

Items, Grave and Gay

CONTRIBUTED BY "GRAPHIC" READERS.

A DOUBLE WARNING.

My mother was very subject to dreams, and very often small events happened as she had dreamed. One morning she was very excited, saying she had dreamed of a fire; but, owing to the flame and smoke she could not tell what house it was. She said the roof fell in with a crash, which awoke her. She was excited the whole day, expecting she knew not what, but believing the old superstition that to dream of fire meant hasty news, and that she would hear of someone's death.

Early next morning father was awakened by hearing mother scream, "Be quick!" He shook her, and when she awoke, she said she had again dreamed of the fire, and was so nervous that father wished her to go and stay with grandma, in the country, for a change.

He hurried her off by the 7.30 a.m. train, and she reached Barton before 8 a.m. As soon as she alighted from the train, the stationmaster, who had known her from a child, said, "Why, Hetty, however did you get to hear about it?" She looked dazed, and said, "About what?" He said, "About the fire." Mother almost fainted, but gasped "What fire?" He said, "Your mother's house was burnt down two hours ago, and she was in it!"

MISS G. EVANS.

Otahuhu.

SAVED FROM THE WRECK OF THE TARARUA.

About twenty-five years ago, one stormy night, the steamer Tararua was wrecked off Waipapa Point on the Southland coast, and few were saved among the large number of passengers who were travelling from Dunedin to Melbourne.

One of the crew managed to swim ashore. The coast was covered with dense bush, no houses were near; he wandered about seeking for a track which, when found and followed for some miles, led to a station. Here he got together a relief party, but the vessel as now half submerged, with no boats or appliances at hand, they could only await the end, and assist those who were washed ashore alive.

A well-known citizen of Dunedin had intended sailing from that port in the Tararua, but a week before her departure he related to his wife a dream he had about the vessel being on the rocks on the New Zealand coast, and he floating in the water. So impressed was he by the dream that his wife advised him to go to Invercargill by rail and take his berth there. He did so, and was dumb-founded when news arrived of the disaster, but thankful for obeying the warning of his dream.

BERTHA BERHENDT.

Taihape.

THE BISHOP AND THE BOY.

A bishop was looking up his flocks That dwelt away in the far backblocks; The mud was deep upon the track, And on the bishop's face and back.

He stopped at last at a widow's inn, To cleanse his reverend muddy skin. The widow was in a fluster and stir Of pride, at his lordship's visiting her.

She hurried the youth who worked as groom, To take hot water to the bishop's room. "Mind that you knock, you hobble-de-hoy, And politely say, 'My Lord, it's the boy.'"

The lad grew flurried, and shy, and shaking,

His heart, as he knocked at the door, was quaking.

"Who's there?" cried the bishop, completely floored, As answer came, "My boy, it's the Lord!"

Avondale. —Anonymou.

A DREAM REALISED—(A FACT).

As I sat on my couch at twilight, Dreaming of by-gone days; The church-bells rang out clear and bright,

Calling the people to prayer and praise. A drowsy feeling came o'er me, And I sank into troubled sleep. When a vision arose to my inner sight With a power that was strange and deep.

The house of a friend well-known to me Rose dimly before my eyes, But wrapt in a curious darkness, And from it arose faint cries. I awoke with a painful shudder and start, And pondered on what I had seen; Then felt, if I acted a friendly part, I must seek to unravel my dream.

The house (like my vision) stood gloomy and dark; I entered, at the back, with foreboding at heart,

When a burglar from one of the rooms rushed out And made for the front, with the speed of a dart.

He thought, no doubt, the church service was o'er And instead of one person, there might be more; I stood for one moment then went to the church,

To get help from someone, in case there might be A pal of the burglar's in waiting for me.

A child had been left asleep in a room, Who was saved by my dream from fright; And the goods of my friends piled up to take,

Were left by the burglar that night.

Hastings. —MISS E. T. BOGLE.

CENTO VERSES.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;

Unvexed with anxious cares, and void of strife!

The poetry of earth is ceasing never! That gives thy gestures grace and life.

When you bright star hath risen to warn me home,

Our paths grow wider, as the seasons creep,

Shrined in his heart, and there adorned alone;

The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep.

—Miss Penney, Epsom.

LEAP YEAR LIMERICKS.

A young Epigram "Sport" loved Miss Muir With intentions platonic and pure—

Though no deer on the ice

Was so timed as he,

She has "bagged" him this leap year for sure.

—"Vera."

A dashing young girl of St. Clare Determined her heart's fate to dare,

When the brute had the cheek

To ask for a week,

She left with her nose in the air.

—J. Tanner, Te Puke.

Said a gallant young beau, "Well, I'm bless'd,

It's too bad to let girls make 'the quest' Though it's leap year, 'tis true,

Yet from my point of view,

They must all in the task feel oppressed!" (Oh pressed).

Mrs M. M. Davy, Taihape.

There was a young lady named Steddum, Who told all the boys she would wed 'em;

But they replied "No;

Not for Joe, if we know"—

So good-bye to leap year and Miss Steddum.

A whole year's subscription of "Graphic," Now that's a proposal seraphic;

So, editor dear,

Just send it straight here,

And we'll vote "Good success to the 'Graphic.'"

Miss G. R. Jones, Mt. Eden.



GRAHAM'S

Patent
Permanent



FOOT ROT CURE

A 10/- TIN will PERMANENTLY Cure 250 Sheep.

TESTIMONIALS from leading Squatters throughout the Dominion. Ask your Storekeeper or write direct to
104 VICTORIA ARCADE, AUCKLAND, Or, 184 GLOUCESTER STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

BEWARE of Imitations.

All Tins MUST
bear this Trade Mark and
Signature.

