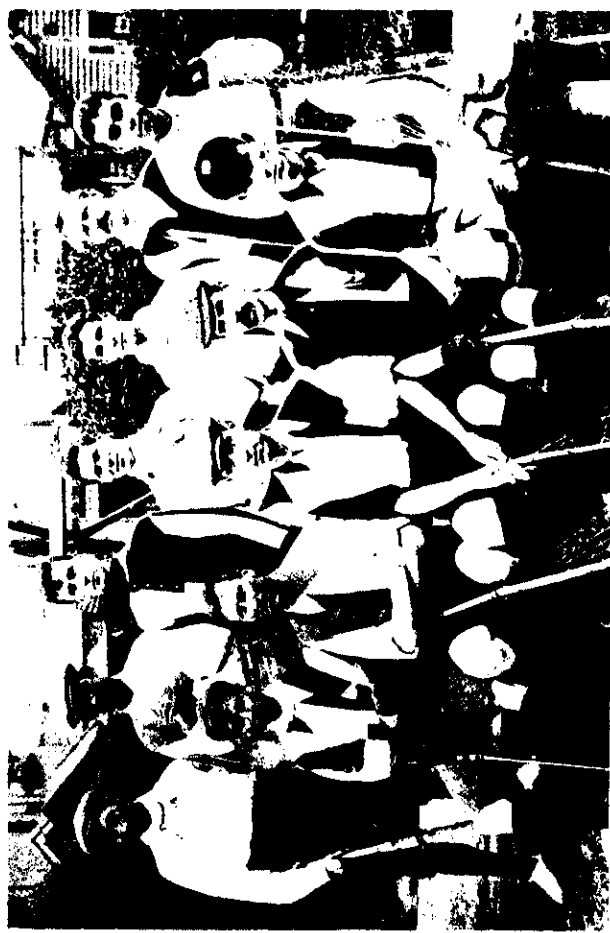


OHARUKE, MAIN TRUNK LINE.

This will, it is expected, be a very important station. It is sixty miles north of Waigani, and is the centre of the splendid forest on the Mangaoheroe River. It is just eight miles from Mt. Elipohai, which dominates the surrounding scenery.



THE VICTORS.



Sheriff, Samoy Studios, photo. AUCKLAND TEAM.

INTERPROVINCIAL LACROSSE: DEFEAT OF AUCKLAND BY THE WELLINGTON REFS. BY 12 GOALS TO 4.



THE LATE HERR JOACHIM.

The world-famous violinist, whose death was reported by cable last week.

Born on July 15, 1831, in a Hungarian village, he first studied the violin with Servajewski and Bohm. Then he went to Leipzig and joined the Gewandhaus Orchestra, at the age of twelve; became its leader five years later, and a teacher at the Conservatoire. While at Leipzig he profited by lessons from David, Hauptmann, and Mendelssohn. Was next director of the concerts at Weimar, and in 1853 became Master of the Chapel Royal, Hanover. He first played in London in 1844. At the Popular Concerts and at the chief British musical centres he has been admired for many years as unsurpassable in classic music. Since 1869 he has been Director of the Royal High School of Music, Berlin. His compositions are famous.

A SUCCESSFUL N.Z. MUSICIAN RECENTLY APPEARING IN LONDON.



MAGNUS LAING,

whose piano recital at the Bechstein Hall on July 25 was very well received by Press and connoisseurs.

Magnus Laing was born at Timaru, New Zealand, in 1880. He was given over to the study of the pianoforte at a very early age, and was then advised to go to Europe to study. Magnus Laing duly took up his residence in Berlin, where he joined the Conservatoire, and commenced his studies under Eisenberger, a renowned pupil of Leschetizsky. Subsequently Leschetizsky himself took him in hand, and instructed him for a period of over two years. Young Laing then had the good fortune to attract the notice of Busoni, who took over the young pianist's training as a labour of love. Fresh from the hands of this great master, Magnus Laing now makes his first public appearance in England.

The Art of Introducing.

Introductions are a great power in social life; they are the basis upon which all acquaintanceships are founded. There are, however, introductions and introductions. Those that are direct and intentional, made with a purpose, formal and conventional; and introductions that are indirect and unintentional, and which hardly merit the name applied to them. The formal, intentional introduction is a simple and straightforward one. The matter and manner of introducing varies, or should do so, according to environments—that is to say, and unintentional, and which hardly merit the name probably by sight, or even when the names convey so much that nothing further need be said, the mere mention of the two names suffices.

All introductions cannot, as a matter of course, be made under such favourable conditions, and when introducing complete strangers to each other it is needful that the introducer should go a little further than merely to mention the names of those introduced. The introduction should be prefaced with a few words of personal biography. When personal facts are not to be drawn upon, reference is made to events, or places are made to do duty in their stead.

If these preliminaries are not observed, two strangers abruptly introduced find a difficulty in starting a conversation, much less in carrying it on.

A New Gem.

A new variety of opal—the black opal—has recently been discovered. "It combines," says an enthusiastic admirer of the new gem, "the iridescence of the dewdrop with the colour of the rainbow, set in the blackness of night; they are a smothered mass of hidden fire."

This description, fanciful though it may be, given a fairly accurate word picture of the wonderful and varied colourings of this remarkable stone. Somewhat sombre at first glance, its beauty does not immediately appeal to the observer, but a closer inspection reveals the "hidden fire," and discloses a gem of exquisite beauty.

As yet its commercial value is problematical, because of its recent discovery and the unfamiliarity of the public with its existence.



BRIDGE OVER THE MANAWATU, NEAR FOXTON.



LADIES' GOLF IN ENGLAND.

Miss Tatten Brown, a famous lady golfer, winner of Bogey Competitions, Guildford Links.



"IT WAS NOT ALWAYS SO."

A correspondent, who evidently fears we in New Zealand are following the race suicide example of France, sends us the following group of a French notability, which shows that one great Frenchman, at all events, was no believer in "the limited family." It represents Count Ferdinand de Lesseps and his countess, taken in Paris, 1884. He was then 79, just 40 years her senior. He was naturally very proud of his young "famille." Perhaps the picture may outrage some N.Z. septuagenarian to cut in the bounds of wedlock.



THE GISBORNE-OWNED BARQUE CONSTANCE CRAIG.

Considerable anxiety has been occasioned by the discovery at Great Barrier Island, and also on the mainland, of wreckage bearing the name of the Constance Craig, which left Gisborne about five weeks ago for Hokianga. A boat and two name-boards were included in the wreckage. On July 27 the barque was reported off Hokianga Heads, and the harbour-master, when telegraphed to, after the wreckage was found, said he was certain the vessel he saw was the Constance Craig. A search is being made along the Northern coast and adjacent islands to see if the mystery can be cleared up.



TERESA CARRENO.

The visit of this world famous artist to New Zealand concludes in Auckland this week, when the great pianist gives four concerts, commencing on Thursday, August 22. When we Antipodeans can hear such artists as Melba, Carreno, Paderewski, and Clara Butt, who can say that to live in New Zealand is to live out of the world!

.. THE .. CAVE MAN

By JOHN CORBIN

XXXIV.

FOR two years Andrews had been living in ease and in enjoyment of the variegated activities of his unstrung emotional nature. But, as the quotations of American Motor fell and tumbled, the deadline of his margin was increasingly in danger. Native shrewdness, eked out by his partial knowledge of the inner workings of the company, was not long in putting him in touch with the situation. His first impulse was to curse Penrhyn for his greed and stupidity in pushing Wistar too far, and he yielded to it eloquently. But before long he turned the torrents of invective upon himself. He was possessor of information fatal to the fortunes and good name of two men of wealth and position, and he had used it to no better purpose than to gain a monthly stipend and a few thousand dollars, both of which, if the worst came to the worst, were now in danger. Clearly he had lacked decision and initiative. Now, if ever, was the time to redeem himself.

Waylaying Penrhyn at his office door he dogged him to his train at the Grand Central. Before he could engage him in conversation, however, the young financier had ensconced himself in one of the colonial arm-chairs in the baggage-car, supplied to card-playing commuters by an indulgent baggage-master, and was beginning a game of bridge.

Penrhyn got off at the station of his country club; but Wistar also, Andrews found, was in the knot of men that alighted from the train. There was something in the man that always brought Andrews as much of shame as he was capable of feeling, and in his brief moment of irresolution Penrhyn chartered the one land-faring hack at the station and drove away up the slope past the club.

Andrews started after it on foot, and, when he reached the highway that skirts the club grounds, saw the vehicle in the distance turning up a road that led to the heights commanding a view of the majestic Hudson. He followed to the turning, and sat down by the roadside. It is the badge of children of the nursery and of Wall Street that what goes up must come down, and when the land-faring hack came down Andrews gave the driver a quarter with an easy air and in return learned whither he had driven Penrhyn.

Half an hour later he laboured up a flight of stone steps that led from the road to the grounds of a little summer cottage, which from its lordly altitude commanded the full sweep of the river, shimmering in the late afternoon sunlight beneath its high green palisades thirty miles and more to the statue of Liberty attempting to enlighten New York. Mounting the ivied verandah, he pressed the button at the door, and, as he waited, turned and encompassed the view with an eloquent sweep of his hand.

In the ancient serving-woman who answered his ring he recognised Mrs. Boyser. "Tell Mr. Penrhyn," he said with admirable poise, "that a gentleman here wants to see him on business."

"Begging your pardon," the old woman answered with a no less admirable circumspection, "is the gentleman you?"

Andrews clouded. "I won't stand for none of your guff," he said. "No offence intended. May I ask what is your business?"

"Say it's his ice bill."

The old woman hesitated, and then went in. Andrews turned, and, his eye lighting on a rustic seat that encircled an old elm on the lawn, he sat down with a determined air.

"Blast your impudence!" said Penrhyn, coming down the steps with resolute strides. He was in dinner-dress, and the sight of his broad shirt-front awed Andrews for a moment. But it was only for a moment. "Same to you," he vouchsafed without rising. "What I want to know is what's all this monkey tricks on the Street?"

Penrhyn paused the fraction of a second, and then, "Only a little flurry," he ventured.

"Flurry? Less than a week ago my shares was worth big dollars. Three days more o' the same and they won't be worth doughnuts."

"Well, suppose you do get it in the neck?"

Andrews surveyed him coolly. "No danger to my neck! Two years ago Wistar asked me who bribed me to crack his safe. Suppose I go and tell him, heigh?"

Penrhyn smiled carelessly. "I would not take the trouble."

"Cause why?"

"He knows."

Andrews gave a start of surprise, more convincing perhaps than if it had been genuine. "Wistar was on it, was you?"

Penrhyn's smile broadened, though not with geniality. "Your blackmailing graft is played out." Then he took on a threatening tone. "If you don't get out of here, and stay out, I give you fair warning, it's off the ice-waggon for you, and on to the water-waggon. Are you on?"

Andrews relapsed against the tree with thoughtful satisfaction. "Just what I wanted to make sure of—what raised such a row." Then he leaned forward, held out his open palm, and with a few telling strokes outlined the course of recent events.

Penrhyn looked ugly. It was not a pleasant way to be reminded of his past blunder and his present plight.

"Who did you say got it in the neck?" Andrews triumphed. "Clever stock juggler, Wistar, spite of all his chesty nonsense about trusts."

It took but a moment for Penrhyn to regain control of himself. "You're off," he said nonchalantly, "way, way off!"

"Am I? Then, why is it worth your while to interrupt your supper and pass the time o' day with a poor working man? Why is Wistar selling out? 'Cause he's bolting to join Minot and the rest of the independents to smash the trust." As he spoke he watched Penrhyn's face narrowly. "Between Mr. Wistar and this here Eu-ro-pean combine, they'll sock it to youse, both goin' and comin'!" He took from his pocket the certificate of his stock. "In six weeks this here won't be worth the paper it's printed on to. I'm on—way, way on! I've got the reason why!"

Penrhyn answered with jocular indulgence. "Then you know what you could get cold thousands for on the Street. All you've got is cold feet. If you're afraid the slump is going any further, I'll advance you a few hundred on your ice bill to tide you over."

"So, after all, my graft isn't quite played out, heigh?" Andrews laughed. "You want me to wait till you've busted Wistar. And where'll I be if he busts you? Work all the week, and preaching in Madison Square to drown the hot coppers in my gullet! I guess nit! I

know both o' you, and the man gives me cold feet is Wistar. It's up to you to give me the cold thousands for these here shares." He paused a moment, and then concluded with resolution: "Unless you fork over, here and now, I tell what I know to my broker. See?"

"Believe you—a gaol-bird!"

Penrhyn's tone was still jocular and indulgent; but the striped suit is not a jest to those who have been inside it. "None o' your insults!" Andrews cried. "Suppose I agree to sell that story to the newspapers? You and the old man traitors and thieves! My broker could go short and make thousands! Your game and the old man's reputation knocked higher than a kite, heigh?" His resentment spent, he paused, and watched Penrhyn's face with intense cunning. "The mere price o' the shares is a song. Give me five thousand dollars for 'em, or I peach to-morrow!"

Penrhyn did not speak.

Andrews saw his opportunity. Thrusting the certificate into his pocket, he strode toward the gate. "Good-bye," he said, over his shoulder. "I hate to do you dirt, Penrhyn, but you've had your chanet."

"Wait a minute!" Penrhyn called after him, alarm overcoming his inward rage. "I haven't the money here. What do you want me to give you? A cheque?"

"Why not? You're in the mud as deep as me. Only, not to be promiscuous with my signature, you'll have to cash it for me in the morning, and let me tear it up."

Glancing about to make sure they were alone, Penrhyn took out a pen and a cheque-book and wrote.

"That's the ticket for soup!" Andrews applauded.

"Wait a minute!" Penrhyn said. "I'm getting tired of that little matter of the ice bill. He held out the cheque to the other's view. "I've made it for six thousand. I'll give it to you and cash it in the morning if you'll sign some little papers that will close the books between us."

Andrews thought a moment. At the outset he had been amazed at Penrhyn's amateurish neglect in failing to protect himself again blackmail. Now that Wistar had learned the truth his secret was clearly of value only in a crisis like the present. "Sure, Mike!" he concluded. As he pocketed the cheque he smiled complacently. "The trouble with you, Penrhyn," he said, "is that you haven't quite got your hand in at this sort of thing. What's that the poet says? 'Oh, 'tis a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive.' But when we've done it once or twice, we learn the trick that cuts the ice."

As Andrews was turning to go, Boyser came out and announced that coffee was served in the library.

Seeing her, Andrews dug his heel in the turf and swung about.

"I ain't had my supper yet," he said in a low voice to Penrhyn. "Her nibs here wanted to know just now if I was a gentleman. When this sort of thing passes between gentlemen, they gen'ly wet it, don't they?"

In another minute the entire party would be sitting behind the open windows on the porch, if they were not already there. It was not the time to stand between a dog and his bone, and Penrhyn could not hustle the man away without attracting notice.

"Oh, Boyser," he said, "here's a man who has brought me a message from

town. Give him a bite in the kitchen, and let him out the back gate."

He offered her a bill, but she turned her eyes from it, and, coming out on the lawn, led Andrews about the house to the back door.

As he disappeared in the shrubbery, Judith came out on the verandah, with a dubious glance at Penrhyn. "Andrews!" she said. "Here—with you?"

It was a matter of months since he promised her an account of the situation that had led Wistar to rise up from his sick bed in protest; and, though he had since been with her constantly, he had not offered it. Nor had she asked it. At first he had assured himself that her silence was a piece of good fortune, but he was too astute to continue long in self-deception. Hers was a nature of rare dignity; and, their relations being what they were, she disdained an act that implied a lack of faith in him. But the code that restrained her to silence commanded him to speak. From day to day he had intended to make what explanation he could. He had it on the tip of his tongue. But no one was more conscious of its inadequacy than he, and there was something in the clear rectitude of her mind that had kept the words unspoken. Now a thing had happened which put him almost hopelessly on the defensive.

"The bad penny," he said. "You know the proverb."

"The proverb is somewhat musty," she quoted, looking him gently in the eyes. "You have asked me to give up for ever the hope of love," she added, laying her two hands on his shoulders. "Be sure what you offer is true comradeship."

As for Andrews, he's been speculating in our stock in a small way, and his margin is in danger. He followed me up here to get a tip." She was silent. "Of course, I couldn't advise him; but he's a poor devil, and I gave him enough money to buy him a meal and a bed till he can get work again."

Still she was silent, and he felt impelled to go on:

"As for Wistar, what he wants is you. It was to please you he came in with us, giving up his principles, about which he talked so loudly. And now that has failed, he has made this grandstand play to save Minot, in the hope of impressing you and discrediting me."

"That is not like him. Are you quite fair? How can it be right to ruin Mr. Minot in cold blood?"

"Ah, that's the question I've feared! The question that I've hesitated, all these weeks, to take up with you! You know something of evolution in biology. The same laws operate in society and business. Minot is one of the unfit." As they were talking she had passed to a bed of roses that lay along an old stone wall by the roadside, and was now plucking a cluster to carry into the house. "When these first began to bud," he said, "I saw you cutting off the small early buds—to make these larger and more beautiful."

"It's a very pretty simile for a very ugly thing. And Mr. Wistar—is he also one of the unfit?" She smiled at him, at once subtly and frankly.

"When he takes sides with Minot he becomes so! It lies in our power to develop this industry like the American Beauty rose—to meet our foreign rivals,

even to beat them. Progress by the death of the unit—if any man had invented it, it would be called murder and greed! But it was ordained by a power as much greater than our own as it is unknowable. All we can be sure of is that it is the only means by which the wise and strong survive. These are your father's ideas, and I count it an honour to be associated with him in realising them."

She glanced at him ruefully and shrugged her shoulders. "But there's always the question—just who are the units? I don't think you feel as fit as you did a month ago. The old look has come back into father's eyes. For myself, I feel as if I had hung up for weeks, like a suit of clothes in a Bowersy misfit-shop. What does it all mean?"

Pemrhyn's face became hard and set, but when he spoke it was with courage and conviction. "It looks now as if Wistar intended to join Minot in his fight against us. It will be a hard fight and a long one. But we are right, and we are stronger. In the end we shall win!"

"For father's sake, I hope so. But I am sorry, very sorry that you waited to tell me all this until matters had come to such a pass."

She started toward the house with the flowers, and was met at the door by Boyser.

"That man, in the kitchen," the old woman said, "he's drinking up the whole bottle and insultin' of Mary."

By this time Pemrhyn was not in a pleasant mood. "I'll settle him!" he said, between his teeth, striding toward the back door.

"Wait, Stanley!" Judith cried after him.

Pemrhyn stopped short. "Is it quite the place for you?"

"I am the mistress of the house," she said. "In this matter you might at least consult me." Then, as if to soften the rebuke, she added, "Don't you think it will be easier for me to blame him into behaving? If not, then you can use stronger measures."

XXXV.

It was the evening of the wedding rehearsal; but as Mr. Sears sat in the library sipping his coffee it became evident, even to the eager and light-hearted May, that he was in no cheerful mood. With the imperfect sympathy of girlhood, she endeavoured to gladden him by talking of the event that to her was all-important and all-joyful; but his response, she found, was not all the subject deserved. Even Onderdonk was glum. Slipping her arm into his, she led him out of doors.

"What is it all about?" she demanded. "If I had stayed in there another second I should have been stified!"

"A little business worry," he said evasively, fingering his unlighted cigar. She looked at him reproachfully. "Remember! We're to share everything, troubles as well as happiness, little and big!"

In their long engagement Billy had learned to play a good husband-like hand at affectionate dissimulation. "Stocks are down," he said, as if imparting a secret of state.

"But aren't they always going up and down? Isn't that what they're made for?"

"You're right there!" said Billy. "Well, then, you might be just a little cheerful for my wedding rehearsal!"

He laid his arm about her shoulder, and, with his head well above hers, risked a smile.

She slipped away from him, and, with an uncracked glance at the heavens, exclaimed, "What a perfectly lovely night for it! I do hope it'll be like this next month!"

Beyond the distant palisades the sun had set in clear splendour. Upon the verdure-covered crags beneath the western heavens a crimson mantle had fallen, like the bloom of a damask plum.

"It certainly is a corker!" said Billy, sitting on the bench beneath the tree.

May slapped a mosquito on her delicately modelled and athletic forearm.

"Come along," Billy said, starting toward an arbour on a knoll out beyond. "I'll smoke up and drive away the mosquitoes."

But May did not go, for just then the silken purr of a motor stole up through the gathering dusk from the sunken road beneath them, and presently Wistar mounted the stone steps. He wore a dinner-jacket and straw hat, and held a cream-white motor coat over his arm. May blew him a delighted kiss. "Now

we're all ready!" she exclaimed, and ran into the house.

"Any news from the Street?" asked May. Even when he had left the office to catch an early train everybody was talking Motor, and he had run a gauntlet of reporters.

The same, only more so. And they're having no end of trouble with it while it were off."

According to Wistar's reports from South America, Ryan and his associates were throwing down their hands in disgust. It is one thing to buy a Latin-American republic, and another to make it stay bought. Wistar had done his best to noise abroad the rumour of the proposed monopoly, and the effect was what he had planned. Already in two cases the very men who had profited by the sale of a concession had headed a revolution against their own government for the purpose of capturing it and selling the concession again. The great rivers of the rubber countries were bordered with quikstands for the sinking of American millions.

"If we keep to our plan," Wistar concluded, "we shall have to come out in the open to-morrow and sell to bust

pitiable. Two years ago he would have known that there was no need of such a pledge.

"Ad the more," Sears said, "I thank you for sparing her."

"Spring her?" Wistar cried. "Do you realise what it is costing her—what life was men to such a woman, married to such a man!"

A look of surprise came into the pale old face, and with it a look of terror. "She can't care for him!"

"She has told me that she does! I have no right to warn her. But you have. More than that, if you will permit me to say so, it is your duty!"

The old face became tense with pain, but at the same time set with obstinacy.

For a moment Wistar regarded him with unmingled scorn. Then he commanded himself, and delivered his ultimatum and Billy's. Another day would see the ruin of all Mr. Sears had hoped for, striven for.

"Billy would do that?"

"He insists on it. Once your sole aid was all we needed. I asked you for it, and you refused it."

In the pause that followed, May led Judith on. Pemrhyn out to join them.

From time to time the old man had



"But I am sorry, very sorry, that you waited to tell me all this until matters had come to such a pass."

them. Are you still game?"

"Still game. And you?"

"I should like to put it up to Mr. Sears once more."

The door opened, and May came out, leading her father by the hand, "Where do you think Juju is?" she cried. "In the kitchen, arguing and persuading with a tipsy tramp. Wait just a minute till I get her!" And she vanished into the house.

"Can you leave us just a minute?" Wistar said in a low voice to Billy.

Billy started to follow May, but with a glance at his cigar he lighted it, and, thrusting his hands in the pockets of his dinner-jacket, turned on his heel toward the arbour.

The two men faced each other in silence. The lines about the old man's clear-cut and delicate lips were drawn and haggard. The soft wrinkle that once had pleasantly framed his refined and pointed chin had become a furrow, and his mild blue eyes were without expression.

But it was he who spoke first. "Your promise not to tell Judith," he said, in a dry, metallic voice—"you have kept it, and I thank you. You have fought hard, but you have fought fair."

"Did I promise?" Wistar asked. "I'd forgotten." The fact that Mr. Sears had treasured such a promise would have seemed contemptible if it had not been

been mechanically brushing the mosquitoes from their attacks on his delicate skin—a gesture which, to Wistar's mind, had lent a not inappropriate touch of triviality to his figure. Now he made an excuse of the pests to go indoors, and with a low-spoken word bade Pemrhyn to follow. Wistar could not help saying that his words had had weight.

"Poor father!" said Judith, as she gave Wistar her hand. "He's got all the people in the country round to combine in a trust against the mosquitoes. But there's one obstinate farmer won't let us put a drop of kerosene on his marsh. Our neighbours over on the Pocantico Hills—Standard Oil, you know—they've tried to bully him into selling his land, and he's using the mosquitoes from his marsh to get even. Another of father's poor syndicates bust!"

They laughed, with wonted gaiety they could command.

"It's worse than pigs in clover," May complained, "to get you all together. Now, where's the Bishop to stand?" She took up a garden rake, and stuck it upright in the bed of roses. "There," she said, "that's the Bishop!"

"That!" laughed Wistar. "The good Bishop a rake! You slander the lawn sleeves!" Taking his overcoat from the bench, he draped it over the head of the rake, and then paused, a smile beaming in the hollows of his cheeks. Yet we

need just a soupcon of the rake!" He spread the collar so that the teeth were visible. "There!" he said. "No! Wait!" He picked up a flower-pot and perched it on top. There you have the Bishop to the life! Now we shall be married!"

"First," said Judith, looking mysteriously at a card in her hand. "I think we'd better be invited! The engravers have just sent this back to know if it's all right."

May looked at the card with a critical eye. "Stupid!" she said. "Of course it's all right. I wrote it out myself! The wedding of his daughter, May Honoria Rhinelander, at Suncliff, Ardsley-on-Hudson—I think it reads beautifully!"

Judith looked over her shoulder. "Is it your idea that at a wedding a groom is superfluous?"

A look of horror came into the girl's face. "I clean forgot to put Billy in! That's why they sent it back!" She took a pencil Wistar offered her and scribbled in, "to William Van Rensselaer Onderdonk." Then she cried, "Well, now everything's ready!" She ran up the steps and called, "Come, father! Come, Mr. Pemrhyn!"

"Is everything ready?" asked Wistar. "Except the cup, and Boyser is mixing that!"

"And the music—I brought it from town with me; it will be here in a minute. And is that everything?"

"Music?" she cried. "How sweet of you! It's more than I dreamed! You regular lanukin pie!" She leaped lightly up on her toes and kissed him on the lips.

With his two hands on her shoulders, he held her on tiptoe a moment. "Now I agree with you," he said. "At a wedding a groom is superfluous!"

She sank to the ground in consternation. "Billy? Isn't he here? I know Donkey will spoil my wedding! Where did he go?"

"He seems to be aware how superfluous he is," Wistar laughed. "Perhaps you'll find him out in the arbour, smoking."

She stood still, half afraid to leave them. "Until I come back, don't you dare stir from this spot!" Then, with her lithe, girlish stride, she fled toward the arbour.

"We'll call you," Wistar cried after her, "when the music comes!"

Then he turned to Judith, and in the moment his mask of gay spirits fell from him.

XXXVI.

Judith smiled at him a little sadly. "It pleases my Lord to be merry. Very soon, now, they say, you will stand alone again, your own master, and fighting against us, as you were before we came meddling by. Don't you expect to win?"

"Unfortunately, I do!"

"Unfortunately?"

"Times have changed—and I with them. Oh, I have learned something. The things I have been able to do, and the vastly greater things I have come to hope for—they make my old ambitions seem petty enough. I have known the strength and security of well-regulated industry, and I have to go back to the old, haphazard conditions. Worse than that, I am driven to violence—to slaughter! Day and night I think of you—in poverty!—of myself, when I have brought you there."

The crimson of the sunset had deepened to purple, and now the twilight was rising from the valleys like a mist, dim and mysterious, in the increasing effulgence of the moon.

From the road below them came low, guttural voices, and presently the musicians panted up the steps toward them, carrying their instruments beneath their arms.

"A little mooseek, poss?" asked the leader, puffing.

Wistar distrusted German bands. "Yes," he said, "but don't make a racket."

"Racket! And sooth an effening! He disposed his men at a distance in the shrubbery, and struck up an old, soft evening song—so poetically, so exquisitely attuned to the moment that it seemed like the very atmosphere transmuted to sound.

Judith had passed to the bed of roses, and her long, agile fingers were busy among them. The perfume from them seemed to Wistar the perfect attar of the hour, and of her.

"What would you think," he said, "if to spare you I were to join them in ruining Minot?"

She glanced up at him archly, yet sadly. "What do you suppose?"

"I am a man, and I am striking at those you love best—at you!"

"And I am a woman! If I choose not to say what I think?"

She did not cease plying her fingers. "That you cared for me very much," she said.

"And now you think—"

"You told me once—the cave man, brutal and merciless!"

She looked at him, wavering between her old fear and a new audacity. Audacity conquered. She plucked a rose and, standing straight beneath his chin, guided the stem through the loop in his lapel, her draperies brushing his coat. But in a moment her coquetry vanished in an outburst of comradely goodwill.

"No! Not brutal, not merciless! Poor father—I have always loved him above everything else in the world. But to save him by making you false to what you hold right—by making you ruin your friend, my friend— . . . you have not offered to do that for me, and I thank you! Blow after blow, as it falls—it will be terrible—terrible to feel your hand in it all! Yet I shall not blame you." She gave him both hands impulsively.

The passion of the blood faded before the mightier passion of the spirit. He took her hands, and looked down into her eyes, shining with moonlight and with tears. "You are a woman!" he said, his voice vibrating like a viol. "How you make me love you! For your justice and your honour, for your grace, your beauty, for your loyal heart! Always I shall love you! Miserable as I am, more miserable as I shall be, it means much that with every thought, every feeling—I don't use the word lightly—I worship you!" His voice choked, but he presently managed to say, "You forgive me for telling you this?—It is our last hour!"

"If you are so determined to say good-bye—"

"Can I hear to see you happy—happy with Penrhyn?"

"It seems I'm not to be happy!"

"Then Heaven help me—if my path crosses yours!"

"What I meant was that—since you are determined to say good-bye—you'll have to let go my hands!"

He looked down at her palms which he held as a child might hold them. Then he blushed like a child, and let them fall.

"Juguboo!" she laughed. "To think I ever was afraid of you! You great big bear! You huge boy! Hasn't anyone ever called you Jim?"

He shook his head. "I once told you—I'm a very serious person."

"If it will make you any less serious I'll call you Jim."

"Then it is good-bye—Judith!"

Somehow he had got hold of her hands again. Mockingly she lifted their united palms between them, and held them up to his gaze. He loosened his grasp, and her hands slipped gently out of his.

She stood a moment, as if not quite knowing what to do with them. Then, with a sudden impulse, she caught the tips of his ears and drew down his head until his cheek lay upon hers.

"Good-bye, Jim," she said. Then she laughed and added the rest of the poetical line: "Take keer of yourself." What she might mean by this she did not make known, but fled from him, and paused only when she had passed out beyond the musicians toward the arbour. Then, "May! May!" she called, and her voice rang clear and gay through the twilight. "Don't you hear!—The music!"

Sears and Penrhyn came out and joined her.

"They don't hear!" she cried, still on the wing of wilding gaiety. "Look at them! Or rather, don't look at them!" She took first Penrhyn and then Wistar by the shoulder and swung them about. "Daddy! Will you get them? In such cases, I believe, it is always the stern parent who intrudes."

"Why intrude?" said Wistar. "Isn't that the most important rehearsal of all? Let them be happy in it—music, moonlight, love!"

"Right you are!" said Penrhyn. "Come, everybody; we'll do the rehearsal for them!" He took Judith by the arm. "You are the bride," he said, and led her up to the rakish Bishop. Turning to Wistar: "The best man, I believe," he said. "Mr. Sears, you give Judith away!" Then he bade the musicians play the "Wedding March."

The measured strains rose softly on the evening air. Penrhyn took his stand

beside Wistar, and Judith, taking her father's arm, stepped lightly toward them, mocking the conscious demureness of a bride. Then she joined Penrhyn, and stood with him as if before the altar.

Wistar fixed his eyes upon Sears, and then on the bridal pair. "There you see it!" he said, with vehemence suppressed: "the end of your unholy alliance! She has a sense of honour like a man. You can't make her suffer what she will suffer with that—!" He fell silent; but his fingers, clenched behind his back, contorted with agony.

"Don't!" pleaded Sears, his face haggard and ashen.

"There is one way to prevent it!"

The old man shook his head and turned away.

A ghostlike form sped toward them from the arbour. "Stop, stop!" May cried. "How horrid of you! This is my wedding!"

Peals of musical laughter fell upon the spacious evening air, and Penrhyn shouted for a waltz. With the first measure he seized Judith, and together they glided over the even turf. As they passed Wistar saw swing free and held out her arms to him.

He caught her, but, as he did so, he stopped short.

Over the wall by the roadside Andrews had raised his pale face, spiritual in the moonlight. Even his brick-red side-whiskers shone with the mellow hues of stained glass. Slowly and unsteadily he clambered up, until he stood on the wall. With one arm he clutched a maple sapling, and swept the other before him to command silence.

The little party stood dumb.

"Ladies 'n' gentlemen," he said, in a voice which, though husky with drink, was all the more ghostlike and awful. "I'm not the handwriting on the wall. I'm a voice up a tree! You're all weighted in the balances, and all found wanting."

XXXVII.

It was Penrhyn who first found words. "Down out of that!" he cried, at once alarmed and angry. "Get down, or I'll throw you down!" He strode toward the wall to make good his threat.

Wistar caught his wrist in a grip of steel. "You can't bully him," he said. "I know the man. You've got to humour him or he'll be violent." Then: "Come down out of that!" he commanded.

Andrews turned his eyes upon him in lazy recognition. "Old Wistar, is it? You a honest man? You make me tired! You a trust-buster? Long came the trust, and gobbled you up like a pop fly at short-stop. In two shakes, James Wistar, trust-buster, was the ablest trust manager in these United States. Then what happened? You want to be the whole shebang! Penrhyn won't let you, so now you're crying baby. Going home to slide on your own cellar door, heigh? Name on you, Wistar!"

Penrhyn, at first relieved, now became jubilant. "Hear, hear!" he cried.

Andrews swept the company with a watery eye. "Trusts is all right, gentlemen. Us labouring men got our trusts—that's the unions. Why shouldn't youse have yours? Fair play 'n' no favours, I say!"

"You're quite right," Wistar said. "but that'll be enough from you, Andrews."

"No! No!" cried Penrhyn. "Mo.e! More!"

Andrews warned to his audience. "Wistar is a good man," he said. "Trouble with his goodness is that it's the kind that don't pay. Now, there's our neighbour on the other hill there. Wistar ought to go to Sunday-school to Rockefeller. There's the boy that understands the blessings of the trust! Trust eats up its rivals? No matter! 'Murican Beauty rose never could 'a' been so big and beautiful if they hadn't cut off the little buds to make the big ones grow bigger."

At this citation of the author of the elegant simile Judith's eyes opened, and she looked inquiringly at Penrhyn.

"See, gentlemen! Never could 'a' been so beautiful, and not half so 'Murican. 'Murican Beauty rose—that's the trusts. Little buds—that's the independent makers. Snip 'em off! Snip 'em off!"

A glance from Judith had taught Penrhyn caution. Andrews knew that Wistar was undelivered; but he could not know that there was another whom it was even more important to keep in the dark.

"Cut it out!" Penrhyn cried, again

savagely domineering. "Cut it out, I say!"

"You can't turn him off," Wistar said. "The quickest way is to let him run down. Highly instructive, I find him."

"Wistar ought 'a' gone to Sunday-school. Then he would 'a' learned that the man who tries to do good to himself without doin' the trade as a whole— You know what I mean, Penrhyn. You're the man to do the trade, and do it good!"

This time Penrhyn strole past Wistar and reached the wall.

Andrews elusped the tree in both arms. "What you got to say about it? You're a slick one! Wanted to get Wistar into the trust. How did you go to work?"

Penrhyn caught hold of him, but was not able to budge him from the tree.

Andrews burst into injured tears.

"You bribed a poor, weak working man to crack Wistar's safe and steal his papers! Was that right to me, I ask! Make me rob him as was allus my friend!"

Penrhyn desisted, as if struck by a blow. For a moment there was silence—a silence so deep that the chirping of crickets was heard.

"Is this true?" Judith asked, looking from Penrhyn to her father, and then to Wistar. The only answer was from the crickets, querulous and accusing.

Perceiving the consternation, Andrews came to Penrhyn's defence.

"But I don't blame him! It's all been for the good of the industry. When his'try of automobile is written, it'll be un'ersally 'knowl't Stanley Penrhyn an' Livingston Sears put the world on wheels! The old one has the ideas, and looks so tony they think him good as pie, and he smiles in his sleeve while the young un does the crooked business."

Wistar's voice rose with the tones of authority: "Andrews!" he thundered. "Come down!"

The man limply obeyed. "I'm comin'!" he said. "I don't want to be no skeleton at no feast! Here they are, marryin' an' givin' in marriage." His eyes fell on the effigy of the Bishop, and he focussed them with a quizzical leer, half-alashed in fear, half-humorous in comprehension, as a wise old crow might regard a straw man. "He took an empty sleeve in his hand. "But it's a bad job, your riverence. If you'll paroon a plain man, son's too good for Penrhyn, she is. It should 'a' been the other one!" He shook his head solemnly. "Them two have been friends—real friends o' mine!" By this time Wistar had him by the wrist. Andrews laid his head on his shoulder and sobbed with emotion uncontrollable. "Only two friends I have in this world are Miss Wears an' Mr. Sister!"

"Come!" said Wistar, "I'll take you to the train."

"Leave me go home alone!" Andrews protested. He freed himself, and commanding the idiosyncrasies of his legs, walked erect and firm toward the gate. Half-way down the steps he turned. "Good-bye, Penrhyn," he said. "You went to Sunday-school!"

Wistar, leaning over the wall, saw him walk down the road, still erect and firm.

The thing which, from all motives, Wistar had so long, and so passionately desired to have Judith know was now an open secret. Judith's loyalty to Penrhyn, if she remained loyal, would not be blind.

A sudden blight had fallen on the

company, in which, above everything, Wistar felt an old man's disgrace before his children, a young woman's disillusionment in those she loved.

XXXVIII.

Wistar broke the spell which had fallen on the company at Andrews' revelations. "I believe we owe you a rehearsal," he said to May and Billy. "Shall we begin?"

"No," Sears cried. "Not now!"

Wistar dismissed the musicians, mystified spectators of the scene, bidding them keep an eye on Andrews. Boyser came out from the house with the cup she had been mixing, poured out a glass, and offered it to each of the party in turn. One after another they refused it in silence.

"Is this the truth?" Judith asked Penrhyn.

"Yes," he said, sulkily. Then he turned to Boyser. "Kindly pluck my bag. I'll send for it from the club." He started toward the gate. As he passed Wistar his sullen humour lighted with a flush of anger. "You've got me down here," he said. "But I'm not out—not by a long shot. There's many a turn in Wall Street!"

As I, am aware, a very crooked street!" Wistar turned away.

Penrhyn raised his chin defiantly. But as he did so his glance met Judith's, and his eyes fell.

She gave him her hand. "I'm not angry," she said. "I don't know why, but I am not. I'm very, very sorry for you. What you have threatened—you won't do it! You will keep your promise to him—our promise!"

As Penrhyn gazed at her, and heard the clear, kind cadence of her voice, a look came into his face which Wistar had never seen there before, and in which, in a flash, he read the secret of Judith's regard for the men. "If I promised to keep my word," Penrhyn said, and there was a real contrition in his voice, "I should not be believed, nor deserve to be. But I will keep your promise." He turned again to Wistar. "I don't ask you to believe even that. I may point out, however, that I have the same reason as always to want to hold you together with the rest of us. Once I thought I was clever enough to get the best of you—clever enough, and strong enough, and mean enough. I've done things I never dreamed I could, but I've reached the limit of my dirty work, and I guess I've reached the limit of my power. If you still wish to honour me as an associate, I shall stand with you and by you!"

Without waiting for an answer he left them.

Judith turned an accusing glance upon Sears.

"Father!" she said, "you have lied to me!"

When Sears had heard the words in which his young associate renounced him he had hung his head. Now he lifted a face that was, in fact, too painful to be seen.

"It was for you, dearie!—to save you for want! I couldn't believe you cared for him!"

"For me? To lie!"

"Your pardon," said Wistar. "Good-night!" It was clearly not a scene for any one to witness. And Judith's manner toward Sears, so strangely in con-

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trast with her leniency to Penrhyn, made him sick at heart. "No, no!" Judith cried. "Wait!" She turned to Sears. "What Mr. Wistar has done has been just and right from the start! Owr up, Daddy, dear. It has!"

A hunted look came into the gentle, aging eyes.

"What must he think of us! What must we think of ourselves!"

The old man's hands shook, and he sank upon the bench, abashed, crushed. "I know! You loathe me! And I loathe myself! I wronged him. I ask his pardon. One more dream, and it is all over. But before, at the awakening, I still had my honour—and your love."

Tears came into Judith's eyes and into her voice. "Oh, Daddy! How you must have suffered! I do love you. I shall always love you! How I love you!"

May, who had stood amazed, though uncomprehending, by Onderdonk's side, now knelt and caught the old man in her arms.

He struggled to his feet, leaned over and kissed her. "Good-night, child! Billy is the best fellow in the world. You will be happy."

He said no more, and presently Onderdonk led May away.

"Good-night, Judith. Believe me, sweetheart, you will learn to thank God you know what Penrhyn is, though it breaks your heart. That is my greatest sin, that I ever let you care for him!" He spoke like one on the verge of the grave.

"We shall still be happy!" Judith pleaded. "For you as well as for me, everything is so much better as it is!"

"I am an old man. Kiss me good-night."

Impulsively she threw her arms about him.

He smiled a faint, wan smile. "The eyes!" he said.

Joy lighted her face. "Bless you, dearest! Now I know I can make you happy." She kissed him on the drooping lids.

"Your mother—she is with us now! Yes, I shall be happy!"

In sudden alarm she stood back from him. "Father! What are you thinking of?"

With an instinctive movement he thrust his hand into the pocket of his dinner-jacket. But her hand was as quick. She gripped his wrist and held it firm.

Wistar clutched the revolver and wrenched it away.

The old man winced with pain. "You hurt my shoulder," he complained.

"Your shoulder!" Judith cried. "Again, Daddy, again!"

He turned upon Wistar. "You have taken everything else," he said. "Give me that! My life is still my own!"

"Father!" cried Judith tenderly.

"If a poor cur on the street were sick, sick to death, you would kill him—kill him in mercy! Yet your father you condemn to live—to live in poverty, defeat, disgraced in the eyes of those he loves!"

"Father!" she repeated, her voice melting with love.

"You are right, dear," he said. "I must be brave—I will be brave!" Then he turned from them and went indoors.

Judith started after, but Wistar caught and held her. "Believe me!" he said. "It is not as it seems. It was my fault. If I had known what I know now, it never would have happened. I want you to tell him so, from me—tell him that I see my fault, and stand ready to join him—under the terms Penrhyn has offered."

"You can do this—without violating your sense of what is right? May I tell him that? Do be quick! My place is there, with him!"

"Once when I promised this it was against my conscience. In the old days I was the cave man, blind to the new ideas. Your father understood them. Little by little I have learned from experience what no argument could convince me of—his largeness and his wisdom. What we have accomplished, his genius fore-saw it all! He may be weak—Penrhyn was masterful, and played on every foible. But in his mind and his heart he is right!"

Already she had left him. With a single flash his darkest hour had turned to the most glorious dawn. The suddenness and the vastness of the prospect before him dazed him, even while it filled him with confidence and joy.

Then, from within the house, a loud cry fell upon his ears, a wail of anguish and horror that stabbed him like a knife in his heart. When it was repeated he had gained the door and was mounting

the stairs within. In another second a sight burst upon him which he was destined never to forget. Judith lay prostrate and convulsed upon the form of her father, still writhing in a pool of blood. Through the window the full moon shone, and upon her hair, faintly golden, was a crimson blot.

XXXIX.

Wistar gathered her in his arms, and, heedless of tears and protestations, carried her downstairs and into the open air. When he released her she looked at him once, then shrank away in horror and loathing. The handkerchief with which he had cleansed her hair was still crumpled in his hand.

"Let me go back to him!" she commanded harshly. "Never let me see you again!"

He recoiled, yet still blocked the way. Out of the shadows May hurried toward them, and Onderdonk with them.

"Father—is it father?" she cried. A new horror fell upon Judith.

Wistar bowed his head.

"He is dead?" The young girl scanned each face in turn.

Judith was mute, and Wistar still bowed his head.

"Did you say dead? Oh, Billy!" But

of grief, silent and restrained. And so a night began, the horror of which left a lifelong mark on all of them.

A breeze came, and with it coolness and the freshness of the sea.

The moon floated above with a serene, unresenting beauty that fell upon Wistar's heart like a blight. By-and-by something made him look at the window above. All his efforts to resist it failed, and he raised his eyes. The shade had been decently drawn; yet nothing would banish from his mind the vision of what was there, or stay the recurrent waves of horror that it brought him. With Judith the silences became longer, but always there followed the convulsion of grief that would not be repressed, yet could find no utterance.

Then came the bitterest hours of Wistar's vigil, in which, little by little, in the intervals of grief, his heart spoke to him, at first in vague intimations, formless and uncomprehended, and then in self-accusations, definite and overpowering. When he had said to Judith, such a little while ago as time is measured, that he also had been to blame, he had only indulged in the luxury of magnanimous self-accusation. He did not, even now, convict himself of any conscious wrong.

He had been ignorant of the world

gazed upon her face, turned away from him. She had fallen asleep at last, he saw, every sense extinguished by the excess of what she had endured. In any young face the outline of cheek and chin is a line of beauty, though often void of expression. In hers it had all the softness, all the sweet opulence of full-blooded health, and, besides, the little, individual crinkle of her eye, at once grave and caressing, the wreathing of her mouth, mocking and also tender.

For as the daylight strengthened, he saw that in her sleep she was smiling. He would not have supposed that there was anything left for him to suffer; but that smile, joyous, serene, beatific, and the thought of what she must wake to, had a pang more poignant still. His knees bent beneath him, and he fell to the ground beside her, his chest heaving, tears streaming from his eyes.

With a little start she awoke. The smile vanished, and she turned a questioning glance upon him.

"Is it true?" she asked, in a sudden fear. "Just now I dreamed—that it had all been only a dream!" For a moment more she looked at him, questioning, unconvinced. Then all the intimate, varied lines of her face contracted to one note of woe. Again she cried out as she had cried in the first awful moment of her discovery.

In obedience to an impulse that was stronger than reverence for her, stronger than remorse, he took her in his arms.

"You poor child!" was all he could say, and he said it again and again.

In a passion of grief and tenderness she threw her arms about him, and strained him to her breast.

"Jim, Jim!" she sobbed, repeating her new name for him over and over.

She hid her face and sobbed afresh. And now, for the first time, the utterance of her grief was full, and brought relief.

For a moment she endured it. Then, gently, he put her from him. In another instant she must remember even him. It would have been braver, perhaps, to grant her this moment of solace to the full. But he did not deem it so; and, crushed as he was, there was one depth of injury of which he did not wish her to believe him capable.

Yet still she clung to his hands. "What is it?" she said, by and bye, reading pain in his eyes.

"You forget—what I am. I wouldn't have stayed by you—I couldn't—except that you needed me!"

She remembered now, and the horror of it came back into her eyes. But the measure she took to banish the sight of him was to bury her face again on his shoulder, and with a more convulsive tenderness. "You tried—tried in all ways to save him! Let me love you! You are all I have!"

Again her grief returned, and she shook violently beneath it. But she held him closer in her arms.

By and bye she was calmer, and in a brief interval of silence they heard the birds singing. The liquid notes soothed and caressed them; and, little by little, brought the strength of life and its courage.

She released him, her face brave and composed. "I am ready now," she said. He understood, and, rising, lifted her to her feet. Supporting each other, they went indoors. The thing that had haunted them both all through the night lay in the bed, still and pale. But the face was composed, resigned.

She laid the weight of her arm upon his shoulder, and he knelt with her, hand in hand, while she uttered a brief prayer—a prayer to God and to her father. Then she arose, and, for the first time, she kissed him.

Then, for the first time, he kissed her. "We can bear it now," she said—"we two, together."

XL.

Wistar's return to affairs was made easier by the feeling that he had a duty of piety toward the thing which the dead man had held so dear. In the eyes of the business world, he found, it had needed only the news of the old man's despair to change an uneasy conjecture into certainty. It was soon the general belief that the successful career of the combination had come to an end.

In the sudden panic, which resulted from this, the stock tumbled.

Wistar came to the rescue with as full a statement of the case as the circumstances permitted, and backed up his



Upon her hair, faintly golden, was a crimson blot.

even as she cried out, her voice was of one who did not understand. "Dead!" she asked blankly. "My daddy!" Then she sprang toward the verandah.

It was Judith who caught her. "No, no! Not yet! It is too terrible!"

For a moment the sisters stood sobbing in each other's arms. Then May freed herself, and with incoherent cries, turned from Judith and sank upon Onderdonk's shoulder. The young man held her a moment, and then he led her away, dazed and unresisting.

Judith stood alone. Again she tried to pass Wistar, yet shrank from him as she did so. Again he barred the way. "I can only protect you," he said, "as you protected her."

"I must go! I can't stay alone—alone!" Then again she looked at him, shuddering. "Leave me with him!" she sobbed. "Let me never see you again!"

He desired nothing more than to go; but he stood to his post, and Mrs. Boyser abetted him, bringing rugs and cushions and wraps. She spread them on the grass, and forced Judith to lie down on them. Then she disappeared, and Wistar heard her at the telephone, summoning the helpful aid.

Judith turned her face from him and lay on the ground, outbursts of grief followed by still more agonised moments

about him, of the world of which he was a part, and, when he had been forced to recognise that world, he had still disdained it. At the outset, the situation had lain in his hands. But he had turned his back on those whose outlook was wider than his own. And so it had come to this—a wise and amiable father in the room above, and a daughter here, shielded from the too passionate promptings of filial love by the hand red with destruction. A few hours, and then Judith must never see him again.

And all the time—beneath, beyond, within his pity for her and his own remorse—was something vague and uncomprehended, yet insistent and overpowering. It brushed upon his cheek, tingled ecstatically in his fingers, fluttered earnestly about the tips of his ears. It was in the first gray light of dawn that he knew it for what it was. She had held her hands in his with light-hearted endearment; she had put her cheek against his own in mockery; she had flouted him with a soft little tug on his ear. She was a girl who could be comrades with a man, and she had taken him to her frank, brave heart. Never, never could he forget that. And always as he remembered it, he must remember also this hour.

He rose to his feet in anguish, and

Continued on page 33.

