# The New Zealand Graphic

24

AND LADIES' JOURNAL

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HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF: GERMANY 1888 AND 1908.

This cartoon of Tenniel's, published in "Punch," March 17th, 1888, is equally effective and sinister to-day.

THE SITE OF THE FIRST BORE AT THE MANUKAU END.
A view of the track cut through the bushy part of the Canal Reserve; the Great South-road crosses it a little beyond the highest part.

A TAMAKI RIVER NEAR THE ISTHMUS, AT DEAD LOW WATER.

MR. J. E. TAYLOR BORING NEAR THE SUMMIT.
The material being pumped up in solution. The boring rods are balanced by a bag with sods in.

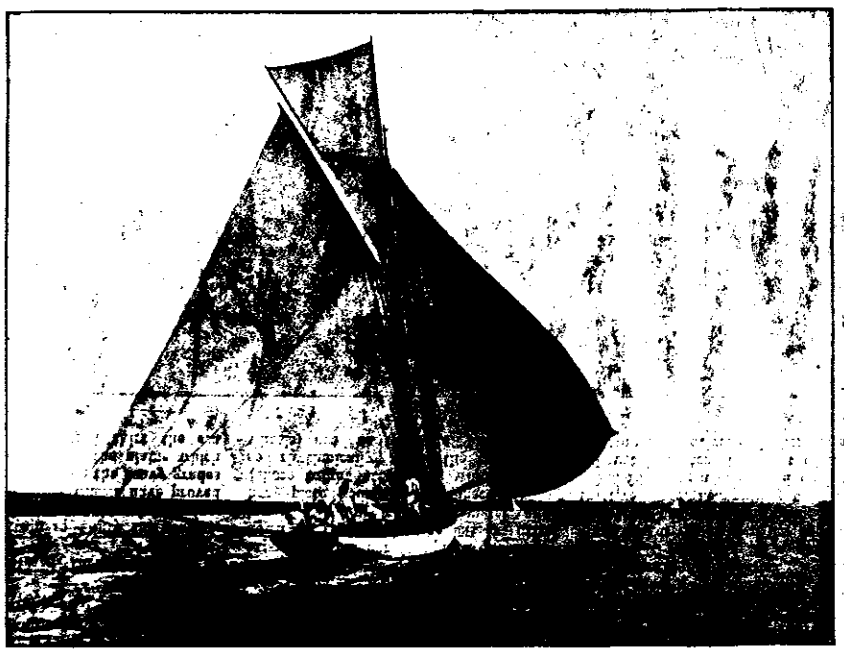
VISITORS WATCHING THE COMPLETION OF THE LAST HOLE AT THE HEAD OF THE TAMAKI RIVER.

## THE MANUKAU-TAMAKI CANAL RESERVE.

The distance through the Otahuhu Isthmus, is one thousand yards from high-water in the Manukau to high water in the Tamaki. The highest point of the Isthmus is only 39ft. above high-water level. Six holes have been bored to a depth of more than 23ft. below high-water level, at intervals of 200 yards, right across the Isthmus by Mr. J. E. Taylor. No. 4 hole, at the summit, was bored to a depth of 83ft., or 44ft. below high-water level. Mr. Taylor has left a pipe in each hole with a piece of fencing wire inside it, which can be withdrawn at any time to prove the depth. No volcanic rock was met with all through, a soft sandstone being the hardest material. It was nearly all marine deposit, such as sand, beach-mud, pulverised shell and soft clay; as many as 36ft. were bored in 2½ hours. This canal route was reserved by the Government more than half a century ago, and has a minimum width of 132ft. from the Manukau to the Tamaki. A canal here would unite the tidal waters of the East and West Coasts, through which coastal shipping could pass, thus saving a tremendous distance as compared with voyaging around the North Cape. It is proposed to maintain the canal at full tide height, by means of a Lock and Embankment at the Mangere Bridge on the west, and Tamaki Bridge on the east of the Isthmus, for a distance of seven miles at least. Photographs are by Mr. Geo. Wyman, of Mangere.

GROUP TAKEN AT THE SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE NEW ZEALAND INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS, WELLINGTON, DECEMBER, 1907.

FRONT ROW: E. R. Wilson (Southland), A. Atkins, Hon. Sec. (Wellington), F. W. Petrie, President (Otago), W. C. Chatfield (Wellington); Past President, T. Mahony (Auckland).
BACK: J. H. McKay (Wellington), G. S. Goldsboro (Auckland), W. Crighton, Hon. Treasurer (Wellington), F. de J. Clere.



See "Our Illustrations."

THE YACHT ARIKI, WHICH WAS STRANDED AT TOLOGA ON SATURDAY EVENING LAST.

MR. J. E. TAYLOR, OF MANGERE, DRIVING TO CANAL SITE.

The boring chisel and pipe is shown in front of buggy. This chisel bored all the holes without sharpening (276 feet altogether).

PRIZEWINNERS, AT PROFESSOR POTTER'S GYMNASIUM CLASS, LEYS INSTITUTE, AUCKLAND.

STANDING (left to right): E. Tuke and L. B. Hutton. MIDDLE ROW: E. F. Capper, Prof. Potter and O. Davis. FRONT ROW: D. W. Lawson and O. Jordan.

## Running a Fast Express.

100 MILES ON THE FOOTPLATE.

(By WILL LAWSON.)

The mail train rolls into the station, drawn by No. 17, a powerful engine, whose eight driving wheels have proved their gripping power on the heavy grades between the city and the plains which stretch northward and skirt the sea for many miles. This locomotive, having done her duty, is uncoupled and run on to a siding. Then No. 20, a beautiful brass-girdled engine, blowing white steam from either side, sweeps out on the main line and down to the waiting express. From her foot-plate one looks down on the world. She has six driving wheels, five feet in diameter, and her piston-rods and connecting-rods (those bright steel bars which sweep so rhythmically with the revolving wheels) are as thick as those of a steamer. Her horse-power would be from 500 to 1000, but railway engines decline to be measured by the power of horses, as with different loads and grades, and other conditions, their indicated horse-power varies. No. 20 can haul a 300-ton train up a one-in-sixty grade and never slacken her speed. Locomotives are rated according to their tractive force, i.e., pulling power.

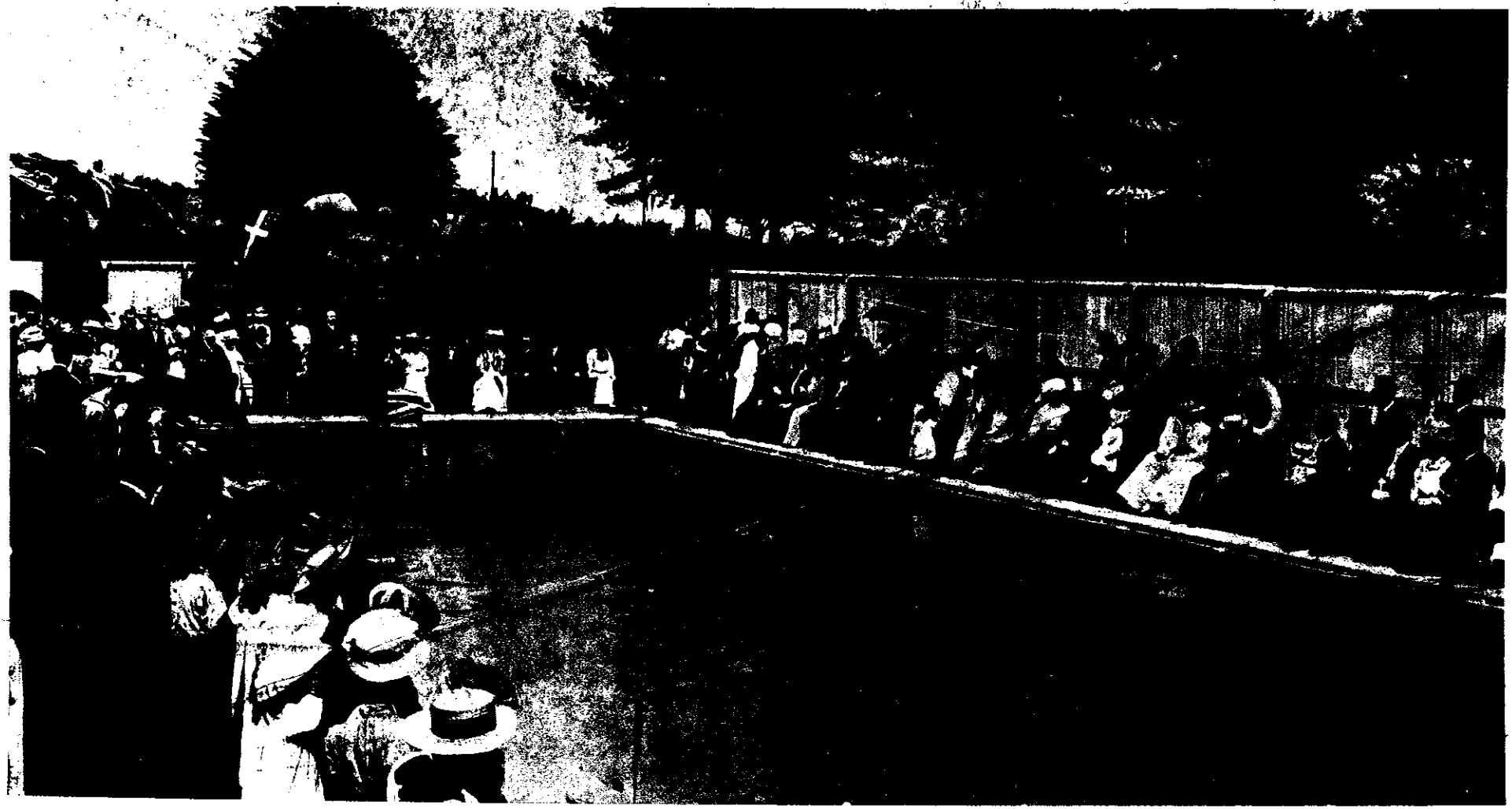
No. 20 being a compound engine, her exhaust is softer than that of a high-pressure locomotive, and there is a hollow, echoing sound from her escaping steam—a "hoosh! hoosh!"—which is suggestive of immense power. Her Westinghouse hisses as she backs up to the mail vans. Very softly she stops and is coupled up. To the quick gasping of her brake-pump she stores air for use during her journey. She is to haul the north-bound mail over fifteen-seven miles of track, and hers is the fastest-running on the line. Her tender is stacked high with coal, sufficient to carry her more than one hundred miles. She will bring the south-bound express back in the afternoon.

In her cab the brass-work is even more lavish than on her boiler-polished, gleaming brass, which reflects like a mirror, and above the curve of her fire-box, in a triangular group, are her steam-gauge, her air-pressure gauge, and her clock. Alongside these is the steam lubricator which conveys oil to the inside of the cylinders.

Oil may be seen to rise, one drop at a time, in a glass tube filled with water; then a jet of steam blows it through a small tube to the cylinders. In the eyes of the engine cleaners, No. 20 is a heart-breaker, for the whole of her huge bulk, her mechanism and her brass-work are cleaned each night by one man, and the work is done in eight hours.

The brake-pump has ceased its clatter, save for an occasional gasp; steam blows from her safety-valve; there is a quiver of suppressed energy about her. The

**Continued on page 25.**



## SWIMMING BATHS FOR NEW ZEALAND SCHOOL CHILDREN.

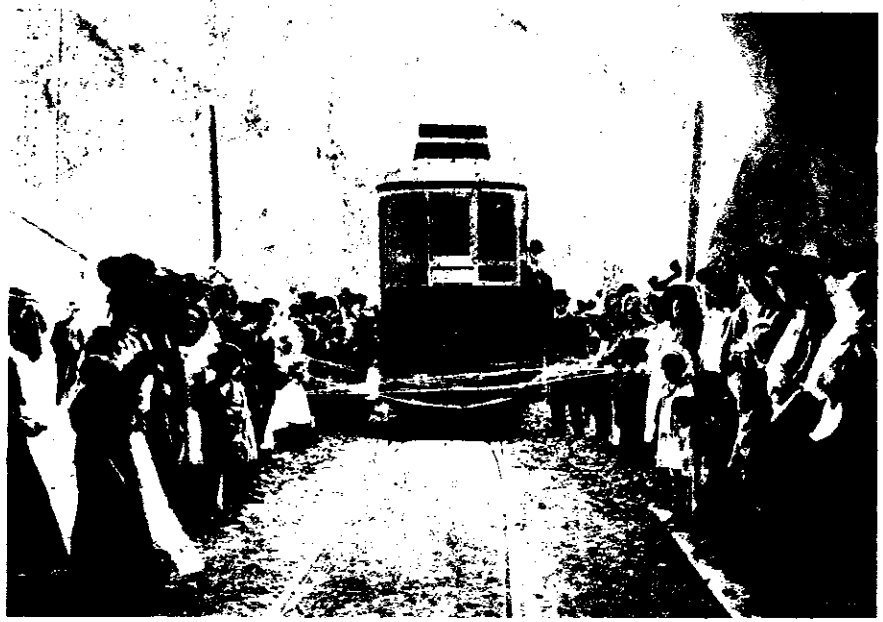
OPENING THE JEANNIE FOWLDS MEMORIAL BATH, POINT CHEVALIER PUBLIC SCHOOL.

This splendid swimming bath is 75 feet long and 7 feet in its deepest part, and 2 feet 10 inches in the shallowest. It has been donated to the school named by the Hon. George Fowlds, in memory of his daughter Jeannie, who was a pupil there until a few weeks of her lamented death. His Excellency the Governor, who was accompanied by Lady Plunket, opened the bath, and spoke warmly in praise of citizens who gave such gifts in their own lifetime. He honoured those who gave thus a hundred times more than those who left bequests, worthy as the latter might be. He hoped to be asked to open many more such baths.

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD PLUNKET SPEAKING ON THE VALUE OF SWIMMING AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW BATHS, POINT CHEVALIER SCHOOL.

He said: "If this was ever to become a great nation, as it assuredly would, it would be a great maritime nation, and as such it was imperative that its denizens should be thoroughly at home in the water."

A GROUP OF CHILDREN AT THE PARNELL ORPHAN HOME. TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE CHRISTMAS TREAT LAST WEEK.



BREAKING THE RIBANDS ON THE FIRST TRAM.

THE MAYORS AND COUNCILLORS OF WELLINGTON AND MIRAMAR WITH THEIR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS GATHERED TO CELEBRATE THE OCCASION.

**OPENING OF THE SEATOUN SECTION OF THE WELLINGTON ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS.**

MR. NORMAN BROOKES.

Mr. Brookes, the champion lawn tennis player of the world, arrived back in Melbourne by the R.M.S. India. In the course of conversation Mr. Brookes said he thought the Dohertys would come out to Australia next year to play for the Davis Cup, as well as G. W. Hillyard, Dr. Eaves, and S. H. Smith. He hopes to be able to defend his title to the championship next year at Wimbledon, and that an English team, and possibly also an American team, will come out to Australia with him. He is most anxious to go back next year, as "the Do's" have decided to play again, and his one regret this year was that he could not meet H. L. Doherty. Englishmen, he said, play much the same sort of game as we do, but the Americans in doubles have made one or two alterations which we might well follow. Especially is this so in coming to the net, as the server runs up on the opposite side to which he has served, and this is somewhat confusing. As regards our players, he thought some of our younger ones were coming on well, and would compare very favourably with the younger players at home.

A CLEVER LITTLE NEW ZEALANDER.

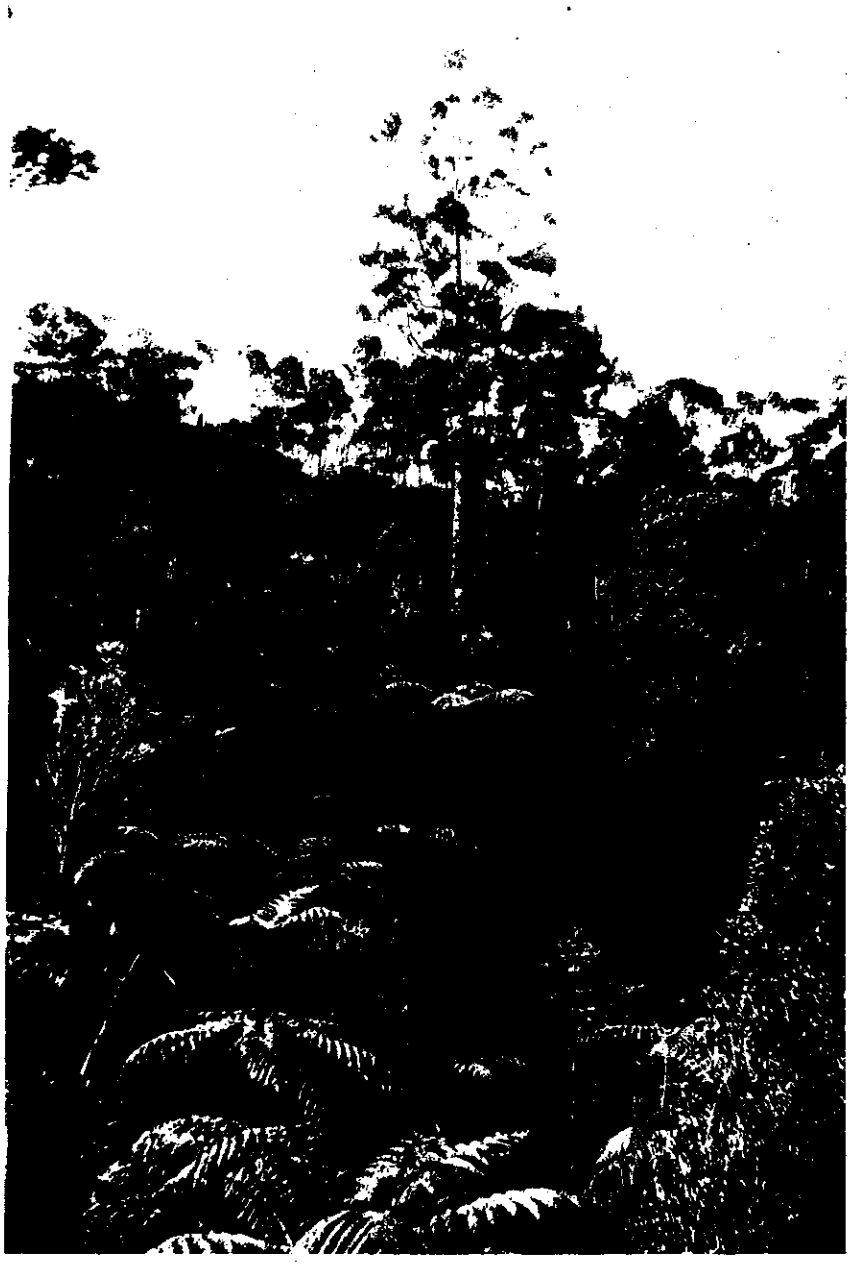
Miss May Wilson, daughter of Mr. A. H. Wilson, of Napier, who won five prizes and the Governor's gold medal for "Dux" (junior) in the Girls' High School, Napier.

THE LATE MRS. AGNES MARTIN.

A respected pioneer of the Dominion passed away with the fading of the old year. Mrs. Agnes Martin, widow of the late Antonio Martin, died at her residence at 8 a.m. to-day. She was one of Auckland's earliest colonists, having arrived in the province as far back as 1835. For three years she resided in the Bay of Islands, and two years before Governor Hobson came to Auckland she removed to this city and has resided here ever since. She was the mother of fifteen children, of whom thirteen, nine sons and four daughters, survive, several of the sons being well-known business men in the city. Her descendants total 74, and include 43 grandchildren and 16 great grandchildren. Mrs. Martin enjoyed good health until three weeks ago, when she became ill and gradually sank. One of Auckland's earliest settlers, Mrs. Martin was also one of its earliest mothers, and her death will be deplored by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. She was 76 years of age.

CASTLE ROCKS, ROSY BAY, LAKE WAIKAREMOANA.

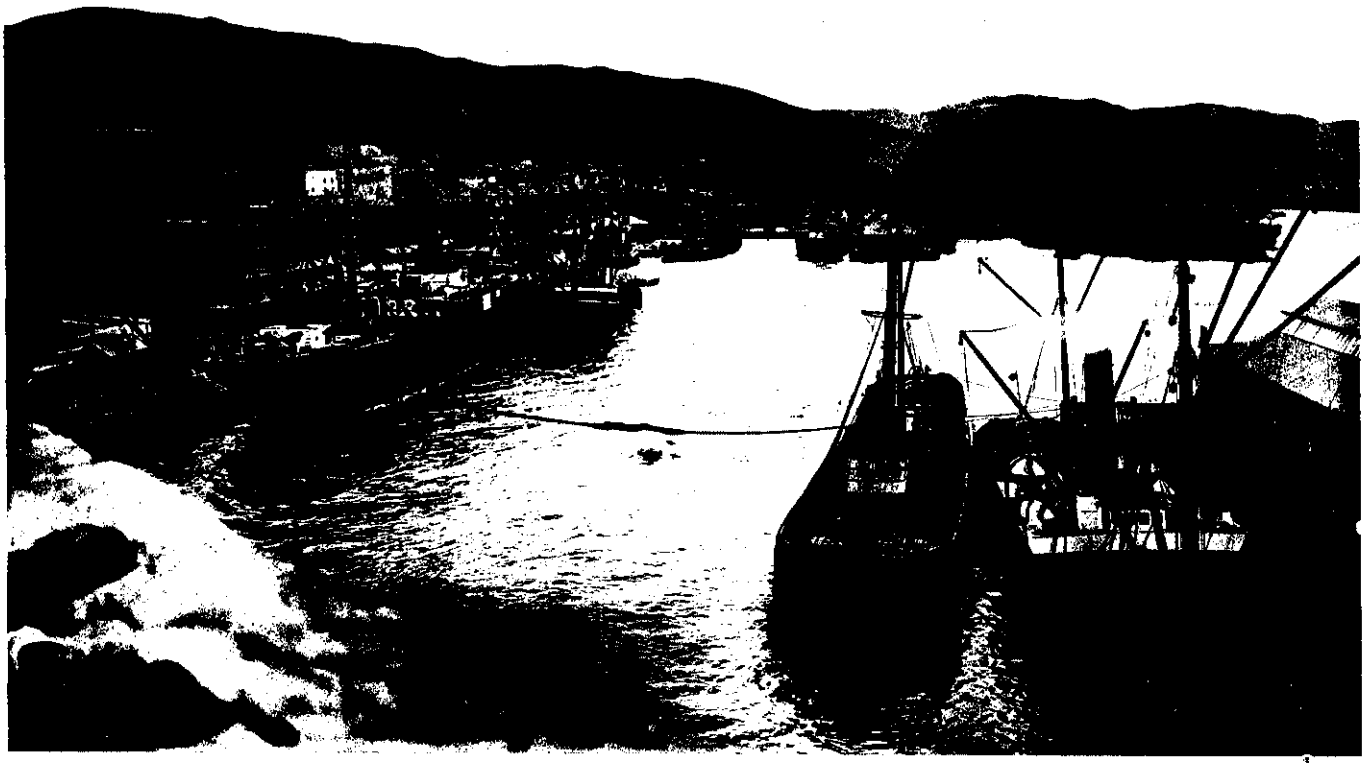
Lake Waikaremoana is one of the finest trout fishing lakes in the world.



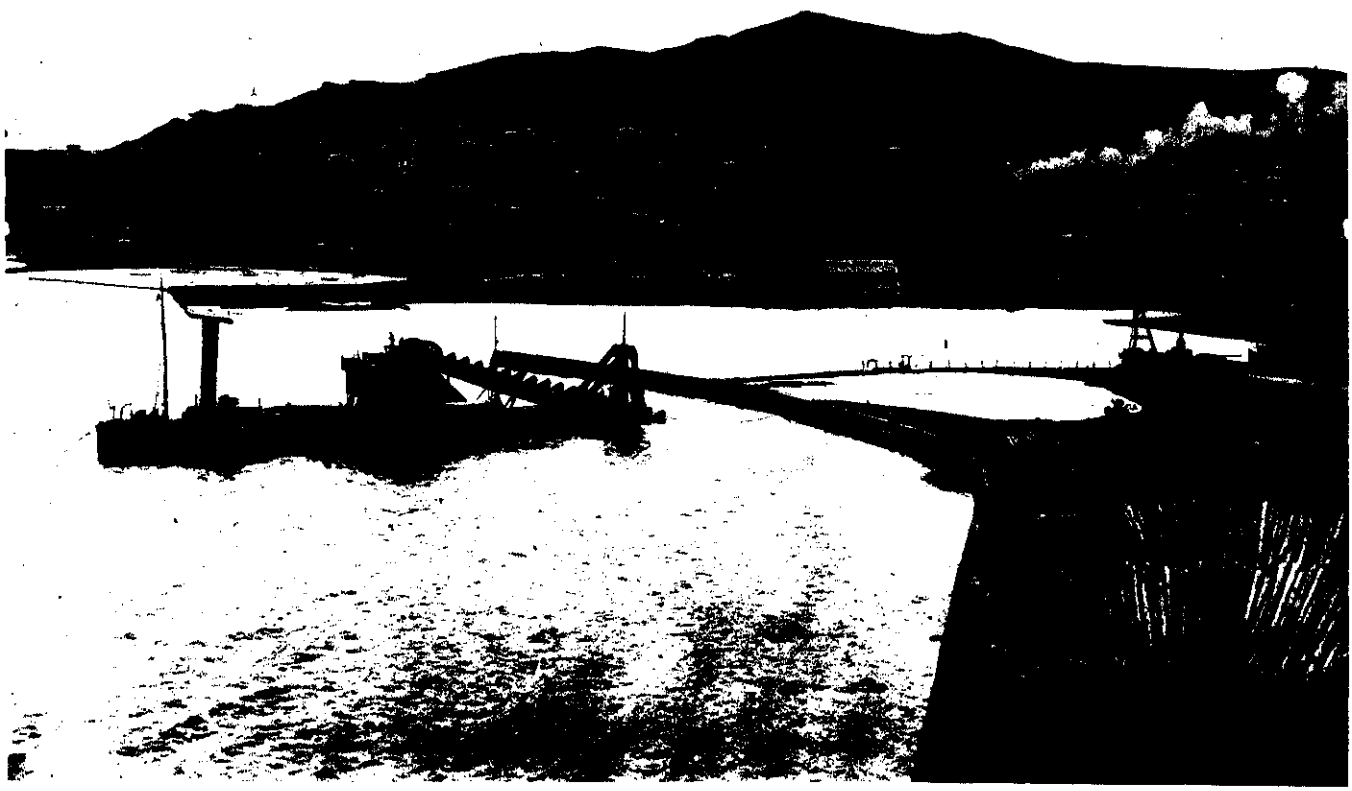
F. Cory, photo. TREE FERNS AND A YOUNG KAURI.

W. G. Edmonds, photo. A TYPICAL CREEK.

KAURI GULLY, NORTHCOTE RESERVE, A BEAUTIFUL BIT OF BUSH SCENERY, AUCKLAND.



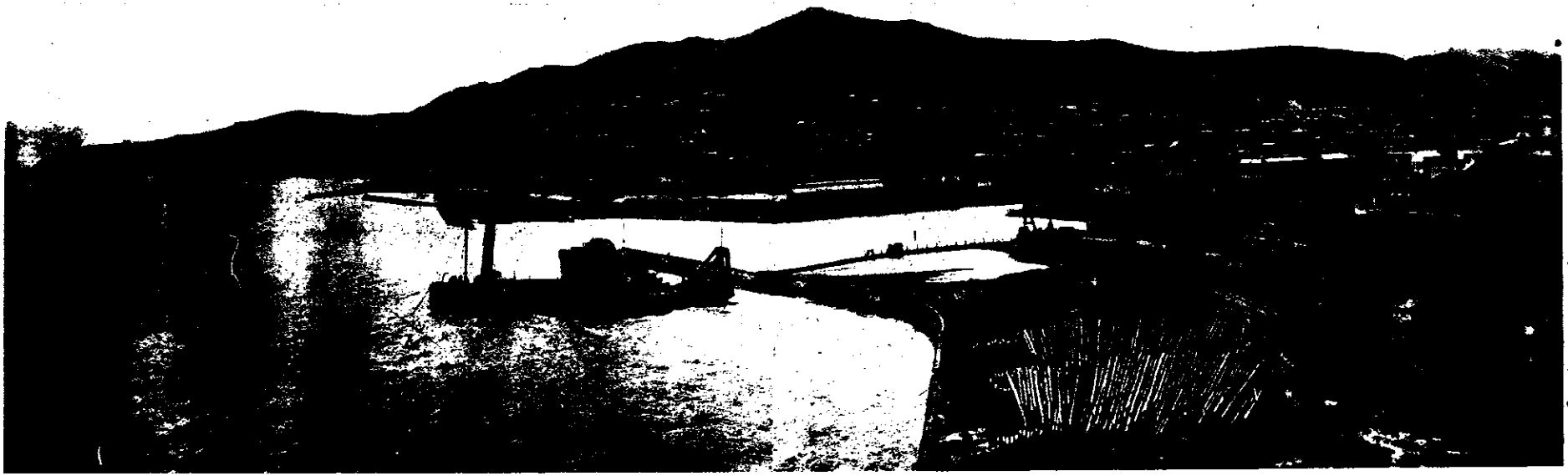
GREEN'S WHARF, LOOKING NORTH, JERVOIS QUAY ON THE LEFT.



SITE OF NEW DOCK AND VIEW OF MOUNT VICTORIA. HARBOUR DREDGE IN FOREGROUND.

**NEW VIEWS OF WELLINGTON SECURED BY THE "GRAPHIC" SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER.**

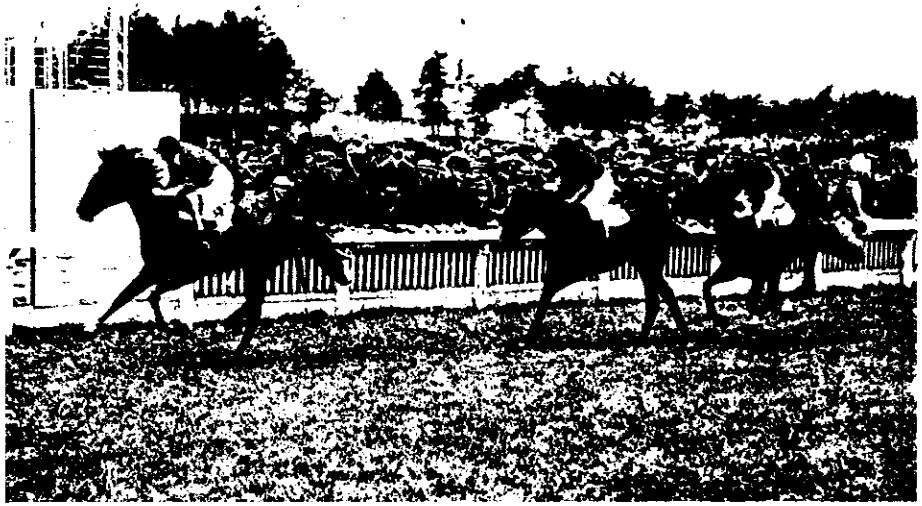
A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE HARBOUR WITH GREEN'S WHARF.



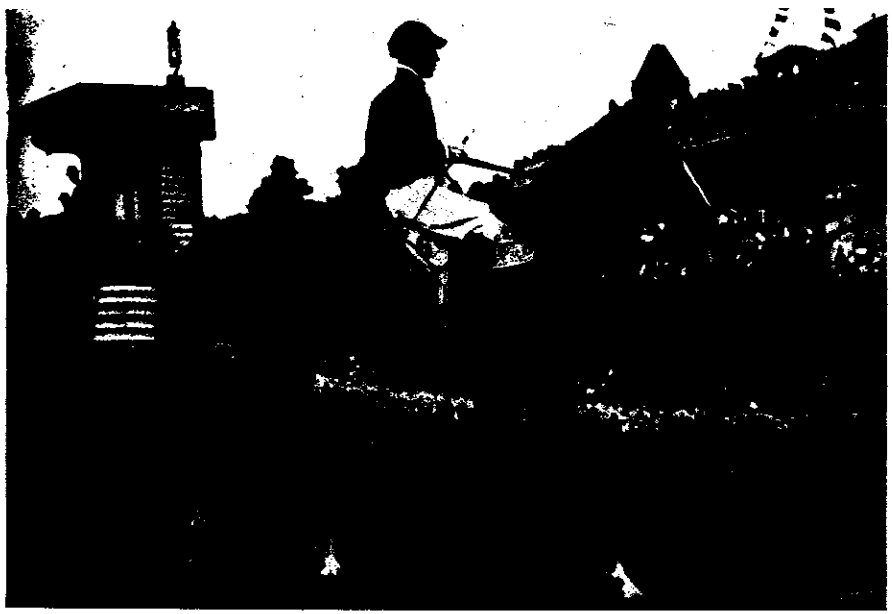
ANOTHER VIEW SHOWING BOAT HARBOUR, BATHS, ETC.

NEW VIEWS OF WELLINGTON SECURED BY THE "GRAPHIC" SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER.

FINISH FOR THE AUCKLAND CUP. ZIMMERMAN 1, WAIPUNA 2, BONNY GLEN 3.



FINISH OF GREAT NORTHERN FOAL STAKES. FLEETFOOT 1, ARMLET 2, CHANTEUSE 3.



THE HON. J. D. ORMOND'S B C DAWN, WINNER OF THE RAILWAY HANDICAP.

THE HON. J. D. ORMOND'S B H ZIMMERMAN, WINNER OF THE AUCKLAND CUP.

S. Elliott, photo.

## BOXING DAY AT THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

AROUND THE TOTALISATOR.

IN THE SADDLING PADDOCK.

S. Elliott, photo.

A POPULAR MOVE. THE BOOKMAKERS' CORNER.

ON THE LAWN.

BOXING DAY AT THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

# Further Experiences of a New Zealander in British Columbia.

TOWARDS the end of November we published in "The Graphic" portions of the illustrated diary of Mr. Frank Bullock-Webster, an adventurous young Aucklander, who had elected to brave the winter rigours of the wilds of British Columbia in search of sport, and fortune, and adventure. So interesting did that diary prove that many readers took the trouble to write, hoping that we might be permitted to make extracts from any further letters Mr. Frank Webster should write to his people. By the courtesy of his father, Mr. Bullock-Webster, of the Pah, Auckland, we are now enabled to give a few notes from a highly interesting but briefer letter, accompanied by some excellent snapshots, and the welcome promise of more when further letters and pictures are received. It will be remembered that Mr. Webster had taken up a position on the Telegraph Department of the Dominion on an outpost near the Iscoot River, on the borders of Alaska and British Columbia. It is from there he writes, mainly this time, it will be seen, of sport, which appears to be capital.

I am going to have a line of traps out this winter for Martin and Lynx; there are a few round here, I think. I shall use the No. 0 steel trap for Marten —Jackson and I have about 4 dozen between us. If we have luck, we should catch a dozen or so between us. I am sorry I have a house to build this fall, or I think I should have got some sheep and a bear or two. One of the best sheep countries is about 15 miles from here. There are grizzilies there, too. A party of hunters from Boston was in there this year, and they got all the game the law allowed them to. I shall go next fall, anyhow, before any hunters get in there. They are nice, flat topped mountains—not the sharp, jagged mountains you see in the photos I am sending you. I have not been in a caribou country yet, though there are some round Dease Lake in the summer. There are millions of them to be got in this country (Cassiar) though, if one goes to look for them. The hunters get some every year. I will make you a pair of Moose Rock boots some time this year. They are fine things to wear, though they stink awfully in a damp country, because you just skin 'em off the moose, sew up the toes, and put 'em on, and "hit the grit."

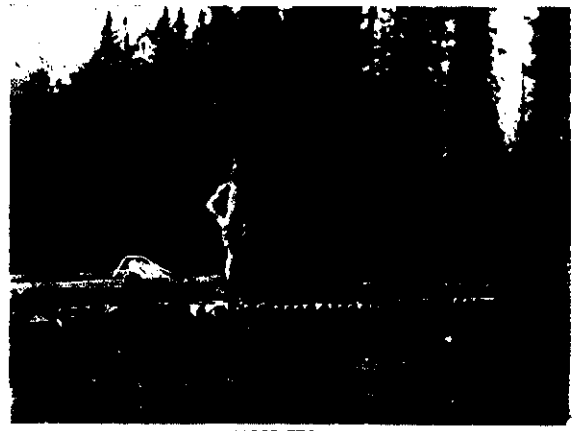
I went up to the mountains (6 miles from here) the other day, and shot four goats. I had a most exciting and difficult hunt after them, too. I saw some away up on the side of the mountain, in the rocks, so I climbed up above them and shot two; the others went off among some rocks where I could not see them, so I rolled my two deaders off the mountain into the creek below, and went after the others. I soon caught up to them—they are awfully stupid—and killed one and broke another's leg. I only had one cartridge left then, so I started to run him down. If you have hunted goat on the "roof of the world" you will know what a risky undertaking it was. I followed him right to the topmost top of the mountain, and came on him just trying to cross a little snow-slide, about 50 yards from me. I took a careful aim and got him right in the heart. He fell end over end down that slide till I thought he would suddenly fly to pieces, but he was alright when I found him in the creek at the very bottom of the mountain. I got home pretty late, but Jackson, who is a fair cook, had a good feed for me. Next day a pack train (which had been taking the outfit of some police, who are looking for a half-breed who shot a chap at Hazelton) was on its way to T. C., so I rode a stumpy old mule on an apparayjo (pack-saddle) for eight miles, and then the Indian and I took two mules and went up the 6-mile creek to where my goats were, and packed them down to camp. I sent three of the goats to the H.B.C. I should get 30 dollars or so for them (for meat).

My new partner is a little Englishman, about 5ft 1in, and about 9st 7lbs. Says he is a son of F. N. Lane-Jackson; not a bad little chap, and we will get along very well, I think. He does the cooking now. When we get our house finished and are settled down my job will be to cut the wood and pack the water, his to cook. He's not a bad cook; makes very good bread. We use yeast cakes. I will give you a list of our grub supply. I can send and receive a message now on the wire, but only slowly; next winter I shall be able to "take press" I hope, i.e., get the associated press news which goes to Dawson.

I started my diary last month again. Jackson and I drank my health in a hot rum on my birthday. I hope to have a more comfortable Christmas this year than last. There is a trail from T.C. to Hazelton, 302 miles by the wire, a little

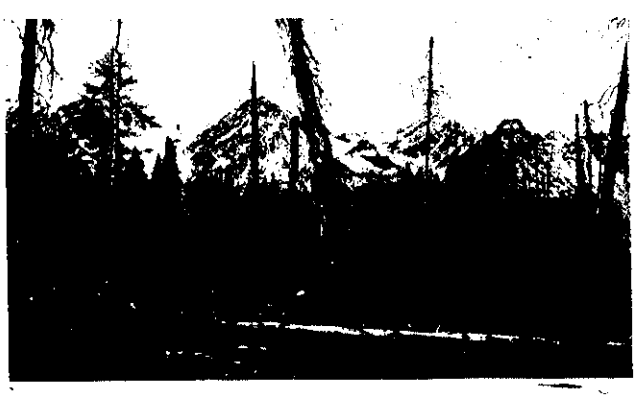
MR. F. BULLOCK-WEBSTER AND ONE OF HIS GOAT DOGS.

MR. BULLOCK-WEBSTER'S PARTNER, MR. F. LANE JACKSON.



GOING FOR A BATH.

ON THE TRAIL.

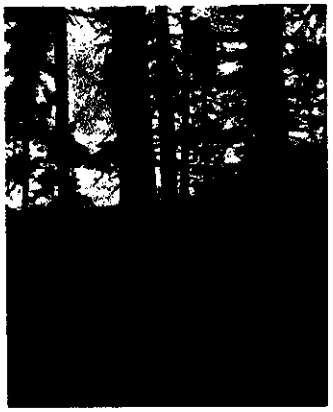


GOAT MOUNTAINS, SIX MILES FROM CAMP.

ANOTHER VIEW OF GOAT MOUNTAINS.

more by the trail. The right-of-way of the wire is about 40 feet wide on an average; the trail does not go under the wire all the way, though.

We get 24 tins soup, 12 tins tongues, 48 tins tomatoes, 24 tins cabbages, 24 tins beets, 24 tins corn, 24 tins peas, 144 tins cream, 48 tins milk, 800lbs flour, 250lbs bacon, 125lbs fruit (dry), 25lbs cornmeal, 20lbs tea, 30lbs lard, 28lbs



IN THE FOREST.

cheese, 9lbs raisins, 12 tins jam (5lb tins), 12 tins marmalade (2lb tins), 6 bottles L. and P. sauce, 6 bottles ketchup, 12 bottles pickles, 120lbs butter (tins), 75lbs beans, 120lbs potatoes (dry), 50lbs rice, 250lbs sugar, 150lbs ham, 25lbs split peas, 100lbs rolled oats, 30lbs coffee, 3 cans syrup, 10lbs onions (dry), 6lbs eggs (dry), 2 bottles vinegar, 2lbs pepper, 3lbs mustard, 1lb spice, 2 bottles flavouring extracts, 20lbs salt,

OUR WINTER SUPPLIES COMING IN BY PACK HORSES.

15lbs baking powder, 12 packets yeast cakes, 1 c/s pork and beans (tins), matches, 2 pairs snow-shoes, filling, soap, 10lbs candles, 2 cans kerosene, 8lbs currants; so you see we have a pretty good assortment of grub, though beans and bacon get monotonous if one does not kill some fresh meat. I have two dogs and Jackson has one; we feed them on flour and bacon rinds and grease principally.

There will probably be three mails in here this winter. The best way to get here, or practically the only way, is to go to T.C., via Wrangell, between June and August; it's a devil of a trip up on the ice sometimes, I believe, and in the canoes in the spring and fall it takes 12 days, most of which it rains like ——. Well, I think I have exhausted my supply of news (?). I may be going to town for some tea in 10 days or so; the Government forgot to send any out; if I do I will write again from there.—I remain, your affectionate son,

FRANK BULLOCK-WEBSTER.

I will drink your healths on Xmas Day —not in tea.

## Nineteen-Eight.

I don't know whether people really do still make good resolutions on New Year's Eve. Personally, I am so busy in making and breaking them all the year round, that no single day seems in this regard to stand out from the rest. A New Year, however, is even with me never without its stimulus, although I must admit that that stimulus is rather of an intellectual than a moral character. The rate of the world's progress has so far accelerated that a twelvemonth must mark some big move forward is almost every quarter of the globe—not big, perhaps, in one sense (for a whole century fails to realise many a grand dream), but big in the sense of some tangible, valuable achievement.

Nineteen-seven did not serve us badly. In material things it stood for the first certainty of the conquest of the air, for Brennan's invention of the probably epoch-making gyrostatic railway, for a marked advance in the prospects of successful inoculation against the germs of disease. It promised us in particular rapid communications which bid fair to transform our country by bringing us within the inner pale of civilised interrelation; it laid the foundations for a Pan-Britannic organising of education; while on the darker side it showed us that cloud no bigger than a man's hand in the belief right or wrong—and dangerous either way—in a "yellow peril." I should call that an important, if subeditorially speaking, an uneventful year.

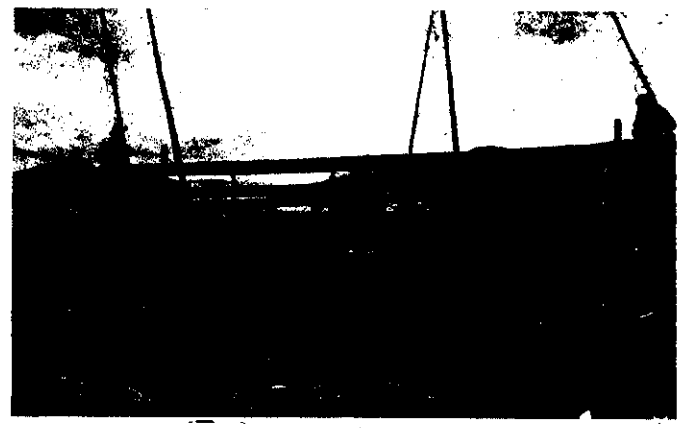
But whatever separate years may do, the mind needs a five years' lapse of time to value the grand march of civilized progress. One is so apt to forget that all this time the Cape to Cairo railway, the Panama Canal, great schemes of waterpower, and a thousand projects that need time for their fruition are being pushed forward with mighty and sustained effort. Another five years and Pekin and Paris will be little more than ten days apart; ten years more and perhaps no part of the world save Australasia will be a fortnight's journey from London. Such thoughts may not appeal to the poet, but all the same I hold that they are worthy of any New Year's Eve! And perhaps, anyhow, the poet will presently find a rapidly contracting world too small a field for his pen and will have to let his imagination travel at least as far as the moon or Mars (without its "canals"). Either that or he will find with me the grandest of all inspirations in the coming union of every part of this jarring old planet.

The time was when dreams and practical progress were things incompatible. The very young man, posing unknown to himself, is apt to sneer at material advancement as something almost intellectually indecent. He is "not sure that the savages are not better off," "that the Chinese are not happier than we." Thank Heaven, we do get beyond this shallow sophistry at last, and come to learn that a dream is not worse because it has some chance of fulfilment; that a dream of the practical amelioration of human wrongs and human sufferings (and this is implied by every civilized improvement) is on the average better than a dream of a love-sick nightingale or a reverie in the character of an errant or aberrant knight. At the same time I love nightingales and knight errants, and to read about them in comely verse, so that I am no nearer the other extreme of a business-like materialism. The point is that there is poetry in the power of civilized man as well as in the power and beauty of wild Nature.

On another side, New Year's Eve arouses personal curiosity as to one's own destiny during another year. One is not sure whether one will not be dead or married or rich or still poorer, or abroad, or what or where one will be before another first of January comes round. To the callow youth the sense of destiny is not strong, and it is, perhaps, as well that he should content himself with making good resolutions, and leave conjecture to his elders, who have lost that delightful feeling of earthly immortality which is youth's best gift.

Above all, the New Year has a freshening force. You never open a new year-book without a sense that the world is making a fresh start. Of course, it is not really, but it is difficult not to think that January is the month of wide change, that it opens a new epoch in world activity. And in your own case, too, you can hardly help feeling a momentary rejuvenescence, the sense that you are passing a fresh turning-point in your career. Every year, no doubt, this feeling diminishes in force; but there are probably very few who can see the arrival of a New Year without some small sense of impending change.

To the Scotchman there is an added zest, because he (poor fellow) has largely to take the New Year instead of Christmas—which has always seemed to me to be rather an unfair exchange. And when I suggest this I don't wish for one moment to imply that the individual Scotchman is to blame. I have just enough Scottish blood to make me properly respectful to the New Year; but I always think it a fortunate circumstance that the non-Scottish elements in my blood have also added a love of Christmas, and that thus I can celebrate both occasions with pleasure to myself and without harm to anybody else.



BUILDING A LOG CABIN.

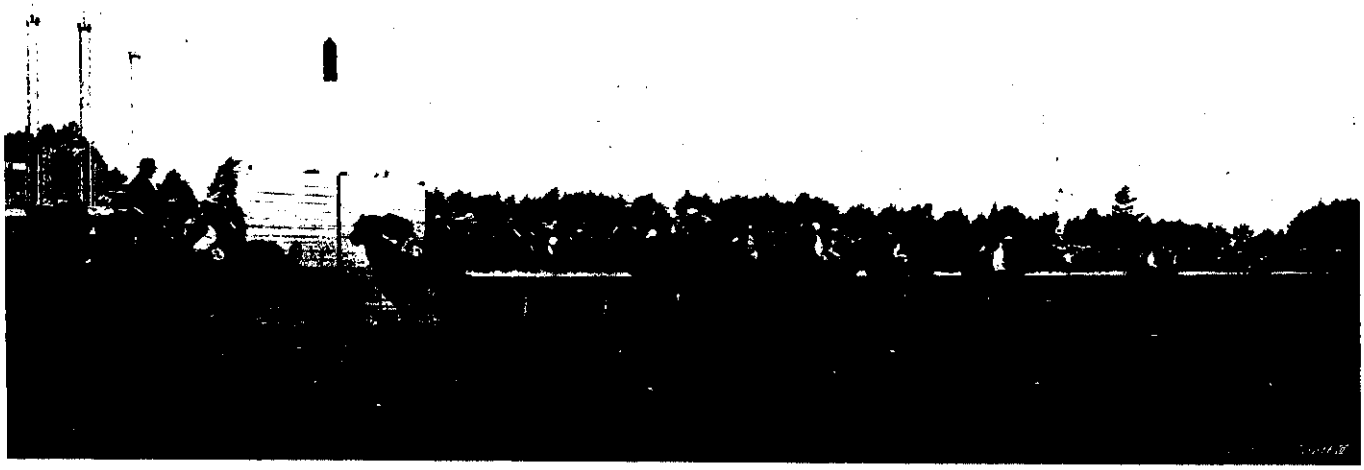
A good deal that is put down to the drastic influence of a change of year may quite possibly, of course, be due to the mere fact that people are in the habit of taking a holiday at this season of the year, and of returning to their work minus many a colweb, and with a larger and healthier vision. Health usually means hope, and overwork means depression in which the next day promises to offer no more than the last. A man newly returned from a holiday is commonly not a pessimist; and a man newly returned from his holiday on New Year's Day is apt to foresee a twelvemonth of perhaps unlikely contentment. By the time the dissillusionment has sunk deep in the mind, another year has past, and New Year's Day sings its syren's song afresh. Perhaps the standing remedy against this disappointment is altruism, or at least the avoidance of a tragic degree of egoism. For whether the individual sinks or swims, stands or advances, the progress of humanity from New Year's Day is continuous, and ever increasingly rapid. And if that is not complete compensation for individual ills, it is at least something to keep the prospect of each New Year bright with the fair hopes of a future better for all.

"Pierrot," in "Auckland Star."

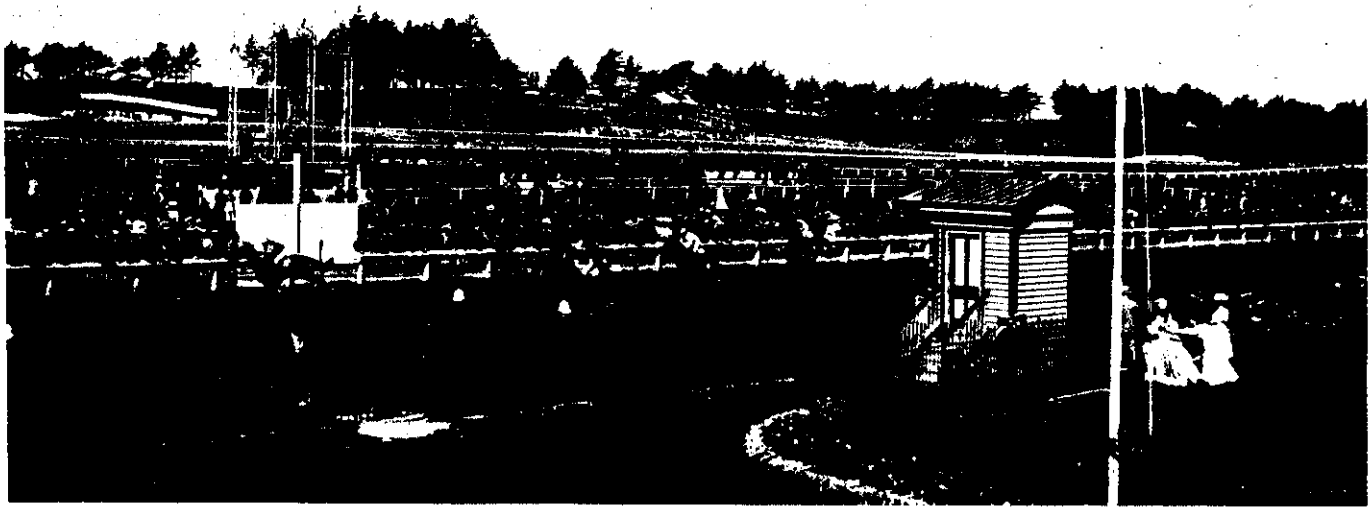
CROSSING RIVER IN "DUG-OUT" BOAT, OR CANOE.

CROSSING A TYPICAL RIVER OR CREEK, YUKON COUNTRY.

FINISH OF THE VISITORS' HANDICAP.



FINISH OF THE SUMMER CUP.



FINISH OF THE CRITERION HANDICAP.

RACING AT ELLERSLIE, AUCKLAND, ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE SUMMER MEETING.

MR. JEM COATES ONCE MORE AT ELLERSLIE.

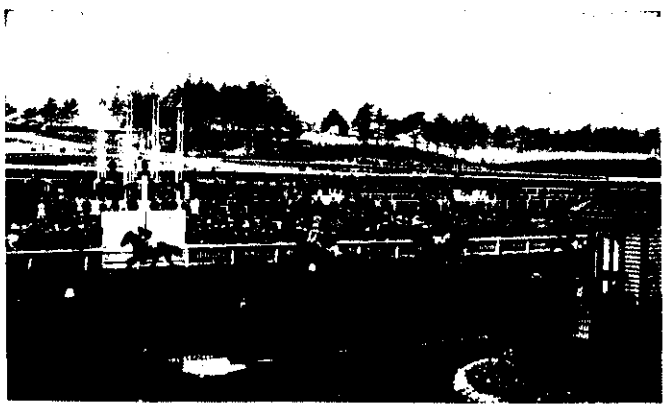
"VERONICA" RETURNING TO SCALE AFTER WINNING THE ALEXANDRA HANDICAP.

"IN CHARGE."

COMPARING "TIPS."

MR. DENNIS O'RORKE SPEAKS OF ENGLISH RACING.

"WAIPUNA," WINNER OF THE SUMMER CUP.



THE FINISH OF THE ALEXANDRA HANDICAP.

1st ROUND FOR THE SUMMER CUP.

**RACING AT ELLERSLIE, AUCKLAND, ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE SUMMER MEETING.**

PANORAMIC VIEW NORTH-WEST BAY, CAMPBELL ISLAND, WESTERN CLIFFS IN THE DISTANCE. SEA LIONS AT PLAY IN THE FOREGROUND.

Canterbury Philosophical Institute Scientific Expedition, photo.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF NORMAN'S INLET, A LANDLOCKED HARBOUR ON THE EASTERN COAST, AUCKLAND ISLAND.

## THE RECENT SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO THE AUCKLAND AND CAMPBELL ISLANDS.

# Graham of Claverhouse.

By IAN MACLAREN.

## BOOK III.

### CHAPTER I.

### ONE FEARLESS MAN.

ABOVE the town of Dundee, and built to command the place, stood, at the date of our tale, Dudhope Castle, a good specimen of Scots architecture, which in its severity and strength is, like architecture everywhere, the physical incarnation of national creed and character The hardness of Dudhope was softened in those days by what was not usual in the case of keeps and other warlike buildings, for Dudhope was set in the midst of sloping fields where cattle browsed, and had also round it plantations of wood. Before the castle there was a terrace, and from it one looked down upon the little town, nestling under the shelter of the castle, and across the Firth of Tay to Fifeshire, where so much Scots history had been made. It was to Dudhope Claverhouse brought his bride, after that stormy honeymoon which she had to spend under the shadow of her mother's hot displeasure in Paisley Castle, and he occupied with the weary hunt of Covenanters up and down the West Country. Their wedding day was the 10th of June, but it was not till August that Claverohuse and his wife came home to Dudhope. Since then four years have passed, during which the monotony of his duty in hunting Covenanters had been relieved by the office of Provost of Dundee, in which it is said he ruled severely, and the sameness of Jean's life at Dudhope by a visit to the Court of London, where she produced a vast impression, and was said to have been adored in the highest quarter. There were hours when she felt very lonely, although she would not have confessed this, being a woman of invincible spirit and fortified by the courage of her love. She never knew when her husband would be called away for one of his hunts, and though there were many Loyalist families in Forfarshire, it was not a time for easy social intercourse, and Jean was conscious that the Carnegies and the rest of them of the old Cavalier stock looked askance at her, and suspected the black Covenanting taint in her blood. Claverhouse, like a faithful, had done his best to conceal from her the injury which his marriage had done him, but she knew that his cunning and bitter enemy, the Duke of Queensberry, had constantly insinuated into the mind of the Duke of York and various high personages in London that no one who had married Lady Cochrane's daughter could, in the nature of things, be perfectly loyal. It was really for this love that he had lost the post of commander-in-chief in Scotland, to which he was distinctly entitled, and had experienced the insult of having his name removed from the Scots Council. It might be her imagination, but it seemed as if his fellow officers and other friends, whom she met from time to time, were not at ease with her. She was angry when the, refrained from their customary frank expressions about her mother's party, just as she would have been angry, if they had said the things they were accustomed to say in her presence. Claverhouse assured her on those happy days when he was living at Dudhope, and when they could be lovers among the woods there, as they had been in the pleasaunce at Paisley Castle, that he never regretted his choice, and that she was the inspiration of his life. It was pleasant to hear him repeat his love vows, with a passion as hot and words as moving as in the days of their courtship, and the very contrast between his unbending severity as a soldier and his grace as a lover made him the more fascinating to a woman who was herself of the lioness breed. All the same, she could not forget that Claverhouse would have done better for himself if he had married into one of the great Scots houses of his own party—and there were fe win which he would not have been welcome—and that indeed he could not have done much worse for his future than in marrying her. It was a day of keen rivalry amongst the Royalists, and a more unprincipled and disreputable gang than the king's Scots ministers could not be found in any land; indeed Claverhouse was the only man of honour amongst them. His battle to hold his own and achieve his legitimate ambition was very hard, and certainly he needed no handicap. Jean Graham was haunted with the reflection that Claverhouse's wife, instead of being a help, was a hindrance to her husband, and that if it were not for the burden of her Covenanting name, he would have climbed easily to the highest place. Nor could she relish the change of attitude of the common people towards her, and the difference in atmosphere between Paisley and Dundee. Once she had been accustomed to receive a respectful, though it might be awkward, salutation from the dour West Country folk, and to know that, though in her heart she was not in sympathy with them, the people in the town, where her mother reigned supreme, felt kindly towards her, as the daughter of that godly Covenanting lady. In Dundee, where the ordinary people sided with the Presbyterians and only the minority were with the Bishops, men turned away their faces when she passed through the place, and the women cried "Bloody Claverse!" as she passed. She knew without any word of abuse that both she and her husband were bitterly hated, because he was judged a persecutor and she a renegade. They were two of the proudest people in Scotland, but although Claverhouse gave no sign that he cared for the people's loathing, she often suspected that he felt it, being a true Scots gentleman, and although Jean pretended to despise Covenanting fanaticism, she would rather have been loved by the folk round her than hated. While she declared to Graham that her deliverance from her mother's party, with their sermons, their denunciations, their narrowness and that horrible Covenant, had been a passage from bondage to liberty, there were times, as she paced the terrace alone and looked out on the grey sea of the east coast, when the contradictory circumstances of her life beset her and she was troubled. When she was forced to listen to the interminable harangues of hill preachers, sheltering for a night in the castle, and day by day was resisting the domination of her mother, her mind rose in revolt against the Presbyterians and all their ways. When she was among men who spoke of those hillmen as if they were vermin to be trapped, and as if no one had breeding or honour or intelligence or sincerity except the Cavaliers, she was again goaded into opposition. Jean had made her choice both of her man and of her cause—for they went together—with her eyes open, and she was not a woman to change again, nor to vex herself with vain regrets. It was rather her nature to decide once for all, and then to throw herself without reserve into her cause, and to follow without question her man through good report and ill, through right, and, if need be, wrong. Yet she was a shrewd and high-minded woman, and not one of those fortunate fanatics who can see nothing but good on one side, and nothing but ill on the other. Life had grown intolerable in her mother's house, and Jean had not in her the making of a convinced and thorough-going Covenanter, and in going over to the other party, she had, on the whole, fulfilled herself, as well as found a mate of the same proud spirit. But she was honest enough to admit to herself that those Ayrshire peasants were dying for conscience' sake though she might think it a narrow conscience, and were sincere in their piety, though she might think it an unattractive religion. And she could not shut her eyes to the fact that there was little glory in shooting them down like muirfowl, or that the men of Claverhouse's side were too often drunk and evil-living bravos.

