

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page 5.)

Beaumont Chase drew a deep breath, and was silent for some moments. "I love her, too," he said at length. "And if I tell you that I only want to make her happy, and that I am prepared to devote my life to the task of winning her love, and that until I succeed I will be patient—what then?" "Then—then I will help you," said Dick, solemnly, though his voice faltered, and a strained look of agony came into his honest brown eyes. For a while both men looked at one another in silence. Then, impulsively, Beaumont Chase put out his hand. For a bare second Dick hesitated, while a mortal struggle went on within his breast. Then he took the proffered hand. "Come," said the millionaire in a calm commonplace tone, "let us get to the Hall. You will stay with me for the night?" "I shall be pleased," replied Dick simply. The two men walked in silence side by side to the car, and the bewildered crowd gathered outside the church saw them drive away together in the direction of Beaumont Hall. The following morning Kitty, coming out of Sir John Millbank's rooms in the house in Kensington Park Gardens, encountered a servant who had a letter for her. Her hand trembled as she took it. Then she opened it, and read: "My dear Wife,—Please stay with Sir John as long as you think he needs you. I will not call until you tell me I may. I realise now that I have been very cruel to you. It was because I wanted you, dear. And now you bear my name, I see I have lost you more than ever. Forgive me, if you can, for loving you so much. "Your blundering, but devoted husband, "Beaumont Chase."

CLUTHA R.S.A.

An extraordinary general meeting of the above was held in the R.S.A. rooms last Saturday night. Present:—Messrs A. E. Russell (in the chair), S. J. Werren, J. Weir, T. J. Walter, R. S. Jordan, H. Holgate, A. L. Shephard, G. Sinclair, J. Little, Dr. Brown, and the secretary (Mr A. C. Laing). The Chairman stated that the chief business was the appointment of a president to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr E. E. Drummond. He stated that the Association had been unfortunate in that its presidents had been unable to carry on for various private reasons. Mr Weir proposed Dr. Brown for the position, and Mr Jordan seconded, and there being no further nomination Dr. Brown was declared unanimously elected, and assumed his seat amidst applause. He briefly thanked members for the honour conferred upon him. The secretary then reported on the social activities of the Association. He drew attention to the fact that they now had secured a piano, and would be in a position to hold social gatherings, which should go a long way towards popularising the Association's rooms. Mr W. B. McEwan (of Dunedin), had promised a lecture, "A Trip through Scotland," on the 26th inst. Mr Mitchell was giving the ball free of charge and the pipe band was also assisting. It was intended to give also a programme of Highland dances, etc., and patrons could look forward to a very enjoyable evening. The proceeds were to be devoted to the formation of a library for the rooms. The fortnightly assemblies were becoming very popular, and a committee of ladies had consented to provide supper for the next one, which would be an extended evening. It was decided to hold the annual ball on September 22, and it was left to the social committee to make the necessary arrangements. In regard to a question regarding Clifton settlement the secretary reported that representatives of the Farmers' Union would visit the estate on Saturday, 21st, and on the 27th representatives of the Land Board, Farmers' Union, the R.S.A., and the settlers, would confer together on the ground on matters in connection with the settlement.

MAIL NOTICES.

From and after the 16th inst., the commission on money orders for payment in Canada and the United States of America will be reduced to 6d for each £1 or fraction of £1, and the rate of conversion will be altered from four dollars eighty-seven cents to the pound sterling to four dollars thirty cents in the case of Canada, and four dollars in the case of United States.

The Nature Column.

("Student" will be pleased to receive notes on any branch of Natural History. Observations on birds, insects, plants, etc., will be equally welcome. If using a pen-name, will correspondents please enclose real name and address.)

NOTES ON STICK INSECTS.