LIFE IN THE GARDEN

PRACTICAL ADVICE FOR AMATEURS

Next Week's Work

By VERONICA

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

VEGETABLE—

Peas—Daisy, Stanley
Onions
Beet—Globe or Turnip-rooted
Turnip—White Stone
Carrot—Early Horn
Radish—Long Scarlet
Parsnip—Hollow Crown
Tomato, in frames
Vegetable Marrows, in frames
Mustard and Cress for salads

FLOWER—

Sweet Peas
Candytuft
Mignonette
Clarkia Pulchella
Godetia
Petunia, in frames
Stocks and Asters, in frames
Antirrhinums, in frames
Carnations, in frames
Salpiglossa, in frames

PLANTING.

Planting of hedges, fruit trees, roses and shrubs should be pushed on with. Continue planting a few early potatoes. Rhubarb, if not already in, should be planted at once. Continue transplanting cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce, also onions. Tree onions and shallots should be got in if not already planted

POTATO CULTURE.

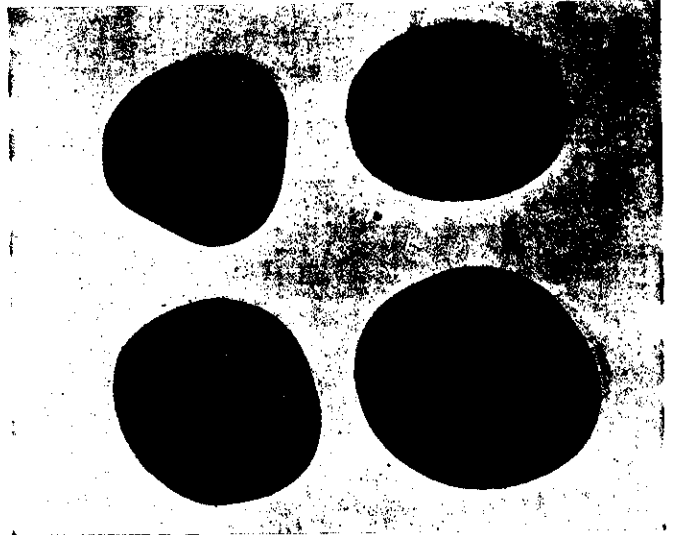


THE growing of potatoes during the past three seasons has, owing to the blight, been a very trying experience. It remains to be seen whether this unwelcome visitant will, during the coming season, be as prevalent as before. There appears to be some hope that in the years to come this enemy of the potato will disappear, a hope which we are certain our readers, as well as every grower of the noble tuber, wish speedily to be realised. Be this as it may, we cannot afford to run the risk of losing our crop through neglecting preventive measures in the shape of spraying. No doubt many consider the spraying business a bother, and so it is; but it is, at the same time, our only hope of securing a crop, and if we

don't intend to spray, it is better not to plant. There are some people, even at this late date, who question if spraying does any good; they will tell you they sprayed, and it was "no good." Now, spraying to be effectual must be done in time. It is not of much use after the blight has got a good hold, for, be it clearly understood, spraying does not kill the fungoid growth, but it prevents it spreading, and where the spray rests on the leaves the blight cannot thrive. Spraying, therefore, to be effectual must be thorough; both sides of the row and under the leaves should be got at. Usually we find three sprayings sufficient, but when rain falls within 12 hours after the operation, it should be repeated, as rain washes off the spray. The copper, and especially the lime, should be fresh, and be used immediately it is mixed; it is no use leaving it—as we have frequently seen done—overnight. We recommend the Bordeaux mixture for first spraying to be the 4.4.40 strength. In two to three weeks' time the 6.6.40 should be used, and for the last 8.8.40 will be found most effectual. Treacle dissolved and used at the rate of 1 pound to 20 gallons will make the mixture more adhesive. A small quantity of Paris Green is sometimes added, which keeps fly and other insects in check. When only small quan-

ties of spray are required, or where fresh lime is not available, the ready-mixed powder Vermorite can be purchased; it is put up in packets, and simply requires water to be added to be ready for use. It is an economical and efficient spray, and can be obtained through seedsmen or storekeepers.

before planting is recommended, care being taken not to break the buds when planting out. Potatoes with thin or stringy eyes it is not advisable to plant. When the potatoes show above ground, cultivation should begin, stirring the ground frequently with a hoe; as they advance in growth they should be kept

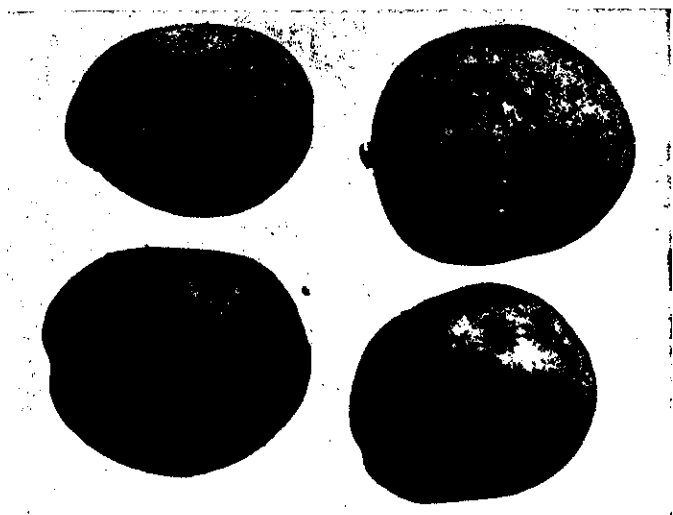


Up-to-Date.

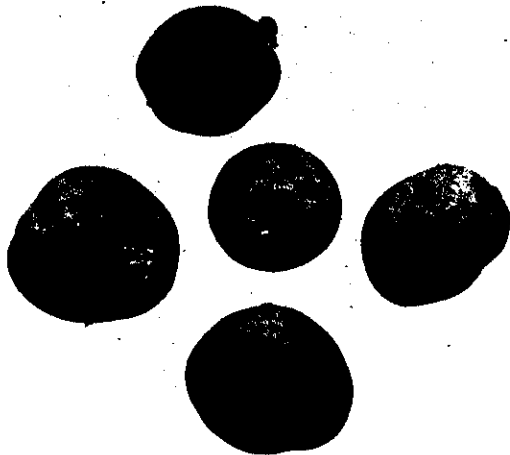
It is generally admitted potatoes do best on a good sandy loam, but they can be grown with varying success on soils of all kinds, and in all conditions of fertility. An abundant use of fertilizers is most profitable. Old grass land well broken up is an excellent soil in which to plant. The manure should be spread in the furrows or rows, and the

free from weeds and earthed up on both sides. The rows in which potatoes are planted should be 2 1/2 feet wide, and the sets 15 to 18 inches apart. A change of seed yearly or every second year is recommended.

Doubtless our readers will be trying to make up their minds what kind of potatoes to plant. Owing to the blight,



Eldorado.



Eureka.

This picture of Eureka is from seed specimens only.

seed planted at least four inches deep. Many growers differ as to planting whole or cut seed or "sets." We have seen splendid crops from both, and the only thing to guard against is too early planting with cut sets, as they are then very apt to rot in the soil. For early planting we strongly advise using whole seed about the size of a hen egg. To secure very early potatoes, sprouting in boxes

some of our really good old favourites have almost disappeared. It is now difficult to procure such fine-flavoured sorts as the old a-blaf kidney, Lapstone, Early Nurture, Early Puritan, etc., and the loss of these really good kinds is to be regretted, as those taking their places are not, as a rule, equal in quality. If one takes up a potato catalogue to make a selection, and reads the long de-

criptions appended to many of the new sorts enumerated, you will be struck with the oft-repeated words "blight resistant" and you begin to think: "Ah! well, if we have lost our old ash leaf friends, here is something which resists the blight," but we venture to say if you take the words literally you will be woefully disappointed. The "blight resistant" should be received with a pinch of salt, or, at all events, should not be taken to mean that you can plant and have a crop without spraying. We have

opinion to the large quantities of potatoes sold as Up-to-Date which bear no resemblance to that variety. Last season, when seed potatoes were very scarce, many tons of potatoes were labelled Up-to-Date, but the growers were greatly disappointed in the resulting crops. The true Up-to-Date has a purple flower, is a strong grower, and the tubers are generally somewhat long and flat. It is a good cropper, and though it does not stand against blight as long as the Northern Star, yet it suits a greater

"SMALL CULTURE" IN SCOTLAND.

The "North British Agriculturist" calls attention to an interesting proposal by the Duchess of Sutherland to introduce the "small culture" methods of France into Scotland. Her Grace says: "A little land, a little prudence, an increased knowledge of horticulture, combined with a shrewd study of the needs of the town markets, and we may see villages become richer and happier, the sons and daughters of our yeomen so attached by satisfactory occupation and fascinated interest to their gardens, that they become indifferent to the glittering uncertainties of cities. Cottage gardens may grow to vegetable farms, and strawberry and raspberry farms, which even in our unstable climate are possible paying concerns. I know of a large and successful raspberry farm in bleak Perthshire."

The "Agriculturist" says: "We can cordially endorse her Grace's contention as to the possibility of making strawberry and raspberry culture successful in Perthshire. We are not so sure, however, about Perthshire being a specially 'bleak' county. At any rate, Perthshire includes some of the most fertile and best farmed land in Scotland, and some of the most successful farmers in Scotland are landowners in that 'bleak' county. We admit, however, that we are much less sanguine as to the possibility of 'the sons and daughters of our yeomen becoming so attached by satisfactory occupation and fascinated interest to their gardens that they become indifferent to the glittering uncertainties of the cities.' Her Grace of Sutherland has done much to promote and encourage local industries and technical education as applied to those industries. She is the lady of the manor in respect of the largest private estate in the kingdom, and it is very gratifying, therefore

THE MALLOW-FLOWERED SIDALCEA.

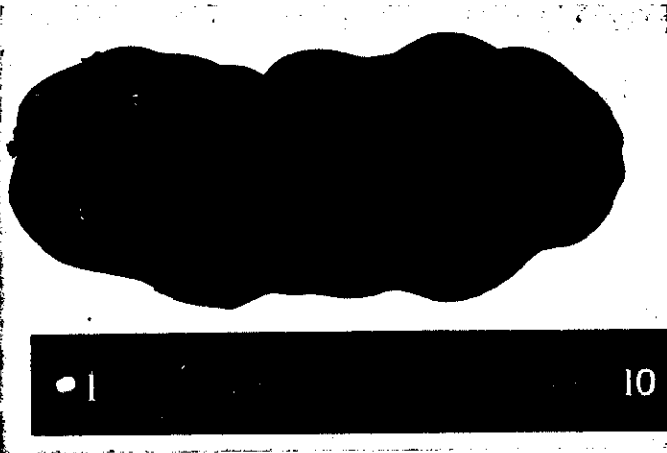
(*Sidalcea Malvaeflora*.)

The species of *Sidalcea* are hardy herbaceous plants from western North America, and are all very closely related. For garden purposes, however, the colour of the flower serves to distinguish a number of them. That under notice is the oldest introduction, having been introduced in 1838. It is also one of the best, though many enthusiastic cultivators lay great stress upon the white one (*S. candida*). The species under notice varies in colour, but the best one, and probably the commonest in cultivation, has dark rosy purple flowers arranged in an elongated spike and developing successively for some time. The height of the plant varies from 1½ ft. to 2½ ft., according to the soil and its conditions. It, therefore, constitutes a border plant of considerable value, both for garden decoration and for cut flowers.

It is of the easiest culture in any good well tilled garden soil, and increases with fair rapidity, but never becomes coarse or weedy. Its compact habit makes it a favourite plant even in cottage gardens where space is limited. Propagation may be effected by division, and this will give sufficient plants for the requirements of any private garden. In selecting pieces for new plants the youngest crowns or suckers should be selected, as they form the most vigorous specimens. Clumps do not require renewal very frequently, unless the cultivator wishes to grow them to the largest size possible.

REHMANNIA AUGULATA.

The few known species of *Rehmannia* come from China and Japan. That now under notice is a native of China, from



Hobart Red Skin Potato.

This potato was not one of the illustrations forwarded by "Veronica," but happened to attract the attention of one of our staff in the office of Messrs. Carr and Pountney, produce merchants, of Auckland, who kindly lent it for the purpose of illustration. Its size is ten inches in length, and its weight 2 lbs 12 ozs. "Veronica" may possibly have something to say next week. It is only now inserted as worthy of attention on account of what seems to us its abnormal size.

tried a very large number of sorts, probably a good many more than those the Government displayed at any of our exhibitions, and out of the whole lot we have failed to find one absolutely blight resistant. True, there are sorts which stand against the disease longer than others, but we have not found a single variety which is absolutely blight proof; indeed, there is a fortune waiting the man who can produce such a tuber, and here it may not be out of place if we venture to suggest to the powers that be that although the Government exhibits of nice dishes of named sorts at our shows are very interesting to a few farmers and gardeners, such exhibits might be still more instructive and of an educative use were their blighting ter-

variety of soils. Northern Star and Magnum Bonum are perhaps the best at resisting attacks of the blight.

Gold Coin.—An American sort, which has given excellent returns, a heavy cropper, and does well on most soils.

Eureka Extra Early.—Another American introduction of merit. The tubers grow in a cluster or bunch. There are few small, nearly all being of marketable size. It is a very early round white potato, with rather deep eyes, cooks well, and of excellent quality. Can be planted closer than most varieties.

Royalty is an excellent kidney-shaped sort, heavy cropper, and produces potatoes of medium size. It is white fleshed, first rate quality.



Gold Coin.

dencies noted on the name cards. Cropping and keeping qualities could also be noted, their "raining" or cluster characteristics might also be noticed. Were such information imparted it would be of great service to growers. The potatoes we now grow are principally Up-to-Dates, Northern Star, Magnum Bonum, El Dorado, etc. These are the sorts which, so far, have proved the best resistors, but only in a degree.

It has been stated that Up-to-Dates are not now a profitable potato to grow, but we are inclined to attribute this

The Scot, as the name indicates, hails from the Land of Cakes, where it is held in great favour. It is a beautifully-shaped round white sort, very shallow eyes, main crop; a good sort for exhibition.

King Edward is perhaps one of the most handsome coloured kidneys in commerce. It is an indispensable variety for exhibiting. The flesh is yellow, and cooks well. A heavy cropper, and very highly esteemed in England.

VERONICA



Sidalcea malvaeflora—Flowers deep rose.

to find a lady of quality like her ready to throw her whole influence in favour of measures designed to benefit the rural labourers, and stem the tide of rural depopulation. Her Grace has at her disposal the most ample means of putting her theories into practice, and we presume that she is about to design and build a "Garden City" in the neighbourhood of Dunrobin Castle, in which case that experiment will be watched with the keenest and most sympathetic interest by statesmen and social reformers of every grade."

whence it has been introduced in recent years by Messrs. Jam's Veitch and Sons, Ltd., Chelsea.

The plant belongs to the same family as the Antirrhinum and Foxglove, to which the flowers of this species may be roughly compared in general appearance. The flowers are drooping, irregular, two-lipped, and produced singly in the axils of large leafy bracts over the greater part of the stems, which varies in height from 18 inches to 3 feet, possibly more, under very liberal conditions of cultivation.

Our illustration shows a whole plant in a small pot, and flowering almost from the base. As the stem continues to bring more flowers are produced indefinitely according to the vigour of the plant, or, in other words, to the root room, body of soil and plant food at its command. These flowers are drooping, of large size, and rosy-purple, with a deep red blotch on a yellow ground in the throat of the flower where the tube is so compressed as to close the opening. It can be raised from seeds, and commences to flower in late spring, continuing well into the summer. As the plant grows with a single stem, one neat and slender stake will be sufficient to hold up a large plant. When in bloom it can very well be introduced

Auricula seed is slow and irregular in germinating; the seedlings should be pricked off into other pots or pans as soon as large enough to shift. The pan should still be preserved, for the seedlings will continue, very often to come up months after the first plants are shifted from the seed-pan.

As soon as the seedlings are big enough they should be again transferred into small pots, the compost used consisting of three-parts turfy loam, one part leaf mould, and one part well-decayed manure. Place them in a frame in the shade. The plants should have plenty of air given them, and water only when the pots are dry, the Auricula being very like the Caranation in the treatment required for



Rehmannia Angulata

to the conservatory, where it will serve greatly to keep up an interesting display in spring and early summer.

This plant is quite hardy in North New Zealand, and from what we have seen it appears to be a great grower and succors from the roots, this evil tendency had better be carefully observed.

AURICULAS FROM SEED.

FASCINATING HOBBY.

To those wishing to take up the culture of a particular flower as a hobby the Auricula offers especial attractions; whether it be the show variety, enveloped in its mystic veil of mealy paste, or its less aristocratic sister, the alpine. The range of colour is varied, and the shadings of individual flowers superb.

I propose to deal with getting together a stock from selected seedlings raised from s of saved from named show, fancy, and alpine, which can be purchased from growers of repute at a cost of 1/6 for alpine and 2/6 a packet for show and fancy varieties.

To see a batch of seedling Auriculas in bloom is a sight worth beholding, and well repays the trouble and attention lavished on them. September is a very good time to sow seed, as it gives the seedlings time to grow into strong plants before the winter.

Seed pans or pots well crocked should be three parts filled with a mixture of fine loam and silver sand, watered, left to drain, and the seed sparingly scattered on the surface, afterwards being lightly covered with more fine soil. Place sheets of glass on top to prevent evaporation, and turn each day, wiping off any beads of moisture which may hang on the glass.

its successful culture, in the following year the alpine varieties may be planted out into the flower border.

Show, fancy and selfs must be kept under cover of greenhouse or frame, but give plenty of air, and when the flowers are coming out they should be kept in the shade, as strong sunlight takes away the beauty of the delicate colours, often giving them a washed-out appearance. The show varieties are divided into four classes—the green edge, grey edge, white edge, and self. There is also a sweet-scented yellow variety.

A group of Auriculas, say one hundred plants, well arranged according to colours, will form a valuable addition to the decoration of the conservatory, especially if Ferns are intermixed. The liking for the Auricula grows deeper and deeper as one gets familiar with its beauty and charms.

"STAR OF NEW ZEALAND" SEED

POTATO. As I am handling the introducer's stock of this excellent potato this season, my patrons can depend on procuring TRUE STOCK. Exhaustive trials in England and N.Z. have proved the high standard of this variety. Only a limited supply. Order early. 6d. per lb.; 25/- per cwt.

All leading varieties of Seed Potatoes at market rates.
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WANTED, 5000 GARDENERS to send Post-card for Patterns and easy self-measurement Form of the best working Trowsers ever sold. Famed "Glenscot" (reg.) Tweeds, price 7/6 per pair. Hip pocket. Strong made and perfect fitting. Over 1000 of the leading Gardeners have sent us unqualified Testimonials in praise of them. Patterns and our easy self-measurement Form sent free. — **SHAW AND MONTGOMERY** (Pennyans). The Scotch Tailors, Dept. D, 478 and 432, Argyle-st., Glasgow, W.

The Divine Weed.

SOME INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT TOBACCO AND SMOKING.

"Blessed be the inventor of smoking, which enables us to sleep with our eyes open," exclaimed Sancho Panza, to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer might well add—"and which provided such a large proportion of the national revenue."

The contemplation of the vast sums spent every year on smoking makes one wonder how the world got on before the discovery of this luxury. What a void there must have been in the lives of our ancestors, ignorant of the virtues of tobacco! To them came no memories of a vanished past, no visions of the future, or strange musings on the problems of life and death.

Who was the first smoker? Alas! history telleth not. Probably no single individual is entitled to so great an honour. It seems likely that the practice of smoking originated in the burning of incense as an act of worship, far long before the discovery of tobacco the inhalation of the smoke of herbs was a common practice in the Old World, both as a religious rite and for medicinal purposes. Dioscorides, Pliny, and other ancient writers refer to the practice of inhaling smoke through a funnel as a remedy for asthma and coughs. Oviedo, when in San Domingo early in the sixteenth century, found the natives in the habit of inhaling tobacco smoke to produce insensibility; and Fray Romana Pama, a missionary who accompanied Christopher Columbus to America, saw the priests of the god Kirwasa using the same means to induce a state of fanatic excitement. In Drake's time the North American Indians burned tobacco as an offering to their gods, and the Iroquois have continued the practice to the present day. From being at first a purely religious rite, inhalation passed by degrees into a common, everyday indulgence, for the mere pleasurable sensations it produced.

TOBACCO AT 18/ AN OUNCE.

Tobacco appears to have been first introduced into this country by Sir John Hawkins in 1565, and 15 years later we find Salvation Yeo astonishing the dwellers on the Torridge Moors by emitting from his nostrils smoke inhaled from tobacco leaves, which he had rolled into the shape of a cigar. A Frenchman, on returning from a visit to England in 1631, told his fellow-countrymen that "the very women take tobacco in abundance, especially in the western counties."

For some time after its introduction, smoking was a very costly indulgence. James the First asserting that "some of his gentry spent as much as three or four hundred pounds a year upon the precious stink"; but, as we know how great was his dislike to "the weed so much used to God's dishonour," his statement must be accepted with a certain amount of reserve. Nevertheless, an ounce of tobacco could not then be obtained for less than 18/ of our money. In John Aubrey's time it appears to have been worth its weight in silver, for that old gossip tells us that he had seen the farmers at Chippenham market pick out their biggest shillings to place in the scales against the tobacco.

Even the heavy duties levied on tobacco failed to check its consumption. The tax of twopence per pound imposed by Elizabeth was increased by James the First to six shillings and twopence, in the vain hope that he would thus "prevent men sinning against God by using the filthy novelty, whose stinking fumes resembled the Stygian smoke of the pit that is hot-tentless."

EVOLUTION OF THE PIPE.

Although antiquaries have not yet satisfactorily decided whether the pipe or the cigar is the more ancient, a point has recently been scored in favour of the former.

When some excavations were being made in the vicinity of those circular encroachments now generally considered to be remains of settlements of the ancient Irish, several small pipes of antique shape were discovered, one even being found sticking in the tooth of a human skull.

The pipe has assumed many forms since the days when Drake and Hawkins first "drank" tobacco from small silver instruments. The long clay "churchwardens," with wax-tipped stems, date from the time of William of Orange. Steers-cham pipes, the invention of an Australian,

came into vogue about a century later, and during the period of their popularity a well-coloured specimen would fetch as much as £500. That general favourite of the present day, the briar, was introduced soon after the Great Exhibition of 1851. Contrary to the common belief, it is not made from the briar, but from the enormous root of a species of heather growing in the South of Europe. It is a curious coincidence that the Guild of Pipemakers should have received its Charter from James the First.

Cigars were in fairly common use on the Continent long before the end of the eighteenth century, but were not allowed to be imported into England until about 1820, and then only under the heavy duty of 18/ per pound, a tax which effectually prevented them from coming into general use.

SNUFF-BOX VOTARIES.

This probably was no great hardship, as snuff was then the only fashionable way of taking tobacco. From an advertisement in the "Spectator" of that period we learn that there were professors who taught the "exercise of the snuff-box according to the most fashionable airs and motions, and the mode of offering snuff to a stranger, a friend, or a mistress, according to the degree of familiarity or distance, together with an explanation of the careless, the scornful, and the surly pinch, with the gestures proper to each." The accomplished snuff-er is said to have spent at least two hours every day in the manoeuvres necessary to the proper manipulation of his snuff-box. The general idea prevailed that snuff acted as a spur to the intellect. A rash individual one day asked Abernethy whether its use really affected the brain, only to have the crushing retort hurled at him, "No one with an ounce of brains would ever take snuff."

It is one of the strangest facts in the history of civilised man that the world should have been so easily and so completely conquered by a herb at once acrid, foetid, and repulsive, apparently fit only to be the companion of the nauseous articles found in a druggist's shop. Yet the desire for it is the last appetite to leave those who are ill, while a return of the craving almost invariably indicates approaching recovery.

It is a fact worthy of note that the introduction of smoking coincided with the beginning of "those melodious bursts that fill the spacious times of Great Elizabeth with sounds that echo still."

Of the making of books about tobacco there has been no end, while a long line of poets, from Spenser to Meredith, have sung the praises of "that sweet smoking pipe, the chimney of perpetual hospitality," which yields to its votaries.

"Thought in the early morning,
Sorrow in time of woe,
Leave in the hush of twilight,
Balm ere the eyelids close."

Mrs. Baye: She is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilises or filters everything in the house. Mrs. Kaye: How does she get along with her family? Mrs. Baye: Oh, even her relations are strained.

The afflicted all fly to it,
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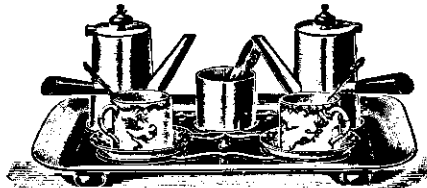
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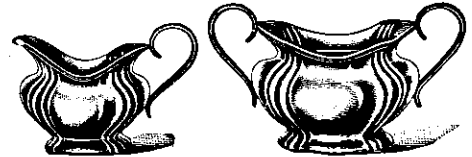
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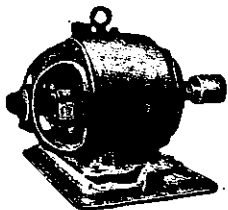
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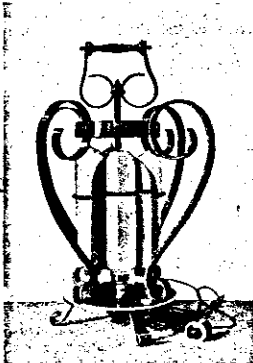
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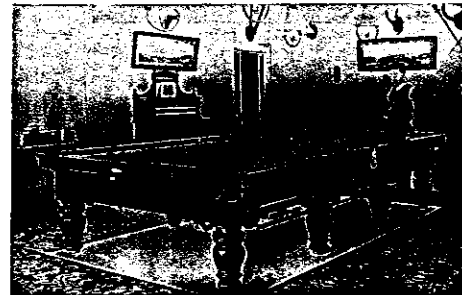
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The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

PROFESSIONAL fees," said the cynic, "are matters of mystery to the ordinary mortal. It is supposed to be very vulgar to haggle with a professional man over such mundane things as pounds, shillings, and pence. I remember when I was a little boy being sent to consult a celebrated doctor. I was given two guineas neatly wrapped up in paper, and told to leave them furtively on the doctor's table. I was so nervous that I dropped them, and one of the shillings rolled under the table. I scrambled after it, and, having recovered it, I laid my offering on the writing desk in a shamefaced manner. The great man had worn an abstracted air during the whole performance, and quietly covered up the four guilty-looking coins with a sheet of notepaper, as if to shut out from his gaze the sight of mere worldly dross. But how times are changed. We have now the spectacle of a medical man sitting for his fees like any other common mortal, and entering into details of his professional charges. The plebeian dollar has replaced the lordly guinea. In a recent case some objection was taken to the fact that the man who performed an operation received less than the man who looked on. This is manifestly absurd, as we all know an old proverb tells us that lookers on see most of the gains. By the way, doctor, I see that your profession has as strong an objection as ever to the free lance, judging by the charge of three guineas for lancing a boil. The charge, as one professional man said, was large but not exorbitant. What fee would a doctor consider exorbitant?"

"No fee," replied the medico, "is exorbitant if you get it. An exorbitant charge is when you charge more than you have any hope of obtaining. We doctors have an enormous amount of expense, which patients do not always take into consideration. The cost of our education alone often runs into the thousands. Then we must keep a motor car and horses and traps and men to look after them. We have to keep up a good establishment, and be ready to turn out at all hours. Also many people think nothing of not paying their doctor. The butcher and baker and candlestick maker all get paid before the medical man. Then a doctor often has a very anxious time of waiting while he is building up a practice. It is all money going out and nothing coming in. The habit to which you allude, of people furtively hiding their fee somewhere in your room, certainly has its funny side. A celebrated London physician told me he often spent quite a considerable time after his patients had gone, hunting all over the place for his fees like a retriever dog."

"Talking of fees," remarked the parson, "reminds me of a curious but wholly excellent custom that used to prevail amongst the old evangelical families at home. A pastoral visit was a very formal affair. All the servants would be summoned into the dining-room, and the clergyman would be requested to read a chapter of the Bible and say prayers. For this he would receive a guinea, which was generally put into an envelope and slipped inside the book. He would transfer it to his pocket in as quiet and unobtrusive a way as possible. Sometimes the hostess would leave it in his hat, sometimes it would be delicately and thoughtfully slipped into the pocket of his overcoat. We live in an age when all these pretty customs are extinct, and a democratic House of Representatives actually wants to contest a paltry thirty shillings a day travelling expenses for a Customs expert.

"He was probably," commented the journalist, "an expert in the hallowed customs to which you allude. The fee had been unostentatiously given and as unostentatiously received. And now, after some twenty years of courteous and well-bred reticence it is dragged before the vulgar gaze of the public. A complaint on the score of travelling expenses comes with an ill grace from a Ministry accustomed to holiday jaunts among the islands of the Pacific and the Southern Sounds. I think, personally, that all public servants who have to travel much should receive a fixed sum per annum. To give a man a few shillings a day and expect him to account for it does not seem very dignified. The allowance made for travelling to school inspectors and others is often totally inadequate, and the mere fact that a man has to travel about entails a lot of expenses that cannot easily be made to figure in accounts. It would be far more satisfactory to make a rough estimate of the amount of journeying a man is likely to be called upon to undertake and then give him a fairly generous yearly allowance."

"Why is it," asked the business man, "that no system of book-keeping has yet been devised that shall be an absolute safeguard against fraud? We pay the most highly trained experts to audit our accounts; they spend days over the books and present a pretty stiff bill of costs, and yet it would seem that a clever rogue can swindle you under their very nose. For all I know, my book-keeper may be making more out of my business than I am. The auditors certify everything as being all correct, and I am of course bound to take their word for it, but I would like to feel absolutely certain of things. When we hear of municipal bodies being robbed of thousands of pounds, in spite of the yearly audit, and when we see large business firms suffering in a similar way, it makes the average man uneasy."

"I am glad you mentioned the subject," replied the accountant. The generality of people do not realise the difference between an audit and a scrutiny. A scrutiny is bound to detect any attempt at fraud, but then it involves an enormous cost. Perhaps I can make myself clear by giving a few illustrations free from any technicalities. The great difficulty is to keep check on the incoming money. Suppose Jones owes the firm £10. He comes in and pays this amount to the book-keeper. The book-keeper receipts the bill and puts the money in his pocket. In the ledger Jones still figures as owing the £10, but unless an account for this sum is posted to him, he is not likely to trouble his head further in the matter. If there is likely to be any inquiry the money is replaced from later sums received from others. Now all an auditor can do is this. He can see that Jones owes this amount for goods received, and he can see from the cash book that the money had apparently not been paid, but how can he discover from the books that the money has been misappropriated? You can only go on what is before you."

"A scrutiny," he went on, "is a different affair, and means something like this. You take the stock sheets of twelve months ago, and see that all items are in the stock-book. For instance, you find, say, 200 tins of jam in stock at that date. You then find that in the course of the year another 1000 tins were purchased, and that the stock in hand is 400. You trace each one of these 1000 tins through cash sales or customers' accounts. And so for all

stock. Then you take all receipts for money paid out, and call personally to get the receipt initialled by the person to whom the money was paid. You then take the accounts owing to the firm, and call personally on every customer to get them initialled as being correct. As you can well imagine, such a course involves great expense and labour, but I do not know of any other absolute safeguard against fraud. And I have only taken a very simple case. Many other elements enter into our modern complicated commercial system. A fairly efficient check can be kept on money paid out, but where long credits are given I do not see how it is possible to guard against fraud by mere book-keeping."

"I fancy," said the banker, "that much could be done by employers noting the style of living adopted by their employees. When a man in receipt of three or four pounds a week is living at the rate of some hundreds a year, it is safe to suspect a screw loose somewhere. In most businesses there is bound to be some small leakage, perhaps without any conscious fraud, but it ought to be impossible for any man to defraud a firm of thousands. It is no affair of mine how the Bank's customers get their money, as long as their accounts are not overdrawn, but I fancy an inspection of one or two ledger accounts would cause some heads of business houses in the colony to make inquiries into the habits of certain people they employ."

"Be anything you like, but never dull," That might have been a motto for "Labby," the prince of jesters. In diplomacy, journalism, fighting politics, libel actions, he has lived up to it all the time. The world would go ill without its laughers. And "Labby" could be bitter in his wit at times, but never with any lasting ill-will. He is the big-hearted laughier of them all. According to all records, he is getting on in years, being well over the three-score marks. But really that's a mistake. He is forty odd at most, although he did retire from the House of Commons on the plea of old age. If a man laughs all the time you can never make him old. The House missed him sorely when he went. When he was appointed Secretary of the Embassy in Constantinople, he was ordered to proceed there at once. But he likes to hurry only when it suits him. Ten days after his peremptory order Lord Hammond, his chief, saw him strolling in Piccadilly.

The letter that Lord Hammond then sent to him (his signature scrawled on the envelope) was full of wrath. But wise Lehoucheur, well knowing this, did not open it. He put it in his breast pocket. For a special reason he pulled it forth again, and put it to sleep in his coat-tail pocket. He left London that day, travelling for Constantinople by way of Baden-Baden. For still he was not inclined to hurry.

He enjoyed a good fortnight at Baden-Baden. Not till then did he open Lord Hammond's letters. It was, as he had expected, a furious reprimand for not having left London directly on receipt of his instructions.

"You see now," said "Labby" to the friend who had accompanied him, "the inestimable advantage of my having

changed old Hammond's letter from my breast pocket to my coat-tail pocket."

His friend looked amazed. "No, I don't see," he said. "It sounds like a conjuring trick."

"Well, it's this way," explained "Labby," and, smiling, lit another cigarette. "For I can now, without departing from the truth, write from Baden-Baden to acknowledge the receipt of his letter. And I can commence it as follows. — 'My Lord,—Your letter of the 20th ult has followed me here.'"

Tests of the new tyres known as "elastes" indicate that a set will run at least 10,000 miles on a 24 horse-power automobile, and that they will reduce the expense for tyres fully one-half. They are made by filling the ordinary covers of pneumatic tyres with a heat-mixed composition of glue, glycerine and chromic salts. The material solidifies in a few days into a soft rubber, forming a cushion for all roads, and having entire immunity from puncture.

THE RATIONAL KIDNEY CURE.

New Blood Made By
DR WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS
Care Backache
Napier Woman Found This Out.

Every backache is not kidney complaint; often it's lunging, and in women more often it's owing to irregularities from which only women suffer. When it really is the kidneys, and one can soon tell kidney trouble by the puffed up rings under the eyes and unpleasant characteristics, it's a mistake to take stimulating drugs, which merely obscure the pain for a time. The commonsense way is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they actually make new blood, which cleans the clogged kidneys, and brings health and healing. A Napier woman found this out.

"It is now about two years ago since I first had kidney disease," said Mrs. Caroline Logan, Canby-street, Napier, N.Z. "The first I knew of it was the awful pain that I used to get in my back across the top of my hips. Often I thought my back was breaking. The least amount of walking brought on the sharp pinching pain, like needles being stabbed into me. When I took a deep breath it was as if a sharp knife was being driven into my back. Sometimes I was afraid to breathe. I used to get an awful dull pricking in between my shoulders, a bruised sort of ache, and very often it was so much so I could do no more. Sometimes I had to let my work go, it was quite beyond me to do anything, and I had to lie about, trying to get ease from the sharp stabbing pains."

"Then when things had to be done, I suffered agonies while doing them. My head used to ache dreadfully. Right across the back the dull aching nearly drove me mad. I could not sleep much at night, and used to be tossing about, and in the morning I felt more worn out than when I went to bed. I had a horrible taste in my mouth every morning, and a nasty fur on my tongue. Every day I felt myself getting weaker. My appetite had gone, and I had to force myself to eat. One day I happened to read in a newspaper that a person had been cured of kidney trouble by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case was exactly like mine, so I got a couple of boxes from Thompson's Pharmacy, on Emu-street, and when I had finished them I felt so much better that I made up my mind to keep on with them. Four boxes completely cured me. Since I took them I have had splendid health. Not a backache or headache has troubled me, and I can do my work quite easy. Now I sleep and eat well, and get up quite fresh every morning."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood that is why they cure so many different diseases. They are sold by all chemists and storekeepers, or may be ordered by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, at 3/- a box, six boxes 16/6, post free. Write for hints as to diet etc.

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COPENHAGEN.
The Favourite Liqueur.

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MUSINGS and MEDITATIONS

BY DOG TOBY

CLERICAL HUMORISTS.

A SENSE of humour is almost a necessity to a clergyman, but it is to be feared that the race of clerical humorists is dying out. It is necessary, because true humour comes from a sense of proportion, and a quick and ready sympathy; humour and pathos are ever allied. But Canon Ainger and Dean Hole seem to have left no true successors, perhaps because the tendency of modern church life is against a sense of proportion. To use Dean Liddell's quaint phrase, too many parsons bring out the garden roller to crush a snail. Canon Ainger had a very ready wit. I asked him once if he saw much of one of his brother Canons. "I often meet him," he replied, "but as I am very short-sighted, and he only has one eye, I am afraid we don't see much of each other." On one occasion he told his Archdeacon that a very wealthy man had contributed £5 to a certain mission. "Only five," exclaimed the Archdeacon, "a man of his wealth ought to give £50." "Well," replied the Canon, "I suppose he forgot the ought." I mentioned to him once that an enormously stout man had boasted that he had a very old family tree, and all the family had been stout, on which he suggested that perhaps the man measured the age of the tree by its girth. His keen humour turned aside the many attacks that were levelled at him. A sermon of his was once very strongly criticised, as being too high, or too low, or too broad, or too something—I really forget what—and he remarked that what his critics really objected to was St. Paul's teaching, but they were too late to be able to attack St. Paul, so they had pitched on him instead. It reminded him, he said, of a man who had been kicked on the head with a whip by an omnibus driver. The man was unable to retaliate on the driver, but he ran after the bus and pinched the conductor's leg.

A clerical friend of mine told me that he could never get along at all if it were not for the relief afforded by quaint incidents in his parish visiting. An old lady told him the trouble she had with her boarders, whom she described as being very fussy and particular over their food. "All except Mr Jones," she added, "and he always behaves like a perfect gentleman. He eats whatever I like to cook for him, and he never asks any questions or makes a fuss like the others. He's ill in bed now, poor fellow."

On another occasion one of his parishioners, who conducted an hotel, sent for him to call, as she was in great trouble. He found her very much upset over the new regulations for Sunday closing, and the abolition of that mysterious personage, the home-tide traveller. She evidently expected the parson would be sympathetic, and he rather failed to see why he should be expected to feel any very great concern about the matter. "Well, sir," she explained, "I made sure you would feel for us, because, as you know, hotelkeepers are not the only people who depend on their Sunday business for a living."

A very witty remark was made by a certain country vicar, whose parish adjoined that of his Archdeacon. The Archdeacon rejoiced in the name of England, and was an exceedingly good fellow, but a little lazy. He was very fond of taking a holiday, and asking the neighbouring clergy to look after his Sunday work. Naturally his nearest neighbour was the one most often requested, and after this good man had officiated for three successive weeks, he remarked with a pensive sigh, "England expects every man to do his duty."

A vicar once entertained his bishop at dinner had ordered a dish of whitebait

as an especial delicacy. To his great dismay the bishop happened to mention just before dinner that he could not endure the sight of whitebait, and he could not imagine how people could eat it. The cleric did not want to deny himself the pleasure of his favourite dish, and he also did not want to appear in any way rude to his guest by seeming to neglect his tastes. He got out of it by remarking when the fish in due course made its appearance: "Here is my whitebait, and I fear, my lord, your bete noire."

The following story will probably appeal to many occupants of the pew. A certain canon sent his boy to the school attached to the cathedral. On one occasion his son came into his study while he was preparing his sermon, and asked his parent in rather tearful tones how long he was going to preach for. "Oh," said his father, "I suppose from twenty minutes to half an hour." "Please don't make it more than 20 minutes," pleaded the youngster, "because the other boys say they will give me a good licking if you do." "All right, my lad," answered the indulgent papa; "I will cut it down to a quarter of an hour to be on the safe side. But I only wish some of my brother canons would send their sons to your school." There is something to be said, after all, in favour of a married clergy.

TERRIBLE INDIGESTION.

SUFFERED AGONY FOR FIVE LONG YEARS.

A WONDERFUL CURE BY BILE BEANS.

That Indigestion could resolve itself into so severe a form as to make life a perfect misery would not, at first thought, appear credible. But that this complaint is capable of inflicting upon its victims great pain and suffering, the many who have allowed themselves to become martyrs to its ravages proves.

The following particularly alarming case of Mr. H. J. Tucker, of Adelaide, is an instance. For five long years Indigestion marred the life of this gentleman, albeit that medical treatment was secured, which, however, proved unsuccessful in relieving him. As a last resource he tried Bile Beans, and this medicine, triumphant as it always is, effected a complete cure. There are many forms of Indigestion, but Bile Beans, by striking at the root-cause, cure them all, and permanently.

Mr. H. J. Tucker is a hairdresser, residing at Franklin-street, Adelaide, and says: "For the past five years I have been troubled with Indigestion and Dyspepsia. I suffered awfully at times, but could get nothing to give me relief. The Indigestion made my life a perfect misery. I could not attend to my work. I lost all appetite, and suffered from vomiting and chronic headaches, and all day long hot, sour water kept rising into my mouth. Doctors' medicines did me no good, and I tried many so-called cures, but to no effect. One day I received one of your pamphlets bearing on Bile Beans, and reading of cases similar to my own that had been cured by Bile Beans, I decided as a last resource to give them a trial. It now gives me great pleasure to state that I am completely cured of Indigestion, the credit of which is solely due to Bile Beans. I have every confidence in recommending them to fellow-sufferers."

If you are ill or ailing, commence a course of Bile Beans to-day, and so ensure a winter of robust health. They not only cure all liver ailments, but by giving tone to the system ward off coughs, colds, and influenza. From all Chemists and Stores at 1/11, or 2/9 special family size (containing three times 1/11).

STAMP COLLECTING

Some Transvaal stamps realised high prices recently in London at auction. An unperforate 1d Crown lake of 1869 fetched five guineas. An unused block of four of the 1d red on orange of 1877, with V.R. overprint in italics, £40, and a rejoined pair of the 6d blue on blue, same date, italic V.R., and wide roulette, £23.

Official correspondence in Egypt is in future to be franked by ordinary stamps overprinted in black, "O.H.H.S." (On His Highness's Service). The set so overprinted is reported as follows:— 1 mil brown, 2 green, 3 orange, 5 rose carmine, and 1 piastre blue.

The roll of members of the Royal Philatelic Society totals 236. The cash balance on the 31st of March last was £300. The sum of £273 5/2 has also been handed to the society in trust by the Executive Committee of the International Philatelic Exhibition, held last year in London for the purpose of any future exhibitions to be held under the auspices of the society, or for such other purposes for the general benefit of philately as the Council should consider expedient. The Council of the Society decided to invest the money in trust securities, and keep it as a separate fund until required for the purposes of the Society. The accounts showed assets over liabilities to the extent of £617, the subscriptions for the year totalling £311 0/.

The following stamps have been issued for use in Surinam: 15c. brown, 20c. olive, 30c. chestnut, 50c. lake brown, 1 guelder violet, and 2½ guelders slate green.

The first issue of stamps in Montenegro was in 1874. They bear the portrait of Prince Nicholas I. The Montenegrans are the descendants of those Serbians who, after the battle of Kossavo in 1389, refused to submit to the Turks. Montenegro means "Black Mountain."

Safety thread paper was invented by John Dickenson in 1829. It was afterwards used for the Mulready envelopes, and was considered a better safeguard against forgery than the watermark which is now almost universally in use. Some of the earlier issues of stamps on the Continent have the silk thread through them.

The stamps issued during the last year were as follows: Europe, 142; Asia, 68; Africa, 179; America, 162; Oceania, 31; total, 582; as against 697 in 1905, 766 in 1904, 1183 in 1903, and 1017 in 1902. It is pleasing to notice that the number of issues is decreasing every year.

The sale of the stamps of the late Mr. Cox by Messrs. Plumridge and Co., in London, realised £3040 13/.

A new set of stamps has been issued in Iceland. They bear, side by side, the profiles of the late and the present kings of Denmark. The word "Island" appears at the top, and "Frithverkei" at each side, the value being at the foot. The values and colours are as follows: 3 aur, yellow-brown; 4, grey, carmine centre; 5, green; 6, grey; 10, carmine; 10, brown; 20, blue; 25, bistre-brown, green centre; 40, plum; 50, grey, plum centre; 1 krona, blue, brown centre; 2, grey-brown, slate-green centre; and 5, yellow-brown, blue centre. There is also a set of official stamps of the following values: 3 aur, yellow; 4, green; 5, deep orange; 10, blue; 16, carmine; 20, yellow green; and 50, violet.

On account of the changing the currency in East Africa and Uganda Protectorate from annas to cents, a new issue of stamps is almost certain to be made. The question of importance to collectors is whether or not the "anna" series will be overprinted with "cents."

The following is the description of a new issue of stamps for Peru, some of which have already appeared: 1c. (Monument - Bolognesi); 2c. (Portrait of Grau); 5c. (Statue); 10c. (Exhibition Buildings); 20c. (School of Medicine); 50c. (General Post Office); 1 sol (Hippodrome); and 2 sols (Monument of Christopher Columbus).

It is expected that special stamps will be issued for "Jova" and "Madura," and that in the interim the Dutch Indies stamps may be overprinted with these words.

The eighth of the Le Roy D'edolles auctions produced about £3700, making the total achieved over £31,000. This auction comprised the stamps of the American continent and other non-European of British Colonial countries and it is satisfactory to note that a good level of prices was maintained, the varieties of such countries as Philippines, Hawaii, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Uruguay, Argentine, and united States finding willing purchasers at prices that represented on the average modern catalogue values.

"A Perfect Beverage, combining Strength, Purity and Soudibility."—
Medical Annual.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

Universally appreciated for its High Quality and Delicious Flavour. BEST & GOES FARTHEST.

Casual Impressions of Colonial Life ... and Character ...

It appears that among the various wonders which it has been the lot of this age to discover, the real, genuine, human child takes rank. At least we lay to our souls the flattering unctious that it remained for us to accept and respond to the genuine significance of the child's entity. It was left for us to interpret him to himself, by means of a literature which is all his own. Ours it is to equip him with an education, which to a large extent he treats as the boy David treated the unwieldy mail from Saul's armoury, flinging almost the whole of it aside when he goes forth to the world's fight. Ours, too, is the crowning merit of beginning to ascertain the extent of his capacity for the possession of personal effects, and this is the point to which we shall presently come.

The question of education (one is speaking, of course, of one's own colony) is a question of such obvious consequence that it is never really off the carpet, and would require separate treatment.

With regard to the evolution of a child's literature (and now we are on a cosmopolitan question), we thankfully acknowledge our indebtedness to the writers of recent years. Whatever decadence has overtaken the literature of the past decade, it has and shall forever retain the glory of having tenderly and sympathetically re-echoed the laughter of childhood. The echo has often been at fault, the treatment in some hands crude; for a child is one of the first and most difficult subjects to treat, yet much has been achieved, and we are all the gainers.

But when it comes to the last ground of our claim to having discovered the child, one is disposed to ask whether, instead of having discovered him, we are not doing our best to bury him beneath a mountain of personal effects. Is it any ground for self-laudation that some of us are so lavish with our material gifts to our children? Is it of tricycles, bicycles, mechanical toys, expensive dolls and picture-books out of number, that we are thinking when we claim to have more sympathy with the child than had our forefathers? Are we to conclude that parental tenderness was almost a latent quality during the shining ages which have given us so many heroes, singers and saints?

Is it not possible that we are overlooking one primary fact of childhood, namely, that to the child as to the man it applies, that his riches consist not in the abundance of the things which he possesses? Men of less luxurious ages have given us glimpses of their childhood, revealing the same play of happy fancy as shines out in the child mind to-day; Hood, for example, whose morning sun

"Never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day."

Wordsworth bounding along the hills of the lake county in an intoxication of animal spirits, Coleridge, watching the embers in the schoolroom grate, and dreaming pleasant dreams of that sister who had been as he says:

"My playmate when we both
Were dressed alike."

Boys will be boys, and girls will be girls too in the matter of outdoor exercise, so far as we will let them, but we act as though we thought they would be broken-hearted misanthropes if we didn't give them everything their neighbours get.

Really, we are on the wrong lines, given sufficiency of wholesome food and shelter, the sympathy and companionship of their parents and seniors, and the outdoor world for their playground, resource will not fail them. A case from

the grocer's, with four strong wheels fastened on to it, a good hill to supply the impetus, and they will ride down with the exhilaration of motor enthusiasts, cheerfully tugging the whole thing up again for the pleasure of repeating the experiment. What is happiness, even the highest forms of it, but the consciousness of energy in operation? With the child the energy, whether mere physical energy, or the energy of imagina-

tion and fancy, will find its own outlet. If the case and four wheels be not available, the child will imagine himself a locomotive, and race along the road with his sisters brining up the rear as trucks; a form of entertainment indulged in by the young friends of the writer.

"Well," you protest, "but we don't seem to have come exactly to the point yet. Why shouldn't the children have all these bicycles and things? It is only their part of the material inheritance of the age?"

That, of course, sounds very reasonable; and if it is justly their part, one must say that it is only natural to wish to see them enjoy it. But, supposing it isn't? For the tendency at present seems to be to make the indulgence of the child and young person general, no matter who else, individually, has to pay the piper. It is not a healthy sign to see the father of a family treated as though his attire possessed the qualities of the clothing and shoes of the itinerant Israelites, whilst his boys must always be well dressed, and his girls supplied with the "sweetest" things in bibs and tuckers. It is not cheering to see the young folks riding round the country on their bicycles whilst their often really loved but too little observed "Dad" is walking lame because of over-mended stockings. It is not a matter for pleasing torment when the old folks have to renounce an afternoon drive because the young folks need so much for various things that they can't afford the cab.