Jean was feeling the situation in its acuteness that evening as she read for the third time a letter which had come from Edinburgh by the hands of Grimond. At the sight of the writing her pulse quickened, and Grimond marked with jealous displeasure (for that impracticable Scot never trusted Jean), the flush of love upon her cheek and its joy in her eyes. She now drew the letter from her bosom, and this is what she read, but in a different spelling from ours and with some slight differences in construction, all of which have been translated:—

Sweetheart: It is my one trouble when I must leave you and save when I am engaged on the king's work my every thought is with you, for indeed it appeareth to me that if I loved you with strong desire on the day of our marriage, I love you more soul and body this day. When another woman speaks to me in the daytime, though they say that she is fair, her beauty coming into comparison with yours, is disparaged, beside the sheen of your hair and the richness of your lips, and though she may have a pleasant way with men, as they tell me, she hath no lure for me, as I picture you throw back your head and look at me with eyes that challenge my love. When the night cometh, and the task of the day is done, I hold you in my embrace, the proudest woman in Scotland, and you say again, as on that day in the pleasaunce, "For life, John Graham, and for death."

It has not been easy living for you, Jean, since that marriage-day, when the trumpets were our wedding-bells, and your mother's curse our benediction, and I take thought oftentimes that it has been harder for thee, Sweetheart, than for me. I had the encounters of the field with open enemies and of the Council with false friends, but thou hast had the loneliness of Dudhope, when I was not there to caress you and kiss away your cares. Faithful have you been to the cause, and to me, and I make boast that I have not been unfaithful myself to either, but the sun has not been always shining on our side of the hedge and there have been some chill blasts. Yet they have ever driven us closer into one another's arms, and each coming home, if it has been like the first from the work of war, has been also like it a new marriage-day. Say you is it not true, Sweetheart, we be still bridegroom and bride, and shall be to the end?

"When I asked you to be my wife, Jean, I told you that love even for you would not hinder me from doing the king's work, but this matter I have had on hand in Edinburgh has tried me sorely—though one in the Council would guess at my heart. I have also the fear that it will vex you greatly. Mayhap you have heard, for such news flies fast, that we lighted upon Henry Pollock and a party of his people last week. They were going to some preaching and were taken unawares, and we captured them all, not without blows and blood. Pollock himself fought as ye might expect, like a man without fear, and was wounded. I saw that his cuts were bound up, and that he had meat and drink. We brought him on horseback to Edinburgh, treating him as well as we could, for while I knew what the end would be, and that he sought no other, I do not deny that he is an honest man and I do not forget that he loved you. Yesterday he was tried before the Council, and I gave strong evidence against him. Upon my word it was that he was declared guilty of rebellion against the king's authority, and was condemned to death. None other could I do, Jean, for he that spared so dangerous and stalwart an enemy as Pollock, is himself a traitor, but when the Council were fain to insult him I rebuked them sharply and told them to their face that among them there was no spirit so clean and brave. This morning he was executed and since there was a fear lest the people who have greatly loved him should attempt to rescue, I was present with two troops of horse. It needeth not me to tell you that he died well, bidding farewell to earth and welcome to heaven in words I cannot forget, tho' they sounded strange to me. Sweetheart, I will say something boldly in thine ear. I have had little time to think of heaven and little desire for such a place, but I would count myself fortunate if in the hour of death I were as sure of winning there as Henry Pollock. So he died for his side, and I helped him to his death; some day I may die for my side, and his friends will help me to my death. It is a dark day and a troubled nation. Henry Pollock and

John Graham have both been through. God is our judge, wha kens but He may accept us baith? But I cannot deny he was a saint, as ye once said of him, and that I shall never be, neither shall you, Jean Graham, my love and my heart's delight.

This is sore writing to me, but I would rather ye had it from my hand than from another's, and I fear me ye will hear bitter words in Dundee of what has been done. This is the cup we have to drink and worse things may yet be coming, for I have the misgiving that black danger is at hand and that the king will have to fight for his crown. Before long, if I be not a false prophet, my old general, the Prince of Orange, will do his part to wrest the throne from his own wife's father. If he does the crown will not be taken without one man seeing that other crowns be broken, but I fear me, Jean, I fear greatly. In Scotland the king's chief servants be mostly liars and cowards, seeking every man after his own interest, with the heart of Judas Iscariot, and in London I doubt if they be much better. These be dreary news, and I wish to heaven I had better to send thee. This I can ever give, unless ye answer me that it is yours before, the love of my inmost heart till I am able to give you it in the kiss of my lips, with your arms flung about me, as on that day. Till our meeting and for evermore, my dearest lady and only Sweetheart first and last, I am your faithful lover and servant,

JOHN GRAHAM.

So it had come to pass as she had often feared, that Pollock would die by Claverhouse's doing, and now she had not been a woman if her heart were not divided that evening between her lovers, although she had no hesitation either then or in the past about her preference. Jean knew she was not made to be the wife of an ascetic, but never could she forget the look in Pollock's eyes when he told her of his love, nor cease to be proud that he had done her the chief honour a man can render to a woman. She knew then, and she knew better to-day, that she had never loved Pollock, and never indeed could have loved him as a woman loves her husband. But she revered him then, and he would have forever a place in her heart like the niche given to a saint, and she hoped that his prayers for her—for she knew he would intercede for her—would be answered in the highest. Nor could she refrain from the comparison between Pollock and Graham. In some respects they were so like one another, both being men of ancient blood and high tradition, both carrying themselves without shame and without fear, both being fanatics—the one for religion and the other for loyalty—and, it might be, both alike to be martyrs for their faith. And so unlike—the one unworldly, spiritual, and, save in self-defence, gentle and meek; the other charged with high ambition, fond of power, ready for battle, gracious in gay society, passionate in love. Who had the better of it in the fight—her debonair husband, with his body-guard of dragoons, striking down and capturing a minister and a handful of shepherds, or that pure soul, who lived preaching and praying, and was willing to die praying and fighting against hopeless odds? She had cast in her lot with the Royalists, but it came over her that in the eternal justice Pollock, dying on the scaffold, was already victor, and Graham, who sent him there, was already the loser. If it had been cruel writing for Claverhouse, it was cruel reading for his wife, and yet, when she had read it over again, the passage on Pollock faded away as if it had been spiritualised and no longer existed for the earthly sense. She only lingered over the words of devotion and passion, and when she kissed again and again his signature she knew that whether he was to win or to be beaten, whether he was right or wrong, angel or devil—and he was neither—she belonged with her whole desire to Claverhouse.

Claverhouse's letter to his wife was written in May, and by October his gloomy forebodings regarding the king were being verified. During the autumn William of Orange had been preparing to invade England, and it was freely said he would come on the invitation of the English people and as the champion of English liberty. From the beginning of the crisis James was badly advised, and showed neither nerve nor discernment, and among other foolish measures was the withdrawal of the regular troops from Scotland and their concentration at London. From London James made a feeble campaign in the direction of the west, and Claverhouse, who was in command of the Scots Cavalry, and whose mind was torn between contempt for the feebleness of the military measures and impatience to be at the enemy, wrote to Jean, sending her, as it seemed to be his lot, mixed news of honour and despair.

"For the fair hands of the Viscountess of Dundee, and Lady Graham of Claverhouse.

My Dearest Lady: If I have to send ye evil tidings concerning the affairs of the king, which can hardly be worse, let me first acquaint you with the honour His Majesty has bestowed upon me, and which I count the more precious because it bringeth honour to her who is dearer to me than life, and who has suffered much trouble through me. Hitherto our marriage has meant suffering of many kinds, for my Sweetheart, though I am fain to believe there has been more consolation in our love, but now it is charged with the King's favour and high dignity in the State. Whatever it be worth for you and me, and however long or short I be left to enjoy it, I have been made a Peer of Scotland by the titles written above, and what I like best in the matter, is that the peerage has been given—so it runs, and no doubt a woman loves to read such things of her man—for "Many good and eminent services rendered to His Majesty, and his dearest Royal brother, King Charles II., by his right trusty and well-beloved Councillor, Major-General John Graham of Claverhouse; together with his conatant loyalty and firm adherence upon all occasions to the true interests of the crown." Whatever befalls me it pleases me that the king knows I have been loyal, and that he is grateful for one faithful servant. So I kiss the hand of my Lady Viscountess, and were I at Dudhope I might venture upon her lips, ay, more than once.

When I leave myself and come unto the King I have nothing to tell but what fills me with shame and fear. It was not good policy to call the troops from Scotland, where we could have held the land for the King, but one had not so much regret if we had been allowed to strike a blow against the Usurper. Had there been a heart in my Lord Feversham—it hurts me to reflect on the King—then the army should have made a quick march into the West, gathering round it all the loyal gentlemen, and struck a blow at the Prince before he had established himself in the land. By God's help we had driven him and his Dutchmen, and the traitors who have flocked to him, into the sea. But it is with a sore heart I tell thee, tho' this had better be kept to thy secret council, that there seemeth to be neither wisdom nor courage amongst us. His Majesty has been living in the Bishop's Palace, and does nothing at the time, when to strike quickly is to strike for ever. Officers in high places are stealing away like thieves, and others who remain are preaching caution, by which they mean safety for themselves and their goods. "Damn all caution," say I, to Feversham and the rest of them, "let us into the saddle and forward, let us strike hard and altogether, for the King and our cause!" If we win it will me a speedy end to rebellion and another Sedgemoor; if we are defeated, and I do not despise the Scots Brigade with Hugh MacKay, we shall fall with honour and not be a scorn to coming generations. For myself, were it not for thee, Jean, I should crave no better end than to fall in a last charge for the King and the good cause. As it is, unless God put some heart into our leaders, the army will melt away like snow upon a dyke in the springtime, and William will have an open road to London and the throne of England. He may have mair trouble and see some bloodshed before he lays his hand on the auld crown of Scotland. When I may get awa to the North countrie I know not yet, but whether I be in the South, where many are cowards and some are traitors, or in the North, where the clans at least be true, and there be also not a few loyal Lowland Cavaliers, my love is ever with thee, dear heart, and warm upon my breast lies the lock of your golden hair. —Yours till death,

"DUNDEE."

God was not pleased to re-inforce the King's advisers, and his cause fell rapidly to pieces. Claverhouse withdrew the Scots Cavalry to the neighbourhood of London, and wore out his heart in the effort to put manhood into his party, which was now occupied in looking after their own interests in the inevitable revolution. And again Claverhouse, or, as we should call him, Dundee, wrote to Jean:

Dearest and Bravest of Women: Were ye not that, as I know well, I had no heart in me to write this letter, for I have no good thing to tell thee about the cause of the King and it seems to me certain that, for the time at least, England is lost. I am now in London, and the days are far harder for me than when I campaigned with the Usurper, and fought joyfully at Seneffe and Grave. It is ill to contain oneself when a man has to go from one to another of his comrades and ask him for God's sake and the King's sake to play the man. Then to get nothing but fair and false words, and to see the very officers that hold the King's commission shuffling and lying, with one eye on King James and the other on the Prince of Orange. Had I my way of it I would shoot a dozen of the traitors to encourage the others. But the King is all for peace—peace, forsooth! when his enemies are at the door of the palace. What can one man do against so many, and a King too tolerant and good-natured—God forgive me, I had almost written too weak? It is not for me to sit in judgment on my Sovereign, but some days ago I gave my mind to Hamilton in his own lodgings, where Balcarres and certain of us met to take council. There were hot words, and no good came of it. Balcarres alone is staunch,and yesterday he went with me to Whitehall and we had our last word for the present with the King. He was gracious unto us, as he has ever been to me when his mind was not poisoned by Queensberry or Perth, and ye might care to know, Jean, what your man, much daring, said to His Majesty: "We have come, Sir, to ask a favour of your Majesty, and that ye will let us do a deed which will waken the land and turn the tide of affairs. Have we your permission to cause the drums to be beat of every regiment in London and the neighbourhood, for if ye so consent there will be twenty thousand men ready to start to-morrow morning. Before to-morrow night the road to London will be barred, and, please God, before a week is over your throne will be placed beyond danger." For a space I think he was moved and then the life went out of him, and he sadly shook his head. "It is too late," he said, "too late, and the shedding of blood would be vain." But I saw he was not displeased with us, and he signified his pleasure that we should walk with him in the Mall. Again I dared to entreat him not to leave his capital without a stroke, and in my soul I wondered that he could be so enduring. Had it been your man, Jean, he had been at the Prince's throat before the Dutchman had been twenty-four hours in England. But who am I to reflect upon my King? and I will say it, that he spake words to me that I can never forget. "You are brave men," said the King, and, though he be a cold man, I saw that he was touched, "and if there had been twenty like you among the officers and nobles, things had not come to this pass. Ye can do nothing more in England, and for myself I have resolved to go to France, for if I stayed here I would be a prisoner, and there is but a short road between the prison and the graves of Kings. To you," he said to Balcarres, "I leave the charge of civil affairs in Scotland," and, turning to me, "You, Lord Dundee, who ought before to have had this place, but I was ill-advised, shall be commander of the troops in Scotland. Do for your King what God gives you to do, and he pledges his word to aid you by all means in his power, and in the day of victory to reward you." We knelt and kissed his hand, and so for the time, heaven grant it be not forever, bade good-bye to our Sovereign. As I walked down the Mall I saw a face I seemed to know, and the man, whoever he was, made a sign that he would speak to me. I turned aside and found to my amazement that the stranger, who was not in uniform, and did not court observation, was Captain Carlton, who served with me in the Prince's army and of whom ye have heard me speak. A good soldier and a fair-minded gentleman, tho' of another way of thinking from me. After a brief salutation he told me that the Prince was already in London and had taken up his quarters at Zion House. "Then," said I to him, "it availeth nothing for some of us to remain in London, it were better that we should leave quickly." "It might or it might not be," he said, being a man of few and careful words, "but before you go there is a certain person who desires to have a word with you. If it be not too much toil will you lay aside your military dress, and come with me this evening as a private gentleman to Zion House?" Then I knew that he had come from the Prince, and altho' much tossed in my mind as to what was right to do, I consented, and ye will be astonished, Jean, to hear what happened.

There was none present at my audience, and I contented myself with bowing when I entered his presence, for your husband is not made to kiss the hands of one king in the morning and of another in the evening of the same day. The Prince, for so I may justly call him, expected none otherwise, and, according to his custom—I have often spoken of his silence—said at once, "My

lord," for he knows everything as is his wont, "it has happened as I prophesised, you are on one side and I am on another, and you have been a faithful servant to your master, as I told him you would be. If it had been in my power, I had not come so easily to this place, for the council you gave to the King has been told to me. All that man can do, ye have done, and now you may, like other officers, take service in the army under my command." Whereupon I told the Prince that our house had never changed sides, and he would excuse me setting the example. He seemed prepared for this answer, and then he said, "You purpose, my lord, to return to Scotland, and I shall not prevent you, but I ask that ye stir not up useless strife and shed blood in vain, for the end is certain." I will not deny, Jean, that I was moved by his words, for he is a strong man, and has men of the same kind with him. So far I went as to say that if duty did not compell me I would not trouble the land. More I could not promise, and I reckon there is not much in that promise, for I will never see the Prince of Orange made King of Scotland with my sword in its sheath. If there be any other way out of it, I have no wish to set every man's hand against his neighbour's in Scotland. He bowed to me, and I knew that the audience was over, and when I left Zion House, my heart was sore that my King was not as wise and resolute as this foreign Prince. The second sight has been given to me to-day, and, dear heart, I see the shroud rising till its reaches the face, but whose face I cannot see. What I have to do, I cannot see either, but in a few days I shall be in Edinburgh, with as many of my horses as I can bring. If peace be consistent with honour then ye will see me soon in Dudhope for another honeymoon, but if it is to be war my lot is cast, and, while my hand can hold it, my sword belongs to the King. But my heart, sweet love, is thine till it ceases to beat.

Yours always and altogether,

DUNDEE.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE CRISIS.

Early springtime is cruel on the east coast of Scotland, and it was a bitter morning in March when Dundee took another of his many farewells before he left his wife to attend the Convention at Edinburgh. It was only a month since he had come down from London, disheartened for the moment by the treachery of Royalists and the timidity of James, and he had found relief in administrating municipal affairs as Provost of Dundee. If it had been possible in consistence with his loyalty to the Jacobite cause, and the commission he had received from James, Dundee would have gladly withdrawn from public life and lived quietly with his wife. He was an ambitious man, and of stirring spirit, but none knew better the weakness of his party, and no one on his side had been more shamefully treated. It had been his lot to leave his bride on their marriage day, and now it would be harder to leave her at a time when every husband desires to be near his wife. But the summons to be present at the Convention had come, and its business was to decide who should be King of Scotland, for though William had succeeded to the throne of England James still reigned in law over the northern kingdom. Dundee could not be absent at the deposition of his king and the virtual close of the Stuart dynasty. As usual he would be one of a beaten party, or perhaps might stand alone; it was not his friends but his enemies who were calling him to Edinburgh, and the chances were that the hillmen would settle their account with him by assassination. His judgment told him that his presence in Edinburgh would be fruitless; and his heart held him to his home. Yet day after day he put off his going. It was now the thirteenth of March, and to-morrow the Convention would meet, and if he were to go he must go quickly. He had been tossed in mind and troubled in heart, but the instinct of obedience to duty which Graham had obeyed through good report and evil, without reserve, and without scruple, till he had done not only the things he ought to have done, but many things also which he ought not to have done, finally triumphed. He had told Jean that morning that he must leave. His little escort of troopers were saddling their horses, and in half an hour they would be on the road, the dreary, hopeless road it was his fate to be ever travelling. Jean and he were saying their last words before this new adventure, for they both knew that every departure might be the final parting. They were standing at the door, and nothing could be greyer than their outlook. For a har had come up from the sea, as is common on the east coast, and the cold and dripping mist blotted out the seascape; it hid the town of Dundee, which lay below Dudhope, and enveloped the castle in its cold garments, like a shroud, and chilled Graham and his wife to the very bone.

"Ye will acknowledge, John, that I have never hindered you when the call came." As she spoke, Jean took his flowing hair in her hand, and he had never seen her so gentle before, for indeed she could not be called a soft or tender woman.

"Ye told me what would be the way of life for us, and it has been what ye said, and I have not complained. But this day I wish to God that ye could have stayed, for when my hour comes, and it is not far off, ye ken I will miss you sairly. Other women have their mothers with them in that strait, but for me there is none; naebody but strangers. If ony evil befall thee, John, it will go ill with me, and I have in my keeping the hope of your house. Can ye no bide quietly here with me and let them that have the power do as they will in Edinburgh? No man of your own party has ever thanked you for anything ye did, and if my mother's people do their will by you, I shall surely die and the child with me. And that will be the end of the House of Dundee. Must ye go and leave me?" And now her arm was round him, and with the other hand she caressed his face, while her warm bosom pressed against his cold hard cuirass.

"Queensbery, for the liar he always was, said ye would be my Delilah, Jean, but that I knew was not in you," said Dundee, smiling sadly and stroking the proud head, which he had never seen bowed before.

"You are, I believe in my soul, the bravest woman in Scotland, and I wish to God the men on our side only had the heart of my Lady Dundee. With a hundred men, and your spirit in them, Jean, we had driven William of Orange into the sea, or at the worst, we should certainly save Scotland for the king. Well and bravely have ye stood by me since our marriage day, and if I had ever consulted my own safety or sought after private ends, I believe ye would have been the first to cry shame upon me. Surely ye have been a true soldier's wife, and ye are the same this morning, and braver even than on our wedding day.

"Do not make little of yourself, Jean, because your heart is sore and ye canna keep back the tears. It is not given to a man to understand what a woman feels in your place, but I am trying to imagine, and my love is suffering with you, sweetheart. I do pity you, and I could weep with you, but tears are strange to my eyes—God made me soft without and hard within—and I have a better medicine to help you than pity." Still he was caressing her, but she felt his body straightening within the arm-our.

"When ye prophecy that the fanatics of the west will be at me in Edinburgh, I suspect ye are right, but I pray you not to trouble yourself overmuch. They have shot at me before with leaden bullets and with silver, trying me first as a man and next as a devil, but no bullet touched me, and now if they fall back upon the steel there are two or three trusty lads with me, who can use the sword fairly well, and though your husband be not a large man, Jean, none has had the better of him, when it came to sword-play. So cheer up, lass, for I may fall some day, but it will not be at the hands of a skulking Covenanter in a street brawl.

"But if this should come to pass, Jean—and the future is known only to God—then I beseech you that ye be worthy of yourself, and show them that ye are my Lady Dundee. If I fall, then ye must live, and take good care that the unborn child shall live, too, and if he be a boy—as I am sure he will be—then ye have your life-work. Train him up in the good faith and in loyalty to the king; tell him how Montrose fought for the good cause and died for it, and how his own father followed in the steps of the Marquis. Train him for the best life a man can live and make him a soldier, and lay upon him from his youth that ye will not die till he has avenged his father's murder. That will be worthy of your blood and your rank, aye, and the love which has been between us, Jean Cochrane and John Graham."

She held him in her arms till the very breastplate was warm, and she kissed him twice upon the lips. Then she raised herself to her full height—and she was as tall as Graham—and, looking proudly at him, she said:

"Ye have put strength into me, as if the iron which covers your breast had passed into my blood. Ye go to-day with my full will to serve the king, and God protect and prosper you, my husband and my Lord Dundee."

For a space the heat of Jean's high courage cheered her husband's heart, but as the day wore on, and hour by hour he rode through the cold gray mist which covered Fife, the temperature of his heart began to correspond with the atmosphere. While Dundee had always carried himself bravely before men, and had kept his misgivings to himself, and seemed the most indifferent of gay Cavaliers, he had really been a modest and diffident man. From the first he had had grave fears of the success of his cause, and more than doubts about the loyalty of his comrades. He was quite prepared not only for desperate effort, but for final defeat. No man could say he had embarked on the royal service from worldly ends, and now, if he had been a shrewd Lowland Scot, he had surely consulted his safety and changed his side, as most of his friends were doing. Graham did not do this for an imperative reason—because he had been so made that he could not. There are natures which are not consciously dishonest or treacherous, but which are flexible and accommodating. They are open to the play of every influence, and are sensitive to environment; they are loyal when others are loyal, but if there be a change in spirit round them they immediately correspond, and thev do so not from any selfish calculation, but merely through a quick adaptation to environment. People of this kind find themsleves by an instinct on the winning side, but they would be mightily offended if they were charged with being opportunists. They are at each moment thoroughly convinced of their integrity, and are ever on the side which commends itself to their judgment; if it happens to be the side on which the sun is shining, that is a felicitous accident. There are other natures, narrower possibly and more intractable, whose chief quality is a thoroughgoing and masterful devotion, perhaps to a person, perhaps to a cause. Once this devotion is given, it can never be changed by any circumstance except the last and most inexcusable treachery, and then it will be apt to turn into a madness of hatred which nothing will appease. There is no optimism in this character, very often a clear-sighted and painful acceptance of facts; faults are distinctly seen and difficulties are estimated at their full strength, sacrifice is discounted, and defeat is accepted. But the die is cast, and for weal or woe—most likely woe—they must go on their way and fight the fight to the end. This was the mould in which Dundee was cast, the heir of shattered hopes, and the descendant of broken men, the servant of a discredited and condemned cause. He faced the reality, and knew that he had only one chance out of a hundred of success; but it never entered his mind to yield to circumstances and accept the new situation. There was indeed a moment when he would have been willing, not to change his service, but to sheathe his sword and stand apart. That moment was over, and now he had bidden his wife good-bye and was riding through the cold gray mist to do his weary, hopeless best for an obstinate, foolish, impracticable king, and to put some heart, if it were possible, into a dwindling handful of unprincipled, self-seeking, double-minded men. The day was full of omens, and they were all against him. Twice a hare ran across the road, and Grimond muttered to himself as he rode behind his master, "The ill-faured beast." As they passed through Glenfarg, a raven followed them for a mile, croaking weirdly. A trooper's horse stumbled and fell, and the man had to be left behind, insensible. When they halted for an hour at Kinross it spread among the people who they were, and they were watched by hard, unsympathetic faces. The innkeeper gave them what they needed, but with ill grace, and it was clear that only fear of Dundee prevented him refusing food both to man and beast. When they left a crowd had gathered, and as they rode out from the village a voice cried: "Woe unto the man of blood—a double woe! He goeth, but he shall not return, his doom is nigh." An approving murmur from the bearers showed what the Scots folk thought of John Graham. Grimond would fain have turned and answered this Jeremiah and his chorus with a touch of the sword, but his commander forbade him sharply. "We have other men to deal with," he said to Grimond, "than country fanatics, and our work is before us in Edinburgh." But he would not have been a Scot if he had been indifferent to signs, and this raven-croak the whole day long rang in his heart. The sun struggled for a little through the mist, and across Loch Leven they saw on its island the prison-house of Mary. "Grimond," said Graham, "there is where they kept her, and by this road she went out on her last hopeless ride, and we follow her, Jock. But not to a prison, ye may stake your soul on that. It was enough that one Graham should die upon a scaffold. The next will die in the open field."

It was late when they reached Edinburgh, and a murky night when they rode up Leith Wynd; the tall houses of Edinburgh hung over them; the few lights struggled against the thick, enveloping air. Figures came out of one dark passage, and disappeared into another. A body of Highlanders, in the Campbell tartan, for a moment blocked the way. Twice they were cursed by unknown voices, and when Claverhouse reached his lodging someone called out his name, and added: "The day of vengeance is at hand. The blood of John Brown crieth from the altar!" And Grimond kept four troopers on guard all night.

The next night Claverhouse and Balcarres were closeted together, the only men left to consult for the royal cause, and both knew what was going to be the issue.

"There is no use blinding our eyes, Balcarres," said Graham, "or feeding our hearts with vain hopes, the Convention is for the Prince of Orange, and is done with King James. The men who kissed his hand yesterday, when he was in power, and would have licked his feet if that had got them place and power, will be the first to cast him forth and cry huzza for the new king.

There is a black taint in the Scots blood, and there always have been men in high position to sell their country. The lords of the congregation were English traitors in Mary's day, and on them as much as that wanton Elizabeth lay her blood. It was a Scots army sold Charles I. to the Roundheads, and it would have been mair decent to have beheaded him at Edinburgh. And now they will take the ancient throne of auld Scotland and hand it over, without a stroke, to a cold-blooded foreigner who has taught his wife to turn her hand against her own father. God's ban is upon the land, Balcarres, for one party of us be raging fanatics, and the other party be false-hearted cowards. Lord, if we could set the one against the other, Argyle's Highlanders against the West Country Whigs, it were a bonny piece of work, and if they fought till death the country were well rid o' baith, for I know not whether I hate mair bitterly a Covenanter or a Campbell. But it would set us better, Balcarres, to keep our breath to cool oor ain porridge. What is this I hear, that Athole is playing the knave, and that Gordon cannot be trusted to keep the castle? Has the day come upon us that the best names in Scotland are to be dragged in the mire? I sairly doot that for the time the throne is lost to the auld line, but if it is to be sold by the best blood of Scotland, then I wish their silver bullet had found John Graham's heart at Drumclag."

"Ye maunna deal ower hardly with Athole, Dundee, for I will not say he isna true. His son, mind you, is on the other side, and Athole himself is a man broken in body. These be trying times, and it is not every ane has your heart. It may be that Athole and other men judge that everything has been done that can, and that a heavy burden o' guilt will rest on ony man that spills blood without reason. Mind you," went on Balcarres hastily, as he saw the black gloom gathering on Dundee's face, "I say not that is my way of it, for I am with you while ony hope remains, but we maun do justice."

"Justice!" broke in Claverhouse, irritated beyond control by Balcarres' apologies and his hint of compromise, "If I had my way of it, every time-serving trickster in the land would have justice—a rope round his neck and a long drop, for a bullet would be too

honourable a death. But let Athole pass. He was once a loyal man, and there may be reason in what ye say. I have never known sickness myself, and doubtless it weakens even strong men. But what is this I hear of Gordon? Is it a lie that he is trafficking with Hamilton and the Whig lords to surrender the castle? If so, he is the most damnable traitor of them all, and will have his place with Judas Iscariot."

"Na, na, Dundee, nae Gordon has ever been false, though I judge maist o' them, since Mary's day, have been foolish. Concerning the castle, this is how the matter stands, and I pray you to hear me patiently and not to fly out till I have finished."

"For God's sake, speak out and speak on, and dinna sit watching me as if you were terrified for your life, and dinna pick your words, like a double-dealing, white-blooded Whig lawyer, or I will begin to think that the leproay of cowardice has reached the Lindsays."

"Weel, Dundee"—but Balcarres was still very careful with his word—"I have reason to believe, and, in fact, I may as well say I know, that there have been some goings and comings between Gordon and the Lords of Convention. I will not say that Gordon isna true to the king, and that he would not hold the castle if it would help the cause. But I am judging that he isna minded to be left alone and keep Edinburgh Castle for King James if all Scotland is for King William." And Balcarres, plucking up courage in the face of his fierce companion, added: "I will not say, Dundee, that the duke is wrong. What use would it be if he did? But mind you," went on Balcarres hastily, "he hasna promised to surrender his trust. He is just waiting to see what happens."

"Which they have all been doing, every woman's son of them, instead of minding their duty whatever happens; but I grant there's no use raging, we maun make our plans. What does Gordon want if he's holding his hand? Out with it, Balcarres, for I see from your face ye ken."

"If the duke," replied Balcarres, "had ony guarantee that a fight would be made for the auld line in Scotland, and that he would not be left alane, like a sparrow upon the housetop in Edinburgh Castle, I make certain he would stand fast; but if the royal standard is to be seen nowhere else except on one keep—strong though that be — the duke will come to terms wi' the Convention. There ye have the situation, mak' o' it what ye will."

"By God, Balcarres, if that be true, and I jalouse that ye are richt, Gordon will get his assurance this very nicht. It's a fair and just pledge he asks, and I know the man who'll give it to him. Edinburgh will not be the only place in the land where the good standard flies before many days are passed. Man! Balcarres, this is good news ye have brought, and I am glad to ken that there is still red blood in Gordon's heart. I'm thinking ye've had your own communings wi' the duke, and that ye ken the by-roads to the castle. Settle it that he and I can meet this very nicht, and if need be I'll be ready to leave the morrow's morning. Aye, Balcarres, if the duke holds the fastness, I'll look after the open country." And before daybreak there was a meeting between the Gordon and the Graham. They exchanged pledges, each to do his part, but both of them knew an almost hopeless part, for the king. Many a forlorn hope had their houses led, and this would be only one more.

While his master had been reenforcing the duke's determination and giving pledges of thoroughness, Grimond had been doing his part to secure Dundee's safety in the seat of his enemies. Edinburgh was swarming with West Country Whigs, whose day of victory had come, and who hurried to the capital that they might make the most of it. No one could blame them for their exultation, least of all Claverhouse. They had been hunted like wild beasts, they had been scattered when worshipping God according to the fashion of their fathers, they had been shot down without a trial, they had been shut up in noisome prisons—and all this because they would not submit to the most corrupt government ever known in Scotland, and that most intolerable kind of tyranny which tries, not only to coerce a man as a citizen, but also as a Christian. They had many persecutors, but, on the whole, the most active had been Graham, and it was Graham they hated most. It is his name rather than that of Dalzell or Lauderdale which has been passed with execration from mouth to mouth and from generation to generation in Scotland. The tyrant James had fled, like the coward he was, and God's deliverer had come—a man of their own faith—in William of Orange. The iron doors had been burst and the fetters had been broken, there was liberty to hear the word of the Lord again, and the Kirk of Scotland was once more free. Justice was being done, but it would not be perfect till Claverhouse suffered the penalty of his crimes. It had been the hope of many a dour Covenanter, infuriated by the wrongs of his friends, if not his own, to strike down Claverhouse and avenge the sufferings of God's people. Satan had protected his own, but now the man of blood was given into their hands. Surely it was the doing of the Lord that Dundee should have left Dudhope, where he was in stronghold, and come up to Edinburgh, where his friends were few. That he should go at large upon the streets and take his seat in the Convention, that he should dare to plot against William and lift a hand for James in this day of triumph, was his last stroke of insolence—the drop which filled his cup to overflowing. He had come to Edinburgh, to which he had sent many a martyr of the Covenant, and where he had seen Henry Pollock die for Christ's crown and the Scots kirk. Behold! was it not a sign, and was it not the will of the Lord that in this high place, where godly men had been murdered by him, his blood should be spilled as an offering unto the Lord?

This was what the billmen were saying among themselves as they gathered in their meetings and communed together in their lodgings. They were not given to public vapouring, and were much readier to strike than to speak, but when there are so many, and their hearts are so hot, a secret cannot be easily kept. And Grimond, who concealed much shrewdness behind a stolid face—which is the way with Scots peasants—caught some suspicious words as two unmistakable Covenanters passed him in the high street. If mischief was brewing for his master, it was his business to find it out and take a hand in the affair. He followed the pair as if he were a countryman gaping at the sights of the town and the stir of those days, when armed men passed on every side and the air was thick with rumours. When the Covenanters, after glancing round, plunged down a dark entry and into an obscure tavern, Grimond, after a pause, followed cautiously, assuming as best he could—and not unsuccessfully—the manner of a man from the west. The outer room was empty when he entered, and he was careful when he got his measure of ale to bend his head over it for at least five minutes by way of grace. The woman, who had glanced sharply at him on entry, was satisfied by this sign of godliness, and left him in a dark corner, from which he saw one after another of the saints pass into an inner chamber. Between the two rooms there was a wooden partition, and through a crack in the boarding Grimond was able to see and hear what was going on. It was characteristic of the men that they opened their conference of assassination with prayer, in which the sorrows of the past were mentioned with a certain pathos, and thanks given for the great deliverance which had been wrought. Then they asked wisdom and strength to finish the Lord's work, and to rid the land of the chief of the Amalekites, after which they made their plan. Although Grimond did not catch everything that was said, he gathered clearly that when Claverhouse left his lodging to attend the Convention on the morning of the fifteenth of March, they would be waiting in the narrow way, as if talking with friends, and would slay the persecutor before he could summon help. When it was agreed who should be present, and what each one should do, they closed their meeting, as they had opened it, with prayer. One of them glanced suspiciously round the kitchen as he passed through, but saw no man, for Grimond had quietly departed. He knew his master's obstinate temper and reckless courage, and was afraid if he told him of the plot that he would give no heed, or trust to his own sword. "We'll run no risks," said Grimond to himself, and next morning a dozen troopers of Claverhouse's regiment guarded the entry to his lodging, and a dozen more were scattered handily about the street. They followed him to the Convention, and waited till he returned. That was how Claverhouse lived to fight the battle of Killiecrankie, but till that day came he had never been so near death as in that narrow way at Edinburgh.

Dundee was not a prudent man, and he was very fearless, but for once he consulted common-sense and made ready to leave Edinburgh. It was plain that the Convention would elect William to the throne of Scotland, and as the days passed it was also very bitter to him that the Jacobites were not very keen about the rising. When he learned that his trusted friends were going to attend the Convention, and did not propose with undue haste to raise the standard for the king, Dundee concluded that if anything should be done, it would not be by such cautious spirits. As he seemed to be the sole hope of his cause, the sooner he was out of Edinburgh the better. When he was seen upon the streets with fifty of his troopers, mounted and armed, there was a wild idea of arresting him, but it came to nothing. There was not time to gather the hillmen together, and there was no heart in the others to face this desperate man and his body-guard. With his men behind him, he rode down Leith Wynd unmolested, and when someone cried, "Where art thou going, Lord Dundee? he turned him round in the saddle and answered, "Whither the spirit of Montrose will lead me." A fortnight later, in front of his house at Dudhope, he raised the standard for King James, and Jean Cochrane, a mother now, holding their infant son in her arms, stood by his side before he rode north. As he had left her on their marriage day with his troopers, so now he left her and their child, to see her only once again—a cruel meeting, before he fell. Verily, a life of storm and stress, of bitter conflicts and many partings. Verily, a man whom, right or wrong, the fates were treating as a victim and pursuing to his doom.

(To be continued.)

## SIR GALAHAD.

(By JOHN BARTON OXFORD.)

It was with something distinctly in the nature of a shock that I recognised, after a close scrutiny of the battered figure which hailed me hilariously from one of the benches in the little park, the grinning features of "Pink" Mulvill. One arm dangled in a sling; a green eye-shade covered his badly swollen and discoloured left eye; and as he rose to greet me, he hobbled stiffly forward with the aid of a cane.

"In heaven's name, what now?" I said, as he grasped my hand and wrung it effusively.

Mulvill drew me towards the bench chuckling at my perplexity.

"'Tis a rare fine mornin' to be loafin' in the sun," said he. "Sit here with me for a bit, if you've nothin' better to do, an' I'll give you all the harrowin' details."

I sat down on the bench, and Mulvill gingerly engineered himself into a seat beside me, not without sundry twistings of his face and many half smothered groans, which plainly bespoke a great weariness of the flesh. Once finally settled, he turned to regard me, a rueful smile curving his lips and a quiet twinkle showing in his undamaged eye.

"The beginnin' of it all," quoth he, "goes back to the day of the Outin' Club's picnic. We was comin' back on the boat, band playin', corks poppin' an' everybody overflowin' with the joy of the occasion. Me an' Annie Coogan was sittin' together in a quiet nook aft by the flagstaff on the upper deck, watchin' the lights of the island grow fainter an' fainter astern, an' lookin' at the reflection of the stars in the water.

"What with the fine night that it was, the band playin' waltz music on the lower deck an' Annie there beside me, lookin' pretty as a flower in her white duck dress, the tongue of me loosened up, an' I began talkin' very earnest to her, an' once I was started, the more I talked the earnester I got.

"She sat there listenin' very quiet, her chin in her two little hands an' her eyes lookin' out over the water, while I rattled on, goin' in deeper every minute, till all at once I saw her shoulders shake once or twice, an' at that I rung off.

"'This is where she gives me the ha-ha,' thinks I, 'an' it served me darned well right.' An' I pulls out a cigarette an' lights it, very cosual, my mind made up to pass it off as a joke when she threw me.

"'Gets to your funny-bump, don't it?' says I, not meanin' to let her start the merry-makin'.

"She turns round to me, very slow, an' I saw there was somethin' shinin' in her eyes. Say, that got me, right off. I was that unprepared for it I near swallered the cigarette, for I'd never figured I'd have a ghost of a chance with Annie. I grabbed the rail with both hands; my head was so light I was afraid I'd float off the deck.

"'Mike, says she, sorter pleadin', 'if you was only diff'rent.'

"'I'll be diff'rent, says I, the heart of me bangin' my ribs like a trip-hammer.

"She shrugged her shoulders. 'If I could only b'lieve you really meant it,' she goes on. 'If I thought you'd cut out that wild crowd you travel with, an' brace up an' get a decent job, an' be half a man—'

"Just then that sawed-off Casey person, who lives in the same block she does, come along to claim her for a waltz on the lower deck, an' with a little laugh she got up an' walked off with him, leavin' me there, too dazed to think of wringin' the neck of him for buttin' in.

"Say, the rest of the trip up, I was a dirigible balloon, for fair. I walked about like a man in a trance, an' I spilled the milk of human kindness promiscuous wherever I went. I didn't even file any objections when the Casey person saw her home from the boat, after we'd got in, for while they was walkin' off together, she turned to me an' sung out. 'Don't forget, Mike,' an' give me a meanin' nod that sent me soarin' again.

"An' that is how I come to light out next mornin', with the soul of me that virtuous it seemed out of place, an' my eye peeled for any job that would show I was willin' to work if I got the chance.

"But 'twas an off season for jobs just then, an' never a one could I get near enough to make friends with, though I pulled every string that was hangin' out and went the rounds thorough, from Butch Devine down.

"At last in despair I went down to Terry Cronin's. 'Twas a forlorn hope, an' I didn't count on anything comin' of it. Terry heard me through, an' shook his head.

"'The only thing I know of,' says he, 'is some advertisin' dodge that Noonan is workin' up. You might go an' see him. 'Twould be no harm done, at any rate. Here's the address.' An' he passes it to me.

"So off I goes hot-foot an' digs up Noonan. 'Sure, I can give you a job,' says Noonan, when I'd found him, 'but it'll be nothin' that you'll be wantin'.'

"'What's the nature of it?' says I.

"'We want a man to dress up in armour an' ride round town, to advertise our coffee,' says he.

"'How much is there in it?' I asks. He told me.

"'All right, I'll take it,' says I. 'When shall I start?'

"He looks me over, incredulous. 'What do you want of a job, anyway?' says he. 'What's the matter with the game? Don't they bite now?'

"'I've cut it,' says I, 'an' I'm takin' a job for me soul's good.'

"'The h— you are!' says he, laughin'. 'Well, if you really want it, be up to Johnson's stables at eight in the mornin'. I'll have your traps up there for you. You ain't kiddin', are you?' he asks, suspicious.

"'Dead sure I ain't,' says I. 'I'm much obliged for the chance. An' I blows out an' writes a note to Annie, tellin' her I've got a job, which, while it ain't just what I'm lookin' for, I shall hold down till I get something better.

"Next mornin' at eight I goes up to the stables, an' there I finds a young duffer waitin' for me.

"'Hello,' says he, 'this must be Sir Galahad.'

"'I'm the victim, if that's his name,' says I.

"'All right, come on,' says he. An' he leads the way into an empty stall, in one corner of which was what looked like a pile of tin.

"'I take it that's the armour?' says I quizzical.

"'That's the answer,' says he. 'Now then, let's get you into it.'

"I off with my coat an' vest, an' at it-b otwae uaf!o dd!w, flojdo of shrr it we went. In ten minutes you'd 'a' needed a can-opener to get a squint at me. The feller buckled an' strapped an' laced, an' when he at last had me done, he stood off an' looked at me grinnin'.

"'You're a winner,' says he. 'Ho, there, varlets! The steed!'

Two hostlers brought out the horse, which was all covered up with a sort of fly-cloth, except for two holes which was cut out for his eyes. All over it in big red letters was the words:

DRINK SIR GALAHAD COFFEE.

Then between 'em, the armour bein' too heavy for me to mount alone, they boosted me to the high-backed saddle.

"'Now for your good lance an' your trusty shield, an' you'll be all ready,' says the feller. An' he goes into the stall an' comes out, carrying a long lance, with a red pennon flappin' at the top of it, an' a big shield with a lion painted on it. Under the lion in red letters was the motto:

My strength is as the strength of ten, because my Mocha and Java are pure.

"'Keep to the main streets an' avenues,' says the feller, passin' the shield an' the lance up to me. 'Get your lunch whenever you like, an' be back here at half-past five. Now then, my bold knight, off you go!'

"He gave the horse a playful smack with the flat of his hand, an' away we went—armour clankin', pennon wavin', an' everybody near cranin' their necks out to get a glimpse at us as we went by.

"All that mornin' I rode about, up one street, down another—sometimes at a walk, sometimes at a gallop—but wherever we went we was the centre of attraction all right.

"About noon I found we were close to the block where Annie Coogan lived, an' it came to my mind 'twould be a good idea to show her I wasn't afraid to take the first job I could lay my hands on. So I turned the horse into the alley that led back of the block. Sure enough, there she was, waterin' her geraniums on the fire-escape in the third story. I struck spurs to the horse, galloped down the alley, an' drew up with a flourish beneath her windows.

"'What ho, damsel?' I sings out, loud an' jubilant. 'Behold your unworthy knight!'

"I waves my lance an' pushes back the visor of my helmet, expectin' to hear her laugh that ripplin' laugh of hers; but when I looked up, there she stood, clutchin' the railin' of the fire-escape in both hands, her eyes throwin' sparks an' her face white with anger.

"'So that's your job, is it?' she says in a low voice. 'I expected you to do a man's work, not a monkey's. I might have known better.' With that, she made as if to step through the open window behind her.

"'Aw, wait a minute, Annie!' says I 'I've got a couple of tickets to the Firemen's Ball to-night, an' I come round to ask you if you'd go with me.'

"'Thanks,' says she, cold as an iceberg, 'but Mr. Casey has given me an invitation, which I shall accept.'

"Before I could say anything more, she stepped inside, an' the window was shut with a bang. 'Twas a good two minutes before I come out of the trance that she'd thrown me into, but when I did, I clapped the spurs to the beast, an' we went out of the alley at a pace that brought heads out of every window in the block. Down the street we went at a mad gallop, an' turned into the avenue.

"People on the crossin's broke right an' left an' run screamin' to shelter; carriages and trucks pulled close to the curb to give us plenty of room; two cops jumped at the horse's head, but both missed it an' went sprawlin' on the pavements.

"'Here,' says I to myself, 'is where my job comes to a finish, an' if I come to a finish with it, so much the better!'—for I was crazy mad, an' all I wanted was trouble of one sort or another.

"Along we sped, me prickin' the brute with the spurs at every other step, an' he tearin' along as if he'd lost his senses. Ahead of me I saw a jam of trucks an' carriages, so I swung him into a cross street, an' presently we come to the water-front.

"All at once I heard a great yellin' an' cussin'. I looked up. Before us at the gates at one of the piers was an ugly mob, swingin' clubs an' howlin' their throats out. As I watched ,they made a rushed for the closed gates an' done their best to bust 'em open. Behind the fence I could hear someone screamin' 'Turn the hose on 'em! Get the hose!'

"In a flash it came to me what it meant. All the stevedores along the water-front was on a strike. Some scabs was evidently tryin' to load or unload a steamer, an' here was a mix-up, for fair. Say, I felt as if a ton of lead had been lifted off me, for here was just what I was lookin' for. All I wanted was a chance to mix in. Which side I took was all one to me, so long as I got plenty of trouble.

"I let out a yell, an' rode straight for the crowd at the gate. You'd oughter seen 'em scatter. We went through 'em like a clown through a paper hoop. They tumbled right an' left to get out of the way, an' the yells they let off was somethin' blood-curdlin'. We went clean through the bunch an' up to the gate, an' I was intendin' to go back through 'em once more, just for luck, when someone hove a brick that landed on the horse's neck. Down went his head an' up went his heels, an' off I tumbled, right into the middle of the row.

"I picked myself up an' backed up against the gate. The horse went tearin' off, an' the crowd closed in on me. Say, that was an ill-natured push, all right. Bricks an' clubs an' fists were so thick round me that I couldn't get a breath between jabs. I remember two or three tried to kick me, but when their toes landed against the armour, they went limpin' back off the firin' line.

"There was some hot doin's while it lasted. I put one feller out with a blow on the ear, an' another went howlin' off with his scalp laid open where my mailed fist had come down on it. A minute later my helmet was busted in by a blow from a club, an' immediately followin', a well-aimed brick caught me in the chest an' sent me to my knees. Before I could get up, they was on me like a pack of wolves, an' a dozen of 'em was walkin' most careless over my countenance.

"Then I heard a clang of gongs an' the rumble of wheels. There was a wild yell of 'Cops!' All around where I lay, the gang was tumblin' over each other in their haste to get away. Someone trod on my face, an' 'twas the birdies for me after that.

"The next mornin', as I lay in a cot at the hospital, wonderin' how I got there an' tryin' to remember what had happened, up comes a nurse, an' with her was Annie Coogan. She drew a chair to the bed, an' sat down beside me.

"'Mike,' she says, her eyes shinin', 'Oh, Mike, it was fine!'

"'What was fine?' says I, not knowin' what to make of it.

"'What you done,' says she. 'Haven't they shown you the papers? Look!'

"She held up a clippin', an' I read the headin':

GALAHAD TO THE RESCUE.

Holds Gate Until Police Arrives.

"'The feller that wrote it thinks he's very funny,' she says, with a sniff, 'but I understand, all the same, Mike. 'Tis more than a man's work, to face a mob like that single-handed.'

"'I only done my duty as I saw it,' says I, which perhaps wasn't exactly the truth, considerin' the fact that I wasn't in the least particular which side I done it for."

Mulvill paused to adjust the green eye-shade.

"But there'll be time enough to tell her that after the weddin', he chuckled. "'Tis set for Thursday week."

## The Day's Work and Wages.

### HOW THE NAVAL OFFICER LIVES ON HIS PAY.

By an "N.C."

It has been pointed out that under the present regulations an Army officer has no more prospect of living on his pay than he had in the past, notwithstanding the notable augmentation of his duties. It is satisfactory to turn to the senior service and find that, with reasonable economy and yet in decent comfort, a man can live without drawing on his "people" and without running into debt.

As in the Army, so in the Navy the conditions of life have become more strenuous in the last decade. Of course the "N.O."—to give him the title which he himself uses—is always on duty unless he has asked and obtained leave to be otherwise engaged. While he is on board he is in uniform, and the regulations still state that the wearing of plain clothes is a privilege extended to officers ashore for exercise and recreation.

Taking the lieutenant as a representative rank, he works "in four watches" as a rule. This means that the twenty-four hours of day and night are shared between the four watch-keeping lieutenants, giving each of them six hours duty, during which he must wear his belt and carry his telescope, keeping his eyes skinned for the instant notice of any occurrence, be it so great as the shoving off of an admiral's barge flying the flag or so small as the surreptitious hanging up of his washing in an unauthorised place by the ship's cook's mate.

ON THE BRIDGE.

At sea his place is on the bridge, in supreme command as the captain's representative, and responsible for the safety of the ship. And unless and until one has shared the middle watch—say approaching the Channel in a November night with a fine West-country drizzle drifting up from windward and a long swell abeam, with a fishing fleet ahead spreading nets half a mile long, and a stumpy old sailing ship trying to cut across the bows—until then one does not realise that watch-keeping is no sinecure and no picnic.

Our lieutenant has kept his watch, let us say "the first," from 8 p.m. to midnight. He must finish breakfast by a quarter to nine, or he will not get any, since at nine everything must be cleared up for divisions. When the buglers sound off "Divisions" our friend and his doggie, or attendant midshipman, muster their special division of the ship's company on deck. The roll is called, and causes of absence are investigated on the spot. The ranks are opened out, and each man is inspected, lest perchance he be dirty or untidy or unkempt. The lieutenant is a capable head-nurse.

Divisions over, the ship's company double aft to quarter-deck for prayers, which are sensibly short, practical, and intelligible. After prayers things begin to move. If you are in a smart ship of a smart fleet, you have to fight daily for your reputation, for every "evolution" is timed on board the flagship, and the order of merit is signalled to the fleet with appropriate and energetic comment by the "old man."

TENSE SILENCE.

So, as the little bundles creep up to the flagship's yard-arm and are broken into orders, there is a tense silence preceding pandemonium. The bugles blare out "General quarters," or "Out nets," or "Exercise action"; there is a wild stampede of all hands to their stations, a stampede that hides a preconcerted and ordered activity; and two minutes later there is silence again, denoting that every man is at his post.

Meantime our lieutenant has probably dived headlong into the fore barbette, where his twin 12-inch guns live. He has counted his gun's crew, found the second captain to be on the sick-list, and appointed a substitute. He and the engineer-lieutenant have tested valves and circuits and contacts, got the hydraulic pressure on, seen that the ammunition party are standing by in the magazine, and finally made the report: "Fore barbette all ready, sir!"

And so the forenoon goes. There may or may not be an hour's "stand easy" before lunch at noon, but there will almost certainly be some bags to inspect, to ensure that Tom Bowline, A.B., has really at last got his supply of underclothing complete. Or he may have to attend "defaulters," that daily petty sessions where a long-suffering commander investigates "personally and publically and in the presence of the accuser and accused" all breaches of discipline, good order, and morals. Then, nominally at noon, but really at 12.30, so as to give him a lunch-time, he goes on watch again till four.

DOG WATCHES.

The routine of watches is varied by means of the "first dog" and "second dog." An ordinary watch is four hours, and usually four officers share the watches, so that a man's duties would recur daily were not the 4 to 8 p.m. watch halved. The halves are the dog watches, and this arrangement shifts a man's watch forward by one step each day. Thus our lieutenant gets one night's undisturbed sleep out of four, and is on duty one afternoon out of four.

Ten shillings a day—£182 10s. per annum, less Income-tax—that has been the lieutenant's pay any time this hundred years. And he lives on it.

There is an old yarn, which may bear re-telling, of the hostess welcoming two small shy midshipmen who appeared as sole representatives of a gun-room mess. "How do you decide who comes?" "Oh, we toss for it, you see." "Then you two won?" "No, we lost."

And, lastly, in the Navy, mess bills are strictly scrutinised by a committee of three experienced officers. Accounts cannot be left unpaid. If necessary, the captain can order the paymaster to pay debts and debit the amount against an officer's pay. In fact, all gun-room accounts are paid through the office, and the midshipmen receive only the balance as his pocket-money for the month. The youngsters are limited to 10s. a month wine-bill and 15s. a month extras over and above their messing, which is only 30s. a month. The three senior officers of the gun-room are by regulation responsible that the mess is conducted on a scale commensurate with the pay of the juniors, and the three auditing officers have to satisfy themselves that there are no internal debts, and that no officer has incurred any extravagant expenses, signing a formal declaration to this effect and handing it to the captain, who himself produces it to the admiral at inspection.

In the ward-room mess the same routine is followed. The generous amount of £5 a month is fixed by custom as the limit of a wine-bill, and it is quite certain that even the plea of hospitality will not excuse an officer who exceeds it. But it is also as certain that anyone who attempts to "soak" within that limit will find himself subject to reprimand. An ordinary battleship mess-bill will run somewhat as follows, where a man neither stints himself nor indulges in any luxuries out of season.

Mess funds (band; library, furniture, games, etc.), £2; messing, £3; extras and wine and moderate entertaining £3; servant and washing, £2. The balance is £5, which may be increased by whatever can be saved out of the £3 allowed for luxuries in which category entertaining is placed. All ordinary mess entertainments are provided for by a special subscription included in mess funds.

The writer, being a poor man and "indifferent honest," was able without any wearisome economy to keep his extras, etc., down to £1 a month while serving in a smart battleship which played her proper part in the social life of Malta, and allotted £2 a month through the paymaster to his outfitter. A £70 outfitter's bill was thus cleared off in a three year's commission without the loss being felt.

There may be two dozen men in the service whose private incomes exceed £1,000 a year, and out of a mess of twenty, perhaps two have an allowance of more than £100 from their people. But the great majority rub along with an occasional £10 note on birthdays or at Christmas.

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Archaeologists have been delving for many years in the sands of Egypt, and their labours have unearthed many strange finds. But it remained for excavators within the last year to discover something which has not hitherto been met with in these subterranean explorations. These singular finds were made last season at Abydos, in Upper Egypt, by the Institution of British Archaeology, represented by Prof. Garstang and his colleagues. Inside huge jars of earthenware were found the bodies of hawks which had been preserved from Ptolemaic times, by being mummified much in the same manner as the human bodies recovered from the tombs of the land of the Pharaohs. These little hawks are said to present a very strange appearance, with their beaks peeping out from the cross-strappings which envelop them. Another find was the cemetery of the times of the Ptolemies' rule in Egypt (323 B.C. to the death of Cleopatra, 30 B.C.) in which the mummified birds were discovered.

English is to-day the dominant language of the world, and the use of it among alien peoples is spreading faster than that of any other language. An authority on languages quotes official statistics to show that while for centuries there has been a "battle of tongues," English is winning all along the line. To-day it is spoken by 120,000,000 people. Second—and a long way behind—comes German, spoken by about 75,000,000. Russia is third, slightly behind Germany in point of numbers; while French follows with about 51,000,000. Wonderful changes have taken place during the last century. In 1800 French held the first place, and bid fair to become the world language. Russian, German, and Spanish came next, and English was a bad fifth. In another century English will probably be spoken by half the peoples of the globe.

# LIFE IN THE GARDEN

## PRACTICAL ADVICE FOR AMATEURS

## Next Week's Work

By VERONICA.

### GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

Chrysanthemums are advancing in growth and want watering and mulching. They should also be thinned and attention paid to tying up to stout stakes. Dahlias also need constant attention, thin out and tie up. Lawns require watering and happy are those who have an abundant water supply laid on. Stir the soil around advancing crops and keep clear of weeds. In dry weather the hoe should be kept going as this tends to retain the moisture. Carnations are now making a fine display. Thin out the flower buds in order not to exhaust the plants, especially those intended for layering. The soil for this work should be got ready, and all kinds intended for layering should be labelled. It is not worth while layering any except the very best—varieties which burst the calyx and weakly growers are hardly worth the trouble. Cut down stalks of Aquilegia and Delphinium when done flowering. This will enable the plant to throw up fresh shoots which will flower later on. Sow a few early peas and French beans, stake runner beans, and sow a few radishes—we prefer the round turnip sorts for this season. Sow also a pinch of lettuce. Turnips and Swedes should also be sown.

### COMING SHOWS.

Canterbury United Horticultural Society — September 25th and 26th — Miss E. Sneyd Smith, secretary

Dunedin Horticultural Society Summer Show — Dec. 18; Carnation Show, Jan. 29 — D. Larnach, 14, Bond-st., secretary

Franklin Show, Pukekohe, February 28 and 29, 1908.

New Plymouth Horticultural Society — Spring Show — Dec. 12th — J. Clarke, secretary

North Otago Horticultural Society — Summer Show, Dec. 5; Autumn Show, March 5, 1908 — A. W. Milne, Hon. Sec., P.O. Box 10, Oamaru.

Stratford Horticultural and General Produce Society — Rose and Carnation Exhibition — Dec. 10th — Sidney Ward, hon. sec.

Te Aroha Agricultural and Horticultural Society — January 29, 1908 — Mr. A. S. Mackay, secretary

Timaru Floral and Horticultural Society—First week in March, 1908 — J. K. Macdonald, hon. sec.

Wanganui Horticultural and General Produce Society Spring Show — Nov. 27 and 28; Autumn Show, March 4-5, 1908 — D. Roy Walker, hon. sec.

Woodville Horticultural Society Autumn Show — March 4th, 1908 — A. Stevenson, hon. sec.

## Notes on Sweet Peas.

For those who planted early this has been a good season for sweet peas. By early planting we mean autumn sowing, either in the open or in frames, boxes or pots. We are afraid, however, that with the continued dry weather there will be no second crop unless water in abundance is available. Late sown sweet peas will, we fear, be very poor this season. A large number of new varieties have been put in commerce, and, speaking in a general way, they are, in the majority of instances an improvement on existing sorts, and many of our favourites will, in the near future, share the fate of their forerunners and be discarded; their places being filled by flowers of larger size, better substance and brighter colours. We purpose giving notes made by actual observation and comparison in the Dominion.

First of all we notice White Varieties. It is not so long ago since Emily Henderson was introduced by Messrs. Peter Henderson and Co., New York, and at that time this pea created quite a furore in America, Britain and her colonies. A year or two later Blanche Burpee appeared, and later we had Sadie Burpee—a sweet pea which produced both black and white seeds. Within the past five years Dorothy Eckford made her debut, and this variety has held the field until this year, when her claims to fame are being rivalled by later introductions. Now, we do not say Dorothy Eckford is superseded, but we certainly think if the newcomers continue to shape as they have done this year, and remain fixed in character, Dorothy Eckford will have to take second or third place.

One of the finest whites we have seen is named Shasta. It is pure white. The buds are yellow, but when fully opened they are of purest white with erect standard, are well set, not huddled, and there are three and four flowers on long stout stalks. The plant is strong and a vigorous grower. We predict this variety will become one of the leading sorts for cutting and for exhibition purposes.

Another new variety is named Nora Unwin, raised, we believed by Mr. Unwin, an English specialist. It is pure white, erect standard, exceedingly showy, and flowers rather earlier than the Shasta; a strong grower, producing three to four flowers to the stem. This variety has become very popular in England, where it is preferred by many to Dorothy Eckford. Our own experience of this variety in the Dominion is that it is a decided advance in whites, and it has done well, but did not last long in bloom, probably owing to the dry season.

Another new white is named Albatross, sent out by Dobbie and Co. It is not so large as the two preceding, and when quite fully expanded has a slight rosy tint. It is most floriferous, producing an abundance of flowers—generally four to a stem—on long stout stalks, well placed, not huddled. We have found it an excellent sort for cutting.

White Wonder is an American variety sent out by Mr. Burpee, of Philadelphia. It does not appear to have gained much favour; just why, we cannot explain. It may be termed a small flower, but it is pure white and the majority of the flowers are semi-double. It is a most profuse bloomer, the stalks carrying three, four, and five flowers on a stem, the vast majority being four flowered. We confess being very partial to this pea, as it is an excellent sort for cutting and continues a long time in flower.

Passing from whites, we notice a few of the Lavender Shades, which, as a rule, are probably greater favourites than any other shade. The Countess of Radnor used to be one of the most chaste and lovely flowers in this section. Then we had Lady Nina Balfour, a most delicate mauve, still grown and greatly prized by many, but the advent of Lady Grisel Hamilton almost completely eclipsed all others in this class, and there can be no doubt it is a fine pea. To Mr. Eckford belongs the honour of raising this grand sort, which, when first introduced, only a few years ago, was sold at 5/- a packet. This pea was very nearly lost owing to an unfavourable season, but a few seeds were salvaged and nursed by skilful hands, the variety was saved, and since its introduction has held the premier place as the most advanced giant flowered lavender.

Now a rival has arisen. We were fortunate in securing a few seeds of the rival, which is named Frank Dolby. To tell the truth we rather smiled at the idea of any sort displacing Lady Grisel, but Frank Dolby is a fine flower, more erect in the standard, and brighter than Lady Grisel. It is quite distinct, a very strong grower, and produces its flowers in a bunch. The flowers are large, and the plants carry a profusion of flowers. We consider that, provided Frank Dolby remains fixed in character, it may displace Lady Grisel, but it is too early yet to speak definitely. We hope in future issues to continue these notes.

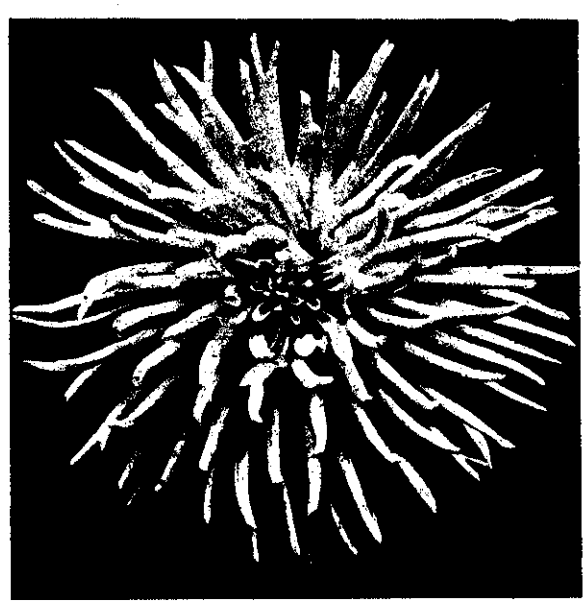
### SOME GOOD ROSES AT EDINBURGH SHOW.

Again the autumn show of the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society has come and gone. After all our pessimistic outcry against the weather of the past summer, the show has proved to be the best held in Edinburgh for the past ten or eleven years, remarks a Scotch exchange.

The first among new roses to catch the eye was Queen of Spain, a Hybrid Tea, colour white, tinged with pink in the centre, a rose that promises well, being something after the form of Bessie Brown, but more pointed and much greater substance of petal. Another fine one was Countess of Gosford, Hybrid Tea, colour pink, tinged yellow, a large, strong-like rose. Amongst yellows, the following were fine:—Mdme. Vermorel, La Progress, Marquise de Sinetz, and some good blooms of Mdme. Ravary.

Amongst the darks, Hugh Dickson was very prominent, and deservedly so; it is a fine rose. Another dark which was often and well staged was Earl of Dufferin, an old rose, but none the worse for that; also A. K. Williams and old Alfred Colomb.

The following were good amongst pinks:—Earl of Warwick, Auguste Comte, Mrs. Cooper, Alice Lindsell, and last, though not least, Mrs. John Laing.



Dahlia, Mauve Queen.

### CACTUS DAHLIA, MAUVE QUEEN.

Cactus Dahlias are still the most popular with raisers in all parts of the country, and more of that type are brought before the various societies interested in the Dahlia than of any other type, remarks a Home paper. The blooms of Mauve Queen are of large size, with the long-pointed and rather stiff florets directed in a variety of ways, but straight rather than incurved. Those who are fond of Dahlias will be pleased with the colour, which is of a soft mauve, becoming paler or almost white in the centre, where the youngest florets are just unfolding. No doubt colour played a prominent part in the decision of the judges, who accorded it certificates during September. The R.H.S. gave it an Award of Merit, and the National Dahlia Society gave it a First-class Certificate. In the cut state the flowers have a beautiful soft and clean appearance, and appear to advantage under a variety of conditions as to light. On both of these occasions the exhibitors were Messrs. J. Cheal and Sons, Crawley, Sussex.

### GLADIOLUS PRIMULINUS.

Although discovered 20 years ago in the Usagara Mountains of Southern Central Africa, nothing much appears to have been heard of this Gladiolus till within the past year or two, when, owing no doubt to the opening up of the country, and particularly to the advent of the Cape to Cairo railway at that part of the world where the plant is found, bulbs have been collected and distributed, especially in England. From the particulars given as to its habitat, it is clear that this Gladiolus, like many of the genus, but not all, requires much moisture, for it is described by one of the officials of the British South Africa Company who has seen it growing, as flourishing in one of the wettest places close to the Victoria Falls, where the atmosphere is nearly always charged with misty vapour.

The shape of the flower is curious and unusual; the upper perianth is seen to be curved right over so as to form a shield or roof over the inside, which is most delicately beautiful, and if it should turn out that the natural habitat of the plant is confined to places where it is subject to the continual wetting of fine spray, such as obtains at the foot of the Victoria Falls, the fact is only one more illustration of the extraordinary way in which nature adapts her flowers to their surroundings.

The tallest plant of a group I have growing (writes a correspondent in an English magazine) are no less than 4 feet high, and have from eight to nine buds or flowers on them. These open regularly though slowly to the topmost bud, which comes into flower about three weeks after the first one, so that the blooming period is unusually long for plants of this genus. The stem is not wiry and twisted, like that of G. tristis, but firm and fleshy, as in the case of the German Iris, and rather more than a quarter of an inch in diameter at the ground. The full-sized corms are about as large across as a half-crown, and of rather a stronger colour than the bloom, which is an exquisite Primrose yellow; and while it does not appear possible to say much at present with certainty about the culture, a mixture of granite chippings, charcoal, and coarse sand, with enough peat dust to make the mixture brown, and very free drainage, has, at any rate, answered very well so far in the case of my own plants.

Whether or not this Gladiolus will prove to be hardy in Great Britain is doubtless a question which only time can decide; and in this respect it would probably be wise to be on the safe side and treat it like Gladiolus sulphurous and others of doubtful hardiness. It is a most beautiful plant, with a singularly attractive habit of growth and refined flower.

## New Japanese Irises.

This article tells how an American became possessed of some bulbs on condition that none were to be sold or given away during the life time of the donor. We give the gist of the article, which we feel sure will be of interest to all who admire Iris.

A search through many flower markets in Tokio had failed to reveal a single iris that had not already been made familiar in America. Japanese acquaintances told me that there were far more beautiful specimens in Japan than any that America had seen, but they also warned me that I would not find them on sale. You may buy what the Japanese are willing to sell, and these are comparatively familiar. Japan, with all her absorption of Western ideas, holds her finest flowers in such loving esteem that to exchange them for money would be thought sacrilege.

I was told that there was a priest in the old capital, Kioto, one Osugi San, who grew beautiful iris, probably the most beautiful in the world. He had never sold a single bulb, and there is not an Osugi iris in the world outside the temple garden. I was, after much persuasion and a solemn promise not to seek to buy, able to secure a letter to Father Osugi. I found the priest in his garden. It was a very simple garden, but wonderful beyond words with its glorious bloom, the flowers often a foot across. There was Osugi San, smiling and peaceful, his manner tinged with just a trace of doubt until he read my letter. Ah, yes! I was a lover of the iris from America. And had I come all the way to see the iris of Japan. He had not yet succeeded in growing the most beautiful iris possible. In his mind there was a flower that would be very fine indeed; and it would yet come. The art of iris growing was still very young. Father Osugi led the way to a corner of the garden where in wide pots grew and bloomed his most wonderful iris, a masterpiece of infinite worth. The great satiny blossoms, measuring ten inches across, were a pure, glorious red. For a single bulb of this red iris, one of the statesmen of Japan offered £330. The city of Kioto offered Osugi San a pension for life if he would plant one hundred bulbs in the public garden. But this was no temptation. Was there not happiness and contentment enough in holding the honour of growing the finest iris in Japan? Each day Osugi San unfolded some new secret of his art, some new solution of the problems that have puzzled growers the world over. That the Western world should not be wanting of the heavenly flowers, said the priest, he had decided to send to his new American friend two hundred of his choicest bulbs. The bulbs arrived last fall in good condition, and in early spring were set out in pots according to the directions of the priest. The soil used was composed half of sand and half of rich loam. Although the native American iris is a marsh plant, Osugi San advises against too much moisture; so the two hundred pots were merely set out on a low piece of ground that remained damp all summer. As soon as the growing season commenced a liberal dressing of oil-cake was given once a week, and this was reduced to once a month after flowering was over. The bed of Osugi Iris is still in part an experiment, for no blooms of consequence were expected the first year. The three-year-old bulbs nearly always yield the finest flowers. Yet nearly 25 per cent of the bulbs bloomed, though these were naturally of the hardiest varieties. The blooms were chiefly white and purple, separate, and in a variety of delightful combinations. The largest was about ten inches across, and was of a silky whiteness, delicately edged with a pale, warm shade of purple. The texture of the petals is sometimes extraordinary, like thin silken crepe, crinkled fine in every direction, and inexpressibly soft and clear. One kind of this sort had a network of minute veins marked in violet, and these veins led into a strange, rich oriental blue as they neared the centre. A single petal of these flowers would cover the hand. It can be easily understood that the development of such irises represents a very high degree of specialised knowledge; and, indeed, Osugi San was a veritable mine of learning on all that related to this study, such, for instance, as the chemistry of soils and fertilizers, and the relation of soils to colour development—a most intricate and abstruse subject, a knowledge of which is gained only by years of research. In selection and cross-fertilisation he was, of course, a past master, for these have been his chief aids. I watched in vain for one of Father Osugi's great fifteen-inch blossoms, or for the famous red iris. To see these never-to-be-forgotten treasures in our own country is a pleasure reserved for another year. The results so far have been most encouraging. The plants have responded to the treatment prescribed by the Japanese in minute details. They are ready to go to their winter's rest with an apparently abundant store of vitality, and I have confidence that it is only a question of time when Japan's chiefest flower treasures will be rivalled in America.

Osugi Iris.

## Wellington Summer Show.

TO BE HELD ON JANUARY 15, 1908.

A GENEROUS PRIZE LIST.

The schedule of the Summer Show, to be held on January 15, under the auspices of the Wellington Rose and Carnation Club, discloses a prize-list which will be an eye-opener to most horticulturla societies in the colony. It is generous, and yet very well-balanced. Growers of sweet peas in Auckland and elsewhere will notice with interest and perhaps envy that in the open section for sweet peas there is a trophy valued at £10 10/, with £1 5/ cash, besides second and third-class prizes, and this for twelve varieties only. The show will be illustrated and reported on in "The Graphic."

### COLEUS.

Coleus are among the most useful of decorative plants, being of quick growth and most ornamental. If they are grown in a moderate temperature they will last in good condition in rooms for a considerable time. Plants that have lost part of their foliage, or have become too big, may be cut down, and the tops inserted into small pots. They may remain in these pots through the winter, and will be nice stuff for potting on in spring. Coleus are easily raised from seed, but are generally coarse the first season. Cuttings of the best should be taken and kept for another year's trial.

### COTONEASTER AFFLANATA.

The main stem and strong shoots of this species grow upright, and thus all the branches arch over about the middle. They are thickly covered with red berries, and are furnished with roundly, ovate, glossy, dark green leaves and grey beneath. Award of merit by the R.H.S. on October 1, when shown by Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons, Chelsea.

### VEGETABLES AT EDINBURGH.

FIRST PRIZE DISPLAY.

There is generally a keen contest between champion vegetable growers for the valuable prizes offered for a display of eighteen dishes of vegetables at the autumn show at Edinburgh, and a great amount of interest centres in the vegetables, both amongst gardeners and the visiting public, because they have come to look for something good in that class. The first prize for the eighteen dishes was taken by Mr. James Gibson, gardener to the Duke of Portland, Welbeck Abbey, Worksop, Notts.

We give a description of this exhibit for the benefit of our readers who have never seen the autumn show at Edinburgh, and also for the benefit of those who are commencing exhibiting vegetables at local shows. Great stress is laid by the judges upon the selection of the vegetables for the best appearance and form and for the taste displayed in arranging them so that every dish will appear to advantage, and readily catch the eye of the beholder. The leeks and celery, having leaves attached, and being the most bulky dishes, are set up behind, and between these are two varieties of cauliflower, also arranged to the best advantage, being embedded in parsley, as is the base of the leeks and celery.

The table consists of boarding, with a back to it over the ordinary staging, and this is covered with a piece of dark velvet cloth. It will be noticed that the onions stand out very prominently, and this they really do, as they are raised by an arrangement underneath the velvet cloth. The reader will notice that on the right hand are beet, peas, and potatoes, followed by onions, tomatoes, cucumbers, carrots, runner beans, tomatoes and onions again, then potatoes, peas, and parsnips. Nothing is confused in this exhibit, and nothing hides imperfections.

All the vegetables have, in the first place, been well grown. The celery and leeks well blanched, the cauliflower cut while it was young, firm and white. The onions had attained that degree of ripeness suitable to the period. The roots, such as beets, carrots, and parsnips, are got to suitable size according to their kind, carefully lifted, and as carefully cleaned as the potatoes, without bruising or otherwise marking them. The tomatoes have, of course, been cut when they had attained a proper degree of maturity. The peas are gathered when the pods are quite full, but still quite fresh, and the beans when of suitable size and selected for shape.

Furthermore, it may be stated that every member of each dish is selected so that it may be as nearly as possible of the same size as every other unit of that dish. It is altogether a mistake to lift potatoes and to send big and little alike to the show. For instance, very small potatoes are worthless for exhibition purposes, and monstrous tubers are equally useless, either for that purpose or for the dinner table. The very large tubers may, therefore, be discarded, as well as the small ones, and the tubers for exhibition selected as nearly of one size and shape as possible. Cucumbers should, of course, be cut before they get too old, of fair length, and straight, with the original bloom on the skin, all these being indications of good cultivation.

### VITIS INCONSTANS LOWII.

This is a new, closely clinging, hardy climber, which appears of much more refined character even than the well-known Ampelopsis Veitchi. The leaves are almost triangular, and are made up of three leaflets, each triangular. At the end of September they are of a rich bronzy hue. Award of merit by the R.H.S. on October 1, when shown by Messrs. H. Low and Co., Bush Hill Park, Enfield.

### A STRAIN OF SCABIOUS.

The most popular of all the species of Scabious is the annual Scabiosa atropurpurea, which is grown in a great number of gardens, large and small. It is also sometimes grown in pots for the decoration of the conservatory in winter and spring. A very fine strain of well-grown plants was shown by Messrs. Dobbie and Co., Rothesay, at the meeting of the R.H.S. on October 1, and accorded an award of merit for the strain. The varieties were numerous, including those with rose, flesh, white, black, brick-red, cherry-red, and white, blackish purple, lilac, and other hues. When well grown it is handsome for cut-flower purposes.

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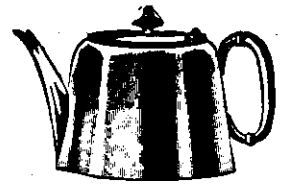

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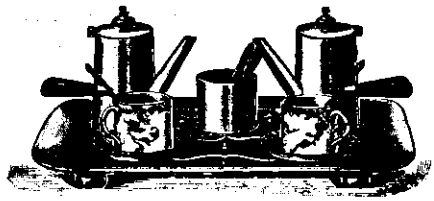

F8334—Coffee Set, 3 Royal Worcester Cups and Saucers, Best Silver-plated Nickel Silver Sugar Basin, 3 Coffee Pots, Sugar Tongs, 3 Tea Spoons and Tray, Size, 13 inches x 9 inches.
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G6925—"King James" Design Afternoon Tea Service on Tray, Silver-plated on Nickel Silver,
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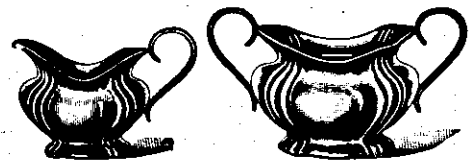

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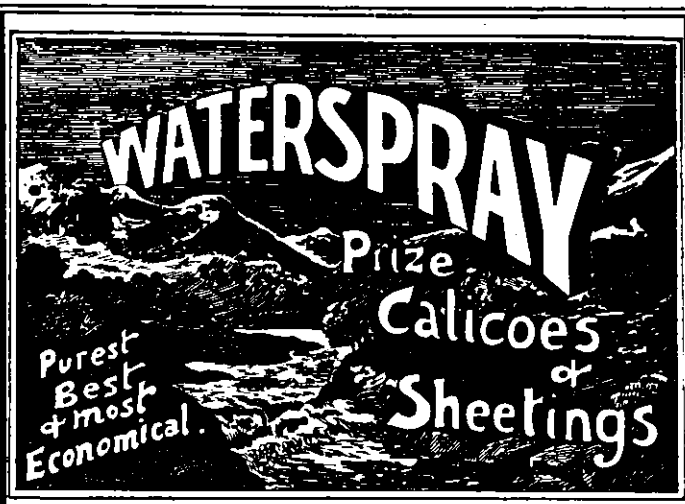


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# SMITH & CAUGHEY, Ltd., Auckland.

## Running a Fast Express.

Continued from page 4.

fireman, leaning from his window, watches for the guard's starting signal. The guard's whistle blows; the fireman says: "Right."

The driver pulls the whistle cord; No. 20 blows a hoarsely-sweet call, moving forward very gently in response to her driver's movement of her regulator. There is a thunderous "hoosh" from her funnel. She moves faster. Her exhaust quickens. The fireman clangs his door open and tosses a couple of shovels of coal into her incandescent furnace. When he does this, the heat brings the perspiration in beads to his forehead. She is beginning to move, when her wheels slip a little, in spite of her sixty tons weight pressing them to the rail. Steam is shut off until she recovers her footing. She has a heavy train to start, and her big driving wheels are not so good at starting as the smaller wheels of the engine which brought the train over the hills. She is built for speed as well as power, like the old-time fliers of Great Britain, whose eight and ten-foot drivers rendered them so difficult to start that a shunting engine always gave a push behind the train to enable the big engine to make one revolution of her wheels, after which she took on the load herself.

The increased frequency of her exhaust shows that the pace is quickening. The line curves out to the open and the effect, as the engine rounds the bend, is that she is heading straight for the fence. This in fact is true, for the rails drag her round with her wheel flanges grinding on the outer rail. As her speed increases, the sound of the exhaust steam becomes softer. This is due to the mechanical law that it takes more power to attain speed than to maintain it. Once the engine is well under way her driver "links her up." This shortens the travel of her valves so that less steam enters the cylinders. Expanding instantly, the steam has barely time to give the piston-head a kick before the piston returns on the next stroke. The big engine is fairly away now, and the noise of her wheels drowns the sobbing of the funnel. As she gathers pace, there is a pleasant exhilaration in the motion. The track seems ridiculously flimsy for such a monster to gallop over, yet it is built of ninety-pound rails, laid on iron-bark sleepers, and is very solid. It stretches away to the horizon, as straight as a die, with a slight dip and rise between. And now she is flying down a grade, shouldering from side to side to the thrust of her pistons, and screaming her challenge call at every level crossing. About two miles ahead a horse appears, like a figure in a cinematograph crossing the line; then another and another, and a dray. The engine-driver has seen them pass, and when they are clear, the big racer screams again to warn a possible following team that she has the right of way. Down the dip, up the rise, then an easy curve and another stretch horizon-wards to a reddish-brown cluster of sheds. This is a way-station with sidings, on which trucks are being unloaded into waggons. With a long blast of her whistle she careers past, the points and crossings clashing under her wheels, and the horses of the waggons starting nervously. Then she settles again to her steady, throbbing motion which is almost a gallop. The effect on untried knees is trying, and one requires his "engine-legs" before standing can be indulged in for any length of time. Looking backward, the carriages appear to be hurrying to crush the engine, which is flying to escape her doom. At the curves she rolls, and each carriage rolls too, independently, giving the train the appearance of a rocking chain of detached vehicles. Even now she has not attained her best speed. For the first ten miles she is taken easily; when she warms up she will steam better. The fireman keeps an eye on the water-gauges—glass tubes enclosed, but for one slit, in steel casing, which show the height of the water in her boiler. Formerly these tubes had no casing and frequently burst, sometimes causing injuries to the men on the foot-plate. When the water is low, the injector is started. This pumps water from the water-tank into the boiler. Almost unceasingly, coal is tossed into the roaring fire. Coal for locomotives is measured in baskets of 450lb., and on her fifty-mile run No. 20 burns from 14 to 17 baskets—about 3 tons—every shovelful of which the fireman lifts and throws. During the day he shifts between six and seven tons of coal.

Another way-station comes into view, and, away over the rise ahead, a column of smoke ascends.

"Late!" the driver grunts. The fireman nods, and latches his door open a little. Usually the express does not stop here, the goods train approaching being timed to reach the siding first, and the mail thundering through without drawing rein. The brakes emit their stinging hiss, and the long train of twelve carriages draw up to await the other train's arrival, No. 20, affecting an air of intense disgust, and snorting disdainfully. The approaching train soon roars in—a long procession of cattle and goods trucks, hauled by an engine nearly as large as No. 20. Her perspiring fireman shouts felicitations to his comrade on the engine of the mail, and is answered with a brevity befitting the dignity of the mail. Without delay the "rightaway" is given, and, impatient as a fretting horse, the big American tears at her load and is soon careering down the grade which had retarded the other train's progress. She has some time to make up, due to the unforeseen delay. The most difficult part of an express driver's duties is to keep on time; it requires judgment and an intimate knowledge of the line and of his engine's capabilities.

The line runs now through an avenue of trees, affording a striking example of perspective. At the end of this avenue stands a semaphore, rigid against the blue of the sky. No. 20 blows a challenge; the white arm drops. This is the first scheduled stopping-place. The platform of the station being on the fireman's side of the train, that individual leans out to watch for the guard's signals. His right hand waves in railway style, inside the cab, in unison with the movement of the guard's arm. The driver, his hand on the brake-valve, watches the fireman's hand from the corner of his eye, his gaze otherwise being directed, as always, dead ahead. Slower and slower; the fireman still moves his hand; then he holds it up, and says:

"Stop!"

The brakes, hissing like serpents, grip hard. The weight of the heavy carriages jerks the big engine backward for maybe half an inch, just enough to constitute a jerk. To preserve the draught while standing, there being no rush of steam up the funnel, the blower is started. This is a jet of steam directed up the funnel. There is a ten-minute stop here for passengers to "refresh." The engine is uncoupled, and runs down to take water. She stops at the tank, the fireman clambers up on the coal, and, seizing the long steel neck attached to the tank, inserts it in a hole in the top of the tender. A rope is pulled, and gallons of water gush into the engine's water-tank, which is situated under and around the coal. While this is being done, the driver takes a long-spouted oil-can and inspects the bearings, feeling them to detect any heating due to the high speed. He also fills up the lubricators. When this is done, and water taken, she rumbles back to her train.

The grades are heavier on the next portion of the run, and here the advantage of coupled driving-wheels is manifest. One pair of wheels may slip, yet there are two other pairs to hold, the six moving like one wheel, with six times one wheel's gripping power. Far ahead on either side of the line are dark objects, which resolve themselves, on nearer approach, into men—gangers and labourers at work replacing worn sleepers with new ones. The track is unballasted, and consequently speed is reduced. On the unballasted portion, she rocks and quivers nervously, but she is soon on the solid road again, and rushing down grade among rivulets and waving trees, brilliant green in the sunshine. Then, again the trend is upward, and continues so until the end of her "beat" is reached.

She presently rolls into the junction, where her work for the morning ends. Another engine relieves her, and she retires to be swung on the turn-table, so that her pilot will be pointed southward, ready for the return trip in the afternoon. Afterwards her fireman treats her to a "blow-out." This is not so satisfying as it sounds, consisting of the blowing of accumulated cinders and ashes from her smoke-box by a jet of steam.

When the south-bound mail arrives in the afternoon, she moves, spluttering and sizzling with suppressed energy, down to the train. It is on the south run that she makes her fastest running. Out of the station-yard she thrashes, over the bridge, round the curve and up a gentle rise. Then her driver pulls the regulator, which his left hand never leaves while she is running, and she feels the kick of the steam. The fireman plies his shovel as though he had a wager to shift the coal against time. The "knock" of the wheels becomes one prolonged crash which hurts the ears, and she sways in the ecstacy of speed. Mile on mile the line is straight. Telegraph posts dance past. Her whistle screams and screams at the numerous level crossings. With a nonchalance born of familiarity the fireman moves about the flying engine—now on top of the coal, shaking it down to a convenient position for his shovel; now standing on the step and getting water in a bucket from a tap in the side of the tender. This water he dashes on the floor of the engine and tender to cool it somewhat. Between the bouts of firing, he leans out and lets the cool gale fan his temples. Now the rolling, galloping locomotive is tearing through a station where some trucks are standing. There is a babel of echoing sounds, a stuttering clatter from her wheels and the open road again. In all the world, only one thing matters and that is the racing engine. The rails are but ribbons to mark her course—too frail they seem to be in any way connected with so self-contained a thing as this monster breathing fire. Cattle gallop away at her approach; dogs race alongside for one moment; the next are left, yelping and indignant, far behind. At the curve she tosses like a steamer in a seaway, her long brass-bound barrel, surmounted by the spouting funnel, swinging majestically. The carriages jostle one another in their haste to overtake her. Over 40 miles an hour is her speed, and No. 20 is in her element. This is what she was built for—to toss the roaring miles behind her. There is no sensation in the world to equal the motion of a fast locomotive flying through the open country, up hill and down dale. So No. 20 comes at last to her home station, where No. 17, the black-browed hill-climber, takes the train from her. As the mail pulls out on its last flight to the city, No. 20 stands on a siding coughing a little after her exertions, her tender almost depleted of coal. Then she is run into the engine-shed to be handed over to her cleaner.



It has often been alleged that animals at times commit suicide, and their suspicious behaviour when captured is cited as evidence of this statement. Experiments have proved the fallacy of this view, however, notably those carried out some years ago by Dr. E. Ray Lankester, and Professor Bourne, of Madras. Scorpions were confined in an extremely hot place, from which escape was impossible, and their frantic gymnastics were carefully studied. As in the case of the tortured rattlesnake biting his own body, the action of the scorpion in an apparent attempt to put an end to its sufferings by stinging its head was purely muscular, and Dr. Lankester himself compared the action to the biting the dust attributed to men who die in hand-to-hand struggles, or to biting of their own hand or arm by children in a paroxysm of anger.

# The Club Smoking Room

## By HAVANA

"HULLO doctor," said the journalist, "you look a bit fagged and thin after the Christmas holidays. Have you been converted to the new fasting cure, and foresworn the good things of life? I don't fancy the fasting craze is very popular at Christmas time. Most people believe in plenty of plum pudding and mince pies. It shows how strong custom is with us that we stick to the hot indigestible dinner of an old-fashioned English Christmas, no matter where we are or how hot it may be. I was crossing the line one Christmas Day, and the heat was enough to cook one alive. I just 'longed for fruit and ices and cool drinks, but we had steaming hot roast beef and stodgy pudding, and lukewarm heavy English beer, and not only was this hopelessly unsuitable fare provided but most of the passengers ate quite as much as they would have done if they had been in England with snow on the ground. I wonder some of them didn't die of apoplexy. I suppose the fact of the matter is that the average Briton looks upon these things as a part of his religion." Perhaps, doctor, you have been too busy physicking the victims of Christmas fare to really enjoy a holiday."

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"To tell the truth," replied the medico, "I do feel a bit fagged. I was called out three times on Christmas Day, and when I returned late at night I found a young fellow who had ridden in from the bush waiting for me, with a spare horse to ride back with him to attend an urgent case. I found the patient was not in any very immediate danger, though it was absolutely necessary that I should get there within the next twenty-four hours. I simply couldn't have gone with him that night, however pressing the case had been, as I should have been too worn out to attend to it properly. I got a few hours sleep and managed to drive a part of the way next day, but the roads were so bad that I had to leave my trap and ride a great raw-boned horse that they had sent for me. The saddle was broken, and so were the stirrup leathers. I had to ride with short stirrups, and the old wound in my knee made the journey far from pleasant. The roads after the recent rains were in an awful state, and we had nothing but a slippery bridle track for a good part of the way. However I got there in time, and was able to save the patient, but if anything had occurred to delay me a few hours longer the case would have been past mending. I wonder that with all our many subsidies the Government doesn't take some steps to subsidise a medical man for country districts. At it happened in the case I was called out to, the patient had been fairly skilfully treated, and there was no very immediate danger, but I had heard of two deaths only the week before, because no medical man could be got in time. I don't fancy people realise at all the risks run by some of our back block settlers. A man might easily meet with an accident and bleed to death before help could arrive, and the women often undergo untold sufferings for want of medical aid. Many of our country settlers' wives suffer all their lives from not having had proper treatment at a critical time."

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"There I am quite with you," said an old settler. "I remember a case where the doctor arrived just an hour too late to save the mother's life, and I have often known of cases where they were only just in time. But, quite apart from this, it comes jolly hard on a town doctor, used to train and motor-cars, to have to ride a half-broken horse through some of our bush mud. It is jolly plucky of them to go, I reckon, especially as they often have to lose their night's rest. Besides, no man can be at his best after several hours in the saddle, and perhaps a spill or two on the way. You want a special class of men for country work—men with good physique and used to riding in all sorts of country. No man could earn a living in the country without some outside aid. He would have to keep two traps and several horses, and he could not expect big fees. As things are, the settler not only has great difficulty in getting medical aid, but he has to pay a man ten or twenty guineas to go out, and not many of our fellows can afford that sum. I do think that if the Government moved in the direction of subsidising medical men for the back-blocks they would be doing a good deal towards helping closer settlement. No man cares to take a young wife away into the wilds, where there is no chance of getting a doctor in case of serious illness or accident, and men do not care to live an absolutely solitary life. The Government might provide a free house and a few acres of land and a pound for pound subsidy, or what the settlers could guarantee. Luckily our country women are healthier than their town sisters, and they survive many things which would kill a daughter of the city or a fashionable lady."

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"What you say," replied the doctor, "is very true. I am a poor rider myself at the best of times, but since the accident when I was thrown out of my trap, I have hardly been able to ride at all. I injured my knee very badly, as I daresay you remember, and I am quite unable to grip the saddle, and whenever I have a long ride it is simply torture to me. In this case I was speaking of I had to charge ten guineas to pay me at all. I lost two days, and all but capsized my trap in a rut, and I was thoroughly done up when I got home, and had to send another doctor to two of my cases. But the people were none too well off, and I wish I could have afforded to let them off the fee altogether. It would do some of our neurasthenic town patients good if they could see the plucky way in which country people meet illness or misfortune. In town half my time is taken up with the malade imaginaire—people who have nothing on earth the matter with them, except the want of something to do."

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"By Jove," said another doctor, "you do meet some rum cases sometimes. Perhaps it is not quite professional to talk about one's patients, but in a general way I think I am quite safe in saying that half of the people's ailments are purely imaginary. When the appendicitis craze was on, hundreds of people imagined that they ought to have their appendix removed. The big London surgeons were literally besieged by people clamorous for an operation. Most of them had nothing on earth the matter with them except fancy. It was not an uncommon thing for surgeons to do a pretended operation just to satisfy them. They would make a small incision and sew it up again, and the patient would be quite happy. If nothing had been done it is quite probable that many people would have worried themselves till they really did get ill. But even medical men caught the craze. One surgeon got an idea that all his patients were suffering from appendicitis. He used to lecture at one of the hospitals, and the medical students got a bit tired of his perpetual harping on the one theme. They cured him pretty effectually. One of their number fainted just outside the great man's residence. Two others who were with him rang the surgery bell and carried their fainting comrade into the consulting room. The surgeon looked at the patient, and gave the other two students a long lecture on the symptoms attending appendicitis, the great danger of sudden collapse, and the necessity for prompt and skilful operation. "Now," he said, "if you had not brought this case to me the young fellow might have died. Other practitioners might have failed to recognise the symptoms, so unmistakable to the trained eye. You have saved his life." He made all ready to operate, and asked the two students to remove the patient's clothing. This they proceeded to do, and when they had taken off his coat the surgeon was considerable taken aback to find a large placard fastened to the back of the patient's waistcoat, and bearing in large letters the following touching inscription: "I have had my appendix removed. Please do not operate."





# MUSINGS and MEDITATIONS

By Dog Toby

## COUNTRY SPORTS ON BOXING DAY.

FROM time immemorial in the history of the Dominion, Boxing Day has been devoted to the country sports meeting. In many small townships this is the one day in the year, the day from which all local events are reckoned, the Hegira of the local residents. There is nothing quite like it in England; the village sports at Home are mostly quite small affairs, managed and arranged by the squire and the parson, and of no great interest even to the villagers themselves. But in our own country districts they are entirely managed by the settlers, and the interest in them is keen.

I was once spending Christmas with some friends in the country, and I found them full of the great event. For weeks past little else had been discussed, and everybody was hoping for a fine day. We had had a very wet week, Christmas Day had been ushered in with a deluge of rain, and great fears were entertained lest the sports should be spoilt by the wet. But the clerk of the weather was propitious, and the day shone fine and fair. The boys spent the best part of the morning grooming their horses and brushing up their best suits. The girls devoted their time to various mysteries connected with feminine gear; their hair had been carefully plaited the night before so that it might curl and wave with natural grace on the day itself. They had washed and ironed their best white frocks; long gloves were produced and carefully fastened at the top to the end of the short white sleeves, and the hats were patted and pulled and pushed till they assumed that look of negligent grace so dear to the feminine heart. Then they were fixed in their place by a bewildering array of fancy hat pins, which stuck out each side in a formidable manner. Dad went out to see to the buggy, because the girls were to drive so as to save their frocks. The buggy was a good substantial structure with four wheels, and drawn by two stout horses. It needed to be strong because the roads were in an awful state after the rain. Then commenced the long drive through the mud. It was wonderful to see how the horses pulled us through the thick clay and ruts that would have terrified any English farmer. We had to hang on for all we were worth, as it swayed from side to side galloping down the hills. At last we reached the township, which was gaily decorated in honour of the great festival. The hotel paddocks were full of horses and buggies, and the verandah was piled high with saddles and bridles. Everybody from miles around had come in to see the running. There were grey-headed old settlers, still sturdy and well set up, middle-aged, sun-browned farmers, long, lanky youths in straw hats, mothers and maidens and babies in arms. The great prize of the day was the cup, valued at £2 10/-, and this was run in several heats. Great excitement was manifested in the final, for this event, as it was rumoured that a crack runner had come up from town in order to carry off the trophy. Of course everybody barracked for the local champion, and the handicappers did their best to assist him by giving him a long start, and putting the town man scratch. The race was, however, closely contested, and the town runner finished only a yard behind his rival. The ladies' race produced a big field. It was only a hundred yards, but very few of the competitors finished, as they all got mixed up when half way down the course, and stopped to argue the matter out. A fleet-footed damsel of seventeen, who had managed to keep out of the ruck, came in an easy winner, and the event seemed a popular one with the boys. She had apparently been well backed in half-crowns with the local penciller, and her fortunate backers came up after the race and presented her with half their winnings. Tilting at the ring on horseback brought out all the local horsemen. As the course was a furlong with five rings, and everybody had three tries, this event took up all the rest of the afternoon. The winner managed to get four out of the five. At night there was to be a dance in the hall, but we had to get back before dark as the roads were too bad for night travelling. On the way home we passed an endless stream of buggies and horses and people on foot returning to the distant settlements, one group consisted of five little boys who had walked ten miles to see the sports, and were now pluckily setting out to walk the ten miles back again to their home.

It is no wonder that as a race we are hardy, or that in sport, handful of men as we are, we more than hold our own against more populous rivals. Look at the men who go to these meetings—not the city weeds stunted and pasty-faced, but strong sturdy sons of the soil, brave and fearless riders, of an iron endurance, able to run all day and dance all night, and after a twenty-mile ride over clay roads and bush bridle tracks turning out at sunrise next morning for their day's work in the field as fresh as ever. It was men like these who proved so invincible in South Africa. And the country girl is quite as admirable in her own way as her brother. She will ride her ten or fifteen miles after working all day, and turn up as fresh as a daisy for the dance at night. Youth is her time of joy. The day will come when the shy young settler from the backblocks will ride over to her place on Sundays and talk about his bush clearing and the grass he has sown, and the house he is going to build next year. And she will admire his horse, and make cakes for his tea, and when the house is half-built she will become engaged. And then they get married, and have a great tin-canning from the boys, and many small gifts are sent by old friends, and she goes still further back into the wilds and devotes herself to her new home and her husband and bairns. A true daughter, a true wife, a true mother, she helps to make and keep our country great. There will be hard times ahead, days of isolation and hardship and loneliness, but days sweetened by love and by thoughts of duty done. And if she goes again to the sports it will be in sober garb, with children clinging round her, but there will always be the memory of days when she was fancy free, when she drove out so daintily fresh in her coquettish ribbons and muslin, with, Dad, in the family buggy, and when the boys crowded round her to beg the favour of a dance at night—the best and the saddest of all memories, the memory of what has been and never more can be.

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That a bow thrown from his bicycle shall be able to walk to his home two miles away, after having fatally fractured his skull, sounds almost incredible, but stranger feats of endurance are on record. A. Woodham Ferris, brickmaker, having inflicted a four-inch wound in his throat with a razor, calmly sat down and smoked a cigar what time the police arrived to carry him to the hospital; while a Northampton groom survived for fourteen days a fall in which his neck was broken. It is not now uncommon for a wounded heart to be stitched. Before this operation had been attempted a New York woman lived for a fortnight with a large bullet in her heart. It had penetrated the breast-bone, punctured the pleura so that air was admitted, and traversed the heart for an inch and a half. Yet not until after fourteen and a half days had expired did she relinquish her hold on life.

## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

(From Our Special Correspondents.)

LONDON, November 15.

### COLONIAL JURISDICTION IN ENGLAND.

The Lord Chief Justice and Lords Justices Buckley and Kennedy, sitting in the Court of Appeal this week heard the case of Emanuel and others v. Symon, an appeal by the defendant from a judgment of Mr. Justice Channell, raising a question of some importance in regard to the liability under Colonial judgments of partners resident in this country. Mr. McCall, K.C. for the appellant, said that the judgment of Mr. Justice Channell was for £1281, and the only question raised by the appeal was whether the defendant was bound by a judgment which was pronounced by a Court in Western Australia. Defendant was a British subject now carrying on business in the City of London, but for some years before the matters now in question arose, he carried on business in Fremantle. In 1893 he was obliged, for business reasons, to return from this country, where he had settled in 1892, to Fremantle. There he agreed with the plaintiffs, or those who represented them, to purchase a gold mining claim for the purpose of transferring it to a company. In 1896, however, he gave plaintiffs notice that he would withdraw from the partnership as there was no prospect of forming a company. Some time afterwards the shares in this gold mine were fixed, and the evidence showed that there was £638 to the credit of the partnership. At that time the defendant had settled in England, but in 1901 a writ was issued in Western Australia for the purpose of winding up the partnership and selling the gold mining claim. The writ, by order of the Australian Court, was served on the defendant in London, and in July, 1905, judgment was signed against the defendant in default of appearance. A master was asked to find the amount due to various creditors, and in May, 1903, a final order was made showing a deficiency of £7687. Plaintiff claimed that defendant was liable for one-sixth of that amount to his partners to enable them to meet the debts. Respondent's counsel said that his clients did not base themselves entirely upon the Colonial judgment, but claimed in the alternative for an account of the sum due from the defendant, to which they were without doubt entitled. The Court considered that Mr. Justice Channell's judgment went beyond the authorities, and allowed the appeal with costs. The question of an account stood over.

### THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

For once in a while the Lord Mayor's Show was favoured with decent weather, and for once in a while it was not ridiculous. Usually it is a sorry pageant of commonplace allegorical cars, manned by "supers" in all sorts of uncomfortable attitudes and costumes. The crowd jeers, business men grumble at the shocking waste of time and money, and the cry is raised for the abolition of a custom that has outgrown its dignity. But on Saturday the new Lord Mayor restored the show to something of its former prestige, and the sunshine and genial mildness of the day set the seal of success upon the function. Londoners of many years' standing tell me it was the best Lord Mayor's Show they can ever remember to have seen. An expert pageant-organiser was engaged for the occasion in the person of Mr. Louis N. Parker, and under his direction an imposing cavalcade of the King Edwards of English history, with attendant knights and squires, rode through the streets of London town.

It was a brilliant little review of stirring epochs in history; and no pains had been spared to secure accuracy of detail in costume and armour. The actors were splendidly mounted, and for the most part carried themselves with dignity and spirit. There were 230 men in the procession, some on foot, but most on horseback, and the pageant was composed of seven groups, that of Edward the Confessor leading the way, with William of Normandy in his train. Leading the second group rode Edward the Crusader, with an escort of mail-clad knights. Then came the second Edward, supported by Piers Gaveston and Hugh Le Despenser, and retainers. A striking, though funereal, figure in the succeeding group was that of Edward the Black Prince, black-plumed, mounted on a black charger, and encased in black armour, while a conspicuous and curious object in this section was a model of the first British cannon used in warfare. Of the seven kings who bore their part in the well-ordered procession, none wore apparel more richly resplendent than little Edward VII., whose stately purple robes marked him out for special admiration, while his retinue made a picture as impressive as anything seen before. The present reign was symbolised by a car designated "The Harvest of the Peacemaker." In the centre of this wagon, enthroned amid fruits and cereals, and surrounded by the representatives of British dominions beyond the seas, was the Goddess of Peace, bearing on her sceptre an emblematic dove. As the rich pageant slowly wound through the narrow City streets a vast crowd greeted it with a succession of cheers all along the route, and from every window and every balcony handkerchiefs and hats were waved in honour of the glittering cavalcade.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Lord Mayor's Guildhall banquet was the speech delivered by the First Lord of the Admiralty. Sir John Fisher was very cock-a-hoop about the efficiency of the British Navy. "He looked in vain anywhere to find a fleet equalling it, or even approaching it. It had proved itself nulli secundus either as to ships, officers, and men. The gunnery of the Fleet had surpassed all records. It was unparalleled, and he was lost in wonder and admiration of the splendid unity of spirit and determination that must have been shown by everybody, from the top to the bottom, to obtain those results. A gentleman of fine feeling has said that the recent Admiralty administration had been tainted with the devil's own luck. The attitude of the interesting personality indicated was unchanging—he hesitated at nothing to gain his object, and that was what the Board of Admiralty had done. Their object had been to have an efficient Fleet, a sufficient Fleet, and a Fleet in instant readiness for war, and they had got it—and no one knew more about the subject than he did. Therefore, he turned to his countrymen and said, "Sleep quietly in your beds, and do not be disturbed by the bogey of invasion."

Sir John Fisher proceeded to pour scorn on what he termed "scare-mongers," and deprecated the interference of "leagues" and other critics of the Navy. All the same, it was the leagues and critics who started the agitation for reform which placed Sir John Fisher at the head of the Navy, and it is just as well that they should continue to keep an eye on things.

### STRANGEST OF ROYAL WEDDINGS.

The wedding of Prince Charles of Bourbon and Princess Louise of Orleans, which takes place at Wood Norton, Worcestershire, on Saturday, is planned on so extravagant a scale that it might well be termed a "freak" wedding. It is to cost £30,000, and will be attended by no fewer than 40 princes of Royal blood, and 63 English and 22 French newspaper representatives. There will be other guests, but the only people of consequence, if one may judge from the Press accounts, are the Royalties and the newspaper men invited to chronicle the Royal magnificence.

The illusion of a "Royal" wedding has been maintained throughout the details of the whole elaborate function. The Duke of Orleans', the bride's brother, would have been King of France if the French had not happened to prefer a Republic to a Monarchy, and at his mansion at Wood Norton all the semblance of a Royal Court is maintained. So also with the wedding of Princess Louise. Rather than allow a "King's" sister to be married in a church open to commoners, the Duke of Orleans had a little chapel specially built in the garden of Wood Norton, and for the entertainments in connection with the wedding a banquet hall in lath and plaster has been run up for the occasion. It is 80ft. long and 40ft. broad, and is decorated profusely with the fleur-de-lys, the Royal arms and crown of France. The Duke himself and all the other claimants to thrones maintain Royal state, and are treated as kings by each other and all of inferior rank. It is as though they had said to one another, "Let us play at being kings," though of course each is firmly persuaded that he is a king, and not merely a claimant.

The bridegroom is a son of the last Comte de Caserta, who was a son of

King Ferdinand II. of Naples, and who claims to be King of Sicily. Prince Charles of Bourbon is a widower, having married in 1901 the Infanta of Spain, Princess of Asturias and sister of the present King of Spain, by whom he had three children, and who died the day after she gave birth to her only daughter on October 17, 1904. Had King Alfonso's baby never been born, Prince Charles of Bourbon's eldest son would be the future King of Spain. Within an hour of the birth of his son, King Alfonso signed away the title of Prince of Asturias from his brother-in-law to the new baby, and by the same decree the latter was invested with all the honours and prerogatives of the heir-apparent, which had previously been enjoyed by Prince Charles's six-year-old son. The Bourbons are an unlucky family, and they all believe implicitly in a family ghost known as the Red Man of the Tuileries. The spectre has generally made his appearance during a battle, and betokens death to one of the Royal Family, or some terrible slaughter. With the advent of Princess Louise into the family circle it is hoped that the spell of misfortune will at last be broken. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Comte de Paris and the Comtesse de Paris. Like most French girls of noble birth, the greater part of her life up to the present has been spent within the walls of a convent. Her wedding gown has cost £2000, and the total cost of the trousseau, which is a gift from Prince Roland Bonaparte to his daughter, will exceed £60,000. It is made on a truly regal plan, and includes nearly one hundred dresses, of which forty are low-necked gowns. The lingerie alone has cost £15,000, according to the newspapers.

The Royal dinner party given to-night on the eve of the wedding, by the Duke of Orleans will be one of the most magnificent functions ever witnessed in England. The Queen of Portugal and Queen Victoria of Spain are to be the guests of honour, and King Alfonso is to sit upon Queen Amelia's right hand. The flower of the old French nobility will be present, and the marriage contract is to be signed in the presence of all the guests by the King, the Queens, the Duke of Orleans, the Countess of Paris, and the princes and princesses of the Bourbon and Orleans families.

Infinite care has been expended on the selection of flowers, which include an immense quantity of orchids, and the jewels and dresses of the lady guests will exceed in splendour anything ever seen in the present century.

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Piercing the skyline of New York far above all the other skyscrapers is the lofty Singer building, fast nearing completion. When the towering pile of steel and masonry is finished it will be 47 stories high and 612 feet from the pavement to the pinnacle. This giant will be the highest occupied building in the world, and will overtop all other existing structures except the Eiffel Tower in Paris. The foundation is set in solid bedrock 90 feet below the level of the street. On the bedrock were built caissons of cement. A heavy steel body laid over the caissons forms the underbody of the structure, 14 floors of which comprise the main section of the building, from which rises the tower up to 47 stories, with its scores of office-rooms. Eighteen lifts will carry the 2500 tenants to their offices. Fifteen thousand incandescent lights, sufficient, the engineers say, to light a town of 25,000 inhabitants, will illuminate the rooms and hallways for late office workers. Fifteen miles of pipe will be required for steam and water purposes.

The "Builder" calls attention to the unparalleled activity which prevails at the present time in the projection of schemes for railway tunnels in Switzerland and adjoining countries. Seven or eight schemes are on foot, including those for the construction of a tunnel parallel to the Simplon, a similar work beneath the Jura, another through Mont Blanc, and a new tunnel at lower level in place of the existing Hauenstein tunnel. The second Simplon tunnel will be slightly wider than the first. It is probable that the total cost will be not less than one and a half millions. The projected tunnel under Mont Blanc is to be rather more than eleven miles long, and its highest point nearly 6500ft above sea-level. This scheme has been formulated by a technical commission of the Turin municipality, and, if constructed, the tunnel will give direct railway communication between Aosta and Chamonix.

## STAMP COLLECTING

A new value is reported in the stamps for use in the French colonies. The design is similar to the old one, and the value is 45c brown on green. These stamps are for use in Anjouan, Gabon, Grande Comore, Inde Francaise, Mayotte, Moheli, and Oceanie.

An oblong label has been issued for Guadelope. It is 45c brown on violet with a native village scene in the centre.

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"Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News" states that a new commemorative stamp of 100 reis is being prepared to celebrate the opening of the Brazilian ports to International Commerse, and will be issued at the opening of the Exhibition. This stamp is additional to the 100 reis which is to be issued next year in honour of the proposed visit of the King of Portugal to Brazil.

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Reprints of the 1865 issue of Dominican Republic are stated to be about. They are hand-struck on yellow paper.

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A new stamp has been issued in Belgium. It is the 1c grey. The design is similar to the one formerly in use, with the exception that there is no ornamentation between the design and the Sunday label.

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Another issue of stamps is reported from Salvador. In three lines at the top are the words, "Correo-de-EL Salvador," and in the centre appears a building, while the value of each stamp is on a network ground at the foot. The values range from 1c to 100c.

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"Le Timbre-Poste" states with regard to the stamps of Spanish Guinea: "In 1902 there was a shortage of stamps in this colony. Whilst awaiting the expected supply, the Vice-Governor, who seems to have also been Postmaster-General, placed on letters an impression, in violet, from a handstamp inscribed Subgobierno de Bata – Habilitado para un sello de 0.10 pts. El Subgobor: [signature illegible]. We have seen a postcard so franked postmarked Bata 12 Nov. 1902."

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"A very interesting issue of Marianne Islands has," states "Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News," "by some strange oversight, entirely escaped the chroniclers of the philatelic press. Several denominations of the 1898 Philippines issue during 1899 were surcharged with rubber stamp 'Marianas Espanoles' in violet ink, the surcharge being placed vertically in an octagonal single-lined frame. The letters are small capitals, block type, and the surcharge is in two lines. The necessity of this surcharge is plainly evident. When the Philippines were acquired by the United States, all Spanish issues became obsolete. At that time the only stamps in use in the Marianna Islands were the regular Philippine stamps. For almost a year the islands remained in the possession of Spain before they became a German colony. As the stamps of the Philippines were obsolete and demonetized the Marianna Islands were left in a peculiar position.

"Communication with the home country was very infrequent, and it naturally took many months to secure new supplies. We therefore find that this surcharged issue was in use possibly about a year until the surcharged German stamps were employed. I have seen copies of the 2, 3, 5, 6, and 8c stamps of the Philippines 1898 issue which were thus surcharged used on mail to Manila. I have also seen the cover with the full cancellation. This is a large oval with the coat of arms in the centre, at bottom 'Yslas Marianas,' and at top 'Gobierno P.M." The date on back of the letter was the ordinary cancellation of the Manila military station, and dated December 11, '99. There is a prospect of getting the official decree concerning this issue. I understand that one is to be had in Manila."

## The Confessions of a Press Agent.

By CHANNING POLLOCK IN "MUNSEY."

**A frank revelation of the methods of a peculiar modern profession, which may make the reader wonder how much he can believe of the theatrical news of the day.**

A Press agent, as the reader may know, is a person employed to obtain free newspaper advertising for any given thing, the thing usually being a theatrical production. This advertising he is supposed to get as the Quaker was advised to get money—honestly, if possible. Since it isn't often possible, the press agent may be described in two words as a professional liar.

There is neither malice nor "muck rake" in this assertion. The press agent knows that his business is the dissemination of falsehood, and he is proud of it. Go up to any member of the craft you find on Broadway and say to him, "You are a liar!" You will see a smile of satisfaction spread itself over his happy face, and his horny hand will grasp yours in earnest gratitude. Victor Hugo and Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray were liars, too, according to his way of thinking, and not particularly ingenious or entertaining liars, at that. Their fiction was spread over the pages of books, as his is spread over the pages of the daily journals, and their mission, like his, was the enlivening of a terribly dull little planet.

This altruistic motive really lurks behind the prevarications of the press agent with imagination. He conceives his philanthropic duty to be the making of news to fill a demand largely in excess of the supply. If the pursuit of this purpose brings him an income hovering about that of a United States Senator, he cannot be blamed.

I became one of the gild of Ananias some six or seven years ago, coming fresh from the position of dramatic critic on a Washington newspaper; and I think I may say without undue egotism that, throughout this period, I have lied industriously, conscientiously, and with a fair degree of success. There have been, and are, more able falsifiers than I in the field, but the confessions of one man cannot in honour include the deeds of another, and so I must omit them from this chronicle. Suffice it to say that the stories of Anna Held's bathing in milk, of the detention of a recently imported giant at Ellis Island, of Mrs. Patrick Campbell having tan bark spread in the street to deaden the rumbling that annoyed her during performances, and a score similar in nature, remain conspicuous examples of various press agents' skill in attracting attention to the players to whose staffs they were attached.

### THE ELEMENTS OF A GOOD "FAKE."

The successful launching of a "fake"—so these imaginative efforts are known to the profession—is not at all the simple matter that it may appear to be. The mere conception of the story is only the beginning of the task. It is not enough to decide that such and such a thing might happen, or to swear that it has happened; it must be made to happen. Moreover, the occurrence should be so natural, and the plans leading to it so carefully laid and concealed, as to prevent suspicion and baffle investigation. If possible, the press agent ought ostensibly to be unconnected with the affair; if not, he must hide his knowledge behind a mask of innocence in comparison with which the face of Mary's little lamb would have looked like a selection from the Rogue's Gallery.