Stick insects belong to the order Orthoptera, or straight winged insects. This order includes the cockroaches, mantids, stick and leaf insects, grasshoppers, locusts and crickets. The mouth parts of such insects are formed for biting, not for sucking, as in the moths and flies. Many Orthoptera, as in the case with our stick insects do not possess wings, but in those that have them the front pair is narrow and of a stiff leathery consistence, while the hinder wings are delicate structures, broad and ample and fold up like a fan when not in use. The order includes the largest of existing insects and no members of it are very small. The most destructive of insects belong to it but it is only in countries where cultivation is not in an advanced state that the full extent of their injurious habits manifest themselves as cultivation becomes general, their numbers rapidly decrease and their influence is less marked. The order Orthoptera is divided into many families, and that to which the stick and leaf insects belong is known as the Phasmidae. The imitation of vegetable structures by the members of this group is carried to an extraordinary length. Twigs, leaves living or dead, mosses and lichens are copied with the most wonderful fidelity. In some of the leaf insects not only do the upper wings take the exact form and likeness of a leaf but expansions of skin on the legs look just like so many smaller leaves. There can be no doubt but that such mimicry is of the highest importance to its possessors and that it is frequently the means of deceiving enemies, both birds and insects. The naturalist, Belt, whilst watching an army of predatory South American ants, saw a leaf insect right in the middle of the column. These ants forage for food in vast numbers, and every insect that does not quickly get out of the way falls a victim and is carried to the ant colony. The leaf insect, however, remained perfectly still and the ants ran right over it without attacking it, being apparently quite deceived by its appearance, and not thinking it was anything other than a fallen leaf. The eggs of the stick insect are not attached to any object or laid in any selected position, but are dropped singly by the female insect and allowed to fall to the ground where they lie among fallen leaves and other refuse until the young larvae emerge. The number of eggs laid is not generally large, 20 or 30 is the usual number, although one American species lays upwards of one hundred. This insect (Diaperomera femorata), is very abundant and the noise caused by the dropping of eggs from the trees in which the insects are feeding, to the ground, is said to resemble the sound of pattering rain-drops. Very curious things these eggs are, and very unlike eggs of any kind. Some bear considerable resemblance to a bishop's mitre, whilst others can be best compared to a grenadier's busby. Other species resemble seeds, and in addition to the shape they also show a lozenge-shaped mark similar to a scar to be found on such seeds as are united to a column by a stalk. At one end of the egg there is a little cap or lid which is pushed off by the young insect when ready to emerge. The egg of our largest New Zealand form (Acanthoderus horridus), is a rough irregular object looking like a fragment of dry earth. It has a prominent conical lid and well marked scar on the side. A smaller species probably Pachymorpha annulata, deposits a long and pointed egg which might easily be passed over as the seed of some bush plant. It is known that the eggs of some kinds of stick insects do not hatch for nearly two years after being dropped, and it is probable that all kinds take longer than is usual with other insects. Why this should be so is not clear, but it may have some connection with the fact that the young stick insect is well advanced in development on leaving the egg. There is no well defined larval stage, and apart from its size there is not much to distinguish it from the mature insect.

Writer: "What magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" Editor: "A powder magazine if you contribute a fiery article." The sun has gone, my darling one, The gentle night has come; The mother sings her lullaby—"Tra-la-la-rum-tum-tum." No danger threatens you, sweet one, You're tucked in quite secure; And on the nursery mantelpiece Is Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

DRAUGHTS.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins).

Draughts Club meets in Athenaeum smoke room on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 22.

Black 9, 22, 23, King 2. White 15, 18, 30, 31. White to play and win. 15.10, 9.13, 18.14, 13.17, 14.9, 17.21, 9.5, 22.25, 5.1, 25.29, 1.5, 29.25, 31.26, 23.27, 26.22, and White wins.

The following interesting game was played in the Athenaeum with Mr D. Wilson, winner of the Handicap Tourney in Timaru last Easter.

BRISTOL.

F. Hutchins (Black). D. Wilson (White). 11.16 16.20 5.14 11.16 10.15 2.7 22.18 19.16 16.12 25.22 28.24 9.6 8.11 12.19 7.10 15.18 15.18 7.11 25.22 23.16 22.17 22.15 13.9 6.2 4.8 14.23 11.15 10.26 1.5 21.25 24.19 27.18 17.13 30.23 21.17 2.6 10.14 9.14 8.11 6.10 14.21 11.15 29.25 18.9 26.23 31.27 23.14 6.10

The game continued: 15.18, 14.9, 5.14, 10.17, 25.30, 17.14, 18.22, 14.18A, 22.26, 18.14, 26.31, 14.18, 30.25, 18.15, 25.22, 15.11, 31.26, 11.15, 16.19, 32.28, 26.31. Black wins.

(s) 24.19, 16.23, 27.18, etc., should draw.