We are all too ready to indulge a feeling of disapprobation toward our forefathers because they were in danger of estranging their children by the practice of too great a severity. One certainly has scant sympathy with the old ideal which relegated the child to an abyss of inarticulate subservience. The child is the darling humourist of the race. Given the right, he will often say something profoundly illuminating. His unconscious winsomeness, untried faith, and the spirit-like touch of his small hand are among the most hallowing of human influences. Therefore, why spoil him? Why begin by fostering the very notion which in us all is among the young ideas which ought to be taught how not to shoot, namely, the idea that everything exists primarily for oneself. Supposing that whereas the sincerity of our forefathers tended to estrange the young from them, the indulgence of ourselves tends to estrange us from the young? Judging by what one reads of the state of some portions of society in America, such seems to be the case there. The picture which comes to us from there of social functions, in which the society of the older people is not looked for, is anything but attractive. Such a state of things justifies the inter-

ference that where people act so, they tacitly declare that physical youth is the only period during which one ought to expect to enjoy a good time.

Youth, as we all know from our own experience of it, is a most intensely egotistic period, but it is, nevertheless, a period fervently responsive to the nobler appeals. And we do it the grossest injustice when we set it apart, to indulge alone in life's confectionery, deny-

ing it the sacred right to share our graver responsibilities.

The fact is that this is an intensely material age. We, on the very crest of the wave of general prosperity (for, thank God, we hardly know the aspect of material destitution), are yet in danger of being conveyed we know not quite whither. "They'll only be young once," we say of our children, and we proceed to stunt them of the very thing which is one means of conducting the spirit to eternal youth, namely, the right to sacrifice. On those lines they will only be young once, for what will there be to fall back on when physical youth is done, only the regrets of memory, not its satisfaction.

Our young people have it in them to respond generously to the call for practical sympathy when it arises. Only the other day the writer heard of a family who were left fatherless. The mother heroically faced the situation, and did what she could to bring up the children well. One of her rewards was that as they grew up they entered into various occupations, saved up some money and sent their mother for a trip home to see their grandmother. To the young mind with all its buoyant imaginations there is something exhilarating about being taken into the councils of their elders, and permitted to contribute to the happiness and help of the home. The bare-legged boy collecting driftwood on the beach to keep his mother's copper boiling on washing-day, the bright girl mending up her old gloves, etc., so that the price of new ones may be devoted to procuring a coveted book for her father, know far more of real enjoyment than do those who are never allowed to know the pinch of economy. Of course, there are sometimes touches of genuine pathos about the child's sense of the problems which face his seniors. For instance, the writer heard of a little boy, the child of a friend, who, having broken his arm, went to the family doctor and asked how much it would cost to have it set!

But for the most part a healthy-minded child is not easily depressed by the knowledge of adverse circumstance. Given the necessities of life, and a little inconvenience, some harmless privations and contrivances will probably be accepted by him or her as truly romantic and like a book. One recalls quite recent instances of childish sacrifices offered in a truly acceptable spirit, a money-box opened and the contents proffered toward the wiping off of an unlooked-for doctor's bill, or a present of a lettuce for the widowed mother, a gift purchased as she was aware, with the child's own money.

Cannot you recollect, reader, for your own part, in the days when bicycles were

big-wheel little-wheel affairs, literally and metaphorically out of reach of the young, when families were large and birthday gifts few, what royal times you had? If you lived in England a good freeze and a pair of skates was happiness in the winter, and in the summer a kite, which appeared to have all your little sisters curl rags in tow, whilst a very occasional gift of sixpence or a shilling was munificence. If you were a girl you probably only had one really good doll in your life, and that nothing so very extra either. You carried your music in a case manufactured out of American leather, but your music was a delight to you, and your master's praise bliss. If you were bred in the colony you may have had to learn on a dumb piano, but you can regard the maiden of to-day with her double decker hair ribbons, jewellery, and half-guinea music roll without a pang of envy. She is no happier than you were.

It is unjust, fearfully unjust to the young to attempt to buy them off from that place of true comradeship with their elders, which always involves some touches of shadow. They can be bought off. Keep on telling them that they have the best of it, encourage by your asseverations the belief that advanced life is more or less a chilling negation of all youth's glorious dreams and hopes; but, that for your part, while they are young you would prefer to foster their pleasant impressions, by material indulgence. Just let them see that you are wiseful to give them everything they would like, and that you do not expect them to see whether you have even what you need. They will quite possibly get in with it, without in the least noticing how you are wronging them. But perhaps they will not like you the better for it afterwards.

On the other hand, if you want them to come into a youth that shall expand, instead of dwindling, why not take them seriously enough to show them their independence of material things, their right to the sacred joy of helping, the value to yourselves of their bright young comradeship, and the joy of together making for the morning of an ever broadening horizon.

A. B.

SAVES
MANY LIVES.

THE
WORLD'S CURE
FOR

**Coughs, Colds,
Bronchitis, Asthma,
and other
Lung Troubles.**

**Owbridge's
Lung Tonic**

The Old, but Up-to-date,
Remedy for
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NEW ZEALAND LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

The championship meeting held last week at Cornwall Park, Auckland, was most successfully carried through. The weather was not very encouraging for the opening, but cleared up, and the meeting finished in beautiful weather.

In the first round of the championship Miss E. C. Pierce beat Miss J. Mill, 4 up and 2 to play; Mrs. Mellopp beat Miss N. Gorrie, 3 up and 2 to play; Miss G. Gorrie beat Miss Foster, 6 up and 5 to play; Miss E. Martin beat Miss Jackson, 2 up; Mrs. W. Bloomfield beat Mrs. Innes, 4 up and 2 to play; Mrs. G. Williams beat Mrs. Cleghorn, 3 up and 2 to play; Miss Cave beat Miss Cowper, 1 up at the 19th hole; Miss W. Cotter beat Miss Cotter, 4 up and 3 to play.

The second round resulted: Miss E. C. Pierce beat Mrs. Mellopp, 6 up and 1 to play; Miss G. Gorrie beat Miss E. Martin, 4 up and 2 to play; Mrs. G. Williams beat Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, 3 up and 1 to play; Miss W. Cotter beat Miss Cave, 2 up.

In the semi-final Miss Pierce beat Miss Gorrie 5 up and 3 to play, and Mrs. Williams beat Miss Cotter 3 up and 1 to play.

The final resulted in a splendid game, both competitors playing at the top of their form, and the match was practically won at the last hole by Mrs. Williams. The scores were:—

Mrs. Williams, out: 6, 8, 2, 8, 5, 6, 5, 4, 7; in: 6, 5, —, 4, 5, 7, 6, 7.

Miss Pierce, out: 6, 4, —, 6, 5, 6, 7, 6, 6; in: 7, 5, 5, 3, 7, 6, 5, 6, 9.

Teams match.—Auckland "A" came first, Auckland "B" second, Wanganui third, and Hutt fourth. Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Bloomfield, Misses E. C. Pierce and G. Gorrie represented Auckland "A."

Foursomes.—Mrs. G. Williams and Miss G. Gorrie won the foursomes match, their score being 4 down; and Misses Cave and Cooper, of Wanganui, were second with 8 down.

Consolation Match.—Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. MacGonick, and Miss M. Cotter tied in the Consolation match, with eight down, and in the play off Mrs. MacGonick took first prize.

Handicap Match.—The handicap match (medal play) on Monday afternoon resulted in a win for Mrs. Williams (scratch), with a score of 92. Miss Gorrie (handicap 15) was second with 110, and Miss E. Martin (handicap 16), third, with 111.

Competitions.—Miss Cowper and Miss C. Hull tied in the putting competition with nine strokes, and in the play off Miss Cowper was successful. Miss Cowper also won the driving competition with 342 yards in three drives, Miss Martin coming second with 317 yards. Mrs. Watkins won the continuous putting competition. Mrs. Innes and Miss Standish tied for second place.

Mixed Foursomes.—Miss M. Towle and Heather carried off first prize in this event with a net score of 90, their handicap being 16. Miss Foster and Barnford (handicap 6), net score 93; Miss E. Martin and S. Upton (handicap 15), net score 94, were the two next best scores.

Coronation Challenge Medal.—This trophy, which was played for under the handicap rule of the English Ladies' Union over 18 holes, was won by Miss E. C. Pierce (handicap 11), gross score 98; Miss G. Gorrie (handicap 13), gross score 111; and Mrs. Williams (handicap 7), gross score, 97, were second and third.

Yorkshire brass bands and the stories about them exercise the rivalry of the villages. At the Elm Tree Inn in a certain Yorkshire village is told the story of a rival band, in which each member strove for mastery over his particular instrument—more particularly the man with the big drum. They won a prize, and marched playing from the station to the halting place in a side street. But the big drummer, absorbed in the music score, his carmen and thumps, missed the turn, hanged his way ahead for a quarter of a mile. Then he bumped up against a cart—turned, bewildered:—"Has the crown lost of a brass band?" he asked. "Ah've owt mine somewhere."

Music and Drama

CHORAL HALL.

Direction, BENNO SCHERERK.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY,
MONDAY.

AUGUST 22 to 26.

MADAME TERESA

CARRENO.

Particulars see Daily Papers.

"Lady Madeup," the second of the new pieces in the repertoire of Mr. J. Williamson's new musical comedy company, which a crowded and very enthusiastic audience welcomed at the Princess Theatre, promises to vie with its musical predecessor in popular favour. The piece which is by Paul Rubens. The scene is laid in England, and the characters who wear the garb of members of modern English society, are essentially descendants of British ancestry. In it the members of the company have an opportunity to display their talents in the field of light comedy as well as in musical comedy. In this regard Mr. Myles Clifton shows to decided advantage in the part which has been entrusted to him, and delights his audience with his finished representation of a "die-away," "couldn't help it" type of present day "Johnnyism." His whole style and manner of acting tending to impress onlookers with the fact of his careful and painstaking study of the part, together with the self-evident natural aptitude for the portrayal of such characters, Miss Daisy Wallace in the title role plays admirably as the frolicsome madeup daughter of the Earl of Framingham and her escapades presented with all the vivacity and "go" of which that clever young lady is capable, naturally won the unmistakable approval of the house. Mr. Victor Gourist, Mr. Harold Parkes, Mr. Cyril Mackay, Mr. Reginald Kenneth, and Mr. Harry Halley, together with the Misses Maud Thorne, Dulcie Murphy, and Celia Gliondi, all appear to distinct advantage in their several parts, which though comparatively speaking are only sketches, are nevertheless a special feature of this piece—each standing out clearly from the rest—and showing to what good account such character sketches may be turned in the hands of capable exponents.

That the public are still true to the old time-honoured productions in the repertoire of the Royal Comic Opera Company was abundantly evidenced by the enthusiastic reception which was accorded to the revival of "La Mascotte" at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney. A reception only equalled by the greeting which awaited the production of "Dorothy" a fortnight previous. "La Mascotte" is having full justice bestowed upon it by the members of the Company and the excellence of its production generally is answerable for the warm approval with which it is being witnessed by large audiences nightly.

A sort of rivalry is at present going on between Mr. J. C. Williamson's two musical companies—not so much on the score of their histrionic and musical abilities as on the ground of their muscular capabilities. The "Crocodile Girls in 'The Blue Moon'" as has been mentioned previously, have developed wonderful physique as the result of their strenuous exertions, and now the Royal Comic Opera Company possess a contingent who are going in for physical development in the most approved fashion. Included in the production of "The Dairy-maids" is a "real" gymnasium scene, and all the apparatuses which go to make up a genuine school of muscular development are contained therein, while physical culture training is being practised under the supervision of fully qualified teachers of the art. If the wish of the two companies could be gratified and a trial of strength were arranged between the respective "Sandow" teams, it would certainly be a novelty capable of drawing a crowd as big as a test match.

The culmination of the rush from Perth to Broken Hill, just completed by the "Mother Goose" company, was its final stage. The "Kyarra" met with exceptionally bad weather in the night, and only reached Largs Bay at midnight on Thursday. There was a tender waiting to take the company off, however, and with the A.U.S.N. Company's willing assistance, they all left by special train at half-past three in the morning. Travelling all day, they got to Broken Hill at five in the afternoon of the opening day (Friday, August 2nd), and though they must have been "dog tired" after the experience, they met the extra demand upon their resources with cheerfulness and succeeded in giving a really first-rate performance—to the manifest complete enjoyment of the audience.

Mr. J. C. Williamson's companies seem to take turns in rushes, and every month or so one of them at some time or another is hastening between two towns hundreds of miles apart. The Julius Knight Company's turn comes next. They are to finish their highly gratifying tour of New Zealand on Saturday next (24th instant), which leaves them just a week to travel all the way across to Melbourne for their opening night at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, on August 31st. The "Warrimoo" is the steamer and her speed will be "hit up" across the Tasman Sea in order to get in to her Yarra berth as soon as possible on Saturday morning. The scenery for the first production, "Robin Hood," is to be sent over the week previously, and with it will come the stage manager to see that everything is in order for the opening.

Ballarat excelled all records in regard to its reception of "Mother Goose," and its three performances in that city on August 9th and 10th were absolutely wonderful in the matter of box office receipts. At the present time the company are in Brisbane for an eight nights' season, and after a brief "stop over" at Toowoomba on the way back to Sydney, they sail for New Zealand, opening in Auckland on September 2nd.

Miss Beatrice Irwin, Mr. J. C. Williamson's latest engagement, comes to these parts with an enviable reputation, having "seen service" in the companies of Sir Henry Irving, with whom she toured in the United States, making a notable impression, especially in "Robespierre," and of Sir Charles Wyndham, who thought so much of her that he engaged her exclusively for his London theatre. She comes of a good old English family, and it needed much persuasion before she was allowed to go in for the stage. Even to-day her grandmother, Lady Hilliard, is not reconciled to her granddaughter's profession, and she set her face firmly against Miss Irwin's visit to Australia. As the lady herself was in Italy holiday-making, when Mr. J. C. Williamson arrived in London, there was a considerable number of obstacles for him to overcome before the contract was signed.

The other night an enthusiastic Irishman, who had been born within a mile of Kilkenny Castle, startled the audience at Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, by standing up and cheering vociferously when the curtain rose on Mr. Coleman's picture of it in "The Ragged Earl." On another occasion the horses employed in the last act set up nearly all the property ivy, and then not satisfied with that tried to devour the painted imitation on the next set—with the result that they were very sick and sorry for it next morning.

Paderewski does not intend to give another public recital in London this season, because he is so busy with private engagements, for which he receives less

varying from 200 gs to 500 gs. The great pianist, indeed, can command any terms he cares to ask, for he is now the "king of the keyboard."

Carreno, the famous pianist, has conquered New Zealand as she has previously conquered Australia, not to mention Europe. Her power over audiences of all sorts and conditions of men is phenomenal, apropos of which Herr Benno Scherek tells an amusing story. He was making final arrangements for programmes with the head of a certain Australian printing establishment.

"You will have the treat of a lifetime to-morrow," said Scherek, as he gathered up his papers to leave, alluding, of course, to the forthcoming recital.

"No, I won't," returned the man of ink and type, "I'm not going; I don't care a continental about music; don't understand it or pretend to either."

"Do you ever get excited over anything," queried the impresario.

"No, never very much. A horse race occasionally, perhaps."

"Well, I bet you a bottle of champagne that you will over Madame's playing; but you must sit the concert through. If you do that, and do not of your own accord come to me and say you have never been so excited before, I will pay up."

The bet was accepted. In the interval the printer forced his way to the back and demanded to see Scherek. "I've lost," he said, when that worthy appeared. "I don't know about being excited, but she made me cry, and that's a thing I've never done at a show yet. I'll pay up." And so he did.

In Auckland, Madame Carreno gives her first concert on Thursday, and enough has been said previously in these columns to assure music lovers that they are to hear one of the greatest living artists, whose playing is preferred by the majority to that of Paderewski, with whom she ranks us absolute equal in the great musical world. The "Appassionata" Sonata is comprised in the programme, and Chopin's Etude in G flat, not to mention Liszt's No. 6 Rhapsodie Hongroise, and the Campanella of Eganini-Liszt, so some idea may be given of the treat in store. One very strong word of advice to those who may imagine that the recitals will be "above them." Don't let that deter you. Go, and if you do not enjoy yourself to a very amazing and altogether unusual extent, never trust the recommendations of this paper again. It is an opportunity, which it were really a crying shame to miss. Mind YOU don't.

The Story of My Life.

(By ENRICO CARUSO.)

The story of my life! Ah, what a title! What man would really tell the story of his life? No matter who he is, no matter how low his station, no matter how uneventful, if one would actually tell the story of his life, with all of his ambitions, his thoughts, the little deeds that only he knows of, it would be the most wonderful and the most interesting book ever printed. But I warn you now, Enrico is going to make no such literary sensation.

When I look back to the dear spring-time period of my life in Naples, back to the little black-haired boy that was I, just like so many other little black-haired boys, I wonder why I should write the story of my life. Then I think of this gift, my voice; this thing that was bestowed upon me that I might entertain people; that people might be happier—and I feel that possibly it is right that I should tell who I am, where I came from, and what I have done. If I am anybody, the public has made me what I am; therefore, the public should know who they made.

I was born in Naples thirty-three years ago. My parents were what you might call good, every-day people. They were not peasants, and they were not nobility, but what they call in England middle class. My father was a sort of superintendent of the warehouses of a large banking and importing concern, I used to frequent the water-front where the warehouses were, and at an early

age could swim and dive like a porpoise. Of course, my grand ambition was to be a sailor. Every boy that lives near a harbour has that ambition at some period in his life.

I had arrived at the age of ten before any thought was taken of my education. Of course, I knew the little things that my mother had taught me—my alphabet, and how to read the stories in a big red and blue picture book that had been presented to me on an eventful birthday.

ARRANGING THE BOY'S FUTURE.

I remember one night as though it were but yesterday that I was sent to bed early. My father had given me a task to do, and, like many other bad little boys in the world, I failed to do it. I know that my father thought me the worst boy in the world, and the greatest trial that fond parents ever had (all fathers think that). As I lay there serving my well-earned punishment, I heard my parents talking about me. My father was for apprenticing me to a mechanical engineer that he knew; but my mother insisted that I was too young to apprentice and that it was wrong that I should have no education. The discussion terminated with me condemned to the Bronzetti Institute. I say condemned, as my father seemed to think that it was a fitting punishment for so bad a boy; but my mother was very much pleased. The school was very similar to lots of other private day schools, and I soon accepted the restraint and discipline as being a matter of course.

There was one boy in the school that I shall never forget. His name was Peter. Peter and I seemed to be antagonistic spirits from the start. He greatly incensed me the first day by making grimaces and mule ears at me. They soon discovered that I had a good boy soprano voice. In this I became an immediate rival of Peter's; for, to the time of my arrival, he was the best singer of the school.

The head-master of the school was a very shrewd man, as I look back to it now. He used to tell us that if we were good children and behaved properly he would take us to sing at such and such a wedding, and we would be given cake and sweets, and be able to see the bride, and all sorts of nice things. So we, poor little fools! would work hard, and rehearse after school hours, and sure enough, we would be taken to the wedding, and sure enough, we would receive cake and sweets and see the bride. But the clever old man never shared the money he received. Oh, we were taken to lots of nice places—concerts, entertainments, religious fetes and the like! In fact, the twelve little boys were in great demand; but all we ever received was candy.

PUNISHING A RIVAL.

At the end of the second year I was presented a gold medal as being the best singer in the school. This so enraged my rival, Peter, that he attacked me viciously with his fists. I returned his blows, and gave him better than he sent, and before we could be separated chianti flowed from Peter's nose. It must have been a humorous scene, to see two little boys fighting viciously for the doubtful honour, each in his Sunday clothes, before the assembled parents and faculty. However, sympathy seemed to be with Peter, for the head-master, or Presidente, as we called him, reprimanded me severely before everybody. I became greatly enraged then, and tore off my gold medal and threw it on the floor at his feet. Then my father came up and said he would take care of me. On arrival at home he gave me a spanking, and I vowed then and there I would sing no more in the institute. And I never did.

About a year after that event I was appointed to the mechanical engineer. I took little interest in my new work, but showed some aptitude in mechanical drafting and calligraphy. In fact, it was in this position that I first became interested in sketching. For a time I thought that I would attend the art schools, and visions of becoming a great artist arose within me. But the voice triumphed, and all my spare time was put in at singing.

When I was fifteen my mother died. I had stayed at the mechanical desk only because of her pleadings, so I left immediately, determined to devote myself permanently to music. My father was so incensed at this action that a great scene ensued, in which he told me that he was done with me and my music, and

in the future I could shift for myself. Whether the poor old man thought to drive me back to my apprenticeship, or really gave me up as a disgrace to him, I have never been able to determine; but with the stubbornness of his own son I left the house.

And now began my wanderings. In the course of time they have taken me to remote corners of the earth; they have taken me before great personages; they have given Caruso a host of friends—no acquaintances, but friends.

Let me tell you the odd way I began my career as a professional vocalist. I had lodgings in a house close to the church of Sant' Anna alla Paludi, where the organist himself was a singer. Just to amuse myself, I used to sing in my room, and the organist heard me. One day, having contracted a serious throat trouble, he sent for me and asked me to sing in his place. To say I consented is inside the mark. I jumped at the chance. I jumped with my best energy and enthusiasm, afraid it might get away.

HIS FIRST PAY FOR SINGING.

The organist taught me the Litany; and for a long while after that I sang at the Tuesday services; for Tuesday is the day dedicated to Saint Ann, and her church is then thronged with worshippers. It was really a tremendous job I had undertaken, since the services lasted practically all day; but I was paid—paid in real money. How much, do you imagine? I'll tell you, without exaggerating. With my hand on my heart, I do solemnly declare that for every day's work faithfully performed in the church at Sant' Anna alla Paludi, Enrico Caruso received the dazzling sum of one lira—twenty cents! Yes, actually!

I kept my lodgings unchanged; they were convenient to the church and sufficiently suited to my needs as a student of mechanical engineering, for I hadn't as yet abandoned my first occupation. Just across the street lived an apothecary named Schinardi, whose son was studying the piano. Mischievous rogue that I was, I couldn't help plaguing him; whenever Schinardi began practising, I would begin singing. Bursting with rage, he would dash to the window and shout to me across the street, "Quit that singing! For heaven's sake, quit it!" I saw that I was making a bit.

But it seems that even a tenor voice has "charms to soothe the savage breast." Early one morning there came a knock at my door. Opening to the visitor, whom should I behold but the young pianist I had so long been tormenting! At the first glimpse of him, I was sure a storm was brewing. But, no, I next perceived he was all smiles and good nature. In the kindest way in the world he explained that he had had a great idea: I to come to his house during his hours of piano practice, he to teach me some charming romanzas. I agreed, with a glad heart. Thus I got my first knowledge of romantic music, and it was by young Schinardi that I was introduced to society.

There's a story that once I was hired to serenade a Juliet by a Neapolitan Romeo who had the guitar but lacked the romantic voice. I hate to spoil that jolly yarn. The thing might well enough have happened in those days; but, unfortunately for legend, the story isn't true. The reporter who set it going had no doubt heard about my taking part in serenades, but failed to understand what we Italians mean by that word. In Italy, when distinguished visitors come to town—deputations, Cabinet Ministers, or other celebrities—we treat them to a serenade; and it's a gorgeous affair, with a big orchestra to furnish the accompaniments.

Though I still got lots of calls to sing in churches, where the maestro would sometimes compose pieces expressly for my voice, I enjoyed the serenades far better. So I was as happy as a lark when I received an invitation to sing at the centenary of the Virgin of Cotrone. The festival lasted fifteen days, and my success was most gratifying. One of the serenades was in honour of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., who had come to Cotrone on board the Royal yacht. This gave me my first opportunity to appear before royalty.

Sometimes reporters come to me and beg for anecdotes connected with what they are kind enough to call my "days of triumph." They urge me to tell of my acquaintance with the "crowned heads of Europe." They forget that even a grand opera star may retain some remnants of modesty. And if you, good reader, or you, indulgent editor, have looked for such tales in this story of my

life, I shall have to answer you as I answer the reporters. Put yourself in my place, and ask yourself if you would not do the same. I say to the reporters, "Niente," which is Italian for "Nothing." Then I shake hands with them as amiably as I can after their absurd request, and walk away. Wouldn't you, under the circumstances?

The life was fascinating, however; I was free, and my work placed me in contact with all sorts of people, and took me into unexpected places. In the course of time I became a favourite of society, and my fees rose accordingly.

One dear lady, impressed with my voice and with every confidence in my future, arranged for me to go to singing teacher, so that I would get proper training in the use of the voice. I had taken possibly ten lessons, when to my consternation something happened to my voice. At first I contemplated suicide, then I thought of the mechanical table, and all the while I carefully avoided my lonely patroness and her friends. One day I was going up a back street—I must have been at the very bottom of my well of despair—when a hand fell upon my shoulder, and a merry voice chided me for having avoided those that had taken such an interest in me. It was the baritone Messiani. To him I was compelled to confide my misery and its origin.

Ah, how sympathetic he was! "Poor little shaffer! You used your voice too much for so young a pipe. Come with me to my studio; you must have some place to go," he said.

When we got there he asked me to sing, that he might judge if I had indeed ruined my voice.

And sing I did. As I sang Messiani at first looked surprised, then burst into a great laugh—a merry, aggravating laugh. If ever in my life I have been near to committing murder, it was that afternoon. All that saved me was lack of a weapon. As it was, I hurled a brass candlestick at him, and was hysterically searching the apartment for a suitable weapon.

Seeing my anger, he addressed me. "Cease, my boy! It is cruel of me not to explain. Your voice is grand. It has changed. I will give you a card to Vergine, and he will make you."

So I went to Vergine. He tried my voice, and said that while it was of good opera quality it was not of sufficient volume for opera. He with much reluctance prophesied that I could not earn more than four hundred francs a month; but on account of his great regard for Messiani he would take me for four years if I would sign a contract, as he couldn't be bothered unless I would stay the while term.

I gladly agreed. The contract read that I was to pay twenty-five per cent. of my earnings for five years of engagements; but little did I appreciate that I was binding myself to another Shylock. Truth to tell, he taught me much regarding the use of the voice, but he never encouraged, never disclosed, the fact that I had a voice worthy of serious consideration. Upon the termination of my contract to study, he gave me such advice, then reminded me that I owed him twenty-five per cent. of all my receipts. Even then I did not appreciate what I had signed.

I soon obtained an engagement in the opera house at Naples, and achieved some success. On all pay days my Shylock was on hand to receive his percentage. The interest of the manager was eventually aroused, and I showed him my contract.

"Why," he said, "you will have to work for this skintint the rest of your life. Your contract reads that you will have to sing for him five years of actual singing. Days that you earn nothing do not count." My indignant manager figured that this would occupy me until the age of fifty.

Finally I decided to see a lawyer. He advised me to stop payment, which I did. Shylock took the case to court, and luckily for me the courts were as wise as Portia. I was instructed to pay twenty thousand francs besides what I had paid, and that finished him. Now, if he had not been so avaricious, he

might have had as his share two hundred thousand francs in the following five years; but he was too greedy, and so killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

In Italy, every man has to serve his time in the army, and shortly after this incident I was called upon. Happily for me, my military duties were short-lived, for I drew the attention of the remainder of the regiment. He had heard me sing in the barracks, where I practised in my leisure.

The Major questioned me closely one day, and, having great regard for my voice, made my duties for the period of active service very light. He also advised me as to how I might be entirely exempted from active service if I had friends of influence to take up my cause.

So I started to unroll the red tape that should free me, singing all the while in the barracks, to the great delight of the soldiers and officers. My position became such in the course of time that when a popular soldier was imprisoned for some slight offence, I could obtain his freedom by volunteering to sing any song the officer on duty would care to hear.

I will remember one lovely Easter day when the officers gave a luncheon to the soldiers of the regiment. At one end of the table sat the commander, Major Nugiante; at the other end, facing him, sat Caruso.

After the luncheon, it was proposed and universally seconded that I should sing the "Wise Song" of the *Cavalleria Rusticana* in honour of the Major. My song was greeted with most enthusiastic applause, and cries of encore.

The Major alienated everyone by raising his hand, and presently rose to make a speech. What was our surprise and chagrin when he delivered a very sharp lecture directed against the regiment in general and myself in particular, saying that it was unpardonable to compel me to sing at each beck and whim, and criminal to request it after a meal, and that I was a fool and didn't deserve the gift I held so lightly, and that if in the future there was a repetition he would not only put in irons the person, regardless of rank, who compelled me to sing, but he would punish me too.

I was in the barracks for two months altogether, and released when my brother volunteered to serve out the time in my stead.

On release I was engaged for a season of opera at Caserta, and from this time on my operatic career has simply been a case of being lifted from one round of the ladder to the next.

After singing in one Italian city after another, I went to Egypt; from there back to Paris; and then to Berlin; thence to the Argentine. From there I went to Rio Janeiro, where I was honoured by President Campos-Galles for singing at a gala performance given in honour of the President of Argentina, who was on an official visit to the city. From Rio I went to sing in London; and now I have just finished singing a second season in New York, the greatest opera city in the world.

And such, dear reader, is the opera story of Caruso. There is another Caruso, a plain, every-day fellow, with a dear wife and affectionate friends, who still wishes he were an artist, who loves to draw and model in clay, who collects rare coins, has a large library of picture books, and a home he is proud of near Florence. But this Enrico is, as I say, just a plain, every-day Italian fellow, and I know you don't want to know anything about him.

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Treachery of Wild Animals.

(By FRANK BOSTOCK.)

The western plainsmen used to say, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." In the same sense it may be said that the only good wild animals are the dead ones. The live ones are treacherous, unforgiving, and the instinct to kill is part of their very being.

We read much of the love that lions, tigers, panthers, bears, elephants, and other wild animals have for their trainers, but you may take the word of one who was born and bred with wild beasts, who has devoted every day of his life to them, and whose family traditions have been allied with them for over a hundred years, that these stories are the romances of writers or trainers whose sentimental imaginations insist upon the concoction of such tales. Believe me, they are bogus.

A wild animal usually has for his trainer the same affection that a life-sentenced prisoner entertains towards his jailer. He likes his food and drink to be brought him, and he welcomes the man who brings it. He likes to be supplied with a clean bed, and watches for the man who supplies it. Probably he greets the man with friendly speech. But, given an unarmed jailer, a key carelessly left in the door, and it is easy to complete the story. There is an empty cell next morning, and a jailer staring into the sun with eyes that won't wink.

The trainer who encourages the fallacy that he is loved by his giant jungle cats, his bears, or his elephants, with the possible exception of some elephants which have been more or less domesticated, is merely conniving at his own murder. Savage animals are sometimes playful, sometimes good natured, and occasionally comical, but they have very seldom genuine affection for the hand that holds the whip and slams the iron-barred gate in their faces.

Audiences that witness animal shows have little appreciation of the dangers of training, because the performance they see is more or less a cut and dried affair. Like occasions at school where the pupils have been drilled to show off and are repeating the lessons they have learned by rote. These exhibitions, however, represent months, and frequently years, of patient, sweating labour, during which a man risks his life almost every time he goes into the ring. I do not mean to say that the element of danger is entirely eliminated from public performances. In the light of several accidents that have occurred in view of audiences, such a statement would be incorrect; but the dangers of public performances are as nothing to those encountered by a trainer during the weary, painstaking days of preparation, before he can "show" his animals.

THICK HEADED KINGS OF THE FOREST.

Of all wild animals, tigers and lions make the best performers from a spectacular point of view, not on account of what they do, for they are thick-headed brutes and hard to teach the simplest tricks, but because of their great personality, or, perhaps, animality, and also because of the danger. That is what stirs the public—danger!

The American's love for exciting exhibitions was forced home upon me some years ago in a way I shall never forget. In addition to my foreign establishments, I was at that time conducting two animal shows in this country, one at Baltimore, another at Indianapolis. My collection in the latter town contained a most ferocious Bengal tiger, called Rajah, who was living the caged life of a "retired" criminal. His record was public property, and for this very reason he proved a splendid drawing card.

With the Indianapolis show there was an attendant named Neilson, who had a fanatical ambition to become a trainer. Continually we were forced to order him away from various animal cages. He was a bright fellow, but foolhardy and imbued with the silly notion that he was loved by the animals he tended and occasionally fed. Among these beasts were two baby lions and the savage Rajah.

I was spending the greater part of my time with the Baltimore show, only occasionally visiting Indianapolis to overlook my interests in that city. During those visits I was always compelled to listen to a long plea from Neilson. Finally I agreed to let him take entire

charge of the two lions, which were just past cubhood, and gave him permission to spend an hour daily in their cage, with an ultimate view to training and presenting them later in the arena.

One morning some little time after he had received this permission, two agonized cries came from the direction of the cage where Neilson was supposed to be. Instinctively every man in the building knew that something had happened to Neilson and rushed to his aid. They were horrified to find that instead of his cubs' cage he had entered the one occupied by Rajah. The gigantic jungle cat had the man's head full in his mouth, and apparently was crushing it into a pulp. His two fore-paws were buried in Neilson's sides, under the arms, and the men who saw him knew the poor fellow was in a vice from which he would never be taken alive.

With the devoted bravery that marks every thiner in a crisis, they rushed for bars, prongs, and guns. While the crowd outside attacked the tiger, one attendant entered the cage, grabbed Neilson's feet, and together they finally succeeded in getting him out. Of course, the poor chap was dead. He had been killed instantly when the tiger's jaws closed on his skull. I was informed by 'phone of the tragedy, and immediately ordered that Rajah's cage should be strengthened and doubly barricaded until my arrival in Indianapolis, a few days later. I did not arrive on time, however, as my Baltimore establishment was destroyed by fire, and my entire collection of valuable animals burned to death. That is another story. I reached Indianapolis after a delay of two weeks, to discover that I had become the victim of an over-zealous press agent.

ALL DID HIM HOMAGE.

As I stepped from the train I was surprised at the extremely deferential air of the Negro porter who took my bag. When he refused to accept a tip for his service, I was more surprised and said, "What's this, my man?"

"Well, sah," he said, doffing his hat and holding it in his hand as he spoke, "I can't take no money from you. Ah'm honoured to hol' your grip, sah, cause Ah knows Ah'm the last porter that'll ever have the chance. Ah knows you ain't scared o' nothin', but Ah'm powerful 'traid you'll never come out o' that thar Rajah's cage alive. Ah'll be thar to see it, an' Ah'll pray for you, sah, hard ez Ah kin."

I looked at the man in surprise, but

said nothing, and left him standing there with his hat still reverently held in his hand.

When I reached the sidewalk a cabman stepped up, lifted his hat, and said with an air of reverence similar to the Negro's. "May I drive you up?"

"No, thank you," I answered.

"Are you going in to-night?" he asked.

"Going in where?"

"With Rajah."

"What do you mean?"

"The newspapers have been full of it ever since he killed Neilson. They said you were coming on to defy the man-killer in his cage."

"I haven't yet decided," I answered guardedly, "When I shall go in."

"Well, I want to be there to see it."

"To see me being killed?" I asked a bit testily.

"No, not exactly that. But, of course, if you are going to be killed, I don't want to miss it."

And this I found to be the temper of the town. If I was to be killed everybody wanted to see it done.

Naturally, the question proposes itself to the reader, Why did I not set these rumours at rest by immediately denying them? If the reader is a showman he will understand; if not, it may be well to explain that the American press agent is a tough proposition, who frequently, in a praiseworthy attempt to secure newspaper space and create public interest, makes all sorts of impossible promises in the name of his employer, without the formality of consulting the latter. Column upon column had been devoted by the Indianapolis newspapers to the tragic death of Neilson, and I felt sure that my press agent had taken advantage of public interest in the man-killing tiger to send out a statement that I would enter the arena with him.

My surmise was less than the truth, for I learned within the hour that my sensational promoter of publicity had not only made this promise, but had gone so far as to forge a letter from me, which had been printed broadcast, and stated that I was on my way to Indianapolis for the express purpose of conquering the terrible Rajah.

When I confronted him with his folly, he exclaimed, "Great Scott, Governor! you don't mean to say you are going to fall down on me?"

The man's effrontery deprived me of the power to answer.

"What will these editors do to me," he continued, "when I go into their offices?"

"What will that tiger do to me when I go into his cage?" I asked.

"Well, don't deny it for a while," he pleaded, "until they have time to cool off."

On the following morning the local newspapers screamed out the intelligence that Bostock alone would brave Rajah in his cage. Frankly, I confess that my eggs and rolls had little taste as I read the news.

It may seem a bit strange that one who has expressed more or less contempt for the pugnacity of wild animals as compared with that of man should grow exercised over confronting a mere tiger; but there is a bounciness difference between working an animal one has trained and presenting a beast that has killed a man within a few days.

WHY HE FEARED THE TIGER.

To begin, Rajah undoubtedly was one of the most ferocious animals in captivity; secondly, he had it in for me, because of a terrible drubbing I had given him a year before; and thirdly, he had killed his man. The last was the greatest cause for fear.

He knew as well as I that he was my muscular superior. With every possible precaution, it was twenty chances to one that I would be terribly lacerated or killed if I entered Rajah's cage. I had a wife and family of children. So, my rolls and eggs had little taste when I read my public promise in the newspapers. There was no way to crawl out of it. I had to make good. If I attempted to evade the meeting, counterfeited would be stamped upon my courage, and that would mean financial ruin.

During the week following my promise we had arranged a benefit performance for the Elks. This was the fitting occasion for me to meet Rajah, everyone said. I made a sort of tentative promise, and then was saved by the timely arrival of a consignment of wild animals from Europe.

Among them was a wild lion that had never been out of its travelling cage since the capture in its native jungle. I suggested a meeting with this lion in the arena alone. My bloodthirsty friends accepted the proposition in a half-hearted way. They feared the lion might not be sufficiently dangerous.


On the night of the benefit I entered the arena within a cage of wire netting I had devised for the occasion, called the "chicken coop." It was about six feet high and five feet in diameter and was set on casters. There were two

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Spurs opposite each other, and the whole affair was open at the top.

When the lion was turned into the arena he immediately rushed at the coop with the evident intention of crushing it. I did not expect this, but set myself against the side, and barely had time to whack him on the point of the nose with the butt of a revolver I held in my hand.

When you strike a member of the cat family on the nose, it sees stars and doesn't care for it. Each wild animal has at least one vulnerable point of attack. With felines it is the nose, with elephants the trunk, with bears the feet, and so on. When the gun caught this fellow squarely on the soft spot, he backed up as suddenly as he had started and rushed madly about the arena, each time decreasing the circumference of his run until he gradually came within striking distance of the coop. I stepped out one door and he dashed around the cage after me, whereupon I quickly re-entered. He barely missed one of my feet. The bloodthirsty audience seemed to approve of that; so I did it again quite a few times. Gradually, however, the brute realized that he could not catch me by dashing round the cage, so he stepped away a bit to hold with himself a council of war.

As he crouched on his hindquarters and measured carefully the height of the cage, I realized the strategy upon which he had decided. He could not get at me through the sides. He was coming in through the open top. I began to move the coop about so he could not get himself for the spring, but he worked me inch by inch into a corner of the arena, whence I could not move with any speed. Immediately he realized this, and swish! he shot through the air and landed true in the middle of the coop. Just as quickly I stepped outside the coop and slammed the door, leaving him imprisoned. The audience set up an enormous din of applause at the unexpected climax; and, realizing it was the psychological moment to make my exit, I backed from the arena, leaving the infuriated lion tearing the chicken coop to pieces.

It made a splendid show, and satisfied the goro-hungry; but it did not release me from the promise-ant Rajah—not a bit of it. The next day a delegation of newspaper men called upon me and practically demanded that I should head Rajah in his cage during the next week. There was no way out of it. I agreed. During the intervening time, I made my will, arranged my affairs in case of death, and, with the assistance of a harness-maker, contrived an immense mask after the style of those worn by base-ball catchers, with the exception that it covered my whole head and neck.

As Rajah had attacked poor Neilson at the head, I knew he would go after me in the same way. Immediately the affair was announced in the newspapers the entire seating and standing capacity of the building was sold out. I was sure to have a big funeral.

On the night before the date set for my appearance with Rajah, I called all my trainers together and ordered them to be at the building on the morning following at 8 o'clock. I wanted to have a rehearsal, where the brute would not be excited by a big crowd.

CONQUERING THE MAN-KILLER.

Rajah was driven into the arena, six trainers were stationed about the cage on the outside, and with a gun, fork, and whip in my hands, and the mask on my head, I followed him in. The beast stood in the middle of the ring without a sound and set me with his eyes. Without bravado, I may be pardoned in saying that I was not at all frightened. My sensation as I returned the look of the beast was one of extreme carefulness.

I approached him, and he snarled. I jammed the fork into his nose, and he backed up. When an animal retreats the danger is partly over. I advanced on him without hesitation. He backed around the ring twice—unwilling, it is true, with many snarls and growls, but I had him. The exit was opened, and I drove him into the runway behind the other cages leading to his own.

This runway was a small passage three feet wide and six feet in height. It was lighted by incandescent globes hanging from the ceiling. The door leading to Rajah's cage was just large enough, when opened, to block the passage so he would be forced to enter his cage on reaching the obstruction. This door was open,

and behind it a man was stationed with orders to slam and lock it as soon as the tiger entered his cage.

To ensure my own safety, I had built a portable door, which just fitted the passageway, so that I might use it as a shield in the narrow confines of the hall as I followed him to the cage. This precaution proved my own undoing, for in pushing it in front of me through the passageway it struck and shattered the incandescent globes which hung in my path, leaving the narrow hall in darkness.

The man behind the door leading to Rajah's cage was an excitable Frenchman. It was his duty to watch through two eye holes in the door and see that Rajah entered the cage, but as the lights were extinguished he was forced to judge by the animal's footfalls when he had entered.

Whether it was due to his excitement or not I shall never know, but this man shut the door and fled down the passageway before Rajah had entered. On hearing the cage door slam I laid down my clumsy shield and turned to walk back to the arena.

I had advanced a few steps, when I heard the soft footfalls of the brute in the passageway behind me. I turned to defend myself, but before I could get my long fork in position he was upon me. The immense beast landed on my shoulder and bore me to the ground. With the instinct of self-defence I dug the nails of both hands in his nose, which was on my left shoulder, as he had got me with his teeth in the left biceps. The force of my fall had disarranged the mask so he succeeded in getting one of his claws in my scalp. I felt the steel-like nail jagging through my head, and then lost consciousness.

On recovering, I was in bed, with a doctor bending over me. My trainers on guard had heard the commotion in the passageway and their swift attack on the tiger saved my life. My first thought was, "Arc my bloodthirsty friends satisfied?" They were not.

A man in Indianapolis whom I had once employed as a press-agent and discharged for incompetency went about saying the whole thing was a fake; the papers which had printed extras about my adventure began to get "cold feet," and I finally had to exhibit my wounds to a delegation of reporters.

At last they were satisfied. The man who had spread the false reports was discredited, and my bloodthirsty public agreed that Rajah should be forever banished from the arena.

One of the most interesting though perhaps least known industries of Algeria is the production of vegetable hair. This hair or fibre is made from the dwarf palm which grows in large quantities along the coast of Algeria. A few years ago this plant was looked upon as a useless weed; now it has been found to contain a most useful fibre, and is largely sought after. This fibre is an excellent substitute for horsehair, and is in great demand among upholsterers, mattress-makers, harness-makers, and carriage-builders on the continent for the cheaper class of goods.

Recent Criticisms of Scott.

Of all our novelists who are fairly entitled to be called classical, Scott and Dickens probably keep the surest hold on public favour. There is more talk about them than ever; clubs are formed in their honour, banquets are held, and eulogies are delivered. The chatter and the after-dinner oratory may not always be wise or well-informed, but they are symptomatic. When there is so much smoke there is certain to be a fire somewhere.

Another symptom is the constant publication of books about the authors, which shows that people must exist, or be supposed by publishers to exist, who want to read about Scott and Dickens, whether they want to read their books or not. Unhappily, this indication does not necessarily point to a pure and bright flame of enthusiasm. In Scott's case, there is one book, published nearly seventy years ago, which contains practically everything about Scott that is worth knowing. It is a long book, a book that runs into many volumes. But it was written by a master of English style, by a man of fine instincts and exquisite taste, by the one person fitted by temperament and circumstance to be Scott's biographer. Hence it is one of the most delightful prose works in its own department which English literature contains. Yet the minor works about Scott which now issue from the press find a justification for their existence in the assumed facts that this is not an age of "leisure," and that the world has no time to read Lockhart.

Such is the excuse frankly proffered by Mr. G. Le G. Norgate for his "Life of Sir Walter Scott" (London, 1906), and, with some misgivings, by Mr. Andrew Lang for his "Sir Walter Scott" (Literary Lives Series; London, 1906). We confess to sharing what is obviously Mr. Lang's feeling, that people who really take an interest in Scott will somehow or other find time to read his Life, and that it is difficult to believe that anyone seriously cares for Scott who has not contrived to do so. But that is not to affirm that these two volumes are superfluous, or to deny that they are heartily welcome in their own way. They disarm criticism at the very outset by the amplitude of their acknowledgments to the great biographer, and, as regards Scott himself, they are thoroughly sound. They do not blame him for being what he was not. They neither reproach him with having been born too late, nor commiserate him on having been born too early. In short, they take Scott as they find him and as he was; and Scott as he was, like Dr. Johnson as he was, is good enough for most men. If we are to draw a distinction, we must own that Mr. Lang has the lighter touch and his work the more delicate literary flavour. Moreover, he has the advantage—decided one in dealing with Sir Walter—of being a "brither Scot," forby being a Borderer.

One or two curious little errors may be noted in both books: what work is free from them. Mr. Lang attributes to Scott the false quantity in Maida's epitaph, which Scott, no doubt, insisted upon fathering, but which the Life shows was unquestionably Lockhart's. The inference he draws as to the extent of Scott's classical learning can scarcely, therefore, hold good; though in point of accurate scholarship it would require a blind partisan to champion the Wizard, or, indeed, any

contemporary of his who happened to have been bred at a Scots grammar school. Longs and shorts have never been our strong point north of the Tweed, as may still be seen from the annual reports of the inspectors who examine our secondary schools. But Scott's knowledge of the classics and the extent of his reading in the ancient tongues were in fact much greater than is often supposed, and would appear really considerable were it not for the immense range of his attainments in more congenial branches of learning. The high importance of Latin and Greek in any scheme of education which professes to deal with subjects other than the mechanical arts it never occurred to him to question.

Mr. Norgate is no less accurate in his facts, though he places Abbotsford higher up the Tweed than Ashetiel, instead of lower down. We cannot imagine, however, what put it into his head that Fairport is a thin disguise for Portobello, and that the scene of the "Antiquary" is laid among the fishing villages of the southern coast of the Firth of Forth. The name, no doubt, may be a translation, and Musselburgh may have suggested Musselrag; but there are no cliffs worthy of the name between Leith and the Rhodes Farm, and the novel itself makes it perfectly clear that, wherever its scene was laid, it was beyond the Forth. Tradition, too, is decided and unchallenged for Arbroath and Auchmithie.

Criticism is a matter of opinion, not of fact. It is sufficient, therefore, to express surprise that Mr. Lang should find the opening chapters of "Waverley" "prolix and unnecessary," and the hope that when Mr. Norgate describes "Rokeby" as the "most brilliant of Scott's failures" he uses the word "failure" in the Brummelian sense. For there are those to whom these chapters seem among the most delightful of Scott's prose writings—the "cackle" being no less worthy of attention than the "horses"—while the poem seems second to "Marmion" alone in the hierarchy of his longer poetical works.

We had imagined that Scott's fame was by this time established on a tolerably secure basis, and that there was a reasonably complete agreement among critics of all schools of thought as to his greatness. But it seems we were mistaken, for the literary critic of a leading London daily paper recently struck with no uncertain finger a note which we had not heard for long, and which we little thought to hear again. To this reviewer's eagle eye it seems that Sir Walter is "an author whose name is more and more dropping out of public consideration," though it is admitted that he retains "a compact and devoted body of worshippers who have never bent the knee to modern Baals." "We"—by which apparently is meant the readers of this generation—"we do not care for prolix introductions."

We desire a more intimate and searching psychology, with all that that science includes. As if there were not enough of such psychology as an honest man may meddle with in Rose Bradwardine and Nanty Ewart to furnish forth a whole regiment of the novelists who appear to "us"? The critic then proceeds to an astonishing assertion of the superiority of the Byron of the "Gaiour" and "Lara" to the Scott of "Marmion." Byron, forsooth! "explores all the recesses of the human heart in a fashion of

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which Scott was incapable." Scott was incapable (let us be thankful for it), and with characteristic generosity credited Byron with "deep seated knowledge of the human heart." But we are not bound to follow Scott in all his critical pronouncements, and pretend to hold at this time of day that the Byronic hero—that stuggest of all stategy puppets—is a miracle of psychological analysis.

It further appears, on the authority of the same critic, that Scott was devoid of "what we call literary conscientiousness." He was not an artist in the proper sense of the term. His style was of the easy, go-as-you-please description. "Both his poetry and his romances suffer from the same fault—the entire absence of critical revision." Scott has been "superannuated" by the "lack of artistry in him." "Some of us who care for form are irritated by Walter Scott." Some of us who care for literature are irritated by Scott's censor. Scott "lives no more for the present generation," because he is defective in "style," if it is by virtue of style that authors live.

The cat is now out of the bag, and a sufficiently mouldy and venerable animal she proves to be. What is all this but the dreary old cant about Sir Walter's "style" for which, most unfortunately, Mr. Stevenson gave the cue to a number of writers conspicuously inferior to himself? Scott did not trouble to play the assiduous and meticulous ape to anyone. But his style in point of vocabulary and diction will bear comparison with that of the most industrious nigglers who ever subjected their mosaic to "critical revision," and, whatever its demerits, it achieves its object and produces the effect aimed at, which is the great and essential thing about the means to any end. That his rhetoric, when occasion demands, is superb not even the dull ear of a London critic can probably fail to recognise. As for the talk about psychology, Mr. Carlyle played the part of devil's advocate on that point many years ago, and no modern successor is likely to improve upon his effort in special pleading. Perhaps the Sage's stern view might have been modified but for the mysterious miscarriages or neglect of a letter addressed by him to Sir Walter on the strength of his intercourse with Goethe. In any event, there are no signs that posterity has ratified his familiar strictures about fashioning characters from the skin inwards. The tendency of present-day criticism is all, we think, in the other direction; and the isolated instance from the metropolitan press to which we have directed attention merely serves to emphasise what less antiquated persons than the critic of the "Daily Telegraph" would never have dreamt of disputing. His remarks may be dismissed (with a caution) to the later Victorian section of the museum for antediluvian curiosities.—By J. H. Millar in "Chamber's Magazine."