There are other requisites to the spinning of a yarn which shall be valuable in an advertising way. In the first place, it is necessary that the story shall not injure the reputation or lower the standing of its hero or heroine, and equally desirable that it shall have no "come back" that may make enemies for the press agent. For instance, the announcement, made during a recent engagement of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in New York, that the actress had won a large sum from society women at bridge whist received all kinds of space in the newspapers, but it brought down upon Mrs. Campbell's devoted head such scathing denunciation from press and pulpit that she lost no time in issuing a denial. A good "fake" is bizarre and picturesque enough to be interesting, will defy the prober after truth, hurts no one, and creates no journalistic grudges to be fought down in the future. There must be no limit to the number of times that the press agent can stir up excitement when he calls "Wolf!"

So many of the stories invented by theatrical Munchausens possess the qualification first mentioned that it is by no means unusual for the inventor to take the newspaper man into his confidence. Of course, before doing this, he wants to feel sure of his newspaper and of his man. Dailies there be that prefer fact to fiction, however prosaic the former; that treat the stage in so dignified a manner that, if the Empire Theatre burned to the ground, they probably would print the information under a head reading "The Drama"; that scorn the press agent and have only contempt for his handiwork. The most extreme of these dailies, strangely enough, is the very newspaper that once, for its own amusement, so successfully exploited a "fake" about wild animals escaping from the Central Park Zoo that for twelve hours afterwards business was practically suspended in New York. On the other hand, at least half of the newspapers of the metropolis do not inquire too closely into a tale that is likely to appeal to their readers, especially if the tale in question is obviously harmless.

### THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR PLAY.

A characteristic example of the kind of "fake" in which one may rely upon the co-operation of the Fourth Estate is the incident of Margaret Mayo writing a play in twenty-four hours. Miss Mayo, who has since written many plays, at the time of which I speak was appearing with Grace George in "Pretty Peggy" at the Herald Square. The season had been dull, and I was casting about for any item likely to get into print, when the idea of having some one go Clyde Fitch one or two better in rapidity of accomplishment occurred to me. Obviously, it was impossible to involve Miss George in the episode without making her appear ridiculous, and so I cast about for a likely member of her company.

Miss Mayo's name suggested itself to me because of the fact that she was even then at work on several comedies, and I obtained her consent to my plan. Shortly afterward, it was announced from the Herald Square that Miss Mayo had wagered a supper with Theodore Burt Sayre, an author of prominence, that she could begin and complete a four-act drama in the space of a single day. The test was to be made on the following Sunday, at the residence of the actress, who was to have the benefit of a stenographer; and to guard against her using an idea previously worked out, she was to follow a synopsis furnished by Mr. Sayre. This synopsis was to be delivered in a sealed envelope at six o'clock one morning, and the play was to be finished at six o'clock the next. Mr. Sayre, an intimate personal friend, had been furnished with these details over the telephone, and affirmed them when called up by the reporters. Our announcement was printed by nearly every newspaper in town.

The stenographer furnished Miss Mayo on that eventful morning was my own—a bright, quick-witted Irish girl, whose name, unfortunately, I have forgotten. The synopsis of the play was Miss Mayo's. She had made it from an old manuscript of her own, which had been freshly typed a day or two before. On Saturday night sheets from this manuscript were generously distributed about the room, the remaining sheets were hidden in a bureau drawer, the typewriter was put in position, and our scenery was ready. Business took me to Philadelphia on a late train, and the beginning of our two little comedies—that to be written and that to be acted—was entrusted to Miss Mayo.

I got back from the Quaker City shortly after noon on Sunday, and went directly to the apartment house in which the lady lived. From the hall I heard a nervous voice and the click of a typewriter. Somebody admitted me, and my eyes beheld as excellent a counterfeit of fevered energy as it has ever been their luck to fall upon. Miss Mayo was pacing the floor wildly, dictating at least 60 words a minute, while the stenographer bent quiveringly over her machine. A pile of manuscript, such as Arthur Wing Pinero might possibly have prepared in six months, lay on the table. The typist broke the charm.

"Why," she exclaimed, "it's Mr. Pollock!"

"Oh," said Miss Mayo, "I thought you were a newspaper man! Sit down and have a biscuit."

This pretence was continued all day. When reporters came we struggled with the difficulties of rapid-fire composition; when they didn't we ate biscuits and manifolded epigrams, which were sent to waiting city editors, and quoted as being from "the twenty-four-hour play." Miss Mayo was photographed several times, and we had dinner at six. Afterward, we named our product "The Mart," and our day's work was done. Despite our thin histrionism, there was not a scribe among our visitors who did not know in his secret soul that the whole thing had been cooked up for advertising purposes; yet, a newsless Sunday aiding and abetting us, we had more space the next morning than would have been devoted to the outbreak of a revolution in France.

## A MATINEE "FOR WOMEN ONLY."

Similarly, no intelligent person could have questioned for a moment the purpose of the matinee which De Wolf Hopper gave "for women only" a year ago at the Casino. "Happyland," the opera in which Mr. Hopper was appearing, made no especial appeal to the gentler sex, while the presenting company included so many pretty girls that a performance for men only might have been more reasonable. As a matter of fact, I first conceived the idea in this form, but swerved from my course upon taking into account two important considerations. The announcement of an entertainment "for men only" must have created the impression that there was something objectionable about the presentation—an impression which we were anxious to avoid—and it would not have given the opportunities for humorous writing which we hoped would serve as bait to the newspaper reporters.

Foreseeing that upon the obviousness of these opportunities would depend the amount of attention paid to so palpable an advertising scheme, we took care to guard against a dearth of incident by providing our own happenings. Among these were the entrance of a youth who had disguised himself as a girl in order to gain admittance, the appearance of a husband who insisted that his wife must not remain at a performance from which he was barred, and one or two like episodes. We found in the end that these devices were superfluous. On the afternoon selected, the interior of the Casino fairly grinned with femininity, the audience looked like a suffragists' mass-meeting multiplied by two, and even so dignified and important a news-gathering service as the Associated Press condescended to take facetious notice of the "woman's matinee."

If you remember what you read in newspapers, it is not at all impossible that, even at this date, you will find something familiar about the name of Marion Alexander. You don't? Perhaps your memory can be assisted. Miss Alexander was the chorus girl supporting Lillian Russell in "Lady Teazle" who sued the manager of the company for ten thousand dollars because he had said she was not beautiful. The story of this slander and of the resentment it provoked went all around the world, though it is unlikely that anyone who printed it was deceived as to the genuineness of the lady's fine frenzy.

The Marion Alexander tale had all the journalistic attractions of the woman's matinee, in that it was unique, and admitted of breeziness in narration; but it had, in addition, an advantage which no press agent overlooks—it was easily capable of illustration. Newspapers always are eager to print pictures of pretty women. The average New York daily would rather reproduce a stunning photograph of Trixie Twinkletoes than the most dignified portrait of Ellen Terry or Ada Rehan. Miss Alexander was pretty—no doubt she still is—and, while this story was running along, her manager's firm paid nearly three hundred dollars for photographs used by daily papers, weekly papers, magazines, and news syndicates.

In the course of the controversy, Miss Russell took occasion to side with the manager—she didn't know that she had done so until she read her published letter the next morning—and ventured the opinion that no brunette could possibly be beautiful. As had been expected, this statement aroused a storm of protest. There are half a million brunettes in New York, and to say that we succeeded in interesting them is putting it mildly. When "Lady Teazle" departed for the road they were still writing indignant notes to the newspapers, and nearly every note gave added prominence to Miss Russell. I wrote a few indignant letters myself, and had them copied in long hand by the telephone girls and stenographers in the building. It is quite needless to say that Miss Alexander's suit never came to trial.

## AWKWARD REQUESTS FOR PROOF.

It has sometimes happened that managing editors have become interested in my humble efforts at the creation of news, and have demanded proofs that were not easily manufactured. During the run of "Fantana" at the Lyric Theatre I discovered a chorus girl whose dog wore an exquisite pair of diamond earrings. To be quite accurate, neither the chorus girl nor the dog had thought of any such adornment when we three became acquainted, but a ten-cent pair of jewels stuck to the animal's head with chewing gum, and the popular belief that "the camera does not lie," were expected to make the discovery seem convincing. A doubting Thomas on the "World" made it necessary for us to borrow earrings from an obliging jeweller, and to bore holes in the flesh of a poor little canine that might never have known what suffering was but for the shocking scepticism mentioned.

If in this case the beast was martyred in the interest of science—the science of advertising—the staff of the Press department at the Lyric had its share of trouble a bit later on. We had sent out ingenuously a trifling story about what we were pleased to call a "chorus girls' rogues' gallery," detailing the manner in which the records of the young women were kept on the backs of the photographs filed away in a room arranged for that purpose. A newspaper wanted the tale verified, and inquired blandly if it might send up a reporter to inspect. We replied with equal politeness that it might—the next day. That afternoon we bought a rubber stamp and nearly a thousand old pictures, and all night long six of us worked on a "chorus girls' rogues' gallery" that would live up to its reputation. Our reward was a page in colours.

Sometimes things really do happen to actors and actresses, and so, not infrequently, there is a grain of truth in the news printed about them. Only a grain, mind you, for if a tenth of the happenings in which they are supposed to take part were actual, the inevitable end of life on the stage would be death from nervous prostration. The wide-awake Press agent is quick to plant the grain of truth aforesaid, growing therefrom stories no more like the originals than a radish is like a radish seed.

Grace George once telegraphed me, at Chicago, that she would not open at the Grand Opera House in "Pretty Peggy" on a Sunday. She felt, quite rightly that eight performances a week were the limit of her endurance. Staring at a pile of printed bills announcing an engagement beginning on the Sabbath, I concluded that this ultimatum had reached the limit of mine. Then an inspiration. Up went the original bills, to be covered a day later with others advertising the premiere for Monday. The newspapers were curious as to the reason of the change in our plans, and we were willing, not to say, eager, to satisfy their curiosity. Miss George did not believe in giving theatrical performances on Sunday. At least a dozen clergymen read this, and told their congregations about it the day before the postponed advent of 'Pretty Peggy."

Caught in a blizzard at Oswego, four years ago, I was informed that the only chance of my joining Miss George that night at Syracuse lay in making the trip in a special locomotive. That necessity got printed throughout the country a vivid description of Miss George driving an engine through banks of snow in order to reach Syracuse for her performance of "Under Southern Skies." The woman who actually made the trip with me was a waitress from an Oswego hotel, and she received ten dollars for it.

A little later, William A. Brady needed a thousand girls for his Woman's Exhibition at Madison Square Garden. They could have been obtained without the knowledge of the Police, but secrecy was not what we were after. "Wanted—One Thousand Women at Madison Square Garden, at 8 p.m. on Friday" was an advertisement which brought down upon us nearly thrice that number, together with a small army of newspaper reporters and photographers.

## STORIES THAT HAVE HAD THEIR WAY.

Truth is never especially a desideratum in a press agent's story, and there are some actual occurrences which he willingly suppresses. Accounts of small fires, accidents, thefts, and quarrels never get into type if he can help it. Several kinds of news stories have been "faked" so often that no one would attempt to have them exploited journalistically should examples of their class really happen. He would be a brave publicity promoter, for instance, who carried to an editor the tale of his star stopping a runaway, no matter how firmly the tale might be based on fact. Miss George had a valuable diamond necklace stolen from her while she was playing in "Pretty Peggy," but she knew better than to permit my sending out an announcement of the theft. "An Actress Loses Her Diamonds!" You laugh scornfully at the very idea.

The newspapers no longer publish accounts of people standing in line before box-offices all night in order to secure good seats in the morning, though I succeeded in obtaining mention of this feature of Sarah Bernhardt's recent engagement in New York by injecting into the yarn a few drops of what theatrical managers call "heart interest." Five dollars and a little careful coaching secured for me a picturesque-looking old woman, who convinced her inquisitors that she had once acted with the Divine Sarah in Paris. Her vigil in the lobby of the Lyric received more attention than did the bona-fide line of three thousand persons which I rose at five to have photographed on the morning following.

This impostor's husband afterward figured at the Casino in the role of a man whose visit to "Happyland" was the first he had made to a theatre since the night on which he had witnessed the shooting of Abraham Lincoln. The tale we told was that this historic tragedy had so affected him that the soothing influence of forty years was required to bring him again into the precincts of a playhouse. Interviewed by the representatives of several journals, he made a comparison between theatrical performances of anti-bellum times and those of to-day that could hardly have been more convincing had my confederate's price not included two seats for the preceding evening at another place of amusement under the same management. This story, which went the rounds of the country, cost, in all, ten minutes' work and three dollars in cash. I mention it as an instance of the simple "fake" which sometimes proves most effective.

## THE "LOST MANUSCRIPT" EPISODE.

An equally simple story, used almost simultaneously, came near being less inexpensive. Henry Miller was about to produce "Grierson's Way" at the Princess, and, rehearsals not progressing to his satisfaction, he determined to postpone the schedule date of opening. This determination we resolved upon turning to our own account. We advertised widely that Mr. Miller had lost the only manuscript of the play, without which the performance could not be given, and that he would pay a reward of five hundred dollars for its return.

Two days after, Mr. Miller called me up on the telephone.

"An awful thing has happened," he said. "I've actually lost a manuscript of 'Grierson's Way.'"

"What of it?" I inquired.

"What of it!" echoed Mr. Miller. "Supposing somebody brings it to me and demands that five hundred dollars!"

Fortunately the manuscript was found by one of the stage hands, who was satisfied with a small bill and an explanation.

It seems to me hardly probable that anybody will recall how a barber once delayed the beginning of a performance of "Taps" until half-past eight o'clock; yet that tale was one of the most successful of simple stories. The only preparation required was to post the chosen tonsorialist and to hold the curtain at the Lyric. Herbert Keeley, according to the explanation given out, had just been shaved, when he discovered that he did not have the usual fee about him.

"I'll pay you to-morrow," he had remarked. "I'm Herbert Keleey."

"Herbert Kelcey nuttin'!" his creditor had replied. "Dat gag don't go! You stay here till you get dat fifteen cents!"

A messenegr, hastily summoned, was said to have released the actor shortly after the hour for "ringing up." The idea that a barber could keep a thousand people waiting for their entertainment was both novel and humorous, and in the vernacular, our story "landed hard."

## THE GREAT PARKER ASSOCIATION.

It was during Judge Alton B. Parker's Presidential campaign that I evolved what I consider my most magnificent "fake." At that time I represented several attractions in New York, chief among the number two musical comedies, entitled "The Royal Chef" and "Piff, Paff, Pouf." I wired Judge Parker's secretary that the choruses of these productions had formed a club, which was to be known as the Theatrical Women's Parker Association, its purpose being to induce male performers to go home to vote. Would Judge Parker receive a delegation from this society? The wire was signed "Nena Blake," and in due time Miss Blake received a courteous but conclusive reply. No, Judge Parker would not.

That message was a stunner. In the face of it, there was only one thing to do—to send the delegation on the pretense that no answer to our message had ever been received. Nine young women were picked out in a hurry, placed in charge of a shrewd newspaper woman, who passed as another show girl, and the whole outfit was despatched to Esopus. The newspaper woman had instructions to register at a local hotel as a delegation from the Theatrical Women's Parker Association and to parade before all the alert correspondents in the little town on the Hudson. That done, we who had stayed behind got ready photographs of the pilgrims and waited.

The wait was not long. By nine o'clock that night the bait had been swallowed at Esopus, and my office was crowded with reporters anxious to verify the story wired up from the river. Judge Parker, with characteristic kindness, had lunched the party, allowed it to sing to him, and sent it away rejoicing. Most of the boys "smelled a mouse," but the story was undeniably true, and much too picturesque to be ignored. The Theatrical Women's Parker Association, "Piff, Paff, Pouf," and "The Royal Chef" were well advertised the next day.

It was the failure of a prominent newspaper to mention either of these plays by name that drove me to further utilisation of the scheme. Such an omission, to my mind, is unfair and unjust. A story is good enough to be printed or it is not: if not, nobody has cause for complaint; if it is, there is no reason why a newspaper should deny the expected compensation. Resolving that I would compel this payment, I arranged for a public meeting of the club. The Democratic National Committee furnished us with a cart-load of campaign literature and with three speakers, one of whom was Senator Charles A. Towne. The other orators we provided. They were Eddie Foy, Dave Lewis, Nena Blake, Grace Cameron, and Amelia Stone. The juxta-position, I felt confident, was sufficiently grotesque to provoke comment.

I wrote nine political speeches for the occasion, held two rehearsals, and, when our advertisements failed to draw an audience, secured a fine one by sending to such congregating places as the Actors' Society. The affair passed off beautifully, Senator Towne adapting himself to circumstances and making one of the most graceful and agreeable addresses imaginable. I heard it from a nook in the fly gallery, where I remained until the meeting was adjourned. This "fake" accomplished its purpose, the delinquent newspaper falling in line with the others in publishing the story.

## A LONG LIST OF "FAKES."

It would tax your patience and your faith in the existence of modesty were I to go into detail regarding a score of similar "fakes" which come to mind. How this same Nena Blake was kidnapped from the Garrick, in Chicago, and sent to New York in the costume she wore in "The Royal Chef"; how her sister, Bertha, was sent to Zion to kiss the unkissed son of John Alexander Dowie; how a supposed German baron threw across the footlights to Julia Sanderson a bouquet from which dropped an eighteen-thousand-dollar diamond necklace; how a chorus girl called Mabel Wilbur was found in the "wee, sma' hours" in a comatose condition on the doorstep of a prominent physician; how another young woman created a sensation at a recent physical culture show in Madison Square Garden by declaring the costume she was expected to wear "shockingly immodest"; how a niece of Adele Ritchie changed her name to Adele Ritchie, jun., and how Miss Ritchie herself was [illegible] by a Siamese

millionaire — all these anecdotes must pass with the mere mention that they were successful "fakes."

Sometimes an ingenious and promising story may prove to be an almost fatal mistake. Such a story was the announcement of the management that it would pay fifty dollars a week for exceptionally beautiful chorus girls to appear in "Mexicana." The tale was printed all over the world, but it caused newspaper critics to stamp as homely one of the most attractive ensembles ever brought to New York. "If any of these girls," said the "Sun," "gets fifty dollars a week, her employers are entitled to a rebate."

I cannot place in the same catagory Mme. Bernhardt's appeal to the French ambassador at Washington to protest against her exclusion from playhouses controlled by the so-called Theatrical Syndicate. Madame denied this over her own signature, but, from a press agent's point of view, it was an exceedingly creditable falsehood.

It is possible to discuss at endless length the real value of the "fake" and its place in theatrical advertising. Perhaps no one ever went to a place of amusement merely because one of the performers at that house was supposed to have bathed in milk or to have stopped a runaway horse. On the other hand, I am sure that no one ever went to a theatre because he or she had seen the name of the play acted there posted conspicuously on a bill-board. The mission of the bill boar is to call attention to that fact that there is such and such an entertainment, and that it may be sent at such and such a location. There is no question in my mind but that quite as much is done for a production by "fake" stories concerning it.

In some rare instances, where the story accentuates the importance of the presentation and its success, or awakens interest in some member of the presenting company, the service performed may be even greater. At all events, the average manager expects this kind of advertising from the publicity promoter to whom he pays a salary, and, naturally, the publicity promoter feels that it is "his not to reason why."

The press agent realises that to any failure on his part will always be attributed the misfortunes of the management with which he is connected. Productions do a good business because they are good productions, or a bad business because they had bad press agents. Every theatrical newspaper man knows the anecdote of the German cornetist on tour with a minstrel company. The organisation was toiling up a steep hill that lay between the railway station and the town. The cornetist was warm and he was tired. The camel's back broke, at last, when he stubbed his toe against a stone. Picking up the obstruction, he threw it as far away as he could.

'Ach!" he exclaimed. "Ve got a fine advance agent!"

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A scientist explains some of the strange phenomena of dreams by saying that they are due to what he calls "hereditary memory." He takes the "falling through space" dream, and points out that after suffering the mental agony of falling the sleeper escapes the shock of the actual stopping. The explanation is that the falling sensations have been transmitted from remote ancestors, who were fortunate enough to save themselves after falling from great heights in tree tops, by clutching the branches. The molecular changes in the cerebral cells due to the shock of stopping could not be transmitted, because victims falling to the bottom would be killed. In a similar manner, by reverting to the habits of animals which existed centuries ago, the same investigator finds an explanation for the mental state experienced by individuals in various dreams —the "pursuing monster" dream, the "reptile" dream, colour dreams, suffocation dreams, flying-dreams, and the like.

Birds, so Dr. Rose says, are helped to fly with the oil in their feather quills. He asserts that he has flown a very considerable distance with artificial wings, charged with oil of the same properties as that in the blood of a bird. The same wings, although beautifully made, and in detail an exact copy of a bird's, without the oil give little or no effect, and are quite incapable of lifting but very small weight besides their own. Fully charged with oil (as of birds), the effect on the air is most powerful, the wing resisting the air almost as though it became frozen and solid beneath it. The properties, of course, are the author's secret; also the construction of the wings.

# Music and Drama

## HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Direction of J. and N. TAIT.

MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY, 13th and 15th JANUARY.

**MADAME CLARA BUTT**

And

**MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD**

Plans open TUESDAY, 7th Jan., at Wildman and Arev's.

PRICES — 21/, 10/6, Reserved; 5/, Unreserved.

Country Patrons may reserve by post.

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Auckland took very kindly to "Bluebell in Fairyland," tremendous audiences having been the rule ever since Boxing night, and there being at the time of writing no slackening off of the boom. It is, indeed, a very dainty and pretty play, suitable to the season, and sure of applause from "children of a larger growth," as well as those within the "teens." It is, moreover, charmingly mounted and tastefully dressed, and the acting is delightful in the case of the children. The trio with Peter the Cat, in the first act, is strikingly original and well carried out. The music throughout is light, and even frothy, but tickles the ear pleasantly and at once, which is the main thing in an entertainment of this sort. On the other side of the ledger, I will only offer one suggestion—that the schoolboys, Blib and Blob, would be much funnier in the picture if arrayed in the conventional Eton suits and top hats (as in the original). It is the incongruity of costume that makes for merriment in musical plays of this type.

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Madame Clara Butt and her splendid concert company open their New Zealand tour in Auckland on January 13 at His Majesty's. Everything that can be said (in advance) of this world-famous artist, has already appeared in "The Graphic." The following from the "Australian Star" on the social side of Clara Butt, is, however, interesting. Says the writer:—"There is no doubt that a large portion of the audience went to see Clara Butt as much as they went to hear her. Outside her professional prestige she commends herself to the general public as an ideal wife and mother, and also as one of the tallest of England's fair daughters. She is also credited with being one of the best dressed women on the concert platform. Her bearing and carriage are full of grace and repose, and she has the art of managing the classical Gibson sweep of the dress, and the twist which furnishes the graceful lines. Floral offerings were showered upon her, but always among them is one specially choice, the gift of her husband. This little tribute of admiration Mr. Kennerley Rumford never neglects.

"Madame Clara Butt's uncommon dress last evening was of silver sequins in fish scale pattern, a la sirene, or mermaid, sheathlike and svelte, en princesse, fitting closely to the figure, the train finished by a flounce of rich cream-coloured point de Venise over satin; the perfectly fitting bodice, strapped with bands of silver sequins, and a touch of colour, afforded by a posy of pink provence roses.

"Her jewels were the Victoria Badge, presented by Queen Victoria, representing a classical woman's figure girdled with diamonds; a gold crown brooch, presented by the Prince of Wales; a medal from the Society of Musicians to the most successful student, presented by the Prince of Wales; a large gold medal of the Philharmonic Society, London, showing the head of Beethoven in high relief, and bangles and scale brooch with treble clef, studded with precious stones spelling "Dearest," the gifts of her husband; a beautiful purple butterfly encased in crystal; a brooch presented by the City of Bristol, with initials "C.B." developed in diamonds; a pendant presented by King Edward, with a miniature of the King encircled in diamonds and rubies; unique Barraque earrings of pearls.

During a short conversation both Madame Clara Butt and her husband praised the acoustic properties of the Exhibition Hall and the nice arrangements for their reception. They greatly enjoyed their railway journey through the Downs and the Main Range, but naturally find Brisbane hot and somewhat oppressive.

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Interesting details are revealed in the financial returns of the Paris Opera published by the "Journal Officiel." The year's profits of the Opera, which receives a subvention from the State, amount to £3 18/. The gross receipts were more than £127,000, but the salaries are heavy and numerous. Mlle. Breval earns £300 a month, and Mme. Heglon nearly £2000 a year. M. Alvarez earns £320 a month, and salaries of £2000 a year are many. Mlle. Breval sang forty-nine times in the year for her £3600, and seventeen artists have cost the management £40 or more every time they have officiated.

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Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has written a play, entitled "Sylvia of the Letters," which is to be reproduced in America by Miss Grace George. Mr. Jerome's chief successes in drama have been made in the United States, where his "Miss Hobbs" was a great hit; but an exception to the general rule was made in the case of "Miss Tommy," with which Miss Annie Hughes has won many laurels on tour in the English suburbs and provinces.

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In the course of a recent performance of "Hedda Gabler" in New York the audience was treated to a bit of comedy for which Ibsen was not responsible. Mr. John Findlay, as Tesman, said: "I believe I hear her coming now," which should have been followed by the entrance of Hedda, who is greeted by Aunt Julia with, "Good-morning my dear Hedda." But alas! there was no Hedda, Mme. Nazimova, who was appearing in that character, was chatting with a friend from Russia, and she missed her cue. There was a fearful pause. Then Mr. Findlay and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, as Aunt Julia, filled the gap as best they could. Mrs. Whiffen looked into the wings and said, "Why, Hedda's not there," whereupon Mr. Findlay replied, "She must be sleeping late this morning. She went to bed late last night." Mrs. Whiffen nearly succumbed to this last truism. An impression seized Mr. Findlay, and he said: "Wait a moment, Aunt Julia; I'll get her." Rushing off the stage, he cried "Hedda, Hedda! Where are you?" The unusual words, spoken in a frenzied tone of voice, reached madame's ears, and she hurried down, trembling with apprehension that the scene had been completely spoiled. She was unable to laugh at the incident until the following day.

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Miss Ellaline Terriss, the original "Blue-bell" had a providential escape from serious injury while returning home to her residence at Merstham from the Aldwych Theatre in the early hours recently. She was riding in her husband's motor-car along the Kennington-road, when the vehicle collided violently with a lamp-post, and was wrecked. Miss Terriss was accompanied by Miss Barbara Deane, who is also appearing in "The Gay Gordons," and a maid, the latter being thrown heavily against the side of the car and sustaining a bad cut on the forehead. Miss Terriss and Miss Deane, though badly shaken, were uninjured, and as soon as assistance arrived they accompanied the maid to a neighbouring surgery. Both actresses were able to appear on Wednesday night.

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The pending revival of "La Cigale," in the original production of which 17 years ago Miss Ellis Jeffreys played a small part, calls attention, says the "Daily News," to the large number of successful actresses who have graduated from musical pieces. Miss Jeffreys, Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Ethel Irving, who in her earlier days played in farce, and Miss Constance Collier, who was at the Gaiety, are in the very front rank of our leading ladies, and Miss Cecilia Loftus rose from the "halls" to the position of playing Margaret in Sir Henry Irving's revival of "Faust" at the Lyceum. Miss Lettice Fairfax was a Gaiety dancer; Miss Edith Cole, well known as Josephine in "A Royal Divorce," played in burlesque, and others now playing in comedy who made their reputations in musical farce are Miss Adrienne Augarde, Miss Pauline Chase, and Miss Maudi Darrell.

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Mr. George Titheradge and Miss Madge Titheradge recently appeared at Windsor in a command performance of "A Pair of Spectacles."

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The great Australian contralto, Madam Ada Crossley, is meeting with unprecedented success in her tour through England.

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Writes a Melbourne critic: "Certainly Melba is the most complete artist Australia has produced. That is the opinion one carries away from her concert. We have turned out some very fine artists in every branch of art, music, drama, painting sculpture, poetry, fiction, but Melba is as yet our one perfect and wholly satisfying product. She is our first genius, and it is pleasing to find with how little of what the crowd calls 'side' she bears her blushing honours. No performer I have seen displays less of the suggestion of self-importance. True, Melba does not need 'side,' her art is sufficient. It is only the lesser light, with a reputation three sizes too big for him, or her, who must swell up and air a vast importance. Wherever I have seen Melba, she has struck me as the person least concerned of all about the necessity of making a show. Fame fits Madame like a familiar garment. She is wonderfully at her ease in it."

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Mr. Charles Manners has seized upon the failure of the County Council steamboats to advance the cause he loves so well. "The first day the fleet was inaugurated," he says, "I wrote to the Press,

prophesying (it was an easy prophecy) that it would be a failure, and that it was a pity the money was not put to grand opera in English. We can now roughly estimate what good the advice, if taken, would have been. A National Opera House in London, built for half a million, £10,000 a year in the funds for pensions, and the rest of the capital would have paid for a hundred people every night to see grand opera for nothing. In addition to this, there would have been £100,000 a year spent in the highest of all arts, although it is still considered the lowest in this country."

# LAWN TENNIS NOTES

(By the Man at the Net.)

The New Zealand championships went off very successfully at New Plymouth so far as weather, entries and attendance were concerned, and the play seems to have been quite up to the level of excellence expected. The courts were a little slow at first as a result of the recent rains, but they were fast and true enough on the last two days, and seemed to give general satisfaction.

On the first day, in the Men's Singles, Quill, of Christchurch, showed that his reputation as a rising player was not exaggerated. Quill had a few games in Auckland this week, when passing through to New Plymouth, and he showed an unusually good American service, with fair pace and a fine drive, not unlike Parker's in style. He beat Nicholson, the Taranaki side line hitter, without much trouble, and subsequently got through against Swainson, of Pahiatua, who had nearly killed himself in a long five-set "go" with H. W. Brown, of Wellington.

Our old friend, J. Peacock, made a good start. He beat A. Wallace, the Waverley crack, in three sets straight; but I can't believe that Wallace was up to form. Personally, I think Wallace is the best "natural" player we have turned out since Parker, and I am always hoping for something really brilliant from him. Dickie, Wallace's partner, did rather better by getting rid of H. M. Gore in three sets. Gore is a good sound player of the old "cut" school, but he is not fast or hard enough for a strenuous Hercules like Dickie.

In the Ladies' Singles it seemed from the start very much as if the very best of our lady champions were to have things much their own way. For instance, Miss Powdrell beat Miss D. Udy 6—0, 6—1, Miss Ward beat Miss Batham 6—1, 6—3, Miss Baker beat Miss Hitchens 6—1, 6—0, and Miss Nunneley beat Miss van Staveren 6—0, 6—0. Aucklanders who have seen Miss Udy play do not need to be told that she has a splendid drive, and that she plays a good all-round game off the ground; while Miss van Staveren is certainly one of the best lady players Wellington has produced for some years. What then are we to think of Miss Powdrell and Miss Nunneley? It is a consolation to see that Miss Powdrell "put down" Miss Baker (ex-champion of New South Wales) rather badly by two sets to one. Miss Powdrell can always be trusetd to "last," and apparently it was "condition" as much as anything else that enabled her to win the last two sets easily from Miss Baker.

The Combined Doubles produced some excellent play. In the opening round, Fisher and Miss Nunneley beat Peacock and Miss Wellwood, 6—4, 8—6, after a very close and interesting game. Miss Wellwood lacked experience and consequently fell a victim to Fisher at the net, but she very often won her first service outright. Miss Nunneley was the cool, experienced player right through the game, driving with splendid length, thus giving her partner plenty of opportunities at the net. Peacock is not first-class in a combined because he does not poach enough at the net, and in addition, Miss Nunneley is hard to cut off. Fisher, on the other hand, has no scruples about going for everything he can reach, and consequently gave Miss Wellwood a rough time of it, but she played up well, and the final set was very keenly contested.

Of the other Combined matches, the recognised claimants on the championship got through the first round easily. Parker and Miss Powdrell did not lose a game in their two sets; Dickie and Miss Baker won 6—1, 6—1, and Cecil Cox and Miss Ward won their match 6—1, 6—2. In the second round Cox and his partner managed to get a love set against Parker and Miss Powdrell, which evidently means that Cox cut off a lot of Miss Powdrell's drives at the net. However, the last two sets told a very different tale, 6—3, 6—4; and afetr this match most people expected that Parker and Miss Powdrell would run Fisher and Miss Nunneley very close for the final.

In the Ladirs' Doubles Miss Nunnely and Miss Baker won their match easily, while Miss Powdrell and Miss Gray also had a two-set win. I should not be at all surprised if Miss Gray's net play would make a serious difference to Miss Baker, or even to Miss Nunnely, but it all depends on whether Miss Powdrell is keeping a good length or not. I don't know any player more liable to disconcert her opponents in a ladies' double than Miss Gray.

On the second day Peacock had a hard fight with Cecil Cox, but managed to beat him by three sets to one. Apparently the two men played much the same sort of game, serving, driving and volleying hard. Other things being equal Peacock ought always to win at this game, because Cox has a comparatively weak back-hand, while Peacock's backhand stroke is one of the best of the kind I have ever seen. But Peacock evidently had not the condition to last through the tournament for he was beaten later in the day by Quill. As Quill ultimately got a set from Parker, I suppose he must be better than he looks. But though he is accurate and active, I can't imagine him beating either Fisher or Cox or Peacock if all players were in good form and training.

Parker had not very much trouble with Fisher, who is generally brilliant, and always rather uneven. Fisher had beaten Dickie in three straight sets, but I think he would beat the Waverley man most days in the week. Parker was altogether too accurate for him, and in spite of his American service, his fine drives and his activity, the Wellington man could not get a set.

In the Men's Doubles Parker and Quill, as I expected, failed to make much of a show against Fisher and Peacock. Quill has modelled his game on Parker's, and Parker himself is not at his best in men's doubles; he does not volley enough or cover enough ground near the net. Fisher and Peacock lost the first set, but by this time Peacock had got over his "bad time" with Cox and Quill, and the Wellington pair buried the opposing combination by fine serving and hard net play.

There was some fine play in the ladies' round during the second day. Miss Powdrell was too much for Miss Travers, who plays the same hard hitting game, but less accurately than the Patea girl; and also Miss Powdrell has the better backhand. In the Ladies' Doubles Miss Nunnelly and Miss Baker simply "walked over" Miss Batham, and Miss van Staveren, while Miss Powdrell and Miss Gray disposed of Miss Ward and Miss Travers quite as easily. The reason for the utter rout of the Wellington pairs in both cases was the same—"the girl at the net." Miss Gray is as good as a man near the net in a double, and Miss Baker (the Sydney champion) is quite as effective. It makes a tremendous difference to have an active net player in a four, as men know well.

But in the semi-finals of the Combined Doubles, the "girl at the net" does not seem to have had so much to say for herself. Parker and Miss Powdrell beat Dickie and Miss Baker, 6—2, 6—1, while Fisher and Miss Nunnelly beat Pearse and Miss Gray by exactly the same margin. Of course, this means that Parker and Fisher were much superior to the men on the other side of the net; and as a matter of fact, this is so. Fisher covers an immense amount of ground near the net in a mixed double, and Parker is quite the cleverest player at this variety of the game that I have ever seen.

The last day of the tournament produced some really exciting and brilliant play. The final of the Men's Singles could hardly be in doubt; and though Quill earned the distinction of being the first New Zealander to take a set from Parker for a good many years past in a championship, he never had a chance when Parker settled down to his game. Apparently the only way to beat Parker is to volley persistently, as Wilding did last year at Christchurch, or to possess the all-round equipment of a Norman Brookes. But there are few tennis players in the world so wonderfully active and effective at the volleying game as Wilding. However, it is well to remember that in the opinion of the "Australasian," Brookes is the only player in the colonies who can beat Parker.

Miss Nunnelly beat Miss Ward easily enough, 6—1, 6—3, but she had to strain every nerve to win from Miss Powdrell. The difference between them, it seems to me, is that Miss Nunnelly's stroke to her opponent's back hand has more fire and pace than Miss Powdrell's, and that, generally speaking, she keeps a better length. I have seen very few men who could pound away down the back hand side line and into the corner with such vigour and accuracy as Miss Nunnelly, and keep such a wonderfully correct length; and the many men who have tried to play her from the back line can sympathise sincerely with Miss Powdrell. However, the Patea girl made a fine fight, and, as Miss Nunnelly herself admitted, if Miss Powdrell had managed to win the second set, it would have been anybody's match. In the end, by a desperate effort, Miss Nunnelly won, 6—4, 6—4, and so took the Ladies' Single Championship for the thirteenth year in succession. If there is any other tennis record to equal this, I should be glad to hear of it.

In the Ladies' Doubles, Miss Nunnelly and Miss Baker (N.S.W.) were just too good for Miss Powdrell and Miss Gray. As in the earlier matches, the two girls at the net did great execution; but it was only Miss Nunnelly's terrible drive down into the back-hand corner that settled the opposition. In the final of the Combined Doubles, Miss Nunnelly again played well; but Fisher was no match for Parker. I have always held that Parker is better in the combined game than in Men's Doubles; and I have never seen anybody else display the same quickness and cleverness in eluding his opponents and making his own points. It is a rather curious fact that Parker volleys splendidly in a combined double, while in a men's double he is not nearly so effective, and in a single he hardly ever volleys at all. In this instance he was much too clever for Fisher; and Miss Powdrell supported him admirably from the back of the court. There is no sort of doubt that if Miss Nunnelly were out of the way, Miss Powdrell could "sweep the board" at our tournaments; which, of course, goes to show what a very exceptionally fine player Miss Nunnelly really is.

I have left the Men's Champion Doubles to the end because it was in several ways the best of all the finals. I don't think that any win could have been more popular than the victory of the Waverley pair who are deservedly favourited with spectators and players alike. Both Dickie and Wallace are extremely keen, and they play such a fine game in such an admirable spirit that they thoroughly deserve success. Most people seem to have thought that Fisher and Peacocke were bound to win, but I must say that I was doubtful. Apart from their strokes, Wallace and Dickie have two great points in their favour—they always play up pluckily to the bitter end of a match, and they combine splendidly. In this case I think it was their superior combination that won them the match; aided by greater steadiness and probably by perfect condition. Neither of them had much chance of practice before the tournament began; in fact they simply played themselves into form during the matches. But they are always able to stand any amount of running about, and I have no doubt that Fisher and Peacock began to feel the strain toward the end. However, it was a great feat for Wallace and Dickie to win after losing the second and third sets, and I congratulate them heartily. The published accounts of the match showed that both sides used their full equipment of strokes and tactics, all four driving and volleying well. Fisher and Peacock probably had a little the best of the argument in serving, but Dickie and Wallace are very hard to pass at the net or to beat off the ground. Neither side seems to have lobbed much, which rather surprises me, seeing how close the game was. But the victory evidently went to the stronger pair, and it is a good thing for the game to find the younger players forcing their way to the front and dispossessing the older men of their supremacy.



# THE BURDEN OF PROOF.

## A STORY OF THE COURTS.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

THE little woman in the corridor outside clenched her hands around the polished marble of the balustrade as the voice of the first witness for the prosecution, clear, cold and incisive, cut the stillness. From where she cowered, helplessly, miserably, she could see, through the great swinging doors of the court-room, the judge's desk, jury seats, witnesses, a few interested spectators and the prisoner in the dock.

That was her husband.

It was cold, gray and November outside. She shivered a little as the relentless voice of the woman on the witness stand began its recital of death to her hopes of happiness, here and hereafter.

"In 1870——"

How cruelly the passionless tones hurt her sharpened hearing!

"I was married to him."

She beheld the finger of scorn pointed at the man in the dock, felt him cringe and cower as his arraignment proceeded.

"'Twas only a few years after the war. He'd been all through that; come home an' settled down an' married me."

No hint of romance thrilled the calm recital, the mere statement of facts, stirring only the deadened embers without enlivening spark, of what had once been, perhaps, a glowing fire of love.

"Go on."

The little woman caught a glimpse of the silvered head of the prosecutor as he nodded encouragement to the witness.

"We lived together two years. Then, one day, he left all of a sudden, without tellin' me, an' I hain't seen nor heard of him sense. They told me, at Washington, when I tried to git my pension, that he was drawin' that himself, an'," the emotionless voice was raised a little now and the icy coldness of the marble congealed the very heart of the little woman in the corridor, "that he was married—to another woman."

The words trailed away into silence as the prosecuting attorney straightened up. "Were there children?"

The question came kindly and a score of interested spectators leaned forward to catch the reply.

"One. A boy. There he is."

One finger, hardened and gnarled with years of self-supporting endeavour, indicated a young man, the youthful replica of her own unyielding features, who, from his seat near the witnesses, was dividing his attention impartially between the father he had never known and the woman who had been both father and mother to him. Out in the corridor, a mite of humanity in the midst of its magnificent distances, the little woman strained her eyes for some resemblance familiar to her, in the face of the young man. The next words of the attorney roused her from her contemplative study.

"You thought this man, your husband," hesitatingly, with a commiserating glance through the great doorway at the bowed figure in black, "was dead, did you not? And when you found he was not, what did you do?"

"Wrote him a letter; told him his boy and myself needed a little of his help an' asked him to come an' see us."

"Did he reply?"

"No."

One hand unfastened itself from its vicelike grip on the polished balustrade and fell to the level of the little woman's heart, covering the tumultuous beating that seemed intensely audible to her above the noises of the court-room, shuffling of feet, rattle of papers and the occasional rap on the judge's desk that called for order. One little ray of wintry sunlight, pale and attenuated, just touched the prisoner's bowed head, brightened the silvered locks above his temples and accentuated deep furrows that had drawn themselves about his eyes, his mouth.

Fierce pity swelled beneath the hand that covered the little woman's heart. He was so good; so good.

Her thoughts came in a choking flood that receded in the little quiver gathering on her lips.

"That will do."

The grave voice of the attorney dismissed the witness, who marched triumphantly to her seat, a tall, angular figure in rusty black, aggressiveness printed in large letters over each rugged lineament of her face. There was a moment's solemn hush. Would he call the boy next? His son—the usurper of her own. Her heart raced madly against the restraining hand she had laid upon it, causing her to lean heavily on the firm marble for support.

"John Lane."

That was her husband's name. It might be the boy's, too. For one brief second she closed her eyes to shut away the whole scene, then opened them to disclose the bent figure of the man she had called husband. In the chilling half lights that filtered through vast spaces of the court-room he seemed strangely pale and helpless. Her heart went out to him fiercely with such love as a mother feels when her children suffer injustice, and involuntarily her hands reached forth to support him. Then, remembering, she shrank farther away into the grimmest of the grey shadows that had begun to cluster thickly in the recesses of the corridor and clasped both hands convulsively about the pulseless marble.

When she raised her eyes again the preliminaries had been disposed of and she waited with a sickening, horrid fear of expectancy for the knell of what futile hope she had nourished until this moment. Now must the structure of her life work fall, shattered miserably by the confession of the man she loved and trusted, now the mantle of her honour be torn ruthlessly aside by the hand that had hitherto shown nothing but kindly deeds to her.

Misty darkness gathered all about her, but contact of the cold marble and an occasional breath of biting air penetrating the steam-heated atmosphere from outside revived her. Tensely she listened for the calm, questioning voice of the prosecutor.

"Do you know this woman?"

He indicated the grim-visaged woman who was seated beside her son just in front of the prisoner.

It was almost a whisper that answered hoarsely, "No," but the little woman in the corridor caught it and her face went a shade whiter.

"Were you ever married to her?"

"No." Fainter than before, and the scorn in the steely eyes regarding him deepened.

"Where did you go when you returned from the war? You went to war, did you not?" dolefully.

"Yes."

A little light sprang into the man's eyes. He was not physically a coward after all.

"Well, tell us then, after you were discharged, and came home, where did you go? What did you do?"

"I—I—don't remember. I don't know."

The prisoner looked around helplessly. He, too, could see by straining his eyes the little huddled figure in the farthest corner of the corridor, and a pitiful misery sprang into his glance and abode there.

"That will do."

The prosecutor measured him with one comprehensive expression of withering scorn wherein was commingled condescending sympathy for his weakness.

"I see you do not know—nor want to know—much about this case. We will leave it to the other witnesses. You may go."

A pair of agonized eyes followed his every halting motion as he made his way painfully back to his place in the prisoner's dock, then fell to the tiled floor at her feet as she waited numbly.

A whispered consultation followed in the court-room. A deputy left his place, coming impressively toward the crouching figure among the shadows. She did not stir as he approached, and he touched her gently on the shoulder.

"Come. It is your turn now. You're wanted inside."

"Oh—I cannot go—in there—and tell them—tell them—" her voice broke pitifully, "anything against him."

The eyes of the deputy softened strangely.

"You won't have to," he said kindly. "Just tell the truth as you know it. Maybe," hopefully, "it'll help him some."

She laid one hand on the strong arm nearest her and walked unsteadily through the wide doors and to the witness stand. The room whirled dizzily, every face seemed a bobbing black sphere without likeness to anything human, save two, the calmly judicial countenance of the first witness and the wretched, hunted face of the prisoner in the dock.

Mechanically she replied to the few preliminary questions put to her. Then the kindly voice of the attorney admonished her.

"Now, tell us all you can, of your life with the defendant—just in your own words, please."

He waited in courteous silence.

With downcast eyes she essayed to speak — once — twice. Meanwhile the steely glitter of the passionless eyes opposite her own transfixed and held her gaze. Between that and her rose the haggard countenance of the prisoner.

Then, mercifully, words began to come; falling from her lips as they were conceived—without preparation or forethought, just the simple story of her life, the plain, unvarnished tale of her love and trust.

"I was an orphan," scarcely audible were the low tones, and instinctively an added stillness descended on the spectators, "poor and friendless, when he—married me."

"I beg pardon. When was that?" interrupted the attorney.

"That was in 1890."

An encouraging nod urged her to proceed.

"I have never known what it was to want since for home, or care, or friends, or—or—" chokingly the tribute came, "for affection. He has always been kindness itself to me."

The hard-featured woman of judicial countenance and prior claim sniffed audibly and unmistakably, withering the prisoner in the dock with a shrivelling glance from her cruel eyes. The little woman was disconcerted, flushed, grew pale, twisting her hands nervously in and out.

"Go on, please. You owned your home, did you not?"

She flashed one grateful glance into the kindly eyes above her own as she continued.

"Yes. We laid up the money in the first years after—after—" hesitatingly, "we were married, and—and—he helped to build it with his own hands. He is a carpenter," with an apologetic glance at the prisoner who had cast his eyes down miserably to his feet.

"Kinder husband woman never had."

She paid the trembling tribute eagerly as if fearful it would not be allowed, but a reassuring smile answered her, and steadying her voice she went bravely on.

"He was always home nights—never went out and left me; and so handy round the house. When—when I was sick, he was gentle and soothing as a woman," but her eyes wandered away from the woman opposite.

"There are children?"

The attorney gently jogged her memory.

"Yes—one."

She had forgotten the stain cast by the father on the birth of her child, on the purity of her name, and the glow of mother love illumined her face as the low voice went on.

"A boy. He is the only one. There was a little girl, but—but she only lived a year."

The face of the prisoner was buried in his hands and big tears trickled through the rough, gnarled fingers covering his eyes. The grim-visaged woman glanced from one to the other doubtfully.

"Our boy—he is just thirteen—and he thinks all the world of his father."

Is she pleading now with the impassible countenances of the jury—to bring one answering look of sympathy, or trying to soften the rigid muscles of the face of the woman whose rights are prior to her own, who interposes the justness and inflexibility of her personality between her and the honour that is dearer than life itself?

They are just like two boys together when the father gets home at night—playing and frolicking with never a cross word between the two. Since father has been away," her eyes fell in shame at the cause of his absence, "Freddie—that's his name—has just moped and been miserable all the time."

Court-room, judge, attorneys, deputies, jury, prisoner and the grim visage of her destroyer seemed to melt mistily away into space, leaving nothing but the vision of her quiet home, the cheerful routine of their humble happiness and her motherly pride in the perfect harmony between father and son. In brief forgetfulness she continued, while judge and attorney smiled leniently.

"I think, perhaps, some of the boys—in school—mocked at him, because his father was in jail."

A swift shadow flitted across the smile of a moment ago, but she lifted her eyes bravely.

"Anyway, he's been sick and peevish, ailing and fretting all the time for his father. If he could see him again," she raised her voice appealingly, "I think 'twould do them both a world of good."

The attorney cleared his throat as the words died away, and asked, "Did you see the letter this woman wrote to your—husband?"

"No," sadly; "he always kept anything that troubled him from me. I wish he hadn't."

"And you never saw this woman before?"

"No."

"Never heard your husband mention a previous marriage?"

"No—but," eagerly, lest she should be misinterpreted, "he was always fair and square with me. I don't believe," ingenuously, "he could deceive me so."

Over the face of the woman who had first testified crept a change, intangible at first, but as the simple story was unfolded, a transforming influence. She drew nearer to the young man and whispered inaudibly. The story of the little boy's childish affection awakened some reminiscent chord in her memory evidently, for unconsciously the hard lines of her face softened and a little sympathy stole into the steely orbs. She started guiltily when the prosecutor released the witness.

"You may go."

The sentence was hardly completed, the little woman had stepped tremblingly down and stood waveringly between the great open doors, when a stir arose in the audience.

She turned, her diminutive proportions framed in the elaborate carvings of the doorway, a tiny glimmer from departing day lighting up the holy emotions that had not yet faded from her face, to see the wrecker of her happiness stalking down the broad aisle to the place she had quitted. As if in a dream she watched the strange proceeding. Without right or permission this woman was again taking the stand to testify. Had she forgotten something still more derogatory to the reputation of the prisoner, and which her own recital had resurrected from a sleeping memory? Surprised stillness held the occupants of the court-room spellbound. Then, through the graying shadows, her face somehow softened by the ghastly light pouring through the windows from the pallid sunset, the first tones of her voice fell on the sharply comprehensive ears of the little woman in the doorway.

"There's something else I want to tell."

Could vindictiveness go farther?

The judge murmured "order," looked gravely at a deputy, changed his mind and nodded acquiescingly. It was irregular, out of order, against all precedent, but something in the woman's eyes compelled the august court to coincide.

"Sense she testified"—she pointed one angular finger at the trembling little woman, and for one brief instant scanned the misery-stricken features from which now all hope had fled. Then the quiet tones of her voice cleft the unaccustomed stillness sharply—"I hev been sittin' there an' thinkin' that perhaps I didn't tell all I should about this case. I thought when I came here there wa'n't no doubt but I had the right man. Sense I've set here I don't know. There's a good many John Lanes in the world, I guess, an' time—thirty years—changes a man a good deal. But I've got a test—an' it's sure."

She looked about coolly, convincingly, her eyes roving from the face of her boy to that of the prisoner, then to the little woman who stared into vacancy, seeing nothing but the utter blackness of her own future.

"My John Lane," she cut the words off one by one, insistently, "had a flag tattooed on his left arm. Hev you?"

She thrust the inquiry at the prisoner, and as at the voice of a commanding officer, he started to his feet.

All eyes by common impulse travelled swiftly to his face. The little woman in the doorway clutched her heart agonizedly, opened her lips in soundless protest and her gaze fixed itself fascinatedly on the face of the man in the dock.

The tableau remained thus fixed for an instant.

Then, even before, with one convulsive gesture, he could raise the sleeves of his shabby coat, a comprehensive smile began to gather on the face of the little woman, a smile that expanded until it illumined the countenance of every person in the great court-room, save the grim-visaged one on the stand.

She knew—and the sudden revulsion of feeling caused her to cling dizzily to the door for support.

In another instant a grizzled arm, bared to the shoulder, was raised for inspection, and a strong, hopeful voice rang out:

"No. I never had such a mark."

The woman on the witness stand sniffed disgustedly, a queer smile filtered into her green-gray eyes, settled into the deep furrows about her mouth and glinted in the departing rays of the setting sun.

"I thought you hadn't," she remarked as she walked gingerly down from the witness stand.

## .. OUR .. ILLUSTRATIONS

### THE YACHT ARIKI ASHORE.

STRANDED AT TOLOGA.

(By Telegraph.)

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

GISBORNE, this day.

The yacht Ariki, which left here on Saturday morning on her return voyage to Auckland, met with a mishap at Tologa on Saturday evening. Last night, Mr. Alexander, one of the party, arrived in town to make arrangements with the manager of the Union Company for the yacht to be towed off.

The Ariki left Gisborne with the wind north-east, and hard slogging was experienced. Towards evening, however, the wind fell, and the party made for the shore, not wishing to be becalmed and to have to spend the night at sea. There was no sailing master on board, but directions had been received in Gisborne as to the contour of the coast. At Tologa the night was black as pitch, and the members of the crew could only see the tops of the waves breaking, and they stood well out from the shore. The time was about 8 o'clock in the evening, and the wrong headland was turned. A depth of 3½ fathoms was announced, but shortly afterwards the vessel bumped on the bottom, and it was soon evident that she had run into a sand bank.

The tide was low, and the sand spits ran out further than the chart had led the crew to believe. There was a considerable roll at the time, and this rendered attempts at extricating the vessel very difficult. The crew endeavoured to escape from their position, but all their efforts were unavailing, and the swell forced the boat further up till she was lying halfway between the entrance to the river and the south-east end of the bay. She has a very deep keel, and at low tide is washed from side to side, but at high tide she is nearly floating. It is feared the keel will be loosened or broken off.

Two anchors were dropped, but they did not hold, and guns were fired to attract attention.

About midnight Mr. Holder's launch put out and took the crew to the shore, where they went to a boarding-house and slept for a couple of hours. They returned to the yacht again at 4 a.m. yesterday, and commenced to get the stuff out. It was then found that the yacht was half full of water, caused by the swell. All the cushions, utensils, etc., were damaged. These articles, and the rigging, etc., were taken ashore, and stored there. The crew watched the yacht all day yesterday, to keep things straight.

The members of the party are as follows: Messrs. C. Horton, Geo. Cardno, A. Aitken, G. Buddle, H. Gordon, and J. M. Alexander.

The tender Tuatea proceeded to Tologo Bay for the purpose of attempting to tow off the yacht, but it was found that she had been swept inshore to a spot almost dry at low tide. She lies stern to the sea, and the keel is buried in about three feet of sand. The Tuatea was not ready to tow till two hours after high tide, and the attempt was unsuccessful. Another attempt was made at two o'clock this morning, at high tide, but was also unsuccessful.

# Here and There

### Pedestrian President.

President Roosevelt shows an increasing partiality for the strenuous life, says an American paper. Since his return from his Louisiana bear hunt he has amazed every one by his powers of physical endurance. The secret service detectives who form the President's bodyguard when he leaves the White House are thoroughly exhausted. On two afternoons Mr. Roosevelt went for a thirty mile walk to the intense disgust of the two rather stout detectives who happened to be on duty at the time. Mr. Roosevelt celebrated his forty-ninth birthday by walking twenty miles in a heavy rain, while the detectives plodded sulkily behind.

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### Miser's Strange Will.

A strange will was left by an old man named William John Watson, at Portadown, Co. Armagh. Fifty years ago he emigrated to Australia, and made a fortune of over £10,000 there. A few years ago he returned to his native town, and has since lived the life of a miser in a small three-roomed house, where he was found dead. His will leaves the whole of his property to the town of Portadown, for the purpose of providing healthy recreation for the people, but he bars football or race-rowing. The will further provides that the urban council shall, out of the interest, have a dinner every five years, the expense not to exceed £1 per head. At each of these dinners the will is to be read publicly.

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### Reformed Gambler.

A white-haired, benevolent-looking, old man, Mr. John P. Quinn, an American ex-gambler and card-sharper, gave a startling demonstration at the Cannon-street Hotel of various gamblers' tricks, remarks a recent London paper. His object was—as member of the International Anti-gamblers' League—to expose the tricks by which he made a fortune some years ago. Standing quietly at a table, a picture of virtuous old age, he showed how the accomplished gambler can make money at the expense of people who are foolish enough to think he is playing fairly. By means of sleight of hand and a quite mysterious control over a roulette wheel he did several amazing tricks.

He asked one of the audience to spin the pointer, and back a particular number or colour, and he offered to give £100 to the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund if it stopped there. It never did. He also made the pointer, when spun by someone else, stop at any colour or number selected.

Picking up a dice box he offered £100 to any one in the audience who could beat him at throwing dice. Several persons accepted the challenge, but Mr. Quinn threw exactly the numbers he wanted.

"I started gambling when I was fourteen years old," he said, "and was, as I realise now, unfortunate enough to win fifteen pounds straight away at the three-card trick. That gave me the gambling fever, and for forty years I never lost a chance of enriching myself at some one else's expense.

"But one day I realised what a shameful life I was leading, and now no one knows better than I do what a fearful curse gambling is."

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### Golden Threads.

Another chapter in the remarkable career of prosperity which has followed the great combination of the principal cotton thread manufacturing concerns, under the title of J. and P. Coats, Limited, ended at the recent annual meeting, with the announcement that the business is again able to pay its ordinary shareholders a 20 per cent dividend, with a bonus, making 30 per cent in all.

The balance-sheet deals in large figures. The net profit amounted to £3,066,125, and of this sum £500,000 is placed to reserve and £854,000 carried forward.

The capital of the company is £10,000,000, and within the past five years the company has paid out in dividends the enormous sum of £14,375,000, divided as follows: Preference 6 per cent £750,000, preference 20 per cent £3,000,000, ordinary £10,625,000.

In addition to this large sum paid away to shareholders, the company has accumulated a reserve fund, which now amounts to £4,000,000, a dividend reserve fund of £900,000, and other reserves amounting to nearly £900,000.

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### The Fall of an Empire.

The "Century Magazine" begins the publication of "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill" by Mrs. Geo. Cornwallis West.

Lady Randolph Churchill, it will be remembered, was Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York.

