

ing, for so clothed were the sides of the kopje with loose stones and boulders that no one could make the ascent without sending across of these rattling to the bottom. The only danger would be miscalculation on my part of his nearness and a premature disclosure of the fact that I was still alive. Strange to say, I did not then entertain a thought of the possibility of his working round so as to take me in the rear. I calculated only on a front attack, and I was right.

From my ears, strained to the utmost, caught a hint of his approach. I made no move till I judged him close by. Then, like a flash, I sprang up, with the heavy missile poised in hand. The movement was well timed for Schreiner was not six yards off.

The piece of sandstone, huried with all the skill and force of which I was capable, struck him fair on his forehead, and he went down under the stroke like a bullock in the shambles.

I need not dwell upon what followed. With much pain from my wounded leg, I descended the kopje (securing Schreiner's rifle in the passage), and crawled over to my horse. Before nightfall I was safe among friends, and had the satisfaction of learning that my injury would not long incapacitate me from serving under the old flag.

CHRISTMAS

"Graphic" Story Competition

PRIZES 1901

- First Prize 25 0 0
- Second Prize 25 0 0
- Third Prize 25 0 0
- Fourth Prize 25 0 0

The Stories MUST NOT be less than 4000 or more than 5000 words in length, and free from anything unsuitable for all classes of readers. It will be seen by Rule 5 that the broadest scope is allowed. So that the scene of the story is laid in New Zealand, the choice of subjects is unlimited.

NOTICE TO AUTHORS

1. A Motto instead of the writer's name must be written under the title of the story. The author's real name must be enclosed in a separate envelope addressed to the Editor, and ALL SUCH ENVELOPES MUST HAVE THE MOTTO AND WORDS "STORY COMPETITION" ON THE TOP LEFT CORNER. This envelope must be placed in the MS. packet, but MUST BE POSTED SEPARATELY. It must also contain a declaration that the work is original and on-ly the sender's own.

2. Every MS. must be prepaid, and if left open at both ends will be carried at book rates. It must be addressed "Editor NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland-st." AND OUTSIDE THE WRAPPER, ABOVE THE ADDRESS, MUST BE CLEARLY INSCRIBED THE MOTTO MENTIONED IN RULE 1.

3. Any competitor who may desire to have his MS. returned in the event of it not being successful must clearly state his wish in a note attached to the above declaration, and must also enclose stamps for return postage. When such a desire is not expressed the MS. will become the property of the GRAPHIC.

4. All Contributions must reach the Office before May 15th, 1901.

5. Choice of subjects rests with the writer, BUT THE SCENE MUST BE LAID IN NEW ZEALAND AND BE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO NEW ZEALANDERS. It may deal with any subject, natural, supernatural, love, heroism, adventure, life on the gumfields, gold mines, or country, search for treasure, fighting, or peace; in fact, anything bright and interesting, and free from anything unsuitable for family reading.

6. Write clearly, on one side of the paper only.

7. Writers who fail to comply with the above simple rules and conditions will be rigorously disqualified.

Twixt Smiles and Tears

The curtain had risen four times upon the last tableau of the last act. The star had appeared with the more prominent members of her company; then with the most prominent members; then with the leading men. With the delighted audience continued to applaud, and the star appeared alone. She smiled and bowed, with a faintly perceptible pleasure in her own triumph that, to those persons in the audience who saw and understood, was of all her charms the most appealing.

She had many charms. She was very young, and most delicately, most exquisitely, pretty. She had reached her height through careful and unceasing labour; through no bitterness, no failure, no disappointment. Sometimes she had been tried, but never had been hurt; never had she been crushed. Because she was like a lily, the absence of ironlike experience had been happily adapted to her unfolding. She was faintly sweet and ethereal.

Her quaint costume of dull green satin, garland of pearls, and unexpected touches of white lace and black velvet was peculiarly becoming to her. It merely emphasised her.

She held a fold of her gown in one hand and lifted her eyes as she stood before the fascinated men and women who crowded the theatre. The critic, who sat in the balcony that she might not see him, left his seat, and went rapidly down the wide stairs behind the scenes.