"Surgery for champagne." There is a sparkling incongruity in the phrase to describe a process which is the latest development in the effort to keep the popular wine to the standard of quality. The "surgery" is applied after the wine is bottled and during the supplementary stage of fermentation after a considerable amount of carbonic acid has been developed. It has long been recognised that if certain agents can be introduced in this stage many defects like over-acidity, over-sweetness, or muddiness—discovered through the opening of sample bottles—could be corrected. The opening of the bottles, however, involves the loss of the gas and spoiling the wine, so that the manufacturers had hitherto to let the process go on without interference. Now the surgical process remedies this. A needle such as doctors use for hypodermic injections, only much stronger, is driven through the cork. It is furnished with a tiny stopcock, and is fitted to a syringe containing the exact quantity of the medicine the wine requires for its complete cure. As soon as the needle has got quite through the cork, the stopcock is opened and the fluid from the syringe is injected. Then the needle is withdrawn, and the natural elasticity of the cork causes the little wound to close. In order, however, to prevent the gas escaping, a thin strip of wood saturated with paraffin is inserted into the upper part of the hole and driven in, thus making the cork as airtight as it was before it was operated on.

Wolf Tone Lynch

I'd back one man in Corkshire,
To beat ten men from Yorkshire;
Kerry men against Derry men,
And Ireland against creation.
Whilstrastree!
'Tis a pity we shud a nation.

WHEN the McLean regime of the Benefit Life was replaced by the Coogan faction, and Michael Coogan, the nickel magnate, became president, the position of office-boy fell vacant in the actuarial department.

It lay within the province of Mr. Francis Demarest, the tenth assistant actuary, to examine the candidates, and he did so with a certainty and dispatch born of long experience. The contest narrowed itself down to two boys.

If there was one thing on which Mr. Demarest prided himself, it was his sense of diplomacy. One of the applicants was named Schmidt, the other Lynch, and by the same token here was an opportunity to pay the company's new executive a delicate compliment.

It came over Mr. Demarest like a flash that Lynch's red hair, his grey eyes, the scapular-string showing above his collar, would gratify Mr. Coogan. Even a Coogan is susceptible to flattery, he thought, and so with a satisfied grin Mr. Demarest assigned to the bench outside the candidate Lynch, whose Christian name was Wolf Tone. So much for Mr. Demarest's knowledge of Irish history.

The other occupants of the bench were two in number, both hired by Mr. Demarest out of compliment to Mr. McLean, whose benefices in the realms of Protestantism stand in such marked contrast to his business career. They were named, respectively, Wesley E. Merrill and Campbell Ashbury Pomeroy, and if a general air of godliness and well-mannered mania count for anything, Wesley and Campbell were of the elect.

Beside them, Wolf Tone was distinctly unclassical. His red hair defied the brush and comb, while his closely bitten fingernails were rimmed with a neat black line. He sat down next to Wesley, and drew in a sharp breath through his teeth.

"Stiffs!" he muttered, and buried his hands deep into his trousers-pockets.

A moment later Mr. Demarest came out of his room and cleared his throat ostentatiously.

"Wesley—Campbell," he said, "this is the new boy."

Mr. Demarest suffered from enlarged tonsils, and habitually spoke as if he were midway in the swallowing of food.

"What shall we call you?" he asked Wolf Tone.

"Huh?" Wolf Tone ejaculated.

"What name shall we call you?" he continued, and then what he conceived to be a joke formulated itself in Mr. Demarest's mind. He launched it with a grin.

"I don't want to call Wolf, Wolfe," he said, "when there is no wolf."

Wesley and Campbell broke into chuckles. They could appreciate humour from a tenth assistant actuary not quite as well as from a ninth assistant. The same brand of humour from the chief would have left their sides aching for a week.

"What does your mother call you?" Mr. Demarest continued.

"Red," Wolf Tone growled, and glared at Wesley and Campbell.

Mr. Demarest shook his head.

"That wouldn't do for this office," he said. "Hereafter we'll call you Tony."

He grinned again, and then it occurred to Wolf Tone for the first time how much he wanted to kill Mr. Demarest.

"Wesley and Campbell will tell you what to do," continued Mr. Demarest, over his shoulder, and left Wolf Tone alone with his two conferrers.

There was an embarrassed silence for a moment. Wesley was the first to speak,

"Say, Tony," he began. He went no further, for Wolf Tone's grey eyes seemed to shed sparks.

"S-a-y," he growled, and the baneful timbre of his voice made Wesley shiver—"you wanten cut out dat dago talk. Me name's Lynch—see!"

Wesley was tall for his fifteen years, but as loosely put together as Wolf Tone was well knit. His hair composed itself in two slick divisions over his egg-shaped head, and he wore a different necktie every day. In appearance he differed from Campbell only in the length of his nose and the colour of his eyes. Campbell, however, was one year his senior, and lavished his hebdomadal six dollars on candy for a stenographer in the medical department.

"Well, then, Lynch," Wesley went on, "you'll find a dust-rag in the closet in Mr. Demarest's office. You've gotter clean off the desks this morning."

Wolf Tone looked up. "Gottter, hey?" he ejaculated.

Wesley winked at Campbell. "Sure," he replied. "I did it yesterday, and it's Campbell's turn to-morrow."

"Show me de desks," said Wolf Tone, rising to his feet.

It was barely nine o'clock, and the majority of the clerks had not yet arrived. Wesley led the way to the vacant desks, for the most part old oak furniture that had been discarded by the outer offices. The general public rarely visits the actuarial department; hence, there is no such show of mahogany and brass as makes the Benefit Life's counting-room a veritable palace.

Wesley and Campbell usually devoted a scant quarter of an hour to their task, but it was fully ten o'clock before Wolf Tone returned to the bench.

"What kept you?" Wesley asked.

Wolf Tone scowled.

"Narten," he said.

"Why, it oughtn't to take you half an hour to clean those desks," Campbell declared, and fell to manicuring his nails with a penknife.

Wolf Tone snorted and sat down on the bench, while Wesley went off to examine the job. He came back snickering, and whispered to Campbell, wheret they both burst out laughing.

Wolf Tone glowered at them.

"Wof's bitin' you?" he demanded.

"Why," said Campbell, "you cleaned off the ink-stains."

There were blots on the desks that had remained undisturbed for months. Campbell and Wesley had contented themselves by a perfunctory rubbing with the dust-cloth.

"Sure I did," Wolf Tone replied.

"They laughed again.

"How did you manage it?" Wesley asked.

Wolf Tone's lip curled contemptuously.

"Wit me spit wot I got and me finger-nails," he replied, scathingly. "I ain't no Willie-boy."

Unconsciously his fists clenched and he glared at Campbell, who continued his manicuring, while his fellow exquisite whistled a popular melody in a tuneless undertone.

Wolf Tone was casting about for more insulting phrases.

"An' wot's more," he continued, "I kin lift de face of bote of yez."

Wesley laughed nervously as the call-bell rang.

"That's for you," he said to Wolf Tone, who jumped from his seat, still glaring.

"Why is it fer me?" he demanded.

"When the bell rings once, that's for you," Wesley replied; "twice for me, and three times for Campbell."

It was four o'clock before Wolf Tone awoke to the circumstance that he had answered the bell at intervals of two minutes during the entire day. In addition, the resourceful Wesley had ordered the lunch-hour to be taken by send-

erity, so that it was half-past two before Wolfe Tone hastily partook of his mid-day frankfurter on Ann-street.

Even the normal digestion of a four-year-old will rebel at such trashy meat; and, spurred as much by a dull pain in the region of his stomach as by a sense of outraged justice, he catered Mr. Demarest's room a few minutes after four o'clock.

"Say," he said to the tenth assistant actuary, "dese two guys outside ain't answered de bell wesen to-day."

Mr. Demarest arched his eyebrows suspiciously.

"An' de Wesley kid sez—now—dat yer ring wanten," Wolfe Tone continued, "dat dat's fer me. Is dat straight?"

The tenth assistant actuary rose from his seat.

"You get outside," he roared, "and stay there!"

Wolfe Tone went back to the bench, and Campbell, who had overheard his complaint, edged away from him.

"You dirty, sneakin' Mick!" he muttered, and then, amazed at his own temerity, he pulled out his pocket-knife and resumed his manicuring.

Wolfe Tone jumped from the bench and stood in the middle of the floor. Slowly he removed his coat. The "spirit of '98" shone in his face, blended with the pent emotions of all that long day. He spoke no word, but for challenge tapped Campbell gently on the forehead.

In two minutes the Benefit Life's actuarial offices sheltered as pretty a free-for-all fight as ever jeopardised the glass-ware in a Chatham Square saloon. Actuaries in every grade of assistance from four to twelve, aided by two elevator-men, restored the peace with a net loss of three wounded. So violent was the conflict that the uproar penetrated even to the president's office itself, and just as the struggling Wolfe Tone, borne between two elevator-men, appeared in the main hall the crowd of clerks that pressed forward parted respectfully to make way for a little grey gentleman.

"What's all this noise?" he demanded.

"Drop that boy."

They stood Wolfe Tone on his feet, half-naked from his rough usage. His dogged little face flushed hotly through the blood, some of which was his own. The little grey gentleman turned to the elevator-men.

"Bring him in here," he said.

Wolfe Tone struggled again to free himself.

"Whisht, yer young fule!" one of the men cried. "It's Mr. Coogan."

They half-carried him into the office of the president, who had seated himself behind his mahogany desk, the personification of judicial dignity.

"Now, then," asked Mr. Coogan, "what have you been doing?"

There was the faintest suspicion of an Irish burr in the president's speech, and all the trepidation and shyness fell away from Wolfe Tone. He grasped in his left hand the remnant of his beloved scapular, and held together the fragments of his only suit with the other. As rapidly as his agitation permitted, he recounted the injustices of the day.

"I leave it ter you, Mr. Coogan," he concluded, frankly, "if dat wuz on de level."

The president hid a smile with his hand.

"What did you say was your name?" he inquired.

"Wolfe Tone Lynch," was the reply.

"An' dey wanten ter make it Tony, ick short."

Mr. Coogan frowned.

"If you had any complaint, why didn't you come to me?" he said gently. "You shouldn't have fought about it."

"But dat Campbell kid called me a dirty, sneakin' Mick," Wolfe Tone rejoined, and the blaze in his eyes found an answering gleam in Mr. Coogan's.

He struck the call-bell on his desk.

"Wilson," he said to the officer that answered, "here's twenty dollars. Take this boy out, let him wash himself, and buy him some decent clothes."

He turned to the ragged little figure with a smile.

"Hereafter you're working for me in the office outside, he concluded. "And we'll call you Wolfe Tone Lynch."

Montague Glass in "Minnny's."

If you have not tried Bournville Cocoa, you have missed one of the greatest pleasures in life. It is the most delicious of flavoured Cocos, and possesses a delightful aroma.

THE CAVE MAN.

Continued from page 20.

hopeful augury by buying largely of the floods of stock that poured upon the market. But the memory of his recent operation was too fresh to allow his word, or even what he did, to pass at its face value. It took time and persistent and enormous buying to put a check upon the panic, which Wistar had first to meet.

His former sales of the stock on a rising market had, grotesquely enough, left him much richer, and at the present low quotations his holdings swelled until it was now clearly possible for him to buy a majority, or at least enough to make him master of the situation.

At last the public awoke to it. One day the reporters came to him and plied him with questions as to the events leading up to Mr. Sears' death.

He paused a moment before answering, as his custom was, and another moment, and another. Presently he realised in horror that there was nothing he could say; he saw what he had done as the world was beginning to see it.

He had wrecked the company, and out of the wreckage he had built it up again, with himself in supreme control, and possessed of the millions of his enemies and of the speculative public.

He took the discovery to Judith, fearful of what she might think of him. She said nothing, but burst into laughter—the first since she had worn black.

In the early months of their married life it was a never-failing source of delight to her to call him a company-wrecker, and she learned to make the word a climax to a series of horrid epithets. So she continued to mock and distress him with her concoctions till their son was born.

Then, when she had found the name for his latest achievement, "Is it true," he pleaded, "that the father of James Wistar, Jr., is a speculator, a market-rigger, a company-wrecker?"

"No, Jim," she said, and only those who have the love of useful invective can value her sacrifice, "you are only a poor, but honest, cave man."

"You can't make me mad with that name," he retorted, "when you are the cave maiden."

She looked a while into the round, staring eyes of James Wistar, Jr. Then, with an inscrutable, happy smile, she said, "Am I?"

(THE END.)

Where Words Came From.

"IDIOT."

The alteration in meaning of the word "idiot" is peculiar. Originally this word meant only a man in private life as distinguished from one who was concerned in public affairs.

In time the word degenerated until it came to mean one who was defective in mental powers.

"BUMPER."

The word "bumper," meaning a drinking vessel, derived its origin from the Roman Catholic religion.

It was the custom in England in ancient times to drink the health of the Pope after dinner in a full glass of wine. This was called "au bon pere," from which we have the contraction "bumper."

"BOOK."

The origin of the word "book" is perhaps known to few of us. Before paper came into use, our forefathers inscribed their letters on wood.

The "boc" or "beech," a close-grained white wood, which was plentiful in Northern Europe, was used for this purpose, and hence our word "book."

"CHUM."

Our word "chum," meaning a boon companion, is an extremely old one. It originated with two obscure schoolboys over two centuries ago.

These youths were room fellows at the same school, and finding the word roommate or chamber-fellow unwieldy when speaking of each other, they shortened it to "chum."

"FIASCO."

The phrase, "a complete fiasco," originated with a German workman, who declared that he could blow glass as well as an expert glass worker.

A friend laid a wager with him to the contrary, and when the test came off the would-be glass blower found that he could produce only a pear-shaped flask (fiasco). Nothing daunted, he tried again, but with the same result.

The story of the workman became known, and hence the origin of the phrase which is used in designating a failure.

DUNNING.

No doubt a great many of us have dunned people for various things, and perhaps some of us have been unfortunate enough to be dunned; but it is doubted if many know where the phrase originated. It has been said that it originally came from the French verb "donnez."

This may be true, but the word probably came from Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of Lincoln, about the time of Henry VII. Dun was noted for his ability to extract money from debtors, so that his name became proverbial, and it got to be a custom to say, "Why don't you Dun him?"

THE DOILY.

There is an interesting bit of feudal history in connection with the table doily of everyday use. At one time the ancient Castle of Oxford and broad lands in its vicinity were granted by the King to the D'Oyly family, the obligation being to hold the castle in the name of the king against all-comers.

As was the feudal usage, the head of the house was further required to render yearly to the King some small tribute as an act of formal homage, and in the case of the D'Oyly house it was a small tablecloth to be used by the King at dinner—hence the present word, "doily."

"HURRAH"

The history of many a race may be read in its battle cry. The "Ranzai" of the Japanese, the "Faghaghballah" of the Irish, and our own "Hurrah!" have found their origin far back in history.

Although many authorities have declared that the word "hurrah" is a development of the Jewish "Hosannah," the consensus of opinion now is that it is a corruption of the ancient battle cry of the wild Norsemen, "Tur aie!" meaning "Thor aid us!" Formerly the word was spelled "Hurza" and pronounced "Hurray." In one form or another it is used by almost every nation.

"SKEDADDLE"

The word "skeddadle" may trace its origin from several languages. Probably it first came from the Greek, where a word similar in sound was used to describe the dispersion of a routed army.

The Swedes have a word "skuddadahl," and the Danes another, "skydedehl," both of which have the same significance.

"DUNCE."

It is a strange fact that the word "dunce," meaning a stupid person, comes from the name of one of the most eminent scholars of his time, Duns Scotus.

In the Reformation the works of the schoolmen fell into disfavour with the reformers, and Duns, who was the leader of the schoolmen, was often spoken of with scorn by the votaries of the new learning. As time went by the name of Duns became a byword for utter stupidity.

"SCRAPE."

The word "scrape," meaning a difficulty, derived its origin in a curious way. When deer roamed the forests they used to scrape up the earth with their fore feet, and thus leave a hole sometimes a foot or two deep.

When wayfarers passed through the woods they were in danger of falling into these hollows and wrenching an ankle or twisting a thigh, and thus they were said to have got into a scrape. The Cambridge students picked up the expression and applied it to any perplexing matters that brought a man morally into a fix.

"FUDGE."

The expression "Fudge!" which is heard so often nowadays, is not a new one. On the contrary, its origin dates back to the reign of Charles II., when there was a sea captain who was named Fudge.

No matter how unsatisfactory his voyage, this nautical man always returned with an endless string of preposterous tales of great deeds and success. His propensity for falsifying became so well known that whenever anyone was heard telling a questionable exploit, it became the custom to cry, "Oh, you Fudge it!"

"GROG."

The sailor's grog or rum obtained its name in a curious way. The British Admiral, Vernon, was in the habit of pacing the quarter-deck of his ship in rough water, wrapped in a coat of grog.

It was due to this coat, which appeared to be a favourite of the Admiral's, that he got the name of "Old Grog" from his sailors. Later, when Vernon was at the height of his career, he introduced the use of rum among the crews of his fleet. The use of this liquor soon became as popular as the Admiral himself, and in his honour was named "grog."

"NOT WORTH A TINKER'S—"

Contrary to the general impression, the phrase, "not worth a tinker's dam," is one of innocent character. It originated in a device that tinkers have used from time immemorial wherever they desired to flood a portion of their work with solder. It is a circular wall of dough raised about the rim of a plate with a turn over edge, and serves to prevent the melted solder from escaping. The material from which such a wall or dam is made is worthless after having been used once. Upon this basis, naturally enough, the expression came to be employed to characterize anything that was of only temporary usefulness.

HUMBUG.

The word "humbug" owes its origin to a mint of worthless Irish coin. King James II., had a lot of money made at the Dublin mint. Its intrinsic value was comparatively nothing, twenty shillings of it being worth only twopence sterling.

William III., after the battle of Boyne, ordered that the crown and halfpenny of this mint be taken as penny and halfpenny respectively. The soft mixture of metal out of which the coin was made was called by the Irish "Hum-bog" (pronounced "Oom-bog"). Thus came the word "humbug," meaning something with the appearance of value, but in reality practically worthless.



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Here and There

Dogs as Policemen.

Mr William G. Fitzgerald, writing in the "Century," is enthusiastic as to the value of dogs in the police service. He says a policeman on night duty, in a great city, if accompanied by a powerful and sagacious dog, is more likely to be respected by criminals than the policeman who goes out alone, and he is surprised that it should have been left to so small a State as Belgium to make the initial experiment at Ghent and elsewhere in 1899. In course of time the number of dogs was increased, and it soon became apparent that night crimes almost disappeared. A cunning ruffian might outwit a policeman, but a big trained dog rarely failed to inspire terror in the most desperate evil-doer.

In Ghent the night service is now made by some 120 guards and 50 or 60 trained dogs. M. E. van Wesemael was the first to suggest dogs as auxiliary police.

M. van Wesemael is proud of the achievements of his dogs, especially one named Beer. Mr. Fitzgerald writes:—"One night Beer came upon five drunken fellows wrecking a saloon on the outskirts of the city. The men were making a great uproar, and a resolute resistance to the law was feared. Beer's muzzle was removed, and the fine animal sprang forward without a sound. When the patrol reached the spot, four of the men had fled, and Beer was clutching the fifth by the leg.

"The moment the officer appeared, Beer gave up his prisoner, and was off like the wind on the trail of the fugitives. The patrol followed with his prisoner, guided by a series of short, sharp barks. Presently he came upon the other four, who had turned at bay and were trying to keep the dauntless Beer from tearing them to pieces. Thoroughly frightened—sobered even—the men offered to give themselves up if Beer were controlled and muzzled. This was promptly done, though not without a little protest from Beer himself, and the procession started for the central police bureau with the victorious Beer, now at liberty to give vent to his joy, barking and racing round his prisoners, exactly as if they had been a flock of sheep."

A Green-blind Admiral.

A remarkable article on "Colour Blindness," with illustrations showing scenery as it appears to colour-blind people, appears in the "Century." The writer says he knows of a green-blind "admiral" of the British Navy who "achieved great popularity at a function in Dublin by appearing in green trousers, which he supposed were brown. He attributed his social success to his personal charm."

A red-blind boy failed as a strawberry-picker because he could distinguish the berries only by their form, and picked green ones with insouciant regularity. "A member of Parliament nearly caused a separation by appearing in red to the obsequies of his wife's mother."

Cult of the Chop.

Sir James Crichton-Browne expounded the gospel of food at a meeting of the Bread and Food Reform League at the Mansion House, London, recently.

He repudiated emphatically any vegetarian tendencies, and declared that he was a firm believer in the value of the mutton chop.

"I should be glad," he said, "to see a sirloin of beef on the Sunday dinner table of every family in the land."

"Animal food has contributed largely to the vigour, energy, and success of our race, and a moderate meat diet is most suitable in our climate and under existing industrial conditions."

"Meat probably figures too largely in the bill of fare of the affluent classes and the pampered menials of our big houses, who, we are told, partake of meat three or four times a day, and are laying up for themselves 'wrath against the day of wrath.'"

"As much as 7d a day per head is spent on food," said Sir James, "when an equally good and nutritious diet can be had for 4d."

"It seems to me that the duty of the league primarily is to direct attention to infant diet, to secure, if possible, a pure milk diet for every child, and bring home to mothers a sense of their obligation in that respect. I would like to see the electrocution of all proved wilful adulterators of food and milk, who are wholesale baby murderers."

He would unhesitatingly affirm that if we in this country were to hold our own, to lighten the great load of vice, misery, poverty, and disease under which we groaned and staggered, we must literally obey the divine command, "Feed My Lambs."

American Trash.

The increase in the production in the United States of cheap, trashy literature and fake advertising publications, the latter being nearly all advertising, with just enough reading matter sandwiched in to conform to the postal regulations, operated adversely to the interests of Canada. In the first place this country was deluged with a lot of trash, and, in the second place, our mail service was working overtime carrying a mass of such publications, for which the United States drew the money. For instance, for every 100 pounds of newspapers and periodicals which went from Canada to the United States, 2000 pounds came from the United States into Canada. Hon. Mr. Lemieux has arranged that in future a newspaper and periodical rate of one cent for every four ounces will prevail between the two countries, and that Canada will have the right to manage her own affairs as regards this class of mail without reference to the practice prevailing in the United States.—"Ottawa Citizen."

Facts About the Derby.

In "Fry's Magazine" Mr. Bernard C. Carter summarises some curious results of 127 races on Epsom Downs. The race was founded in 1780 by Edward, twelfth Earl of Derby. During the whole period 2124 horses have run. The largest number in any one race was 34, in 1862; the smallest four, in 1794. The stakes in 1780 were £1125; they are now £6450. As to the owners of the winning horses, the Derby was won thirty-two times by "plain misters," twenty-seven times by lords, twenty times by baronets, seventeen times by dukes, four times by princes, three times by colonels, and once each by admirals, majors, barons and counts. The biggest horse to win the Derby was Jeddah, in 1898. He stood 16 hands 3 1/4 in. high. The fastest horse was Lord Rosebery's Cicero, who completed the course in 2 min. 39 2/5 sec. The chief mission in life of the Derby winners is, after retiring from the course, to become the fathers of other Derby winners. The writer abandons the endeavour to estimate how much money has been lost and won in betting on the Derby. He says Mr. Rockefeller would be in rags if he had to pay out all the money that punters had won in even ten Derbies. Mr. R. C. Naylor, in 1863, is believed to have won the most money of any man in one Derby. Mr. Chaplin won £140,000 in 1867; Lord Hastings lost £103,000 on the same race. Mr. Carter opens by reflecting on the turnover of millions, the blighting of hopes, the blank ruination caused to thousands of men in a few minutes at one Derby.

Saving a Cab Fare.

Here's a pretty tale of domestic economy from an English paper. He had been brought up in the lap of luxury and extravagance, and, when bad times came, and he had to go down to the city and look carefully after his shillings

it was his pretty and tender little wife who helped him and encouraged him by, example in small savings. One fence, however, he never would face. He balked at taking a 'bus.
"It might pass the club, you know, dear, and the fellows at the windows"—
One evening, however, he returned radiant to dinner. Tenderly embracing his life's partner, he murmured:
"I've ont it, darling! All the way, for three-pence!"
Love and gratitude were in her eyes, as she said:
"My own brave boy! Did you mind it very much?"
"No, dear! Got box-seat; real good old sort the driver. Told me lots of stories and was quite chatty. Capital chap. Gave him a big cigar and half-a-crown for himself when I got down."

The Suffragette Animal.

(Amazonis Politica.)

The following amusing "Human Nature" note by a correspondent of "The Reader" appears in the current issue:—
Roving, obstinate, and aggressive in temperament, it prowls about the political fields of England in search of its prey—the Mighty Man (Nulli Secundus); it also invades and establishes itself in the burrows (boroughs) of the Sitting Members (Anti-Suffragists) variety. Sometimes swarms of these harmless, but noisy, pests will make a raid on the haunts of the Lawmakers (Homo Parliamentus) species, and during these raids many are captured and carried off by the genus Blue-bottle (Hurle Policemans).

It is easily captured, and when tamed and thoroughly trained, makes a charming companion, or a household pet. It is easily distinguished from the more civilised species by its plaintive cry of "Votes."

Females are the predominant and ruling element of this species, the males being of the timid and submissive variety known as Benedicts (Henpecked Hubbi); and these, when once captured, are kept in utter subjection, and become the drones and grub-providers.

Cutting it Short.

There is a gentleman on the music halls who makes a speciality of abbreviating his words. He is in the enviable posish (as he would call it) of having disc a new form of hum. Probably his bank bal had been consid in cons. Until yesterday we had thought that he was alone in this field of humour. We were wrong. The police force are imitating him.

On Thursday a policeman, giving evidence, asserted that a prisoner had been ejected from a p.h. "We are very busy to-day," said the Magistrate, "but have sufficient time to hear proper English."

Now, why should not abbreviations become the language of the future? Every day we find we have less time to waste. In the eighteenth century, when one would a friend to pass the salt, one would say, "Stop my vitals, and odds bodds, friend Devereux, but 'pon honour you would oblige me vastly by handing me the salt. Believe me, my very soul is a flame with anguish at the thought of troubling you." To day we say, "Salt, please." Why should we not to-morrow simply snap out, "S.P."

In some parts of America this is done already. The family is gathered round the festive board. Pop's massive jaws unclose for a moment, and from them comes, "G.A.M.O.A.S.U.T.B.C.A.M.S." Does Theodore get a move on and bring up the buckwheat cakes and maple syrup? You are right. He does.—"The Globe."

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complaint. The eruption crept slowly up my limbs, and on the body, until it enveloped the whole frame. It gave me infinite trouble, with constant itching, casting off of dry scales, and a watery liquid, which would exude from under the scales. I treated it for over three years unsuccessfully, and was unable to check it until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I used three bottles of this medicine, and was completely cured—my skin becoming as smooth and clear as before."

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THE BLACK PIT

By the EARL OF IDDESLEIGH, Author of "The Luck of Lassendale," Etc.

L

ALL that Sunday morning there had lingered in his memory the beautiful lines of Longfellow in which the lover recalls the happy day that had seen him under the lindens, and in the village church with "the gentlest of his friends." Was not he, Rupert Oxton, a lover, too? Was not his promised bride the gentlest friend ever given to man? Had he not walked to the church with her, and might he not also sing—

"I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet;
The clover-blossoms in the grass,
Rise up to kiss thy feet!"

Had not he also thought of his Edith throughout the service, and throughout the sermon, and was he not standing by her side, in the old churchyard, that to him was the corner of the earth to be held most dear; and that to all was a spot famous for its loveliness? Many an artist in searching for a scene of happy peace had come to Lanfair parish, and none had gone away in disappointment.

Edith looked round her with soft eyes filled with expectation, and exclaimed with delight at what she saw. There were the white cottages, with their becoming thatched roofs, that must have witnessed the passing of at least five hundred years; there were the orchards, with the pink and white blossoms that form a colouring that may not be painted or described; the river "all in its mid-day gold and glimmering," murmured the songs of May; whilst in the distance could be clearly distinguished on that bright day the far-off hills of Dartmoor, that bound so many of Devon's fairest views.

"Oh, Rupert, it is Paradise!" she cried at last.

He smiled in eager sympathy: "I thought you would like it."

"Like it! What a poor expression! Why, I adore it. But what is that strange fence?" and she pointed with her hand to a high wooden wall that stood in the shape of a circle in a field that ran down to the river.

He answered, "It is the Black Pit," and in his voice there was a touch of gloom.

II.

Now, the Black Pit was a manganese mine, old, flooded, and disused, which Sir Wilfred Oxton had sunk more than a hundred years ago. It lay in what was now an enclosed meadow, but the land had formerly been common land, and its enclosure had been bitterly resented, though little cared for by Sir Wilfred for the anger that he roused. And this was the legend of the Pit as Edith heard it from the lips of Dame Helmont, wisest and most venerable of the women of Lanfair.

It was on the shortest day of the year, and a black, miserable day it was, as I have heard my father tell, that Sir Wilfred Oxton ordained that the sinking of the Black Pit should be started. He intended to give the first stroke with the pick himself, but my father vowed to be beforehand with him. There had been much talk in the village about robbing the poor, about mines, about manganese, and about a new source of wealth, which most of the people looked on as wickedness. But my father, who had neither cattle nor sheep to pasture, was on Sir

Wilfred's side. If there was something under the ground that could be dug up and turned into money, why, it would be pure folly to leave it lying useless. And my father believed that valuable manganese would be found. What his reasons were I never knew, but sure I am that he hazarded no mere empty guess, for he was ever a man of prudence and consideration. Well, holding this belief, he was resolved to take a hand in the opening of the mine, and he got himself engaged as one of the workmen. Then he thought he would be bringing his luck towards him if he could be the first to drive a pick into the soil; but he would do it secretly, or else Sir Wilfred would be sorely displeased. So, before daylight came on that twenty-first of December, he left his cottage, never heeding the wind that howled and the rain that streamed down, and set off to the meadows where the Black Pit was to be. He had near a mile to walk, and never one living creature did he see or hear until he came to the place of his destination. He had marked the exact spot that he would strike with his pick, and had lifted his arm to deliver the blow, when from a surrounding darkness there came a voice: "What dost thou here, John Clatworthy?" My father trembled exceedingly, and let his pick drop from his hands. Then the voice went on: "Thou art come to give the first strike, but thou art come in vain—there has been one before thee." "Sir Wilfred?" my father managed to gasp. "Sir Wilfred's lord, and thy lord, and the lord of all who seek evil," was the answer, and my father's terror grew. "I will not strike," he said. "Thou hast struck," were the dread words that next he heard. "Where thy pick now lies, shall be the very centre of the accursed pit, whose doom is upon thee;" and my father fainted away.

III.

"What was the voice?" asked Edith rapidly.

"I never heard that tale before," said Rupert in wonder.

"It is not one to be proud of," Mrs. Helmont said, "but for the voice, my lady, my father could never surely account. Some held that it was one of the gipsy folk with whom the bit of common land that was being taken away had long been a favourite spot, and some held that it was no mortal man that spoke; but my father never knew. Only this much is certain, that neither to himself nor to Sir Wilfred did death come at the appointed age, or in peaceful shape. Both died before they reached the three score years and ten—my father was killed by a fall from a hay-stack which he was putting up in the Black Pit meadow, and Sir Wilfred— She stopped her speech at this point, and looked at her visitors with troubled eyes.

"And Sir Wilfred was drowned," said Rupert encouragingly, "as any other man is likely to be who puts out to sea in a cockle shell when the weather is rough."

"So 'tis said, so 'tis said," answered the dame hurriedly, and in a manner that expressed no conviction.

"Why, surely, Mrs. Helmont, it is not you that can believe the nonsense tale that Sir Wilfred hurled himself into the Pit, and that he still haunts the spot, waiting to drag others down to share his fate?"

"Your Honor knows best, I doubt

not," said Mrs. Helmont evasively, and plainly anxious to escape from the subject; "but let it be as it will Sir Wilfred died a wild death, and he was the Oxton who brought the curse into the family. He it was who sunk the Black Pit, and he came to his end by drowning, whether it was in the sea or whether it was elsewhere. Not one of his descendants but has touched the curse in his own time, and not one of them has covered the span of life allotted to man, or has died in other than a strange fashion. The good God grant, Sir Rupert, that you shall be spared; and it may be that He will show mercy, if you can find wisdom greater than that of your forebears, and leave the evil thing alone. So, and only so, may the chain be broken."

"Oh, Rupert, you will break the chain?"

"My darling, I will try."

IV.

The happy time flew by, May yielded place to June, and July would bring the day on which the lovers were to become one. Edith had left Lanfair, but Rupert stayed to make his old Castle perfect for the coming of the bride. He lingered long one morning in front of the huge portrait of his ancestor, Sir Wilfred, which almost covered the wall at the end of the great library, and to which he was commonly held to bear a strong resemblance. But the picture was that of a stern, gloomy man, some forty years of age, and his Edith had earnestly denied the likeness. "At least it is a brave face," he thought, "and brave he was; may I prove his equal in courage if I am put to the proof!"

He was interrupted by the entrance of an elderly butler who had served the Oxtons both in youth and age, and to whom the family were very dear. The new-comer noticed his master's occupation, and then observed that none ever entered the Castle but seemed to take an interest in Sir Wilfred. "There was a gentleman here last week who had permission to look through the rooms, and there before that very picture did he stand, Sir Rupert, for a good half hour of my watch."

Rupert smiled. "Such attention is flattering," he said.

"And never a word did the gentleman speak till the very end," added the butler; "then he amazed me by whispering a curse. He had not thought I was so near, and he seemed a little confused; but he began to converse, and, among other things, he told me that he was an artist, and he assured me that he was not talking at random when he pronounced Sir Wilfred's portrait to be worth much more than all the rest of the pictures in the Castle put together."

"Do you think me very like Sir Wilfred, Holden," inquired Rupert abruptly.

"Yes, Sir Rupert, or you will be when

you come to his time of life." That strange gentleman was something like him, too."

Once more Rupert examined the portrait with careful, narrow, scrutiny. "You had better keep your opinion from Lady Edith."

V.

It was the 20th of June, and in the summer sky the sun blazed with the splendour and intensity that northern lands so seldom know. In defiance of the overpowering heat, Sir Rupert, toiled throughout the day at his work of preparation, buoyed up by the remembrance of her for whom it was undertaken. The servants who were with him, and who had no share in his inspiration, showed at moments a sense of fatigue and listlessness that could cause no surprise, but there were whispers constantly passing between them that might not so easily be explained. "Two nights ago my brother saw it," was a sentence that Rupert caught, and then the answer: "And my uncle saw it last night for certain." He impatiently demanded an account of what it was that had thus been seen. His question let loose a veritable avalanche of words, but, in spite of the first confusion, it soon appeared that the ghost of Sir Wilfred was believed to be once more visible in the Black Pit, and that the eyes of several of the inhabitants of Lanfair had beheld the vision. Scornful were the reproaches with which Sir Rupert received the story without, however, producing any effect upon the speakers. But all were doubtless glad when the approach of evening released them from their labours—Rupert ordered his horse, and rode off through the village.

His way, not planned out with deliberate selection, brought him up to the cottage of Dame Helmont, just as the sun, a glowing ball of copper, was nearing the horizon. The dame was sitting in the porch that was separated from the road by a yard or two of flower garden, and Rupert drew rein to greet her. A few words were exchanged, and then he turned to the subject with which his mind was filled. "Have you heard this last nonsense that they are talking about my ancestor?"

"I have heard what they say, Sir Rupert," answered Mrs. Helmont simply and sadly, "but nonsense I can never believe it to be. Would indeed I could so do!"

"What else is it?" said Rupert irritably; "and little would I care if they talked, till their throats cracked, only that Lady Edith will not like it. Since the day that she heard from you the legend of the Black Pit, she has shrunk from all mention of the Pit itself, or of Sir Wilfred."

"She is wise," was the reply firmly given; "and you cannot too heedfully keep aloof from either."

"Sir Wilfred is at all events far

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enough removed from my reach," said Rupert with a smile, in which there was no atom of amusement, "and the Black Pit I never go near."

"God keep you from it," said Mrs. Helmont solemnly. Then hasty footsteps were heard approaching, and in another instant John Helmont, a nephew of the dame's late husband, burst upon their sight. He was almost running, though a man deep in middle life, but Sir Rupert's presence brought him to a pause, and he displayed clear signs of uneasiness and confusion. That he desired to speak with his relative was manifest, and Rupert set his horse in motion; but before he had passed out of earshot he again pulled bridle at the words that sprang from John Helmont in his impatience: "Aunt, I saw him, as true as heaven is above us, Sir Wilfred went by me in the Black Pit meadow last night."

The old woman looked at him curiously, anxiously, but she made no response, and John continued: "Soon as ever I could get away from my work I've come here beat pace to ask the meaning of the appearance. If any can tell 'tis you."

"John Helmont," said the stern voice of Sir Rupert, "has shame deserted you? Can you, a sober, sensible man, utter such trash without a blush upon your cheek?"

"Beg pardon, Sir Rupert," said John sturdily, "but see Sir Wilfred's ghost I did, and of that I'll make my Bible oath."

"You fancied you saw it, I am sure," said Rupert less harshly, "but the dead return to us in our imaginations only; so much your intelligence will surely tell you."

"I cannot disbelieve my eyes, Sir Rupert," said John; "there was some one besides myself last night in Black Pit meadow."

"Then it must have been some rascal playing off a hoax," exclaimed Rupert, seized with a new idea. "By heaven, I'll watch myself, and if he dares to come again I'll expose him!"

"For the Lord's sake don't take upon you such a venture!" cried Mrs. Helmont in urgent entreaty. "Oh, my dear

young gentleman, my honoured Sir Rupert, I will go down to you on my bare old knees; I will beg, I will pray, I will do anything in this dreary world if you will not madly run into this danger."

"Dunger!" said Rupert with a sort of kindly scorn, "and pray, where may the danger lie?"

"Where the Black Pit yawns," answered Mrs. Helmont, trembling in her agitation; "in that accursed neighbourhood, what Oton may ever be safe! And now with Sir Wilfred himself returning."

"Or a scoundrel imitating him," interrupted Rupert. "John, describe the person you think you saw."

"It was Sir Wilfred's own image as he is in the great picture in the library. There was the same face, the same dark blue coat buttoned across the chest, the same drab breeches, and the same boots, only the flat hat was on his head instead of lying on the ground beside him."

"An imposter dressed up for the part," cried Rupert, in exceeding wrath. "Let him but show himself to me, and he shall receive his deserts."

"Avoid him! Oh, avoid him!" implored Mrs. Helmont with the tears in her eyes, "even if he be truly a mortal like yourself, what can he be but an enemy? And will one of your race seek to meet an enemy on the very spot which to them is accursed?"

"Enemy! but I have no enemies," said Rupert more lightly.

"Who may say that?" said Mrs. Helmont gravely. "Not you, Sir Rupert, who owns a castle that the world may covet, and who have won a bride that the whole world may love."

"A rival who begrudges me Edith's hand," said Rupert thoughtfully; "but what man in possession of his senses would play off such a trick? Well, man or ghost, I will confront this apparition, and if it prove a man he shall repent his audacity."

"The repentance is more likely to fall to your own lot," and Rupert was even amused at such tenacity.

"One would think, Mrs. Helmont, that the shadow of the Black Pit was over yourself, so great is your dread of it."

"And who can say that the curse does

not extend to my father's daughter: the only Clatworthy now alive, as you, Sir Rupert, are the only Oton? But fear! How should I fear, when my life has been lived and death stands ready by my side. Ah, that the danger were for me only, that I might go, and you be spared."

"No, no," said Rupert smiling, "let me run my own risks. John, at what hour did you see this vision?"

"At ten o'clock, Sir Rupert."

"Then from ten till midnight at earliest will I watch both to-night and to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Oh, not to-morrow," cried Mrs. Helmont more wildly than ever. "Oh, my God so move his heart that at least this prayer may be granted."

"But why?"

"It was the shortest day in the year that saw the advent of the curse, let not the longest day see its fulfilment."

"Rather its abolition," Rupert called out cheerfully as he rode away, adding in his own mind, "who would have conceived such limitless superstition."

VII.

It was ten o'clock on a moonless night when Sir Rupert entered the Black Pit meadow. The stars gave out their light, but the haze had come up since the sunset, which dimmed their brilliance, and which told of not far distant thunder. Objects were hard to recognise, and twice Rupert started forward only to find an imagined figure resolve itself into a shadow. For many a minute he forced himself to wait in patience, keeping his nerves in good control through the darkness and the great silence that was never disturbed save by a faint occasional ripple from the river. For a third time something seemed to pass into his view; once again he moved in pursuit, and now the image did not fade, but glided on till it reached the wooden wall with which the Black Pit was surrounded. To distinguish it was wholly impossible, and its movements caused no sound, yet in Rupert's eyes it bore the form and fashion of a man. In his turn he nursed to the fence; he touched

the palings at the exact spot where he believed that he had seen the presence, but there was nothing; the rough wood-work hurt his hand, that was all. With intense and ardent feelings he now began to make search. He circled the wall around the Pit, scrutinising it as thoroughly as the misty light would allow. But he sought utterly in vain, and though he waited till the first soft flushes of dawn were in the sky, no single discovery rewarded his watch.

VII.

Rupert awoke from the restless sleep which followed his adventure in the midst of gloom so harsh and sombre as to make him forget that he was living in the reign of summer. A letter addressed in Edith's delicate writing lay beside him, but it was only by the aid of candle light that he could read her words, which betokened an agitation very real to herself, though she might doubt her power to convey the same impression to her lover. "My darling, you will laugh at what you will call my idle fears, but, idle as they may be, oh Rupert, respect them. For my sake, if not for your own, give heed to what I say; if it is only to indulge a silly whim, grant my entreaty. I dreamed last night a dream so vivid that I cannot free myself from its influence, and I must pass the warning on to you before I can feel myself at rest. Rupert, there came to me a vision of a man who three times uttered this threat: 'Woe to your lover, woe! To him and to the longest day there comes alike the appointed end.' Each time that the words were repeated they grew in intensity, and my sense of horror increased, till at last I must have screamed aloud. Then I found myself sitting upright in my bed, with each limb trembling and my mind in agony. The face of the man still seemed to linger before my eyes, and it was not wholly strange to me. Partly it resembled that picture of Sir Wilfred in your library, but it also reminded me in a shadowy manner of a face (whose I cannot tell) that I have seen elsewhere. Slowly it faded away and calmness began to return. I have said, my darling, that you will laugh;

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

The Famous Remedy for
COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA & CONSUMPTION,
 Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in the World.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Its healing power is marvellous. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure the Most Effective Remedy.

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—I have used a number of bottles of your medicine, for bronchitis, which was a chronic complaint of mine, and I must say that of all the medicines I have taken (including those from doctors), none have proved so effective as your Bronchitis Cure. I have recommended it to many others.
 Yours faithfully,
 THOS. OLIVER,
 Proprietor of "The Lilydale Express,"
 Lilydale, Victoria.

BRONCHITIS.

A Camberwell Resident Expresses Gratitude.

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Your Bronchitis Cure has relieved my wife of a cough

which followed on an attack of influenza. While I acknowledge that all good comes from only one source, ordinary gratitude bids me to offer my earnest thanks to you, through whom this particular blessing has come. I remain, dear sir, yours very truly.

GEO. S. CALDWELL,
 Camberwell, Victoria.

SEVERE COUGH.

Completely Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure after other treatments had failed.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Having used your Bronchitis Cure with very speedy and good results for severe cough, and pain on the chest, I am sending you this testimonial to make any use of it you wish. I have used many cough medicines, and can unhesitatingly say that yours gave me the quickest relief, and I have not been troubled with the cough since. I have also given it to my little boy, aged two years, with equally good results, and now re-

commend it to my friends. Wishing you every success.—I am, yours truly,

J. ERSKINE,
 Kibbinie, New Zealand.

A Seven Years' Case.

Expectorating Blood and Matter.

Completely Cured.

Mr. W. G. HEARNE.

Dear Sir,—Your medicine has cured me of bronchitis and asthma, from which I had suffered for upwards of seven years, during which period I was scarcely ever free from coughs, and frequently the difficulty of breathing was so distressing that for nights in succession I had to sit up. I write to you this acknowledgment from a sense of duty, as in my case every other treatment had failed. For a year previous I had been getting very much worse, and at the time I obtained your medicine I was confined to bed, suffering from a most violent cough, expectorating blood and matter, and apparently beyond hope of recovery.

The first dose of the medicine gave me welcome relief, and I steadily improved as I continued the treatment, until I became as I am now, quite well.—Yours sincerely,

J. WALKER, Balmuir, Sydney.

BRONCHITIS.

A Very Obstinate Case.

Cured through persevering in the treatment by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Having been a sufferer from Bronchitis for a number of years, and not being able to get relief from doctors, I started taking your Bronchitis Cure about two years ago, and have been taking it on and off ever since. I am happy to tell you that I now feel thoroughly cured, and I can bear testimony to its worth.—I am, yours truly,
 W. J. CLARKE,
 Redbank, via Avoca, Victoria.

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, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6. 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.

Absentmindedness.

ALMOST LOST HIS SUPPER.

I know that in dreams you have no faith, but it is not much that I ask. It is only that throughout to-morrow, the longest day, you will engage in no pursuit that can be accompanied by any danger, however remote, and that at midnight, when the day ends, you will take care not to be alone, but to have with you some friend. Oh, Rupert, if this is folly, will you not forgive your Edith, or take your revenge upon her by the laughter of many a year to come? Once more, my darling, I pray you not to neglect my heart-felt prayer."

"Sweet, timorous love," thought Rupert tenderly; "but not even her sweetness must scare me from duty." He wrote a letter, long, soothing and encouraging, but never once did he contemplate the relinquishment of his visit to the Black Pit that night.

As the day advanced the gloom deepened, thick haze which no breath of wind dispersed, shut out the beams of the sun, and when Rupert started on his self-imposed quest a lantern was needed to enable him to penetrate the lurid darkness. He had waited for an hour or more in the meadow ere the lightning's first flash heralded the long delayed storm, and with the lightning there came upon him the impression of an indistinct form leaning against the Black Pit fence. He advanced with what speed he could, but when he reached the palings no figure was in sight. Yet his amazement was profound, for in the wall of wood there was a narrow gap, as if an opened door stood wide, but in his recollection no door had ever been there. It was no time to consider, he must press forward on his search. He passed through the strange entrance, and found himself at once on the very brink of the Black Pit, with its unfathomable, invisible depths. Something seemed to touch his shoulder, and there was a word in his ear, "Follow!" Next arose a sharp cry, and then the thunder began to peal, rendering other sounds inaudible; for one second of time the heavens were ablaze with a brilliance that was well nigh blinding, and after that the wind and the rain took possession of the earth. What had the lightning truly revealed? Had it shown two figures, a woman firmly grasping a man, falling swiftly into that Pit of destruction?

The events that accompanied that famous storm in June can never be certainly known. Mrs. Helmont disappeared, and in Rupert's mind there lives the abiding belief that she perished on that wild night in her resolve to protect herself. Had he really been in danger? Did that whispered "Follow" spring from lips of flesh and blood? "Yes," was his own answer, when he remembered Mrs. Helmont's saying, and imagined some despairing soul to whom death was easy, but by whom the loss of Edith might not be borne. Far different is the verdict of the country-side, and the peace of Lanfair is no longer troubled by the ghost of Sir Wilfred Oxton.

Victorien Sardou's fits of abstraction are so intense that when he is at work the noted French dramatist is said to be oblivious to all else. "La Tosca" was one of the plays which appealed to him particularly. He laboured over it early and late, and if it had not been for the care of his family his health would have suffered, so profound was his mental preoccupation.

When he did not respond to the summons for dinner one day, a messenger was sent to his den to insist on his coming to the dining room where the rest were already seated. Presently the two appeared, the mind of the dramatist apparently being still on the play. However, he was seated at the table. Without uttering a word, and still rapt in thought, he finished his soup and fish; then, pushing back his chair, he rose and started from the room, muttering and gesticulating.

"You do not wish to finish dinner?" he was asked.

Seeming to come to himself, he replied, "Why, yes, if the meal is prepared. I shall be most willing to appease my appetite. I am almost famished." He was in complete ignorance that he had already partly finished his meal.

HIS MENTAL DIGESTION.

Hogarth's absent mindedness at meal-time was extreme. In the midst of dinner it was no uncommon thing for him to turn round in his chair, and sit with his back to the table, twiddling his thumbs. Then he would as suddenly rise, place his chair back in its proper position, and resume eating as if he had not interrupted himself.

NEWTON AND HIS MEALS.

This suggests the anecdote of Newton, who was so much the victim of forgetfulness and mental blindness in ordinary matters that his friends thought little of it. On visiting Sir Isaac one morning, Dr. Stukely, one of his intimates, was ushered into the parlour by a maid and informed that her master was engaged upstairs, but would be down presently.

The guest waited, and time slipped by; but Newton did not appear. The doctor became restless, and was on the point of departing, but decided to remain. After a long stay the maid appeared in the parlour with a cooked fowl, which she placed on a table in anticipation of Sir Isaac's appearance to eat his midday meal. Stukely grew more and more hungry, as the smell from the fowl was highly tempting. Finally, as his friend had not come, he could withstand temptation no longer, and, turning to the fowl, he finished it. It was sometime after that that the scientist appeared, and gazed at the remains of the meal with a perplexed expression.

"I protest I had forgotten that I had eaten my dinner," he remarked. "You see, doctor, how oblivious we philosophers are."

AT THE BALLOT BOX.

A Middletown, Connecticut, man was responsible for an amusing mistake at the polls, which was not exactly ballot box stuffing, although it savoured of it, and it was due to absent mindedness. Having carefully made out the ticket he wished to vote, he deposited in the box, not the ticket, as he imagined, but a cheque which he had in his pocket.

A FORGETFUL MAIL CLERK.