Those who follow this column would be somewhat puzzled by the publication of notes in last week's column, of a game that was left out by the printer's error. Below is the game, which is well worthy of study by those who wish to become proficient.

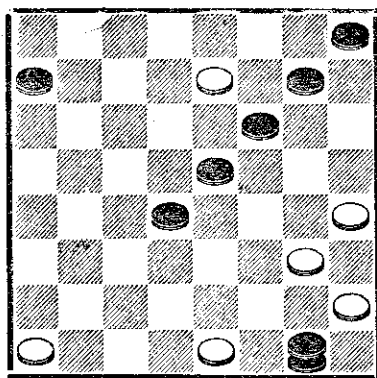
DOUBLE CORNER.

(By "X.Y.Z." in the "Draughts World.")

9.14 25.22 14.18 13.6 24.20 3.7 c 23.14 2.18 5.9 22.17 9.18 17.14 22.18 7.10 21.17H 16.19 10.15H 17.13 12.16 14.10 28.24 10.15 17.14G 19.23 15.22 32.28F 18.22 10.7 26.10 1.5 26.17 23.32+ 7.14 30.26 6.9

Now we have a critical ending which was evolved in the Jordan-Freedman contest for the championship of the world, the former, with the White pieces, just managing to secure a well-earned draw, see illustrated diagram:

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and draw.

7.3 8.15 25.21 14.10 8.12 24.27 40.26 5.9 3.8 31.24 21.17 24.19 18.22 22.26 32.27 27.31 24.19 29.25 17.14 10.7 A 15.24 26.10 20.22

Ultimately drawn.

- (A) A finely contested game.
- (B) Quite as strong as the usual routine 11.16
- (C) A strong move, and introduced by Freedman against Jordan.

VAR. 1.

24.19 19.16 8.11 7.2 15.24 11.15 10.7 11.15 28.19 16.12 15.19 2.7 23.32

The harsh demands of commerce will probably cause the extinction of the classic scent, attar of roses. Bulgaria used to produce 126,800oz annually, but the last crop was only 52,000oz. Five thousand acres of rose gardens have been planted with tobacco, which pays larger profits.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can.—Pope.

A correspondent to a northern paper—writing over the strikingly original pen-name of "Pro Bono Publico"—has been exploring the "total absence of courtesy in our public service." The writer is evidently "one of the old school," since comparisons are freely drawn between these degenerate times and the good old "days that are no more." "To ask a question," he (or she) says, "is to court a humiliating snub," while the service for which our officials are paid "is given grudgingly, and with a most exasperating air of a superior conferring a favour." Well, we have all, perhaps, felt that way at times, but I really do not think that discourtesy is a general characteristic of the public service. Here and there we may have the misfortune to encounter a somewhat peppery or morose official, but it is hardly fair to generalise too freely from such instances. I, personally, have experienced much courtesy at the hands of our public servants, and, even when this admirable quality fails—well, there is often much to be said on the other side. For instance, gentle reader, have you ever made one of a crowd of forty or fifty people waiting furiously at the railway ticket-office within five minutes of train time while some old woman (of either sex), having obtained her ticket, bombards the ticket-clerk with a lot of fool questions? If so, you can enter into the feelings of the wearied, worried clerk, and better, perhaps, realise his human limitations. All of which leads me up to another story.

A freckle-faced girl stopped at the post office and yelled out:—

"Anything here for the Murphys?" "No, miss," said the busy postmaster, politely. "Anything for Jane Murphy?" "Nothing." "Anything for Ann Murphy?" "No!" rather shortly. "Anything for Tom Murphy?" "No, nothing, I tell you," said the official with growing impatience. "Anything for Bob Murphy?" "No," yelled the postmaster. "Anything for Terry Murphy?" "No!" in a frenzied scream. "Anything for Mike Murphy?"

The postmaster fairly fumed. "No," he roared, "nor for Pat Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor for any Murphy, dead or living, born or unborn, native or foreign, civilised or uncivilised, savage or barbarous, male or female, black, white, or brindle, franchised or unfranchised, naturalised or otherwise Sinn Feinn or Orange. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, jointly, severally, now and for ever, one and inseparable."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said: "Please to look if there is anything for Clarence Murphy."

KINGS AND PRINCES I HAVE MET.

WITTINGHAM DE WET, T.W.O., K.H.G., J.A.R., Etc.