He waited at the door of the star's dressing-room, his lips very firmly closed. The star, still holding a fold of her gown, came lightly from the stage. She still smiled with parted lips, and still kept herself in her role.

When she saw the critic she started, with a little gesture of surprise. "What is this that I see before me?" she said, with dainty playfulness.

The critic looked not unlike the picture of St. Anthony. Some persons might, from his appearance, have expected to find him before the altar in a dim chapel; not before the door of the star's dressing-room in a fashionable theatre.

"Do you wish me to make a few remarks—about how frightened I was just before I made my first appearance? I wasn't—not a bit. I never get frightened until I am in the last act. But you needn't put that in. What have you said about me? Do tell me!" She smiled winningly at the critic, not altogether unaware of her charms.

The critic took her hand. "No; I have something personal to say to you. Please come out of your part, and be yourself now."

The star laughed. "What is myself?" she said musingly. She led the way into her dressing-room and dismissed her maid.

"Well," she said, toying with her garland of pearls. "The critic gazed at her thoughtfully. "Well, it's nothing new. I just ask you again to marry me. Why don't you, Myrtle? You needn't give up anything."

"Why do you ask me again now?" said the star. "I told you that I didn't love you. But that, enough reason?"

The critic looked into her bright face. He wondered when she would again be herself, as she had not been since she became a star—nay, the remote possibility of a star.

"No, it isn't enough. I know that it can't be all the reason. It never is. The reason is always the other thing loved."

The star seemed absently to listen. "Yes, the other thing loved is always the reason—almost always," she said, slowly. "Why don't you ask me who—do you mean who—it is?" she asked, with sudden gaiety.

"I try not to presume," the critic said, gravely. "Then," said the star, with a warmth that she was certain left in the critic's mind no doubt of its sincerity. "then I will tell you. I love my life, my work, my part, more than you. Yes," as the critic said, "I do. I love to play my part; I love to get into the soul of my part, and be it. I am so many persons all in one; I like to take turns being them. I even like to dress up. I like to see myself in photographs as Juliet, as Parthenia, as—as I am now."

"But you could keep on," began the critic.

"No," said the star. "I couldn't—really. My mind would be turned aside. I would neither be doing it, nor giving it up. I love it, I tell you, and nothing shall come between me and

it. The love of it is in my veins. And then, because I love it, and because I feel so many persons, I can do it. And because I can, I must. Don't you see? We must be the largest thing—the real thing we can be. We have no right to waste our gifts—to waste ourselves. I can act, and so I must act. It's the responsibility of being able to do it: If I can sing, I have no right not to sing. Don't you see? I love all this—and it's my life. It must be. I can't—I can't divide my affection."

The critic who looked like St. Anthony came such a letter with increasing wonder and grave respect. He did not, apparently, remember that in a published short story of his the heroine in all seriousness had given expression to similar sentiments under similar circumstances. The star remembered; she had not admired the story. She usually did not admire the critic's stories; they were too uniformly heroic. She finished her speech with a grave smile.

The critic went to her, and put his hands on her head.

"Myrtle," he said, solemnly, "I did not know that you felt all this. Forgive me, I never shall disturb you." He kissed her forehead, and left the room, not even turning to look at her.

When the door closed upon him, the star burst into a laugh, both joyous and sad.

"Yes, I can act," she said, "and he couldn't see me through it—and he is a dramatic critic—and he thinks that he loves me! No, I couldn't divide my affection, but I could take it all from—from this, and give it all to him—and he didn't even ask me. I couldn't marry a man who couldn't see me through all my acting; who didn't know how much I care—and—how much I am." Then she covered her face with her hands, and wept genuine tears.

Suddenly her hands were seized by a much stronger pair of hands, and taken away from her face. She looked up, startled, into the critic's eyes. "You can act," he said, with a smile. "I always said so; but you can't act as well as you think you can."

Thinness and Obesity.

Nobody can be said to be beautiful in appearance whose body are innumerable angles, and whose bones are apt to make themselves too obtrusive through a want of sufficient flesh to cover them. Neither, on the other hand, is there any beauty in superabundance of flesh and fat, that hide the graceful outlines of the female form; divine and tender it, unwieldy and heavy. In this, as in everything, the happy medium is most to be desired, both on account of health, comfort, and beauty.