A Western mail agent, through a fit of abstraction, which seized him at a critical moment, caused the Illinois town of Leaf River to miss one mail. The train on which the agent was detailed ran through Leaf River without stopping, and it was the agent's duty to pitch the sack containing the mail on the railroad platform. Instead of throwing it out, however, one day he dumped out on the platform absent mindedly, as the train whizzed by, the satchel containing a drummer's sample cigars.

THE CHILD AND THE BOOK.

This brings to mind the incident in life of the extraordinarily forgetful Comte de Brancas, which inspired La Bruyere's "Absent Man." The Count was seated by his fireside, buried in a book, when the nurse entered with his infant daughter. The father laid down the book, took the child in his arms, and was fondling her when a visitor of note was ushered in. Associating the child with the book, he promptly tossed the infant on the table.

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A BUSHMAN AFLOAT

By ALBERT DORRINGTON

Author of "Along the Castlereagh," "Children of the Gully," Etc.

ADELAIDE.

Arrived at Largs Bay on March 14. A train-ride of seven or eight miles through several sand-ridden suburbs brought us to the capital of S.A. Adelaide is without doubt the slier-tail of Australian cities. It is piquant and more respectable than the average vestryman. The near hills that stared out so sharply in the morning air, the jingle of the horse-trams, give it the appearance of a Mexican city.

We found parks and churches, and more parks. In our haste to be rid of a telegram we mistook the G.P.O. for another church. The hurrying crowds and gangs of loiterers so apparent within the precincts of Melbourne and Sydney Post Offices are nowhere visible here. Two or three boys idled within its court-like entrance. A strange man with American whiskers and accent stated in a loud voice that we were in the city of the dead. He said that several more or less dead people haunted the Post Office during business hours in quest of stamps and other refreshments.

He walked round us deliberately and offered to show us where to put our letters. He was sorry, he said, for people who came to the city of the dead. He had come there himself, only a month before, under the impression that it was a living, breathing place where men could address each other in loud voices and get drunk. He told us in his best Chicago voice that he had offered a patent nickel-plated, stamp-licking machine to the S.A. Government for £600. Nothing had come of it. The Government had merely offered him its silent respectable ear.

Ten minutes later he tried to sell us a gold watch for £3 15/- the one that belonged to his dead wife.

Adelaide is not so tame as it looks. It rose early one morning, recently, and gaoled its ex-mayor on a charge of fraud and embezzlement. Sydney would sooner die of plague or tramar sare than see one of its councillors safely inside a healthy stone gaol.

Some difference between the men of the South. The Sydneyite will borrow your last shilling. The Melbourne man is satisfied to toss you for drinks; but the Adelaide chap is simply artful—he waits for you patiently and tries to sell you his grandmother's gold watch.

We heard several girls singing inside an up-to-date restaurant. We entered and ordered breakfast hurriedly. Steak and poached eggs. A red haired girl tripped in singing "Mollie Riley" as she took our order. She told us frankly that she could not help singing when she waited on brown-faced strangers from the Backblocks.

We felt glad. Bill reckons that we ought to give Adelaide a good character. Therefore we take back the opinion ament the artfulness of the city, and apologise by saying that Adelaide is the place where "Mollie Riley" sounds well with poached eggs.

THE BOAT CATCHER.

We returned to the station in time to see the 12.30 train depart. Nice fix. Steamer bound to leave Largs Bay at 2 sharp. We fretted up and down the platform until the 12.30 started, hoping that some unforeseen accident would delay the Orotava another half hour.

Mail steamers have a sticky habit of sailing on time. When we arrived at Largs Bay we observed the Orotava moving slowly and gracefully from her anchorage.

Here was a dilemma! Only a few shillings in our pockets, and no possible hope of catching her before she reached Marselles. Our luggage, circular notes, etc., were steering cheerfully towards the horizon.

While I was staring dumbly at the departing vessel, Bill had leaped down the pier-steps and button-holed a grey-whiskered plub of a man squatting in the stern of a small motor-launch. I heard Bill's voice rise above the thrash of the tide; I saw his hands poised between heaven and sea.

The man in the motor launch sat still as could be; his glassy, sea-blown eyes gazing into space. And Bill's voice was round and above him in nine different keys. He explained that all his hopes of future salvation lay aboard the fast-moving mail steamer. Would the kind gentleman, who owned the launch give chase and put us aboard for a reasonable sum—five shillings, say?

The light of reason came slowly into the launch proprietor's eyes. He drew a short pipe from his pocket and scraped it carefully with a knife. "Blamed if we ain't goin' to have some weather!" he said huskily. "Hit black over Semaphore way."

Bill sat beside him and held his hand half fiercely. He explained that the mail boat was leaving us behind. He repeated his argument in a voice full of suppressed rage.

The little old man heard him sorrowfully, but made no attempt to put off. He told us that the business of catching mail boats was full of peril and hardships. Only a month before his launch had been struck by a departing steamer's propeller while endeavouring to put a couple of desperately-belated passengers aboard.

"We'll make it half-a-sovereign, then," said Bill, hoarsely. "And we'll take all chances."

The launch-owner glanced dreamfully at the skyline as though it were a distant relation of his. By no word or smile did he acknowledge Bill's offer.

We breathed miserably and waited for the old man to speak. "If it was for me own child I couldn't do it," he said at last. "It's a terrible long way from here to the steamer. An' she's tearin' up the water more'n I care about."

Bill spoke again, and there was another ten shillings in his voice. Nothing happened. It seemed to us as though the grey-whiskered old battler had been bargaining with desperate passengers all his life. His old sea-blown eyes measured the horizon and the throbbing keel of the outgoing ship leisurely.

"I'll do it for ye," he said after a while; "if ye'll make it another half-crown."

We closed with the offer and sprang aboard nimbly, and were soon tearing homeward in the direction of the Orotava's black smoke-line.

"We ain't got no hope," drawled the old man dismally. "It's a terrible waste of time chasin' a 16-knot mail boat."

The motor-launch fretted and plunged in the wake of the leviathan. A crowd of inquisitive passengers gathered on the starboard side and watched us jubilantly. We could hear them betting on our chance of being taken aboard alive.

"They'll slow down when they sight us," said Bill hopefully. "They wouldn't leave us behind."

"Them slow down!" grunted the boat-catcher. "Why, if yer wife an' family was cryin' out to ye over the rail they wouldn't let down a pound of steam. Mail boats ain't got no feelin's, young man."

The great onrushing steamer was indifferent to our presence. Like a blind colossus she wore seaward, hooting and clearing the blue with her giant shoulders.

Several lady passengers waved their handkerchiefs to us.

"If ye'd make it another five bob," broke in the old man, "I'll open her out an' chance it."

We counted out another five shillings. The old man pocketed it lazily and smiled. "Hold on!" he shouted suddenly. "We'll board her on the port side."

The launch seemed to leap forward through the blinding spray, shivering and rattling as the seas slapped her hood and funnel.

Foot by foot we gained on the Orotava until we ran drenched and half-blinded under her port davits. The bos'n's head appeared casually over the rail. He regarded us coldly and with evident disfavour.

"This sort of thing's against the regulations," he said loudly. "Why don't you come aboard in the proper way?"

"Now, Joe!" cried our boat-catcher oilyly. "These two chaps are breakin' their hearts to have a bottle of wine with you."

The bos'n was silent. His head disappeared suddenly; then a long wet rope struck us with the force of a well-fung lariat.

"Up fer yer lives!" shouted the old man. "Up an' hold!"

Luckily there was no sea on as we clung tooth and nail to the line. Bill scrambled after me with the celerity of a man-o-war's man. Wet, but grateful, we tumbled over the rail.

An officer passed us smartly as we stepped on deck. Bill saluted sarcastically. "Yer might have waited half a minute," he said loudly. "Me an' me mate represent 80 pounds' worth of passage money."

The officer looked witheringly at Bill but made no reply.

"Suppose," continued Bill, following him leisurely; "suppose one of your fifty-pound lifeboats had broken loose; would you have stopped to pick it up?"

The officer turned, eyed him curiously, and vanished down the saloon stairs.

"My word you would!" cried Bill. "You'd have slewed round an' thrown the patent gasometer over the ship's par-allelogram."

The stewards are amiable fellows. Constant intercourse with passengers makes them nimble-minded and human. The ship's officer is a different fellow. If you address him suddenly he will look at you for 90 seconds without answering. And if you say things about his gold braid and unimpeachable pants he will retire and invite another uniformed creature to look hard in your direction.

Most of the firemen and sailors say "Haa!" whenever Bill passes along the deck. He doesn't mind. He told them the other night that he'd sooner be mistaken for a crow than a ship's greaser.

It must be admitted that he annoys these Cockney firemen. Whenever they come up from below he barks at them from the taffrail. It is a real kind of a bark that causes them to skip round and claw the air with both hands. Bill learned the barking trick when he lost his dog while taking a mob of sheep from Gunnselah to Narzabri once.

The run across the Bight from Adelaide to Fremantle is sometimes an uneventful performance. While idling below we discovered casually that our mattresses were stuffed with seaweed. No

wonder we sleep like Polar bears. Seaweed makes an excellent bed. It gives out a slight flavour of ozone not unlike St. Kilda beach at low tide.

We intend asking the ship's doctor whether seaweed mattresses are intended as a cure for insomnia.

Nice little article for a journalist.

Seaweed mattresses: A Cure for Broken-down Nerves! London likes to hear about its broken-down nerves.

"MAN OVERBOARD!"

Sunday was an eventful day. An Austrian gum-digger from New Zealand had been acting strangely ever since he came on board. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon he scrambled over the rail and plunged into the sea. His comrade, a big-bodied, black-whiskered fellow, tore round the decks snatching frantically, at all the available lifebuoys and hurling them over the side.

The stewards forcibly restrained him from denuding the ship of its stock of life-saving appliances.

Strange how quickly a man disappears when a moderate sea is running! The eye is continually baffled by the swift-changing surface currents. It was at first surmised that our man had been swept astern and caught by the propeller.

The Orotava slewed round; a boat was lowered in fairly good time, and was soon pulling back through the long white wake astern.

No sign of the gum-digger anywhere. The boat cut here and there travelling far until it was lost to view.

A mail boat is an impatient of delay as a woman with an appointment. She fretted and heaved, while several officers searched the wave hollows from the bridge for a glimpse of the unfortunate man. Five hundred people crowded the sides peering across the long insliding seas that swept under our stern.

A flock of sea hawks and albatrosses circled in groups at a certain point in our wake. A dozen glasses covered them to ascertain whether the struggles of the Austrian had caused the unusual commotion among the birds.

Broad-winged mollyhawks and black shags joined the scurrimage, thrashing and screaming in mid air as though anxious to share the spoil.

"Those big birds will drown a man," said one of the sailors to me. "I've seen 'em settle on the head of a swimming boy and drive him under."

"They're a derved sight worse than sharks," added a New York man excitedly. "I got adrift from a whaleboat up in the Barrier, some years ago, and a big, skulking cow-bird came at me claw and wing as if it wanted my two eyes for breakfast."

"A man can't fight birds when he's swimming for his life. He's got to chew up all his bad language and duck his head," continued the American. "I ducked every time it clawed my head until I was blinded, near silly and half drowned. Every time my bald head showed above water the derved wings hit me on the face and jaw."

"Then I felt my mate grip me by the shoulder and haul me into the boat. Guess he wasn't a second too soon either. About a dozen other cowbirds had swarmed round, and started sharpening their claws against my scalp."

A sudden shout from the Orotava's stern told us that another boat had been lowered. A minute later we beheld the missing Austrian being lifted into the

stern, a life-buoy gripped tenaciously in both hands.

He had been in the water exactly 35 minutes. His lips were blue from exposure; his jaw hung listlessly as the boat was heaved to the davits.

He was placed in hospital immediately and received medical attendance. Later, an inquiry was held concerning the manner of his going overboard. It has been considered advisable to keep him under strict surveillance during the rest of the trip.

The approach to Fremantle is fairly easy and far less monotonous than that of Melbourne. To the uninitiated eye the deep-water channel is well buoyed and lit, although from Rottenest to Cape Leuwin the sandbanks have a camel-like habit of appearing on the horizon.

A launch conveys passengers up the Swan River to Perth. We did the trip in a blinding shower of rain—the first for many months. Off Five Fathom Bank lies the hull of the Orizaba; gulls and hawks circling round its weather-beaten sides. She was caught in a fog more than a year ago, and ran aground.

The Orizaba was a splendid sea-boat, and on account of her good qualities her insurance was reduced 50 per cent. The company had decided to withdraw her from the Australian service, but the fog willed otherwise, and Five Fathom Bank holds her till wind and sea shall have sundered her planks.

One hundred and fifty passengers, mostly young men, left at Fremantle, bound for Kalgoorlie and Leonora. The gang of Afghans streamed ashore, glad to be out of the stuffy forehold and eager to face the open camel tracks again.

Times are supposed to be dull out West, but the crowd of new arrivals think otherwise. "It's hot out beyond," said one; "but tucker and wages are all right. Good-bye, old man."

Perth itself was a revelation to us. We had pictured it a veritable Chinatown among the sandhills and ti-tree swamps. The railway from Fremantle to the capital serves a dozen thriving suburbs. Everywhere one sees the hand of the builder at work. Acres of outlying scrub are being cleared; homesteads and factories bob up from behind yellow sand hills and tree-covered heights.

Perth is probably the most modern of Australian cities. The streets are well laid out, and from east to west one feels the throbbing of new life streaming into the capital.

Here and there a dilapidated boarding-house peeps from the rows of well built dwellings. The mind goes back to the early nineties, when the East invaded the West, and the strenuous crowds of gold-hungry men flocked in from Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney. The ancient boarding-house suggests days and nights of wild excitement when the sand-bitten prospectors crowded back from Bayley's and the Murchison into Perth.

To-day the old coastal steamers are reminiscent of the old days when crowds of successful miners stampeded homewards in quest of elusive pleasures and the girls they had left behind. These were the days when champagne ran into the scuppers, and every steamer was transformed into a floating Monte Carlo.

"I remember when the first bit of fresh mutton came on to the Great Northern," said Bill. "Neck crops fetched eighteenpence a pound, and the heads were auctioned at five shillings apiece. The drover who brought 'em over started from Perth with 700 and landed 150. He said there wasn't enough feed on the way out to tickle the leg of a grasshopper."

A decade of stock gambling has produced a shrewd type of business man out West. He is not to be confounded with the Wall Street alligator or the London mining spivier. He is a shrewdly happy man, with enough nous to keep himself free from the soul-rotting influence of the game.

Telegrams to hand announcing the wreck of the Mildura off North West Cape. She was bound for Fremantle, with several hundred cattle on board. Grim stories are already afloat concerning the last moments of the Mildura. . . . A stormy night off a treacherous coast. Heavy seas thundering over the frightened ship. Pens and boxes smashing to and fro. Dead cattle and top hampers flung for'd in Danteque heaps. A crew of sweating, half-maddened sailors heaving the dead beasts overboard.

"Cattle ships are hell!" said Bill, thoughtfully. "I was cook on the old Dominion, running between Halifax and Liverpool. Her for'd decks was like the Homebush Saleyards. We were carrying three hundred big-horned Canadian cattle to Liverpool, ugly long brutes that any decent Australian squatter would shoot

at sight. About three days out from Halifax we walked into dirty weather that took away our funnels and bridge as if they were made of tin.

"About midnight we heard a smashing of glass above, an' one of the stewards came tearin' below with the fear of Gawd in his eyes. He had been carryin' drinks into the saloon when the cattle barricades broke away.

"They're loose!" he sez, crawlin' under the table. 'Oh, my Gawd, they're loose!"

"We listened . . . an' heard the big barricades slamin' against the port stanchions. Then a sea lifted an' rolled us down an' down until the water poured through the blinded skylights. The next sea put us on our beam ends an' spilled the cattle over the deck in scores.

"Don't know that I'm a coward," went on Bill; "but I know when to fold up when the bullocks are out. One of the brutes, a big-horned starver, raced along the alley-way and galloped right over the stern. The others came after him until another sea downed the leaders, and in two minutes the alley-way was blocked with broken-legged cattle bashing the life out of each other on the greasy floor.

A bullock's body was half hanging across the stairs. They were piled in heaps around the skylight an' funnel stays. We had to shoot half of 'em before we could clear the deck an' hoist 'em overboard. Talk about Port Arthur! You don't get me on a boat that ships wild Canadian bulls!"

Bill passed for'd to assist a pantry-man with the dinner. A voice said "Baa" as he passed. Bill merely smiled. He returned an hour later with a roast fowl wrapped in a newspaper.

We left Fremantle at eight o'clock on Monday night, and began our climb north to Colombo. The journey across the Indian Ocean is apt to become monotonous. The endless stretches of sea and sky, the absence of bird life, has a numbing effect on the eye and brain.

We spent an hour looking at the ship's freezing chambers, and met a small procession of stewards carrying ice on their backs up to the saloon pantry.

Last trip the ship's cat got locked in one of the freezing chambers, and remained there for nine days, surrounded by frozen poultry and meat. It was a mystery how she kept herself alive in such an Arctic temperature. When released she bounded upstairs into the hot air, and fell asleep on the saloon couch. She was as lively as a kitten the next day.

The English stewards and deck hands appear to suffer from the heat already, and we are five or six days south of the Line. They are mostly fat, over-fed fellows, who believe in a good beef steak and a bottle of stout before going to bunk every night. No wonder they lie awake during the tropic nights, wearing a pale, bloated expression on their faces.

We have discovered that quite a number of New Zealand boys are working their passages to London. One took on a job in the stokehole, but gave it up before we had been three days out of Fremantle.

The ship's surgeon is busy this morning inside his little deck dispensary. A small procession of patients wait outside on the form. A fireman crawls along the port alleyway exhibiting a badly scalded foot to his comrades. A white-faced greaser with consumption in his luminous eyes enters the dispensary and is examined by the genial surgeon.

The Cockney fireman is a born tough. He does not mix with the rest of the ship's company. His work unfits him for polite society. The Sydney larrikin would not be seen dead in his company. Down in the throbbing spaces under the engine-room he slams things and rakes with slice-bar and shovel feeding the fire-hungry boilers that gasp and sigh for coal and yet more coal. His boots are ample shod to protect his feet from the burning plates. His hands and bod' are scarred and livid where he has been flung at one time or another against the boiler doors.

When ashore he finds much relief in fighting policemen. If he has been stoking for ten years, his brain is more or less affected by the terrible heat and the violent changes to which he is subjected. They come up from below dripping from head to shoe with coal-blackened bodies, sleek-jawed and limp as fever patients.

The Red Sea is the horror of all white firemen, and black ones for the matter of that. In the majority of cases the rum served out in cold latitudes is saved until Colombo and Aden are reached.

"Rum is our mother and father," said one of them to me. "It feeds us when we can't eat, and it makes us sing when the heat is crawlin' down our throats."

"But the after effects?"

"There ain't none. The firm sweat an



ONE TELLS ANOTHER

ARTHUR NATHAN'S

"RELIABLE"

TEAS

Are **SURE** to Please.

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51 HONOURS AND AWARDS.

dry. It shrivels us up an' boils us, an' there ain't no room left for after effects. I've tried oatmeal water and cold tea, but neither of 'em keeps off the heat like rum. Rum 'as got hands an' feet, an' it nurses yer when yer dyin' below."

"Do men die below?"
"Diel! Some of us was never properly alive. I've seen white-faced corpses of men shovellin' beside me. Yer can't get 'em to speak. Yer never hear 'em complain neither until they lie down, while the second engineer gives 'em an ice poultice."

"How do Australian face the music below?"

"They're quitters when the clinkers are out. Most of 'em would sooner fight the chief than stay through the Red Sea."

"Make the game good enough," broke in Bill, "and we'll fill your stokeholes with Australian firemen. Why, stokin's a fool's game compared with sewer work and rock blastin'. I've seen a gang of Australian-born men face choke damp an' dynamite year in an' out when the wages was all right. But you ain't goin' to get our five men to sweat in your stokeholes for four pounds a month—not while there's a rabbit in the county."

The discussion ended abruptly. Increased ventilation has made the stokehole of the average mail-boat a more comfortable hell than formerly. But so long as London can supply legions of the damned at three to four pounds a month, the steamship companies will allow poor Jack just enough air to keep him from dying with a shovel in his hands.

A SLIGHT DISSERTATION ON COWS.

We have on board about fifty affluent farmers from New Zealand and Australia. Hard work and strict attention to the better industry has brought its reward to the majority. It must be admitted that the New Zealanders as a whole swear by the land which gives so bountifully and requires so little in return.

The nights, especially while crossing

the Indian Ocean, are delightful beyond compare. In the smoke-room and on deck these well-to-do farmers compare notes and methods of conducting an up-to-date dairy farm. This cow-talk, as it is often referred to by the sailors, is often amusing and full of human interest.

"I'd sooner have women and children to look after my cows than men," said an Otago passenger at dinner. "If a cow kicks a woman she doesn't rise and belt it with an axe or paling. She simply wipes her face and tells the animal that it is a wicked creature, and if she isn't badly hurt, will go on milking again. When a man gets kicked he stands up and belts Gehenna out of poor Strawberry, especially if she is not his own property. Result is that Strawberry gets to hate him, and his milk returns will fall off wonderfully throughout the year."

"I don't know about women not hitting back," put in Bill suddenly. "Dropped a nail on my wife's toe one morning, and she kept me running round the paddock for 13 minutes by the clock. 'Still,' said Bill genially, "I don't remember ever seeing a woman lay violent hands on a cow, although I know a lady out West who hit a bull camel in the nose with a flat-iron when it poked its upper lip through the kitchen window one afternoon. She had great presence of mind, that woman. But she told me afterwards that she mistook the camel's face for a sewing-machine canvasser. Some of these machine agents have wonderful upper lips," concluded Bill.

We crossed the Equator at 4 o'clock on Monday, March 25th. The day was warm, but not so unbearable as Sydney or Brisbane during midsummer. Consideration must be given to the fact that a mail-boat rushing along at 15 knots an hour creates a refreshing air current.

Hereabouts the dawn skies are full of weird beauty. The sun peering over the sky line flings scarf on scarf of winered light across the naked East. The north-west monsoon rears into the big-throated windsails, flooding the lower decks with cool air. The vertical sun

when veiled by clouds casts a blinding salt-white radiance over the face of the ocean.

DODGING A TYPHOON.

Past midnight two officers awoke the captain, who appeared suddenly on the bridge scanning the distant horizon. Since eleven o'clock the barometer had fallen considerably, and the sound of the boat's whistle and the hurrying of feet along the deck warned us that something special in the way of typhoons was bounding across the far West.

A strip of inky cloud about the size of a shawl fluttered on the horizon. A far-off humming noise reached us as though innumerable harp-strings were being rent asunder. The black cloud-shawl opened fanwise revealing its huge wind-torn body.

"Heaven help the cargo tramp that runs into it to-night!" said an old salt standing near the bridge.

The sea grew white under the enfolding body of the cloud, as though whipped into mountainous waves by the fury of its onslaught. Incidentally our ship turned her heels to the onrushing mass of cloud and water, her increased funnel smoke showing that pressure was being brought to carry us beyond the track of the old man typhoon.

The strumming note of the storm changed swiftly to a deep booming sound that seemed to slide under our keel with the force of an avalanche. The water fairly snarled as it flew over the rail.

The fury of the wind-driven waves is incredible. They appear to attack a ship from all points, as though guided by an unseen brain. The wrenchings and groanings of a big ship as she plunges and rolls into the mountainous hollows are almost human. Imagine a sea sweeping away a couple of life-boats fixed securely in their davits forty feet above the surface of the water.

Mile on mile we skirted the down-rushing typhoon, which seemed to confine its operations within a special area. Far away in the west the sky was clear and full of stars. Yet the near east

was a cauldron of storm-whipped clouds and seething water.

"We've only caught the edge of it!" shouted a voice in my ear. "It doesn't pay to run away from ordinary storms, but this affair would bend our patent ceilings and deck fittings if we pushed through it. Indian typhoons are better left alone."

And so it proved, even though we had only danced a polka on the skirts of the storm. Two hundred gallons of fresh milk had been burst asunder in the ice-room. A row of sharp meat-hooks pressing suddenly against the big tins had sliced them asunder, allowing the milk to run over the floor. About a hundredweight of crockery came to grief before the pantrymen could stop it safely away.

To prevent loss by carelessness on the part of these servants, many of the Australasian shipping companies have inaugurated a Missing Silver Fund. At the end of every trip the chief steward goes over the table cutlery and plate carefully, and each missing article has to be made good from the fund. As much as ten shillings per head is deducted from the stewards' salary to replace lost articles.

The chief explained the matter briefly to a party of saloon passengers one morning. "Before the Missing Silver Fund was started," he said, "our losses through carelessness were very severe. Last year a pantryman left a locker of entree dishes and turcons near the port rail while he adjourned to a cabin to light a cigarette. The vessel rolled suddenly and £150 worth of plate went overboard."

"I had occasion to watch a young Australian steward one morning," went on the chief. "He was engaged in sweeping out the first saloon smoking-room. It was his duty to rinse the cuspidores, very expensive articles, costing us from one pound to thirty shillings each. He picked up one casually, looked round the empty smoke-room sharply, and pitched it through the port hole. 'One—less to clean,' he said, and went on sweeping. Yes, we've got

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

a check on that kind of thing now. The stewards watch each other, and every spoon and fork and entree dish is guarded pretty closely." Within three hours we had left the typhoon area in our wake, and the grey dawn showed us the black funnels of a P. and O. liner bound from Colombo to Fremantle, her saloon-lights gleaming with star-like brilliance across the naked sea levels.

(To be continued.)

SUFFERED HORRIBLY.

FROM STRENGTH TO WEAKNESS AND THE WAY BACK TO HEALTH.

HOW INDIGESTION BROUGHT A STRONG MAN DOWN, BUT MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP LIFTED HIM UP.

"For upwards of three years I was a victim of indigestion, with acute attacks of heartburn, and I suffered horribly." Thus Mr. Thomas E. Watson, of 10, Chapel-street, Woolloomooloo, Sydney, N.S.W. His statement is dated March 6, 1906, and proceeds:—"After eating only a few mouthfuls I used to feel as if I had bolted a whole sheep. Intense pain at the stomach, constipation, and maddening headaches were some of the tortures I had to endure, and while I live I shall never forget the miserable time I had. It was one constant round of suffering, and as time went on the disease got such a hold of me that I feared I should never be well again.

"I tried all sorts of medicines, and had mixtures from several doctors, but nothing had any good effect on me. I was then employed as a boundary rider on a sheep station, and I believe it was the coarse, common quality of the rations served out that brought on my trouble. Anyway, I was lucky enough to meet an old friend, who gave me some Mother Seigel's Syrup, and from that time I steadily improved. When I had finished six bottles I was completely cured."

Here we have convincing proof of the great value of Mother Seigel's Syrup. Not even coarse, bad food on a way-back station can resist its curative action. It is so tonic and strengthens your stomach, liver, and digestive organs generally that you are able to digest anything in reason.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP IS THE WORLD'S SUPREME CURE FOR INDIGESTION.

The Orient Company has decided that the new steamer Asturias will be employed in the Australian mail service, and that she will be timed to leave Sydney in March next. As it will no doubt be of interest to the general public, we give below some few particulars with regard to this vessel. She will probably be the most up-to-date steamer trading between England and Australia. This vessel will be a twin screw steamer of over 11,000 tons register, and will be equipped with all the latest improvements as regards accommodation. First saloon cabins will be situated on the promenade, hurricane and spar decks, and will consist largely of single berth rooms. There will also probably be a number of suites of cabins and cabins-de-luxe. She will be fitted throughout with electric fans and her electric appliances will be of the most improved and up-to-date nature. The order for the Asturias was placed with the celebrated firm of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Belfast. Her length will be about 535 feet, with a beam of about 62 feet.

"THE last word in Cocoa is Bourville, the most delicious of flavoured Coacos. Its aroma is delightful. It has no superior. Ask your grocer about our free gift scheme.

BEST IN 1897. BEST NOW.
KEARSLEY'S ROYAL FEMININE
WIDOW WELCH'S
FEMALE PILLS
 Awarded Certificate of Merit as leading remedy for all Female Complaints. The original is wrapped in Waxed Paper, and bear the name of "Kearsley," no others are genuine. Sold in bottles by all Chemists.
Be sure you get "Kearsley's,"

Scientific and Useful

AIRSHIPS AND WAR.

Colonel J. E. Capper, who is in command of the balloon section at Aldershot, England, is quoted as saying that the British Government for many months past has been making experiments with a view to a possible aerial war, and arrangements are already in progress for the formation of a home and attacking fleet of airships. Between 400 and 500 men are being trained for service in Britain's future aerial fleet. This aerial force will consist of balloons, kites, and aeroplanes. He adds: "An aerial section to our army is not the mere hobby of ambitious inventors, but it is an absolute necessity if we are to continue to hold the same position in the world which we do now. If once the British people really wake up and take an intelligent and business-like interest in flying machines we shall make great strides toward solving the aerial problem and towards the construction of an aerial branch to our flying forces. I do not wish to prophesy, but in the future—perhaps some twenty years hence—airships will be so common that there will be legislation for them in the same way as there is now for the motor cars and other road traffic."

MILES THE HAND TRAVELS IN WRITING.

The average person has no idea how much muscular effort is expended in writing a letter. A rapid penman can write thirty words a minute. To do this, he must draw his pen through the space of sixteen and a-half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five hours a third of a mile. In writing an average word the penman makes in the neighbourhood of sixteen curves of the pen. Thus in writing thirty words to the minute, his pen would make four hundred and eighty curves; twenty-eight thousand eight hundred curves in an hour, and eighty-six million four hundred thousand in a year of three hundred days of ten hours each. The man who succeeded in making one million marks with a pen in a month was not at all remarkable. Many men make four million while merely writing.

DANGER OF UNCOOKED PORK.

A serious disease is sometimes communicated to human beings through eating raw pork or pork which has been only partially cured. A certain per cent of the pork is infected with trichina, a minute insect, which is also able to live in the human body, where it causes a disease having the symptoms of typhoid fever, and also of rheumatism, and which sometimes proves fatal. Although pork meats are required to pass Government inspections, it is very difficult, in fact, impossible, to sort out all of this kind of pork. The only safe and sure way is never to use pork meat that has not been thoroughly cooked.

PREHISTORIC CONSUMPTIVE FOUND

From the examination of a skeleton recently discovered at Heidelberg, in Germany, which experts inform us belongs to the stone age, Professor Bartheis has been able to discover that consumption was in existence at that distant period. He found characteristic signs of the disease, among them the decay of the fourth and fifth dorsal vertebrae (bones of the spinal column) and their conjunction in an osseous (bony) formation with the sixth, a sure sign of the disease. Then he discovered a deviation of the spinal column, caused by the illness, another sign, which left the professor no doubt about the truth of his discovery.

LIMIT OF HUMAN STRENGTH.

Experiments upon a number of men have shown that a man five feet high and weighing 126 pounds will lift on an average 156 pounds through a vertical distance of 8 inches or 217 pounds through a height of 1.2 inches. Others 6.1 feet high and weighing 183 pounds could lift the 166 pounds to a height of thirteen inches. Other men 6 feet 3 inches high and weighing 188 pounds could lift 156 pounds to a height of 16 inches, or 217 pounds to a height of 9 inches. By a great variety of experiments it was shown that the average human strength is equivalent to raising 30 pounds through a distance of 2½ feet in one second.

CULTIVATE A HEALTHY SKIN.

In order to provide against the effects of cold winds, and to secure for one's self a constant protection against changes in the weather, it is necessary to cultivate a healthy skin. One must keep one's self physically strong by obeying the laws of health. When people die from pneumonia in winter it is because their lungs have lost the power to resist disease; their general vital resistance is gone; their lungs become congested from a little exposure because the skin is inactive, germs find a foothold and develop in the lungs, the lungs fill up with exudate, and they no longer have lung capacity enough to keep them breathing. Pneumonia and all these winter diseases may best be avoided by maintaining perfect activity of the skin. The man accustomed to taking a cold bath every day of his life need not fear pneumonia.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

An exponent of the simple life is a man, ninety years old, who has these rules for longevity and contentment, evolved from his own experience, written out for the guidance of friends. Sleep seven hours. Arise early, as the birds do. Go to bed at the same hour every night. For relaxation, smoke a pipe after each meal. Indulge yourself moderately. In the evening, a quiet game. A glass of wine occasionally. Cultivate strawberries and flowers. The outdoor exercise tends to prolong life. Do not worry. Do not get excited. Know when you have had enough. Retire at middle age, though even on a modest income, and live quietly. Keep your mind occupied by reading history.

DON'T SMOKE WHILE MOTORING.

Experimenting with tobacco in various forms, a London specialist finds that the general effect, when motoring, of tobacco in an appreciable quantity is to accelerate the action of the heart. One cigar was smoked by the specialist after dinner in a drawing-room when the heart was beating at 82 per minute. The cigar lasted forty minutes, after which the pulse was again tested, and the rate per minute was 120, an increase of 38 beats in the minute. Next evening, when the heart was beating normally again, a run was taken on a fast open motor car, and the experimenter sat on the front seat by the driver. He smoked again for forty minutes, in which time he had consumed two cigars and a third part of another. On the heart being tested a further acceleration of 15 beats per minute was noticed, while there was apparent a slight irregularity as well, and in addition the state of mind was not nearly so restful nor the sense of enjoyment so strong. Another case which occupied four weeks in the experiment showed, after continuous smoking while motoring for this period, such a bad effect as to necessitate complete abstinence from this practice for a period of three months. The doctor thinks it always advisable, therefore, to smoke as little as possible in these circumstances; otherwise the benefits derived from motoring will be nullified.

GIVE HIM B. I. M.

If you've a friend who has a cold, a cough, a chill, or an attack of influenza—if you want to do him a real good turn—then give him B.I.M., which as everybody knows, is

BONNINGTON'S CARRAGEEN IRISH MOSS

The oldest and best, the pure and the sure cough and cold cure. Often imitated, but never equalled. Here is a sample Testimonial— one of hundreds:—

"Sir,—I am not solicited for this testimonial, but will testify to the good your Irish Moss has done for me. I was laid up for six weeks with a severe attack of bronchitis and a hacking cough. I procured a few bottles of your mixture from one of our local chemists, and in a few days I got great relief from my chest trouble. Whenever I find a cold coming on I always fly to Bonnington's Irish Moss, and thus prevent a further inconvenience."

"Grain, Chaff and Firewood Dealer, Hawera."

Ask for, and take no other but **BONNINGTON'S.**

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

CROZINE BLACKING

—A liquid blacking for boots and shoes which is easily applied, and readily produces the most desired deep, brilliant black—a black which is not removed by mud or dust, dampness, nor effaced by any other, and helps the boots to wear, softening and preserving the leather. The superior cleanliness and elegance of a Crozine shine recommend it to fastidious people.

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 ASK FOR THE GENUINE HATHAWAY'S
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It does not take long to clean your teeth thoroughly with

Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder

You must of course brush them all over from the gums upwards and downwards, but it can be easily and quickly done by using this well-known dentifrice, which makes the tooth brush work so smoothly and pleasantly and also gives an antiseptic cleansing.

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FITS CURED

From the first dose of **OSERINE** (Serravallo's) the most prominent of the very best cases of Fits have every other remedy had failed. Costless Free 46

OF ALL CHEMISTS STORES, ETC.

SHARLAND & Co., Ltd., AUCKLAND and WELLINGTON, N.Z.

Prepared by J. W. McNEILL, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 25, High Street, Belfast, Ireland.

Anecdotes and Sketches

THE EXPLORER'S FIND.

For months and months the fervent explorer had been working, excavating what had been a great city years and years ago.

Beautiful buildings of hitherto unknown architecture had been dug from the ash and dust of centuries, magnificent works of art from homes surpassing those of modern days brought to the light, and streets that put to shame the boulevards of the present.

"And now," said he, "we have entered the ancient city of the dead. What is that magnificent mausoleum, I wonder? Begin on it."

The workmen obeyed him, and soon the handsome pile stood in its royal dignity before the explorer.

Above the great door, sealed for thousands of years, was an inscription. The explorer translated it:

HERE LIES A THOROUGHLY CONTENTED MAN.

Carefully they removed the hammered brass doors, revealing the interior as it had been for aeons.

The tomb was perfectly empty—and had always been.

* * *

LEGAL PLEA FOR HER HAND.

The judge's daughter was perturbed. "Papa," she said, knitting her pretty brow, "I am in doubt as to whether I have kept to the proper form of procedure. In law one can err in so many little technicalities that I am ever fearful. Now, last evening, George—"

The judge looked at her so sharply over his glasses that she involuntarily paused.

"I thought you had sent him about his business," he said.

"I did hand down an adverse decision," she answered, "and he declared that he would appeal. However, I convinced him that I was the court of last resort in a case like that, and that no appeal would lie from my decision."

"Possibly the court was assuming a little more power than rightfully belongs to it," said the judge, thoughtfully; "but let that pass. What did he do then?"

"He filed a petition for a re-hearing."

"The usual course," said the judge; "but it is usually nothing but a mere formality."

"So I thought," returned the girl, "and I was prepared to deny it without argument, but the facts set forth in his petition were sufficient to make me hesitate and wonder whether his case had really been properly presented at the first trial."

"Upon what grounds did he make the application?" asked the judge, scowling.

"Well," she replied, blushing a little, "you see he proposed by letter, and his contention was that the case was of that peculiar character that cannot be properly presented by briefs, but demands oral arguments. The fact that the latter had been omitted, he held, should be held an error, and the point was such a novel one that I consented to let him argue it. Then his argument was so forceful that I granted his petition, and consented to hear the whole case again. Do you think—"

"I think," said the judge, "that the court favours the plaintiff."

* * *

HELLO GIRL GOT IT ALL DOWN.

"Hello! Is this the Grand Hotel?" asked the man at the phone.

"It is," sweetly responded the young woman at the other end.

"Will you please ask Mr Henry Perkins, who is stopping there, to ring me up this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir. Who shall I say he is to ring?"

"D. B. Feely."

"D. B. Feely."

"No, not D. B. Feely."

"P. Beef Healy!"

"No! Can't you get it? Listen—D. B. Feely. Understand?"

"Spell it please."

"D.—get that! A, B, C, D—get it? B—understand? A, B—all right? P, E, E, L, Y—Feely. Got it? All right. Just tell him to ring me up. He'll know what it means."

When Mr Perkins returned to the hotel he received a memorandum saying, "please call up Mr A.B.C.D.A.B.F.E.E. Yelly."

* * *

THE WORK SUITED HIM.

A Yorkshire nobleman once insisted on his head gardener taking as an apprentice a young lad in whom he was interested. The lad was very lazy, and the gardener was not at all pleased at having such a youth thrust upon him. Some time after, his lordship, walking in the garden, came upon his gardener, and said:

"Well, John, how is my young friend getting on with you?"

"Oh, he's doin' fine," replied the gardener with a smile, "he's working away there at the very job that suits him."

"I am glad to hear that," said his lordship. "What may the job be?"

"Chasing snails off the walks," was the cutting reply.

* * *

TOPSY'S LAST NAME.

The story is told of how a little girl had been listening intently to her mother reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin" aloud, and finally, when the story was finished, the child raised her blue eyes questioningly and said:

"Why is it, mother, that the book never mentions Topsy's last name?"

"My child," replied the mother, "I guess she had no other name."

"Oh yes, she had, and I know it," returned the little girl.

"Well, what was it?"

"Why, Turvey—Topsy Turvey!"

* * *

POOR, BUT HONEST.

A young, smooth-faced, sharp-eyed chap climbed upon an empty box where the crowd of idlers from the shops and offices was thickest, and began in a perfectly calm way to harangue those who would stop to listen to him. He gathered a number to him with his first few sentences:

"My friends, I ask you to pause for a moment and listen to my narrative. I am a poor but honest man. My motto is 'Excelsior'—with accent on the second syllable. My parents are dead, and I am a lone orphan."

"These personal facts are not related here to arouse your charitable instincts. I do not ask for charity. All I desire is a fair show to make my way in life, and, having walked these pavements for several days in search of work, I have come to this desperate pass."

"I propose to try to do something never yet done since Adam first wore trousers. I am going to pass among you with my hat and ask you to chip in a penny apiece; and then, my friends, I shall attempt this wonderful feat. I shall try to turn a quadruple somersault in the air."

He jumped down from the box, gravely passed his hat around, paying no attention to the chaff addressed him, and collected a score or more of pennies. When he was confident that no more were to be obtained, he returned to the box, put it aside, carefully buttoned his coat, spat on his hands, and turned a pretty fair somersault. He turned another and another, and then remounted the box and again addressed the crowd:

"Kind friends, I have tried to turn a quadruple somersault, as I said; but I cannot do it. Thanking you one and all, I remain, yours truly."

And not a man in the crowd uttered a complaint as he faded swiftly from their midst.



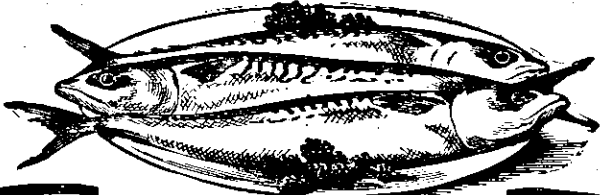
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Antiseptic, soothing, healing, Angier's Emulsion is a most efficient remedy in catarrhal affections of the stomach and intestines. It arrests fermentation, lessens bacterial growth, and soothes the inflamed or ulcerated membrane. Angier's Emulsion is pleasant to take, and even in the hottest weather agrees perfectly with delicate stomachs. Although mild and bland, it has a truly wonderful effect in stimulating a weak stomach and restoring lost appetite. Angier's Emulsion is strongly recommended for catarrhal, fermentative, ulcerative or tubercular affections of the digestive organs. It has cured many obscure stomach and bowel troubles after all other remedies had failed. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/9 and 4/6.

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Manager for New Zealand

The Tomlinson Code

SHORTLY after Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tomlinson had returned to Chicago from their wedding journey Mr. Tomlinson was called to New York on business.

"I wish," said Mrs. Tomlinson, "that I could go with you. I shall be terribly lonesome."

"I'd like to take you, my dear," her husband replied, "but I shall be busy, you know, and it would be very disagreeable for you alone in some hotel where you didn't know a soul. Cheer up, little girl! Don't look so forlorn."

"I'm so afraid something may happen to you, and—"

"Nothing's going to happen, and I'll come back just as soon as I can."

"But when will that be?"

"I can't tell exactly."

Before leaving, Tomlinson placed in his wife's hands a number of things that he had not had time to put in his safety-deposit box. Among them was the code-book used to save tolls on telegrams between the Tomlinson offices in New York and Chicago.

When he reached Buffalo he thought it would be well to send his wife a reassuring wire. While writing his message he suddenly remembered the story of the optimist who, having fallen from the roof of a high building, called out as he was passing the third or fourth story, "I'm all right so far." Tomlinson had told this story to his wife while they were on their wedding trip, and she had laughed heartily at it. So the wire that she received read as follows:

Like optimist. All right so far.

She had put in the time after her husband's departure thinking of all the horrible things that could possibly happen to him, and the arrival of the messenger-boy filled her with dire forebodings. With nervous fingers she tore open the envelope. Her first glance at the message was reassuring; but after she had read it the second time she began to have doubts. She had never understood the optimist story, and, besides, it had passed quickly out of her memory. Presently she thought of the code-book, and with a wildly beating heart she rushed upstairs to get it.

"Optimist," "Optimist," "Optimist," she kept repeating as she turned over the pages. Ah! there it was. "Optimist: Be prepared for emergencies. Disregard other despatches."

She sank down in a limp heap, and tried to assure herself that there was some mistake. There was the statement that he was all right so far, but eventually she read disaster into even that part of the message. That he was all right so far indicated a fear of future injury or trouble.

Just above the word "Optimist" in the code was the word "Operation," which meant, "Give all particulars at once." When Thomas Tomlinson reached Albany he received this message:

Greatly worried. Can't understand operation.

There had been a period in the message after the word "understand" as Mrs. Tomlinson wrote it; but telegraph operators are not always careful about punctuation marks.

Tomlinson tried all the way to

Poughkeepsie to figure it out. From there he telegraphed again, saying:

Am all right so far. Falling optimist, you know.

It was getting dark when this wire was delivered, and Madeline Tomlinson, as soon as she read it, became hysterical. After a brief session among the sofa-pillows, however, she made a brave effort to be calm, and going to the code-book again, she tried to interpret the cipher. She found that the word "Falling" meant "Believe nothing you hear."

Pressing her hands against her temples, she stared at the words. Then she remembered how her husband had argued against the advisability of her accompanying him, and, also, that he had been vague in his promise as to when he would be likely to return. She rushed to the telephone to call up her mother for advice, but decided when she had the receiver in her hand that she would wait for another message.

Shortly after Tomlinson had reached his hotel in New York he received this wire:

Have heard nothing. Explain at once, or will start on next train.

He bit off the end of a cigar and sat down in the lobby to study the matter. His troubled expression caused several people to look at him anxiously. He saw nothing, however, but the message, which he read over and over.

"She has heard nothing," he muttered. "Confound it! What can she mean by that? Her other wire showed that she had received mine. Ah! My second message hasn't been delivered. She's writing for a reply to her inquiry concerning the optimist."

His worried look gave way to a smile as he went to the telegraph counter and began to write. At ten o'clock Madeline Tomlinson received her husband's third message, which read:

Explanation astray. Optimist joke. Don't understand about operation. Write particulars.

He had put it all in ten words, but his wife did not take time to count them. She had the code-book ready when the messenger arrived, and with feverish haste she turned the pages. "Explanation" was the first word she looked for, and she found, with a sigh of relief, that it meant "No cause for alarm." Then she turned to "Astray," and a sudden numbness came over her as she read its definition: "Say nothing to reporters."

She looked around in sudden fear, as if she expected inquisitive newspaper men to rush at her before she might be able to hide! but only the waiting messenger was there.

Tomlinson had been asleep for about two hours, when he was aroused by the ringing of his telephone-bell. The exchange operator informed him that he was wanted on the long-distance wire, but as it was working badly he was advised to go downstairs and talk.

"Chicago wants you," said the girl at the switchboard when he appeared before her. "Step into the second booth, please. We've lost them, but I'll see whether we can get another wire."

For half an hour Tomlinson stood in the booth, perspiring and expressing uncomplimentary opinions of the telephone system. Pittsburgh tried to repeat Chicago's message to him, but there was a big storm raging in the lower Lake region, and at one o'clock he angrily slammed the door of the booth, saying he was going back to bed. He hadn't even been able to find out who was trying to talk to him.

"Do you wish to leave any word, in case we get a connection?" asked the operator.

"No," Tomlinson angrily replied—"or yes. You can say I'm dead to the world."

Half an hour later Pittsburgh called for Mr. Tomlinson again. The girl in New York answered, "He's dead—"

Then the connection was lost.

It was five o'clock in the morning when Tomlinson was aroused from fitful slumber. He had been dreaming that he was in battle, with cannon booming all around him, but on waking he discovered that a bell-boy was pounding at his door. He was wanted at the office immediately. When he got there the clerk handed him a wire which read:

Have body of Thomas Tomlinson properly cared for. Notify authorities at once if foul play suspected. Spare no expense. Am taking first train for New York.

The message was signed by Joseph Lawrence, Tomlinson's father-in-law.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the clerk.

After Tomlinson had paced around an imaginary circle a few times, he replied:

"Go on. I'll give you as many guesses as you want!"

It was three hours later when he succeeded in getting Chicago on the long-distance telephone. He had in the meantime been studying the message from his wife. The word "Operation" became more and more ominous as he tried to fathom its meaning. After a good deal of trouble he got his home number, but it was not his wife who answered him.

"Who is this?" he demanded. "I want to speak to Mrs. Tomlinson."

"Mrs. Tomlinson cannot speak to you," was the reply. "She is very ill. What is wanted?"

"Who are you? What is the matter with my wife?" Tomlinson excitedly asked.

"I am Dr. Thurshy. I don't understand your reference to your wife."

"Say, doctor, for heaven's sake, have you people out there all gone crazy? What's the matter with Madeline? Tell me the truth at once. Why should she have to be operated on? Is she in danger?"

"Will you please explain who you are?"

"Who I am? Confound it. I'm Thomas Tomlinson. Who did you suppose I was?"

Then the wire failed again, and Tomlinson was left to rush about like a madman. He telegraphed messages to his wife, to his father-in-law, and to Dr. Thurshy, announcing that he was taking the first train for Chicago, and forgetting all about the business which had brought him to New York.

His messages and others that had been received from the manager of the hotel in New York served to convince Mrs. Tomlinson that the report of her husband's death was unfounded. She was able, therefore to meet him at the door when he jumped from the cab and hurried up the steps. After matters had been explained, Tomlinson put his code-book carefully into his inside pocket, promising himself never to leave it in the house again.

"Just think," his wife said, nestling fondly a little closer to him, as the clock on the mantel began to strike. "Father has arrived in New York by

this time. It was too bad that he got started before we had heard from you."

"I don't wish to seem heartless or inhuman," Thomas Tomlinson replied, "but I hope he took on the general proportions of a pancake when he hit the earth!"

She drew away from him in sudden horror.

"Are you speaking of father?" she demanded.

"No. I mean that fool of an optimist!"

—S. E. KISER.



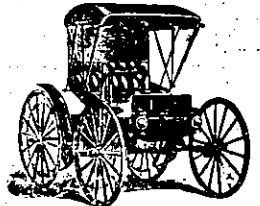
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makes up starved scalps. It makes them able to supply the hair roots with vitality, and growing-power. There are no bare places around your ears and on your forehead when you use Tri-coph-erous. Be sure you get Barry's.

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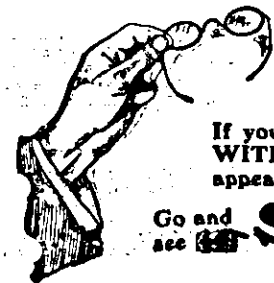
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Headache, Indigestion and Constipation.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

It will interest sufferers to know that a valuable medicine, called Prootoids, has been discovered, which is now completely curing each of the above-named complaints. Prootoids are elegant in appearance, and pleasant to take, and, what is of the utmost importance, are thoroughly reliable in affording quick relief. You do not require to go on taking them for a prolonged period, as is necessary with some medicines, which even then are mostly disappointing; you simply take a dose of Prootoids when ill and repeat the dose if necessary, but generally one dose is quite effective.