I had anticipated some difficulty in gaining access to the presence of this puissant and philanthropic Prince, but the kindly influence of his Prime Minister, Baron de Bissett, proved a veritable "Open sesame," and I received an invitation to wait on His Imperial Highness the following day. Punctually at the appointed hour I arrived at the castle—a massive pile picturesquely situated on the northern bank of the beautiful Waihopai River, and representing in its structure every known and unknown style of architecture, the Katzenjammer predominating. This was the country seat of the industrious Prince, and the birthplace and centre of that noble institution of his founding, "The Tangled Brotherhood of the Jar." Through the hospitably open portals numbers of his subjects were passing; those entering carrying curious wicker-covered vessels, obviously light and empty; while those emerging bore similar vessels, but whose evidently greater weight proclaimed eloquently the Prince's munificence. I noticed, also, that the latter had invariably a smile in their eyes, and traces of froth on their upper lips. I was aroused from the contemplation of this pleasant spectacle by the mellow tones of the Baron's voice invit-

ing me to come along, if I wanted to see old "Witty"—as, with that cordiality which is born of intense veneration and affection, his subjects usually call him. Preceded by my guide, I presently found myself in a long, low chamber, sumptuously furnished in the old barbed style, while numbers of the aforementioned wicker-covered vessels were scattered about with tasteful promiscuity. But I had barely time to note these things before the Prince came forward and greeted me so heartily that I at once felt at my ease. I feel that it is needless to describe his personal appearance, since that is quite familiar to most of my readers. He graciously motioned me to a seat, and asked me if I would "have one." I "had one," and in a few moments we were conversing as unrestrainedly as though we were equals, who had known each other for years. During our conversation—punctuated by occasional "tastes"—I gathered much of interest concerning his self-imposed mission in life.

It seems that, in his early youth, the Prince had acquired from a wise old alchemist the secret of concocting from certain seeds, flowers, and saccharinous substances a most mysterious and delectable beverage, to which he had since given the strange but distinguishing title of "Whittingham's XXX." Some of the properties of this elixir, he explained, bonded on the miraculous. For instance, taken in sufficient quantities, it had the effect of making the widest footpath too narrow, and every direction up-hill. In many cases it developed additional and most embarrassing joints in the legs, a curious impediment of speech, and a mystifying optical affection which often had the startling effect of multiplying one's mother-in-law by three, or even four. The phenomena were not, however, always uniform. While it would sometimes melt a six foot, sixteen stone navy to tears over the pathos of his lone, orphaned condition, it would, at others, send a five foot, seven stone jockey looking round for the most stalwart "member of the force" to do sanguinary battle with. Among its later results were an almost invariable enlargement of the head, combined with a penitential resolve that it would never occur again. This condition, the Prince explained, was known as "the recovery," or "the morning after." Another occasional result was a visit to the court of that other potentate, King Cruickshank; in fact the two rulers could be considered largely complementary to each other.

It would take too long to recapitulate all the strange powers and properties of this wonderful beverage, but the strangest and greatest may be mentioned before closing. It seems that the protracted use of it sometimes induces a condition which has been variously diagnosed by rival schools of scientists as "jim-jams" and "dingbats." Those privileged to reach this state usually become the excited and bewildered possessors of temporary menageries of pink monkeys, green rats, six-tailed dogs, tartan spiders, and other rare and interesting zoological specimens. Others, again, discover that alarm clocks can become quite quarrelsome, and that every article of furniture in the house has funny looking eyes, and can make ugly faces at one. But this delightful condition is the reward only of long perseverance; the mere dabbler amateur never attains to it. Much more he told me of this wonderful preparation, its powers and properties. "And it is this delightful nectar, with its clear amber body and frothy head, which hath given me dominion over many, and imparted a gratifying corpulence to my treasury. This it is that thous hast quaffed with me to-day. It pleases thee, have another." It pleased me, and I had another—several times, whereafter I became divided between a desire to yodel and an inclination to lie down and hold on tight to the ground to prevent myself being swung off. What happened after that is not very clear, though I have a hazy recollection of howling along behind my taxiteer, and, later, of trying to pick out the right one of seven distinct keyholes in my door, murmuring the while:

"I often wonder what the brewers buy. One half so precious as the stuff they sell." And so ended a memorable interview and a perfect day.