The most interesting portion of the first instalment of the "Reminiscences" is the description of life in Paris during the days preceding the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war.

Describing a brilliant little party given by the Emperor, Mrs. Cornwallis West quotes the following remark of Count Hatzfeldt, late German Ambassador to England: "I never saw their Majesties in better spirits than they were last night, and God knows where they will be next year at this time."

"In the light of subsequent events," she says, "we were much impressed by his having said this, although I cannot believe that he knew much at the time."

The "Reminiscences" are full of little anecdotes of the Emperor and Empress. One of the best is the following: "His Majesty, when describing his Ministry one day, said laughingly: 'How can you expect my Government to get on? The Empress is a Legitimist; Morny is an Orleanist; Prince Napoleon is a Republican; I am a Socialist—only Persigny is an Imperialist, and he is mad!'"

Describing her first visit to Cowes, Mrs. Cornwallis West writes: "My first ball was at the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle, long since abandoned, but then an annual events during the Cowes regatta week. It was there, in 1873, that I had the honour of being presented to the present King and Queen, and made the acquaintance of Lord Randolph Churchill."

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### Yard Glass of Champagne.

At the annual dinner of the ancient Corporation of Hanley (England), new councillors, in accordance with custom, drank champagne from a glass a yard long. Those who did not succeed in finishing the draught had the remainder poured down their shirt fronts by two stalwart cup-bearers.

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### Science Helps the Painter.

Nearly all very old paintings are badly cracked—a misfortune due to the circumstance that dampness and cold cause the canvas to shrink and the paint to expand, the result being that the paint layer breaks up, a multitude of cracks seaming it in all directions. On the other hand the gradual darkening which mars old paintings, eventually turning many almost black, is attributable to chemical causes. Works of art on canvas are produced with the aid of oils and varnishes, which, in the course of time, turn brown, covering the picture with a more or less opaque layer, beneath which the original colours are veiled. It is a phenomenon of oxidisation, which may be prevented by sealing the painting between two sheets of glass cemented together around the edges.

The darkening of the famous picture of "The Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, is due to an entirely different and rather curious external cause—namely, the incense arising from the altar which formerly stood before the fresco. But there are other causes of blackening which have to do with injudicious mixtures of pigments—as, for instance, where a colour with a lead base is combined with another colour containing sulphur, such as cadmium yellow or vermilion. Ultimately, through decomposition, the lead in such a case turns to the form of a black sulphide. Thus through lack of thoughtfulness modern painters (far less careful than the old masters) may be said to destroy their own productions in the making of them. For example, Ingres—who, though a great admirer of Raphael, failed to imitate his technique—has left behind him only one picture that can last for any length of time. His Triomphe de Cherubini, in the Louvre, which is dated 1842, is in a lamentable condition.

So far as the mischief of cracking is concerned, it is a fact worth noting that when the layer of paint is thin it maintains a certain elasticity, accommodating itself to the shrinkage and expansion of the canvas with variations in temparature and humidity. When thick, however, it cannot do this, and consequently breaks. It is noticed that all the old paintings which have come down to us without cracking were made very thin—a statement that applies to works of Raphael and his pupils, and to those of Van Dyck and Rubens. The Sistine Madonna, at Dresden, which bears the date 1515, shows no cracks whatever.

Dr. Eugene Lemaire, the French Academician, says that darkened paintings may commonly be restored in a measure to their original hues by careful treatment with peroxide of hydrogen. When it is a question of cracks, however, scarcely anything can be done in the way of cure. As a means of prevention, it would be very desirable, he thinks, if artists would paint their pictures upon some substance less subject than canvas to changes—hard wood, or, best of all, sheet metal.

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### Slate Pencils.

The slate used for pencils is a kind of schist, of so fine a grain that its particles are not visible to the naked eye. Occasional impurities are accountable for "scratchy" slate pencils, which, instead of making a soft, delible mark, are liable to score the smooth surface to which they are applied. This kind of stone is largely silica, and its black colour is due to the carbon it contains.

Germany supplies all the world with slate pencils, producing nearly three hundred million of them annually. They are obtained from quarries in the neighbourhood of Steinach, Meniningen. Nearly all the work is done by hand, and is so poorly paid that 15 marks weekly is considered fair wages for a man, who, in order to earn this amount, must call upon his wife and children to help him.

Though wages are so much higher in the United States, slate pencils are manufactured there to compete with the imported article by the help of machinery. The rough stone is sawn into pieces of a certain size, each of which, when run through a machine, yields six pencils of standard length five and a-half inches. They come out in cylindrical shape, and are pointed by boys on emery wheels. Finally, they are packed in cases of ten thousand, selling for about 26/.

# Verse Old and New

**Domestic Storms.**

Irate as mate of a troublesome craft
(My nominal rank's commander),
I think her daft, both fore and aft,
When certain storms would land her.

I hate to state, as this craft's good mate,
That the family is aboard.
He's bright, all right, our midshipmite,
And when it blows—oh, Lord!

Says he to me, when "all at sea"
In a China hurricane,
"Why don't you bend a spanker, pop?
She's broke my head again.

"Oh, take her out of stays," he prays,
"We're on our beam-ends now!
Oh, cut away her rigging, dad,
And reef that throat-rope—wow!"

Alas! a spanker can't be bent,
As he the spankee knows.
Both he and I can't clew her down
Short-handed when it blows.

I rate as mate of a troublesome craft
(My nominal rank's commander).
Knocked fore and aft, I, too, am daft
When I get a bad back-hander.

—Walter Beverley Crane.

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**The Unattainable.**

I am the Unattainable, the golden boal that gleams
Beyond all reach in waking hours, yet very near in dreams;
My fingers frame the rosy tints in summer's sunset skies
And light elusive fires of love within a woman's eyes.

I am the sea of space which flows between the shores of time,
The snow-robed heights of melody which none may ever climb;
I give to men ambition's wine that with each eager breath
Their hearts, made strong, may strive for me from manhood until death.

My arms are whiter than the snows, my eyes deep seas at rest.
Sweeter than sleep to wearied hearts the softness of my breast;
I am a Queen of Goddesses, a maiden, heavenly fair,
For me men strive eternally and die in their despair.

By Edgar Heane.

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**A Modest Man.**

Ah me! Too late to regret.
The echoes answer back "too late";
It is no use to weep and fret,
She is not meant for me by fate.

My fond love now is but a ghost
Where once it was exceedingly bright;
I asked for her sweet hand by post;
My rival called himself that night.

Alack! The thought now gives me pain,
Why did I write on love's behalf?
I'll not propose by post again;
Next time I'll telegraph.

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**Would You?**

If you were a zephyr and I were a rose
Beside some cottage door,
Would you know me while in thick hedgerows
Grew a thousand roses more?

If I were a daisy and you were the sun,
Unfurling the dawn's sweet light,
Would you kiss me, and me alone,
When my sisters were all in sight?

If I were a clover and you were a bee,
Out seeking for honey-dew,
Would you seek me when over the lea
Myriads beckoned to you?

—By J. W. Walsh.

**The Bright Side.**

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
Oh, why lament its fall?

Charlotte Bronte.

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**The Farther Hills.**

The clouds upon the mountains rest;
A gloom is on the autumn day;
But down the valley, in the West,
The sudden sunlight breaks its way—
A light lies on the farther hills.

Forget thy sorrow, heart of mine!
Though shadows fall and fades the leaf,
Somewhere is joy, though 'tis not thine;
The power that sent can heal thy grief—
And light lies on the farther hills.

Thou wouldst not with the world be one
If ne'er thou knewest hurt and wrong;
Take comfort, though the darkened sun
Never again bring gleam or song—
The light lies on the farther hills.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

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**Suffering.**

I've suffered from the toothache,
And an earache I have had;
Cucumbers, too, have given me
A pain I thought was bad.
I've had my share of suffering,
To leaven nature's charms;
But I've known no meaner agony
Than just two sunburned arms.

I've gone through all the tortures
Of a felon and a boil;
I've had a burning fever
And a cannon's quick recoil
Has singed my face and whiskers;
But these were merely charms
To the torment I have suffered
With a pair of sunburned arms.

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**Wisdom.**

Line upon line, a little here and there,
We scrape together wisdom with slow care.
Wherefore? To blossom in a churchyard rose,
Or to go with the spirit if it goes?

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**Persistent.**

A broken-down singer named Squires
Wrote thus to a half hundred choirs:
"Have you place I could fill?"
They reply, "No," but still—
He inquires in choirs in quires.

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**Childhood's Estate.**

A terror wild,
This naughty child,
A kicker and a squirmer.
When it bit her hand
Its aunt cried, "Land!"
And grasped the terror firmer.

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**Utility.**

There was a man in Atchison
Whose trousers had rough patches on
He found them great,
He'd often state,
To scratch his parlour matchison.

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**Yes, Machm.**

A ewe who had swallowed a drachm
Of Paris Green, said to her rachm,
"I'm going away,
But as long as you stay,
Please, dearest, be kind to our lachm."

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# THE CASE OF MRS. CRIDLAN

By BARONESS OREZY, Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," Etc.

## CHAPTER I.

"SO you are going to marry that charming Mrs. Cridlan," said the Doctor, leaning both elbows on the table, and regarding me thoughtfully, "and you have fixed your wedding for Christmas eve! Dear me! . . . . I wonder if she realises that the coming festive occasion will be the fifth anniversary of the most terrible event of her life . . . . an event which—I may say it without conceit—would have deprived you of your charming, future wife but for my happy intervention.

"Five years seem a long time!" he mused after a slight pause, "and perhaps it is a little strange that I have never spoken to you before of my intimate connection with the tragedy of Mrs. Cridlan's earlier married life. It was in the summer of 1902 that I took on that locum tenens work at a place called Oakham. 'The Priory' was on the outskirts of the little town, and I had not been long in the place before local gossip apprised me of the unenviable reputation for eccentricity which the old house enjoyed. Mr. Cridlan was renting it from the Squire of Oakham, and had filled it with native Indian servants, the only kind of domestics he would ever have about him. He had spent all his life in India, you see, and I suppose he had got used to their ugly dark skins and stealthy footsteps; but, of course, the neighbouring servants and the tradespeople round about could not abide these 'niggers,' as they were popularly called; and as Mr. Cridlan did not care for his own neighbours, there was not much social intercourse between 'The Priory' and the adjoining country seats and houses, either upstairs or below.

"I was told that Mr. Cridlan, in spite of his eccentricities, was still a young man, and that about a year and a half ago he had married a young wife, whom, however, he promptly left to bore herself alone in that old-fashioned and dreary house, whilst he himself went back to his beloved India, where he had a business house in Bombay.

"Very soon the gossip got about that young Mrs. Cridlan was a confirmed invalid, and that since her husband's absence she had scarcely ever left the house. Strange rumours also were afloat as to the state of desolation and neglect which prevailed in the fine old house and grounds. The dusky servants with an absent master and a sick mistress having it seemingly all their own way.

"It had struck me as odd that though I was the nearest medical man to 'The Priory,' I had never been called in to see the invalid, but one afternoon—it was on the 22nd of December—I had a visit from a pompous but pleasant looking gentleman, who introduced himself to me as General Hector U. Shee, of the United States Army, uncle of Mrs. Cridlan, of 'The Priory.' He told me that he was over in Europe on a pleasure trip, and had paid a visit to his niece, Mrs. Cridlan, at 'The Priory.' Mrs. Cridlan was the only daughter of his late brother Town Councillor Shee, and the gallant General had been horrified beyond measure at seeing the havoc wrought in his niece's health by 18 months of European life.

"'In fact, her apathy and general look of wretchedness positively alarms me, doctor,' added the gallant General; 'she seems to have no friends, and I don't half like those beastly niggers about the place.'

"'But what do you wish me to do, General?' I asked. 'It is scarcely correct for a medical man to call on a patient who probably doesn't want him.'

"'That's just it,' he said; 'I think she wants a doctor all right enough, but seems too apathetic even to send for one. Now if you will call to-morrow morning at about ten o'clock, I can introduce you to Mrs. Cridlan, and she won't refuse to see you, if only to please her old uncle.'

"I confess that I was deeply interested in my unfortunate neighbour, and the strange air of mystery which had always surrounded her seclusion at 'The Priory.' I therefore pronounced myself quite willing to call the next day at 10 o'clock, and to leave the matter of my possible welcome in the hands of the gallant General.

"The next morning found me sharp to time outside the closed gates of 'The Priory.' I had to wait some considerable time in the cold before a dusky and white-clad figure shambled down the ill-kept gravel drive, and, after casting very suspicious glances at me, finally made up its mind to allow me to pass. I asked for General Shee, and the 'nigger,' with an unceremonious backward jerk of the thumb, indicated the direction of the house.

"The grounds of 'The Priory' were far larger than I had had any idea of, and must at one time have been very beautiful.

"The house itself was an ugly, old-fashioned one, built on to the ruins of the old Oakham Priory, bits of the cloisters of which are still extant. The whole property, with these interesting relics and the fine grounds, would have made an exquisite and artistic home if properly kept up; in its present state it looked mournful and wretched in the extreme.

"I boldly rang the front bell, and was ushered by another 'nigger' into a cheerless and vast living room, where the gallant U.S. warrior received me with much dignified cordiality. After the usual preliminaries he took me to see the patient.

"Mrs. Cridlan at that time was a young woman, scarcely more than a girl, whom her mysterious troubles had worn down to a shadow. She lay like a wax image in the great old-fashioned four-post bedstead, the dark panelling of the room making her and the white bedclothes appear almost ghost-like.

"Well, I don't suppose that you would care to hear me enter into a long account of how I arrived at my diagnosis. General Shee had left me alone with my patient, who seemed neither pleased nor annoyed at seeing me, and who was ready enough, in a dull apathetic way, to reply to my questions. Suffice it to say that within twenty minutes I had realised that my patient was dying—and that she was dying because—slowly but surely—she was being poisoned with arsenic.

"Strangely enough," continued the Doctor, as soon as he had ascertained that attention had in no way flagged, "strangely enough my terrible discovery did not astonish me in the least. A medical man, when face to face with such terrible problems, is exactly like a general before he takes the field; he has to locate his enemy, and to lay his plans; mine were complete in less time than it now takes me to tell you.

"Unfortunately my patient was too ill at present to be moved. Without in any way alarming her I asked her searching questions as to her entourage. A rapid survey of the room had already assured me that all traces of the fatal drug had been obliterated.

"Mrs. Cridlan told me that her household consisted of three native Indian servants only; two men, who did duty as gardener and cook; and one woman, who acted as maid to her.

"A kind and faithful creature," she added in her apathetic voice, "and seems devoted to me."

"Have you had her long?" I asked.

"About six months," she replied. "My husband sent for her from Bombay, and she arrived about a week after he went away.

"As my duty would be henceforth to suspect and watch everybody, I sincerely hoped that poor Mrs. Cridlan's description of her Indian maid was a correct one, that indeed, I would have in her a faithful and devoted ally. I would, of course, be obliged to return home in order to get certain medicaments which I wanted, and also to give a few orders to my housekeeper against my absence, for I had firmly resolved to spend my Christmas at 'The Priory' and remain there until the trained nurse, for whom I intended telegraphing, had arrived.

"My patient now was too weary to be plied with further questions, and I wished to consult General Shee over many matters; but I was loth to leave her; the whole atmosphere of this great panelled room filled me with distrust. However, I looked in vain for a bell, and had perforce to seek General Hector U. Shee myself.

"As I opened the heavy oak bedroom door with a sudden jerk, and stepped out into the gloomy passage, it seemed to me that a figure swathed in yellow draperies quickly vanished down the corridor. It struck me it might be the Indian maid, and I called to her, but the figure had already disappeared; then with sudden determination I turned the key of the bedroom door, and put it in my pocket—locking my patient in. Then with a feeling of momentary security, I went downstairs.

"General Hector U. Shee could throw but little light upon the horrible tragedy which threatened the life of his niece. He, like most Americans, had the most confound contempt for everything that pertained to the 'nigger'; against that, he and I both agreed that the native servants at 'The Priory' could have no possible motive for cruelly murdering a mistress who had never done them any wrong, and paid them good wages for very little work, nor could they find the means of procuring the poison themselves. They were never seen outside the precincts of 'The Priory,' and I am sure that Brown, the only druggist in the neighbourhood, would never have supplied the 'niggers' with so deadly a drug, without specific orders from a medical man.

"Cridlan must of course be sent for at

"'Cridlan must of course be sent for at once,' was the General's firm comment, 'he is a—hem—blackguard,—the way he has treated Sadie, and after she quarrelled with all her family in order to marry him too. But after the telegram we'll send him, he can't in all decency refuse to return at once. Mrs. Cridlan had a letter from him from Bombay only yesterday. He is in business there at 10 Hummum Street. Will you send the reply paid wire, Doctor? And mind you put it strongly.'

"'And, while I am gone, may I rely on your not leaving my patient alone for a moment?' I added earnestly. 'Here is the key of her room. I locked her in, you understand? If you must leave her, lock the door and put the key in your pocket. I'll be back in less than an hour.'

"In my little house, I made a few arrangements for my proposed absence, and collected what medicaments I knew I should require. Then I walked quickly to the post office, sent the two wires 'reply paid,' ascertained when I could have the reply from Bombay, and then turned my steps once more towards the gloomy and mysterious 'Priory.'

"I had been gone but a little over an hour, but as soon as I had gained admittance, I hastened to my patient's room, where General Hector U. Shee greeted me with much effusion.

I then went to the great four-poster, and had a look at my patient. One glance was sufficient. She was worse, very much worse than when I had left her an hour ago, locked up in her room. The skin was of a more livid hue, the eyelids showed more deeply purple, round the mouth there was a curious convulsive twitch. My eyes wandered from her waxlike face to the fine, massive oak table by her side: on it there had stood when I left, some bottles, a few knicknacks, and a handkerchief, also a clean glass and a small carafe full of water.

"The carafe was now half empty and the glass bore the faintest possible trace of moisture. I turned fiercely towards the General.

"'Who has been in this room, besides yourself?' I asked peremptorily.

"'No one,' he replied.

"'You either lie, General Hector U. Shee,' I retorted, 'or else . . .'

"'Sir!'

"'Who gave Mrs Cridlan to drink?'

"I did. She complained of being thirsty. There was a glass full of water on the table. I gave it her, and she drank it. Now then, Sir, what is the—hem—meaning—?'

"'Anything you like, General Hector U. Shee,' I replied with sudden calm: 'but in my absence, and while no one had access to your niece's room but yourself, she has been given another dose of the poison.'

"Now that I look back on that short but animated conversation," continued the Doctor as he slowly sipped his wine, "I am bound to confess that General Hector U. Shee acted with marvellous decorum and presence of mind. He reiterated his plain but straightforward explanation at the time, in deference, he said, to my position as medical adviser; and it was not until after the arrival of the nurse, and when we knew that the patient was well looked after and could spare us for half an hour, that he called me to account for having called him a liar.

"And then he did it with an absence of passion and ill-feeling, which pleased me very much, I remember—though I did suffer in other respects. He told me that he merely did it on a matter of principle, and bore me no ill-will—but then, I bore the marks for quite a considerable time afterwards.

In the meanwhile the gallant General and I remained the best of friends; after the first moment of doubt, I was compelled to accept his explanation: so would you, if you had seen him. A more per-

fect type of straightforward, honest, plucky soldier, it would be impossible to meet with. After some discussion he and I arrived at the conclusion that the bedroom key which I had so carefully put in my pocket had evidently a duplicate which was in the possession of poor Mrs Cridlan's dastardly and secret enemy. In my heart of hearts, I at once fastened my suspicions on the figure in the yellow drapery, Mrs Cridlan's Indian maid, whom she trusted, and whom I had only dimly seen gliding with stealthy footsteps along the corridors. A desire seized me to see her now, at once, and make up my mind, by the study of her dusky face, exactly how far I need suspect her.

"The General undertook to have her found, and to send her up to her mistress' room on some errand or other, so that I might gratify my curiosity.

"Three minutes later she came in, quiet, silent, very respectful: swathed from head to foot in her yellow draperies. She was very dark complexioned indeed, rather taller than the average Hindoo, with ugly bony hands, and long thin feet thrust into felt slippers, and of the usual sharp, thin featured type we are all familiar with. But my scrutiny of her revealed nothing new. I suspected her vaguely, just as much as ever, and I found myself wondering how in the world she could have managed to buy the virulent poison in sufficient quantity to do the horrible damage she had already done.

"Unceasing watchfulness was, of course, just as much a part of my duty as the medical treatment which I had mapped out for my patient: another dose or two, such as she had had that morning, and she would be beyond the reach of human skill. It was therefore agreed between the General and myself that until the arrival of the nurse one of us at least would always be in the room.

"I had had a reply the same afternoon from the nurse, who, however, could not be at 'The Priory' until Christmas morning, which meant two nights and one day of unceasing, unremitting watchfulness.

"The General was an able and faithful ally, and the first night and the next day passed quietly enough. During that day the reply had come from Bombay. Mr. Cridlan had telegraphed, 'Very anxious, sail home by first possible steamer.'

"My patient on the second evening seemed perhaps a trifle easier and even inclined to sleep.

"That second night was bitterly cold—regular Christmas weather some jovial people would have called it—but there was nothing festive in our hearts, as you may well imagine; however, a cheerful blaze brought a thought of cosiness to the place. The General had had his nap, and a couple of hours on the sofa had made a new man of him. I had spent those two hours cogitating on this strange mystery which surrounded me, trying to find some plausible solution to the tragedy which was threatening that poor young woman, who looked so frail and so helpless in the great four-poster. But I was tired out; the night before I had not closed my eyes, and when the General took possession of the big armchair by the fire, and vacated the sofa, I was glad enough to stretch myself upon it. I remember the last glimpse I had of the room just before I dropped off to sleep. My patient was dozing fairly quietly, with only an occasional, faint moan from her feverish lips, the bed and she herself were in complete darkness. In front of the fire the General sat in the big Queen Anne chair, with the "Times" spread out before him, and a shaded reading lamp lighting up his pleasant, rather pompous face and the white newspaper. Then all was oblivion. . .

Suddenly I woke. Something had aroused me—something—I could not tell what—had happened in that room, a second ago, and had caused me to wake, not because I had had enough sleep, but because I was roused quite suddenly.

"I looked about me, the General was still reading his paper—he, evidently, had heard nothing. Then I looked at my patient. She was awake. I could just see her in the distant gloom of the great room, as she raised herself on her elbow, and reached out her hand for the glass of barley water I myself had prepared for her.

"That certain something which had roused me from my sleep, had done it most effectually and had cleared my faculties as suddenly as it had chased away my sleep. It was one of those faculties, terribly on the alert, which in spite of the apparently unaltered condition of the room caused me to spring almost at a bound to my patient's bedside and to snatch the glass from her hand, at the very moment that she already conveyed it to her lips. She uttered a faint scream of fright. In her weakened condition my sudden action had terrified her, her cheeks became even more livid than formerly, and she sank unconscious on her pillow.

"Care for her took up some little time, then only could I reply to the General's anxious query:

"'Some one has been in this room while I was asleep,' I said.

"'Impossible. I sat facing the door, and was fully awake the whole time.'

"'And yet there is arsenic in this barley water, which I myself mixed, tasted, and placed on this table, just before I lay down on that sofa.'

"The General said nothing for a moment, but I saw that look creep into his eyes, which sometimes comes in the eyes of brave men, when the fear of the supernatural first takes hold of their nerves. Even I could not repress a shudder. I took up the glass again. There certainly was nothing supernatural in the virulent poison which lay within it. It was there, tangible enough both to smell and taste, and strong enough this time to have ended with one stroke the feeble life that still flickered—but oh! so feebly.

"Impatient at the slowness of the results, or afraid of our watchfulness the next day, when the nurse would arrive, the murderer had wished to end it all now, to-night, at once. Again I shuddered—then I went to the door, and peered out into the passage; it was dark and solitary. I knew now which was the Hindoo woman's room. Leaving the General in charge, I went to her door, very quietly, and listened; it seemed to me that I heard the sound of regular breathing—then I tried the handle—the door was locked, but a voice from within whispered very softly in Hindoostanee:

"'Who goes there?'

"And thus ended our Christmas eve," added the Doctor grimly.

"I don't think that any human being ever welcomed another quite so effusively as I welcomed the nurse when she came on that memorable Christmas morning.

"Big, chubby, fresh and rather loud, Nurse Dawson brought an air of Christmas festivity with her. Though not an ideal nurse in an ordinary sick room, she was just the right sort of person to dispel the atmosphere of weird superstition which had begun to envelop us both.

"As briefly as possible I put Nurse Lawson au fait of all the events which had happened since first I had charge of the case, and she entered into my plans, which I had formulated during the small hours of the morning, with energy and enthusiasm.

"By now, my mind was made up. It was the Hindoo woman, I felt sure, acting for some motive I could not now fathom, who was slowly poisoning her mistress. It was she who last night had daringly outwitted us and—who knows?—had perhaps with her cat-like step actually dared to enter and cross the room unperceived by the General.

"There was a certain hour in the evening, about nine o'clock, when I had, both evenings previously, noticed the Hindoo woman taking a stroll in the garden. On this I had based my plan. Chance favoured me, she made no exception on this Christmas night. There was moonlight, and soon after nine I saw her in her yellow draperies walking slowly along the paths.

"The two men were at that hour busy in the kitchen; the General having insisted on some semblance of Christmas cheer we three faithful attendants had a clear field in the house. Quickly and dexterously Nurse Dawson wrapped the patient in a blanket, then, aided by the General, together they carried her to Nurse's room.

"Dawson remained to watch beside her, whilst the General and I returned to the big bedroom. In two minutes I had un-

dressed and slipped between the sheets in the big four-poster, wrapping my head and as much of my face as possible with a lace shawl. Then the General took the big chair by the fire and began reading his paper—by the light of the reading lamp, whilst the rest of the room, including the sofa, and of course the big four-poster with myself in it, remained wrapped in complete darkness.

"I have spent many anxious moments in my life," added the Doctor quietly, "but I doubt if my nerves have ever been at so terrible a tension as they were during those long hours of that cold Christmas night, when I lay in the great four-poster, waiting for I knew not what.

"Hour after hour slipped by, with no sound in that room save the occasional rustle of the General's paper as he turned over the pages. I think it must have been just past two o'clock when my nerves, so vividly on the alert, first became conscious that something had happened—a slight noise only, probably, different from that which my ears had been accustomed to. I dared not move, for fear of displacing the lace shawl, but my eyes sought the door, the polished brass handle of which stood out fairly distinctly against the dark panelling; but neither the door, nor the handle were being moved, and yet, the consciousness became stronger and ever stronger upon me, that there was some one else in the room besides the General and myself, 'some one' who was looking at me. I dared not move . . . . Behind me the heavy damask curtains of the four-poster rested against the oak panelling, and next to me was the table, also placed against the panelling, and on which was a glass filled with barley water.

"A moment or two elapsed—The General had evidently seen and heard nothing, for he had not even looked up from his paper; then I saw a hand thrust forward from behind me—from the wall itself—only a hand, which I distinguished vaguely in the gloom; the fingers were closed over the palm, then they opened, and something white fell into the glass.

"One instant, I had been paralysed—the next I had jumped up, and clutched that hand with all my might; the whole think took fewer seconds than it now takes minutes to describe; that hand and arm were thrust through a square aperture in the oak panelling, immediately above the table beside the bed. The aperture was less than four inches square, and my position half in and half out of bed was awkward and difficult to maintain. With a sudden wrench the hand was almost jerked out of my grasp, but I managed, by an almost superhuman effort, to retain possession of the thumb.

"I clung to it for a moment, then with a wrench I dislocated that thumb, clean out of its socket, nearly smashing the joint as I wrenched.

"There was a cry—an agonised cry—for that sort of thing is very painful, and the hand escaped me. I tell you, the whole episode had barely taken 60 seconds, and it was that cry, half smothered, which roused the General's attention. He was by my side in a moment, but it was too late. The aperture in the panelling was there to testify to the truth of what I then quickly described to him; but when we peered into it, there was nothing to be seen only impenetrable darkness.

"It was useless to do anything now, that night, though the General and I did go out into the grounds and scoured the outskirts of the house at the point where we calculated the secret passage must be which ended just behind the panelling of the bedroom.

"On my way down, I had tried the door of the Indian woman's room. It was locked, and no voice answered to my knock from within.

The whole thing seemed stranger than ever. Who was this woman? And what motive could she have for poisoning a young mistress, who until six months ago had been a perfect stranger to her? Her knowledge of the secret passage—unknown to Mrs. Cridlan herself—pointed to the fact that she was a tool in the hands of some cunning rascal. But what a strange tool to use, and how dangerous to have a tool at all! And again, why should the woman have been the tool of a murderer?

"Why? Why? Why?

"The next day, the General sent for the police. A clever detective came down from Scotland Yard, and he it was who—exploring the ruined Priory Church—came across the entrance of an underground passage in what must have been the sacristy; I was with him at the time, and lighting a couple of bull's eye lanterns, we embarked into that passage. It was stone paved, and stone walled, like a long cellar. We had walked silently and cautiously for about a hundred yards, when we saw something yellow, lying in a heap on the ground, at the foot of a narrow stone staircase which led upwards into the darkness.

It was the Hindoo woman. She lay in a pool of blood with a fractured skull. Dizzy, no doubt, with the pain of her dislocated thumb, she had fallen the whole length of the stone stairs; when we found her she had been dead some hours. Before we carried her away we finished exploring the underground construction.

"What its original uses could have been I cannot conjecture, for the stone stairs ended in a little narrow chamber—which—of course—was immediately behind the bedroom, for there was the small window or aperture still open, overlooking the table by the bedside.

"Then the detective and I went back to the body, which we carried out. Already as I carried it, my suspicions had been aroused; as soon as we had laid it in one of the disused rooms these suspicions were confirmed. The body, swathed in the yellow draperies of a woman, was that of a man—and the dark complexion, the jet black eyebrows, and bits of hair protruding beneath the sari, washed off, with the first application of warm water. When I had finished washing off the last vestige of the various dyes that went to complete the most masterly disguise I had ever seen, I called General Hector G. Shee to have a look at the body. He identified it without a moment's hesitancy as that of John Cridlan, the husband of my patient.

* * * * *

"It was only after I had succeeded in restoring Mrs. Cridlan to health, that a somewhat softened version of the real facts were put before her, by her own American relatives. It appears that the unfortunate young bride had been induced in the earliest period of her married life to make a will by which all her money, of which she had a great deal, was to have gone to her husband unconditionally. Hence the motive for this attempted murder, unparalleled almost in its brutality and cunning.

"As far as the public was concerned, the whole matter was, of course, hushed up; the criminal had been indicted by the Supreme and Higuest Court, and the confederate at Bombay, who received and answered all John Cridlan's letters and telegrams, was never found, in spite of the most strenuous efforts on the part of the English and Indian police.

"It was ascertained that a native, who seemed well-furnished with money, had had a room at 10, Hummum-street, Bombay, at that time, and whilst lodging there had had letters and telegrams from England. He had given some sort of name, paid for his room very regularly, and thus satisfied his landlord, who made no further inquiries. One day he had a reply paid telegram; the next, he went out, and no one had seen or heard of him since. But you may well imagine," concluded the Doctor thoughtfully, "that I am not likely to forget that Christmas and its grim memories for some considerable time to come."

# Scientific and Useful

## SOLAR SYSTEMS IN MINIATURE.

The word "atom" for centuries was taken to mean something indivisible; but in these scientific days it has belied its name. The atom of hydrogen, the smallest and lightest of them all, is now believed by the most eminent scientists to be made up of about seven hundred "electrons," a name given to the ultimate particles of matter, each of which is charged with electricity.

Sir Oliver Lodge has ventured the suggestion—a bewildering one—that we consider an atom of any element as an infinitely little solar system. If the electron be conceived of having the size of the period at the end of this sentence, then the size of an atom of hydrogen will be that of a church building one hundred and sixty-eight feet long, eighty feet wide and forty feet high.

According to the chemists, less than a thousand electrons occupy the atom, in a sense that an army occupies the country. They prevent the entrance of anything else; they make the atom impenetrable, although they do not fill a trillionth part of the space with their actual substance. The electrons are in violent motion among themselves, having a speed probably one-tenth that of light—thousands of miles a second.

Yet there is little danger of collision, for the electrons are much farther apart in proportion to their size than are the planets of our system. Thus, according to this theory, men come to an atomic astronomy, and the amazing thought is suggested that there is no such thing as absolute size, and that even solar and star systems may be atoms of a larger universe. This would seem to hearken back to the ideas of the old Greek philosophers with reference to the "atomic theory."

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## MANUFACTURED DIAMONDS.

From paste to diamond dust, there are more things from which the imitation gems of an accommodating commerce can be easily produced than are dreamt of in some innocent purchasers' philosophy; but, hitherto, the expert with chemical knowledge and an eye has always been able to distinguish a real earth-born stone from a manufactured one. According to the Paris correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," chemistry promises at last to defeat his nicest scrutiny. M. Aristide Charette has presented to the Academy of Science a veritable diamond that purports to have been made from ordinary black carbon by a simple process. To be technical, you cause a feeble current of electricity to pass for several days through a liquid sulphate of that element mixed with iron; and thereupon the carbon crystallises out. M. Moissan's recent discovery that he could produce minute crystals by tremendous heat and sudden cooling under intense pressure is thrown into the shade, for the crystals obtained by M. Charette are much larger and cheaper. However, there is no immediate and unmistakable warrant for panic, either among ladies who have tiaras, and necklaces, or in Hatton Garden, or on the South African sharemarket. Even in precious stones of one description, there are qualities and qualities. M. Charette's one specimen has yet to be judged for colour and brilliancy.

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## THE GOOSE TRAFFIC OF BERLIN.

The traffic in geese at Berlin amounts to nearly £400,000 a year. As the domestic supply is wholly inadequate, a special goose train of from fifteen to forty cars arrives daily from the Russian frontier. Each car is specially built, and carries about twelve hundred geese. There is a rigid inspection by sanitary officials immediately upon the arrival of the train.

Should it be found that a single goose has died or been ill of a contagious disease in transit, the entire cartload is quarantined for eight days. If during this period of quarantine another goose should die, the quarantine is extended for eight days, at a cost of about £100 to the owners. The penalty attaching to the bringing in of diseased geese makes the owners extremely careful to import only sound and healthy fowl. The geese which are plump and ready for market are sold to dealers at the close of the inspection. The rest, comprising the great majority, go to feeding farms in the suburbs of the city to be fattened for market.

There is a special market near the great market place at which bracken—namely, geese injured en route, but having no disease—are sold at reduced price. Twenty-one different varieties of the Russian goose are commercially recognised, and the wholesale price varies from 1/8 to 2/6 a bird.

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## EXPLOSION BY MUSIC.

One of the most dangerous of all explosives is a black powder called iodide of nitrogen. When it is dry the slightest touch will often cause it to explode with great violence.

There appears to be a certain rate of vibration which this compound cannot resist. In experiments to determine the cause of its extreme explosiveness, some damp iodide of nitrogen was rubbed on the strings of a bass viol. It is known that the strings of such an instrument will vibrate when those of a similar instrument, having an equal tension, are played upon. In this case, after the explosive had become thoroughly dry upon the strings, another bass viol was brought near and the strings sounded. At a certain note the iodide of nitrogen on the prepared instrument exploded.

It was found that the explosion occurred only when a rate of vibration of sixty a second was communicated to the prepared strings. Vibration of the G string caused an explosion, while that of the E string had no effect.

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## PLANT CULTURE UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Some years ago the late Sir W. Siemens, by his experiments, demonstrated the possibilities of assisting plant-culture by means of the electric light, investigations which have since been followed up in the United States. In this country, however, no further researches have been undertaken until recently, when Mr. B. H. Thwaite once more resumed operations. His system is now being practically tested at the Royal Botanic Gardens in Regent's Park, London, but upon more advanced lines than has yet been attempted. The electric light is so arranged that it traverses the whole of the greenhouse in which it is installed, and returns. The light, before reaching the plants, passes through a glass trough of water so coloured as to resemble the density and character of our atmosphere through which the sun's rays have had to penetrate, so that the conditions are made as similar as possible. The current is generated from a dynamo driven by a gas-engine of special design, and this not only furnishes the requisite energy for the actinic light, but also the heat and chemical gases necessary to stimulate growth. The experiment is one of great interest to those concerned in the problem of intensifying plant-growth under glass, especially in view of the fact that the Thwaite system is based upon novel lines, since in addition to the light, the economic use of the waste gases and heat generated in the water-cooling circulation for the engine dispenses with the necessity of the usual heating arrangements. The inventor claims that the whole cost of his apparatus and its operation represents an expenditure of only one penny, as compared with threepence per hour for the general system of assisting propagation by heat. The progress of the plants under the influence of his culture at the Botanical Gardens will be closely followed by horticulturists during the next few months, especially in those periods of dull, foggy weather when plant-growth is almost reduced to stagnation.

# A Happy Inspiration

By MARY ANGELA DICKENS

I.

"WHAT have you settled about Christmas, Bob?"

"Nothing. I'm bored to death by the thought of it."

Mary Vawdrey drew her chair nearer to the fire, put her small feet on the fender, and knocked the ash from her cigarette against the old oak mantelpiece browned by countless hearth fires.

Much to the horror of the excellent old servants at Vawdrey Court, Miss Vawdrey, since she came to live there with her brother on his succession to the property some six months earlier, had displayed an unconventional and undignified preference for the smoking-room rather than the drawing-room in the evenings.

"To think of what her late aunt, Lady Vawdrey, would 'a said," groaned Mrs Wheeler, the housekeeper, to Mr Scott, the butler. "It's enough to bring her back, poor dear old lady, to see Miss Vawdrey a-setting in them leather chairs, with that beautiful gilt suite not half used, as you may say, in the drawing-room, seeing she's only there before dinner. And the chairs her late ladyship's mother worked in wool, too! And Sir John!"

"Sir John!" that gentleman's former servant never failed to respond. This conversation was repeated, on an average, about once a week in the housekeeper's room; but apparently it never lost its infinite variety. "It'd have killed him quicker than any apoplexy could do to see a lady with a cigarette. And so knowing, the way she handles them. I look at her, I do, when I go in the last thing. She must have had a sad 'abit of it years, one would think."

The victim of the sad habit had put out her cigarette, it seemed, by the vehemence of her gesture. She stretched out her hand for the matches, which lay on a small table between the brother and sister, and lighted another in silence.

"I can't see a single thing to do," continued her brother, in a sort of growl. "I've got a kind of feeling that I ought to be here, as it's our first Christmas here, and so on. But there's nothing to do but to ask someone to come and eat dinner exactly like what he or she or they can have at home, without going out in the cold first. And if we ask people down to stay—well, they'll be rather injured because the shooting's poor, and cook's not a chef, and I've only one motor."

Miss Vawdrey threw her cigarette away, and wheeled suddenly round to face her brother. Her eyes were very bright.

"I've got an idea, Bob," she said.

"Let's have it, Polly, especially if it has to do with Christmas."

"It has. Suppose we ask people down to stay who don't mind about chefs, and never have shooting or motors."

"Unemployed? East End? It may be horribly selfish of me, but, Polly, I ——"

"Don't be in such a hurry. There are people who aren't East Endy, who are quite as capable of enjoying all those things, only they never get the chance to try."

"I suppose you've got something in your head—or someone."

"I have. Emily Brooke—you know. Teddy Carr's her brother, and they live in Bruton-street—has developed an idea that she is literary. So she writes novels, and goes about asking her friends to read them. But that's by the way. The point is that she has set up a type-writing secretary, a girl of about two-and-twenty"—Miss Vawdrey spoke with the superior dignity of thirty years—"and I used to go and talk to her last time I stayed there. She lives in the house. She's a very clever girl, clever in every way. She trims Emily's hats as well as writes half the books, and Emily is always boasting of her Paris hats and being congratulated on her brilliant literary style. She pays the poor thing as little as ever she decently can, and the whole thing makes me mad. But what's the good? Well, one night I found her crying." Miss Vawdrey paused. "It seems her people live at Dinard, or somewhere there, for economy. The father's an Army man, with nothing but his pension, and she has to send them all she can—I got that out of her—and she saw no prospect of saving enough to go home for Christmas. And it mightn't be a bad plan if we asked her here for Christmas, I thought. It would at least save her from spending it in Emily's study. I know Emily."

Sir Robert Vawdrey pulled himself up from the depths of his long armchair, and, standing back to the fire, displayed his broad shoulders and his six feet of height.

"A rattling good idea," he said. "And look here, Polly, I'm blessed if I see why I shouldn't produce a young man to match your young woman."

"Bob, how dear of you! I do think it would be rather good to have poor little Phyllis. But can you—the man, I mean?"

Her brother moved to the table and poured himself out a drink. When the fizz of the syphon had subsided he spoke.

"His name's McKinley," he said. "A friend of Jim St. John's he is, and Jim asked me to look him up. In intervals of waiting for briefs I'd plenty of time to do it, and the more I saw of him the more I liked him. He was trying to make a beginning as an architect on his own account, and not getting very far, I don't know why exactly; he's clever enough. But these things take time, and he has precisely sixty pounds a year of his own to live on."

"What does he do, then, when he hasn't any work?"

"Starves more or less. Don't look so white, Polly; but it's true. He's been a good bit on my mind since I came here, and if we could give him a decent sort of Christmas perhaps I should feel better about him."

"Oh, Bob, write to him, do!"

"All right, Polly, old girl. And should you mind if a third were to be added to our new sort of house-party? The more I think of it the more the thing pleases me. It's extraordinary," he added, rather shamefacedly, "how that sort of thing develops as you go along. Another old boy—McKinley's young, but no matter—came into my mind while I was telling you about McKinley. You remember when I was with Ford and Fraser to get experience in a solicitor's office before my brilliant career at the bar began? There was an elderly clerk there—good old sort, a gentleman, you know. He set out by meaning to become a partner, so he said. But circumstances were too strong, or his meaning too weak, and he never came to more than a capable clerk. Burke his name is. He trots backwards and forwards every day from and to his rooms in Brixton, and he's not a soul belonging to him, not a soul in the world. We might look him up and see if he'd care for a Christmas in the country. At any rate, it would be less lonely here than there."

Mary Vawdrey came up to her brother and put her hands on his shoulders. "You're a brick, Bob," she said. "Neither more nor less. I've got one more. Old Wheeler must bustle about for a change, and make them get ready the large room in the corridor, because Ellen Paget doesn't like sleeping anywhere but in a south room. I remember that."

"Ellen Paget? Who in the name of good fortune is——"

"Don't you remember that cousin of Aunt Maria's husband who was Aunt Maria's companion? She has done nothing since Aunt Maria died. She's got enough to live on, but she's all alone in some little flat in London, and no one goes to see her much because she is so dull."

"Cheerful guest!"

"Who knows? She may turn out so," said Miss Vawdrey, kissing her brother by way of good-night.

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II.

"Rather luck having Christmas Eve on Sunday. Gives one an extra day."

"Oh, I don't know. Absurd these definitions between working days and holidays, I think."

Phyllis Desmond and Jack McKinley were alone together in the drawing-room at Vawdrey Court. They had reached it together two minutes earlier, and as they shortly discovered, twenty minutes too early for dinner. Phyllis Desmond, Miss Paget, and Mr. Burke had all arrived by the same train some hour or so earlier. Jack McKinley put in his appearance just as tea was ended; he had missed the dogcart sent to meet him, and had walked along snowy roads alone to the Court. Miss Vawdrey had made a brief introduction of her guests before carrying off Phyllis and Miss Paget to their rooms, and, therefore, now the two found themselves in the drawing-room they knew each other's names but scarcely more.

"One's life is either all work or all pleasure. Most of us find it the former," McKinley added.

Phyllis Desmond scanned her fellow-guest. She had hardly glanced at him before. The two were standing on the hearthrug. The long, double-room was lighted by old-fashioned candle sconces only as yet, but the firelight was very bright. It showed her a handsome face, with heavy lines about a mouth which was irritable, and restless blue eyes.

"Oh, I don't know about that," she said. "It's a grind, of course. You wouldn't have it all play, would you? But there's a considerable amount of pleasure to be had if one makes up one's mind to get it—to get every bit one can."

"That's what you go for, is it?"

McKinley wondered as he spoke why he was asking questions of a chance acquaintance of a few moments, but he took a good look at her as he ended. Phyllis Desmond was small and pretty. Her hair and colouring were dark, and her character seemed defined by her firm mouth and bright, keen eyes. She was wearing a black lace frock, rather shabby, but worn with a certain odd determination to make the best of it which in some inexplicable way covered its many defects. And some brilliant red roses, pinned into the bodice, gave out a sweet scent and emphasised all her best points by their colour.

"What else should one go for? Doesn't everyone want and mean to get everything they can out of life? I assure you I mean to do so. And determination will do a great deal," she added, with a little laugh.

He laughed in answer, but it was not a particularly pleasant laugh. "You think so?" he said. "Now I think it's a good plan to determine that other people shall do a great deal; they can do the determining and I'll have the results. Much better philosophy, I assure you."

"Old fashioned people will tell you that it's good to make one's own way in the world."

"Old-fashioned people will tell you that it's good to think of something or someone else while you're doing it," he retorted.

"Old fashions are out of date," she flashed out. "I know you will say what's true in one instance is true in both."

"Don't choose such high-flown words. Say sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," he said, looking at her with a keenness foreign to his blue eyes as a rule. "It saves trouble to say what one means, and you seem discerning enough to know that that is always worth while. Have you known the Vawdreys long?" he added, abruptly.

There was a certain edge in his tone as he asked the apparently harmless and natural question, and she seemed to feel it in some strange way, for she flushed and re-arranged her roses, with her head bent over them. Before she had spoken the door opened and Miss Vawdrey came in.

"I am sorry," she cried, "I'm late. Oh, the other's aren't here yet. But I'm sorry not to have been down earlier. I hope you have been making each other's acquaintance. Phyllis, dear," she said, "let me put a bit of my heliotrope with your roses. Its scent is so good. You like it?" she asked, for Phyllis had not answered, though Mary Vawdrey's quick fingers had nearly rearranged the flowers in her guest's frock.

"Yes, indeed I do," Phyllis answered at length. "Thank you a hundred times. I like everything that's nice in life."

She accompanied the words with a half-defiant glance over her shoulder at McKinley; but he had turned to greet his host, who entered at this moment with Miss Paget and Mr. Burke.

Ellen Paget was a little woman of fifty-six or so. Phyllis had made up her mind that Miss Paget was quite seventy, and very plain, and she looked now with some curiosity at her as she came up to the fire. "To see what sort of frock an old frumpy person like that wears," she said to herself. She was surprised to see Miss Paget in a soft black silk gown which by no means accentuated her plainness. Miss Paget was certainly plain, and the dull look which rested on her face did nothing

to improve it. Fine wrinkles had taken from her the last vestige of the delicate skin and lovely complexion which had been her one beauty, and they could only have been chased away by ready smiles. But ready smiles did not find an abiding place on Ellen Paget's face. There remained to her one outward charm, and that consisted in singularly simple and honest eyes. They rested on Mary Vawdrey with a look that might have said a good deal if anyone could have read it. But in words she only said that the night was cold and fire was pleasant.

To this eminently reasonable remark Mr. Burke hastened to assent cordially. He was a tall, thin old man, with an elderly stoop about the shoulders, natural enough to his sixty years, and his eyes were blue, faded, and worn, but transparent in their expression as any child's, and his whole face wore an unmistakable look of straightforward simplicity and kindness. He apparently was not much better provided with general conversation than Miss Paget, for having exhausted the fire subject he drew nearer to his hostess and said, in his rather diffident old voice: "Do you find Vawdrey Court a difficult place to warm?"

Dinner was announced before Mary Vawdrey had come to the end of her answer, and as Sir Robert said to the old man with that extra touch of deference he always shewed to old people: "Burke, you'll take in my sister, won't you?" he might, had he looked into the old eyes, have seen a light of pleasure in them—pleasure at the courteous tone. Mr. Burke's days were spent chiefly in being ordered about; very little deference was ever shewn to him.

Phyllis Desmond was on Sir Robert's left, and, McKinley being on Mary Vawdrey's left, it followed that the two were as nearly opposite each other as is possible at a round table. More than once, in the midst of a stream of gay chatter she was keeping up with her host, Phyllis felt herself compelled, as it seemed, to look up and look across the table.

"To live in the country? In this sort of country? Oh, but I can't imagine anything pleasanter," she was saying, lightly, when she felt that strange, compelling force, and looked up to find McKinley's eyes fixed full on her. Their glance made her, to her own vexation, redden, and she turned abruptly to talk to old Mr. Burke at her side. He had just come to the end of a conversation with Mary Vawdrey, in which, little though he knew it, she had drawn from him a faithful picture of his dull and lonely life.

"And I assure you," he ended, earnestly, "I have had no greater pleasure than that which the receipt of Sir Robert's letter gave me. I hope," he said, very simply, "you may never know how great a pleasure it is to be remembered when one is old and lonely."

To all this Miss Paget had listened in the silence which seemed to be habitual with her. If her mouth trembled a very little at his words, no one saw it. And it was quite steady when Mary Vawdrey turned and asked her if she cared to listen to the carol-singing, which was always to be heard for the week preceding Christmas Day.

"If you do," she said, "we'll send for them to come up on the terrace. They don't come quite near every night. They're very nice about not disturbing us. But Bob and I like it—it's so—so Christmasy, somehow."

The two great windows of the hall looked out on the terrace, and each was a large bay, the space within the bay being practically cut off from the hall by half-drawn thick curtains. No one could have said how it happened that Phyllis and McKinley found themselves alone in one window, while the rest were together in another. McKinley was so quick in seizing his opportunity that he seemed to have been waiting for it.

"You never told me whether you had known the Vawdrey's long?" he said, abruptly.

"Why do you ask?" was the equally abrupt response.

Phyllis Desmond's eyes were fixed on the scene outside. It was picturesque enough to arrest anyone's attention. The stone balustrade of the terrace, thick with snowy ivy, was just visible in the light of a lantern carried by one of the village boys, and all the figures showed dimly against it in an irregular group, with their one musician—an elderly man with a fiddle—in the midst.

"In Bethlehem—that fair city," echoed the voices.

"I don't understand you," she added, speaking through the rising and falling cadence of the old-world melody.

"I believe you do," he said, lightly. "I wanted to know if they were old friends of yours, or if—if you had come down here in pursuance of your favourite principle—to get all you can. Does the getting all you can include a possible chance of becoming, perhaps, the chatelaine of this 'desirable mansion,' as the agents have it?"

She turned on him with flashing eyes. "How dare you!" she said, in a low, furious voice. "How dare you speak so to me when you don't know me the least bit?"

"Because I do know you," he said, very coolly.

"You judge others by yourself," she sneered. "What are you here for yourself? Old friendship for Sir Robert? I don't believe it—not for a moment!"

"Don't, then," he said, calmly. "My principles work out on the same lines as your own, it is to be presumed, and in all probability I came to get something—too."

Before she could speak the curtain was drawn aside by Miss Vawdrey. "I'm so afraid you'll be cold," she said. "And I don't want you to begin your Christmas holidays by catching cold. I want you to enjoy it, every minute of it. Come to the drawing-room and think what we can do to make the very most of the time. Bob is gone to bring in the carol-singers."

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III.

"Well, how do you think our plan has worked, Polly?"

It was the afternoon of the day after Christmas Day. Robert Vawdrey was finishing a cigarette in a little room Mar Vawdrey called her den. At the moment she was writing a letter. She laid down her pen and looked up at her brother.

"If they've enjoyed it half as much as we've enjoyed it, it's all right," she said, laughingly. "I've had the nicest Christmas I ever remember. I'm so glad you thought of the skating match this afternoon, Bob," she added. Sir Robert had taken his four guests that afternoon to see a skating competition on some flooded meadows. "I hope they were amused."

"Your little Miss Desmond and McKinley were amused, at any rate," he said. "I'm ready to bet anything in reason on their having had a good time since they came."

"I'm glad you're sure of it. I don't think I'll take your bet though."

"Why in the world not? They've been so uncommonly lively—both of them."

"Oh, I know; they've been lively enough. I didn't know little Phyllis had so much gaiety in her. I'm glad we've called it out."

"McKinley's been just the same. You wouldn't think he had a care in the world if you'd heard him rattling on to Burke and me in the smoking-room. And if they've both been so lively, Polly, I don't see what you've got to be doubtful about."

"Oh, I don't know, Bob. I fancied they seemed to jar on each other somehow. But it may be my fancy."

"Now, if you'd said you weren't sure about Ellen Paget and old Burke I'd have been with you. I have felt a bit bothered about him. He's so silent."

"He looks happy, Bob, I think. I thought his nice old face looked really fascinating yesterday coming home from church. He told me about his childhood; he said the Christmas hymns always made him think of it."

"Ah, well, you know how to make him talk, I suppose. I don't. You can't say Ellen Paget looks happy though."

"She looks just the same as she always does. And she's been quite sweet to me. She never talks—it's not her way."

"If she did I doubt her being able to express anything," said Sir Robert.

"I don't care a straw what they express," responded his sister, "if only they've been happy."

If the brother and sister could have

seen into the conservatory of their own house at that moment their doubts might have been set at rest. In one corner of it was a very comfortable wicker chair with a shaded light over it by which to read. In the chair sat Miss Paget, but the book she had been reading had fallen from her hands. In front of her stood Mr. Burke.

"I should never have dared to dream of such a thought," he was saying, "only you said to me yesterday that this delightful Christmas visit would emphasise the loneliness of one's own life afterwards. I don't know how to ask it, but if—if you are lonely, too, could you think of spending the rest of our lives together? Could you make me very happy? Could you marry me? I have nothing to offer—no luxuries—barely comforts, and I don't know how I venture to ask it."

Mr. Burke paused, as if for breath, and courage; but Miss Paget rose and held out her hands, which were trembling. "I don't want luxuries," she said; "I want to make someone happy, and if I can do that I will—marry you. I could never ask anything better than to be able to make someone happy. There is nothing better—in this world."

"By Jove!"

Neither Mr. Burke nor Miss Paget heard the words, nor the heavy fall of a curtain hanging over the door between the conservatory and the smoking-room which accompanied them. Jack McKinley and Phyllis Desmond, on their way to set out for a walk together, silently abandoned the way through the conservatory and found their way out by another door. Not a word was spoken by either of them until they had left the house some way behind.

"By Jove!" McKinley repeated.

Since the night of the carol-singing he and Phyllis Desmond had established a sort of armed friendship. Each seemed to wish to show the other a defiant front, and both had exerted to the utmost their powers of pleasing in order to show how little they cared for the others strictures. Phyllis had never been so charming in her life; and McKinley had not known, as he owned to himself, that he had so much energy in him. Though they had continually been aware of each other's surveillance they had not since that night exchanged a word alone, and Phyllis had given a surprised consent when McKinley had asked her on the way back from the skating match to come "for a stroll" with him before dinner.

She made no response whatever, and McKinley turned round to look at her. She was crying. He stopped short suddenly.

"By Jove!" was all he could find to say for the third time; but her crying went on to sobbing, and he was entirely at a loss and half frightened.

"What in the world is it?" he said. "What have I done?"

He looked helplessly round. They were in the middle of the track across a frosty field out of earshot and out of sight of any house. "Do tell me what I've done," he entreated. His voice seemed to reach her senses at last, and she checked her sobbing.

"Nothing," she said. "Nothing at all."

"What is it, then? Who has done anything?"

"No one—myself."

The answer came after a long pause, and another succeeded it.

"I'm a perfect beast," she said, suddenly.

"I asked you to come out in order to make the same statement about myself," he said.

"I knew it all along," she added.

"Did you? I daresay you did," he remarked drily.

"Don't be silly," she said, stamping her foot in the snow; "I don't mean you; it's about me I knew. I've been hateful the whole time. You were right. I did come here to see what I could get. I cultivated Mary Vawdrey—at least, I let her be nice to me, and she has been most awfully nice—for the sake of what she could give me. And I thought in my heart I would get him too if I could. You were right there, too. I could never care one straw for him, but I thought he might give me what I liked. I've been despicable! I've had the wrong end of the stick all the time—all my life, I think—and those old angels have got the right one. They put the finishing-touch. It is true, there is nothing so good as the making of someone else happy. How I know when I never tried I can't tell. But I do know I've been a fool. I'm sorry."

She dried her tears hastily.

"Don't be sorry," he said. "You've given me courage to tell you my tale. I came out to do it, but I didn't know how to begin it in the face of those old dears and their words. It's been in my mind vaguely since the carol-singing. But I never meant you to know it till this afternoon. I can't hide from you any longer that I'm much worse than you. I came down to make Bob Vawdrey lend me some money. I knew I could work on his feelings. And when I've had money I've never worked. I've enjoyed myself, and upon my word that's all I've ever cared about. But seeing them—Bob and his sister—so deadly anxious to give other people happiness and never thinking of themselves made me shaky somehow. And now old Burke and Miss Paget have put the finishing-touch to me—like you. I'm going to make a clean breast of the whole to Bob to-night, and see if he'll find me work—not money."

He paused, and she looked at him, her eyes shining in the moonlight, though swollen and softened with tears.

"There's one more thing," he said awkwardly. "I—how would it be since I've shown you—the whole bag of tricks—told you the lot—if you would go shares with me in trying to—straighten it up a bit? I can work if I choose—I honestly can—and I'll make you a home yet if you'll give me the hope that you'll come to it some day? I say—I don't find tears much of an answer!"

For Phyllis was crying again, softly, her face hidden in his hands, which she had caught when he tried to lift up her face.

"Who would have thought it?" said Sir Robert, staring blankly at his sister as they confronted one another alone in the smoking-room late that night. "We've done more than we set out to do, eh, Polly?"

Miss Vawdrey laughed gaily. Her eyes were very soft and sweet.

"Well, Bob, we did want to make them happy, didn't we?" she said.

(The End.)

## CHILDHOOD'S MISHAPS.

EVERY HOME NEEDS ZAM-BUK BALM.

The boisterous youngsters are daily hurting themselves one way or another, and a handy pot of Zam-Buk Balm is an inestimable boon to every home.