Prootoids 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 Prootoids 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.

Prootoids 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.

Prootoids act splendidly on the liver, and quickly cure bilious attacks that antibilious pills make worse. Many people have been made sick and ill by antibilious pills that could have been cured at once by Prootoids. People should not allow themselves to be duped into contracting a medicine-taking habit by being persuaded to take daily doses with each meal of so-called indigestion cures that do NOT cure. Prootoids have been subjected to extensive tests, and have in every case proved successful in completely curing the complaints named.

A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will on each occasion, when suffering, take a dose of Prootoids, instead of an ordinary aperient; by so doing, the patient will require doses only at longer intervals, and will so become quite independent of the necessity of taking any aperient medicine.

Prootoids 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, D/S. to W. G. Hearue, Chemist, Geelong, and a bottle of them will be immediately forwarded to you post free. Chemists, storekeepers, and wholesalers can now obtain wholesale supplies from W. G. Hearue, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

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Some Famous Frauds

By CHARLES MICHELSON

THE FRANKLIN SYNDICATE, THE WOMAN'S BANK, THE ARIZONA DIAMOND CONSPIRACY, THE HUMBERT SWINDLE, AND OTHER HISTORICAL CASES—WHILE HUMAN NATURE IS WHAT IT IS, THE OLD FRAUDS WILL REAPPEAR.

(From "The Scrap Book.")

Within the last few years public attention has been called to several dishonest financial schemes of great magnitude, and the impression has grown that the business world of America has fallen to a lower ethical plane. The truth is that financial dishonesty is endemic, though it becomes epidemic when conditions are favourable. After the exposure of a series of Chadwick cases and Miller syndicates people begin to think that all fraud has been rooted up. Doubtless the collapse of the Carthage Ivory, Slave, and Exploration Company astonished the Phoenicians and convinced them that the world would never again be deceived in such a manner, and probably the Greeks felt the same way about the Atlantis Gold and Land Exploitation Syndicate. There has never been an age without its Chadwicks and Millers.

Moreover, one scheme begets another. The fifty-million-dollar South Sea Bubble of nearly two hundred years ago not only swallowed up the savings of rural and urban England, but suggested the Mississippi Scheme which cost the French people no less than a hundred million dollars.

THE FRANKLYN SYNDICATE IN BROOKLYN (1899).

The Marvellous Story of William M. Miller's "Ten Per Cent a Week" Enterprise.

Miller's five-hundred-and-twenty-per cent syndicate was at least three hundred years old in idea. In the time of Elizabeth it was operated successfully in England, though the immoderate dividends were supposed to be paid from the plunder of mythical privateers, instead of fictitious investments in stocks. So large were the dividends and so glowing the promises that the shares rose to tremendous values. They were, of course, paid out of the subscriptions of new investors until the flight of the Miller of his day revealed that the only pirate doing business was the promoter himself.

The Spanish Main was the Wall Street of that time. The piling up of huge fortunes was just as intoxicating to outsiders in the sixteenth as in the first year of the twentieth century, when the whole world looked open-eyed at the millions created by the great steel merger and the fluctuations of stocks. Newspaper stories of these great fortunes watered the field that Miller and his companions were to till.

The direct inspiration of the Franklin Syndicate was a scheme known in Pittsburgh as "Fund W." This was a successful confidence game; and it is worthy of memory that Colonel Robert A. Ammon, a leading syndicate of the Franklin group, was in Pittsburgh at the time when "Fund W." was in operation.

The Franklin Syndicate was started modestly. William F. Miller, a small, pale young man, living in a tenement at 144 Floyd-street, in the Williamsburg district of Brooklyn, and an earnest member of a near-by church, confided to the corner groceryman and a few friends in his church that he had in excess resources of information as to what certain important operators were doing in Wall-street. Thus, he said, he was in a position to make great gains by speculation. He offered to guarantee a

return of ten per cent every week on all the money he invested, and half a dozen persons to whom he broached his plan under pledge of secrecy gave him ten dollars each. Sure enough, when the week ended, each investor received a dollar as his first dividend. Each of the original investors were now permitted to increase his own investment and to bring a friend into the syndicate.

Innocent and sophisticated alike—for a large proportion of Miller's customers were perfectly aware of the character of the enterprise—they sent in their money. The first week Miller took in less than one hundred dollars; the second week it was five hundred, the third week three thousand, and so the snow-ball grew.

It was a veritable blizzard of ten-dollar bills. The money arrived so fast that frequently the only record of the day was the total receipts. The money was tucked away anywhere; there were waste-paper baskets full of it; bureau drawers were so stuffed that they could not be closed. Anybody opening the door on a blustering day saw a whirlwind of greenbacks disturbed by the breeze, and while the clerks shouted at the intruder to shut the door the office-boy regathered the bills that were scattered about like autumn leaves. More than a million and a quarter of dollars, mostly in small bills, was received in that house before the end.

Little Miller, so obscure a few months before, was now the most conspicuous figure in Williamsburg. He frequently dashed into the drug-store on the corner to telephone. While the admiring and envious neighbours looked on and listened, Miller, with a regal disregard for business privacy, would "call down" J. Pierpont Morgan and Co. for failing to deliver "that hundred thousand shares of Steel Preferred" on time, and would notify John W. Gates that William F. Miller insisted on "a settlement for the million dollars in Pennsylvania bonds" loaned the day before. Similarly, Sully, the cotton king, would be congratulated on the joint profit he and the Franklin Syndicate had made from the rise, and would be advised that the Syndicate presented him with another two millions of credit for further purchases.

The victims came like swarming bees. But the very prosperity of the swindle was fatal. As long as it was confined to a quiet corner of Brooklyn it could escape observation, but with thirty thousand dollars a day coming thitherward the eyes of the newspapers were drawn to the inflow—and then it was all over. Miller fled by way of Colonel Ammon's office, carrying with him a satchel containing more than one hundred thousand dollars. The satchel stayed with Lawyer Ammon, but Miller escaped through a rear entrance and got as far as Montreal. He returned from Canada, relying on Ammon's promise to keep him out of jail, but Ammon failed him and he went to prison, where he remained, until by revealing the lawyer's part in the swindle he bought a parole, and Ammon took his place as a convict.

THE WOMAN'S BANK IN BOSTON (1870-1892).

The Remarkable Career of a Female Napoleon of Fraudulent Finance.

Long before Miller's time Americans had been painfully introduced to the sort of finance that later became synonymous with his name. One of his predecessors in the game was Mrs. Sarah E. Howe, the Brookline philanthropist, who in 1879 started a Woman's Bank in Boston. She was elderly, deaf, and unamiable, but had no trouble in making women believe that she was the agent of rich and benevolent Quakers who, desiring to help widows and spin-

ners of limited means, proposed to pay them eight per cent quarterly, in advance, on deposits of not less than three hundred dollars nor more than one thousand. Depositors came in such numbers that she had no difficulty in paying interest out of the incoming stream until she had garnered three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. She operated for three years before the police closed her bank and sent her to prison. Promptly on the expiration of her sentence—three years—she opened another bank in Boston and carried on her old business until she had fifty thousand dollars; and then disappeared.

Not long afterward she appeared in Chicago, where, as "Mrs. Elmer," she conducted a bank in the business section and advertised that the "Ladies' Provident Aid" would pay seven dollars interest a month on deposits of one hundred dollars. She escaped from Chicago with her plunder, added to it in New Brunswick, and returned to Massachusetts in 1888, but the police broke up her establishment almost as soon as it opened its doors.

Her transactions were so near to real banking, that, though frequently arrested, she was never convicted after the first experience. In all she must have realised nearly a million dollars by her frauds, but she spent it as fast as she made it, and when she died, about fifteen years ago, she was destitute.

TWO ENGLISH CHAPTERS OF "FRENZIED FINANCE"

The Colossal Schemes of Jabez Spencer Balfour and Whitaker Wright.

It is a noteworthy fact that in spite of the greater strictness of the English law on such matters, schemes like those of Miller and Mrs. Howe have never gone so far in the United States as on the other side of the ocean. Miller operated for a few months; Jabez Spencer Balfour flourished in England for nearly thirty years, and did more than thirty times the damage.

Balfour was really a Miller with imagination. He pyramided company on company and so mingled fraud and legitimate enterprise that when he finally fled England, thirteen years ago, the crash of his schemes cost investors thirty-five million dollars. Balfour's original capital was his enthusiasm in the cause of the Nonconformist churches, a reputation as a temperance worker, and an appalling stock of assurance. A "get-rich-quick" company had recently collapsed, and the distress it caused gave him his opportunity.

This was in 1866. He organised a company to protect the savings of the Nonconformist ministers, school-teachers, and tradesmen, the Thriftless Classes in England. His Liberator Building Society undertook to build homes for the poor and worthy on terms of such surprising liberality that deposits came with a rush from the beginning. The austere Balfour and his associates paid their lavish dividends out of the new deposits, and the business was kept running until the deposits were far up in the millions.

Then the inevitable breakers were sighted. Instead of snatching what he could and running away, Balfour simply organised a new company, which took over the pressing liabilities of the old concern. Thus was started a new flow of deposits which ran its course, and then still another company carried the game farther. The scheme grew until the Balfour group had banks and trust companies and was building docks on the Thames Embankment and financing ventures all over England.

Balfour was elected mayor of Croydon. Then he was sent to Parliament, where he staunchly supported the Liberal programme. He took part in all the

great philanthropic movements, gave large sums to churches, and preached the cause of teetotalism. He was Andrew Carnegie and J. Pierpont Morgan combined, in the estimation of half England, at the very time when he was gathering his securities and picking out a hiding-place. When the crash came he escaped to the Argentine Republic. Detectives found him in the person of Samuel Butler, promoter, organising schemes for English emigration to the Argentine, projecting flour-mills and sawmills and breweries. They took him home and sent him to prison for fourteen years.

Ten years later came Whitaker Wright, whose suicide after being sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in 1903 ended a career even more spectacular than Balfour's. On the strength of one good mine in Australia he organised a company after company—the West Australia Exploration Company, the British America Corporation, and the London and Globe Finance Company being the most important. In all, his corporations were capitalized at one hundred and ten million dollars. He gathered his boards of directors from the peerage. He built a luxurious country place, with great grounds, wonderful statuary, artificial lakes, and a private theatre.

Wright's money was made by the promotion of companies and the booming of their stock. He ran the price of West Australia Exploration from a few shillings up to thirty pounds a share. His name was enough to sell stock in any corporation, and for a time he ranked as one of the greatest promoters in the world. He was different from the others whose frauds are described in this article, for he began his operations with a fortune of a million—legitimately earned in the mines of the Western States—and it is claimed that he did nothing for which he could have been prosecuted in the United States. It was on this ground that he vainly sought to prevent extradition after his arrest in New York. But it was English law that he had to fight—not American.

THE ARIZONA DIAMOND SWINDLE (1871—1872).

How Two Miners Deceived the Experts by Planting Diamond Dust in the Arizona Desert.

The Arizona diamond swindle is a classic of fraud. In 1871 two men named Arnold and Slack, miners and prospectors, came to a mine broker in San Francisco with a handful of crystals which they said they had found on an ant-hill in the wildest and most remote part of Arizona. They frankly admitted that they did not know whether the stones were of any value, and asked him to send them to New York to be tested. In due time reports came that there were in the collection valueless quartz crystals, garnets of little worth, and seven diamonds, one particularly fine.

The prospectors pretended to be destitute, and the man to whom they first applied fitted them out and directed them to bring in a larger quantity of gems to prove the genuineness of their find. Three months later Arnold and Slack were back again—famine-stricken, ragged and exhausted. They said that they had been ambushed by Apaches, caught in mountain freshets, and lost in the desert; but they had scraped up about a pint of stones from around the ant-hill, and these they produced. A test proved that many of the stones were diamonds and rubies.

Several capitalists were taken into the secret. A famous firm of jewellers in New York was approached, and, after an examination of the diamonds already gathered, agreed to pay a quarter of a million dollars for a fourth interest in the mine, if an expert of its own selection reported favourably after surveying the field. Up to this time the prospectors had told nobody the exact location of their find. As soon as the jewellers' proposition was made Slack and Arnold fell into a violent quarrel as to the advisability of accepting it. The rich men who had become interested tried to reconcile the two, but Slack pointed out that there was no American law by which the diamond mines could be located and held, and that to reveal the location before such a law was secured would enable the New York men to grab the field and then refuse to pay. Slack even professed doubt as to the existence of any considerable diamond-bearing tract, and finally declared he was tired of the whole business and wanted to get out of it. The outcome

of the quarrel was the payment of one hundred thousand dollars to Slack for his share in the mines.

Once rid of Slack, the promoters got down to business—even to considering the advisability of limiting their output for fear of overstocking the diamond market. The point made by Slack impressed them, and they went to Congress and secured the passage of a bill by which their diamond claims could be located. They were diplomatic about it; in fact, the whole proceedings were kept beautifully secret. The very Congressmen who voted for an apparently innocent amendment to the mining laws did not know that they were providing for a diamond monopoly.

This all made delay. Before the bill was passed Slack had ample time to go to London, invest the hundred thousand dollars in rough diamonds and diamond dust, and plant a section of Arizona with his purchases.

The jewellers' expert reached the field. He was a careful man; the mere presence of diamonds did not satisfy him. He gathered up a quantity of the soil and placed it under the microscope for the final scientific test. There he saw the glittering points. With microscopic diamonds under his eye, he no longer doubted.

The remaining steps were easy. The Diamond Company was promptly incorporated. It had behind it some of the

richest men in California and New York. The shrewd capitalists bought out Arnold, the second of the original locators, for five hundred thousand dollars. On receipt of the money Arnold faded from sight, and neither he nor his partner has since been seen by any of the men they defrauded.

I have heard this diamond scheme criticized by expert practitioners in the art of criminal deceit because it only paid its inventors half a million or so. The Humbert case and the Chadwick operations, not nearly so easy from the confidence man's view-point as the "authenticated" diamond fields, are instances as examples of more thorough workmanship.

THE HUMBERT CASE IN PARIS.

How Mme. Therese Humbert Made the Most of an Imaginary Legacy and an Empty Safe.

Unlike the Arizona diamond swindle, the Humbert fraud commands the unstinted admiration of the crooked fraternity. There was no failure there—except the failure to get away at the last; and that detracts as little from the glamour of the game as Waterloo does from the fame of Napoleon.

The Humbert case had all the elements of success. First, there was the grave and reputable father-in-law, M. Humbert, former minister of justice, a

solemn and solid figure in France; then, his son, heir to his father's estates, the dilettante in politics, who had represented Seine-et-Marne in the Chamber of Deputies, writer on artistic themes, artist enough to have his pictures hung in the Salon. There was the hint of a scandal to indicate why Robert Henry Crawford, the American Multimillionaire, should have left his fortune of one hundred million francs to Mlle. Therese d'Aurignac, who had become Mme. Frederick Humbert.

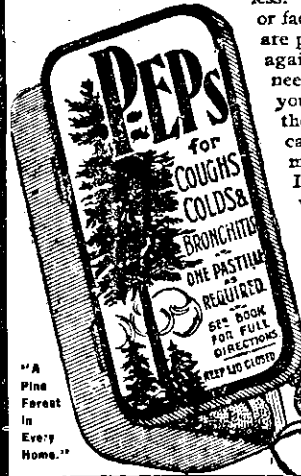
The Humbert family entered Paris. Imagine the arrival of the heiress to twenty million dollars, with a successful painter for her husband and a former cabinet minister for father-in-law! Mme. Humbert was soon dividing newspaper notoriety with Boni de Castellane, who was at that time scattering many millions.

Under the impact of the Humbert fortune, the doors of society swung open until they jarred the walls. The Humbert house on the Avenue de la Grande Arnee became famous for splendid appointments and magnificent entertainments; thither flocked literary Paris, artistic Paris, political Paris, financial Paris. The doors of the banks swung as wide as the doors of society.

When the money-lenders pressed Mme. Humbert so hard that it became necessary to provide an excuse for not paying some of their loans, a letter ar-

Do I Need Peps?

If you are troubled with a persistent cough, a tickling in the throat, or that bronchial tightness which returns regularly with winter's cold and frost, you certainly need Peps, for the pine-air in Peps will cure it. . . . If your sleep is disturbed by that dry, hacking cough, or if you dread getting up in the morning because of that regular fit of obstinate coughing which speaks of deep-seated lung mischief, you need Peps to fill your lungs and chest with the breath of the pine woods. They make the worst cough easy, natural and painless. . . . If there are colds in the house, or in the office, work-shop or factory, you need Peps to protect you from catching cold. Peps are powerfully germicidal and antiseptic, and will safeguard you against infection. . . . If an influenza epidemic is raging, you need Peps to defend you against the risk of catching it from those you are constantly coming in contact with. . . . If the dust of the work-shop, factory, quarry or mine is affecting your lungs, causing you to cough up dark, gritty phlegm, you need Peps to make the cough natural, and to prevent permanent lung mischief. If your children are weak-chested and liable to croup or bronchial wheezings, you need Peps, for the children take them readily, and the pine odours will banish their chest and lung weakness. If you are subject to sore throat, quinsy or laryngitis, you need Peps to bring a safe and sensible remedy into direct contact with the inflamed tissues.



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rived from Henry and Robert Crawford, nephews of the man who had left his fortune to Mme. Humbert. They had found another will, which gave Mme. Humbert only an annuity of thirty-six thousand francs, and divided the estate among the two nephews and Marie d'Aurignac, Madame's little sister.

The two Crawfords, being each as rich as their uncle had been, did not wish to be unpleasant, though for principle's sake they had to leave the settlements to the courts. At once a lawsuit! By agreement the twenty million dollars was sealed up in a great safe in the Humbert palace to await a final determination of the case. Once a year the Crawfords and Mme. Humbert were to inspect the securities.

The bankers were a little doubtful about the lawsuit when the time came for fresh loans. How could they be sure that the case would not be decided in favour of the Crawfords, and then—what? The Crawfords came, nobly to the rescue; the suit must go on as a matter of legality, but the younger of them would marry Mlle. Marie when she came of age, so that, however the suit was decided, the money would remain in the family. Doubt disappeared, and the golden stream, temporarily dammed, flowed afresh and in greater volume than ever.

Poor dear Mme. Humbert! No unsophisticated, so innocent of business knowledge! It was almost more than the bankers could do to take advantage of her innocence, but they did it—lent her francs by the million at fifty per cent. She always let them settle the rate of interest—they were men of finance; she was just a simple woman. All went so well that they were still paying for all the splendour of the house on the Avenue of the Grand Army when Mlle. d'Aurignac reached the age of eighteen.

Then—astonishing girl!—she announced that she would not marry the Crawford. The creditors were shocked; the Crawford was furious—so it was told in the Humbert circle. Now that they had been insulted, the Crawfords would contest the suit in earnest. The greatest lawyers in France faced one another in the trials, appeals, rehearings; and still Mme. Humbert borrowed money at still more usurious rates, and the creditors did not worry because there were the twenty millions safe in the strong box, to say nothing of accumulating interest. At last her heaviest creditor, Girard & Co., would wait no longer, and sued her for six million two hundred thousand francs. She contested the suit and told of the usury, and M. Girard blew out his brains in despair. The receiver of the banking firm prosecuted the suit, and finally got judgment for two million five hundred thousand francs, the actual amount loaned. After some difficulty it was borrowed, and the establishment of Humbert went on for a space. But during the Girard suit certain statements had created suspicion. More suits were brought against the Humberts, and finally the courts opened the safe and found a rusty buckle and some dusty envelopes. Fortune, Crawfords, and Madame—all were fiction!

THE STRANGE CAREER OF MRS. CASSIE CHADWICK.

A Clever Woman's Ingenious Fabric of Forgery and Fiction.

During the progress of the Humbert case there was living in Cleveland, Ohio, a middle-aged woman, who had been in jail for forgery, and had led a precarious existence as a fortune-teller. She had contrived to bury her past, and at the time of the Humbert disclosures was living sedately as the wife of a physician in fairly good circumstances. She made friends—among them a banker or two—to whom she whispered that there was a cloud over her birth and that she was burdened with a large fortune, the possession of which shamed and mortified her.

Cassie L. Chadwick was merely an imitator. For the Humbert fortune of twenty million dollars locked in a safe she substituted fifteen million dollars in ostensible Carnegie notes and stock certificates. Instead of the piquant romance that accounted for the Humbert bequest she offered the fiction that she was the unrecognised daughter of a famous industrialist, who, though he could not acknowledge her, had created for her a trust fund of millions. Her friends were very sympathetic; chided her for feeling so keenly what she could not help, and advised her to make use of her fortune. At length she was convinced, and decided to live the larger life they counselled.

Mrs. Chadwick now applied to C. T. Beckwith, President of the Citizens' National Bank of Oberlin, Ohio. He was one of those to whom she had confided the secret of her birth, and he made no objection to letting her have one hundred and two thousand dollars of his own and Cashier Spear's and enough of the bank's money to increase the amount to more than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, on the security of two notes aggregating seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars and signed "Andrew Carnegie." In gratitude she told President Beckwith that he would be made trustee of the five-million dollar fund which Ira Reynolds, secretary and treasurer of the Wade Park Bank, held for her.

Mr. Beckwith was too good a business man to let such a chance slip; he was too much of a gentleman to betray a woman's secret; so he said nothing to the directors of the Bank about the loan, though it was four times as much as the bank's capital.

Ira Reynolds, another of those whom she took into her confidence, received from her a sealed bundle of securities giving her in return an attest stating that he held five million dollars in stocks and bonds, which were enumerated, for Mrs. C. L. Chadwick. He made another attest of the same list for her husband. Mr. Reynolds, who was the eminently respectable conservative business man of his town, says that when Mrs. Chadwick finally decided to place her securities in his hands he hesitated about giving her the attest she requested.

"Perhaps," said she, with sad dignity, "you wish to examine them to verify my words, Mr. Reynolds."

And Reynolds, knowing how keenly she suffered from the disgrace of her secret, felt his doubts evaporate before that pathetic rebuke, declaring he had no idea of doubting, and gave the attests—and thereby the power of getting all the money she wanted; for what usurer would hesitate to lend with the security of a well-known banker's assurance that he held millions and millions of the best stocks and bonds in the country?

Then began Mrs. Chadwick's splendid days. She filled her house on Euclid Avenue with an extraordinary collection of junk. Without taste, she bought alike the newest products of the local furniture factory and the more or less, genuine Louis Quinze articles she encountered abroad. She travelled to Europe in the grandest style, taking with her a dozen young girls from Cleveland, just to give them an outing; indeed, she played Lady Bountiful to all Cleveland. She shone in charities; she sent grand pianos broadcast to her friends, and when "Parsifal" was produced in New York she brought on a car load of guests to attend it. All she had to do was to show that attest of Reynolds and whisper her sad story, and money came to her.

Mrs. Chadwick might have been borrowing yet if she had confined her operations to the Middle West. But, after loading up a score of Ohio banks with her paper, and working as far East as Pittsburgh, she tackled a Yankee. She got her hundred and ninety-two thousand eight hundred dollars from Banker Newton, of Brookline, Massachusetts, on the strength of an introduction by her Cleveland pastor, backed up with Mr. Reynolds' receipts for five million dollars and a note for half a million signed "Andrew Carnegie." When she did not meet her notes, Mr. Newton declined to take the Carnegie relationship story in lieu of his money. He brought suit and the bubble broke.

Questioned for the first time about these matters, Mr. Carnegie revealed that he not only had not signed any notes, but had never even heard of Mrs. Chadwick until the newspapers revealed her to the world. She was arrested, taken back to Cleveland, and thrown into jail to await her trial for conspiring with Beckwith and Spear to violate the United States Banking laws, while indictments for forgery rained about her.

Has the publicity of the Chadwick case put bankers and money-lenders and investors on their guard sufficiently to withstand the next confidence game that may be offered to them? Not a bit of it. There are Miller syndicates by scores running to-day in Wall Street; there are Keely motors and mines of moonshine being sold, and no doubt there are Humbert fortunes in strong boxes and Chadwick romances in bank vaults all over the country. And the promoters of these frauds will flourish as long as there remains a money-lender who, for

the greedy reasons of usury, will take pains not to inquire too closely into the affairs of his clients.

Marriages of the Future.

What will married life be like in the future is the question that a writer has set himself to discuss.

The characteristic feature of marriage at the present time, he says, is the consolidation of love with the question of economic relations. Whenever there is any philosophising about marriage it deals exclusively, as a rule, with the love element; and this one-sidedness of view excludes the possibility of reaching any solution of the problem. The economic element is too important a factor to be ignored.

Marriage in its present form is commonly also a question of providing for the woman. There still clings to it something of the marriage-by-purchase. By the marriage the woman purchases her own support and that of her children; not to mention the rarer cases in which the man is the seeker of marriage for support.

All difficulties, all contradictions, all absurdities of the average marriage nowadays rest upon the intrusion of this economic element into the love question, and nothing but a complete economic change can alter the situation. Let us represent to ourselves a community resting upon the principle of collective production, which, therefore, draws upon every member for its productive force, giving to each, in return, whether man or woman, the required sustenance. This would be the end of all personal relations of dependency—also the end of the mutual dependence of the sexes.

The economic phase of the problem would thus be absolutely segregated from that of love; and thereby at last a rational solution of the questions relating to the latter made possible.

As marriage would have nothing to do with the support of the marriage mate, every reason for the artificial deferring of the age of marriage would vanish, which would, in time, result in the cessation of many social evils now rampant.

Freed from all its industrial motives, the only motive for marriage would be reciprocal attraction; and the result would be that women could actually choose, whereas now their choice of life-companions is merely a legal fiction. That marriages contracted in that way would come nearer to the ideal than the majority of marriages now do is very probable. But then, too, the unavoidable errors which would be made would lose their tragic import.

Your Hair.

It is a good thing to let the hair hang for fifteen minutes in the middle of the day. But this, for the business woman, is impracticable. Ten minutes at night and ten minutes in the morning should be enough for the care of the hair, allowing for its brushing, its ventilating, its perfuming, and its waving, with an occasional additional time, for a shampoo. And if this amount of time is spent upon it the owner will surely be rewarded. For there is nothing so celebrated among poets as a woman's beautiful hair, and there is nothing so much admired in real life.

The much-discussed appearance of three or four women upon the Paris cabstands is taken by the intelligent Frenchman, we are told, for a sign of the times. Every year, thanks to the improvement of machinery, sees a fresh battalion of women and children step into the places of their husbands and fathers, and the Frenchman in all pursuits is finding the Frenchwoman his closest competitor. Already commerce works with 35 per cent of women in the ranks, and the learned professions with 33. The home will soon be the only place left for displaced man.

George held her hand and she held his; Soon they hugged and went to kiss! Ignorant, her pad had risen— Madger's hope and simply sizzin—
T * ! * () * ; ? ? ?
Geet but George went out whizz!
—Princeton Tiger.

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the most effective remedy for coughs and colds of every kind and in every stage.

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There are many substitutes and imitations. Beware of them and of so-called "Genuine Cherry Pectoral." Be sure you get AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

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The Koboldclatterman.



Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

My dear Cousin Kate,—I want to become your cousin. I have a beautiful little black Shetland pony, her name is Dolly, such a pretty little thing, with such a lot of mane; she is going in the show this year. I had a dear old cat, and she had to be killed. I was so sorry, she was such a dear old thing. We have a little fox-terrier, his name is Victor, but we call him Wickietor, and he plays tag and lets me pick up his paw, and he walks about on his hind legs. Our greatest friend is ill, so we can't see her, and we are so sorry. My pony is so naughty, she won't jump, she goes down a ditch, and up the other side, so does Barbara's pony. I must stop now. Good-bye, from WINIFRED.

[Dear Cousin Winifred,—Of course you may become one of my cousins, I shall be delighted to have you for one. What lucky little girls you are to have so many nice pets. I went to the show in Wanganui two years ago, did you live there then? I have been thinking of coming down to Wanganui again this year, if I am there at show time (it is in November, isn't it?) I must look out for Punch and Dolly. Victor must be quite an accomplished wee doggie, I suppose your father taught him all his tricks. What's the matter with your little friend? I hope she will be quite well again soon. Perhaps it is a good thing that Dolly and Punch won't jump, because if they did, you might fall off and hurt yourself.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I should like to come to Auckland and see you; thank you for inviting me. My canary got out of its cage, and broke its leg; what little dainties yours must have been. Yes, I think canaries are very delicate little things, but they are very pretty. I know one of the cousins, Marjorie. Do you ever get tired of answering the cousins' letters? Our willows are growing quite green again. We have a great number of trees. Have you ever seen the wild fly-catcher plant? It does not grow very high; its leaves are shaped like spider's web, and covered with a kind of gum. When the insects fly on to the leaves, they are caught by the gum and die. There are lots growing here. There are also many wild orchids growing in our paddocks. They are very pretty. Good-bye.—From DOLLY.

[Dear Cousin Dolly,—I hope you will manage to have a trip to Auckland some day soon, and I shall be very pleased indeed to see you when you do come. Your poor little canary! How did it manage to break its leg; did you get it set, or had you to kill the poor little

thing? I like answering the cousins' letters, especially when I know something about them, and have plenty to write about. No, I don't think I have ever seen the wild fly-catcher plant; it must be rather a useful plant to have about the place. I have seen what they call the codlin moth plant, which has a tiny white flower filled with some sticky substance, and when the moth settles in the flower, it just closes up, and kills the moth that way. We used to have a plant of it in our garden, and some mornings it would have numbers of moths imprisoned in it.—Cousin Kate.]

My dear Cousin Kate,—Can I become your cousin? I have a dear little pony called Punch; he is going in the show this year. I have got a beautiful cat and a big bulldog, and they are both going into the show, too. My pony is grey, and he is so fresh that he dances, though I use him every day when we go round the sheep with dad, and when we stop he paws the ground; it is such fun. I have three pets, and my pony nips apples and cake off my hand; he turned out mother's work-basket one day. My bulldog's name is Sally, and her puppies' names are Jock and Toby, we had so many dogs though that we had to give them away. Good-bye.—From BARBARA.

[Dear Cousin Barbara,—I shall be delighted to have you all for my little cousins, and I hope you will write often and tell me more about your pets; about yourselves, too. Punch must be a perfect gem of a pony for a little girl. I suppose he has never thrown you, has he? Next time you write you will tell me how old you are. I hope some of your pets will take prizes at the show; are you going to ride Punch yourself? I like bulldogs, though they are so ugly. I wish I had lived close to you, so that I could have had one of Sally's pups.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would like very much to become one of your cousins. We see the "Graphic" every week, and I take a great interest in reading the letters. I am collecting the postcards. Buster is very laughable. I am saving them all to send away. The weather is very cold up here. I am in the fifth standard, and hope to pass this year. I must close now.—With love from your loving Cousin KATHLEEN.

[Dear Cousin Kathleen,—I shall be delighted to have you for one of my cousins, and hope to hear from you often. You don't say whether you would care to have a badge or not. If you would, will you tell me next time whether you prefer pale blue or red? You must have quite a large collection of post cards. Are you keeping the stereoscopic views too? I hope you will pass into the sixth standard. Is the examination soon?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I wrote to you three or four weeks ago, but my letter has not been in any of the "Graphics" yet. I saw in one of the cousins' letters that your birthday was in August, so we all wish you many happy returns of the day. I think Cousin Bobs' letters are very nice ones. I had a ride on

Sunday with my uncle, and we had a gallop on the Rocky Bay beach. Granny had a canary that sang very well. Its cage was hanging on the verandah yesterday morning, and a morepork flew at the cage, and bit the bird's right off. This is all I can say, so good bye.—From Cousin FRANK.

[Dear Cousin Frank,—Your last letter must have gone astray, for I have not heard from you for quite two months. I think. Thank you very much indeed for your kind wishes for my birthday; so many of the cousins remembered it, and wished me all sorts of nice things, so I ought to be very lucky all through this coming year, ought I not? I am glad you liked Cousin Bobs' letters. Perhaps he will write oftener now that he knows other people like to read them too. Write again soon, won't you? and I would like to know what part of the canary the morepork bit off. You left out a word, you'll notice.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Bobtail is a cat. The perch are not easy to catch. I have a dear little doll; her name is Bluebell. The jonquils are coming out and so is the wattle. Baby has a black calf and a draught horse. We have four little chickens. They are so pretty. Have you ever been in a motor car? The badge has not come yet. Cousin GUSSIE.

P.S. I should like a blue badge, please.

[Dear Cousin Gussie,—What a number of pets you all seem to have. Do you each have to look after and feed your own pets? You must be much later with your jonquils and wattle than we are, for ours have been out some weeks now; in fact, I think the best of them are over. I suppose Bluebell has got heaps of nice clothes, hasn't she? Do you like sewing for her? Yes, I have often been in a motor car, and I love it; they run so smoothly and go so fast. I will try and remember to send you a blue badge this week.—Cousin Kate.]

Funny Conundrums.

Why is a healthy boy like Great Britain?—He possesses a good constitution.

What wind would a hungry sailor prefer?—One that blows foul (fowl) and chops about.

Why are young children like castles in the air?—Because their existence is only in fancy.

What is higher when the head is off it?—A pillow.

Why is a short negro like a white man?—He is not at all black (a tall black).

When is a thief like a reporter?—When he takes notes.

Why is the most discontented man the most easily satisfied?—Nothing satisfies him.

What things increase the more you contract them?—Debts.

When is a tourist in Ireland like a donkey?—When he is going to Bray.

What trade is more than full?—Fuller.

When are the Volunteers like ships?—When they are under canvas.

Pray do you happen to have seen Specks, the Sperm-whale?" asked Matilda the Mermaid, of Craps the Pilot-fish.

"Let me think!" said Craps, thoughtfully: "Yes, Miss, to be sure; you will probably find him over at his new lodgings. Pink Coral Reef, No. 54, you know. Anything important?" he added, for he was an inquisitive old fellow.

"Thank you for your information," said the Mermaid. "Important? Well, yes and no; I want a fresh supply of oil to polish up my tail scales!"

"Oh," said Craps, "is that all?" Away swam Matilda, and as she drew near the coral reef she could tell that Mr Specks was at home, for she recognised his deep bass voice as he sang:

"Then up he jumped with a one, two, three.
Now catch me if you can!
I'm the bold rover of the seas,
The Koboldclatterman!"

Northward they sped, southward they sped,
Yes, east and west they ran.
But not a glimpse could the fleetest get
Of the Koboldclatterman!"

Here Specks, the Sperm-whale, paused, and then said to his wife: "Give me my old pipe, Missis, and I'll be off about my business!"

Then he turned and saw Matilda, who said: "Fair fishing to you, Mr. Specks!"

"Thank you, Miss, and fair swimming to you! If I may make bold to guess, it is oil that you will be wanting for that beautiful tail of yours!"

"Oil it is, and here is a conch shell to put it in. Thanks. And now, Mr Specks, won't you please finish your song?"

"Song?" queried the Sperm-whale with a smile; "it would do me proud, I am sure, but unfortunately I don't know more than the two verses!"

"Oh dear, how very tiresome!" cried the disappointed Mermaid. Then she brightened up; "And, who was the Kobold—what d'ye-call him?"

The Sperm-whale shook his head and answered, sadly: "The Koboldclatterman? Nay, that I can't tell you, Miss, honour bright!"

"Worse and worse; but if you don't know, someone else might. Now, do think who is the most likely to know of all your acquaintances?"

"Well!" said the Sperm-whale, considering, "you can't do better than consult Pipes, the Stormy-petrel; he is a great traveller, and knows more, perhaps, than any of us watermen. Yes, Miss, you ask Pipes?"

"Thanks, and have you any idea where he is to be found?"

"He! I am afraid I haven't. All I know is that Victuals and Pipes are never far apart!"

"Then I will look for Victuals," said Matilda, hopefully, "and I think I can't do better than follow the track of vessels!"

"May I offer you a lift a part of the way, Miss?" asked the kind-hearted whale.

"I accept, with pleasure!" said the Mermaid. Off went Specks, carrying Matilda on his broad back, and, by-and-by, set his passenger down in the track of the big ocean liners. There they were voyaging this way and that across the "Herring Pond," as the Atlantic is called. The dinner hour had just passed, and the stewards of the various vessels were busy throwing overboard the remains of the various feasts. All kinds of delicious food floated in the wake of each ship.

Above, hundreds of birds hovered expectant. You might have seen the greater and lesser gull, the owl, cormorant, pelican, kittiwake, osprey, ostrich and albatross; the air was filled with the commotion of flapping wings; on all sides resounded the clamour of the birds.

"Come on!" they said, encouraging each other. "And may good digestion wait on appetite!"

Matilda looked and listened, and then recognised the voice of Pipes, the Stormy-petrel. She was too wise to interrupt him, but waited patiently until he had had enough to eat. Then she said: "Ah, how d'ye do, Mr. Pipes, I hope you have had good fishing?"

"What 'ho' is it you, then? Ah, 'ho! I have had indeed a successful and ending, starting with pickled pork and feeding

with carried lobster? Well, how goes it in the land of Merf?"

"So so," replied Matilda; "all my folks are tolerably well, thank you. I have come to ask you about a private matter," and she told of Specks and his song, ending with, "And now, dear Brother Pipes, who was the Koboldclatterman? Only tell me and I will give you one of my polished scales as a reward!"

Pipes' eyes glistened. He said: "Not at all; surely 'virtue is its own reward.' Still, 'tis a fair offer, and I accept it in the spirit in which it is made. Let us rest awhile on yonder reef whilst the process of digestion proceeds, and I will endeavour to arouse Memory, the warder of the brain!"

Upon reaching the reef the bird closed his eyes, folded his wings, meditated profoundly for a few moments, and then began: "Perhaps you think that it was 'once upon a time'? Well, then it wasn't! It was 150 years before then! In those far-off days, of course, there was a lot more water about than now. And there were Dwarfs and Dwarfesses and Ogres and Ogresses, and Griffins and Flying Dragons, and suck-like creatures. There were no Mermen and no Mermaids, for as yet the land of Mer was not. The dwarfs had to walk upon stilts, and they had to take great care how they moved over the wishy-washy ground, for a slip might have been attended with dismal consequences. 'Tis true that 'he who is down need fear no fall,' but a dwarf on stilts was likely to be drowned; so you see they needs must be careful.

"Now ogres and ogresses dearly loved a nice plump dwarf; boiled, roast or fried, it was all one to them. And they laid their heads together and bit on a pun for filling their larders with dwarf meat. They ate oranges wholesale and scattered the peel broadcast, and the dwarfs slipped on the peel and fell down like ninepins on the wishy-washy ground, and there they were on their backs and sprawling, an easy prey withal to their ferocious foes.

"And herein the dwarfs ran a chance of being exterminated, but for the griffins. Griffins are uncommonly partial to cake—cake with plenty of peel in it. And these griffins became diligent searchers after peel. What the ogres threw down the griffins picked up, and took it home right joyfully, saying to their respective wives, the griffinesses: 'Hurry up, my love, and make it into cake.'

"Now, just as dwarfs were a savoury morsel for ogres and ogresses, so griffins were a savoury morsel for the great flying dragons. And while the griffins were particularly busy picking up peel, the flying dragons took a mean advantage of them; they used such unguarded moments to swoop down and carry them off. And as more and more griffins got eaten up, peel accumulated on the wishy-washy ground; and dwarfs fell victims in increasing numbers to the greedy ogres and ogresses. What wonder that the dwarfs at their wits' end exclaimed: 'Unless we can manage to circumvent our foes we shall be as extinct as old brother Dodo in less than no time!'

"A meeting was called at which suggestions were invited.

"Grease the stairs!" said one.

"It was objected that there wasn't enough grease.

"Give them a cup of cold poison!" suggested another. This was voted an excellent notion, but unfortunately impossible.

"At length someone put forward the idea: 'Comrades, let us seek counsel of the Koboldclatterman!'

"Now the story begins to be interesting!" said Matilda the Mermaid; "pray hurry up, Brother Pipes!"

"Well, Miss, this Koboldclatterman was reputed the cleverest of the whole race of dwarfs; a kind of hermit he was, and he lived in a twisty twiny cave all by himself, near Doubledam, in Hokland.

"And a committee of seven of the most influential dwarfs and dwarfesses waited upon him and said: 'Look you, Mynheer, we are continually upon the jump, our lives have become a burden unto us, owing to a paucity or lack of griffins; daily in ever-increasing numbers we glide into the silent tomb. The great flying dragons consume the griffins, and the ogre and ogresses consume us, and verily as grass is grass and hay is hay, we're here to-morrow and gone to-day!'

"And the Committee lifted up their voice and woe, and their tears mingled in one common stream.

"The Koboldclatterman rose up in

wrath, and strode up and down the twisty-twiny cave. Said he: 'Donnerblitz! now dash my wig! Not another dwarf need hop the twig. If he or she will list to me! The land is dangerous — then try the sea. My notion's this — to build and launch a vessel with timbers stout and staunch; I myself will her captain be. And our home henceforth is the sounding sea!'

"'It is indeed very kind of you,' said the Committee; 'we will consider your valuable suggestion and communicate with you again!'

"Then they withdrew, doubtful as to what their wives, the dwarfesses, would say about it."

"My! and what did they say?" asked Matilda.

"Well, there, the proposition made a fine to-do, I can tell you! You see many of the dwarfs were bad sailors, and those who had never been to sea were shy as to tempting the perils of the deep. They said: 'It might be out of the frying pan into the fire!' which was true enough.

"So the Committee again waited upon the Koboldclatterman. He heard them patiently, and said:

'Let those who can't abide the ocean, Live underground — that is my notion!'

"And so it came to pass that most of the dwarfs made their homes underground, and these are known to this day as Trolls.

"The rest enlisted the help of the fairies, and built a big ship that could not sink; she could sail with or against the wind. Then, with the Koboldclatterman as their captain, they sailed away, faring to and fro on the face of the waters. Perhaps because the ship was built by fairy hands her crew were able to do without food or drink; this was convenient. And as the years went by they got thinner and thinner, until you could have seen right through them! In this manner they escaped the ogres and ogresses. Well, for hundreds of years they have been sailing, the ship never puts into any port, and calm or storm makes no difference to her progress!"

"Oh, I should dearly love to see her!" cried Matilda, in her enthusiasm splashing the water with her tail.

"Would you indeed, Miss?" replied Pipes; "then let us see if we can find her!"

Then he and the Mermaid directed their course southward, until they reached the Pole at the end of the earth. There, where the ocean falls bodily over the edge of the world, they pulled up on a little island. Bless you, they were in no danger of falling over, for they were not quite so near as all that! But where they waited the sea was oil up-and-downy, and the whirlpools were all curly-whorly. And by-and-by, Brother Pipes suddenly flapped his wings and screamed: "Hurrah! here she comes!"

And sure enough the magic ship came in sight, moving against the wind with all sail set. As she neared the rock, Matilda made a trumpet of her hands and shouted: "Ship ahoy!"

At the words a dwarf made his appearance on the high poop of the vessel.

He was dressed in the fashion of long ago. Seeing Matilda, he politely raised his three-cornered hat and waved it thrice. In another minute the vessel reached the end of the world, and disappeared from view.

The Mermaid turned to her companion:

"Could your sharp eyes read the name of the ship, which was painted on the stern?"

"Aye, aye," replied the bird; "The Flying Dutchman!"

"And the dwarf who raised his three-cornered hat?"

"Was the captain, of course!"

Now, though the last mermaid has long since disappeared, owing to the so-called "march of civilisation," the Flying Dutchman is still said to sail the ocean. But at sight of the phantom ship with her shadowy crew the boldest mariner stands aghast, and his fate is doomed who has aught to do with her skipper, the Koboldclatterman!

If a ladle gets a wotting
Coming thro' the eye,
If he has a cold upon him
Need the ladle die?
He can laugh at all chest troubles
If he can procure
The proper stuff, and plain enough,
It's Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Miss Capben (Hawera) is visiting friends in Gisborne.
Miss Cusbla Boylan (Gisborne) is on a short visit to Auckland.
Miss Roje Nathan, Princes-street, returned to Auckland from Rotorua last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Geddis, of Lake Takapuna, left on Sunday for Wellington, and intend to spend a fortnight in the metropolis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bloomfield (Remuera), who have been on a visit to Australia, returned to Auckland by the Mokoia last Monday.

The Misses Ireland, Hulme Court, Parnell, returned to Auckland last Monday by the Mokoia from Sydney, where they have been spending the winter months.

TARANAKI PROVINCE.

Judge Hazeldine, of Wellington, is at present in New Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McAllum and family, from Newcastle-on-Tyne, are now living in New Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Preshaw, from Nelson, are visiting Mrs. Worthington, of New Plymouth.

Mrs. Nichol, of Ashburton, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Fookes, of New Plymouth.

Miss V. Brett has returned to New Plymouth after her very pleasant visit to her home in Hawera.

Miss Standish, who has been on a short visit to Auckland, has returned home to New Plymouth.

Mrs. Griffiths and Miss Bell Griffiths, who have been the guests of Mrs. Stacy Griffiths, New Plymouth, have returned to their home in Blenheim.

HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE.

Miss Dean, of Napier, is on a holiday visit to Wellington.

Mrs. C. Johnstone, of Hastings, is in Napier for a week.

Miss Hindmarsh has returned to Napier from a visit to Christchurch.

Mr. F. L. Aspinall, of Napier, is on a holiday visit to the North.

Mrs. Tylee, of Pahiatua, has been in Napier for some weeks.

The Rev. Mr. Tinsley (Napier) and his wife are on a visit to Auckland.

Mrs. Munsell, of Wellington, is spending some weeks in Napier.

Miss Margoliouth has returned to Napier from a visit to Christchurch.

Mrs. Grant has returned to Woodville after spending some weeks in Napier.

Mrs. Williams has returned to Napier from a visit to Wellington.

Miss Vera Margoliouth, of Napier, is in Wanganui for some weeks.

Mr. P. S. Gleeson, of Napier, who has been on a visit to Auckland, left last week for Sydney for a holiday.

The Misses Williams, of Napier, are spending a week or two in Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Kensington are spending a week in Napier, en route to Auckland.

Mr. G. P. Donnelly has now removed from Ngatarawa to his new residence at Otataru, Tararua.

Mr. T. H. H. of Napier, who for the past few months had leave of absence on account of ill-health, has returned to his duties.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Mr. and Mrs. Muir (Waverley) are making a short stay in Wellington.

Mr. Stewart is back in Wellington, after a holiday trip to the South Island.

Mr. Ritchie (Dunedin) is paying a visit to Wellington.

Miss Chatfield is back in Wellington after a round of visits in the North.

Mrs. and Miss Beere are back in Wellington after a trip to Christchurch.

Miss Seaton, who has been visiting Sydney, is back in Wellington again.

Miss E. Rutherford (Meadip Hill) has come to Wellington for the session.

Mr. and Mrs. Carneross have come up from the South for a stay in Wellington.

Mr. Gaisford (Dannevirke) was in Wellington lately for a visit.

Miss Cutfield, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to New Plymouth.

Miss Meland (Christchurch) is the guest of Miss Moore, in Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Merrett, Levin, have been on a visit to Palmerston.

Miss Bond (Palmerston) has gone to visit relatives in Wanganui.

Mrs. Saelson (Palmerston) has gone to Sydney for some months.

Mrs. Cowx (Hawke's Bay) has been paying a visit to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Chaytor (Blenheim) have gone to Auckland for some weeks.

Miss C. Dalrymple (Bulls) has gone to Dunedin to stay for some weeks.

Mr. Whitson (Dunedin) has arrived in Wellington for a stay of two or three months.

Miss Harty has returned to Dunedin after a stay with her brother in Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Riddiford (Marton, Rangitikei) have gone for a holiday visit to Australia.

Mrs. H. Harding (Wellington) has been visiting Mrs. MacTaggart (Taranaki).

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Lysnait (Hawera) are in Wellington staying with Mr. and Mrs. Stows.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart (Spring Creek) are away on a trip to Auckland and Rotorua.

Colonel and Mrs. Burton (Auckland) were in Wellington for two or three days before sailing for London by the Ionic.

Messrs R. S. Abraham, C. Louison, and H. Gillies, of Palmerston, were in Christchurch for the Grand National meeting.

Miss Bevan (Wanganui) is staying with her sister, Mrs. O. Gardner, Palmerston.

Miss Cameron (Wellington) is staying with her sister, Mrs. Bendall, Palmerston.

Miss Barnicoat (Nelson) is visiting her brother, Mr. J. L. Barnicoat, Union Bank, Palmerston.

Mrs. Patnam has returned home to Palmerston after spending some weeks with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Finch, Wellington.

Miss Margaret Wallbridge has returned to Palmerston after a stay in Wellington, with Mrs. Amelius Smith, of some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Tripp were in Wellington for two or three days before leaving for England by the Ionic, after a visit to the colony.

Mr. W. Tripe (Wellington) has gone to Australia for some weeks, visiting Brisbane and Sydney before returning to New Zealand.

Mr. Douglas McLean, who has been away from New Zealand for over a year, which was spent in England and on the Continent, returned to the colony by the Athenic.

The Bishop of Wellington and Mrs. Wallis are going for one of their periodical trips to England early next year. The former will represent New Zealand at the Lambeth Conference, to be held in London about June.

Mrs. Hector Rolleston (South Africa) has arrived in Wellington for a visit of some months to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Bell. Her husband is a son of the late Hon. W. Rolleston, one of New Zealand's most distinguished statesmen. Some years ago he went with one of the Rough Rider Contingents to South

Africa, and at the conclusion of the war obtained a post in the Government service of that colony. He is at present on a business visit to England. Mrs. Hector Rolleston has brought her baby son with her.

SOUTH ISLAND.

Miss Margoliouth (Napier) is visiting friends in Christchurch.

Mrs. Northwick (Christchurch) leaves this week for Auckland, on a visit to her mother, Mrs. H. T. Gorrie.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gould have returned to Christchurch from their trip to Rotorua.

Mrs. W. Bond (Timaru) is the guest of Mrs. Elworthy, Papanui-road, Christchurch.

Sir William Russell (Hawke's Bay), Lady Russell, and Miss Russell are on a visit to Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Waterfield (Wellington) are the guests of Mrs. Pyne (Bealey-avenue), Christchurch.