This people usually envy their stouter sisters, and perhaps they are right, for well-covered bones are certainly more pleasing to look upon than those which are too pronounced, as is the case with a thin person; but a plump individual is often heard lamenting her own adiposity, and expressing many a wish that she were once more slight, slim, or even "sraggy," rather than burdened with an undue amount of flesh. The latter renders locomotion more difficult, and adds to the inconveniences engendered by heat, such as we have enjoyed this year.

With many people both these conditions are hereditary, and constitutional, and are on that account somewhat difficult of treatment; but each is susceptible to it, and with perseverance flesh may be gained or reduced as desired. Frequently women, whilst ardently wishing for the change one way or the other, object very strongly to the dieting it entails, and without which all other attempts are in vain.

Thinness arises from a variety of causes; anaemia, want of fresh air and circulation, lung disease, worry, overwork. Singers and public speakers or those whose occupation causes them to expand their lungs, are very seldom thin, and hence the recommendation for thin or consumptive people to learn singing, so often prescribed by medical men.

The food for thin people must be exceedingly nutritious. They should eat often, and very small quantities. Slowness in eating and thorough mastication of the food is a necessity, as it is what we digest, not what we actually eat, that fattens and nourishes. Another fact to observe is that drink should not be taken at the same time as food. Farinaceous foods are fat-

tening, such as, for instance, sugar, tapioca, rice, lentils, beans, etc.; and other fat-producing substances are sugar, fat meat, milk and sweet puddings, potatoes, chocolate, cocoa, turnips, carrots, and butter. Porridge at breakfast time, good soups and broths are excellent and milk should be taken three or four times a day, and egg and milk occasionally. Fruit when ripe is also good, especially black grapes, and plenty of well-cooked green vegetables. A pinch of well-glassed added to milk is fattening; pastry and sweets have the same effect, but they at the same time cause pimples, and also interfere with the digestive organs; they are, therefore, not to be recommended.

MR GERRIE'S GRIEVANCE

BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE AND RETCHING.

RELIEVED BY BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS.

A NEW ZEALAND CASE.

It is just about time that Biliousness in Australia was on the decrease. People know very well what brings on the complaint, yet they pay very little attention to advice, and the result is that years, and at times a life, of suffering eventuates. Of course there are many causes for biliousness, but conspicuous amongst them is the partaking of rich and indigestible foods, and also the bolting of same. Both or either of these circumstances affect the liver, and as the liver is the king, as it were, of the inward organs, the great thing to do in order to get to the root of the disorder is to keep the liver in perfect order. Once do that and biliousness becomes foreign to your system. There are thousands of people in Australia who will not only assent, but will give written testimony that Bile Beans for Biliousness are the proper medicine to take for the liver. The peculiar ingredients of Bile Beans are such as to act directly, yet gently, upon that



important organ, thus dispelling from the system the waste or impure bile and retaining the healthy quantity required for health. Among the many hundreds cured of biliousness by Bile Beans is Mr. Frederick Gerrie, of Dee-street, Oamaru, New Zealand, whose letter we publish. He says: "For a considerable time I have been a sufferer from biliousness, splitting headaches and repeated attacks of retching. Many remedies were advised and tried, but without success. Bile Beans for Biliousness were then recommended and tried. After taking the first dose or two I began to feel a decided relief, and continuing to take them the pains in my head ceased, and the retching became a thing of the past. Bile Beans are without doubt a marvellous remedy for biliousness and sick headache, and for such complaints deserve to be widely known. I shall have much pleasure in recommending them to my friends. To all who suffer from biliousness I may use Bile Beans, which I have proved in my case to be an infallible remedy." Such is the testimony of a New Zealander, given for the benefit of his fellow colonists, to the marvellous properties of Bile Beans in cases of biliousness, headache and retching, and thousands of others have testified to their worth in cases of indigestion, constipation, bad breath, pimples, piles, and for a general toning up of the system. Obtainable from all chemists and storekeepers, price 1/6 per box. Wholesale agents, Messrs. Kempthorne, Prosser & Co.