Mrs. A. Melson, of 158 Gloucester-street, Sydney, whose little girl, whilst playing, had the misfortune to fall and sustain painful injuries to her face, says: "I would like to tell my experience, for the benefit of the public generally, with that wonderful balm, Zam-Buk. Some time ago my little girl fell while at play, and seriously cut and injured her face. This was unfortunate, as she hoped to take part in a school concert in a fortnight's time, but it looked as though she would be forced to give up the idea of being able to do so. However, I at once applied Zam-Buk Balm, and, to my great delight and surprise, as well as that of her teachers and fellow-pupils, her face was rapidly healed, and no trace of scars remained. Zam-Buk is really a wonderful healer."

Zam-Buk Balm is invaluable for sunburn, prickly heat, rash, sore feet, smarting patches, mosquito and other insect bites, nettlerash, cuts, burns, bruises, and all injuries to the skin. Of all chemists and stores at 1/6, or 3/6 large family pot (contains nearly four times the 1/6).

There is a story told of the late Dr. Mansel, Master of Trinity College, who, meeting two undergraduates of his college, was surprised to find that they passed him without paying the respect due to their master by raising their caps. He stopped them, and inquired if they knew him. They flippantly replied that they really did not. "How long have you been in college, then?" asked Mansel. "Only eight days," they answered. "That accounts for your blindness," the master replied; "puppies never see till they are nine days old."

"England hasn't had a war for some time."

"No, they don't dare. They're afraid Alfred Austin might write an ode about it."

# The Flaw in the Evidence

By ROSLYN ROBINSON





I REMEMBER two hotter nights."

Ramsey mopped his forehead poured out a tall glass of cold lemonade from a monster pannikin sweating drops of dew,and emptied it without drawing a breath. Brassey was standing directly in front of the electric fan running his fingers through a sticky mass of tousled hair to dry out the perspiration.

Mr Brassey's cards read, "Eugene Brassey, attorney and counsellor at law," whereas his companion was plain "Richard Ramsey, broker," but from appearances he was forging along toward fortune at a more rapid gait than his legal friend—due perhaps to the wise advice and caution of the lawyer—and so the broker was able to maintain a cottage by the sea, where the two spent the vacation season in peace and comfort.

Bachelors both, their comfort was insured by a negro who acted in the capacity of cook, valet, and general utility man. He had no equal as a concocter of cooling beverages, and he managed things so smoothly that the pair had no troubles, and smoked and dreamed the hours away in a cozy corner overlooking the ocean. Everything suggested coolness—straw matting, wicker furnishings even to huge pictures of scenes in the polar regions, and an unfailing sweating pitcher of something cold in the way of an appetiser. It was hot on this particular night. The swishing surf radiated heat, and the rays of the moon were bad for the complexion without a sunshade.

"The first one," went on Ramsey, "was the eve of the Penniford trial."

"Speaking of Penniford, here's a bit of news."

Brassey took a folded newspaper from his pocket, and, shaking it out, adjusted his eyeglasses to read:

"'Penniford—Raymond. Died at Florence, Italy, on the 15th ult., Raymond Penniford, aged 35 years, formerly a resident of Peekskill, N.Y.'"

"The last act in a tragedy connecting three lives," mused Ramsey.

Brassey looked up at him critically.

"Hardly that, do you think? You were present at his trial for the murder of Percival Waring, and, of course, you know that Penniford merely protected his wife's honour. That was all the evidence. A matter of duty never is a tragedy."

Ramsey waited to gather his thoughts.

"You remember Thyrsa Carden, his wife, she was, Thyrsa Carden? Somehow I always think of her by that name."

The other nodded.

"I just can remember her as present at the trial of her husband," Ramsey proceeded. "Well, I knew her intimately from early childhood. I did not know Penniford at all—no one ever did, I think—though he honoured me with as much of his friendship as he ever gave anyone. I learned more about him after he had left us, and what I did learn gave me an insight into the soul of man—a MAN, Brassey."

Ramsey sat up straight on the edge of his chair with sparkling eyes.

"He should have lived in the age of chivalry, when men's heroic deeds counted for something as inspirations to their fellows. His life among us was wasted. The present time does not deserve such a man."

He fell back indolently into his "sleepy hollow" and went on:

"As I was saying, I knew Thyrsa Carden well, intimately. Her character and disposition were like an open book to me—to all of us fellows, her schoolmates. Brassey, that girl was gentle as a dove, timid as a fawn. We all loved her in childhood, and, when she budded into lovely womanhood, we worshipped her. I loved her ardently, with all my young heart, and, in my simplicity, I fancied I could win her. She loved all of us, no one more than another, and, when we spoke of love, because we could not help it, her sweet eyes filled with tears as she told us that we were her dearest friends but never could be anything else. I am true to her to-day, Brassey. No other woman ever can come between us. I promised her that day we laid her in the ground. Why, I plant flowers on her grave every year when her anniversary comes around. It is childish and sentimental, I know, but the memory of her is too sweet to be blotted out.

"I also knew Percival Waring well—we had all grown up together. His was a weak, wabbly disposition, blindly perverse when it came to doing the wrong thing, and so obstinate that, when he had set his mind on anything, he did not scruple to get it by fair or foul means. The rest of us were 'down on him' as boys call it, and he generally was the butt for our boyish pranks. I have said that Thyrsa treated us all alike, but I sometimes fancied her eyes were softer when she talked to him, but—well, Percival was not a man to inspire jealousy—Thyrsa may have pitied him—women are so gentle with the weak, you know.

"Imagine our indignation when a rank outsider came along and carried off the prize and we helpless to interfere. She wanted him and that was enough for us; we gave in to her as we had always done. He was an Othello without the jealousy, this Raymond Penniford. He had been the hero in many battles—real ones—and this perhaps was a powerful influence—it must have been — girls dearly love heroes. But they made a magnificent couple, he with his martial bearing, she with her gentle, tender, clinging nature—the oak and the ivy. In time we became proud of them. Of course, the martial tie was a bar to any further demonstrations of affection on our part, the husband's fire and dash, and the strong grip of his sword hand warning off poachers on his preserves. All but Waring, who could not keep away from Thyrsa. Where Thyrsa was there also was Waring. Penniford never let on, treating us all with equal cordiality, though he must have known how much we had once loved his beautiful wife; but Thyrsa was above suspicion.

Ramsey stopped and closed his eyes in meditation. When he looked up, after a few moments, his thoughts had turned into another groove.

"Brassey, you defended Penniford and know all the facts in the case, eh?"

Brassey ruffled up at this imputation upon his professional sense.

"It is a lawyer's business to know all the facts in every case he tries."

Ramsey laughed.

"But you didn't know them all in this case."

Brassey ruffled up again.

"Pray, what do you mean? Did I omit anything?"

Ramsey surveyed him quizzically.

"You certainly did. You did not have the key to the case."

He raised his hand to stop an angry protest.

"No use flaring up. You did not have it and you did not know there was one—one that would have knocked your defence completely. Listen. You know that Penniford had a brace of pistols of exquisite workmanship, both exactly alike, and that he always carried them on his person?"

Brassey admitted it.

"Of course I knew that. I saw them and handled them many times before the—the 'tragedy,' as you call it. What of it? We had the one that carried death to Waring in evidence."

Ramsey laughed again, loudly this time.

"Where was the other one? Why was it not produced, O, wise and sagacious limb of the law? Did you ask Penniford? Did you know what became of it, or did you know what an important part it would have played in that trial?"

Brassey certainly was nettled, showing it in his impatient answer.

"No, and I do not care what became of it, I would not have cared if I had thought of it during the trial, which I certainly did not. It was unimportant."

Ramsey struggled out of the depths of his chair and began pacing back and forth excitedly.

"Brassey, that missing pistol was the one important piece of evidence in the case. Its absence was the flaw in the evidence, enough to send an innocent man to execution. It might have been the cause of a judicial murder. I thought of calling your attention to it at the time, and I would have done so if Penniford had stood in the slightest shadow of danger. Mind, I did not know then what I know now—what I since have learned. Brassey, the bullet from the pistol you had in evidence did not kill Percival Waring; it was the shot from the missing one."

Brassey smiled sarcastically.

"Again I say, what of it? Why quibble about pistols? Whether it was one or the other is of no consequence. It is the fact, the corpus delicti, and so on."

Brassey swelled up like a law lecturer delivering ponderous information to shrinking students. His professional pride was hurt and he did not relish law pointers from the broker, but personal friendship was unaffected, Ramsey suspended his promenade to stand before his friend.

"Thereby hangs a tale," he quoted, dropping into his easy chair to stare out into the darkness before proceeding farther."

"As you say, I was present at the trial, but I heard things on the side that you did not and which you could not have suspected. They came from the incoherent babblings uttered by Thyrsa in her hysterical attacks in the judge's room where I carried her unconscious, and on the way home, a dazed and frantic woman. I can tell you how near you might have come to hanging your client, an innocent man. Public opinion, that dangerous influence in a court of justice, was with you, and it acquitted him. Otherwise the evidence would have damned him."

Brassey shuddered.

"Tell me all about it," he said, his voice breaking a little. "If I made so grave a mistake as that I ought to know. We lawyers are not infallible."

Ramsey eyed him compassionately, his friend's sudden humility stirring him.

"You shall know all, my friend. I learned the whole truth during the other of the two hotter nights than this I mentioned a while ago. Penniford's death opens the way to divulge what I have kept secret. I thought of the other pistol during the trial and mentioned it to Thyrsa, who was sitting beside me. She nodded her head. 'Tell them,' she whispered faintly, but what happened immediately afterward drove it out of my head and I did not think of the cursed other pistol until it was too late, and what I learned since has kept my mouth closed.

"Penniford just then was testifying before the jury, and was saying: 'That pistol, gentlemen, contains an empty shell. It was my hand that sped its bullet on its way through a villain's heart.'

"With a wild scream Thyrsa sprang

to her feet, attempted to speak but fell unconscious. I was standing over her and could catch the words: 'He—did—not—kill—him—I—' Then she lapsed into unconsciousness. On the way home she repeated this, but became hysterical when she attempted to say more. I remember that Penniford hugged her close at such moments and quieted her with soothing words and caresses. I thought at the time: 'Why does he not let her tell what she is trying to get out?' He caught my eye once and said with quivering lips: 'Could I have done less, Richard?' I stretched out my hand, which he grasped so firmly that I yet can feel the tingle of the grip.

"I presumed upon my old friendship to try to worm it out of Thrysa, but her lips were closed on the subject.

"'There is nothing for you to know, Richard—at least, not now. Some day, perhaps, when—when I am dead—but not now—O, not now! Always remember this, Richard,' and she drew herself up proudly, 'my husband is a hero. Never forget that. There is no knight of the olden time so chivalrous as he.' A few months afterward we laid her to rest, and Penniford departed for foreign lands.

"About a year after her death I went south and west on an extended business trip, and on my way home I felt the need of 'dropping off' at some quiet station to enjoy a good night's rest, which I had not had for two weeks. It was in the middle of August, and the heat and dust of travel, together with the incessant click-clack of the wheels on the rails, drove me into insomnia, and so rasped upon my nerves that I detested my own company. The never-ending montony of it could not be endured another night.

"Not having a folder for reference, I was informed by the conductor, to whom I made known my desire, that the train was due to reach a small station in North Carolina, about a mile from a formerly well patronized health resort in the mountains, shortly after dark. There was a good hotel in the town, but other more popular resorts had reduced its business to a few straggling travellers like myself, in search of quiet and repose. 'You will find plenty of both there,' remarked the conductor with a covert smile, 'but, owing to the falling off in travel, it is a flag station, and this particular train has orders not to stop at all. I can do this, however—slow down so that you easily can swing off the car step to the platform. Of course you must be ready.' I agreed to everything for the sake of the quiet and repose I expected to find.

"When the time came I gathered together my belongings, and, making ready, swung off the car step, the momentum of the heavy train carrying me head over heels the moment my feet struck the platform. The locomotive shrieked a derisive 'toot' of farewell as it immediately started off at full speed, the lights of the train disappearing around a curve in the mountains. My first impression, after I picked myself up, made sure that no bones had been broken, and collected my scattered baggage, was that I had been whirled off a limited express going at full speed, into a vast sea of ink.

"There was no sign of life, and the darkness was so intense that I could see nothing but a huge black object looming up before me. Rightly conjecturing it to be the station house, I groped around it, found a door, knocked, kicked, and hammered loud enough to rouse the Seven Sleepers, but received no other response than the dull echoes of my own noise.

"The night was hot and sultry, the heat lying damp and sullen on the earth, crushing and beating down with its weight the odours of the pines and hill flowers. I was as one marooned upon a dismal black island in an abysmal ocean of darkness, which was rendered more visible, so to speak, by the faint gleams of a few stars struggling to penetrate the pall like mist. The silence was supreme, not an insect or leaf stirring to indicate that the world still was alive. The only sound I could hear was the blood throbbing painfully through my arteries and veins, and beating against my nerves like hammers wielded by invisible imps. I stood irresolute, mopping the cold perspiration from my forehead, my night's rest growing more distant in the vanishing hours.

"A sensation of terror crept over me, a dread of something terrible coming at me out of the blackness against which I was impotent. I had no other weapon of defence but a small pocket knife, and this I opened and clutched tightly in my hand, blade out, prepared to sell my life at as high a price as possible.

"There was no choice of exits from the platform, the darkness transforming everything into a uniform black gulf, but, summoning up my courage, I jammed my hat down tight over my ears and started in what I guessed was the direction of the town, to learn afterward that it was the wrong one. That I was going down hill was evident, for I had to lean backward to maintain my perpendicular, and I could hear the gravel and bowlders dislodged by my feet tumbling down ahead of me with a rattle and clatter. I must have gone miles—it seemed so, anyhow—when I stopped in sheer despair and addressed the darkness:

"'In God's name, where is the town? Where is the hotel?'

"Out of the black wall was thrust a bony hand which closed cold and clammy over mine, taking possession of my baggage, and a pallid, wrinkled face peered into mine so close that I drew my knife back to strike. But my arm was restrained by a raucous voice sounding like the dying rattle of an untuned diapason:

"'Hotel, sir? Yes, sir. Right here, sir.'

"Without more ado my sepulchral guide started off marking a fitful black mark against the sky, and I followed, inasmuch as he had possession of my baggage. My nerves were stretched to the breaking point, and I held my knife ready to meet any attack that might be made upon me. How long or how far we walked I do not know, time and space being obliterated in the murky pall enveloping us. We crunched down hill over boulders and rocks, masses of which rolled down clamorously as if announcing our arrival to the fiends below, my guide showing evidences of being human by calling back at me out of the darkness by way of encouragement:

"'Right this way, sir. Hotel this way, sir.'

"At last we reached a double row of irregular black objects standing out in profile against the sky line, broken, jagged fangs in a monstrous jaw ready to crunch down upon me. I assumed this to be the town, and toward a larger black patch my spectral companion directed his steps, with me following so closely that when he stopped abruptly I nearly fell over him.

"'Hotel, sir; right here, sir,' came the voice.

"Through a small round opening in what I took to be a door, a bright red light shot out at me like an evil eye, winking maliciously. In the solemn darkness it appeared to be the fiery, watchful eye of a Cyclops. After much hammering and kicking without eliciting the slightest response, I fumbled over the face of the door to find a knob, which I jerked viciously, awakening a whole battery of jangling bells. Their clamour began below, went somewhere above, then came down to the door as if in inquiry, their clatter mingling with the creaking of the rusty wire sounding uncanny.

"By and by, the shuffling and dragging of feet announced life of some sort. Then came the rasping of a key, the groaning of a lock, and through the partly open door appeared another spectral object bearing a dim candle high above its head. A pale, haggard face surrounded by a bristling beard, and surmounted by a thick shock of stiff unkempt red hair, an old bed gown from which peeped bare feet thrust into ancient worndown slippers, did not voucn much hospitality, but I was in for whatever might happen.

"With much grumbling, the porter, for such he turned out to be, threw open the door, and I entered, demanding accommodation. Without a word he took up my baggages and motioned for me to follow. When the outer door slammed to, shutting me in, I felt like a prisoner and wondered if I could escape. I was so completely swallowed up from my known world, away from friends and acquaintances, that the notion of how easily I might become a 'mysterious disappearance' was far from soothing to my nerves.

"The hotel was apparently unoccupied, unfurnished, my footsteps sounding hollow along the narrow halls and passages, the floor boards creaking dismally in protest at my unwonted intrusion. Reaching a room which suited him, the porter opened the door, and after dropping my belongings on the floor unceremoniously, and lighting the stub of a candle in the middle of the room, he departed abruptly and without a word, the heels of his old slippers clippety-clopping along the hall, echoing through the emptiness.

"I locked the door, and further guarding it from entrance by screwing into the jamb a strong steel gimlet I always carried for that purpose, felt secure from attacks at that point. Holding the candle high above my head, and taking a general survey of the large apartment in which I had been turned loose, so to speak, I seemed to be immured in a dreary whited sepulchre. The pallor of death tinged everything, the walls, ceiling, and even a cavernous, gaping fireplace.

"Somebody liberally had plastered the whole with whitewash. Two enormous beds placed side by side, covered with white spreads, and overhung with white trailing mosquito netting fastened to ceiling, high ebony posts, appeared like catafalques. Even the carpet was overlaid with dirty white canvas, broken in spots, my feet tripping as I wandered about. The place was hot and stuffy, smelling like a sepulchre.

"Two long windows on a level with the floor directly opposite the foot of the beds opened out upon a porch from which led a wide flight of steps down to what I guessed might be a lawn or terrace—it was so pitchy dark that I could see little beyond the small circle of light cast by my flickering candle, and I had not the courage to venture further. I closed and bolted the windows, which opened inward, and, partially undressing, extinguished the light and lay down upon the outside of one of the beds. My mind was in a chaotic state. I still was gazing out of a car window with all manner of objects whirling past. Though the weather was hot, oppressively so, I felt cold and clammy, tossing about uncomfortably, regretting my comfortable berth in the Pullman. At last, I fell into an uneasy slumber.

"I do not know how long I had been sleeping when I suddenly waked up with a sensation that I had had my sleep out and it was time to get up. The moon had risen and was shining bright and clear through the windows, illuminating every nook and corner of the room, bringing out with startling distinctness its unearthly whiteness. From a window I looked out upon a lawn terrace, down along an avenue of trees with white statues here and there.

"Fronting the windows stood a statue of Laocoon, every detail of which I could see as clearly as in the bright sun at noonday. The agony of the father striving with swollen muscles to cast off the tightening coils of the deadly serpents was appalling, and the terror mingled with confidence in their parent's strength was so realistic that I turned away in sorrow at my impotence to save them. It was strangely familiar to me, but I could not remember where I had seen the same place before.

"Growing heavy with sleep, I lay down again, this time in the other bed, immediately falling into a semi-conscious state, or 'half asleep,' as we say. Then my brain began to work, as does that of every man who is upon the border line of sleep. The cerebral functions acting involuntarily fill the mind with the phantoms of what he has once seen but forgotten.

"My subconsciousness evoked Thyrsa, the woman who had been the central figure of the tragedy—the woman I had loved, and whom I still regretted. The incident of the trial and her incoherent babblings returned to me, and I tried to interpret her few words attributing innocence to her husband. Opening my eyes to avoid introspection through the aid of external objects, for I desired sleep, I looked around the room carelessly, and out through the windows upon Laocoon. The surroundings became more and more familiar to me as I looked, and I won-

dered where I had seen them. I know I never had been in the miserable place before, for I could not have forgotten it. It might have been in a dream.

"Turning the matter over in my semi-conscious brain, I was startled by a loud cry which brought me out into the middle of the room. The cry was my own, evoked by my subconsciousness, though it sounded as coming from another person. My memory revolved around Thyrsa, and all in a moment I remembered. I saw the whole as it had been pictured in the newspapers containing an account of the tragedy and all its details. I looked down at the statue, expecting to see Waring's body lying there, bleeding on the sod. There was the bed upon which had lain the body of the unconscious Thyrsa; there was the other bed upon which had been deposited the lifeless victim—my old schoolmate, Waring. There, from behind that porch column, Penniford had fired the fatal shot. I was upon the scene of the tragedy.

"The strange coincidence benumbed my senses, and I lay down again to rest my body and enable my mind to piece together the chaotic thoughts which surged through it in a riot. Why did Thyrsa say that her husband did not kill Waring? There was no one else; but the other pistol!

"I could not even form a conjecture. Thyrsa appeared to me as sweet and smiling as in the days of her budding womanhood, but surrounded by the dark shadows of the tragedy. As I lay with my heavy eyes half open I was aroused by another loud cry from my subconsciousness, and siting up in bed I stared down at the Laocoon, beside which I plainly saw a form looking intently toward the windows. Springing up, I rushed to a window, whence I could see every lineament of the object's face. I recognised it immediately. It was Percival Waring, and, half stupid from loss of sleep, I wondered what he could be doing there with such a look of longing and expectancy.

"Hurriedly I opened the window, intending to descend the steps to find out what it meant, when I was stopped by a rustling of skirts, and, crouching behind the window, which already I had opened, I saw Thyrsa rush down and cast herself into the extended arms of the man at the statue. They stood locked in each other's arms, pressing their lips together. In another moment my attention was diverted to the porch column, from the shadow of which I perceived Raymond Penniford peering down upon the couple, with fire in his eyes and stern resolve written on his dark face. I saw him descend the steps, the shining pistol raised straight out in his right hand. He had almost reached them, when, as by some premonition of danger, Thyrso suddenly looked around and saw her husband close upon them.

"The look of agonised terror which spread over her countenance gave way to one of calm resignation—such a look as one gives when a heroic deed is resolved upon—and, drawing from some place of concealment in her garments a shining pistol—the one I had missed at the trial—pressed the muzzle against her lover's heart and pulled the trigger. Immediately she turned it against her own white bosom and would have followed Waring into eternity had not her husband, by a supreme effort, flung himself forward and roughly wrested the weapon from her grasp, casting it over the shrubbery into the middle of a fish pond beyond.

"With a wild cry Thyrsa threw up her hands and collapsed upon the sod, the bleeding body of her victim crashing down beside her. Penniford quickly carried her unconscious form up into the room and laid it upon one of the beds, immediately returning to carry up Waring's body, which he deposited upon the other bed.

"I saw him standing over them with a perplexed look upon his face, as if irresolute what to do next; then, with a look of triumph and relief, he rushed to the window, raised his pistol, and, firing one single shot at the sky, instantly vanished with the others."

Brassey sprang to his feet and looked at his watch.

"I have just time to catch the last train to the city," calling back as he rushed off. "I am going to find that other pistol."

Ten days later the broker received from the lawyer an apology for having doubted his story.

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A man is apt to put his thinking cap on when his wife expresses a desire for a new bonnet.

## Should Girl Give Up Dancing at Her Jealous Fiancee's Request?

(By MARIAN MARTINEAU.)

"I do not care about dancing, but my fiancee does," writes a correspondent. "I want to know what you think should happen. Ought my sweetheart to give up dancing or not? I say she ought to do so, in deference to my wishes, but she maintains that this argument only displays selfishness on my part, and that she ought not be deprived of a pleasure to gratify me."

This is a state of affairs many times multiplied in the case of engaged couples, and one that is always prominently discussed between them at the outset of the autumn, when early winter dances are being arranged. It is, as a rule, the girl who likes dancing. Women are far better dancers than men, and more naturally disposed towards that form of exercise; hence the plea the lover puts before his fiancee, when he is no adept at the art, and wishes her to abandon a pleasure in which he cannot take part, is based upon her supposed willingness to give up something for his sake.

Now, this is rather a mean outlook to take. Because a man likes billiards and plays occasionally, or is fond of golf when he can get it, would it be reasonable of the girl of his choice to ask him to give up these pastimes? What argument would she bring in favour of her desire? She would affirm that billiards and golf deprived her of her lover's society, and likely she would be speaking the truth. But I have just supposed that he is addicted to those forms of mental diversion and physical exercis only now and then. Hence, to my way, of thinking, she would be an exceedingly selfish person who would desire them to be abandoned altogether.

Yet is it not the other side of the matter just the same? Here is a young man who is expecting his sweetheart to abandon a pastime in which she takes great pleasure, because he cannot or will not participate in it. It is only occasionally that his fiancee goes to a dance; certainly not oftener than twice a week one would imagine, in all probability only once a month. Yet he says in so many words, "If you persist in dancing I shall understand that you do not want to conform with my wishes. That will mean that when we are married you will oppose them, and there will be constant bickerings as to which of us shall give in. The situation is a painful one, and does not argue well for our future happiness."

There must be something beyond a mere unwillingness on this young lover's part to lose the society of his fiancee just now and then. It is incredible that he should be so selfish as to desire her to give up a real delight because he cannot share it. What is there at the back of his mind, I wonder? Can it be jealousy that prompts him to expect the renunciation of her favourite pastime? I suppose it is. He cannot bear to think of the girl he loves waltzing with another man's arm round her waist.

Now this puts a completely different complexion on the matter to my way of thinking. I can imagine a girl refusing to give up dancing simply because her sweetheart was no dancer, and I should applaud her decision, if she really cared for dancing, since it is unwise to pander to a man's mere selfishness or to his despotism. But I cannot imagine that she would find any delight in dancing if all the time she were doing it she knew she was dealing out to her sweetheart the tortures of the jealous. There is no form of torture more cruel in its way, and deliberately to produce it is a sign of a cruel nature in the producer.

Hence my decision is this: This sweetheart, and every other, has no right to demand the abandonment of dancing on the part of his fiancee.

# The Widowhood of Effie Jane

By PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVE

THERE had been an epidemic of weddings in Rayul, and the villagers had not yet recovered their usual poise of mind and spirit.

It had been conceded a very desirable and natural thing when little Jennie Flint married her father's clerk, and there had been no more than the usual amount of comment when Miss Briggs, who kept the boarding-house at the head of the street, wedded the druggist round the corner. It was what might have been expected, for Miss Briggs had a wee little nest-egg laid by, and was a victim of neuralgic headaches, and Jenkins was of a sympathetic nature and was well-to-do. But when, in quick succession, one after another of Rayul's respected female citizens exchanged spinsterhood for the matrimonial plunge, public opinion began to show symptoms of agitation which culminated in a fever of excitement when it was first rumoured and then established beyond a doubt that the prosperous Widow Boynton had espoused her stalwart young "head man." The exchange had been a fair one—youth and agricultural judgment for the widow's twenty-acre farm and other personal charms, endowments and experience; but public opinion gasped at the somewhat curious situation. There was not a marriageable female left in Rayul except Effie Jane Peters, and it was tacitly agreed that Effie Jane really did not count.

Silas and Abner Peters were sitting on the shady side of the kitchen porch talking over the social upheaval that had left Rayul bereft of maid and spinster. The brothers sat with their split-bottomed chairs tilted against the porch railing, their eyes fixed upon the fields of waving grain across the road—as they drew in whiffs of tobacco smoke and blew the blue smoke wreaths upward between the pauses of conversation.

"The widow must have been plum crazy to marry that boy at her time of life," remarked Silas, tentatively, as he shook the ashes from his pipe and reached into his coast pocket for his tobacco bag.

"No, she ain't, according to my opinion," replied Abner, who was regarded as an oracle by his family and as a chronic objector by his neighbours; "Dick Hansel makes the best crops in the county, and the widow's plump and rosy enough to hold him fast. Any woman that can marry decently is a fool not to, in my opinion."

"Oh, of course, it's what they all should do if it comes handy," assented Silas. "It's kind of natural and expected for women folks to make homes for men folks; it's what they were born to do, and if they don't or can't they ain't regarded with—well—with approbation by folks in general," and Silas clasped his hands behind his head with a masculine sense of superiority.

The fact that neither of the worthy bachelors had ever assisted any misguided or luckless female to the performance of her highest duty sat lightly upon that indefinite region of the masculine anatomy called the "inner consciousness."

"Yet there's many a fine woman that's never married," said Abner, indulgently. "Take Effie Jane here," he remarked, lowering his voice and glancing about cautiously. "Take Effie Jane, I say, for an example. There's no better girl nor no better worker anywhere than Effie Jane, but she's never had hair nor sign of a beau. It appears strange now, don't it? And to think there isn't a single one left in the village except Effie Jane!"

"Well, it ain't her fault, I reckon. Poor Effie Jane was just born to a be a left-over, and that's all to be said."

"We are sorter in the same boat, ain't we!" said Silas, with an awkward laugh. "Being bachelors, you know, we shouldn't forget that fact, maybe."

Abner smiled the smile of superior wisdom as he stroked his stubby moustache. "But there's a big difference. A man can always have a try, and a woman never can. I just tell you what it is," he continued, ruminatingly, "I lay it to the fact that Effie Jane's too conscientious, too blamed fond of duty, too good to get a husband."

"Well, we needn't worry. I wonder how we'd get on if she got one," answered Silas. "But somehow it seems sort of a pity for her to live along without being rightly appreciated—and it must be kind of lonesome"——

"Appreciated!" echoed Abner. "Ain't you and I appreciating her? Why, I've said it both in public and private that she's the quietest, best-dispositioned, hardest-working woman in the State. Ain't she got her housework and us to do for, and can't she go visiting with the neighbours if she has a mind, and as for lonesome—there's the hens; hens are considerable company."

"Yes, I suppose so, but a woman wants something to—to—to cuddle, I reckon—something to love and—and"—— Silas broke down weakly. He couldn't quite express the thought that was in his mind somehow.

"That kind of business ain't for Effie Jane, I reckon. No man's ever wanted her, and I reckon no man ever will. She's got to be satisfied with her sewing and quilting and preserving and her hens for company, and not expect"——

Abner's remarks were interrupted by a crash of china in the kitchen. Both brothers started up and looked at each other guiltily. A certain middle-class Southern sense of propriety—the recognised quality of delicacy—made them ashamed to have spoken of their sister's personal infirmities. What if she had heard? Silas leaned in through the kitchen window.

"There's nobody there," he said, in a relieved voice. "It was the cat; see, there is a teacup smashed on the floor. Effie Jane's gone over to Cousin Mandy Dayis's to help with the preserving, I reckon," and the two men picked up their hats and started off to the barn, while an unobserved scurrying figure escaped, like a guilty thing, through the pantry door and up the back stairs to her attic bedroom.

Effie Jane sat down on the edge of her bed and buried her face in her hands, while her gaunt figure was shaken by dry, convulsive sobs. It was all of no use to have striven and drudged and pinched to make a home for Silas and Abner. They had been all to her, and she—she had been no more to them than the feather bed or the cooking stove that had mechanically ministered to their comfort. Yes; they were right. Nobody had ever "wanted" her. She had never had a beau—and they had no respect for her because she had missed what came to other women. In the bitterness of her wounded pride she was dumbly conscious that if her girlhood had not been devoted to them it might have been different, perhaps. It had all been so taken for granted, her sacrifice of youth and gladness, that the passing of both had hardly been realised. To-day for the first time she felt a fierce regret for those things that might have been but were not hers.

"Too conscientious, too fond of duty, too good to get a husband!" The words rang in her ears and a dark red flush burned on her cheeks. She got up from the bed and went over to the stand of drawers, with its white-fringed dimity cover, and gazed into the mirror that hung over it.

"I am not—pretty—but I'm not ugly," she said to herself as she viewed the face in the glass critically. A curious flush, a shy, almost frightened, half-glad look came into her face as she stood there. "If anybody had ever thought I was—good-looking—I'd have been good-looking," she whispered, clasping her work-roughened but shapely hands over her eyes, ashamed of the conviction she read there. For a long time she stood there, a resolution taking form in her mind.

"Maybe it's a sin," she said aloud, at last, and the words broke the sunlit stillness of the little room strangely. "Maybe it's a sin, but it's all been unfair, and —I'll do it!"

A curious purpose had matured in Effie Jane's elemental mind.

Some weeks later Silas and Abner Peters were moved to wonder, chagrin and consternation by the announcement that their sister had made up her mind to visit an aunt living in Denver, Colorado. They laid before her the useless extravagance, the folly, the selfishness of carrying out so extraordinary a plan. But Effie Jane was deaf to argument.

"I've done for you as well as I could all these years, and I feel that I'd like to have a change for a spell. Aunt Rebecca's written she'd like I should come, and I'm going."

In a vague way they understood that this was a revolt, quiet and in no wise militant, but nevertheless a revolt.

"What are we to do while you are off visiting? But I suppose you've not worried about us," remarked Silas, bitterly, one day, as Effie Jane was packing up the family horse-hair trunk.

"No, I ain't worrying," she replied, with a smile. "Cousin 'Mandy's agreed to come over and look after you and the house while I'm gone." And so, in the course of time, Effie Jane departed in the New Market stage on her journey to that far-off region known in Virginia vernacular as "out West."

"I wonder what's the matter with the women of this town," commented Abner, as he watched the stage coach lumber down the road.

"Well, Effie Jane thought if she couldn't get married like the rest she'd do something anyhow, I reckon," remarked Silas. "But I hope she'll come home before it comes spring. What with putting in the spring crops and the garden and the chickens, it will be pretty hard getting on without her."

"Oh, she'll be back inside of three months," said Abner. "Effie Jane's bound to come to a sense of duty, and it's a woman's business to stay at home."

But Abner's sanguine expectations were not realised. Spring came, but Effie Jane remained truant. It was a warm May evening that Abner came home from the post office with an open letter in his hand and a bewildered look upon his countenance.

"Silas," he called, "Silas, something's happened out West. Effie Jane's"—he paused to wipe the perspiration from his forehead and to steady his voice.

"Effie Jane's what?" Silas's face had grown white with a sudden fear. "She isn't dead! For God's sake, man, what is it?"

Abner eyed his brother weakly. "It's worse than that"—he jerked the words out spasmodically—"Effie Jane's married! Read that!"

Silas took the letter and read in a slow, puzzled voice:

Denver, Colorado, May 13, 1903.

My Dear Brothers,—I am writing to tell you something that will be a great surprise to you. I hope that you will forgive me for not making it known to you before, but I scarcely understand it myself. On the 17th of this month I am to be married to Mr James Fernald Bostwick, a ranch owner of this locality. He is all any woman could wish the man of her choice to be, and I am sure you will wish me happiness.

Aunt Rebecca expects, in a couple of weeks, to visit a niece of her husband's, who is living in Montana, for a couple of months. She is very well and active for a woman of her age.

I hope, dear Abner and Silas, that you have been getting along comfortably with Cousin 'Mandy, and that the crops may be very fine this season.

You will excuse me for not writing more at present, but I am very busy.

With love to Cousin 'Mandy and yourselves, and remembrances to all interested friends, now and always,—Your affectionate sister,

EFFIE JANE.

P.S.—Until May 20 write to me care of Mrs Rebecca Snell.

"The 17th!" gasped Silas. "To-day is the 20th. She's done it!"

"Yes, she has! Effie Jane married! Of all and of all! I'm completely knocked out!"

"So am I, but I am plum glad for Effie Jane. It's the strangest thing I ever heard of—Effie Jane married! I seem to feel the same as when somebody dies sudden and you can't get used to it."

"Effie Jane should have written before, and I consider she has given her family the cold shoulder in good shape; but I'll write to-night and wish good luck to her and her Mr James Fernald Bostwick. Ha! ha! Effie Jane, Mrs J. F. Bostwick! I wonder what'll happen next. I shouldn't wonder if surprises kept coming along as thick as pies; nothing would appear strange after this."

The news of Effie Jane's changed estate called forth a variety of gratuitous advice, sincere and insincere felicitations and voluble solicitation concerning Effie Jane's venture, and much curiosity as to her movements; but after the brothers and Miss 'Mandy had written laboured congratulations, life at the Peters' cottage slipped into its old channel with some degree of outward smoothness, but the mainspring, somehow, was missing.

A year had slipped by when again the United States postal service brought a series of shocks to the Peters' household. The first announced the death of their respected Colorado aunt, and the second still more startling news. On a black-bordered sheet of paper Silas read this brief message:

Dear Brothers,—The enclosed notice will explain all. I expect to return to Rayul the first of July. I can't write you the particulars; it seems all a dream.—Your loving sister,

EFFIE JANE.

The newspaper notice was in small type, and ran:

Died suddenly of heart failure, at his place of business on Friday afternoon, June 21, James Fernald Bostwick, aged fifty-seven years, two months and three days. Southern and Eastern papers please copy.

"Well!" said Abner.

"Well," echoed Silas. Then he added,

"I'm sorry for Effie Jane, but it'll be a lift to have her home."

The brothers looked at each other guiltily, each reading the other's thoughts.

"Yes, it will be a lift, but I'm sorry she's left a widow; we'll do what we can to make things easy for her."

Abner had told the news at the Tuesday night prayer meeting, and some of the importance of a sort of proxy bereavement had invested him with a pompous gravity that was quite effective. Friends of the family gathered round him to learn "the particulars" and to ask if Effie Jane had been left "provided for," two points of all-engrossing interest; to all of which he could only reply that he knew nothing, adding that Effie Jane was always a woman of few words.

The object of this interest was meanwhile in a curious state of mind for a newly bereft wife. Her cheerful calmness had not forsaken her, apparently, in the hour of desolation. At the very moment when Abner and Silas were talking over her sad fate Effie Jane was standing in a jeweller's shop in Denver.

"I'll take this, if it isn't too dear," she said.

"That 's a bargain at six-fifty," replied the clerk. "Initials and date seventy-five extra."

Effie Jane glanced at the clerk with an odd sensation. "I'll take it," she said in a faint voice.

"What letters and date, ma'am?"

An agonised flush crimsoned the purchaser's face as she answered:

"That'll be O.K. What address?"

"I'll call for it," she said hastily, as she laid two bills and a silver quarter on the counter. "Good morning, sir."

At a department store all the outward and visible signs of the bereaved state, from black-bordered handkerchiefs to a little white-ruched bonnet with a long black veil, were procured by the relict of the deceased James Fernald Bostwick, who bore her sorrow with a quiet fortitude that was remarkable.

Two days later Effie Jane sat down in a wicker rocking-chair and surveyed the black gown and jacket and the crepe-veiled bonnet and black-bordered handkerchiefs critically. Then she looked down curiously at her plain gold ring and turned it on the fourth finger of her left hand and laughed a long, low laugh. She folded up her habiliments and laid them carefully in a new trunk, marked "E.J.B."

"If Aunt Rebecca hadn't left me the stock, I couldn't have done it," she said, a smile of triumph on her lips and in her eyes.

The Western express came thundering along between the reverberating mountains of the Shenandoah Valley and pulled up at the little station that bore "New Market" over its red and yellow door.

How familiar everything looked! Jim Burke, the driver, was standing by the great lumbering stage-coach as though he had never left the spot since Effie Jane had seen him last year from the car windows.

"How do you do, Mrs. Bostwick," said Jim, respectfully. "If you will give me your checks, I'll get your baggage."

Effie Jane gave a great start when addressed by the obliging Jim, and after a somewhat embarrassed handshaking handed over her checks.

"Silas and Abner told me to look out for you," ventured Jim. "They seem awfully tickled to have you come home, Miss Eff—er, Mrs Bostwick. I reckon the old South will appear kinder tame after bein' in the 'Wild West.' I suppose you seen buffaloes out there and plenty of wild ponies on your husband's ranch?"

"I—I—I didn't live at—at—the ranch," said Mrs Bostwick, turning her face away.

Jim glanced at the long crepe veil and regretted his allusion to the late Mr Bostwick. "She's tender-hearted," he said to himself, "and I'm a hulking brute to put my foot into it so! And darn me if Effie Jane ain't improved mightily in looks I'm a lobster!" he said.

Aloud he said, "We'll start soon as that gentleman passenger is ready. There he is now."

Effie Jane turned at the words, and behold a tall, straight figure approaching. The stranger lifted his hat as he took a seat opposite her, and then, when the stage started, buried himself in a newspaper. The air from the mountains, the pink of the laurel and the green of the oaks and pine filled Effie Jane with a peaceful sense of completed and successful effort. A half hour later a pleasant-faced old woman got in, who twittered away to Effie Jane as though they were life-long friends.

"I was left a widow forty years ago," said the old lady, taking in the details of Effie Jane's costume, "when my baby was only turned five weeks old. Only them as has gone through it, like you and me, can understand." The pained look on her companion's face made the old lady pause. "Have you a child, my dear?"

A sudden mourning scarlet dyed Effie Jane's face.

"No," she said in a low voice.

"Oh, I see; I beg your pardon, my dear."

When the journey was ended and she stood in the little red cottage with Silas and Abner on each side of her, admiring, solicitous and affectionate, a strange feeling came over her.

"You're looking well, Effie Jane," said Abner. "I always said marrnage brought a woman out;" then, recollecting himself, he added, "the West certainly agreed with you as to looks."

"And all the neighbours are inquiring after you," said Silas. "I told 'em as soon as—as—you felt as though you could see folks, they could come over."

"Of course I want to see them—when, when—I feel rested and more like talking."

"Never mind, that's all right—don't you say a word to anybody till you feel moved to speak. Every one understands, or should be made to understand, that a woman in your situations, wearing weepers, prefers—er—er seclusion."

Abner really felt a pride in possessing an interesting widow in weeds as a sister. The relict of the late James Fernald Bostwick, rancher, was indeed a person to be treated with distinguished consideration. Effie Jane, as a widow, was a distinctly different person from Effie Jane, the amiable family drudge.

She felt the subtle change of atmosphere and condition, and would have been happy but for two things—her stage coach companion was staying indefinitely at the Briggs' boarding-house, and she had a tender conscience. It was about two weeks after her return when, in response to a firm rap at the front door, she encountered the clean-shaven, gray-eyed gentleman of stage-coach memory.

"Excuse me for calling," said her visitor, as he accepted her rather perfunctory invitation to "walk in." "Excuse me, but I heard your name from my landlady, and thought I might dare to ask yo ufor some information you may be able to give."

With grave courtesy he handed her a visiting card, upon which was inscribed the name, "Mr James Fernald Bostwick."

Effie Jane's fingers closed over the harmless-looking bit of pasteboard spasmodically. The chairs, table, the roses in the carpet and the person of Mr James Fernald Bostwick all seemed to be floating away from her into dim space. She strove to speak, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, parched and dry. Unconsciously she put out her hand, as though to ward off a blow.

"I hope, Mrs Bostwick, that I have not startled you," said her visitor, with genuine solicitation in his tone. "The fact is, I am anxious to clear up some matters in regard to a relative of mine who died in Denver some—some time ago.

"I—I don't know anything about anybody," said Effie Jane, desperately; "that is, further back than a year."

A puzzled expression came over the stranger's face.

"A year? Only a year?"

"A year," echoed Effie Jane, miserably.

"This complicates matters. My cousin, James Fernald Bostwick, whose heir I supposed myself to be, died in Denver some thirty years ago—or was supposed to die there—and it has just been discovered that he left valid claims to very valuable silver mines. Now, if he did not die and lived to marry, his widow, of course, is a rich woman, and I'm left out in the cold, you see."

Once more the world seemed to be turning upside down.

"I don't know anything about any silver mine," she said slowly. "I know I've no claim to any silver mine—I"——

"Oh, the matter must be looked into," said Mr. James Fernald Bostwick, cheerfully. "But I see you are quite upset, so I'll call again."

A desperate resolve took possession of Effie Jane. "Mr Fernald," she said, "I'll help you all I can to get to the bottom of this—this—this affair, if you'll say nothing to Abner nor Silas nor any of the rest of them." There was entreaty in her trembling voice, and the blue eyes and flushed cheeks were turned up to him appealingly. Mr James Fernald Bostwick looked down, and was conscious that the simple soul of a child was looking at him through the blue eyes of a mature woman; and of something more that he could not quite understand. In her helplessness the widow's womanhood was alluring; in her innocent distress Effie Jane was pretty!

"Yes, yes, I'll do as you suggest; I'll say nothing, and you and I will work it out together;" and he went back to his rooms with a perturbed spirit and an uncomfortable sense of a certain sort of defeat.

As the summer days drifted by Mr James Fernald Bostwick, as a cousin-in-law of Effie Jane, according to Southern custom, held a pre-empted right of way at the Peters cottage, and Abner and Silas and Cousin 'Mandy all agreed that Effie Jane "took it harder as time passed." Autumn was approaching, and Mr Bostwick had announced that he would be going West on some business within a few days.

Effie Jane was in the woods behind the house, sitting on the stump of a fallen tree. Her face was pale, and there were firm lines about her mouth. She did not start when she heard a step behind her.

"I've come to tell you good-bye," said a familiar voice.

"And I've come to tell you the truth," said Effie Jane. Mr Bostwick, you better go to Denver and take what's yours. I am not what you think me, or what anybody thinks me—I'm a cheat—a thing to despise—I'm not a widow! I'll be the laughing-stock of the county, but I'll tell the truth at last. I never was married at all!"

She stood up, white and despairing, as she pulled the wedding ring from her finger and threw it among the leaves. Mr James Fernald Bostwick stooped down and picked it up.

"You must wear it until I bring you a genuine one," he said, as he slipped it on her finger. "I knew your secret all the time—ever since your brother showed me the notice from an old paper." He drew from his pocket a yellowed issue of the Denver "Chronicle" of June 18, 1872.

"I didn't mean to do anything wrong," sobbed Effie Jane. "I only wanted to be thought as well of as if—as if—I wasn't somebody nobody wanted—and—oh, it grew and grew"——

"Somebody does want you—I want you! The secret of your widowhood shall die with us, Effie Jane, you've been my cousin's make-believe widow; won't you be my real wife?"

And Effie Jane looked up wonderingly. "Why, it's come true!" she whispered, with a shy little laugh.

Eighteen months later Abner Peters and Silas were again philosophising on the back porch.

"Of all the beginnings and endings of things ever I've seen," quoth Abner, "the widowhood of Effie Jane was the most surprising."

"It certainly was," agreed Silas.

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A hungry tramp entered a Chinese restaurant early on Monday morning, and the following conversation ensued between the tramp and the Chinaman in charge:

"Good morning, Charlie. Can you fix a hungry man for a little something to eat?"

"Good morning. You wantee you bleakfast? You velly hungly man, heh?"

"You bet I'm hungry. Had nothing to eat since Saturday, and want it bad."

"Too badee. Umph. You likee fish?"

The tramp thought fish a queer article of food for Monday morning, but better than nothing, and so replied:

"Fish? Why, yes, I like fish."

"Alee lite; you clum lound Fliday morning."

Rockefeller had acquired some oil country, and his agent had sent him a sample of the produce of the first forcing in a bottle. Rockefeller was in a hurry to go out when it arrived, and gave it to one of his men to deliver the analyst with a note he scrawled. Now the servant was also in a hurry. He set out to visit his wife, and took letter and bottle with him. Later in the evening he saw what he thought was the bottle on the sideboard, and with a guilty conscience hurriedly took it out to deliver it. Judge of Rockefeller's amazement when, in the morning, he received the following telegram: "Yours is the first find of the century! You've struck paregoric!"

## A New Zealander at Windsor and Eton.

(By BARRY CONEY.)

Windsor with its historical associations, and Eton with the halo of centuries of learning encircling its venerable walls, are places that appeal strongly to most people from a young country like New Zealand, so having been in London two weeks, I thought it was high time I made a pilgrimage there, and in company with several others, young New Zealanders, and on a beautiful autumn day, set out for those parts. After a rush to catch the 11.20 train, which we managed with a minute to spare, we were soon away from dear old smoky London and among the green fields and lovely suburbs of the city. At one place we passed what I presume is a nursery garden, and it was ablaze with beds of petunias, roses, and sunflowers—a beautiful sight after bricks and mortar. One is struck with the intense green of fields and trees in the English country, and the dense foliage of the trees. Beautiful and grand as our New Zealand scenery is, there is nothing to compare with the quiet sylvan beauty of England; I should say there is nothing like it elsewhere in the world.

Nearing Windsor we had a splendid view of the central tower of the castle and the town of Eton with its quaint irregular red buildings clustering round the castle base.

Some of the oldest buildings in the town are so low that one of our party, who is six feet four inches high, could almost touch the upper windows. I do not think the ceilings of the ground floor rooms can be more than six feet high, that is, from the footpath; the floors are, perhaps, a foot below road level. After a walk of half a mile or so, in the course of which we crossed a bridge spanning the Thames, we came to the wonderful old College, the first part of which was built as early as 1441. The masters' houses are on both sides of the narrow street, and are mostly three-storied brick and stone buildings with pretty leaded windows; the walls are, in many cases, draped in lovely virginian creepers, which are just now glorious in reds and browns. The street seemed alive with college youths, the younger ones, dressed in the regulation Eton jacket, the elder in morning coats, all wearing silk hats.

The chapel was the first part of the college we came upon, and it is a high impressive-looking building with immensely strong buttresses, part of it being, I believe, of Tudor architecture.

On entering the north door we found ourselves in one of the most beautiful interiors I have ever seen. A glorious stained glass window, almost completely fills the east end, below which hangs wonderful tapestry, worked with glowing colours and depicting Biblical subjects; in front is a dark marble altar with bronze ornamentations. All the flooring of the chancel is of black and white marble. The dark oaken seats in the nave are placed longitudinally and above those against each wall are high spiral, carved domed backs, which must be twenty feet high. An arch at the west end is filled by a large organ, with very finely coloured pipes, which are placed some ten or twelve feet from the floor. Passing under the organ we came to a small ante-chapel, with its walls decorated with the coats of arms of many regiments, to which Etonians have belonged.

There are some splendid monuments erected in honour of famous headmasters and provosts, and the white marble effigies are beautifully sculptured. In a vestry are many stained windows, also dedicated to famous men of the college, the earliest bears the date 1447.

Coming out of the chapel we wandered through the quadrangle of the school and down to the sports grounds, which adjoin a beautiful park beside the river.

The Thames was looking its best, and numerous punts, skiffs, launches, and also numbers of white swans, made as pretty a picture as one could wish to see. We were surprised to see a very up-to-date little white motor launch come along bearing the name "Maori Chief," and flying the New Zealand flag. Most of our party got quite excited, and wanted to hail the occupants with Tenakoe, Tenakotu, Haeremai, or some other word from their limited Maori vocabulary; however, they managed to restrain themselves.

Lunch having been discussed, we bent our way towards Windsor Castle. The castle quite beggars description, and its great grey stone towers and buttresses are indeed a royal sight, and dwarf its surroundings into utter insignificance.

It is worth a visit to Windsor if only to see the view from the terrace, which is high above the surrounding country, and presents the most exquisite scene of sylvan beauty it is possible to imagine. Just below are immense elm, chestnut, and other trees, their tops reaching to the level of the stone parapets which surround the Terrace, and as far as the eye can see, there is a huge park closely-planted with a forest of grand old trees shading the expanses of beautiful closely shorn grass. The park is intersected here and there by gravelled walks, one I noticed ran in a straight line for two or three miles. On the north side, where the King's apartments are situated, there is a very pretty Italian garden with quaint conventional flowerbeds, which are bright with geraniums, and have artistically designed borders in purples and greens, while many pieces of statuary placed add to the appearance.

Parts of the castle grounds are in a state of chaos at present, as drains are being repaired, and things generally prepared in expectation of a visit from the Emperor of Germany. A large quadrangle, facing which are the apartments lately occupied by the King of Spain, is being sown in grass by our King's orders. It was formerly gravelled. Unfortunately we were unable to gain admittance to the Royal Chapel, so had to be content with an examination of the exterior, which is ornamented with the most hideous gargoyles imaginable, to represent the flight of evil spirits from the sacred edifice. Some I noticed are in the form of repulsive-looking animals, others distorted dwarfs with mouths wide open, or having elongated noses, which have numbers of holes and upon which, by the position of the hands, the dwarfs appear to be playing as musical instruments. Between these monstrosities are placed the Tudor roses and portcullises, pointing to that as the period in which the chapel was built. Having made a complete detour of the castle, we made our way back to the river, where we rested, after our exertions, and watched with much enjoyment the numbers of people punting and skiffing on its smooth surface.

It was with regret that we boarded our train at 4.30 p.m., and so back to the city, after a most delightful day spent in historic Windsor and its picturesque surroundings.

## Old Rubber Problem For Chemist.

How to regenerate rubber? So far old rubber is waste rubber. The chemists do not admit the word waste to their vocabularies, but try to transform it into something useful. The great bulk of the rubber produced is of good quality, and if it went into consumption in the state of purity in which it is received by the manufacturer the average quality of the waste also would be high. But substitutes of the most varied character are added in process of manufacture. Mineral matters of many sorts sometimes make up the greater part of the weight of what is sold as india-rubber, while the rubber itself is largely replaced by substitutes, generally consisting of some form of solidified oil. The stumbling block to most inventors who have endeavoured to use rubber waste is the sulphur used in vulcanising. Part of it enters into chemical combination with the rubber, so that it is difficult to expel without injury to the quality. At present vulcanisation is a necessity, for no other process has been found to render the rubber inert to changes of temperature. Once the vulcanisation has taken place, the cut surfaces of the rubber will no longer adhere to each other, so that the material cannot be worked into a homogeneous mass. It is probably the sulphur that is the cause of the disintegration of rubber, since crude rubber keeps for a great number of years without disintegration. Despite the poor quality of the recovered rubber, there is considerable demand for the article, especially in the United States. No less than 10,600 tons of waste rubber were imported in 1906. Waste rubber is assorted into about a dozen different grades, which vary in price according to the quality of the rubber they contain and the greater or less difficulty of extracting.

# Children's Page

## COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

### COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I be one of your cousins. We get the "Graphic," and I always like reading the cousins' page. I am twelve years of age, and I go to the State school. I am in the fifth standard. Did you go to Pollard's Opera Company; I did, and liked it very much. Do you read very much? I do, and I read every spare moment I can get. My brother, Fen, is going to write to you soon. He is in the fourth class. I do not suppose you have been to Lake Kaneri or Lake Mahinapua. I was going to Mahinapua to-day only it turned out wet. We have a fine view of Mt. Cook from Hokitika. We are going to have our school concert on the 19th of this month. Dear Cousin Kate, I must close now, with love to you and all the cousins from Cousin FRED.

P.S.—Excuse mistakes.

[Dear Cousin Fred,—I will be very glad to have you for a cousin, and would send you a badge, but you have not sent me your address. I am going to see the Pollard's Opera Company when they open here, and I think they start on Boxing Night. I am very fond of reading, too, and like you read every spare moment; but, do you know, I think it is rather bad to read so much, especially at night—it is too big a strain on the eyes. I am sorry to say I have never been up to the lakes, though I have always wanted to. However, it is a treat in store for me, and I have great hopes of seeing them some time next year. I hope the concert will be a great success. Are you taking part in it?—Cousin Kate.]

✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry for not writing before. We break up school Thursday, and then we will have about eight weeks' holidays. If I get a prize I will tell you next time I write what I get it for. I was thirteen years old on November 18. I will tell you all the presents I got: Two bangles, four books, a scent bottle, a little pin tray, a little silver box, and an ornament. Wasn't that a nice lot? Have you seen Miss Winnie Topping yet? I went to see a play called "Red Riding Hood" the other night; it was so pretty. Are you going away for your holidays? I am going to stay with my aunt in Wellington. I am going by boat this time; we will leave here about a fortnight from to-day. Are you fond of silk worms? One of my little friends gave me some the other day. Please, Cousin Kate, will you excuse all these smudges? What kind of weather are you having in Auckland just now? it is very hot over here. Do you think that I am too old to write to the Cousins' Page? I think that the boat we are going in is the Monowai. Do you know if it is a nice boat? have you ever been in it? I want to wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I can't think of anything else to say, so I must stop; with lots of love for yourself and all the cousins from MARJORIE.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie,—You are not a bit too old to write to us. Some of the cousins only left off when they grew up and went out so much that they had not time to write. You certainly did have a lovely lot of presents. I have not seen Miss Topping yet. They open here on Boxing Night, and I hope to see her then. I have never travelled in the Monowai, but I have always heard she was very comfortable. I hope you will enjoy yourself in Wellington; let's hope that it is cooler there than it is here. The heat in Auckland is simply awful; everyone seems to be gasping for breath. I used to love silk-worms and had hundreds of them, but I gave it up after a while, it was so hard getting fresh leaves for them every day.—Cousin Kate.]

✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am writing you this as a Christmas letter, and I hope you will have a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Our day school picnic is to be held at Motutapu on Thursday next, and I am looking forward to a jolly time. Are you going away for your Christmas holidays? On Sunday it was Essie's birthday, and one day last week she had a croquet party and we had such fun. Did you go to the regatta on Saturday? It was a lovely day for it, don't you think? We could see all the yachts pasing by from our verandah; it was such a pretty sight. We held an exhibition at our Sunday school last month, and Essie and I won many prizes. Essie got first prize for the most original pin-cushion, which she worked as a spider web, and she got six other first prizes and a second. She got two first prizes for cushions, one done in ribbon work and the other huck-a-buck work. Two pictures of chalk-drawing in black and white, which she drew, took first and second. The table decorating was great fun. Five entered for competition on Thursday evening, and Essie was among the competitors. They were all allowed one hour and a quarter for the decorating, and then the people who were in the exhibition room (the Sunday school) were let into the church, where the tables stood, to vote for the best. On entering the exhibition on Friday night, the first thing we saw was Essie's name top on the black-board with 96 votes against the second comer's 25 and the third one's 24. Cousin Lyn got several prizes, one was for winning the bun-eating competition. I got first for a hand-sewn pinafore. Wishing all the cousins a happy Christmas, I will now conclude Yours sincerely, Cousin GWEN.

[Dear Cousin Gwen,—Have you ever been to Motutapu before? It is such a very prety place. Seven or eight of us camped down there once, and one of the girls was frightened of the ostriches, and she ran so fast that she never looked where she was going so she fell into the sheep dip. You never saw such a sight in your life; we laughed till we were quite ill. I am not going away for my holiday till after Christmas. I am glad Essie's party was such a success; did she have nice birthday presents? What a clever girl she is to be able to win all those prizes. Weren't you proud of her? I am glad you got one, too. Last Saturday was just a perfect day for the regatta. I did not go to see it, but I saw most of the boats from the ferry boat going to North Shore. We went there to see if we could get cool.—Cousin Kate.]

✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Cousin Kate,—Wasn't it a shame it was wet for the Floral Fete? I was so disappointed, because I had made all preparations to go. Are you fond of reading? I have just finished a nice book called "Infelice." You seem to be getting a lot of new cousins lately, don't you? Are you fond of chickens? We have just got some out. I don't think there is any more news. Love to yourself and all the Cousins.—EILEEN.

[Dear Cousin Eileen.—It was a great disappointment to see so many people; the Floral Fete was spoilt, of course, and so many had worked so hard. I went, and got wet through, and did not see very much either; most of the exhibits had left for home before we arrived. Isn't it rather too late for chickens to come out now? Won't the heat be too much for them? Last year one lot of ours came out the week before Xmas, and they all died. I love reading, and get through a lot of books. I read "Infelice" years and years ago; so long ago that I have almost forgotten what it is about.—Cousin Kate.]

✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your little cousins. I enjoy reading the letters in the "Graphic," and would like to see mine in the paper. I am ten years old, and I have one brother, who is eight. There are just the two of us. I am very fond of animals. I have several of my own; a pony called Babs, a dog Spot, a black lamb, and a cat. The other night I got a young kingfisher. It is not very pretty now, but it will be as it gets older. Would you please give me a name for it. I think I must close now, wishing you a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year, with love from Cousin BERYL. P.S.—Would you please send me a badge?

[Dear Cousin Beryl,—We are always very glad to have new Cousins. I think I am fond of animals too—at least some animals. I must say I am not very fond of cats, but I love horses better than anything. Young kingfishers are funny looking things—aren't they?—so beaky and clumsy looking. I think Rex would be a very good name for it, don't you? But I did not think you could tame them. I have only seen it tried twice, and both times the birds died. I hope you will be more fortunate. Thanks for the good wishes. The same to you, and very many of them.—Cousin Kate.]

✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I be one of your little Cousins. I go to the Convent school. I like school very much. I like looking at Buster Brown. He's not very naughty. It will be Christmas very soon, and I am not sorry. Dear Cousin Kate, will you send me a pale blue badge? It is my brother Fred's and my favourite colour. It is nearly ten o'clock in the night, and it is raining and blowing outside, so I am glad to be indoors. Good-bye, with love to all the Cousins and yourself.—From cousin FEN.

[Dear Cousin Fen,—Of course you may become a Cousin, and I have sent you a blue badge. Blue is my favourite colour too. I don't think Buster is quite as naughty as he used to be. He is improving. All those spankings are doing him good. I used to think Christmas time was the loveliest part of the year, but I am not quite so sure about it now. The weather is so dreadfully hot. I feel just as if I were melting. What a funny time to write letters at 10 p.m., and what were you doing up at such an hour? You ought to have been in bed and asleep hours before. You will never grow big if you don't go to bed early. Want of sleep stunts the growth.—Cousin Kate.]

## Doctor Sun and Doctor Rain.

Within a Country meadow a Blossom hung its head,
'Twas plain that it was very sick, and soon would droop and fade.
Its stalk was limp and bending, its leaves no more were bright,
And its face, once, O, so bonny, was now a sorry sight.

There were two clever Doctors. The one was Doctor Sun,
And the other Doctor Rain—he was a most illustrious one.
They held a consultation, and they were soon agreed
That the little drooping Blossom of their skill was sore in need.

Said Doctor Sun, "I much regret I have so busy been
That I fear I have neglected this little plot of green.
'Tis very plain this little Flower needs some warm beams of mine,
And then 'twill brighten up quite soon, and cease to droop and pine!

"I'll send some down to-morrow, so warm and bright and sweet;
'Tis a medicine never known to fail—all flowers are fond of it.
It acts on them like magic, they soon lift up the head,
And toss themselves quite saucily though they were like to fade.

"Then, Doctor Rain, I think that you have got some little drops,
So sweet and cool and pleasant—at once the fever stops.
So when she's had my medicine I'll give her to your care,
And between us both the mischief I am sure we'll soon repair."

So Doctor Sun sent down his beams, and ere had passed an hour
There was a marked improvement in the little drooping flower;
The face began to brighten, its head it lifted up,
And there was quite a saucy dimple in its little cup.

Then Doctor Rain sent down a shower to freshen its sweet face,
And very soon that flower became a thing of light and grace.
And all the other flowers said there was no doubt whatever
That Doctor Sun and Doctor Rain were both exceeding clever.

—Frank Ellis.

Father: Here is a plate of cherries. Hold out your hand, Charlotte, and I will give you one.

Charlotte: Only one? Give me a handful.

Father: What's the use of eating more than one? They're all the same flavour.

# The First Reader and the Fourth Alarm

By ROBERT RUDD WHITING

HE was first reader on "Jones's Magazine." His duties consisted in reading manuscript from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m., with an hour out for luncheon, but he had a bad habit of reporting at the office just in time to take the hour out for luncheon. The "boss" spoke to him about it. He admitted that he overslept a good deal.

"You see, I keep house in a two-room flat, and have no one to wake me," he explained. "I'll have to buy an alarm-clock."

For the next few days he did better, but at the end of the week his hour of arrival began to draw close to the luncheon hour again. Again the "boss" spoke to him.

"Yes, sir. I'm very sorry," he apologised. "I bought an alarm-clock and for a while it did splendidly. But I'm getting so used to it now that when I hear it in my sleep I only dream that it wakes me up, and unfortunately the dream never comes true. I'll get another alarm-clock, sir, and set 'em fifteen minutes apart."

The "boss" was patient, and told him to go ahead.

Next morning he actually arrived before the offices were opened, and for a few days he was promptness personified. Then his punctuality began to run down, and before the end of the second week he was as slow as ever.

Again the "boss" spoke to him, this time with less patience. The first reader was very repentent.

"Just one more chance," he pleaded. "I'll buy another alarm-clock—one of those two-dollar, extra-long-ring kind—and if all three of 'em don't wake me—but they will, sir. I know they will."

"Very well," consented the "boss" rather reluctantly. Was he showing lack of firmness? he asked himself. "But remember, young man, this is your last chance. I've warned you twice. Three times and out—that's the rule, you know."

For ten days the third alarm-clock worked wonders. The space on the time card opposite the first reader's name showed a perfect score. The "boss" was glad of it. He liked the first reader. In the three months that he had been there he had unearthed two new writers from the daily slough of manuscripts, and every once in a while he bobbed up with a really original idea for the publicity department. Still, every office has its rules, and discipline must be maintained.

On the eleventh morning after the purchase of the third alarm-clock the fluffy girl behind the "cage" at the gate glanced at her time card. Then she glanced at the clock. Three minutes after ten. The fluffy girl sighed. Everybody liked the first reader.

"Jimmy," she called to the boy, "tell Mr Jones that he isn't here yet."

"Gee!" commented Jimmy.

In a few moments the "boss" strode down the hall, waving a freshly addressed envelope to dry the ink.

"Have Mr. Murphy make up his pay envelope," he told the fluffy girl gruffly, "and when he comes in give him this with it," handing her the letter.

It was nearly noon when at last the first reader reached the offices. He looked tired, and the fluffy girl noticed that his hand trembled when she gave him the envelopes. He stuffed his pay into his pocket and tore open the letter. The fluffy girl anxiously watched his face while he was reading. Then, with a deferential smile, he said, "I'm going to lunch now. If anyone calls for me"—nobody ever did—"would you mind telling them that I sha'n't be back this afternoon?"

Early next morning a district messenger boy called at "Jones's Magazine" with a long, fat envelope for the "boss." He said there would be an answer. The "boss," recognising the handwriting, had his doubts. This what he read:

My dear Mr Jones:

Do not for a moment think that I question the justice of my dismissal. I merely write this explanation of my tardiness this morning that you may understand that my offence was in no way due to any lack of appreciation on my part of the kindness and consideration that you have always shown me. When you have read this I feel sure you will sympathise with me rather than censure me.

Eleven days ago, finding that two alarm-clocks were insufficient to awaken me mornings, I purchased a third one. The ten mornings following, I reported for work promptly. On the night of the tenth day I set my three clocks for 7.15, 7.30, and 7.45 respectively. As you can readily imagine, the combined ticking of three cheap clocks is rather distracting, and it was some time before I could get to sleep. When, finally, I did doze off it was into a series of troubled dreams.

DREAM 1.

For several moments I paid no attention to the monotonous click-click, tick-tock, click-click, tick-tock. I took it for granted that it was only the sound of my three guardsmen of the hours pegging away on their nightly rounds of the three clock dials. Then, gradually, I came to understand that it was nothing of the sort. I was watching a man play billiards. He was reeling off caroms at a remarkable rate. And every time the balls came together — click-click—a man with a long pointer would mark up the score on the string of buttons above the table—tick-tock.

Once, while the scorer was marking up buttons, I saw him jerk his thumb toward me and wink ostentatiously at the spectators. And such spectators! All sorts and conditions of men, women and children were wedged in like sardines on long raised benches that sloped from the floor up to the ceiling. I'd never seen any of them before, so far as I could tell, but I instinctively recognised them as all the would-be contributors whose manuscripts I've rejected since I've been with the magazine. For some reason I seemed to afford them much amusement. They were pointing at me and nudging each other and laughing.

For the first time I realised that I held a cue in my hand.

"Why, is this a billiard match?" I asked of the marker with considerable surprise. "Am I in on this? When does my turn come?"

At that the crowd laughed uproariously.

"No lack of merit on your part, I assure you," grinned the marker, with another exaggerated wink at the spectators. "But just at present we have so much good matter on hand"—the man at the table was still click-clicking off carom after carom—"that I fear it will be some time before—"

The rest of his remark was lost in another gleeful howl from the crowd.

It was at this point that I noticed a very peculiar thing. No wonder the man at the table was reeling off points with such remarkable regularity. The balls were connected with each other by elastic bands, and every time the man drove them apart they snapped together again—click-click. I started to protest, but the marker was scoring up another point—tick-tock. What would be the use, anyway? I thought. Click-click. The crowd would only laugh at me. Tick-tock. Besides, I was getting very drowsy under the influence of that monotonous click-clock, tick-tock, click-click, tick-tock. I felt myself gradually dropping off to sleep.

While I was asleep I had

DREAM 2.

I was in a brilliantly lighted ballroom. The place was crowded with dancers—all sorts of people from almost every period in the world's history. There were vikings, Egyptian queens, young men-about-town, pirates, Roman gladiators, jealous chambermaids, diplomats, kings, burglars, and goodness knows what-not. But for some reason none of them seemed real; they were vague, blurred, indistinct. And, as my eyes became more accustomed to the glare, I began to discover strange anachronisms in their make-ups: vikings with revolvers in their belts; Roman gladiators shod with tennis shoes, and Egyptian queens puffing daintily at Egyptian cigarettes.

While I was standing there, bewildered with the strangeness of it all, half blinded by the kaleidoscopic colouring of the scene, I was suddenly conscious of a woman sweeping toward me—the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Hair so golden that once my eyes had feasted on it all else became tarnished; eyes as blue as the cloudless skies; lips—but she was speaking to me.

"You may have this dance, after all," she was telling me, "if you don't mind sitting it out. I'm very tired." Then, in an agonised whisper: "Come. Quick! What if they should recognise you!"

I offered her my arm and permitted myself to be led to a conservatory at the farther end of the room. She seated herself beneath a cluster of palms that shut us out from the dancers.

"There," she said, with an air of great relief. "Sit here beside me. Now tell me how you got here? And whatever made you come?"

"Anyone might think you were sorry that I did come," I told her lightly. (I'm the very devil of a fellow when I get in dreams.)

She regarded me curiously for a few moments. "Have you the slightest idea who is giving this ball?"

I was bound to confess that I hadn't.

"This," she said slowly, as though to impress me with my foolhardiness, "is the first annual ball of characters from rejected stories."

I groaned inwardly. So that was why the dancers all seemed blurred, vague, and indistinct. What else could one expect from a lot of poorly drawn characters? Come to think of it, I remembered some of them now — some that I, myself, had rejected. What if they had recognised me? The mere thought of it sent something cold a-creeping up and down my spine. But this golden-haired divinity who had saved me from their wrath—what was she doing in such a motley assemblage?

As though reading my thought she shrank from me, horrified. "I do believe you don't remember me," she gasped. "And here I've been talking to you and—"

"Oh, but I do," I hastened to assure her. "Indeed I do." And I really did, for it had suddenly flashed across my mind that this was Felicia—Felicia of "Felicia's Folly." You remember the story—I thought it charming, but the second and third readers threw it down. They admitted that Felicia in herself was attractive enough, but said that the interest wasn't well sustained, and that in spots, the dialogue dragged hopelessly. "But, what on earth ever brought you here?" I asked her. "And what new folly have you been guilty of since I had the pleasure of first reading you?"

"Ah, then you do remember," she said, with a grateful little smile. "For the moment I really feared that you'd been paying the same charming compliments to so many girls at Jones's that you'd entirely forgotten poor me. What new folly have I been up to? None. Every time I return home my respected parent merely tinkers up the old one a bit and sends me off down the line again. I've almost given up hope of ever being accepted anywhere."

She began telling me of the droll incidents in her visits to the various publishers. At first it was very amusing, but as she rattled on, and on, and on, I found that my attention wandered. I began to understand what the third reader meant when he spoke of the dialogue's dragging. It was a case of too much of a good thing. The second reader was right when he said that the interest was not well sustained. Once, I think, she actually caught me nodding, but instead of feeling in the least offended over it she babbled on faster than ever.

It was very monotonous. I became drowsy. Felicia's words lost all meaning, and her voice began to sound farther and farther away. Finally—I know it is a very rude thing for one to do when he is sitting beneath potted palms at the side of a beautiful lady, but I really could not help it—I dozed off into a light sleep. While I was asleep I dreamed

DREAM 3.

I was in a fortune-teller's tent. The only illumination was a pale, greenish flame that flickered fitfully from a broken skull suspended from the top of the tent.

As the fortune-teller bent over the table, placing a card here, a card there, she spoke rapidly of the things of which fortune-tellers do speak; of wealth and health, of love, and happiness. I noticed that her voice was pleasant to the ear; that the hand that dealt the cards was small and white; that her eyes were dark and the lashes long, and that her lips were red—red as the rose that nestled in her hair—hair that was black as the rose was red.

"Happiness?" I repeated, when she was gathering up the cards. "Happiness? Then surely there is that in my fortune that you have not yet foretold. If I should ever chance to meet—if I should ever make so bold as to bow"—my eyes were resting on the rose—"to bow to the lady with the red rose in her hair, would—could——?"

"Never!" she answered decidedly.

The colour of the rose was reflected in the lady's cheek.

"But you prophesied happiness," I persisted. "And surely there can be no happiness unless the lady with the red rose——"

"Never!"

She raised a flap in the rear of the tent. Heartsick and weary-sad, I passed by her, out into the night.

I lit a cigarette and seated myself on a rustic bench in one of the shaded recesses of the garden. Before long my musings were interrupted by footsteps on the gravel path. I pushed aside a bough that I might see. A white-haired old man and a young woman were coming toward me.

As I looked closer I could see that the woman's hand, as it rested lightly on the old man's arm, was small and white; that her eyes were dark and the lashes long; that her lips were red, and, yes, there was a rose nestling in her raven-black hair.

When the pair were almost opposite me I arose and bowed. The young woman bent her head almost imperceptibly, while the shadow of a half-

mocking, half-roguish smile deepened her glance and parted her lips for a second.

And so the fortune-teller's prophecy had come to pass. I was happy, foolishly happy. Nor had the lady with the red rose returned my bow. The rose now in her hair was a white rose.

For a moment, after she had gone I stood with beating heart. Then it suddenly occurred to me that as she had passed a tiny bit of paper had fluttered from out the folds of her gown and now lay shining on the moonlit path. I stepped forward to pick it up.

As I stooped I became half blinded by a glaring white light. A bicyclist, bent far over his handle-bars, was bearing down upon me furiously. He started his bell a-ringing. I tried to step aside, but move as I would I could not escape the path of his glaring headlight. I turned and fled before him. His bell rang louder, and louder, and louder-r-r-r-rrrr!

I redoubled my efforts. No use. I could feel that he was gaining on me. Gathering all my strength for one final effort, I turned and dived headlong into the shrubbery that lined the path. The bicyclist, with his dazzling headlight, whizzed on past me. But his bell, as I lay there in the shrubbery, scratched and panting—his bell was still ringing in my ears!

Louder, louder, louder it rrr-rr-rang!

Then, suddenly, the explanation of it flashed upon me; that bell was

THE FIRST ALARM

It awakened me back into Dream 2. I found myself still sitting in the conservatory, at the side of the golden-haired Felicia. I was staring directly at a spluttering arc light suspended above the palms. That, no doubt, accounted for the glaring headlight that had pursued me in my dream.

"Isn't this waltz simply divine!" sighed Felicia. "Don't you just love it?" They were playing "The Beautiful Blue Danube." I assented rather absently. I was musing upon the fact that whenever characters in a certain class of fiction start to dance the orchestra almost invariably gives forth the "soft throbbing strains of 'The Beautiful Blue Danube.'" Now, of course, it really is a very beautiful waltz, but one would naturally suppose that——"

"I have it!" exclaimed Felicia gleefully. "With a false blond moustache they'll never recognise you—they'll take you for a rejected character yourself. Then we can have our waltz. Your knife, please."

Wondering, I opened my pocket-knife and handed it to her. Before I realised what she was about she had loosened the end of her hair, and had cut off a strand of three or four inches. She gave it a dexterous twist, and pressed it against my upper lip.

"There," she said, with a gay little nod of approval. "What a perfect rejected-story hero! Why, you might have been righting working girls' wrongs all your born days. Come—before the music stops."

Her mood was contagious. I caught her by the hand, and together we ran, laughing, toward the ball-room. But as we reached the door a wild-eyed waiter spied us, and rushed up to me.

"Ah, sir," he panted, "I've been 'untin' 'igh and low for you. You're wanted on the 'phone, sir."

"But," I protested, thinking that because of my golden moustache he must have mistaken me for someone else.

"Hit's Mr Jones, sir, as wants to talk to you," the waiter continued. "This way, sir, please, sir."

Felicia turned pale. "I suppose you had really better go," she faltered.

The waiter led me across the floor, through a confusing maze of ante-rooms, to the telephones. The bell of one of them was ringing violently.

"Third 'phone to the left, sir," was his parting instruction.

I picked up the receiver and placed it to my ear. The bell continued ringing. I tapped impatiently on the hook. Still the ringing continued. Again I yanked at the hook. Instead of ceasing, the ringing became almost ear-splitting. I was about to fling the receiver angrily from me, when the meaning of that ringing slowly dawned upon me. It was

THE SECOND ALARM.

It awakened me back into Dream 1. The man at the billiard table was still reeling off caroms. Finally he paused. The scorer held up his hand for silence. The billiardist drew back his cue with great deliberation, and then—bang! He sent the balls a-crashing with a force that I thought must surely break the rubber bands connecting them. But no; they snapped together again with a loud click-click. The billiardist turned to the spectators and solemnly bowed. They jumped to their feet and shrieked with joy.

"Ten million in a single run!" they shouted. "Ten million before the first reader made a single one! Is there any other game he thinks he can play?"

The absurdity of it all irritated me.

"Any fool could make points that way," I yelled to the scorer, who was taunting me along with the rest of them. "Why, you idiot, I didn't even get a chance to shoot."

"He thinks he can shoot," the scorer called up to the crowd.

"He thinks that he can shoot!" they echoed uproariously. "Take him to the shooting gallery! He thinks he can shoot! Ha, ha, ha!"

I tried to explain, but before I had a chance to say a word they were hustling me on toward a door at the end of the room marked "Rifle Range."

I've seen many shooting galleries in my life, but never one like that one. It must have been miles in length. At first I could not see the end of it, but finally, by squinting, I managed to make out three little targets. Two of them seemed to have already been used, but the one on the right was white and new.

The man who had been scorer at the billiard-table handed me an ancient blunderbuss.

"Let your aim always be to please," he told me, with an elaborate bow. The crowd evidently looked upon him as a killing wag, and snickered.

I raised the blunderbuss to my shoulder. The muzzle was so large that it completely hid the targets from view, but rather than prolong the ordeal I fired blindly.

The shot went pattering down the range, bounding from one side of the narrow walls to the other.

The spectators placed their hands to their ears and listened. At last, from far down the other end of the range, there came a faint tinkle-tinkle-tinkle.

"Heavens!" gasped the scorer, sinking weakly to his knees. "It's a bull's-eye!"

The tinkling became louder.

"Bull's-eye!" repeated the spectators in a horrified whisper.

I felt rather proud of my fine work and grinned at them gloatingly. They turned ghastly white and shrank away from me.

The tinkling of the bell was becoming stronger and stronger.

I glanced down the range. The three targets seemed to be slowly approaching us. The tinkling had developed into a well-sustained r-r-ring.

I turned to the crowd again. They had become blurred and confused from violent trembling. They were fading away. They had faded away.

I looked back at the targets. They were so close now that I could see they were not targets after all. They were—'twas then that I rightly identified that persistent ringing, it was

THE THIRD ALARM.

I was sitting up in bed, staring at the three alarm-clocks on my mantel. They were all agreed that it was 7.45.

I jumped out of bed and scrambled into my clothes. Pausing only to snatch a bite of breakfast at the corner lunch counter, I hurried to the subway. By a quarter of nine I was at the office door. I tried the knob, but the door was locked.

"Odd," I thought. "There's usually someone here by this time."

I pressed the bell. Ah, I could hear people walking around inside. I pushed the bell again. It didn't seem to ring. An uncomfortable feeling took possession of me. Then, for the first time my eye chanced upon a type-written notice just above the button:

| THIS BELL |
| --- |
| DOES NOT RING |

I broke out into a cold perspiration. Was I in one more dream than I had suspected? Could it really be that in addition to the bicyle bell, the telephone bell and the bull's-eye bell I needed this fourth bell, too?—this bell that wouldn't ring?

The very thought of it awoke me with a start in the bed I'd just left—not just left, either, for this time the hands of my three clocks were pointing scornfully to 10.17. This time I really did jump out of bed, and really did rush down to the office. But when I got there it was nearly noon and I found your note and my pay envelope waiting for me.

And that, Mr. Jones, is the full explanation of my tardiness. Of course, the fact that I was in no way to blame does not in the least alleviate my offence; and yet, sir, it seems to me rather a hardship that the mere lack of a fourth alarm-clock. . . .

"Fourth fiddleaticks!" growled Mr. Jones, reaching for a long envelope and jamming the first reader's letter into it. He rang for a boy.

"Jimmy," he said, handing him the envelope, "ask Miss Sears to put a 'form 3 slip' in this, and give it to the messenger that's waiting."

Form 3 is the one that reads:

The editor of Jones' Magazine regrets that he is unable to use the story you so kindly submitted. While it is clever and possesses originality, it is not exactly suited to our present needs.

As for that matter, would the editor of any magazine (this one excepted, of course) be likely to accept such a very impossible story?

## Home Dressmaking.

Needle-craft has reached a far more useful phase nowadays than it did in the times when crazy-work and cross-stitch were responsible for feminine spare time and talents, and utilitarian aims were at a discount. Amateur dressmaking has become almost a hobby nowadays, the manufacture of morning shirts and dainty blouses at home representing one of the surest methods of making the most inelastic dress allowances stretch over the numberless wants which the modern wardrobe demands. A sewing-room in which the important business of cutting-out, fitting, and machining can be carried on without the necessity of "clearing up" between each spell of work is a great convenience, due regard being paid in choosing the room to such matters as efficient day as well as artificial light. A full-length mirror is almost a necessity when growing ambition is made to include skirt-making, while a dress-stand on which to fit the garment and a steady table for cutting out should be provided, together with a comfortable chair and foot-stool in addition to the actual sewing requirements themselves.

A sewing-room basket for pins, needles, cottons, scissors, etc., which stands on the floor, is always preferable to one of smaller dimensions to rest on the table, but an admirable substitute for the conventional wicker-work contrivance is that of an ordinary three-fold kitchen drying-screen lined with cretonne, the covering being divided and subdivided into pockets which can be made to hold all the etceteras of dress-making, while a row of upright nails on the lower rail accommodates all the reels of cotton and silk which are in use. A square, lead-weighted cushion is another convenience which saves much time when running tucks by hand, and in addition a small crescent-shaped pin-cushion supplemented with a tape or ribbon at either end, sufficiently long to tie round the waist or across the shoulders, is a great improvement on a pin-tray, which is liable to be upset or momentarily lost beneath a pile of work.

In order to keep a straight line when gathering a long piece of work, many little devices are resorted to by professional needlewoman, one of the commonest being that of drawing out a single thread the whole length of the material, leaving a mark which serves as an excellent guide.



## Personal Paragraphs

### AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Mr. George Wilson, of the Provident Life Assurance Company, Auckland, is to spend a few weeks in Dunedin.

Mr. C. E. Mackay, Mayor of Wanganui, is at present on a visit to Auckland.

Sir George Clifford, Hon. J. D. Ormond, and Mr G. G. Stead are visitors to Summer meeting of the A.R.C.

Miss Crerar and Miss May Crerar, of Napier, are on a short visit to Auckland, and are staying at "Mount Nessing," Grafton-road.

Mr. G. S. Munro, who was general manager of the Exhibition, has severed his connection with the public service, and leaves next month for England.

The friends of Mr. G. S. Rowe, deputy bailiff for Auckland, will be glad to hear that he has resumed duty again after being away for the past month, suffering from gastric influenza.

Mr. W. W. Earl, Orongo, Cambridge, who died last Saturday, was a brother of Dr. Guy Earl, of St. George's Hospital, London, also nephew of Mrs. Lonsdale Pritt, and Mrs. Frank Brodie, Remuera, Auckland.

Mr John Duthie, former member for Wellington city in the House of Representatives, has returned from a trip to Great Britain, America, China, and Japan.

Mr E. W. Cave, clerk of the Magistrate's Court at Waihi, has been appointed deputy-registrar of the Auckland Supreme Court. Mr J. Malndoe, of Coromandel, succeeds Mr Cave at Waihi.

News comes from Southport (Eng.) of the death of Mr. C. Rimmer, brother of Mr. S. L. P. Rimmer, of Auckland, The deceased was 54 years of age, and for several years resided in Auckland, during which time he was a member of the Beresford-street choir.

### WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Sir K. Douglas is visiting friends in Marlborough.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Fitzherbert (Feilding) are in Wellington for a few days.

Mrs. and Miss Laing-Meason have gone to Sydney for a lengthy stay.

Miss Molesworth (Melbourne) is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tolhurst (Wellington) for a few weeks.

Mrs. M. Richmond and Miss Hursthouse are spending a fortnight in Queen Charlotte Sound.

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Lysaght (Hawera) are in Wellington for Christmas, staying with Mr. and Mrs. Stowe.

Miss Mills (Wellington) is visiting Mrs. Adams at Langley Dale (Marlborough).

Mr. and Mrs. Menteath (Wellington) have gone to Pelorus Sound for two or three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Brandon and the Misses Brandon have gone to Pahautanui for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Pearce and Miss Pearce (Wellington) are leaving for England in January.

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Rawson have gone to D'Urville Island for the holidays. They will be back in Wellington during the second week in January.

Miss Cresswell (England) has arrived in Wellington for a long visit to her sister (Mrs. Waterfield). At present she is staying at Government House (Wellington), but later on she will visit Christchurch and probably Auckland. Mr. Waterfield is, of course, in attendance on his Excellency, and when the Vice-Regal movements are settled, Mrs. Waterfield and Miss Cresswell will join him.

Captain Lindsay and Mrs. Lindsay (England) arrived in Wellington on Christmas Eve, after an absence of three or four years in England. They bring their baby son with them, and, after a long stay with Mrs Lindsay's people (Mr and Mrs. E. J. Riddiford) at the Lower Hutt, they will go on south to Timaru, where Captain Lindsay has a good many relations. Deer-stalking has great attractions for Captain Lindsay, and he hopes to get a good deal of spot at Mr. Riddiford's station, Te Awaite.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Mellars, third daughter of the late J. F. Mellars, Esq., of Maidavale, Taupiri, Waikato, to Albert S. Hawkes, of London. The marriage will take place early in the New Year.

## Orange Blossoms.

FURNESS—BEAUMONT.

St. John's Church, Ponsonby, which was crowded with interested spectators, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on December 18, when Miss Leona May Beaumont, daughter of Mr. W. Beaumont, Ponsonby, was married to Mr. Albert Victor Furness, son of Mr. John Furness. The Rev. W. Gittos performed the ceremony, and Mr. Nicholas Nicholas presided at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very winsome in a pretty cream silk eolienne Empire frock, with cream lace sleeves and yoke. The corsage was also softened with lace, and the skirt had glace silk and French knots. The embroidered tulle veil was worn over a tiara of orange blossoms, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet of white sweet peas and maidenhair fern. Miss Evelyn Beaumont and Miss B. Tonkin attended the bride. Miss Beaumont was attired in a dainty green floral voile, strapped with green silk, and lace yoke and sleeves. Miss Tonkin wore pink floral voile, with pink silk and cream lace yoke and sleeves. They each wore cream Leghorn hats with green velvet ribbon and pink roses, and carried shower bouquets of pink carnations. Their souvenirs of the occasion were handsome gold bangles. Mr. F. Bartlett officiated as best man, and Mr. J. Furness as groomsman. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's parents, where they were entertained at afternoon tea, when the usual toasts were proposed and duly honoured. The wedding presents, which were numerous and beautiful, were much admired by the guests. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Furness departed on their honeymoon, the bride wearing a smart dark green tailor-made costume with hat to match. In the evening a number of young people were entertained at a very enjoyable euchre party, and a pleasant time was spent. Mrs. Beaumont (mother of the bride) wore a handsome black silk poplin gown and black and white bonnet; Mrs. Furness was in black merveilleux and cream hat; Mrs. A. Furness, pretty silk blouse, and white hat; Miss Beaumont, champagne lustre, pink hat; Mrs. Keesing, cream, with brown velvet straps, brown hat; Miss M. Beaumont, heliotrope muslin, and heliotrope and green hat; Miss C. Beaumont, white embroidered muslin, blue hat; Mrs. Ford, black silk, black hat; Miss Ford, white embroidered dress, white hat; Miss Price, cornflower blue silk, cream hat; Miss Browne, white silk, blue hat; Mrs. Boyce, brown silk voile, blue hat; Mrs. Brook-Smith, black silk, black hat; Mrs. H. Smith, cream skirt, cream silk blouse, and pink hat; Miss Porter, pale green silk muslin, black and white hat; Mrs. Bond, black and white muslin, and white hat; Messrs. Furness, Beaumont (2), A. Furness, Keesing, Price, Boyce, Smith, Rev. Bond.

## Names and Natures.

What's in a name? Everything, says M. de Rochetal, who has invented onomatology. His peculiarity (says the Paris correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph") is that he pays no attention to the history or etymology of surnames, as any ordinary scholar without originality might do, but considers only Christian names. He has been at work on these for 20 years. The results of his researches are positive, though he does not explain by what scientific process he reached them. He merely lays down the law. All Marys are weak, melancholy, and unlucky; Peters are strong and constant; Pauls are active, lively, and eloquent; but impulsive; Georges, "like the dragon-slayer," whom the onomatologist seems to have known well, are all big, fine men, and usually think a good deal of themselves; a Louis is exceedingly sensitive and irritable, but active and intelligent; Leons are gentle and warm-hearted, and would be superior men if they had stronger characters; Henry is the ideal name; and Henrys have deep, passionate hearts, and wonderful energy, but are a trifle irritable; Johns are strong, passionate, full of go, and well armed for the battle of life; but they are not always easy to get on with. Is this a dig at John Bull? Among women other than Marys, Helens are, as a rule, like Helen of Troy, pretty, but fickle; Susans are not much more to be relied upon; Juliets are constant in love or hatred; while Louisas are nice girls, but without force of character, and "want looking after"; Elizabeths are dreamy and quiet natures, and are often unhappy; Marthas are good-hearted, but ignacious as foes; and as for Alices, beware of them, for they are dangerously passionate, and "have a reprehensible love of independence." They are also subject to fits of depression—perhaps when not allowed to have their own way.



There were callers, and no one seemed to notice the small girl who sat quietly in her corner.

Presently the conversation turned to dentistry. "It is really amazing," said her grandfather, "the progress that has been made in dentistry since I was a boy. But then, too, people take better care of their teeth now than they used to."

"I take good care of my teeth," volunteered the three-year-old.

The visitor turned to her smiling. "Is that so?" one exclaimed. "How do you take care of your teeth, dear?"

The little girl glanced shyly at her grandfather.

"I keep mine in," she said.

## Candour from the Colonies.

A NEW ZEALAND CRITIC OF BRITAIN AND THE BRITISH.

(From the "London Daily Express.")

Burns longed for the power to see ourselves as others see us, but perhaps a more fascinating thing would be to see ourselves as our children see us; and this we Englishmen can do in a delightfully candid book, "Wake Up, England!" (Skeffington), written by Mr. P. A. Vaile, a New Zealand barrister, who is already known here as an authority on tennis.

As befits a citizen of the youngest among the nations, Mr. Vaile is splendidly egotistic and cocksure. He loves England, but he sees her faults exceedingly clearly:—

"One of the things that struck me most forcibly soon after my arrival in England was the absence of national spirit. In its truest and best sense, patriotism is almost unknown in England. If we were to judge by the Japanese standard, I should perhaps be well within the truth if I said it is non-existent."

It is otherwise in the Colonies.

"The fact is that in the Colonies generally there is as much true national spirit to the square yard as there is to the mile in England. The reason, too, is plain. The Colonial looks on England always as 'Home.' His father and mother came from there. He is going there—at least for a trip—as soon as he can. The glamour of the unseen and the ancient is on England. He has read of her great deeds, and been told of her beauties.

"It is his parents' and his own nation. His desire is always for her; his eyes always upon her, and he follows her fortunes through political or other strife with greater keenness than do many of her own sons, for the Colonial takes a keen and intelligent interest in politics, feeling, as he very frequently does, that probably later on he will be taking a hand in the moulding of his country's destiny."

INSULAR IGNORANCE.

How can they love England who only know England?

"I have no hesitation in repeating that the average Englishman doesn't know how to love his own country; he doesn't know anything of her beauty, her grandeur, her strength, her history, and, worst of all, knows nothing and will believe nothing of her weakness."

Mr. Vaile travels about the country finding much to lament. He goes to Oxford to watch the New Zealanders thrash the University at football, and he is not surprised.

"After the Oxford match was over I stood and saw the crowd file by. I had seen the thousands of pink and white faced boys, with blue eyes and grey caps and overcoats, each trying his level best to be as like the other as he could, and succeeding too well. I saw them go by me with their soft skins, their pretty mouths, and their round chins. I ran my eye over them, and I knew that man for man the Colonial youth is their master—and the knowledge gave me no pleasure."

SNOBS AND HYPOCRITES.

We are snobs and hypocrites. Our theatres are bad; our sport is decadent; our aristocracy useless. There is much plain talking about prominent men, and praise only for Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Haldane, and, be it added proudly, the Press. The London Press is indeed "one of the greatest of earth's many marvels."

Mr. Vaile has, among many other things, a capital plan for making the Old Country a nation of marksmen:—

"My idea is to offer annually—or, if found convenient, quarterly—a certain number of rifle scholarships. These could be of the value of, say, £25 each, and would be tenable for a year, and, in special cases, perhaps, for two or three years. There might also be one special scholarship of greater value, say, from £100 to £250, to be competed for by all winners of ordinary scholarships during the year. The winner of this would release his minor scholarship. These scholarships would be made available for technical or other instruction, and under special circumstances the money itself might be paid monthly to the winner. This is a very brief and general outline of my proposal."

Mr. Haldane approved the idea.

"Mr. R. B. Haldane, the Secretary of State for War, suggested to me that I should offer a scholarship, or scholarships, for each of the districts under his decentralisation scheme, and this, no doubt, will be done, for I consider it an excellent idea.

"I must confess that I was much amused by my conversation with the Secretary of State for War. He told me that my scheme was, in his opinion, all that was required to make his decentralisation scheme popular with the nation. I thought this sounded encouraging, but I was not there for fun, so I said: 'I take it that you absolutely mean what you say, Mr. Haldane' (he had my scheme laid before him in writing), 'and that you didn't send for me merely to bandy compliments. Directly I am ready to proceed, will you state this in writing, and give it to the Press of England?' And he promised to do so."

Mr. Vaile, by the way, considers that the range difficulty can be overcome by the extensive use of the sub-target.

KINDLY OPTIMISM.

On the whole, Mr. Vaile is optimistic about us if we only wake up.

"In the first place we must give up being maudlin cosmopolitan sentimentalists who have always higher consideration for a foreigner than for our own people. We must cease posing as the beautiful, free England, where every one, including the Anarchist, the gipsy, the filthy scum of Europe, and the general criminal refuse of the world may come, without let or hindrance, and squeeze the sons of the soil out of their own country. . . . .

"We must put in power keen men of business, men who have been able to successfully manage their own business, and not titled muddlers who regard the House as a playground or an advertising medium; and almost above everything we must so regulate our education as to draw out and cultivate in our children that which is most worthy of cultivation so that in the end we shall be found rearing reasoning beings and not automata."

A vigorous book, with many exaggerations, but full of patriotism and common sense.

The publication of a new volume of Dean Hole's letters has set the British Press quoting his most famous stories. The following is the well-known story of the pup which ate half the curate's sermon, as told by the Dean in a letter to a person who asked for the subsequent history of the animal:—

"You will be pleased to hear that when the dog had inwardly digested the sermon which he had torn, he turned over a new leaf. He had been sullen and morose, he became 'a very jolly dog.' He had been selfish and exclusive in his manger, he now generously gave it up to an aged poodle. He had been noisy and vulgar, he became a quiet, gentlemanly dog, he never growled again; and when he was bitten he always requested the cur who had torn his flesh to be so good, as a particular favour, to bite him again. He has established a reformatory in the Isle of Dogs, for perverse puppies, and an infirmary for Mangy Mastiffs in Houndsditch. He has won 26 medals from the Humane Society for rescuing children who had fallen into the canal. He spends six days of the week in conducting his brothers and sisters, who have lost their ways, to the Dogs' Home, and it is a most touching sight to see him leading the blind to church from morning to night on Sundays."

## Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[The charge for inserting announcements of birth, marriages, or death in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

### BIRTHS.

ALISON.—On 18th December, at her residence, Devonport, the wife of A. H. Alison, of a daughter. 8

BROWN.—On December 9th, at St. Barnabas' Private Hospital, Whangarei, to Mr and Mrs Cecil Brown, Kauri, a daughter.

COLLINS. — On 24th December, at their residence, Glanville-terrace, Parnell, to Mr and Mrs E. E. Collins, junr., a son.

CULPITT.—On December 19th, at Prospect Villa, Keppel-street, to Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Culpitt, a son. 122

DE SILVA.—On December 24, at her residence, Sheriden-street, to Mr. and Mrs. R. T. De Silva, a daughter. Both doing well. 29

DUFAUR.—On the 12th inst., at "Freechase," Balfour-rd., Parnell, the wife of Ernest B. Dufaur, of a daughter. 76

EVANS.—On December 23rd, at her residence, Exmouth street, to Mr and Mrs W. Evans, a son. Both doing well. 48

HOGAN—On December 17th, at Birkenhead, the wife of P. E. Hogan of a son. Both doing well.

KEIROOZ. — On 29th December, at Chamberlain-st., Ponsonby, to Mr and Mrs S. Keirooz, a son. 97

MANSELL.—On December 20th, at Brentwood-rd., Rocky Nook, the wife of Mr F. J. Mansell, of a daughter. 47

O'LEARY.—On November 29th, to Mr and Mrs D. O'Leary, Brighton-road, a daughter.

RUDGE—On December 17th, at Kingsland, the wife of J. R. Rudge of a daughter. 10

SCARLETT.—On December 22nd, at Valley-rd., Mt. Eden, the wife of D. Scarlett, of a son. 38

STITT—On 19th December, at her residence, Ayr-street, Parnell, the wife of T. Stitt of a daughter.

VINCE.—On December 22, at "Wellwood" farm, Paparata, the wife of Mr. G. Vince, of a son.

WRIGHT.—On December 1st, 1907, at her residence, Gt. North-rd., Auckland, the wife of W. H. Wright, of a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

CASH—WILLIAMS.—On November 27th, 1907, at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. W. E. Gillam, Horace F. A. Cash, second son of the late Arthur Cash, of Auckland, to Helen Beatrice, second daughter of Bernard Williams, of Auckland. 39

FLEMING—WOODLOCK.—On November 28th, 1907, at St. Benedict's Church, Newton, by the Very Rev. Father Gillan, V.G. William, second son of Charles Fleming, Thames, to Kathleen, second daughter of Joseph Louis Woodlock, Auckland.

GRACE—BRAIN.—On October 30th, at St. Matthew's Parish Church, Waisall, by the vicar, Rev. Arthur Paice, rural dean, Edward Mills Grace, of Park House, Thornbury, Physician and Surgeon, Coroner for the Lower Division of Gloucester, to Sarah Elizabeth (Lillie), daughter of the late Mr George Brain, of Cardiff, and sister to John Alfred Brain, of Onehunga, Auckland.

HENDRY—GRAY.—On November 28th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Geo. Brown, James B. Hendry, only son of James Reid Hendry, to Sara, only surviving daughter of John Gray, of Abbott's-road, Mount Eden.

MARTIN—TAYLOR.—On December 27th, 1882, by the Rev. J. Robertson, Auckland, Robert Bartlett, eldest son of the late Thomas Martin, to Mary, fifth daughter of the late William Morrow Taylor.

MASSEY — PROBERT. — On November 19th, 1907, at St. Luke's Church, Remuera, by the Rev. G. H. Munro, Wellesley (Willie), eldest son of Mr John Massey, Glen Innes, West Tamaki, to Henrietta Elizabeth (Etta), eldest daughter of Mr Alfred Probert, Te Maunaku, Remuera, Auckland.

MENS—BARRON.—On 27th November, 1907, at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. W. E. Gillam, Frank Augustus, youngest son of the late Charles Mens, to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Barron, both of Auckland.

PERRY-TAYLOR — RICHARDSON — On December 18th, 1907, by Rev. J. B. Smellie, William Perry, eldest son of W. Taylor, Wanganui, to Catherine Mitchell (Katie), second daughter of Wm. Richardson, Esq., Papakura. 55

POLLARD-MASON.—On November 27, 1907, at the Newmarket Methodist Church, by the Rev. W. R. Tuck, B.A., Ernest Victor, the fifth son of Alfred Pollard, to Ada, second daughter of Wm. Mason, both of Remuera.

RICHARDS—GIBB.—On October 31st, 1907, at the Church of the Epiphany, Karangahape-rd., Auckland, by the Rev. P. Cleary, H. Treisaney, second son of the late Henry Richards, of Parnell, to Edith Annie, second daughter of W. F. Gibb, of Ponsonby. 45

SAXON—MILLER.—On November 27th, 1907, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Stockwell, Thomas, the ninth son of Joel James Saxon, Ponsonby, to Hilda May, ninth daughter of John Miller, Devonport. 16

SPEAKMAN—MATHIESEN.—On November 6th, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Parnell, by the Rev. Canon MacMurray, Albert Baldwin, youngest son of William Speakman, Hobart, Tasmania, to Lilian Christine, eldest daughter of the late Charles Hans Mathiesen, Remuera.

SECCOMBE—DOOLEY.—On November 19, at St. Benedict's Church, Newton, by the Very Rev. Father Gillan, V.G., Howard Hamerton, eldest son of the late William Henry Seccombe, to Lena May, youngest daughter of John Harcourt Dooley, Auckland. 6

WILSON—PILKINGTON.—On November 18, at St. John's Chapel, West Tamaki, by the Rev. H. Mason, Frederick William, second son of John Wilson, Esq., Ponsonby-rd., Auckland, to Annie Louisa, second daughter of Edward Pilkington, Esq., of "Puitutia," West Tamaki.—At home, 9th and 10th January, Mackelvie-st., Grey Lynn. 95

### SILVER WEDDING.

MOREY—OXENHAM.—On Christmas Day, 1882, at the residence of the late Mr Charles La Roche, Khyber Pass-road, by Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, Joseph Morey youngest son of the late Jonathan Morey, to Mary Oxenham, eldest daughter of George Sydenham Oxenham, both of Kensington, London. 40

### DEATHS.

ANDREWES.—On December 21st, 1907, at Rawlingstone Hospital, Auckland, A. S. Andrewes, of Opononi, Hokianga; aged 55 years.

BROWN.—On December 23rd, 1907, at the residence of his parents, Sussex-st., Grey Lynn, Walter Samuel, youngest and dearly-beloved son of S. C. and A. A. Brown; aged 19 years and two months.

BURNINGHAM. — At Arizona, U.S.A., Stuart Porten, beloved third son of the late Stainer H. and Margery Burningham, Taharoto, Lake Takapuna. (By cable.)

BUSH.—On December 21st, at the District Hospital, Charley, 2nd son of W. D. Bush, Otahuhu; aged 41 years.

COBINE.—In Oakland, California, on October 10th, John Cobine, beloved husband of Katherine Cobine, and brother of Mrs Watts and Mrs Kyle and Joseph Cobine of this city, aged 61 years and 3 months. 12

CLARKE.—At his parent's residence, Green Lane-road, Raymond Stelfox, dearly beloved infant son of Alfred and Maud Clarke, aged 4 months.

DUFFUS.—On December 20, at his residence, Northcote, Robert Druckl Lubecki, the loving husband of Lucy Anna Duffus, aged 70 years. Interment private.

EARL.—On 21st December, at his late residence, "Orongo," Cambridge, William Warford, beloved husband of Elennor S. Earl, elder son of the late William Earl, of Bay of Islands and Thames.

FROST.—On December 27, at Auckland Hospital, Coralie Amy Imogene Frost, the dearly-beloved daughter of Samuel J. and Augusta Frost, of Waimauku.

GALLAGHER.—On December 25th, at his grandparents' residence, Cambridge, Francis Eugene Alexander, the darling baby of Frank and Eunice Gallagher, of Auckland. R.I.P.
"Suffer little children to come unto me."
Interred at Cambridge on December 26th.

HUGHES.—At Onehunga, on December 30, 1907, Albert, dearly beloved husband of Elizabeth Hughes, in his 44th year.
By request of deceased no mourning to be worn.

JACKSON.—On December 21st, at his residence, Northcote, Joshua Jackson, J.P., late of Yorkshire, England, beloved husband of Annie Jackson.

LEMMON.—On December 29th, at her parents' residence, 23, Brown-street, Ivy, Alisa, the dearly beloved infant daughter of John and Louie Lemmon, aged four months.
Safe in the arms of Jesus.

MADIGAN.—On December 30th, at her parents' residence, Otahuhu, Mary Veronica, dearly beloved infant daughter of Patrick and Nellie Madigan; aged 8 months.
Deeply regretted.

MARTIN—On December 30th, 1907, at her residence, Hobson-street, Agnes, widow of the late Antonia Martin, aged 77 years. R.I.P.

McKEOWN.—On December 25th, 1907, at the residence of his grandmother, Mrs Rasmussen, Lawrence-street, Mount Roskill, Roland Henry James, beloved infant son of Edward and Henrietta McKeown, of Montague-street, Newton, aged 7 weeks.
Jesus called a little child unto Him.

SIMONS.—On December 22nd, 1907, at the residence of her father, Manukau-rd., Epsom, Teresa Francis, the third eldest beloved daughter of P. J. and the late Ann Simon. R.I.P.

SINGLE.—On December 27th, at his parents' residence, Russell-place, off Cook-street, Dudley Dunmore, dearly beloved only child of George and Margaret Single, aged 5½ months. Deeply regretted.

SMITH.—On December 29th, at her parents' residence, Garfield-st., Parnell, the dearly beloved infant daughter of John and Ellen Smith; aged 3 months.
At rest. 1

WALSH. — On the 21st December, William Alfred Walsh, at Mater Misericordia Hospital, age 40; the dearly beloved husband of Margaret Walsh.

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A man while fishing suddenly fell into the water. A fellow-fisherman rescued him, laid him on his back, and began to cogitate.

"What's the matter?" asked the bystanders; "why don't you revive him?"

"There are sixteen rules to revive drowned persons," said the benevolent man, "and I know 'em all, but I can't call to mind which comes first."

The rescued man opened his eyes, and said faintly: "Is there anything about giving brandy in the rules?"

"Yes."

"Then never mind the other fifteen."









# Society Gossip

## AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, Dec. 31.

Owing to the holiday rush all my Society News was crowded out last week, the most important being a delightful dance given by Lord and Lady Plunket at Government House, as a farewell to Admiral and Lady Fawkes. The ballroom looked charming with easy chairs and cool-looking palms artistically arranged round it, and the floor and the music were so perfect that even the weariest could not resist them, and everybody danced merrily in spite of the heat. The supper table was charmingly decorated with pale pink roses and shaded sweet pea. The garden and verandahs, which were very well patronized, were prettily lighted with Japanese lanterns and fairy lights.

Lady Plunket was attired in an exquisite Empire gown of buttercup chiffon over taffeta with real lace on bodice; Lady Fawkes wore a lovely white brocade with jewelled lace and touches of silver; Hon Katileen Plunket was beautifully gowned in ciel blue chiffon over white taffeta with bands of silver tissue; Mrs Myers was wearing a beautiful toilette of white glace veiled with chiffon, embroidered with lovers' knots in gold; Mrs Bridson was tastefully gowned in pale grey taffeta with sprays of blue; Mrs Halsey, white corded silk with frills of cream lace; Mrs Seymour Thorne George wore a lovely black embroidered chiffon over white taffeta, with touches of silver; Mrs W. Bloomfield, blue and white floral taffeta with panel of jewelled lace with lovers' knot design worked in blue; Lady Lockhart was gracefully gowned in white tucked mousseline de soie over glace relieved with blue and silver; Mrs Boscawen was wearing a white and pink floral chiffon Empire gown with white glace foundation; Mrs MacMillan, handsome black brocade with bertha of real lace; Mrs L. R. Bloomfield wore a lovely white taffeta softened with lace; Mrs Lyons was becomingly gowned in a primrose brocade with vest of Irish lace; Mrs A. Ferguson was in a pretty blue and white figured silk with tucker of cream lace; Mrs Duthie was daintily attired in a pale blue chiffon embroidered with silver; Mrs H. R. Hughes was gowned in white with white lace; Miss Brigham wore a pretty white mousseline de soie with bretelles of white taffeta; Mrs George R. Bloomfield, white and blue taffeta softened with lace; Mrs C. Seeguer wore a handsome gown of figured silk with folds of chiffon outlining bodice; Mrs Drummond Ferguson was daintily attired in white mousseline de soie over glace with white lace tucker; Mrs H. R. Bloomfield, lovely white crepe de chine with delicate green leaf design; Mrs Nelson, handsome gown of black brocade relieved with white lace; Miss Nelson was prettily frocked in a white and blue floral silk with vest of real lace; Miss K. Nelson, blue-grey taffeta with tucker of lace; Mrs Steele was gowned in black taffeta with black lace and silver embroidery; Miss Steele (debutaonte) wore a lovely white chifon taffeta with white flowers on corsage and hair; Mrs J. Dawson, black taffeta with touches of white; Miss Dawson, dainty gown of white silk with white lace and pink velvet; Mrs John Beale, black chiffon taffeta with medallions of cream lace, cream lace vest and sleeves; Miss Beale wore a pretty pale blue chiffon over glace with frills of Valenciennes lace; Mrs W. Thomas, white taffeta softened with lace; Miss Nesta Thomas looked charming in a white chiffon taffeta with clusters of wite lilies of the valley on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs Devore wore a lovely black chiffon and lace gown over white glace; Miss Devore, pretty blue and

white check silk; Miss Katie Devore was becomingly frocked in a pink and grey striped silk with tucker of lace; Miss Douglas, in a dainty pale blue silk softened with chiffon; Mrs. Greig, black chiffon taffeta with vest and sleeves of white embroidered net; Miss Greig, pretty white crepe de chine, with white lace and pale blue; Mrs. Gore Gillan, electric blue silk veiled in black sequined net; Mrs. Hodgson, Empire gown of white corded silk; Mrs St. Clair was gowned in black and silver embroidered net over white; Miss St. Clair, pretty pink Oriental satin, with vest of white Valenciennes lace; Miss — St. Clair (debutante) wore a charming gown of white chiffon taffeta, softened with lace and a corsage bow, bouquet of white flowers; Mrs. C. Owen, pretty black and white toilette; Mrs. H. C. Fenton, dainty white mousseline de soie with silver embroidery; Mrs. Mahoney, black and white embroidered net over white glace; Mrs. Prickett, handsome black brocade with white lace scarf; Miss Prickett, pretty primrose silk softened with chiffon of same shade; Miss Dunnet was wearing black lace over white taffeta; Mrs. Price was gowned in white brocade with touches of silver; Miss Price, dainty white silk; Mrs. W. Lloyde, pretty white silk gown with white and silver embroidery; Miss Smith, white satin Romney frock, with cluster of roses on corsage; Miss Eva Smith, picture frock in pink Oriental satin; Mrs. C. McCormick, white taffeta softened with chiffon and lace; Miss McCormick was prettily frocked in pale blue mousseline de soie; Mrs Raynor wore a striking gown of cream crepe de chine, embroidered in different shades of bronze blue; Mrs. Munroe Clarke, in a tasteful pink and black toilette; Mrs. J. Spicer was gracefully gowned in a pale grey taffeta with tucker of real lace; Miss Spicer, pretty pale pink silk, with bodice outlined with chiffon; Miss M. Spicer was daintily frocked in white; Mrs. Bourne, handsome black silk with silver and black butterflies on corsage; Miss Bourne was charmingly gowned in white crepe de chine with cream lace; Mrs. Bush, shrimp pink Oriental satin with white Valenciennes; Miss G. Denniston was gowned in a pretty primrose silk with black velvet ribbon; Miss Keep, lovely white Oriental satin Empire frock with gold tissue; Miss Lusk, white chiffon taffeta, with cluster of red roses on corsage; Miss Clarke was wearing white poker dotted chiffon over glace; Miss Paton looked charming in white mousseline de soie, with touches of pale blue; Miss Towle, white chiffon taffeta, with wreath of white flowers; Miss N. Thompson was daintily frocked in white mousseline de soie; Miss Reid, black chiffon taffeta, with tucker of real lace; Miss Mills looked graceful in a blue shirred silk; Miss Dargaville wore a lovely pink and white pompadour silk with lace bretelles, edged with pink velvet; Miss Nathan, pretty pale blue gown of tucked chiffon over glace; Miss Isaac was wearing a becoming blue silk frock with white lace berthe.

## DRESSES AT THE RACES.

What Ascot is in England, and the Grand Prix in Paris, such in the Auckland province is "Cup Day" to the devotees of fashion. This year the display, though not by any means equalling those we have seen at the height of the "boom," was exceedingly handsome and attractive; but there can be but little doubt that it will be excelled on New Year's Day if the weather is fine, for the lowering view of the early morning sky yesterday no doubt preached caution to many, and some very smart toilettes are being held over for less dubious weather.

Her Excellency Lady Plunket was simply but charmingly gowned in a white and pink floral muslin, elaborately trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and finished with a dainty reseda green ceinture; with this was worn a white chip straw hat, garlanded with shaded roses and bows of mauve ribbon.

Lady Fawkes was gowned in a striking toilette of violet crepe de chine, daintily finished with a cream silk appliqued vest; her toque was composed of green leaves, with a cluster of roses at one side.

Lady Ward wore a smart tailor-made gown of Nattier blue striped flannel, and wore with it a becoming black hat, ornamented with black ostrich feathers.

The Hon. Kathleen Plunket was strikingly gowned in a white and grey striped Ninon de soie, with guimpe and bretelles of exquisite white Irish lace, black ceinture, and dainty black hat, garlanded with roses.

Miss Eileen Ward looked charming in grey and black striped summer tweed tailor-made costume, worn with a becoming black crinoline straw hat, with crown of shaded roses.

Mrs. Arthur Myers was gowned in a beautifully fitting tailor-made costume of dark cornflower ble cloth, with a plumed picture hat of same shade.

Miss Gorrie was wearing a grey tailor-made gown, with revers of Burgundy velvet, and dainty toque of same shade.

Miss Gwen Gorrie, white and black striped flannel coat and skirt, with very pretty black Gainsborough hat.

Lady Clifford was gowned in a grey tailor-made gown, worn with a small black plumed hat; her daughters were in white and black striped flannel costumes, wtih white gem hats.

Mrs. Lowrie (Hawke's Bay) wore a graceful gown of dove grey embroidered chiffon over grey glace, very pretty grey picture hat, with long grey ostrich plumes.