Among the visitors in Christchurch for the race week gaieties were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Elworthy (South Canterbury), Mr. and Mrs. Murchison (Lake Coleridge), Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Mathias (Elephant Hill), Mrs. and Miss Phillips (The Point), Mr. and Mrs. Saville (Methven), Mr. and Mrs. Donald McLean (Mount Hutt), Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Palmer (Gisborne), Mrs. and Miss Tripp (South Canterbury), Mrs. J. M. Turnbull (Methven), Mr. and Mrs. A. Roberts (Westfield), Miss Lyon (Geraldine), Miss Hindmarsh (Napier).

Auntie.

When auntie comes to see us, then we have to stand around,
Us children hate to have her come, jes' on account of that.
We've got to set still an' behave an' never make a sound,
An' when we come indoors to wipe our feet upon the mat,
The house is scrubbed so awful clean we mustn't make a truck,
An' we're scrubbed, too, I tell you, till it 'most takes off the bark.
When auntie goes away we wish she never would come back,
For while she's here to see us we jes' have to toe the mark.

When auntie comes to see us then we have good things to eat;
We sort o' like to have her here, jes' on account o' that;
An' pa, he always says a great long grace before the meat,
An' gives her the best slices an' don't make her eat the fat,
He's awful funny an' perlitte, is pa, when auntie's here,
An' ma she calls us "darling" 'n she gives us twice o' pie,
An' pa an' ma, when auntie's here, they call each other "dear,"
But when she goes away they don't do that. I wonder why?

When auntie comes to see us it's like Sunday every day.
It's funny that it should be so jes' on account o' that,
She's cross an' kinder fussy, but she's rich as mud, they say,
An' nobody to leave it to, unless it is her cat.
When auntie comes inen pa an' ma seem tickled most to death,
An' when she talks of going they say: "Dear me, auntie, no!"
Yet when she's gone then both of them they draw a great long breath.
It seems if they was tickled most to death to have her go.

Don'ts for Engaged Couples.

Don't ask her to enter upon a long engagement. If you have no reasonable prospect of being able to marry within a limited period leave her free, however much you love her.
Don't put off giving her an engagement ring till you can buy a very expensive one; a nice girl values the gift for the sake of the giver.
Don't, however much in love you are, show it in public.
Don't begin to criticize your mother-in-law and endeavour to mould her to your own ideas. Remember, only one

member of the family has consented to marry you.

Don't spend more than you can afford on your honeymoon, or your homecoming will see you plunging into debt.

Don't forget, if you have no private income, to insure your life before marriage.

Don't consent to a secret engagement; such an understanding never brings happiness.

Don't, if he takes you with him to choose your ring, draw his attention to jewellery beyond his means.

Don't bother your family too much with the presence of your fiancee or his virtues; your sisters, and even your mother may get tired of him and his perfections.

Don't choose very costly bridesmaids' frocks; they are a great tax on a girl with a small dress allowance.

The committee wish to thank the subscribers who so generously provided the funds necessary to purchase an organ for the Avondale Mental Asylum. The instrument cost £33, and has now been paid for and delivered. The Rev. E. C. Budd intends to ask the Bishop to dedicate it at the earliest opportunity. Mrs. Hamley, of Remuera, who has taken a great interest in the matter, has kindly undertaken to provide a plate and have it engraved. Much enthusiasm was shown by the committee in collecting such a sum in so short a time, and we feel sure their efforts will be much appreciated by the inmates.

Chronic coughs are best treated by Stearns' Wine, which, by strengthening the system, enables it to throw them off. It does more good than cod liver oil, and tastes as good as fine old port.

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NICOLL—WRIGHT.

One of the prettiest weddings that has ever taken place in Cambridge was solemnized at St. Andrew's Church, Cambridge, on Wednesday afternoon, the 14th inst. The contracting parties were Mr. Arthur Hammond Nicoll, of Auckland, and Miss Kathleen Ruth Wright, youngest daughter of Mr. Walter Wright, late of Cambridge. Mr. B. C. Chilliwell, of Auckland, was groomsman, and Miss M. Dunne (cousin of the bride), Miss Willis, and Misses Kathleen and Alice Hally, were bridesmaids. The bride was given away by her father. The church was crowded with guests and well-wishers of both parties. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, and the bride, having been a member of the choir, the service was full choral throughout, and St. Andrew's bells rang out a merry peal as the bride left the church. As the bride entered the church the hymn "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden" was sung, and at the conclusion of the ceremony Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played by Mr. Hartley, organist.

The bride looked most charming in an exquisite dress of white chiffon taffeta over glace, the skirt was simply made with a long train finished with a deep hem at the foot headed with French knots. The bodice had a transparent silk embroidered net yoke draped with lovely Limerick lace and a deep folded belt of silk. The sleeves were of silk net made with deep tucks and trimmed with the same lace as on the bodice, with ruffles at the elbow. The veil dress was finished with a white tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms. She carried an exquisite shower bouquet.

The Misses Dunne and Willis wore fine white muslin dresses profusely trimmed with French Valenciennes insertion and lace, and wore white chip hats trimmed with white tulle, and carried lovely shower bouquets of violets and daffodils tied with long mauve streamers. The two little bridesmaids wore the sweetest frocks made of fine muslin and lace and tucks, and white silk sashes, and most becoming hats of white drawn silk trimmed with white chiffon, and they carried lovely shower bouquets of violets, anemones and daffodils tied with long mauve streamers.

The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold bangle set with turquoise, to the elder bridesmaids, lovely pearl pendants, and to the younger ones gold brooches set with pearls.

Amongst the guests present at the church were Mrs. A. B. Herrold (Auckland), sister of the bride, wearing a most becoming gown of mauve chiffon taffeta, the skirt simply made with a deep hem at foot headed with French knots, the bodice trimmed with cream lace in fichu style and sash ends of lace, black Romney hat with plumes, and she carried a bouquet of yellow mimosa tied with mauve ribbons; Mrs. (Dr.) Roberts, lovely dress of creme cascade silk over glace, the skirt trimmed with deep tucks, and a flounce of silk Maltese lace, the bodice had a transparent yoke of gauged chiffon and Valenciennes lace and berthe of silk, Maltese lace, the same lace trimming the sleeves, white ostrich feather boa, and brown hat trimmed with green tulle and natural coloured ostrich feathers and white osprey; Mrs. Hally, handsome dress of black chiffon taffeta trimmed with heavy guipure lace, white chiffon scarf, white silk ermine gown straw toque swathed with pale blue and green tulle, and at the back bunches of moss-rose buds, she carried a bouquet of pink roses tied with pink ribbons; Miss Basley (Auckland), champagne coloured silk voile trimmed with creme lace, the bodice being trimmed with pale blue chiffon taffeta, a white silk ermine straw hat trimmed with floral ribbon and masses of primulas and roses, she carried a shower bouquet of pink roses tied with pale blue ribbons; Mrs. Price, rich black silk and black toque; Mrs. G. Runciman navy blue coat and skirt and blue toque; Mrs. Walker, a lovely dress of talac brown chiffon taffeta with yoke and sleeves of cream lace, black hat with plumes, and handsome furs; Mrs. Willis, black broche silk, green bonnet with touches of pink; Mrs. Wells, rich black silk, and creme Spanish lace scarf, black and white hat; Mrs. Martyn, brown velvet skirt, sealskin coat, and toque; Mrs. R. J. Roberts, black silk with transparent yoke of lace, black hat; Mrs. Richardson, navy blue cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, and blue toque; Mrs. Brooks, black costume and bonnet to match;

Mrs. A. Stone, white silk blouse, black silk skirt and black hat; Mrs. Clark black silk, velvet cloak, lace scarf, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Edmunds, black silk with creme lace vest, red hat relieved with black; Mrs. Gibbons, dark blue cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, and blue toque; Mrs. C. Stewart, black silk trimmed with creme silk Maltese lace, pale blue felt hat trimmed with daisies; Miss O'Halloran, black costume, mauve scarf, black bonnet; Mrs. N. Banks, white cloth costume and green hat; Miss Banks, brown coat and skirt, and brown hat trimmed with pink poppies; Miss Gwyneth, black silk trimmed with spotted net and silk applique, black and white hat; Miss Cave, brown costume, brown fur toque trimmed with violets; Miss R. Cave, dark green long coat and skirt and black picture hat; Miss Richardson, creme serge costume and white felt toque trimmed with brown velvet; Miss C. Willis, prune velvet with pale pink scarf and hat to match; Miss G. Cave, white cloth short coat and skirt trimmed with silk, white felt toque trimmed with green; Miss Wells, grey tweed coat and skirt and white felt hat trimmed with roses and their foliage; Miss H. Wells, creme costume, and pale blue hat trimmed with brown and roses; Miss Skeet, brown costume and hat to match; Miss Rochford, creme costume and black and white hat; Miss Keith, white frock, hat trimmed with pale blue; Mrs. Hammond, black silk, and black hat trimmed with berries; Mrs. Landon, dark blue cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, and purple velvet hat; Miss Hill, dark blue coat and skirt, and white hat trimmed with green; Miss Runciman, white silk muslin over glace trimmed with pale blue, white hat trimmed with grapes; Miss Gwen Roberts, white silk frock, and white hat; Miss Mary Roberts, white silk, felt hat with white silk scarf; Miss Clark, creme costume and white felt hat with roses; Miss Hally, creme costume, green toque.

After the ceremony an adjournment was made to "Ingleside," the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Roberts (it having been put at the disposal of Mr. and Miss Wright for the wedding festivities), where a photo of the bridal party was taken

on the lawn, and afterwards a group, including all the guests, after which a move was made to the house, where the bride and bridegroom received the congratulations of all present. The afternoon tea was laid in the dining-room. The floral decorations were charming, and consisted of a dainty profusion of spring flowers everywhere. The lovely wedding cake had the place of honour in the centre of the table, and from the gasolier above, which was decorated with smilax and white ribbons, was suspended a tiny bell, and the white ribbons were caught at the corners of the table. The whole of the decoration were carried out in white snowflakes and maidenhair fern, and it looked most artistic. Another large white bell was suspended over the seats of the bride and bridegroom at the top of the room. Delicious afternoon tea, fruit salads, and trifles were handed round, after which the bride cut the cake, and several toasts were drunk, after which a move was made to the drawing-room to view the presents, which were numerous and costly; here, again, all the floral decorations were white. The bride's going away costume was a dark blue tailor-made long coat and skirt, lined with oyster white satin, white Tuscan straw hat, trimmed with white roses and their foliage. The happy couple left amidst showers of confetti for Hamilton, en route for Okoroire, where the honeymoon will be spent. In the evening Mrs. Roberts entertained a few young people at bridge.

Not only headaches but all other sorts of nervous pain are conquered by Stearns' Headache Cure, the most extensively used headache remedy in the world; it is dependable.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ivy R. Vicary, elder daughter of Mr. W. Vicary, of Otorohanga, and late of Dannevirke, to the Rev. Sanders Spencer, Home Missionary in the King Country, and late of Masterton, Weirarapa.

Orange Blossoms.

QUARTLEY—CHARLEWOOD.

The marriage of Mr. Arthur Quartley, Manzanui, Auckland, and Miss K. Charlewood, Bideford, England, took place on August 7th at St. Mary's Church, Merivale, Christchurch. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. Gossett, the service being full, choral. The chancel was beautifully decorated with fern fronds and Christmas roses. The bride was given away by Mr. G. Humphreys, and attended by two bridesmaids (Miss Humphreys and Miss Russell).

After the ceremony, a reception was held at the residence of Mr. George Humphreys, Fendalton. The bride wore a very handsome white embroidered cloth gown, and white hat, with long ostrich feather plumes. Her bridesmaids wore cream cloth costumes, with touches of vieux rose, and vieux rose hat. Mrs. Quartley (Hastings) was in dark blue voile, with white chiffon scarf, dark blue hat, with blue tulle and feathers; Mrs. Mackenzie (Hastings), white cloth, with touches of brown, cream hat, with pink flowers; Mrs. Scott (Ottago), a green cloth costume, pink and green hat; Mrs. Gossett, brown cloth coat and skirt, brown hat, with shaded foliage; Miss Gossett, dark blue voile, blue hat; Mrs. W. Gossett (Leeston), pale grey coat and skirt, cream hat; Mrs. Michael Campbell, grey cloth costume, black and white hat; Miss Campbell, dark blue cloth dress, white hat, with poppies; Miss H. Campbell, green costume, blue and white hat; Mrs. G. Merton, pale grey costume, sealskin coat, and floral toque; Miss Merton, brown voile, with hat to match; Miss G. Merton, pale blue dress, black hat; Mrs. W. Day, dark blue coat and skirt, blue toque; Mrs. G. Pascoe, brown costume, green and brown hat; Miss Guthrie, white cloth dress, wine-coloured hat, with pink roses; Mrs. Guthrie, black eolienne, with sealskin coat, black hat with wings; Miss E. Hill, costume of olive green cloth, black picture hat; Mrs. George Harper, black costume, relieved with white lace. Other guests present were: Professor and Mrs. Haslam, Dr. and the Misses, Nedwill, Mr. and Mrs. G. Way, Miss Way, Mrs. and Miss Hannah, Mr. and Mrs. Condon, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. A. Campbell, Miss Russell, Miss Paulsen, the Rev. C. Gossett, Mr. and Miss Neave, the Misses Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred, Merton, Miss Merton, and Mr. and Mrs. Brittain. The usual formula of wedding congratulations, with wedding toasts and wedding cake, were gone through with much enjoyment, and the bride and bridegroom then took their departure to catch the afternoon boat for Wellington. Mrs. Arthur Quartley's going away dress was a lovely costume of soft rose-pink cloth, pink hat, with pink tulle and roses.


KENSINGTON—GOLDSMITH.

A very quiet wedding took place at St. Mary's, Merivale, on August 8, when Mr. H. M. Kensington, of Wellington, was married to Miss Gertrude Goldsmith, daughter of Mr. E. C. Goldsmith, Commissioner of Lands, Christchurch.

EST. 1847.

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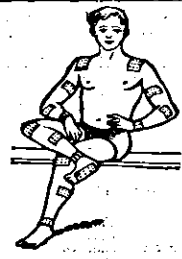
For pains in the region of the kidneys, or for a Weak Back, the Plaster should be applied as shown above.

Wherever there is pain, apply Allcock's Plaster.

Wherever there is a pain a Plaster should be applied.

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Insist upon having **Allcock's**

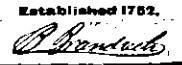


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Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[The charge for inserting announcements of birth, marriage, or death in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 14 words, and 1/6 for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

ARTHUR.—On August 17th, 1907, the wife of H. R. Arthur, Curra-st., of a daughter.
CHRISTMAS.—On August 15th, 1907, at their residence, Exmouth-st., to Mr and Mrs G. Christmas, jun., of twins (son and daughter); all doing well.
CROFT.—On August 18th, at Sherwood-rd., Mt. Eden, to Mr and Mrs George Croft, a daughter.
GREEN.—On August 13, at their residence, Wanganui-avenue, Ponsonby, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Percy Green, a daughter; both doing well.
PEACHEY.—On August 7th, to Mr and Mrs W. K. Peachey, a daughter.
SWINTON.—On August 11th, at their residence, 12, Hargreaves-st., to Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Swinton, a son.
TUOHY.—On August 2nd, at their residence, Graham-st., the wife of J. Tuohy of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

ATKINS.—WYATT.—On June 12th, 1907, at St. Albans Church, Mt. Roskill-rd., by the Rev. H. Bernard Wignall, Alfred Melville, eldest son of J. Atkins, Manakau, N. Wellington, to Ada, third daughter of Mrs E. Wyatt, Rocky Nook.
LYNCH-VON KROSCHEL.—On 8th August, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Sydney, N.S.W., by the Rev. Father Gusty, Patrick, only son of the late Dennis Lynch, Esq., of Auckland, N.Z., to Helena, only surviving daughter of Gottlieb Von Kroschel, of Braulin, Gippsland, Victoria.

DEATHS.

ATKINS.—At Patutahi, on 18th August, Helen, eldest daughter of James and Elizabeth Atkins; aged 14 years and six months.
BANKART.—On August 15th, at her residence, St. Stephen's avenue, Parnell, Catherine Adelaide, widow of the late Howard Bankart, in her 77th year.
BRIGHT.—On August 17th, 1907, at her parents' residence, 64, Union-st., Edith Nelly Sophia, dearly beloved infant daughter of William and Edith Bright; aged 13 months.
CUNNINGHAM.—On August 18th, at his residence, "Blinkbonnie," Onehunga, Andrew Cunningham, in his 78th year.
CURRIE.—On August 17th, at No. 1, Carlton Gore-rd., W. Douglas, the dearly beloved infant son of Robert and Grace Currie; aged 3 years.
DHOMHOO.—At Homewood, Waitara East, on August 14th, Leopold, youngest son of Michael and the late Jane Dhomhoo, in his 24th year, of pneumonia. His end was peace.
FIRTH.—On August 15th, at Mount St. John-avenue, Epsom, Gretta, the beloved daughter of Wesley and Marie Firth; aged 2 years and 1 month.
FRENCH.—On August 10th, after a short illness, at Tamarama, Augustus Edith, youngest and dearly beloved son of George and Catherine French, Mokai; aged 11 years. Deeply regretted.
FROST.—At the residence of his son-in-law, Mr George Daniel Albau, Martine Henry, eldest son of the late Samuel Frost, of Waverleympion, England; aged 63 years. Home papers please copy.
HARDING.—On August 18th, 1907, Sarah Emily, dearly beloved wife of Edwin Harding, of Dargaville, and eldest daughter of John Henderson, of Curra-st., Ponsonby; aged 46 years.
HEARES.—On August 18th, 1907, at the Auckland Hospital, William George, the dearly beloved husband of Evelyn E. Heares; aged 28 years.
JONES.—On August 18th, at the Veterans' Home, Mount Roskill, William Dale Jones, late of Coromandel; aged 63 years.
MACKENZIE.—On August 12, at his residence, Norfolk-st., Hamilton rd., James John Kerr Mackenzie, eldest son of the late Samuel Mackenzie, B.S.N.I., Edinburgh.
MCDOWELL.—On August 18th, at 34, Swanson-st., William James, dearly beloved son of William and Ellen McDowell; aged 14 months. "Safe in the arms of Jesus."
MOORE.—On August 11th, at Devonport, James, second son of the late Arch Moore, of Ayrton, County Antrim, Ireland, in his 54th year. R.I.P.
MUDD.—On August 15th, 1907, at the Auckland Hospital, Mary, the beloved wife of William Mudd, of Waverley, Epsom, Mt. Roskill, R.I.P.
MURRAY.—On August 8th, at her parents' residence, Rosebank-rd., Avondale, after a short illness, Marjorie Hilda, dearly loved and sadly missed second daughter of John Edward and Selina Murray; aged 4 years and 2 months. Safe in the arms of Jesus.

NORDEN.—On Monday, August 12th, at the residence of her son-in-law, W. K. Corahwaite, Bombay, Elizabeth Norden, relict of the late Richard Norden, Bombay, in her 88th year.
OSBORNE.—On August 17th, at his late residence, Burrey-crescent, Grey Lynn, Thomas, the dearly beloved husband of Margaret Osborne; aged 62 years. Died suddenly.—Home papers please copy.
SMITH.—On August 17th, 1907, at the residence of his parents, Union-st., New market, Alfred Thomas P. Smith, youngest and dearly beloved infant son of Peter and Elsie Smith; aged 4 1/2 months.
TRIGG.—On August 15th, at Avondale, Reggie, infant son of Mr and Mrs Trigg. "Asleep in Jesus."
TURLEY.—On August 15th, at Tukan, Muriel Constance, daughter of Wilfrid and Amy Turley; age 18 months.
VOLANT.—At Auckland (suddenly), on August 18th, Henri Volant, late of "Lille de Brehat," France; aged 70 years. R.I.P.



AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, August 20.

LADIES' GOLF CLUB AT HOME.

The members of the Auckland Ladies' Golf Club entertained the visitors from the South and other friends at a very pleasant little social evening at St. Andrew's Hall on Saturday evening last. There was music, and a comedieta (in which the two ladies part were really admirably played) and Mrs. Street gave out the prizes won during the championship meeting, the winners meeting with salves of applause as they mounted the platform to receive their trophies. Dr. Lewis supported Mrs. Street in this duty, and at its conclusion moved a hearty vote of thanks to her, this being carried by acclamation and amid enthusiastic handclapping. Supper was served in the lower hall, and was a most dainty and enticing repast. The tables were prettily decorated with daffodils and spring flowers, and the hostesses were indefatigable in looking after their guests. An impromptu dance wound up an exceedingly merry evening, which all of us enjoyed. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Street, wearing a very handsome black silk toilette, with real lace fichu; Mrs. R. A. Carr was effectively gowned in sea-blue with a lovely overdress of Limerick lace, white rose in coiffure; Mrs. C. Buddle was wearing black satin with white lace berthe and graceful chiffon scarf; Mrs. T. Hope Lewis was becomingly gowned in black and white striped silk toned with lace and brightened with cerise velvet bretelles and ceinture; Mrs. Guy Williams (Masterion), dainty floral chiffon mounted on glace, prettily trimmed with pale blue velvet; Miss Pierce's graceful black Louise silk was softened with black chiffon, large red rose on corsage; Mrs. Holmes, very pretty Pompadour silk with touches of pink velvet; Mrs. John Kerr, rich black taffeta with lovely lace tucker and jabot; Mrs. Richmond was wearing black silk; Miss Richmond, pretty primrose taffeta, softened with lace caught with touches of black velvet; Miss Joan Richmond, white chiffon taffeta, with pink roses on corsage; Mrs. Donald MacCormick was charmingly gowned in pale pink hand-painted chiffon over-glace foundation; Miss Rooke, black silk with white lace guimpe, finished with pretty black velvet trellis-work berthe; Miss Winnie Carter was daintily attired in ecru chiffon taffeta with dainty bretelles of lace opening over V-shaped vest; Miss M. Collier, Ha Herby, white chiffon taffeta with graceful fichu displaying a V-shaped vest of lace;

Miss Jessie Reed, black with tucker of white lace; Miss Pearl Curran wore an effective frock of white silk with touches of geranium velvet; Miss F. Pierce, eau de nil silk toned with lace, and velvet a shade darker; Miss E. Pierre, white taffeta and cream lace caught with crimson crush rose; Miss Nora Gorrie, daffodil and white hand-painted chiffon, with lace fichu; Miss Gwen Gorrie was charmingly gowned in pale grey crepe de chine banded with taffeta of same shade; Mrs. Greig, black silk effectively embroidered with silver; Miss Elsie Greig, pretty pale blue gown softened with lace; Miss M. Towle, white satin, striped mouseline with a white rose in her hair; Mrs. Colbeck, heliotrope silk with overdress of beautiful lace, finished with heliotrope bretelles; Mrs. Edwin Horton was strikingly gowned in black and silver; Miss Minnie Horton's gown was of lovely white brocade, with jewelled lace encrustations; Mrs. Cleghorn (Wanganui) was becomingly gowned in black silk with real lace berthe; Miss Cowper (Wanganui), peach pink corded silk Empire gown, with V-shaped guimpe of white lace; Miss Sise (Palmerston North), very pretty moonlight blue crepe de chine, with apricot pinkchiffon sash; Miss Jackson (Wanganui) looked charming in black, softened with white lace; Miss Mill; Miss Russell, very pretty ciel blue taffeta and corsage spray of crimson roses; Miss Stafford (Wellington), shrimp pink chiffon taffeta with lace berthe, and pink in her hair; Mrs. Innes (Palmerston North) was wearing a pretty white silk, with corsage spray of white, and white in her hair; Mrs. Rose (Wellington), was striking in brown velvet, with real lace berthe; Mrs. Arthur Myers, pink hand-painted chiffon strapped and pink hands; Mrs. Coleman, black chiffon taffeta; Mrs. Parkes was effectively gowned in leaf green taffeta with lovely white lace berthe; Mrs. Foster, pink chiffon taffeta; Mrs. Nelson, rich black silk with jetted lace; Mrs. Alfred Nathan, lovely black and white embroidered net over white glace; Mrs. Rathbone, pretty sea green chiffon taffeta with lace bretelles, and pink rose in coiffure; Mrs. J. R. Bloomfield's gown was pink silk striped chiffon mounted on glace; Mrs. Harry Bloomfield was daintily frocked in white corded silk chiffon-embroidered with silver and green tissue; Miss Ethel Martin, white inserted silk; Miss Helen Denniston, lovely white crepe de chine, with deep band of blue velvet at foot of skirt, and touches of blue on bodice; Miss Muriel Dargaville was wearing white satin and lace, with pale blue in her hair; Mrs. Herz, ivory crepe de chine softened with lace; Miss Benjamin, white chiffon taffeta, with white roses in her hair; Mrs. Alan Brown was wearing white with pink roses on corsage and in her hair; Miss Bleazard Browne, white silk with touches of pale blue; Miss Bonel, green silk with overdress of cream Renaissance lace; Mrs. Sydney Nathan, black Spanish over white taffeta. Among others present were the Misses Stevenson, Misses Draper (2), Miss McLean, Miss Garland, Miss Rice, Miss Buller, etc.

The AT HOME.

given under the auspices of the University College Football Club last Wednesday evening, in the St. Andrew's Hall, was undoubtedly a great success. The Hall was prettily decorated for the occasion, the College Club banner being given a place of honour amongst the decorations. The stage was arranged as a drawing-room, and comfortable easy chairs provided for the chaperones and also for those who preferred sitting-out to dancing. The supper tables downstairs looked charming with their dainty decorations of daffodils and snowdrops and their more substantial decorations of fruit salads, trifles, etc. The floor and music were excellent, the latter supplied by Burke; and wonderful to relate, actually more were in the majority. So the committee are to be heartily congratulated on the success of the evening, I think, don't you? Many pretty toilettes were worn, and among those which I specially noticed were:— Mrs. Nelson, who was attired in a handsome black silk gown with encrustations of jet, black silk theatre coat; Mrs. Pickmere wore a black merveilleux silk with V-shaped vest veiled in lace; Mrs. Mackay, black velvet and lace with pretty opera coat of pastel blue cloth, with lace revers; Miss Katie Nelson was daintily attired in peach pink Oriental satin, the lace berthe caught with clusters of roses; Miss Runciman wore a graceful gown of black crepe

de chine mounted on glace, and touches of white on bodice; Miss Pickmere, pretty eau de nil silk, the bodice deftly arranged with cascades of lace and touches of black bebe ribbon; Miss Mona Hay wore an effective gown of Rose du Barry taffeta, prettily frilled and finished with lace, pink ribbon threaded through her coiffure; Miss Susie Wildman looked pretty in ciel blue taffeta with killed frills; Miss Scott was wearing a dainty white mouseline, brightened with pink chiffon and sprays of pink roses; Miss Dunlop's gown of soft white silk was prettily finished with bretelles, and sash of shrimp pink chiffon; Miss I. Dunlop, pretty rose pink silk, with pink ribbon in her hair; Miss Heryl Graham was charmingly frocked in white hail-shower muslin, mounted on pale blue, pale blue sash and blue ribbons in her hair; Miss Cooke wore a graceful cream ecruerie, with chine ribbon sash and pink roses on corsage; Miss Matis Cooke, very pretty orchid mauve Shantung silk; Miss Hulse-dine, dainty white frilled mouseline; Miss Hunt was wearing a becoming toilette of cameo pink silk and white lace; Miss K. Hunt's gown of black crepe de chine had a dainty tucker of cream lace, threaded with black; Miss Kent, azure blue silk, with lace frills on bodice; her sister wore a pretty frock of shrimp pink silk, with pink ribbons in her hair; Miss Grey, effective blue merveilleux silk toilette; Miss — Grey wore a pretty floral mouseline; Miss Hampson, eau de nil silk, toned with myrtle green velvet; Miss Taylor, white gown, with sprays of pink roses; Miss Mary Clarke, white silk, prettily trimmed with lace encrustations; Miss Metcalfe, dainty toilette of cream net over ivory satin, with brown ceinture and sprays of autumn leaves on corsage; Miss Phyllis Metcalfe, white gown, re-

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lived with touches of pale blue; Miss Una Saunders, pretty white tucked mouseline; Miss Mona Mackay looked dainty in white moulin, with white lace on bodice; Miss Dawson wore a charming gown of pale pink chiffon taffeta, with encrustations of lace; and her sister was effectively gowned in moonlight blue silk, with pale blue ribbon threaded through her hair; Miss Lyman wore a becoming white silk and lace toilette.

Mrs. Collins, who is agent in Auckland for Mdlle. Helena Rubinstein, of the famous Valaze Massage Institute, opened her charmingly pretty rooms at 44 and 45, City Chambers, Queen-street, last Monday, and gave a small

"AT HOME"

in honour of the occasion. Mrs. Collins cordially received her guests in the Valaze room, and gave a short description and interesting address on the Valaze treatment, after which a delicious afternoon was served in the waiting room. Mrs. Collins looked charming in a picturesque gown of myrtle green chiffon velours with guimpe of white crepe de chine applied with lace embroidered in a pretty shade of heliotrope, becoming cream Leghorn hat, with shaded rose crown and puffings of shaded green tulle on the bandeau. Amongst those who were present during the afternoon I noticed: Mrs. Raynor in a smart wine coloured cloth coat and skirt, braided with black silk braidings, pretty hat to match; Mrs. Lottason, pretty cigar brown cloth with cream net and lace guimpe, Tuscan hat swathed with brown tulle; Mrs. Whitney was wearing a navy tailor-made gown with a pretty red toque; Mrs. Derry, black and white striped tweed coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Baume, black toilette with touches of white and black bonnet; Mrs. Sydney Nathan, Nallier blue cloth coat and skirt and black toque; Mrs. Lindsay, dark green flecked tweed and hat to match; Mrs. Black, pale grey check tweed coat and skirt, black toque with drooping ostrich feather; Mrs. Martelli was wearing grey, black picture hat lined with pink chiffon; Mrs. Rice, black and white pin striped tweed tailor-made, very pretty brown bonnet; Miss M. Rice was dainty in white cloth, white felt hat wreathed with cherries; Mrs. J. A. Beale, navy blue velvet Eton coat and skirt, smart blue felt hat wreathed with violets, white fox furs; Mrs. Keating, pale grey tailor-made, and pretty Bontou straw hat wreathed with pink shaded roses; Mrs. Mahoney, violet cloth tailor-made gown, small black hat with touches of pale blue and white ospreys; Mrs. Pilkington, navy costume and small navy cloth motor cap; Mrs. Arnold, dark blue coat and skirt and navy hat en suite; Mrs. R. Walker, brown heather mixture tweed coat and skirt, pretty hat to match with touches of rose pink velvet; and many others too numerous to mention. **PHYLLIS BROWN.**

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee, August 17. A most enjoyable golfing afternoon was given out at the links on Monday by Mrs. Edmunds and the Misses Wells in honour of Miss Wright, who was married on Wednesday. The afternoon was fine, and a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent. The amusement provided was

A PUTTING AND APPROACHING COMPETITION.

Misses Wright, Willis, and Brooks tied in the putting competition, and had to play off, when the former was victorious; it was a most popular win. Miss Clark won the approaching competition. The afternoon's programme closed with an amusing golf race. The competitors had to hit their ball, then run and pick it up and run a given distance; Miss Skeet was the winner, her prize was a photo frame; Miss Clark, a dainty jar; and Miss Wright, a pretty picture. Delicious home-made sweets were handed round during the afternoon, and a very dainty afternoon tea was served, the table decorations were white carnations, out of compliment to the bride-elect. Amongst those present were Mesdames Wells, Brooks, Mrs. (Dr.) Roberts, L. Peake, C. Peake, A. B. Herrold (Auckland), R. J. Roberts, N. Banks, Gilsou, Edmunds, Walker, Misses Wright, Wells, Willis, H. Wells, Runciman (Auckland), Halsey (Auckland), Gwynneth, Skeet, Walker, Landon, Hally, E. Hill, Clark, Banks, Cox, Brooks, N. Young, Mrs. W. Coates.

A most successful

"PLAIN AND POSTER" BALL

was held in the Alexandra Hall on Wednesday evening, in aid of the Cambridge Band, and was in every way a most pronounced success. The music was provided by members of the band, and gave every satisfaction. The arrangements in connection with the ball were carried out by the following energetic committee of ladies and gentlemen:—Madames Taylor, McCullagh, Hunter, Hammond, McDermott, A. Bell, Landon, A. T. Stone, Boyce, J. Ferguson, Gibbs, Stuart, Jarrett, and Messrs. Landon, Hammond, Tudehope, and Hair. An excellent supper was provided by the ladies, and the hall was decorated with bunting and band instruments. Mrs. Dr. Going, of Hamilton, and Mr. Rigby were the judges of the posters, and their verdict was: 1st prize, Miss Ada Boyce, "Butterfly Teas," Brown, Barrett, and Co.; 2nd prize, Miss M. Taylor, "Good Old Butter Pat," Cambridge Co-operative Dairy Company, Gentlemen: 1st prize, Mr. A. A. Reese, "Champion Muscle Raiser," Northern Rolling Milling Co.; 2nd prize, Mr. "Jumbo" Reese, representing Messrs. Brockelsly Bros., butchers.

ELSIE.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, August 16.

After three weeks of dreary wet weather the sun has at last made its appearance. Glorious weather favoured

THE HUNTING CLUB'S RACE MEETING.

which was held at the park on Thursday. The attendance was good, and amongst the ladies present I noticed: Mrs. W. T. Sheratt, purple tweed costume, velvet hat trimmed with pink and mauve roses; Mrs. S. Williamson, navy blue coat and skirt, sable toque; Mrs. Richard Sheratt, grey tweed coat and skirt, rose pink hat; Mrs. Pattullo, grey costume, black hat; Mrs. R. Scott, black and white check coat and skirt, red hat; Mrs. John Murphy, dark grey dress, red hat; Mrs. Jack Williams, grey tweed coat and skirt, pale blue hat; Mrs. Mann, navy blue dress, red hat trimmed with pink and green roses; Mrs. John Clark, brown coat and skirt, brown hat; Mrs. Sainsbury, grey coat and skirt, black toque; Mrs. Blair, black coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Hise, brown coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs. Humphreys, tweed costume, black hat; Misses Sheratt, Williamson, Clark, Reynolds, Black, Bennett, Johnson, Bagnall (Christchurch), Monckton, Evans, King, Nolan, Ferguson, Wachsmann, Rutledge, Foster.

HUNT BALL.

In the evening there was a most delightful hunt ball. The hall was prettily decorated, and one and all enjoyed it immensely.

Those present were: Mrs. Max Jackson black satin, lace fichu; Mrs. Hise, black velvet; Mrs. Mann, black silk, cream lace; Mrs. H. Sheratt, green silk, white roses; Mrs. Pattullo, white silk; Miss Pyke, black, with tucker of white chiffon; Miss Kate Sheratt, pale blue muslin; Miss Nolan, pink silk, tucked vest of white chiffon; Miss Reynolds, black silk; Miss C. Reynolds, black; Miss W. Reynolds, pale blue silk; Miss Rutledge, heliotrope glace, white lace; Miss Essie Grey, pink silk; Miss M. Bradley, blue silk; Miss B. Bradley, blue and white silk; Miss M. Williamson, black voile; Miss Clark, green silk; Miss Wachsmann, black; Miss Black, pink muslin; Miss M. Foster (the Hunt); Miss Foster, black, with blue velvet; Miss Johnson, yellow, with red roses; Miss Schumacher, white silk and black velvet; Miss F. Scott, pink satin; Miss Ferguson, yellow chiffon over glace; Miss Gillingham, red silk and roses.

GOLF.

On Saturday last there was a match, President versus Captain, the President coming off victorious. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. Morgan and Miss Ina Sweet. In the ladies tournament Mrs. Barlow plays Mrs. W. Barker, and the winner meets Mrs. Arthur Rees in the final.

Great interest is being taken in hockey at present. The Auckland rep. team arrives on the 28th of this month, and a very exciting game is anticipated. Early next month the Gisborne team goes on tour. **ELSA.**

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, August 17.

Last Monday and Tuesday evenings the Theatre Royal was packed to the doors to witness "Lonegrin" and "Faust," staged by Musgrove's

GRAND OPELA COMPANY.

Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. Capel, black merveilleux, relieved with lace; Miss N. Capel, black satin, pretty cream lace fichu; Mrs. Brocklehurst; Misses Ronnell (2); Mrs. Walker, black satin, real lace berthe; Mrs. W. Skinner, black silk grenadine, scarlet opera coat; Miss Knight, black silk, deep cream lace berthe; Miss Bedford, black canvas voile over glace, sequined berthe, cream net tucker; Miss D. Bedford, cream figured silk, cream opera coat; Mrs. C. Govett, black silk, transparent yoke and sleeves of black point d'esprit; Miss D. Govett, moss green silk; Misses Humphries, black silk skirts, white silk and lace bousses; Mrs. H. Weston; Miss Taylor, black silk, with white lace trimmings; Miss Keir, Miss M. Keir, white inserted muslin, pink ribbons in hair; Miss I. Taylor, scarlet silk blouse, inserted with cream lace, black voile skirt; Mrs. Gordon, black silk, real lace trimmings; Mrs. Home, black silk, rich berthe of cream lace; Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. McKellar, Miss McKellar, Miss Wade; Mrs. McClelland, moss green silk taffetas, blouse richly trimmed with real lace, black satin skirt; Mrs. Percy Webster, pale blue silk and cream lace blouse, silk skirt; Miss A. Cutfield; Mrs. Penn, white frilled silk; Miss E. Tenn, Miss Brewster, Miss G. Colson; Miss Preshaw (Nelson), pretty pale blue silk and cream lace blouse, dark skirt; Miss Godfrey, black silk, real lace berthe; Miss R. Clarke, Mrs. W. Catiro, Mrs. S. Shaw, Mrs. Lush, Miss Testar; Miss Read, olive green silk blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Rawson, pale blue silk blouse, trimmed with frills of cream lace, black voile skirt; Mrs. Clarke, black silk, trimmed with lace insertion; Miss M. Clarke, pale blue silk; Miss A. Hempton, black; Mrs. A. B. Goldwater; Miss Goldwater, cream silk, pale blue ribbon threaded through coiffure; Miss Stewart (Stratford), cream silk; Miss Crawford, Mrs. Addenbrooke, white silk blouse, threaded with black bebe ribbon, black silk skirt; Mrs. Munro, black; Miss Munro, white; Miss Trimble, black and white costume; Mrs. Nicholas; Miss Nicholas, white; etc.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. W. Shaw gave a most enjoyable

BRIDGE PARTY.

The first prize being won by Mrs. Nichol, Mrs. Collins receiving second honours. Amongst those present were: Mrs. W. Shaw; Miss Wood, pale blue silk and cream lace blouse, black voile skirt; Mrs. McKellar, Mrs. Murray; Miss Hamerton, black and white; Miss McKellar, white silk blouse, inserted with lace, dark skirt; Mrs. Fookes (sunt.), Mrs. H. Fookes; Mrs. Nichol, blue; Miss Hempton; Mrs. H. Stocker, white frilled silk, lace berthe; Mrs. I. Bayly, Mrs. Paul, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Laing, Mrs. W. Newman, Mrs. Bundell, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Addenbrooke, Mrs. J. Wilson, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. F. Webster; Miss Curtis, yellow and black silk blouse, black voile skirt; Miss Pope, pale blue silk and cream lace blouse, dark skirt; etc.

NANCY LEE.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, August 16.


The Theatre Royal was well filled last night for Madame Carreno's first recital. The number of people who care for high-class music in our community is, of course, somewhat limited. Madame Carreno's name is known to all who are in touch with the larger world of music; but it is not familiar to the average colonial. If the people of Napier realised how great an artist was among them there would not have been a vacant seat in the theatre.

Amongst those present were: Mrs. Edgar, wearing a handsome black silk taffeta frock trimmed with velvet, pale blue scarf, blue in hair; Miss Hitchings, pretty white taffeta frock with touches of pin and blue; Mrs. Bernau, dainty white frock with crimson velvet on

bodice, grey cloth coat; Miss Rutledge, dainty cream silk and lace frock, blue in hair; Mrs. Absolom, blue silk dress, white coat trimmed with lace; Mrs. Hutchison, white silk blouse with black skirt; Mrs. F. Williams, black satin frock, handsome black satin coat trimmed with white chiffon; Mrs. Leahy, dainty white lace blouse, cuffs of blue velvet, black satin skirt; Mrs. Henley, black dress with becoming long white cloth coat trimmed with lace; Miss Kennedy, pretty black and white lace frock, red on bodice; Mrs. Ronald, blue chiffon frock with black satin coat; Miss Hoadley, black silk taffeta frock with touches of blue, violet Empire coat trimmed with white lace; Miss Nina Hoadley, white crepe de chine dress trimmed with lace, flowers in hair, blue scarf; Mrs. Coleman, black and white lace frock with pink roses; Miss Locking, white and yellow flounced taffeta frock with touches of yellow velvet, blue coat; Miss Carter, pretty pale blue flowered muslin frock, rose pink coat; Mrs. Lemmen, cream net frock edged with blue, white cloth coat; Miss Williams, blue striped taffeta frock with touches of pink, pink chiffon scarf; Mrs. Campbell, black satin frock with berthe of white lace; Miss Edwards, white silk dress trimmed with lace; Mrs. Stopford,

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salmon pink silk frock, pretty white lace fichu; Mrs Rochfort, white satin and lace frock with long white cloth coat; Miss Cooper, white silk frock, red coat trimmed with cream lace; Mrs Riddell, black frock trimmed with lace and black velvet; Miss Fanning, pale blue silk frock, blue scarf; Miss Dean, cream voile dress trimmed with lace; Miss M. Dean, rose pink silk blouse, cream cloth skirt; Miss Douglas, black satin dress trimmed with black velvet, blue velvet coat; Mrs Walker, black dress with white lace yoke, grey coat; Miss Chapman, pale pink silk frock; Mrs Tylee, pink silk blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Stuart, green flowered muslin frock, green belt; Miss Thompson, blue taffeta dress with touches of black velvet; Mrs Oakden, black silk dress.

MARJORY.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee,
August 15.
The Musgrove Grand Opera Company staged

"LOHENGGRIN" AND "FAUST"

at the Opera House last Wednesday and Thursday evenings. There were large and appreciative audiences both nights; the scenery was most effective, and the dresses worn strikingly gorgeous, and the beautiful music of both the operas was heard to full advantage. Amongst the toilettes worn I noticed Mrs. Empson, in a beautiful black silk gown with overskirt of sequin net and cream lace on her corsage, black brocade opera coat with wide cream lace forming berthe effect; Miss Empson, cream silk frock with folded chiffon on her corsage; Miss H. Acland (Mt. Peel), black silk gown with cream lace and shoulder scarf of Oriental shaded chiffon; Miss R. Acland (Mt. Peel), pretty pale grey chiffon taffeta with berthe of lace and full gauged elbow sleeves; Mrs. F. Lysaght (Hawera), black silk relieved with cream; Miss Moore, pale pink silk gown with sleeves of cream sprigged net and the same on her corsage, with motifs of cream lace and pink velvet ribbon tabs; Miss Maling, black chiffon taffeta gown with V-shaped tucker of cream chiffon and berthe of lace; Mrs. A. E. Kitchen, black chiffon taffeta gown with berthe of beautiful cream lace; Miss Willis, black silk gown with corsage of cream chiffon, having shoulder straps of black velvet ribbon, she wore a cream feather stole; her sister wore a becoming black chiffon taffeta gown with deep berthe of cream lace; Miss Barnicoat, pale blue crepe de chine frock with numerous frills on the skirt edged with cream Valenciennes lace, berthe of lace on her corsage; Mrs. Sarjeant, becoming old rose chiffon taffetas gown with true lovers' knots on the skirt of gauged silk, cream lace on her corsage embroidered with gold thread; Miss Stewart, black silk skirt, cream silk blouse with crimson rose in her coiffure; Mrs. James Watt, black silk gown with berthe of real lace; Mrs. Krull, black silk relieved with cream lace, black satin opera coat with wide cuffs, revers and collar of cream satin; Mrs. Gonville Saunders, cream silk gown with berthe of lace; Miss Inlay, handsome black silk gown with sleeves and yoke of cream chiffon; Mrs. Inlay Saunders, pretty pale blue

chiffon taffetas frock with chiffon the same shade on her corsage, full elbow sleeves edged with a kiting of silk; Mrs. J. Foster, black satin gown with deep cream lace on her corsage outlined with old rose silk ribbon; Mrs. W. Borlace, black silk gown with overskirt of sequin net; Mrs. H. Nixon, emerald green silk frock with square cut corsage, short puffed sleeves; Miss Nixon wore a cream Valenciennes lace frock with rows of narrow lace; Miss Roberts (Ashburton), rose pink satin frock with berthe of cream lace; Miss Cameron, black silk gown with cream lace collar; Mrs. G. Palmer, black and white silk gown; Mrs. Brookfield, black silk skirt, cream silk blouse with lace; Mrs. A. Nixon wore a becoming black chiffon taffeta gown with bolero of net and cream chiffon; Miss W. Anderson, cream silk frock with berthe of chiffon; Mrs. McNaughton Christie, cream silk gown, the corsage profusely trimmed with deep cream lace; Miss M. Grace (Wairarapa), pretty frock of the palest green chiffon taffeta with full elbow sleeves edged with kiting of silk, she wore a white feather stole; Mrs. H. Good, black chiffon taffeta gown with fichu of Brussels lace; Miss Moore (Wairarapa), dainty white muslin frock with numerous tiny frills edged with Valenciennes, berthe of muslin on her corsage bordered with narrow lace and large pink rose; Mrs. J. C. Greenwood, black silk gown with V-shaped yoke of cream net and lace; Mrs. Wilford, black velvet gown with west and revers of beautiful lace; Miss Wilford wore a cream chiffon taffeta, in her coiffure she wore a deep crimson rose, pale pastel blue cloth coat and white fur stole; Mrs. John Stevenson, cream chiffon over glaze silk, the overskirt had a wide band of hand-painted crimson roses and foliage and crossover effect corsage of painted chiffon edged with piping of crimson velvet, she wore a beautiful cream silk opera coat profusely trimmed with cream lace; Miss Ida Stevenson, white crepe de chine frock with lace.

Amongst

THE AUDIENCE AT "FAUST"

I noticed: Mrs. A. Lewis, in a handsome black chiffon taffetas gown, with lace on her corsage; Miss Stanford, pale pink silk frock, with berthe of cream lace; Miss Olive Stanford, cream voile gown, with berthe of lace, and narrow tucker, threaded with pale blue ribbon; Mrs. P. Lewis wore a beautiful pale blue silk gown, the corsage being elaborately trimmed with lace; Mrs. H. Wilson, cream chiffon taffetas, with lace, cream cloth opera coat, with wide silk military braid, and tiny edging of shaded green embroidery; Miss Wilford wore a becoming cream silk gown and pastel blue opera cloak; Mrs. Mowatt (Hunferville), black silk evening toilette, with berthe of cream lace, long, pale grey cloth opera cloak, with capes and storm collar edged with fur; Mrs. Barthorpe (Hunferville), black chiffon taffetas gown, with chiffon and lace on her corsage, she wore a shawl of cream chiffon; Miss Ward (Hunferville), heliotrope muslin gown, with crossover bodice of heliotrope floral silk; Mrs. H. Sarjeant, pastel blue velvet gown, with beautiful Brussels lace berthe, and full elbow sleeves of velvet, with frill of narrow Valenciennes lace and net; Mrs. Fairburn, black silk and net gown, with fichu of black net, edged with lace; Mrs. Pratt, black chiffon taffetas, with corsage veiled in em-

broidered net; Mrs. Inlay Saunders, cream velvet gown, relieved with frills of pale maize silk, forming a fichu on her corsage; Mrs. Gifford-Marshall, cream brocade gown, with deep berthe of cream lace; Miss McNeill wore a black evening gown, with fichu of lace, and dark crimson cloth opera cloak; Miss C. McNeill, cream silk and net gown, with berthe of cream net in her coiffure, she wore a spray of shaded Neapolitan violets; Mrs. Reaney, cream gown and blue cloth opera coat, with cream lace; Mrs. Shaw (Australia), black silk, with cream lace; Mrs. Empson, black silk gown, with overskirt of black sequin net, and cream lace on her corsage; Miss Empson, cream silk frock, with folded chiffon on her corsage; Miss Moore, pale pink floral muslin frock, with lace on her corsage, and swathed belt of soft green silk; Miss Acland (Christchurch), black chiffon taffetas, with berthe of lace; Miss Fleetwood, cream silk and net gown; Mrs. H. Nixon, black silk, with square cut corsage, black silk opera coat, with revers of cream satin; Miss Roberts (Ashburton), cream silk gown, with net on her corsage, in her coiffure she wore a wreath of tiny cream roses; Miss Nixon, cream silk, with overskirt composed of narrow frills of Valenciennes lace; Mrs. Hatrick wore a beautiful black silk gown, with fine cream net and lace on her corsage; Mrs. Haavey (Waverley), pale grey silk, with berthe of killed grey chiffon, and elbow sleeves edged with the same.

There was a very large and appreciative audience at the Opera House on Monday evening to hear

MADAME CARRENO.

Her playing was, indeed, a revelation to many. Amongst the audience I noticed: Mesdames Dodgahan, Bundred, Izard, James Watt, A. E. Kitchen, Ashcroft, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. G. Currie, Miss Fraser, the pupils of the Girls' College, Misses Willis (2), Cameron, Moore, Acland (Christchurch), Pratt, O'Brien, Gore, Martin, Richmond, Mrs. and Miss Marshall, Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Levin, Mrs. D'Arcy, Mrs. Greenwood, Mrs. Hughes-Johnston, Mrs. Leonard, Messrs. Palmer (2), Wray, Cohen, Butler, Currie, and others.

HUIA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee,
August 16.

The bridge club played for the last time at Mrs E. J. Armstrong's on last Thursday evening. Mrs. Bell was the winner of the ladies' first prize, a silver trinket box. Miss Moeller came second, and received a silver and cut glass trinket box. Mrs. Kennell third, and was presented with a silver-mounted smelling salts. Mrs. McKnight, as the booby, was consoled with a pretty silver-mounted toilet bottle. Of the men, Mr. Armstrong had a lead of over 500 points right up to the last evening, and then disaster overtook him. Mr. Kennell with a big win on that night was 30 points to the good, and so won the first prize, a silver-mounted clothes brush. Mr. Armstrong, as second, was presented with an oak and silver photo. frame. Mr. Spencer, the booby, received a pretty shaving ball. Those playing were Mr and Mrs McKnight, Mr and Mrs Renell, Mr and Mrs Watson, Mr. and Miss Bell, Mrs

H. Waldegrave, Miss Randolph, Mrs and Miss Nannestad, Mr. Spencer, Mr E. Bell, Mr Reed, and Dr. Pope. Mrs Armstrong was wearing a black silk and lace toilette; Miss Armstrong, a blue skirt and dainty white silk and lace blouse; Miss Barclay (Gisborne), black skirt, white muslin blouse much trimmed with white Valenciennes lace insertion; Mrs H. Waldegrave, black silk made with cross-over bodice, V-shaped vest of cream lace; Mrs. Bell, black muslin, the bodice trimmed with bands of black sequined insertion; Miss Randolph, blue silk and cream lace; Miss Nannestad, pink silk skirt, cream silk and lace blouse; Mrs. McKnight, black voile skirt, black glaze blouse with frills of black accordion-pleated chiffon and V-shaped vest of cream lace; Mrs Renell, black skirt, cream silk and lace blouse.

CARRENO.

On the same evening Madame Carreno gave a recital at the Opera House. Those present were enraptured with her playing, and there is no diversity of opinion when comparing impressions made by her wonderful skill. Madame Carreno wore a lovely pale green brocade toilette, with a cluster of pink roses on corsage. The audience included Dr. and Mrs Stowe, Mr and Mrs Loughnan, Mrs (Dr.) Greig, Dr. and the Misses O'Brien, Mr and Mrs Davis, Miss Abraham, Mr and Mrs Gutter, Mrs Cohen, Mrs Milton, the Misses Frances and Tixie Waldegrave, Miss Porter, Mrs J. Straug, Mrs W. Straug and visitors, Mrs H. S. Fitzherbert, Mrs and Miss Monro, Mr and Mrs A. D. Thompson, Miss Wilson, Mr and Mrs J. A. Merrett, Miss Fraser, Mrs Connell, Mrs Graham, Mr and Mrs E. E. Watson, Miss Hayward, Miss Bell, Dr. Wilson, Col. Gordon, Mr and Mrs Barraud, Miss Park, Miss Dorothy Park, Mrs J. H. Hankins, Mr F. Hankins, Mrs D. B. Harris, Miss Watson, etc.

Mrs. R. S. Abraham, Fitzherbert, gava

A CHILDREN'S PARTY

on last Friday to celebrate the birthday of her little daughter, Dorothy. The novelty of driving in cabs at night out into the country was a delight to many of the children. The Misses Betty Abraham, Maud and Molly Warburton, Phyllis Harden, Ngaire Colbeck, Letty and Barbara Loughnan, Noeline Keeling, Cippie Cargill were a few of those present.

THE PROGRESSIVE GAMES' PARTY

given by Mrs. Praeger, Fitzherbert-street, on Tuesday last was most successful. Mrs. Renell won the ladies' first prize, a silver photo frame, and Miss Barclay (Gisborne) the booby prize, a silver-mounted hatpin holder. Of the men Mr. Russell won the most games, and was presented with a silver-backed clothes' brush. After the presentation of the prizes several musical items were given. Mrs. Renell, Miss Nannestad, Miss Hayward, Mr. Hockley, and others contributing items. As usual, Mr. Russell's comic recitations delighted his listeners. The supper table decorations were particularly pretty—pink ribbon was attached to the gasolier and extended to the four corners of the table, finishing with a true lovers' knot. Pink japonica and white carnations were used for the floral ornamentations. The guests included: Mr. and Mrs. Moeller, Mr. and Mrs. Renell, Miss Porter, Miss Hertsell, the

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VIOLET.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, August 16.

This week I have again got a mixed budget for you, but nothing very exciting has occurred. There is no doubt that the session, from a society point of view, is getting flatter every year, and there is a marked absence of big balls. Not so long ago two or three well-known hostesses would each give a series of dances during the winter months, now they are content with one, if that. Let us hope things will mend.

ONE OF THE JOLLIEST DANCES OF AN OTHERWISE DULL SESSION

was that given by Lady Stout on Friday. Only young people were invited, and everything went off with the greatest spirit and success. Lady Stout herself is a charming hostess, and she was ably seconded by her son and her little daughter. The drawing and dining-rooms were thrown into one, the music and the floor were alike excellent. Cozy places for sitting out were provided in the hall and on the stairs, the decorations being mainly mimosa, jonquils and violets.

Lady Stout wore a lovely dress of sea blue chiffon taffeta with epaulettes of lace and draperies of the same on the corsage. Her little daughter was all in white with a lace yoke; Miss Ewen, black chiffon glaze with lace berthe; Mrs. McLean, blue crepe de chine with sequins and lace; Miss Higginson, white ninon de soie with appliqued motifs of eau de nil chiffon and Empire belt of the same; Miss Ewen, white chiffon taffeta with lace epaulettes; Miss G. Ewen, pastel crystalline; Miss Simpson, black ninon de soie, fichu-drapery of ficelle lace, with a posy of pink roses; Miss Simpson, white crystalline and lace; Miss Fell, sea blue crepe de chine with kilted frills of lace; Miss Hart, grey taffeta, with touches of rose-coloured velvet; another pretty grey dress was worn by Miss Percy; Miss Watson, white chiffon and lace; Miss Ward, pink and white chine; Miss Nelson, sky blue satin, with vest of lace frills and deep belt; Miss Mackenzie, pastel chiffon taffeta and Empire belt; Miss Bourke (Napier), ivory satin, lace berthe and trails of violets; Miss Harcourt, pastel chiffon taffeta with epaulettes of lace; Miss MacTavish, rose pink ninon de soie, hemmed with taffeta and frilled with lace; Miss Brandon, ivory radium silk with deep belt of sea blue ribbon and long ends; Miss Fulton, white chiffon with lace frills; Miss Stuart, white chiffon taffeta with lace epaulettes.

Great interest was taken in the

AUCTION SALE

of Japanese things, and for days beforehand the rooms were crowded with people viewing the beautiful embroideries, silver ware and Satsuma vases. As is so often the case, the really good things went cheap, their value being unrecognized, so fortunate people "in the know" are now rejoicing in the possession of treasures.

A VERY PLEASANT TEA

was given on Wednesday by Mrs. Wilford at her "house" in Tinakori-road. Spring flowers decorated the drawing-

room, and the tea-table was done with white narcissus and bowls of violets. There were many novelties in the way of cakes.

Mrs. Wilford wore a dress of sky blue crepe de chine with revers of lace and emroideries of palest pink; Miss McLean (Dunedin), Indian red cloth strapped with velvet, hat of the same shade, with roses; Miss B. MacLean, dull blue cloth with motifs of moss green velvet, hat with violets; Miss Holmes (Dunedin), bisout cloth faced with laurel green velvet, cream picture hat; Mrs. Leckie, black taffetas with lace vest; Mrs. J. Leckie, pale green taffetas with facings of myrtle green velvet, lace vest, and white picture hat with shaded plumes; Mrs. Firth, grey tailormade, white furs, and black picture hat; Mrs. Field, grey tailormade and black toque; Mrs. Leslie Reynolds, black chiffon taffetas faced with white, black picture hat; Mrs. Gore, black eolienne, black and white toque; Miss Gore, violet cloth Eton costume, net and lace blouse, violet hat; Mrs. Ewen, green tailormade with chine facings, green toque; Mrs. Watson, brown dress and seal coat; Miss Watson, brown tailormade, brown hat with grasses; Mrs. Tanner, black and white coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Rankine Brown, grey tailormade and black hat; Miss Nathan, white cloth Eton costume and raspberry red hat; Miss Z. Nathan, white dress and hat with roses; Miss Rawson, grey tailormade and hat with flowers; Mrs. Ward, navy coat and skirt, black hat with tips; Mrs. Miles, black tailormade with white facings, hat with roses; Mrs. Kennedy, navy tailormade and black hat; Miss Harding, wine coloured cloth and hat with roses; Miss H. Harding, green tweed and dark green hat; Miss Skerrett, brown dress and long fur coat; Mrs. H. Bethune, brown tailormade, dark brown hat; Mrs. Ross, brown coat and skirt, hat with flowers; Miss Medley, blue tailormade with plaid revers; Mrs. Fulton, brown coat and skirt, brown hat with foliage; Mrs. A. H. Monro, beaver-brown cloth with revers of velvet of the same shade, pale blue picture hat with tips; Mrs. A. Smith, grey tweed tailormade and black hat with wings.

Between 30 and 40 people were at the PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE PARTY

given by Miss Nelson (Portland Crescent) in honour of her guest, Miss Marie Nelson (England). There was keen competition for the prizes, Miss Ward receiving that for the ladies (a Liberty frame), and Mr. Weston carrying off the men's, a set of gold studs. Consolation gifts were awarded to Miss Stuart and Mr. Weston. Freesias and violets in silver vases were placed about the drawing-room, while bowls of anemones and mimosa made gay spots of colour here and there. Mrs. Nelson wore black crepe de chine, embroidered in jet and sequins. Miss Ida Nelson had a becoming dress of black chiffon velours, with a trail of pink roses; Miss Marie Nelson was picturesque in ivory crepe de chine, made in the classic style, and bands of gold in her fair hair, which was done in a Grecian knot. Among the guests were: Miss Eileen Ward, wearing white louisine, with a very full overdress of white chiffon, finished with mechin lace; Miss Miles, white chiffon glaze, with lace epaulettes; Miss Waldegrave (Palmerston), ivory ninon de soie, finished with lace; Miss Ewen, opal taffetas, with motifs of handsome guipure; Miss Rawson, pastel chiffon taffetas, with knitted frills of lace; Miss Nathan, palest blue glaze, with a design of roses in their natural tints; Miss Simpson, opal crystalline, frilled with lace; Miss Beauchamp, orient satin, with effective touches of lace; Miss Somerville, pretty crepe de chine dress, with lace berthe.

MRS. MALCOLM ROSS' LITTLE TEA

was in honour of Mrs. Leacock, who, with her husband, Professor Leacock, is here for a short stay before going back to Canada. Mrs. Ross wore black crepe de chine, with a pretty blouse of lace and esprit net; Mrs. Leacock, pale blue cloth Eton costume, with touches of velvet, black picture hat, with plumes and a single large pink rose. Mrs. Findlay, dark blue tailor-made, vine-rose toque, with flowers; Mrs. Kennedy, grey coat and skirt, and black toque; Mrs. Sturt, ivory cloth, and big hat, with sweeping cigarettes, cluster of roses; Mrs. Stafford, black tailor-made, with white revers, black hat, with tips; Mrs. Nelson, dark blue coat and skirt, hat with roses; Mrs. Buley (Dunedin), pervenche blue taffetas, and white hat; Mrs. Ewen, dark green tailor-

made; Mrs. Warburton, navy cloth, and green hat.

I hear the

BALL GIVEN BY THE STAFF OF THE WELLINGTON CITY COUNCIL.

was an extremely successful one, and immense pains were taken to make it so. The Mayor and Councilors were there, and the ball itself was arranged to make a delightful picture of red and white. Mrs. Morton was wearing ivory satin, with pale blue bretelles, edged with lace; Mrs. Izard, black crepe de chine, with black lace motifs; Mrs. Fisher, black chiffon taffetas, with sequins and ecru lace, spray of crimson roses; Mrs. Heath, ivory satin, veiled in lace; Mrs. Ormiston-Chant (England), a lovely Empire dress of white glaze, veiled in ninon de soie, the bodice lightly embroidered; Mrs. O'Shea, ivory satin, and Maltese lace; Mrs. O'Brien, pale blue satin and roses.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, August 14.

AN AFTERNOON TEA

was given on Wednesday by Mrs. Elworthy at Inglewood, Papanui-road, in honour of her guest, Mrs. W. N. Bond. Mrs. Elworthy wore a handsome dress of black taffeta, with broad bands of black velvet; Miss Elworthy, a black gown with beautiful cream lace and embroidery; Mrs. Bond, a white and heliotrope voile. Among the guests were: Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. and Miss Williams, Mrs. and Miss Boyle, Mrs. W. Wood, Miss Wood, the Misses Hill, Miss N. Reeves, Mrs. Randall, the Misses Burns, Mrs. E. V. Palmer, Miss Gerard, Mrs. Murray-Aynsley, Mrs. Wilding, the Misses Cotterill, Mrs. Vernon, Lady Clifford, Mrs. and Miss Inman, Miss Neave, the Misses Burns and Harley. Some good music was given at intervals during the afternoon.

A SMALL BRIDGE PARTY

was given on Tuesday evening by Mrs. Connell. The guests were: Mrs. Michael Campbell, Miss Campbell, Miss Fairbairn, Mr. Fryer, the Misses Nedwill, Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Keblethorne, Miss Martini, and Mr. Youngusband.

At

A SMALL AFTERNOON TEA

given by Miss L. Murray-Aynsley, amongst those present were: Mrs. E. V. Palmer (Gisborne), Miss Tabart, Mrs. Murray-Aynsley, Miss Gerard, and the Misses Reeves.

MISS M. STODDART'S EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR

at the Art Gallery attracted a large number of visitors during the week. The principal subjects were lovely bits of Italian and Devonshire scenery. There was also a few flower studies. They were all greatly admired, and a large number were marked "sold."

GOLF.

The bogey match for the prize presented by Miss Cowlshaw was played on Friday, when Miss Wilson, Miss Kettle, Miss Rutherford, and Miss Carter's scores were equal, so these four will now have to play off.

The eclectic matches for prizes given by Mrs. Henry Wood were won by Mrs. Pyne and Mrs. Wigum, in the first grades, and Miss D. Anderson in the second. Mrs. Wood was the hostess of the day at afternoon tea, and the whole affair was most successful.

The consolation match has now to be played off between Mrs. Cowlshaw, Mrs. Borthwick, Miss Kettle, and Miss Cowlshaw.

THE GRAND NATIONAL RACE MEETING.

at Riccarton attracted a large gathering on Tuesday, the opening day. The weather was fine, but very cold and dull, consequently most of the ladies wore their winter costumes, with furs and long warm race coats, instead of light spring toilettes, what we usually see at this meeting. Numbers of pretty spring hats in all the new shades and colouring were, however, worn.

DOLLY VALE.

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THE HOME "FIRST AID."

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER FIND ZAM-BUK BALM INVALUABLE FOR CUTS, BRUISES, ETC.

Every housewife should see that she always has a pot of Zam-Buk balm and a bandage on a handy shelf ready for immediate use. Accidents are always happening, especially among children, but a prompt dressing of Zam-Buk Balm will take out all pain, and heal up all wounds painlessly and promptly.

Mrs. C. Hedges, Cash Store, Ravenswood, Queensland, says:—"I have used your Zam-Buk Balm on my little daughter for cuts and bruises, and it gives me pleasure to testify to its invaluable healing qualities. The effect of the first application was very soothing, and, continuing to apply it, the child's wounds were speedily cured. I have also tested its powers on myself for a deep wound in the foot, caused by a nail, which obstinately refused to heal, but Zam-Buk effected a thorough cure. I have recommended Zam-Buk Balm to my friends, and its success has been equally pronounced."

Pin your faith to Zam-Buk, the natural healing balm, and keep a pot handy for the accidents that will happen. Zam-Buk quickly cures Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Blisters, Ulcers, Barber's Rash, Bad Legs, Sore Backs, Poisoned Wounds, Piles, Eruptions, Etc. Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 or 3/8, special family size (containing nearly four times the 1/6), or from the Zam-Buk Co., 39 Pitt-street, Sydney, at same price.

OVER THE TEACUPS BOUDOIR GOSSIP FOR LADY READERS

Brief Talks About Health Matters.

FALLACIES ABOUT DRUGS.

DAINGEROUS PRACTICES.

DAINGEROUS PRACTICES CON- DEMNED.

There is perhaps no more foolish or pernicious custom than that of drugging oneself with medicines of which we do not know the exact mode of action. This habit has been fostered of late years by the equally reprehensible practice of ladies' papers and the general Press supplying prescriptions for this, that, or the other ailment on request. Needless to say, such prescriptions are often quite unsuitable to the applicant's requirements as the journalist who undertakes this responsible task has never seen the person for whom he is prescribing.

For this reason, if for no other, we never in any of our papers give actual prescriptions or mention any but the most simple and homely remedies. Doubtless some of our readers would like to assume the place of their family physician, and with an air of grave superiority dictate to those whom we have never once seen what drugs they ought to swallow for any particular disease should it happen to attack them. We would remind such persons that the treatment of disease cannot be conducted on such haphazard principles. No medical attendant must first see and examine his patient, and then select the remedy best suited to that particular case. Many people fondly imagine that each disease has a particular remedy assigned to it, and that all the doctor has to do is to recognise the disease and then prescribe the corresponding remedy. The physician has much more to do than this, for he must select out of a dozen or more remedies the one best suited to the patient's particular condition, and not only so, but he must see that the patient gets the remedy in a sufficient amount and in proper combination, otherwise it may do harm.

The ideas some people have regarding drugs and their uses are simply astounding. These notions have been perpetuated for generations, so that at the present time they are deeply rooted in the minds of the laity as they never were before. There are many drugs which the man in the street makes use of only to his ultimate hurt, and yet this practice of self-drugging goes on apace.

We trust in this short paper to be able to point out one or two drugs in particular which are greatly abused by the public at the present day in the hope that some good may result, and that those of our readers who have fallen into this bad habit will be induced to break it off once and for ever.

CHEMICAL "FOOD."

We heard of a doctor the other day who asked a woman what her child was having in the way of food, and she replied, "Porridge, milk, eggs, and chemical food!" We wonder how many of our readers imagine that the red stuff called by this name is really a food. It is not a food, but a medicine in the truest sense. It is astonishing to find how often children are given this medicine under the impression that it is an excellent tonic. So it may be in certain cases, but it is by no means suited to every child who is run down in health.

While on the subject of tonics we may refer to the abuse of that old-fashioned remedy called Easton's Syrup. This is likewise often taken without counting the costs. It should never under any circumstances be taken save under medical advice. It contains one of the most powerful poisons known, and has now to be labelled "poison" in compliance

with the Act regulating the sale of poisons. This mere labeling is, however, of little real value so long as the public are not aware of the fact that this syrup is essentially a dangerous substance.

If any reader cares to take the risk, by all means let him go on consuming such remedies, but we are bound to warn him of the consequences which may ensue.

COD LIVER OIL EMULSION.

One of the most curious delusions under which the public rest at present is to imagine that there is only one cod liver oil emulsion. Unfortunately there are many, and some are comparatively valueless. Our readers would be well advised to consult their chemist before purchasing as to which, in his opinion, is the most reliable. We always advise pure cod liver oil, but if this cannot be taken on account of its taste, then nothing can surpass malt and cod liver oil.

DAINGEROUS PRACTICES.

Many people fall into the habit of taking opium in the form of laudanum. The latter is a very dangerous drug, and ought never to be kept in the house, "just for emergencies," as it is very apt to be taken when quite unnecessary.

Then, again, chloroform is a drug which is often taken to relieve pain or cure diarrhoea. Now, this drug contains both chloroform and morphia, and is accordingly an extremely dangerous liquid.

We almost tremble when we think of the risks run by the indiscriminate use of laudanum and chloroform by ignorant men and women who think they are clever in being able to treat themselves when ill.

The same remark applies to such drugs as bromide, sulphonal, and the like, which are often used as remedies against sleeplessness. No one can predict the evil effects of such powders when taken save on the prescription of a medical man who has actually examined the patient. It is considered clever on the part of Mrs. Smith that she is able to tell her neighbour to give her child a bromide powder because it is having fits, but Mrs. Smith will not be responsible, of course, if the child suffers in consequence. Again, Mr. Jones is considered as a knowing fellow because he suggests sulphonal as a remedy to his friend who complains to him that he can never sleep at night; but this same gentleman will look very foolish indeed if his friend has to send for his doctor because the sulphonal which he has taken on his advice has led to the development of serious symptoms.

ABUSE OF PURGATIVES.

We frequently find persons who complain of chronic constipation, and who are constantly swallowing castor oil or cascara. This is a stupid practice which we only mention to condemn in the strongest possible terms. This use, or rather abuse of such drugs only favours constipation. Constipation, in fact, is best treated not by drugs at all, but by regular habits and a properly selected dietary. Hundreds of people simply keep their constipation going by taking drugs under the belief that they are doing all they can to cure it.

If drugs must be taken, let the one selected be pure water taken before breakfast, and again before retiring for the night. This cannot possibly do any harm, and not infrequently produces excellent results.

PASSING ON PRESCRIPTIONS.

Who has not met the man or woman who is always ready to give you their

own doctor's prescription when you are ill? This is mistaken kindness.

Pause for a moment to reflect what this silly custom means. It signifies that the prescription carefully prepared or Mr. X. by his doctor is handed over to Mr. Y. because the latter happens to complain of somewhat similar symptoms. As a concrete example, take, say, a cough mixture. The cough in the one case may be due to heart disease, in the other it may result from some throat affection. If the mixture which was used in the first case is given to the man with the throat ailment it will certainly cause alarming symptoms in the latter. And yet this habit of passing on prescriptions is pursued every day.

QUACK REMEDIES.

Just a few words on quack remedies. It goes without saying that gallons of quack fluids and tons of quack pills are swallowed by the public in this country every year. And little wonder when one reads the glowing advertisements of these fraudulent products. It is a very easy matter, however, to make statements about anything in print. It is quite another matter to prove the truth of these assertions; and yet men and women are found who take everything for granted and spend their money on that which satisfieth not.

To put it mildly we may say that quack remedies always cost a hundred per cent more than their real value. All these grand advertisements have to be paid for, and the poor deluded sufferer is made to contribute to the cost of his publication.

We have, of course, only touched the fringe of this great and important subject, but perhaps enough has been said for the present to awaken in the minds of our readers a sense of their great responsibility in using drugs on their own initiative and advising their friends and neighbours to do the same. Then, again, we sincerely hope that none of our readers will, after perusing this article, be so foolish as to buy quack mixtures, pills, or ointments.

"When really ill, consult your doctor," is sound advice which no one who has any respect for his health and well-being can afford to neglect. A half-crown given to a medical man will be a more profitable investment by far than twice the amount spent in the purchase of some high standing but utterly worthless advertised panacea.



Have Women a Sense of Humour?

(By Lyndon Orr.)

THE "GENTLER SEX" HAS MORE MALICE THAN MELLOWNESS. MORE WIT THAN HUMOUR—THERE ARE, HOWEVER, MANY STRIKING EXAMPLES OF HUMOUR AS EXPRESSED BY WOMEN WRITERS.

Once upon a time a mis-guided man remarked to a group of feminine listeners that women had no sense of humour, whereupon one of them immediately retorted: "Of course, women have no sense of humour. If they had, they couldn't take men seriously."

There is a good deal that is instructive in this incident. If a woman had declared to a masculine audience that men have no sense of humour, it is not likely that any of them would have made so clever a reply. In fact, they would probably have said nothing whatsoever. Most of them would have taken it merely as a personal opinion; and the rest of them would have chuckled quietly over so sweeping an assertion. The swift retort which the woman made showed that

at least she had abundant wit. The silent enjoyment of the men would have shown that they did in reality possess a sense of humour, and it would have been quite as effective an answer, in its way, as the tart epigram which the woman uttered.

One reason why men think that women have no sense of humour is, indeed, found in the very fact that women usually become angry when you tell them that they cannot take a humorous view of things. Some years ago this question was raised in newspaper discussion, and all the women who took part in it were obviously indignant. They said and printed many caustic comments; but they took the thing so hard and their sayings were so slumpt as to prove that the ladies themselves were quite out of temper. Miss Kate Sanborn, whose story "Adopting an Abandoned Farm" is often very humorous, defended her sex against the charge with abundant irony and sarcasm. Her thrusts were keen and her epigrams were witty. But the nature of her defense and her counter-attack upon men made it plain enough that even her own undoubted humour had very decided limitation. Instead of poking fun at the men who accused women of a lack of humour, she berated them. Her weapon was not the laugh, but the deadly lance; and she preferred malice to mellowness.

In a general way, therefore, it is not unjust to say of women, as a sex, that the quality of wit is theirs in great abundance; whereas the quality of humour, though it be not lacking, is less often seen in women than in men, and is far less sure. And this is natural enough when we consider what wit is and what is the nature of pure humour.

Wit is swift and sharp. It leaps forth suddenly like the rapier of a ready duelist. It glitters a moment and then sends its thrust straight home. It depends upon surprise; its essence is ingenuity; its appeal is wholly to the mind.

Humour, on the other hand, in its higher form is almost a sixth sense, and is therefore very hard to analyse. It consists wholly in a peculiar point of view, and it makes its way into the mind far more slowly than wit. One enjoys it deliberately as though he were pleasurably savoring some ripe and sunny vintage, some rare old wine which must be sipped with deliberation so that not an atom of its fine bouquet shall be lost.

A certain slowness of comprehension often goes with humour, and even brightens its effect. At a brilliant flash of wit, one cries out in admiration. At a mellow piece of humour, one smiles a gradually broadening smile, which ends perhaps in a hearty laugh. Wit must be condensed; humour may be diffused over many sentences and even many pages. Of it there are numerous varieties, from the quiet, genial humour of Addison or the quaint fancy of Lamb to the broad fun which is best exemplified in Dickens.

WOMAN AS A WIT.

Remembering this, we can readily understand why women should have more wit than humour. They are more sensitive than men. Their minds are number. Their thoughts flash instantly to an intuitive conclusion. Hence wit is far more natural to them, and they have hardly the intellectual patience to create or to enjoy the less obvious and more deliberate moods of humour. When we contrast women with men in this respect, it will be contrasting the French as a people with the English. The former have always been famous for their wit and the latter for their humour. The French mind is lucid, mercurial, alert, and open to instantaneous impressions. The English mind is less

agile, more given to ruminating, and therefore less receptive of what is new and striking. So there is no wit in the world to be compared with that of La Rochefoucauld, of Scarron, and of Voltaire; while there is no humour in any literature which quite equals that of the English writers whom I have already mentioned, and that of Steel and Fielding, of Goldsmith and of Holmes.

What is usually spoken of as "American humour" is very often not humorous at all, but is essentially marked by wit. The writings of Mark Twain afford abundant instances of both wit and humour, even though they are usually classified as belonging wholly to the second category. When he joins the dignified to the ludicrous in order to excite our mirth, when he startles us by some unexpected turn of phrase or thought, then he is simply witty. On the other hand his drolleries, conceived with an air of perfect gravity and put forth as though with a sincere simplicity—these are really humour, as when, in "The Innocents Abroad," he describes his experiences in a Turkish bath or tells of how he wept at the grave of Adam. The same thing is true of Lowell, whose "Biglow Papers" are at times irreverently witty and at other times replete with the richest humour.

But though the French as a people are more witty than humorous, and though the English as a people are more humorous than witty, it would be a very sweeping statement if one were to assert that the French possess no sense of humour. The innumerable comic scenes in Moliere's plays and the fact that his countrymen enjoyed them with an intense delight would prove the contrary, not to mention the abounding fun in Daudet's tales of the immortal Tartarin and his Algerian adventures, his faithful camel and his Falstaffian stories of his prowess as a hunter.

HUMOUR AND WOMEN WRITERS.

Precisely in the same way would it be absurd to hold that women have no sense of humour. The pages of literature—and of very great literature at

that—are enough to vindicate them from the charge of being merely witty. There are touches of humour to be found in all the novels of Jane Austen—in the love affairs of "Catherine Morland" and the flirtations of "Isabella Thorp." In "Mrs Poyser," George Eliot has given to the world a richly humorous type, witty, worthy to be set beside some of the most comic of the characters that Dickens drew. And so in her "Middlemarch" there is not only observation but real humour embodied in the sketch of "Mr Brooke"—that inconsequential, superficial, self-satisfied squire, "who used to know a good deal about this sort of thing some time ago," though at any given moment his knowledge about anything whatever is wholly scrambling and uncertain.

Again, the most amusing kind of humour is to be found in some of the chapters written by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Whatever one may think of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a polemical novel, there are scenes and incidents described in it which will make anyone laugh with unrestrained enjoyment. Topsy—that impossible little picaninny, mischievous, exasperating, and yet with a human heart—is droll to a degree; and scarcely less so is the primly conscientious Miss Ophelia, who undertakes to train and civilise this little waif of Africa. In quite another vein, yet with scarcely less effect, has Mrs Stowe uncovered a golden vein of fun in the theological portions of "The Minister's Wooing."

If we were to cite contemporaneous examples, the list of women writers who have shown the gift of humour might be lengthened out indefinitely; but the name of Mary Wilkins may serve alone as an admirable and convincing proof of what can be achieved by women in this field. Her New England characters—her prim old maids, her village boys and girls, her "hired men," her pedlars, and her grocers—are drawn in such a way that all their humorous possibilities are seen. And in drawing them she has shown a mastery of the supreme and finest type, in that the fun is often mingled and inseparably blended with that pathos which is never entirely re-

moté from the creations of the greatest humorists: since humour itself springs from an inner sympathy which lies very near the source of tears.

Clothes Made of Paper.

The day is not far distant when it may be the fashion to wear clothes made of paper. At first we shall be incredulous and sceptical, but with extended knowledge there will come enlarged faith, and in selecting our new summer suitings the preference will probably be for the very latest "paper cloth" patterns.

The new cloth is named by its Saxon inventor "xylofin." It is a paper yarn that has been successfully used in a wide range of textile fabrics.

The utilisation of paper wood fibre in this new and practical way, and the extreme cheapness of the new material compared with other yarns now in use is really a remarkable achievement.

It should be understood that xylofin is a wood fibre spun into a paper thread or yarn, and may be woven into any desired fabric. It is primarily a thread or yarn, and is employed exclusively in weaving.

The thread is not brittle, it does not have a hard surface, and it neither shrinks nor stretches to any appreciable extent. Having certain resilient qualities, it cannot be readily crushed or dented like paper, and on its moisture has practically no effect. It is a serviceable substitute for cotton, jute, linen, and even silk. When bleached the yarn is of a snowy whiteness, and at first glance cannot be distinguished from cotton. It can be woven to appear as homespun linen.

Being paper, it can be more readily dyed in delicate shades, far outmatching the range of colours to which cotton or silks are susceptible, and vastly more than those of linens.

Among the various fabrics in which the greatest amount of work has thus far been accomplished is the making of rugs and carpets, and at the factories

of the inventor paper floor coverings are woven in great quantities.

In Saxony the yarn of heavier quality, woven into beautiful designs, is found to possess advantages over certain classes of floor coverings.

Some idea of its adaptability for towels may be gathered from the fact that last year alone 7,000,000 pieces were made and sold, and it is likely that not one purchaser in a hundred but thought he was buying linen towelling at bargain prices.

Grumbling Children.

We cannot expect our children to be cheerful and gay if we constantly set them the example of grumbling. I am sure we have all noticed that some children gradually take this tone from their mother, until the habit, with or without cause, is firmly established. They see discontent printed on the face which ought always to be pleasant, and the same lines form themselves on their own little faces, almost unconsciously.

I overheard a child say to her nurse, one day, recently, "Don't you find it (presumably some duty) a bother? Mother says everything is a bother!" Now, that child would never have thought of such a thing if the idea had not been suggested to her by her unwise parent. Have you never passed a group of gossiping women, and noticed the expression on the faces of the little ones who are standing by, listening to the remarks, complaints, and detailed anecdotes, etc., of first on woman and then another? Small wonder is it that the little girls grow up into loud-voiced scolds. Even in their play their tones lose their childish cadence, and are transformed by mimic anger into harsh unlovely sounds. As there is a time for everything, so there are occasions when it is necessary for you to show displeasure at something which has occurred to annoy you. But having once spoken out plainly about it, say no more, especially in the presence of the children, who are born mimics, and are quick to take their tone from yours.

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BEDROOM SUITE, in Solid Rimu and Puriri. Handsome Wardrobe with best British Bevelled Plate Mirror (48x18). Dressing Table with same quality Mirror (28 x 20). Washstand with Marble Top and Majolica Tiles. The whole mounted with Brass, Nickel, or Copper Furnishings. The above is one of our Special Designs, which, with many others, may be viewed in our spacious Furniture and Carpet Showrooms. Extensive and choice variety in Dining and Drawing Room Furniture. We are specialists in Easy Chairs. All goods marked in plain figures. Estimates and suggestions for any scheme cheerfully given.

SMITH & CAUGHEY, LTD.

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, Etc.

Becoming Coiffures.

HOW DAINTY WOMEN ARE DRESSING THE HAIR.

Farewell to the much marcelled coiffure! After a long and flourishing reign the familiar curling tong waved style of hairdressing has joined the ranks of the passe. The head with its nicely and evenly "bent" locks arranged in a series of concentric circles is no longer considered fashionable. On the contrary, it is looked on as quite out of date and belongs to the era of the exaggerated straight front and the trailing street skirt.

Hair that has a slight natural wave around the face is perfectly suited to the newest coiffure. It should be arranged in a full pompadour, and if it must be waved by artificial means the best way is to dampen it slightly with a good tonic, give it two or three passes with the comb and pin the hair down carefully in these waves until it has dried. In almost every instance the pompadour will comb out in a soft, fluffy effect, with just the suggestion of a ripple or two around the head.

This fringe of hair, which is usually about six or eight inches long, is fastened on a cord, and this cord constitutes the only foundation for the pinning after the hair has been divided on the head in three sections from the crown, one at the back and two at the sides,



THE GARTH FOXHOUNDS.

H.R.H. Prince Christian talking to Miss Murdock.

which include the front. When the front and sides have been waved according to the fashionable method the back part is tied at the crown with a bit of soft shoe string, forward if for a high coiffure and far back if for a low one. Then the front is combed down over the face and the false pompadour pinned in place with two inch wire hairpins.

The ends of the hair are usually twisted slightly and tucked around that part of the hair which is tied as a foundation for the coiffure.

Women with rather long necks and long faces will find that it will improve their appearance very much if they allow the hair to be full and fluffy behind the ears. Some women use a false pompadour piece that encircles the head, and then draw their own hair over this very loosely. This is a very easy way out of the difficulty.

It is almost impossible to build up a fashionable coiffure without the aid of puffs, curls, braids, or foundations. Puffs are the smartest accessory at present, and they are worn in many different ways.

Perhaps the most popular coiffure now is the one done on the crown of the head with a row of soft puffs reaching across the front in a tiered effect. To do this the hair should be arranged as previously described, and after the pompadour and back are made full and soft the ends should be wound around the part of the hair that is fastened with a bit of shoe-string. It usually requires about six or eight puffs for the high coiffure, or for the one where the centre



A MEET OF THE GRAFTON FOXHOUNDS.

The Master, Lord Southampton.



A MEET OF THE EASTBOURNE FOXHOUNDS ON BEACHY HEAD—BY THE COVERSIDE.

SCENES ON THE ENGLISH HUNTING FIELD.



THE PUCKERIDGE FOXHOUNDS—IN LITTLE HADHAM VILLAGE.



THE GARTH FOXHOUNDS: MEET AT WELLINGTON.
Mr. K. W. Brougham, a Wellington College Master, and his daughter, Miss Mona Brougham.



A MEET OF THE PUCKERIDGE FOXHOUNDS.



THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S FOXHOUNDS.
Lord Henry Scott (son of the Duke of Buccleuch).

SCENES ON THE ENGLISH HUNTING FIELD.

is the same, but the puffs put on across the back of the head instead of the top. There is a very useful braid accessory, which enjoys quite a vogue at present and is very easily attached. It is just the thing for a low coiffure, which always requires a greater quantity of hair than a medium or high dressing. The front arrangement depends entirely on the face. There are women who have grown tired of exaggerated pompadours, and have relegated them to the ranks of the passe, along with the Marcel wave. To some faces the low coiffure is more becoming than the high, and though it is by no means as popular as the high dressing it is always in good style. There is a wonderful softening power rolled up in these curls and puffs, which is one reason for their vogue.

The Price That Women Pay.

The acts of women, up to comparatively recent times, says an eminent University teacher in the department of sociology, have been governed almost wholly by their emotional natures. It would be well if this were still so. The much vaunted "emancipation" of women in very modern times has brought their constitutional and characteristic emo-



THE FRIDGE FOXHOUNDS. Waiting while Hounds draw.



NORTH DEVON MEET.

newly awakened, and therefore imperfect reasoning power must cause the ancient and fundamental impulses to react destructively. Thus, from the strict guardian of social conventions that she formerly was, woman has degenerated, under stress of conditions affecting her personal desires, into the most reckless of social law-breakers.

Doubtless it has always been true that, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." But in this dawn of her reasoning power, Bedlam contains no mind so absolutely wrecked as that of the passionately loving woman whom circumstances compels to bring her immature mind to bear on the difficult problem of her happiness.

Formerly woman occasionally drooped and died because of the mental disturbance caused by disappointed love. Lately, the half-trained powers of her intellect resist the enemy of her emotional desires, engage in an unequal and hopeless conflict, and the result is that incurable form of love madness that is either self-destructive or homicidal.

No other form of insanity influences a mother to abandon her children. Among women who are moral by nature, love madness is the only form of insanity that will cause them to publicly ignore established social conventions, and to commit atrocious crimes against law, order, and morality.

tions into dangerous, often destructive, conflict with a state of intellect that is still, and must long remain, adolescent.

It cannot be otherwise than that a

DELICIOUS! Such is the general opinion of Bournville Cocoa. Its delicious flavour and delightful aroma are unequalled. Wholesale, J. D. Roberts, Customs-st.

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VISITING COSTUMES FOR WINTER WEAR.



gings." Little white serge coats, adorned with coarse white silk braid interwoven with threads of gold, will be seen on all sides, while pale pastel blue coats in the latest faced cloths are often trimmed with silver braid in the Hussar or (Giaris) designs.

As regards the two children, the one with the ball is dressed in fine navy blue serge with extra full box-pleated skirt. The vest of tucked lawn is outlined with a wide band of white serge adorned with white and blue braid, two long bretelles of the same being brought over the shoulders and depending to the hem of

the skirt in front and behind. The other child is attired in a frock of white serge, adorned with braid buttons in white and gold and straps of the same material as the frock.

Man wants but little here below
When wintry winds commence to blow,
With sleet and rain and hail and snow,
Man wants but little here you know,
But that same little that he wants
Must make him always feel secure,
The wise man knows, so off he goes
To purchase Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
A stand for Asthma, the patient may fret;

A. Woollams & Co.

LADIES' TAILORS
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UNDER DISTINGUISHED
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AUTUMN MODELS
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WALKING SKIRTS,
Smartly cut and stitched,
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ASTRIDE SKIRTS
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habit cloths only used.

PRICES MOST MODERATE,
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Inspection invited.

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LADIES' TAILORS
183 QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.



Spring Fashions for Children.

EMPIRE COATS AND HIGHWAY-
MEN CAPES.

Not a few ideas have been borrowed from Paris in the matter of spring costumes and coats, and one of these is the fancy for very short skirts terminating above instead of at the knees. Empire fashions still rule the choice of the nursery authorities, and a quaint fancy in the construction of many of these little vestments is the devotion which is shown to military braidings and "frog-



A SMART WALKING COSTUME OF
CHECK TWEED.



Weingarten's W.B. NUFORM CORSETS

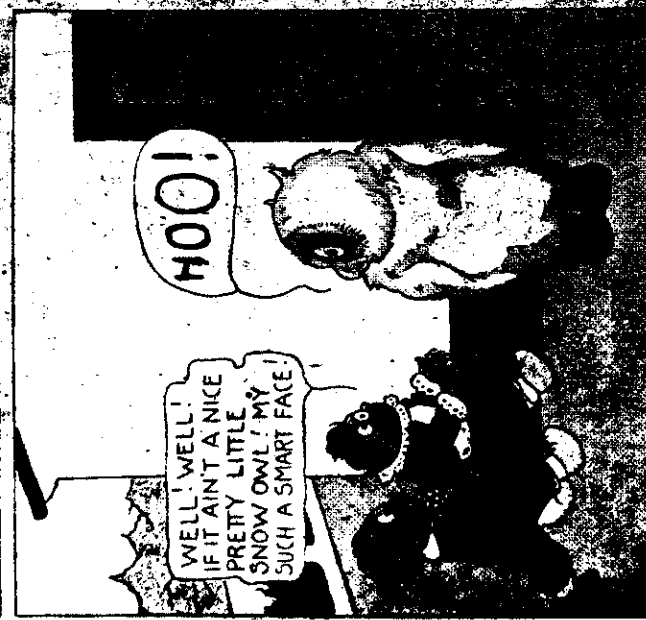
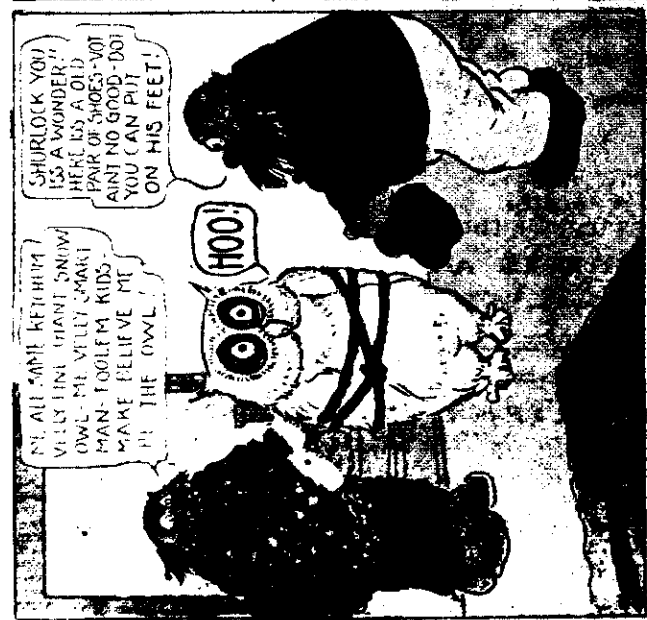
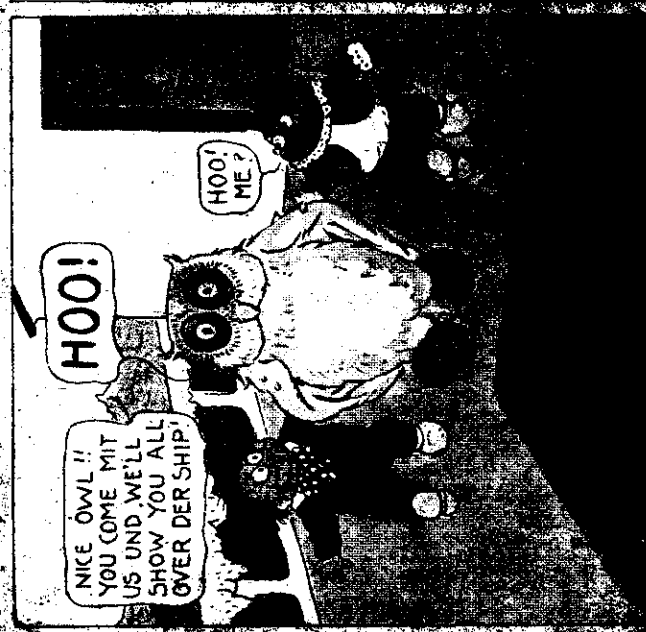
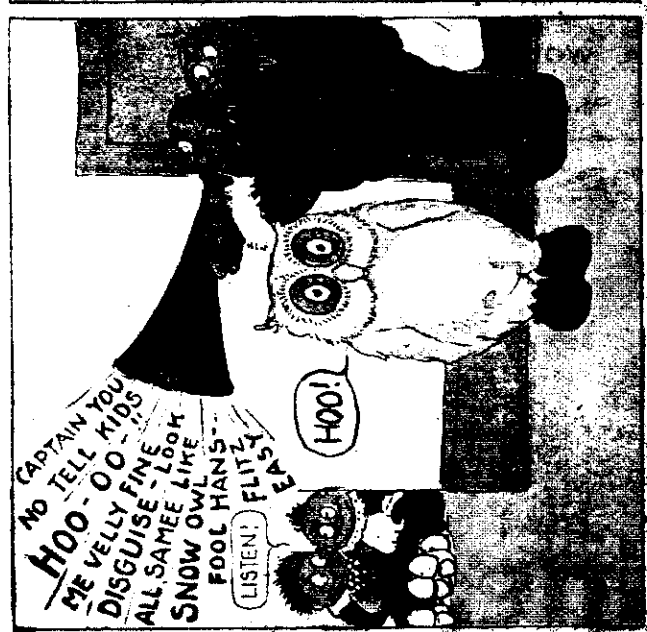
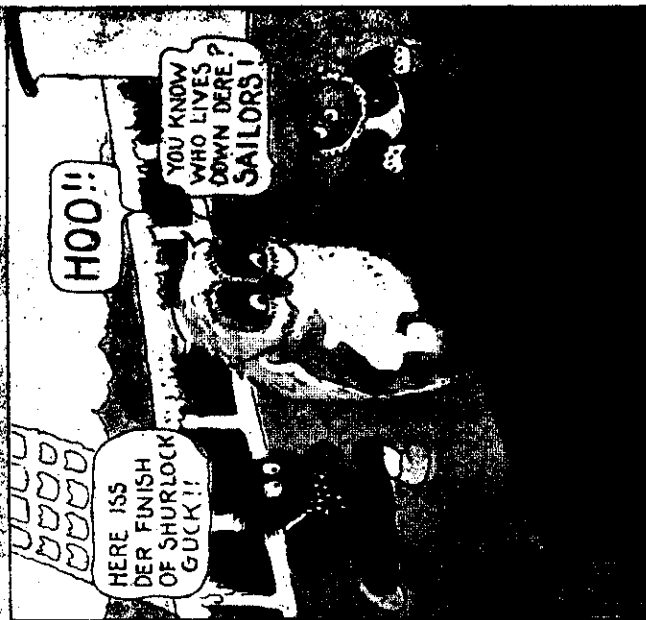
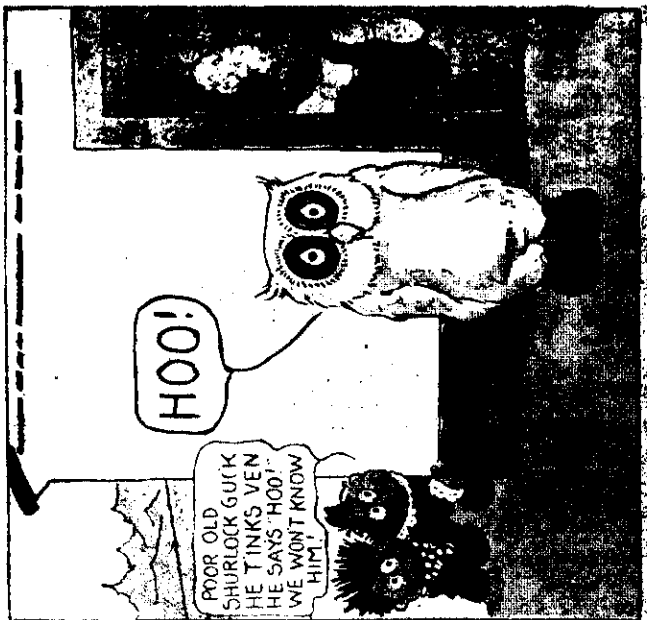
Are the **LATEST MODEL** from Weingarten's Factory, and are the only Corset that produces that beautiful tapering effect to the waist, so necessary for the present fashions.

**THERE IS A MODEL
JUST FOR YOU**

So **INSIST** on **BEING FITTED** with a
**WEINGARTEN'S NUFORM,
LA VIDA, or W.B. CORSET.**

The new models are specially suitable for the Tighter Fitting Gowns, so fashionable this season, and are immensely popular with all who have tried them.

STOCKED BY ALL THE LEADING DRAPERS THROUGHOUT
THE COLONY.



HANS AND FRITZ AND THE ESQUIMO DETECTIVE.

HANS AND FRITZ ARE STILL ON THEIR WAY TO THE NORTH POLE WITH THEIR UNCLE. THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP. LAST WEEK THEY PLAYED A TRICK ON HIM. THIS TIME HE CATCHES THEM OUT.



**Our
Funny
Page**

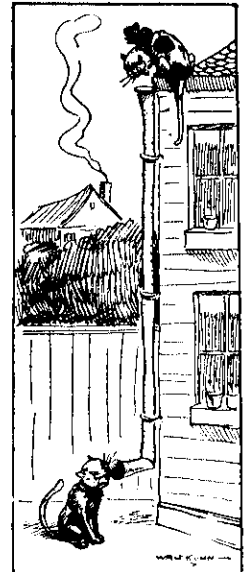


SCIENTIFIC NOTE.
More spots have been discovered on the face of the son.

AS WELL AS THE FAIR ONE.
Paint heart never won a dark lady, either.



"John! John! Wake up! There's a burglar in the room."
John: Rubbish, Maria! Lie down and go to sleep.



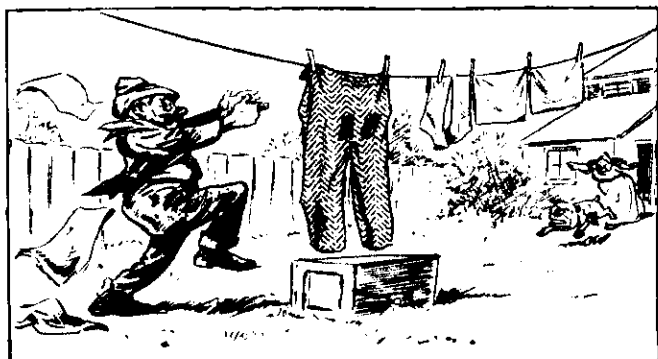
NOT TO BE OVERHEARD.
"Now, don't forget: I'll be up to see you at twelve to-night."



Take-It Easy Toole—Say, it wuz real kind of de lady ter leave dese tings fur me. I'll jest—



"Dis box is a good pal. Now, if I knows anythin' about de habits of dogs, it's a cinch he—



"Holy smoke, she's got a purp! Kin I land dem pants?"



"I thought so! So long, lady! I hates ter sacrifice a good pair er pants!"