Lady Lockhart was gowned in a pretty white and black striped marquisette, with a pretty pink floral design, finished with bands of black satin and touches of pale pink, dainty net guimpe and sleeves; the costume was completed by a white crinoline straw hat, trimmed with foliage; Mrs. Thorne George, effective gown of black souple cloth, with white vest, and dainty white and black toque; Mrs. L. R. Bloomfield, striking toilette of navy and white striped Ninon de soie, with white vest, large black picture hat; Mrs. Duthie was wearing a white and blue taffeta, with white lace, and a becoming white and black hat; Mrs. Ruck, grey summer tweed tailor-made costume, with black toque; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield was gracefully gowned in white and black striped Ninon de soie, with Tuscan straw hat with black ostrich feathers and white roses; Mrs. Mills wore a beautifully fitting grey taffeta, with V-shaped yoke of white lace, black and white plumed hat; Miss Mills, dainty white inserted muslin, with white and black hat with black and white roses; Mrs. George Bloomfield wore a becoming toilette of vieux rose Ninon voile, with cream guimpe and sleeves, smart black plumed hat; Mrs. Harry Bloomfield, a dainty gown of pale grey eolienne, with encrustations of lovely shaded medallions outlining the lace vest, charming grey hat, smothered with grey Bird of Paradise plumes; Mrs. Holgate, rich reseda green taffetas, relieved with cream lace, black hat; Mrs. E. W. Alison wore a lovely gown of black chiffon patterned with heliotrope flowers over heliotrope glace, the bodice toned with white Irish lace, deep heliotrope hat, with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Ewen Alison, smart grey and white striped toilette, with dainty white and blue hat; Miss Ivy Alison, ivory embroidered chiffon taffeta, and pretty violet hat; Miss Berry, dainty pink and white striped embroidered cambric, black hat; Mrs. Halsey, ciel blue eolienne, with cream yoke, and large black hat; Mrs. Sharpe, grey tweed coat and skirt, with white embroidered vest, crushed raspberry hat; Mrs. Hughes, black Shantung silk, with insertions of black lace, black hat; Mrs. Mackie (Wanganui), blue and white toilette, white and black hat; Mrs. Devore, black and pink floral chiffon, inset with black lace, mounted on shrimp pink glace, dainty ivory and black bonnet, with touches of pink; Mrs. Collins (New Plymouth), dainty pale green costume, worn with a pink toque; Miss K. Devore, pretty pale blue Sicilienne, with picture hat to match; Mrs. Buckland, black silk toilette, and black toque relieved with touches of white; Mrs. Tonks was wearing white, with a black hat; Mrs. Foster, ivory Sicilienne, with touches of black velvet, black hat, wreathed with roses; Mrs. Elliott Davis's gown was of dainty cigar-brown taffeta, with a cream lace vest, cream hat garlanded with shaded roses and black ribbon; Miss Rubie Seddon (Wellington) was wearing a dainty costume of white and black pin striped cloth, and a pretty Copenhagen blue hat; Miss Louisson (Christchurch) wore a white inserted muslin frock and a white hat with pale pink roses; Miss Pearl Gorrie, cream cloth coat and skirt, and smart pale blue hat; Miss Dolly Scherff, dainty ivory cloth Eton costume, with becoming black hat; Miss Kathleen Hill, white inserted muslin and pale blue hat; Mrs. Dargaville was gowned in black, relieved with white, black and white toque; Mrs. Robert Dargaville, effective black and grey toilette, with white vest and sleeves, green hat wreathed with roses; Miss Dargaville was prettily frocked in a blue and white striped taffetas, with white lace guimpe and sleeves, Leghorn rose trimmed hat; Mrs. Derry was wearing a pretty green and white invisible check gown, with yoke and sleeves of lace, cream hat brightened with touches of cherry velvet; Miss Thorpe's toilette was a white and pink floral silk, with a cream hat; Miss Lily Thorpe wore white inserted muslin, and white hat wreathed with Copenhagen blue roses; Mrs. Arthur Lewis (Wanganui), pale grey tailor-made costume, and small red hat; Mrs. Wallace Lawson, dainty cream pina over white glace, hat en suite; Mrs. Fred. Yonge was wearing a grey floral mousseline and rose wreathed hat; Miss Allie Yonge, white embroidered muslin with a pretty pale blue hat; Miss Violet Gray, soft white muslin, white hat swathed with a pale blue scarf; Mrs. Hodgson (Eng.), navy blue cloth tailor-made gown, and small pale blue hat; Mrs. Hartland wore a graceful mauve floral ninon de soie toned with lace, and pretty hat to match; Miss Hartland wore white, cream hat with a large ribbon bow; Mrs. Percy Butler wore an effective gown of grey and white striped Marquisette with a cream vest, becoming pale blue hat; Mrs. Henry Nolan wore a lovely gown of heliotrope chiffon taffeta, with a smart hat of same shade; Mrs. Bodle's gown was a black lace inserted pina mounted on white glace, dainty white rose wreathed hat; Mrs. Baker, black silk with black and white vest, black and white hat to match; Miss Daphne Baker wore white muslin and a white hat garlanded with blue hydrangea; Mrs. Thornton (Cambridge) was gowned in a champagne embroidered eolienne, Manila straw hat garlanded with roses; Miss Worsp, white embroidered lawn over pale blue, blue and white hat; Miss Draper, pretty floral muslin with pink ceinture, dainty blue hat; Mrs. Savage looked charming in a lovely mignonette green ninon-de-soie and a becoming plumed hat of same shade; her sister wore a picturesque gown of white embroidered lawn lavishly trimmed with butter-coloured Valenciennes lace, brown hat with large bird in front; Mrs. Drummond Ferguson, black and white stripe marquisette, and pretty white hat; Miss Craig-Baird (Victoria), was wearing a pretty blue and white floral silk, and hat to match; Miss Audrey Stubbs wore white, with a Leghorn hat crowned with roses; Miss Forbes, pale grey toilette and pretty hydrangea blue toilette; Mrs Hume, dainty white muslin and black picture hat; Miss Little, soft white gown and pale blue hat; Mrs. Ranson, black and white toilette, black and white hat brightened with touches of cherry colour; Miss De Camp, navy blue and green embroidered eolienne, hat en suite; Mrs. Leckie, green silk toilette with white vest, hat to match; Mrs. Neill, dainty biscuit-coloured ninon voile, with floral ceinture, cream crinoline straw hat; Miss Hay, white linen costume and Manila straw hat; Miss Helen Hay wore white muslin with pale blue sash and hat; Miss Mabel Hay was in white, with a white hat finished with a large ribbon bow; Mrs. Louis Schatz (Christchurch) wore an effective blue Shantung silk, with smart hat to match; Mrs. Gore Gillan, white cloth costume with black picture hat; Mrs. Caro, black eolienne over white with a black and white toque; Miss Caro, pretty figured silk with vest and sleeves, and a becoming flower hat; Miss Cotter was in a charming gown of pale grey ninon voile, very pretty grey picture hat; Mrs. Ralph, navy chiffon taffeta with vest and sleeves of cream lace, and a navy hat to match; Miss Ralph, pink and blue floral chiffon banded with pink taffeta, blue and pink hat to match; Mrs. John Reid, black chiffon taffeta with cream lace vest, black toque; Miss Jessie Reid, dark blue taffeta with vest and sleeves of white lace, white hat with garland of green leaves; Mrs. Harry Marsack, cream cloth coat and skirt with white and pink hat; Mrs. Herz, black and white check costume faced with white, with smart black and white hat to match; Mrs. Charles Brown, pretty cream, muslin gown with a blue and green hat; Mrs L. Berryman wore a navy taffeta with real lace and a black toque; Miss Daisy Benjamin, cream Sicilienne coat and skirt, white hat with shaded roses; Mrs. E. Benjamin, pretty green eolienne costume hat to match; Mrs. C. Phillips, eau de nil silk banded with velvet of a deeper shade and bretelles of white lace, Tuscan hat with white and green; Miss Isabel Clarke, grey and white striped taffeta, with a black and white check coat, black hat swathed with black tulle; Miss Roie Nathan was daintily frocked in white, muslin tucked and inserted, and a white and black hat with black ostrich feathers; Miss Browning, pretty white embroidered muslin with crushed raspberry straw hat with black rim and large black bow; Miss Douglas, dainty white Swiss muslin with a becoming pink hat; Miss Walker wore a lovely grey taffeta with white lace, black picture hat; Mrs. H. Keesing, dark green chiffon taffeta, with white lace vest and a green toque with green and white tulle; Miss Beryl Keesing, pretty pink and white floral muslin, with pink cienture and a pink and white hat to match; Mrs. Grant was wearing a blue and white check taffeta with a pretty blue floral hat; Mrs. Raynor, deep rose pink chiffon taffeta with cream lace vest, black hat with drooping white plumes; Miss Ida Thompson, very picturesque gown of ciel blue muslin, large blue hat to match; Miss Nellie Thompson's simple frock of white poker dotted muslin had touches of black velvet and was worn with a daisy wreathed hat; Miss Ballin, pink floral muslin with pink cienture, pink hat with pink roses and large bow of black ribbon; Mrs. Sweet, black chiffon taffeta with sleeves and vest of cream lace, black plumed hat; Mrs. J. Collins, pale blue chiffon taffeta with silver and pink embroidery, blue hat wreathed with forget-me-nots; Miss Peacocke, cream cloth costume, white and blue hat; Miss L. Peacocke, white and blue floral muslin with blue hat wreathed with pink roses: Mrs Geoffry Bacon (England) wore a becoming toilette of vieux rose ninon voile trimmed with cream lace, black plumed hat and white feather boa; Mrs J. Roach, smart gown of black and white striped voile trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon and Valenciennes lace, green straw hat with green and heliotrope ribbons and a cluster of pink roses; Miss Percival, navy Sicilienne costume, cream lace vest, becoming hydrangea blue hat; Miss Eva Percival, blue taffeta with white lace and smart blue hat to match; Mrs Mahoney was striking gowned in a blue taffeta, shot with champagne, black hat with shaded plumes and blue roses; Mrs Hamby was wearing a striking gown of champagne tinted chiffon taffeta, with a tiny brown stripe, with bretelles of Honiton lace and bands of golden brown velvet, Tuscan and brown straw hat with Bird of Paradise plumes; Mrs Duder, moss green eolienne with cream lace vest, green hat to match; Miss Duder, cream cloth costume, pretty blue hat; Miss — Duder was daintily frocked in white, with white hat garlanded with pink roses; Miss Dunnet, blue cloth braided with black, black and white hat; Mrs. Martin was wearing black with vest of Irish lace, becoming black and white toque; Miss Martin, blue and white striped costume, blue and white hat to match; Miss Spicer, pretty pink floral muslin, with pink flower wreathed hat; Mrs. Mackay, navy blue tailor made costume faced with white, smart black toque; Mrs H. C. Fenton, pretty greeney-grey summer tweed with silk facings, hat en suite.

After the brilliant crowd present at the races at Ellerslie on Boxing Day, the lawn looked comparatively deserted last Saturday, when

## THE SECOND DAY'S RACING

eventuated. The weather was perfect, and there were some very pretty toilettes worn, which I must do my best to describe to you. The Hon. Kathleen Plunket was gowned in a dainty white embroidered lawn brightened with rose-pink ceinture, Manilla straw hat garlanded with pink roses; Mrs. Hodgson wore a navy embroidered pina over white taffeta, with a vest of cream lace, and a pretty Tuscan hat trimmed with black velvet and shaded roses; Miss Gorrie was effectively gowned in a lovely shade of periwinkle blue, with touches of cream, and becoming rose-wreathed hat; Miss Gwen Gorrie wore a dainty toilette of green taffeta with white guimpe and sleeves, black picture hat; Miss — Gorrie, pretty white muslin, inserted with lace, Tuscan hat; Miss Bagnall, black and white striped marquisette, white hat, with large black and white bow; Mrs. McDonald, rich black silk inset with lace medallions mounted on white glace, white and black bonnet, with cluster of pink roses at one side; Miss McDonald, very pretty pale blue gown and pale blue hat to match; Mrs. Holgate was gowned in white, and wore with it a black plumed hat; Mrs. Ross (Cambridge), dainty white muslin and lace, white hat with pink roses; Mrs. Mackie (Wanganui), white and blue floral mousseline gown with encrustations of lace, white hat trimmed with shaded roses;

Mrs. Herz, helio. and white floral ninon, with lace vest, black hat; Mrs. Hartland, black taffeta voile, with cream lace vest, cream hat with touches of brown; Miss Hartland, pale pink figured cambric, green hat, with pink and green chine ribbon bows; Mrs. Ralph, black silk with white lace vest, smart violet and green toque; Miss Ralph, heliotrope and white floral mousseline and small hat to match; Mrs. Hamley, black chiffon taffeta toned with white, black plumed hat; Mrs. Harry Marsack, pretty pink embroidered cambric and a green hat; Mrs. Alison, rich black chiffon taffetas, with bretelles of very handsome gold embroidery, black and gold hat; Mrs. O'Rorke wore a becoming toilette of black and white striped marquisette, with a blue hat; Miss Shepherd, black chiffon taffetas with white vest, black and white toque; Mrs. Waller was charmingly gowned in white chiffon and lace over glace, black net hat brightened with rosettes of ciel blue velvet; Miss Zoe George was daintily frocked in shrimp pink muslin, Leghorn hat massed with pink roses; Miss Lily Kissling wore a pretty heliotrope muslin, and a heliotrope rose wreathed hat to match; Miss Williams wore a beautifully embroidered Manilla cloth Empire gown with lace guimpe and sleeves, large periwinkle blue hat, with drooping ostrich plume; Miss —. Williams, very pretty smoke blue ninon sleeves, large periwinkle blue hat, with droopin5jdrooping ostrich plume; Miss Williams, very pretty smoke blue Ninon, toned with white lace, rose-wreathed hat; Mrs. George Bloomfield wore a dainty shrimp pink eolienne and Tuscan hat; Lady Lockhart wore a charming gown of black chiffon taffetas, with cream lace V-shaped vest outlined with pale blue, black hat; Mrs. H. Kissling's gown of black chiffon taffeta had a vest of white appliqued chiffon, and was worn with a black and white hat brightened with gold tissue; Mrs. Drummond Ferguson, dainty white chiffon over white glace, white hat to match; Miss Craig-Baird was in ivory cloth with a pretty lace blouse, Tuscan and black hat; Mrs. Lowrie, smart grey figured eolienne with lace vest, grey plumed hat and a pink scarf; Miss Walker, grey and black striped marquisette with a white vest, Leghorn hat with buttercups, black silk bows and wreaths of buttercups; Mrs. Donald was gowned in an ivory cloth costume, with a Tuscan hat; Mrs. Dargaville wore black with a black and white toque; Miss Dargaville, white inserted muslin and a white hat with pink roses; Mrs. Pittar, handsome black silk with white lace vest and a black hat; Mrs. Johnson, white embroidered muslin with a smart brown hat; Mrs. Jones, white embroidered linen with a black hat; Miss Davy, cream Sicilienne costume faced with black, black and white toque; Mrs. Devore wore a grey eolienne with vest of white lace, black and white bonnet with touches of pink; Miss B. Devore wore a dainty pale blue muslin with blue hat to match; Mrs. Collin, ivory Sicilienne Eton coat and skirt, and a black hat; Mrs. Gordon, black and white striped ninon with white lace, small black hat; Miss Percival, dainty floral ninon voile with becoming blue hat; Miss Devereux, pretty white embroidered muslin, becoming green hat; Miss Dunnett, black and white striped ninon voile, and a black hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Tonks, white cloth skirt, pretty cream lace blouse and a black hat; Miss Hazel Buckland, dainty blue and white muslin, white hat with blue roses; Mrs. Ludlow rich, cream cloth tailor-made, with a brown and cream hat; Miss Rich, white inserted muslin, black picture hat; Mrs. Ransen, black and white striped summer tweed, and a black and white toque with rose; Miss Buller, pretty green silk muslin with a black hat.

An al fresco

CHRISTMAS TREE

in aid of St. Peter's Church, Lake Takapuna, was given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brett, "Te Kiteroa," on Friday afternoon before Christmas. There were about 200 present, and a sum of £9 was realised. A marquee was erected in the grounds where the ever welcome afternoon tea was served, while to the delight of the juvenile members, each child was presented with a present off the Tree. Mr. and Mrs. Brett, with a number of lady assistants, were most assiduous in attending to visitors, and the children had a really good time of it.

PHYLLIS BROUN.

## CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee, December 28.

Last Saturday was quite a gala day for Cambridge, when the high level steel bridge over the Waikato River was opened by his Excellency the Governor, Lord Plunket, who arrived by special train from Auckland at 1 p.m. He was escorted from the station to Cambridge West by a number of the Cambridge Mounted Rifles. In the carriage with the Governor were the Hon. J. McGowan, his Worship the Mayor (Mr. W. F. Buckland), and the Governor's aide-de-camp; in the next carriage was the mayoress (Mrs. W. F. Buckland) and Mrs. M. Fisher, wife of the chairman of the Pukekura Road Board. These ladies held the ribbon across the bridge, which the Governor cut with a very handsome pair of silver scissors, presented to him by the Mayor, when he declared the bridge open for traffic. Mrs. Buckland was wearing a dark blue gown with handsome scarf of creme silk Maltese lace, and brown and pink toque; and Mrs. Fisher a bronze brown silk gown with toque to match. The Governor complimented the inhabitants upon the magnificent structure they had erected, far superior to what he had been led to believe it would be. The Governor's carriage then drove over the bridge into the town, preceded by the Mounted Rifles and the Cambridge Town Band, who played "One More River to Cross."

His Excellency was driven up to the new Cambridge Club, where he was received by the president, Mr. Lundon, He was shown over the club, which he greatly admired, after which his health was drunk; then an adjournment was made to the luncheon, which was held in the Alexandra Hall, and was catered for by Mr. Boyce, at which the usual toasts were drunk, and by the time it was over it was time for the Governor to be off on his return journey to Auckland. A great crowd was at the station to see him off, and some lusty cheers were given as the train left. I think I may safely say I have never seen so many people congregated together in Cambridge as on that day; they seem to have come from far and near to do honour to the occasion.

Xmas day was a very disappointing one as far as the weather was concerned, as it rained steadily from early morning until about 7 p.m. We have not had a wet Xmas Day for years, so I suppose must not complain.

ELSIE.

## NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, December 27.

Beautiful weather favoured the Taranaki Jockey Club for the occasion of its

CHRISTMAS MEETING,

the previous downpour did no harm, but freshened up the growth and cleared the atmosphere, and, despite several counter attractions, the attendance was very good. Amongst those present were: Mrs. McDonald (Hawera), lovely grey silk taffetas, with vest of cream lace, dainty pale blue chiffon hat, finished with ostrich feathers; Mrs. H. Davy, cream figured silk inset with lace, cream feathered hat; Mrs. Wilkinson (Eltham), lovely costume of cornflower blue striped silk over glace, kimono bodice over a cream lace blouse, dainty hat with two large ostrich feathers; Miss B. Hoskin, green and pink floral muslin, over a sea green slip, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, hat to correspond; Mrs. F. Watson, handsome moss green silk taffetas, full skirt with wide band of cream insertion on hem, kimono bodice, inset with cream lace and cream vest and sleeves of same, very pretty feathered hat; Mrs. Foote, pretty cornflower blue silk voile with kimono bodice strapped with a lighter shade of silk, cream lace vest, white hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs. S. Rennell, white figured silk, tucked and trimmed with lace, hat to correspond; Miss B. Rennell, charming frock of white glace veiled in black point d'esprit, with frills edged with Valenciennes lace, white hat swathed with pale pink and blue ribbon; Miss Godfrey, pretty pale fawn costume, bodice embroidered with pale blue and pink floral silk insertion, pale blue hat swathed with pink and blue chiffon; Mrs. Ted. Carthew, a pretty creation of pale pink Shantung silk, kimono bodice trellised with moss-green velvet ribbon, cream lace vest, burnt straw hat swathed with moss-green tulle and pale pink roses; Mrs. Harle (Wanganui), lovely frock of shell pink silk chiffon over glace, embroidered pale blue silk flowers, cream lace vest, ecru coloured hat swathed with red, pink, and black convolvulus; Mrs. Alec Hill, charming costume of pale green and moss green striped silk muslin over glace, narrow bands of moss-green velvet on skirt, kimono bodice over a lace blouse, green velvet Empire belt, white hat with black bird; Miss E. Bayley, cream cloth costume with stitched bands on skirt, ecru coloured tulle hat trimmed with moss-green tulle and ospreys; Miss Glynn (Manaia), grey and white striped muslin, white hat trimmed with rosettes of silk and pale pink roses; Miss Bedford, sea-green Shantung silk, with vest and sleeves of cream net and silk lace, pale green chiffon hat relieved with large shrimpy pink silk rose; Mrs. Percy Webster looked well in a striking costume of black silk taffetas, kimono bodice over a cream net and silk lace blouse and finished with bands of cream silk insertion, black tulle feathered hat; Mrs. G. Kebbell, turquoise blue costume, bodice inset with cream lace, with deep yoke of same, black tulle hat; Mrs. H. Thomson, (Inglewood), lovely frock of sky blue silk taffetas, full skirt, inset with fine pale blue silk insertion, kimono bodice over a cream lace blouse outlined with a narrow silk fringe, pretty hat of a darker shade of blue veiled in a long flowing veil; Mrs. Clem Webster, very rich black silk taffetas, full skirt, with stitched band on hem, kimono bodice profusely trimmed with lovely cream silk insertion, Tuscan hat trimmed with pale pink roses and black satin bows; Mrs. Birdling, pale green and pink floral muslin, cream lace yoke, kimono shoulder straps trellised with pale green velvet bebe ribbon, pretty heliotrope chiffon hat with large white feather; Miss Hanna looked well in a scarlet muslin, slashed with white, deep cream lace yoke outlined with black lace insertion, pretty brown straw hat trimmed with pale blue ribbon and cream roses; Miss N. Hanna, pretty rose pink figured muslin, cream lace yoke, dark green hat, profusely trimmed with pale green tulle and pink roses; Mrs. Ab. Golwater, dark blue tweed costume figured with white, black feathered hat; Miss Goldwater, black and white check costume, with shoulder straps trellised with black velvet ribbon, cream tulle hat; Mrs. H. Goldwater, handsome black tucked silk, black feathered hat relieved with pale pink roses on bandeau; Mrs. Wright, pretty cream lace frock, folded silk belt, moss green hat trimmed with pale pink roses; Miss Calders, white embroidered muslin, cream straw hat with sprays of white roses; Mrs. Hall, black crepe de chine, cream lace scarf, toque to correspond; Miss Hall, pink floral muslin trimmed with Valenciennes lace and bands of pale green velvet bebe ribbon, white hat with pale pink roses; Mrs. D. Robertson, richly embroidered white silk, with tiny frills edged with Valenciennes lace, ecru coloured tulle hat trimmed with pale pink roses and moss green velvet bows; Miss Kirkby, pretty white embroidered muslin, dainty emerald green hat finished with sprays of lilac; Mrs. Capel, black silk taffetas relieved with white; Miss S. Capel, cream cloth Eton costume faced with silk, silk and lace vest, pretty pale pink chiffon hat; Miss N. Capel, a lovely pale blue silk taffetas, with folded bodice over cream lace blouse, pale blue tulle hat; Mrs. S. Nolan (nee Miss M. Capel), rich brown silk taffetas, kimono bodice over cream lace blouse, pretty hat to correspond; Miss Knight, cream tucked voile with silk blouse, black feathered hat; Mrs. Major (Hawera), lovely white figured silk lace vest, full skirt, inset with silk lace, dainty black feathered hat; Miss Penn, white insertioned muslin, white hat with pale pink roses; Mrs. Quilliam, black silk and cream lace frock, black feathered hat; Miss Quilliam, pretty turquoise blue, cream lace vest and revers, ecru hat with pale pink roses; Mrs. Blundell, pale green check tweed Eto costume, cream silk vest, hat to correspond; Miss Blundell, pale blue floral voile trimmed with cream lace, cream chiffon and crinoline straw hat; Miss Bayly, rich pale fawn and white striped silk, cream lace vest banded with black, brown hat with shaded petunia-coloured roses; Miss Bayly, charming frock of grey and white striped silk over glace, cream silk and lace vest, white and black picture hat relieved with pale pink roses on bandeau; Miss Read, pale green muslin with chenille spot of a darker shade, cream lace yoke and berthe, lace scarf, hat en suite; Miss Gray, green and white striped costume trimmed with moss green bands of velvet on skirt, cream lace vest, white hat with brown velvet and shaded roses; Mrs. Clarke, rich black chiffon voile over glace, bodice swapped with silk, moss green hat trimmed with pink roses and shaded ribbon; Miss N. Clarke, pretty white muslin inset with lace, white and rose pink hat, etc.

The annual championship tournament of the

NEW ZEALAND LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION

was opened on the New Plymouth Courts last Thursday (Boxing Day). Previous to it, it had been raining almost continuously for a week, but on the afternoon of Christmas Day there was a break, and a fresh breeze off the mountain dried the courts during the night, so on the open-

ing day they were in splendid order, and perfect weather prevailed during the whole of the tournament. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. Bennet (Blenheim), white muslin, deep Empire belt of moss green velvet, dark bottle green hat with navy blue ospreys; Mrs. Penn, pale heliotrope and green floral muslin with kimono shoulder straps finished with bands of pale heliotrope silk, cream lace yoke, moss green and violet hat; Miss Mackay, blue and white striped costume, burnt straw hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Harrison (Eltham), lovely cream lace frock, dainty black feathered picture hat; Miss Blennerhassett (Eltham) looked extremely well in a handsome frock of pale heliotrope floral silk muslin over glace kimono bodice, trellised with heliotrope velvet ribbon, over a cream lace blouse, pretty pale heliotrope hat with large white feathers; Miss Simpson, white silk, pale pink chiffon hat trimmed with sprays of white sweet peas, and black velvet; Miss Gray, lettuce green muslin, cream lace yoke, white hat with pale pink roses; Mrs. Bewley, dove grey voile, ruched kimono shoulder straps, cream lace yoke, relieved with pale blue bebe ribbon, black feathered hat; Miss C. Bayley, white embroidered muslin, black picture hat; Miss Percy Smith, white embroidered muslin, grey belt and hat relieved with pale pink roses; Miss T. Skinner, pale green muslin, trimmed with cream lace, cream hat with pale pink roses; Miss Bedford, white embroidered muslin, pale blue hat swathed with moss green tulle and shaded pink roses; Mrs. Paton, white muslin, black hat; Miss Govett, tussore silk, hat en suite; Miss Standish, pretty green and pink floral muslin with kimono shoulder straps bound with lettuce green silk, same coloured Empire belt, white feathered hat; Miss Cairncross (Eltham), white muslin inset with lace, long pale blue coat, burnt straw hat trimmed with autumn leaves; Miss M. Govett, cornflower blue linen, white hat; Mrs. Booth (Patea), white muslin, violet folded silk belt, white hat with violet wings; Mrs. Paget (Stratford): dainty white embroidered muslin frock, black feathered toque; Miss B. Webster, pale blue checked muslin, pretty pale blue tulle hat; Mrs. L. Webster, tussore silk, cream lace yoke, dainty rose pink chiffon hat piped with pale grey crinoline straw; Miss Kemp, pretty white muslin, with deep band of lace insertion on skirt, black hat; Mrs. J. Avery, black figured voile, pretty white and black bonnet; Miss A. Avery, pale pink floral voile, kimono bodice outlined with cream lace insertion, with cream tucked net vest, rose pink tulle hat with black feathers; Miss J. Fraser, black; Miss Hanna, white striped muslin, trimmed with frills of embroidery, rose pink sash, brown and pale blue hat with shaded roses; Miss N. Hanna, white muslin, inset with lace, dark green hat with pale green tulle and roses; Miss Lucas (Thames), pretty white silk, hat relieved with pale blue scarf; Miss Mathews, white muslin, pink floral ribboned shoulder straps and belt, pale pink tulle hat; Mrs. F. Thomson, white embroidered muslin, white and black hat; Mrs. Glasgow, white embroidered muslin, pale pink floral ribboned belt, white and black hat, with pink roses on bandeau; Miss O. King, cream tucked Eton costume, burnt straw hat trimmed with satin ribbon, finished with cornflowers on bandeau; Mrs. Cole, black costume, with kimono bodice over a cream lace blouse, relieved with pale blue ribbon, black feathered hat; Miss Hamilton, dark blue costume, heliotrope floral silk vest, black and white hat; Miss MacDiarmid, cream striped voile, burnt straw hat trimmed with biscuit-coloured ribbon; Mrs. H. Fookes, bottle-green voile, spotted with black, cream silk and lace vest, black hat relieved with pale pink roses; Mrs. H. Thomson (Inglewood), very handsome brown silk taffetas, kimono bodice over cream lace blouse, brown hat with shaded roses; Miss Ina Lewis (Auckland), white muslin and lace frock, shell pink chiffon hat; Mrs. H. Gray, grey check voile, with bands of black silk on bodice, cream lace vest, black and white hat; Miss Colson, white muslin, lace yoke, pretty pale blue tulle hat; Miss E. Bayley, cream costume, bodice prettily trimmed with lace, ecru coloured tulle and moss green hat; Miss Glynn (Manaia), pale blue and white striped muslin, cream hat swathed with tulle and autumn leaves; Miss Van Staverep, very pretty pale heliotrope floral muslin, with kimono bodice over cream lace blouse, large burnt straw hat, swathed with moss green tulle; Miss Deacon, cream costume, scarlet sash, hat to correspond; Miss Kerr, pale blue and white striped costume, white embroidered muslin blouse, pale blue tulle hat; Mrs. Roy, pale grey costume, black hat; Misses Roy (3); Miss Brewster, white tucked and insertioned muslin, ecru coloured hat, with pale pink roses; Miss Penn, pale pink muslin, white hat with pale pink roses and green tulle; Mrs. Fisher (Wellington), white muslin, large Tuscan hat, with green and white striped ribbon bows; Mrs. McHardy, pretty sea-green voile, with deep tucks on skirt, cream net and lace vest, black and white hat; Mrs. Carthew (senr.); Mrs. Lysons, sage-green striped voile, silk folded belt, cream lace vest, pale green and cream tulle hat, relieved with pale pink roses; Miss Kelly, white embroidered muslin, moss-green hat swathed with tulle; Miss M. Webster, cream spotted muslin, ecru-coloured hat trimmed with autumn leaves; Miss Shaw, grey check costume, with white muslin and lace blouse; Miss G. Shaw, pretty heliotrope muslin, with kimono shoulder straps, white blouse, hat to correspond; Mrs. Broome, pale blue and white check costume with shoulder straps, inset with white lace, white hat; Mrs. Johns, ecru coloured muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, biscuit-coloured hat relieved with a spray of violet flowers; Mrs. Wilkinson (Eltham), handsome black silk taffetas, with cream lace blouse under kimono bodice, cornflower blue hat trimmed with lovely blue feathers; Mrs. H. Stocker, white embroidered muslin, pale blue hat; Miss Stewart (Stratford), handsome chocolate and white striped silk, cream lace vest, full skirt, with deep corselet belt, pretty pale blue and white hat; Miss L. McAllum, pale pink and white striped muslin, hat to correspond; Mrs. C. Burgess, pretty costume of cream voile, lace, bolero edged with a narrow kilting of cream silk, Tuscan hat, trimmed with shaded brown silk roses; Mrs. C. Weston, rich black silk taffetas, cream silk and lace vest trimmed with black silk lace insertion, black feathered hat; Mrs. S. Smith, white linen costume, moss green belt, green tulle hat relieved with pale pink roses; Mrs. Quilliam, black silk, cream lace revers, black hat; Miss Quillam, white embroidered muslin, pale blue hat, with pink roses; Mrs. Harrison (Eltham), lovely pale blue silk muslin over white glace, kimono bodice over white silk muslin blouse, black feathered hat, grey feather boa; Mrs. Paget (Stratford), charming frock of navy blue and white striped silk over glace cream lace blouse, Tuscan hat with pale pink roses; Mrs. Archie Robertson, pale grey embroidered costume, cream lace vest, black feathered hat; Mrs. Evans, pretty black and white muslin, over white glace, black hat; Miss Humphries, black silk taffetas, cream lace vest and scarf, petunia-coloured hat; Miss K. Humphries, cream costume, hat to correspond; Miss Brett, pale blue muslin inset with white Valenciennes lace, black feathered hat; Mrs. Rollo, black silk, kimono bodice over cream lace blouse, pale blue hat, with cream and pale blue floral scarf; Mrs. Govett, handsome black and white striped silk muslin over glace, black feathered hat; Miss D. Govett, white embroidered muslin, lettuce green silk folded belt, white hat; Mrs. H. Good, cream Eton costume, shaded heliotrope hat; Mrs. N. King, pretty dark blue silk taffetas, cream silk vest, hat to correspond; Miss Evans, black and white check Eton costume, cream silk blouse, black hat with large white silk bows; Miss B. Evans, black and white muslin, trimmed with bands of black Valenciennes lace insertion, pretty white hat, with large black feather; Mrs. W. Bayly, rich black silk; Miss C. Bayly, grey striped silk with cream lace blouse, black and white hat; Mrs. Courtney, grey costume, black hat; Miss McKellar, dainty lettuce green muslin, cream lace vest and shoulder straps inset with same, black hat with white roses; Miss Travers (Wellington), white embroidered muslin, inset with lace, Tuscan hat, with forget-me-nots and loops of shaded ribbon; Mrs. Valentine, pale heliotrope tucked muslin, black Empire belt, and black feathered hat; Miss Wade, charming frock of lettuce green muslin over glace, cream lace vest and revers, moss green satin-ribboned belt, ecru coloured hat; Mrs. Russell (Napier), lovely hand-painted pink and blue chiffon frock over glace, with kimono bodice over cream lace blouse, outlined with moss green velvet, moss green velvet on hem of skirt, black hat, with shaded ribbon; Miss F. Evans, pretty white embroidered muslin, with kimono shoulder straps threaded with black velvet ribbon, black chiffon hat; Miss M. Evans, white muslin, black belt; Miss S. Thomson, cream Eton costume, shaded roses in hat; Mrs. Addenbrooke, pretty black and white muslin with bands of Valenciennes lace, black feathered hat; Mrs. Butler, biscuit-coloured muslin, cream lace yoke, black hat.

NANCY LEE.

## PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, Dec. 27.

A SURPRISE EUCHRE PARTY,

arranged by the Misses Bell, visted Mrs. Renell, Linton-street, on Friday last. Miss Smith and Miss Levin played off for the ladies' first prize, the former winning and receiving a silver-mounted toilette bottle. Mr. E. Bell won the men's prize, a silk handkerchief. Miss Hayward and Mr. Robertson were the boobies, but were comforted when presented with Christmas bags of sweets. A dainty supper was served in the dining-room, yellow daisies being effectively used for the floral decorations. After supper there was music and singing. Mrs. Renell, Miss R. Levin, Miss Hayward and Messrs. Rankin, Robertson and Smith contributing items. Mrs. Renell wore a pretty frock of white embroidered muslin, touches of pale blue on bodice; Miss Bell, white muslin and lace, red silk sash; Miss G. Bell, white muslin and lace, pale blue silk scarf; Miss Hayward, wine coloured velvet, cream lace insertion threaded with broad wine-coloured satin ribbon trimming the bodice; Miss Waldegrave, cream delaine skirt, white muslin and lace blouse; Miss Caverhill (Christchurch), pink muslin, Paris lace yoke; Miss Randolph, blue silk with cream lace berthe, single crimson rose on corsage; Miss Smith, bright pink voile, lace and pink silk trimming bodice; Miss Porter, cream silk and lace, cluster of deep crimson carnations on bodice; Miss Levin, green silk with floral silk belt, cream lace, and cluster of pink roses on corsage; Miss R. Levin, cream and pink striped silk frock, cream lace on bodice; Miss Preece, white silk and lace; Miss F. Preece, cream silk and lace, electric green silk sash; Miss Currie, white muslin and lace, floral silk sash; Messrs. Renell, Smith, Robertson, Caw, Russell, Waldegrave (2), Bell and Dr. Pope.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE SUMMER MEETING OF THE MANAWATU RACES

was held at Awapuni on last Saturday. Everything tended to make the meeting successful, the weather, usually such a dreadful anxiety, was on its best behaviour. The course never looked prettier, the flower beds were a blaze of gorgeous colouring, and the attendance quite up to expectations. The old familiar sound of "bookies" was heard again, and although it may be doubtful taste, a great many people like the excitement of the noise, and consider races tame without them. Some pretty frocks I noticed were: Mrs. A. E. Russel, wearing a deep fawn toilette, long net lace scarf, fawn hat with tips of same shade; Miss Russell, deep rose pink, white muslin blouse with rose-pink straps, pink hat with pink tips and green flowers; Miss Trixie Russell, pale pink frilled muslin, bodice trimmed with lace, white feather boa, cream hat with pink roses; Miss Snow, cream and pink floral muslin, pale blue straw hat, with loops of glace ribbon and pink and crimson roses; Mrs. R. S. Abraham, grey coat and skirt, cream cloth embroidered collar and cuffs, burnt straw hat with black glace loops; Miss Abraham, cream and pale green floral muslin, green silk sash, wine-coloured straw hat with silk trimming of same shade, and fawn quill; Miss Marjory Abraham, cream and pink floral muslin, skirt and bodice trimmed with narrow frills of Valenciennes, cream Leghorn hat with cream, pink and crimson roses; Mrs. Harold Abraham, cream with narrow black stripe Eton coat and skirt, skirt and coat trimmed with narrow black velvet braid and black tassels, pale blue straw hat with black trimming; Miss Hewitt, white muslin and lace, pale pink hat with deeper shade of pink silk loops; Miss Barraud, champagne frock with shoulder straps embroidered in Wedgwood blue, white hat with white embroidered chiffon; Mrs. Walter Strang, white embroidered muslin, large cream Leghorn hat, with flowers; Mrs. Jack Strang, in white, with burnt straw hat with pink and green

feathers; Mrs. Lionel Abraham, white muslin, pale blue silk shoulder straps, black hat with black tips and white aigrette; Mrs. Putnam, embroidered champagne toilette, pale blue straw hat, with deeper shade of blue and mauve roses; Miss Reed (Wellington), navy blue striped coat and skirt, deep fawn collar and cuffs, large burnt straw hat with black glace trimming; Mrs. Hankins in navy blue with long navy lustre coat, navy hat with deep crimson flowers; Mrs. F. S. McRae, long grey and white striped dust coat, cream hat with pink flowers; Mrs P. Sim, cream embroidered silk, made with an Eton coat, cream Leghorn hat, with pink roses; Mrs H Waldegrave, cream and pink frilled floral muslin, cream and black check dust coat, cream hat with white net crown and large pink rose; Miss Margaret Waldegrave, pale green and white striped linen frock, pale blue hat, with pale green and blue aigrettes; Mrs Louisson, white embroidered muslin, very becoming black hat with black feather; Mrs J. P. Innes, cream and pale blue floral muslin, pale blue hat with silk and hops; Mrs Fitzherbert, navy coat and skirt, white cloth collar, white and black straw hat with black glace and black and white marguerites; Mrs Loughnan, grey and white striped muslin, black plumed hat; Mrs F. Pratt, black coat and skirt, white lace collar, burnt straw hat with black glace and black and yellow cowslips; Miss Elsie McLennan, light grey Eton coat and skirt, pale blue hat with blue flowers; Miss Randolph, fawn linen coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with brown tulle and shaded brown feather; Mrs Broad, in pale pink, brown velvet ribbon trimming bodice, brown sash, white hat with white tulle and white tips; Mrs G. Sim, white embroidered muslin, cream hat with pink roses. Mrs. C. Harden, an effective cream costume with narrow black stripe, black hat with black feather; Mrs A. Fitzherbert (Feilding), in cream, narrow green velvet ribbon trimming bodice, band of green velvet at foot of skirt, green hat; Mrs (Dr.) Wilson in white, blue hat; Mrs D. O. Shute, white embroidered muslin, floral silk belt, black hat with black feather; Mrs Keeling, white embroidered muslin, large cream hat with silk bows; Mrs W. Bendall, fawn Eton coat and skirt, brown hat; Mrs Moeller, pale blue muslin, white lace yoke, pale blue hat with black rose; Mrs McGill, white muslin, black hat with black feather; Mrs Wallace, navy blue lustre, white muslin blouse with blue straps, green hat; Mrs Pickett, white and pale blue floral muslin, black hat with black tips; Mrs J. Bell, in grey, with long grey coat, cream hat with pink and crimson roses; Mrs A. Bell, white embroidered muslin, white hat with pink flowers; Miss Gemmell, cream and pink floral muslin, green hat with blue cornflowers; her sister in white linen, with pale blue silk belt, white hat with pale blue silk drape; Mrs Jounnaux, long cream coat worn over linen frock, cream hat with black glace bows.

TENNIS.

There was a general tea at the Palmerston Tennis Court on Saturday, but on account of the races, the attendance was Those present included Mrs Thompson, limited. Mrs Thompson acted as hostess. Mrs Fuller, Miss Waldegrave, Miss Trixie Waldegrave, Miss Caver-Hill (Christchurch), Miss Porter, Miss A. Reed, Miss Wilson, Miss Smith, Messrs Thompson, Swanson (2), Collins, Clark, Wray, Caw, Waldegrave, Reed and a few others.

Mrs A. Ward, Featherston-street, gave a birthday party for her little daughter last week. Only very little people were present. There was a Christmas tree and real Father Christmas provided for the pleasure of the children.

VIOLET.

## WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, December 27.

Christmas passed off gaily to the tune of toy trumpets and various squeaky balloons. There were more people than ever in town this year, a great many of them being strangers, and the trams were crowded. A great many residents have gone off to the country and seaside for the next few weeks. Apropos of this, it is interesting to note how rapidly the Marlborough Sounds are coming into favour. Picton is the headquarters of many parties, who camp in the picturesque bays of Queen Charlotte Sound, or find accommodation in some of the many farmhouses about there. Others go further afield into Pelorus Sound, while the French Pass and D'Urville Island each claim a contingent.

The last event of any importance in social affairs was

THE BIG CONCERT GIVEN BY THE MUSICAL UNION

as their final of the season. "Israel in Egypt" was the work chosen, and the performance was most satisfactory. There was scarcely standing room in the big hall, and if the audience had had their way, several items would have been encored. Mrs. Mitchell, who was very successful in the contralto solos, wore pale blue taffetas, with a good deal of guipure lace about it. Mr. E. J. Hill received quite an ovation for his tenor solo. Among the audience were: Lady Stoue, wearing black crepe de chine, with a collar of Maltese lace; Mrs. Hsilop, black taffetas; Mrs. Cachemaille, white crystalline, with lace yoke; Mrs. Sprott, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Coleridge, black chiffon taffetas, and ivory lace; Miss Van Staveren, white muslin, and lace bretelles; Miss — Van Staveren, white crystalline; Mrs. Quick, black brocade; Miss Laing-Meason, ecrue lace blouse, and taffetas skirt; Mrs. Burnett, black chiffon glace; Mrs. Richmond, black crepe de chine; Miss Hursthouse, white muslin, with lace yoke; Miss Hennah, ivory satin and lace; Mrs. Palmer, white crystalline, with lace bretelles; Miss Harding, ivory colienne; Mrs. Wilson, black chiffon, glace and ecrue lace; Mrs. Webb, black crepe de chine, with lace yoke.

It was with dismay that we learned that Government House is to be given up next session to Parliamentary purposes. It will certainly affect social affairs a good deal, even if his Excellency does occupy a private house meantime. One shudders to think of Lady Plunket's dainty boudoir and the charming living rooms invaded by a horde of men, who would be indifferent to their surroundings, and would the odour of tobacco smoke ever be expelled? It is a relief to hear that the sesion will probably be a very short one in view of the general elections.

I believe that the Government are trying to secure Mr. T. C. Williams' residence in Hobson-street for his Excellency's occupation, but nothing is yet definitely known.

OPHELIA.

## CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, December 27.

A CONVERSAZIONE

which was arranged by the Canterbury College Board of Governors, took place in the Canterbury College Hall on Monday, December 23rd, and was a most enjoyable and successful affair. The idea, and a very good one it was, was to welcome home the members of the sub-Antarctic expedition, and say farewell to the British Antarctic expedition. The gathering was presided over by Mr. G. W. Russell (chairman of the Board of Governors), and there were present Lieutenant Shackleton and several members of his expedition. Dr. Cockayne, Dr. Coleridge, Farr, and other local members of the sub-Antarctic expedition, and a number of friends of the guests of the evening, Mr. E. C. Hogg (president of the Canterbury Philosophical Institute), Dr. and Mrs. Chilton, Mrs. Coleridge Farr, Mr. and Mrs. Beaven-Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wood, Miss Wood, Mrs. and Miss Waymouth, Miss Grant, Miss Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith Page, Miss Kaye, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Williams, Miss Williams, Mr. J. J. Kinsey, Dr. and Mrs. Diamond, Dr. Alice Moorhouse, Mrs. G. W. Russell, Mrs. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. McBeth, Mr. and Mrs. R. Speight, Dr. and Mrs. Symes, Miss Symes, Mr. and Mrs. Waite, the Rabbi and Mrs. Bernstein, Mr. and Mrs. Hallenstein and many others. The proceedings were most interesting. Short speeches were made by Mr. Russell, Mr. E. C. Hogg, Lieutenant Shackleton, Dr. Coleridge Farr, and Dr. Cockayne, who gave an illustrated lecture dealing with the work of the Sub-Antarctic expedition. Views were shown of the different places visited, together with photographs relating to the Dundonald wreck, and its survivors. Musical items were given by the Cathedral Quartette Party, and this exceedingly pleasant gathering came all too soon to a close.

DOLLY VALE.

## The Herring Fisherv of the North Sea.

By James Blyth.

Most of us learnt in our childhood that the sole earned its wry mouth by calling rude names after the herring, which had just won the sovereignty of fish by proving that it was fastest. "The naked herring!" called out the sole. "Yah! The naked herring!" And so it was smitten by those who protect dignities.

It would be hard to prove the herring's title to his kingdom by his pace in these days. Coal-fish, dogs, porpoises, cod, all chase and catch the huge shoal of herring which make their way down the coast at periodical intervals.

But King Herring has a greater claim to the admiration of man than swimming rapidly. He is, without exception, the finest and most abundant food which either sea or land can supply. He need fear no rival when cooked before he has stiffened in death. He will take salt and smoke better than any other fish. He will "keep good" when high-dried longer than any other uncanned savoury food, and his supply is practically inexhaustible.

### THREE SEASONS.

On our east coast we have three herring seasons. The spring herring, when only the fish caught in the long-shore punts close to land are worth eating, and tons of the North Sea "razor-backed fish" (as they are locally called by reason of their thinness) are thrown away or bought by inland farmers for manure.

Then come the "midsummers," of which the long-shore variety are, perhaps, the finest of all for eating fresh, though they have no roes like their Martinmas relatives. These run, I think, larger than the autumn supply.

But these two "fishings" are mere incidents in the herring industry. The number of boats engaged is small, and the quantity of fish caught insignificant. It is the Martinmas fishing that counts, and has been of prime importance to Yarmouth and Lowestoft ever since the former rose from the mouth of the Hierus Fluvius a thousand years ago.

This year, however, the home fishing has been exceptionally late. Usually the herring have reached Yarmouth in their southward migration by the third week in September, and by the second week in October all the Scotch boats and local drifters which have followed the shoals down from Aberdeen (or even further north) have arrived to take up their quarters in either the Norfolk or the Suffolk port. But this season, owing, no doubt, to the mildness of the weather, the herring have delayed their arrival at "Smith's knoll"—a favourite spot for them off Yarmouth—and there are still many scotch craft, and a few local boats, which are landing their catches at Grimsby.

### TRIUMPH OF THE STEAMERS.

Twenty years ago hardly a steam drifter was to be seen. Now the majority of the home boats are steamers, and but for the 800 Scotch luggers the sailing craft would be hopelessly outnumbered.

The steam drifter is a fine, well-built craft, between sixty and seventy tons in measurement, with a length of from 70ft. to 80ft. and a beam or width of 17ft. or 18ft. It is true that this year some monsters have come south from Scotland, some of which must be nearly 100 tons. But the figures given above are about the average.

A new boat, with her engines, nets, warps, buoys, etc., complete, is worth at least £3,000. Each boats "shoots" two miles of nets. These used to be about "twenty-score mesh," or 30ft., in depth. But of late years the Scotch style of net has come into favour, which is only sixteen or eighteen score mesh deep, with a wider mesh or finer thread or fewer "ply." All nets are now made by machinery, though they still have to be repaired by hand when they are brought in torn by weather or some mischevious craft.

### "SHOOTING" THE NETS.

The nets are "shot" over the boat's "quarter," and are kept upright, like a wall, by heavy cables called "warps" fastened below, while they are floated by

ENGLISH LADIES' HOCKEY—HERTFORD V. ESSEX AT BRONBOURNE, ESSEX.

Essex intercepting a pass. Essex were victors by two goals to one.

INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY—ENGLAND V. IRELAND AT RICHMOND.

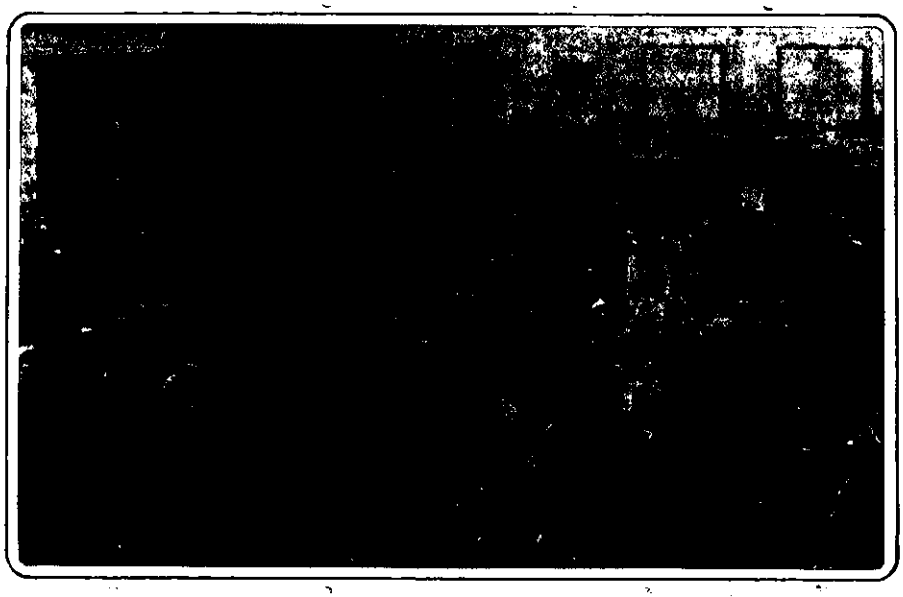
England pressing. Ireland were beaten by seven goals to three.

a number of buoys on the surface. The wall of nets drifts with the tide, and the boat it belongs to drifts with it without being under way. The herring swim into the nets, thrust their heads through the meshes and are held by the gills. When a "strike" has taken place (and sometimes so heavy or powerful are the thousands of fish which are entangled in the meshes that the large buoys are almost submerged) the nets are "hauled," and the fish are shaken out from the meshes into the fish-well as the nets come aboard.

It may interest the reader to consider the extent of this east coast fishing. At its height there are, say, 1,200 Scotch boats, 260 Lowestoft boats, and 200 Yarmouth boats. There is a contingent from Shields and a few other English ports, so that it is not an exaggeration to put the number of boats at 1,700. These are never all fishing together. But it is certainly not beyond the mark to

MRS. W. W. CROCKER'S BULL-DOG, "TRADDLES."

(First and three Second Prizes.)



JUDGING.

THE HON. MRS. McLAREN MORRISON'S LHASA TERRIER, TARA.

First and champion foreign dog in the Show.

HER MAJESTY'S BORZOI, "SANDRINGHAM MOSCOW"

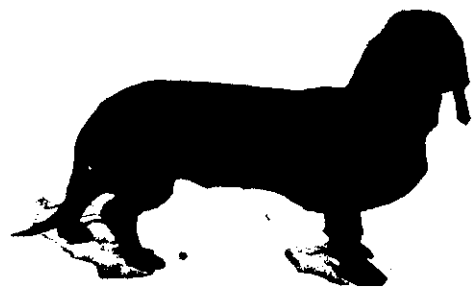
(First in Limit).

HER MAJESTY'S BASSET HOUND, "SANDRINGHAN DIDO"

(First and Second).

MRS. CARLO F. C. CLARKE'S BULLDOG, MERSHAM SHEM.

First and best non-sporting, and reserve to best dog in the Show.



MISS E. WOOD'S DACHSHUND "VELMA."

(First and Second Prizes.)

## THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION DOG SHOW.

say that occasionally 1,000 craft are all fishing together. Each craft shoots, at an average, about two miles of nets. So that there are two thousand miles of nets drifting, drifting, waiting for the shoals of silver herring to become entangled in their meshes.

A good night's catch is 20 lasts, or 200 crans. A cran is 1,320 fish, and a last ten times as many. The last is supposed to be ten thousand. But, then, a hundred herrings are (according to local count) 132. Last year some very high prices were realised, as much as £2 a cran, or £20 a last, being realised for fresh fish, so that a catch of 20 lasts would bring in £400. I do not think these figures have been reached. But a boat has made £350 for a night's fishing.

To come to the curing, a perfect bloater should be washed and salted almost before it stiffens. Then, when it has a sufficient "tang" of salt to give it a "smack," it should be hung up "for one night only" in the smoke of smouldering oak billets. In the morning let it be taken off the riving-stick, headed and gutted, and grilled for breakfast.

Kippers are split, cleaned, and packed in layers and so dry-salted. All fish are sweeter for being dry-salted. Brine is sometimes used so often as to become foul. But a dry-salted fish is purged of blood and all offence. Then they are hung up. A famous firm of kippering merchants have hung up as many as fifteen lasts of fresh fish in one night.

The export trade has increased enormously of late years. In 1904 nearly 318,000 barrels were exported from Yarmouth alone. Now, as I write, there are three large steamers waiting in the harbour for cargoes for Hamburg and other ports on the east side of the North Sea.

Probably there is no commercial investment that pays better than to be the owner of a lucky steam drifter. In one year the owners of one have been known to take £2,000 as there share. Not a bad sum for interest on the £3,000 which the boat cost. That is exceptional. But high figures are not.—"London Express."

"LITTLE MISCHIEF."

Child Study by Ellerbeck, Newton.

### AT CHATEAU NOUVEAU.

"Don't you think," asked Mrs Oldcastle, "that Mrs Farnsworth indulges in a good many peccadilloes?" "Does she?" replied her hostess as she unfastened her 50 guinea bracelet. "I thought the doctor had put her on a diet of prunes and uncooked things."

## Nothing New Under the Sun.

The scientific journals are finding out from their back files that the pneumatic tyre and the X-rays were both matters of half a century ago. One of these journals finds in its issue of May 8th, 1847, the following paragraph: "A number of cabs with newly-invented wheels have just been put on the pave. The novelty consists in the entire absence of springs. A hollow tube of indiarubber, about a foot in diameter, inflated with air, en circles each wheel in the manner of a tyre, and with the addition of this simple but novel appendage the vehicle glides noiselessly along, affording the greatest possible amount of cab comfort to the passengers." And the following in another issue of the same year: "A Belgian savant says he has just discovered that electric light directed on the human body makes it so diaphanous as to enable the arteries, veins and nerves to be seen at work, and their action to be studied." Whether this light was produced by the methods such as those used by Rontgen is not known, but its properties seem to have been somewhat similar.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION

BY MARGUERITE

FETE GOWNS.

(1). Dress of crepe de chine, tunic and bolero of embroidery. (2). Cross-over shoulder cape, terminating in long ends of pink and white striped silk, trimmed with black chenille.


LACE BLOUSE.

A FRENCH MODEL.


Captain Brown
MA, PERHAPS I WONT LIKE THIS SCHOOL
1
YOU HANG AROUND HERE EVERY NIGHT I MIGHT NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE
2
WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM AND MAKE A SOLDIER OF HIM
DO YOU LIKE IT HERE ?
NO
3
DO THEY THINK I'LL STAND THIS ? EVEN IF I AM A DEMOCRAT. NO NOT FOR LITTLE BUSTER.
TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP IS NOT ALOUD DREAMING IS ALSO PROHIBITED
6 A.M.
4
THE BOSS SAYS YOU'RE DRUM PLAYING IS ON THE BUM BUM - YOU CANT MARCH FAST ENOUGH
BOYS MILITARY BAND OF AMERICA
5
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT AS FAR AS YOU'VE GONE, COMRADE ?
I REFUSE TO ANSWER ON THE ADVICE OF MY LAWYER
BROWN YOU'RE DUE FOR SENTINEL DUTY TO-NIGHT
YOU'RE STUNG BUSTER.
6


ALL FOR GLORY
THE SOLDIER'S LIFE
PUT MY UNIFORM ON. QUICK TIGE
I'M A DOG OF WAR NOW
MA
WHY! SONNY BROWN
SUPPOSE THEY SHOULD COURT-MARSHAL US FOR DESERTING
I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME HOME AGAIN BUSTER
RESOLVED
THAT I DONT WANT TO BE A SOLDIER BECAUSE I DONT BELIEVE IN WAR OR FIGHTING. THERE WOULD NOT BE ANY WAR IF EVERYONE WAS HONEST AND MINDED HIS OWN BUSINESS "THOU SHALT NOT KILL" "THOU SHALT NOT COVET". THESE ARE THE ONES THAT ARE BEING BROKEN IN WARFARE.
IF THEY SEND ME TO AN ARBITRATION SCHOOL I'LL GO. WAR IS A RELIC OF BARBARISM-"PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN" SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD TO FATHER IF WE KEEP THE GOLDEN RULE BOYS, AND WEAR A PLEASANT SMILE, THERE WONT BE ANY FIGHTING TO DO B.B
I GUESS I WILL GO
10


### AFTER AN EARLY EPIGRAM.

Cholly Lighthead, ravished by a smile
From Dolly Footlights in a public place,
Exclaimed with ardour, in theatrical style:
"Dame Nature never formed so fair a face!"

By chance the silly fool was in the right;
'Twas paint and powder and electric light.

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"Now, wouldn't it be funny," said Poplev, playfully, "if I were to become a little boy again?"

"Mebbe it wouldn't be so funny for you, pa," replied his bright young son. "If you was to be littler'n me, pa, I think I'd square up a few things."

### ON THE JOB.

"Oh, yes; I know them all. The first one was Speeder, the young millionaire He thinks nothing of a ninety mile gait."
"Indeed? Who's the second?"
"That's Dr. Van Knifem, the celebrated surgeon."
"Well! And the third?"
"Makum Luke Natchral, the fashionable undertaker."
"Great! Who's the ——"
"The fourth belongs to a hustling young florist."

### ONE OR THE OTHER.

The girl who always ponders twice
Ere she speaks once, by gum!
Is either very, very nice,
Or else she's deaf and dumb.

### A QUERY.

Why should we call the women "dear,"
Nor speak of men that way?
Each man has got his price, we hear,
Yet brides are given away.

ASK HIM.

Female Picnicker: "Look, Charley! There comes a man from a balloon!"
Her Companion: "I wonder what he wants with us!"—("Puck.")

Missionary: "Sire, my daughter."
King of All the Cannibals: "Pleased to m—eat you."