

NEW ZEALAND CUSTOMS

Some Strange Facts About Life in That Part of the Antipodes.

New Zealand 30 years ago was divided into six Provinces. There was intense rivalry between them...

Ten years ago began a bad financial panic. Since then the whole tendency has been toward centralization.

No man, it is claimed, can starve in New Zealand. An old-age pension provides absolutely for the support of every person of either sex past the age of 65...

Any man can have land. He does not have it in fee, but upon long lease.

For some time after the settlement of New Zealand the natives were exterminated. There are only 4,000 left, but they are now increasing somewhat.

New Zealand is an agricultural country of sparse population. The new legislation of 1891 and succeeding years has levied taxation of two sorts—land and on incomes. No attempt is made to collect tax on personality.

The land tax is levied only on estates worth \$2,500 or upward. Mortgages and some improvements are exempt.

On landed properties worth from \$2,500 to \$25,000 a tax rate is levied, ranging each year according to public needs. On estates worth more than \$25,000 and up to \$50,000, an additional tax of 400 per cent. is levied...

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Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XXXIX.—Continued.

Another little son was given to her and then Vivian's happiness was quite complete.

"This little one shall be a Nellie," said Lord St. Just. "We will call him Arthur, after your father, and he shall have Lanewood. So, Vivian, my darling, once more you will see Arthur Nellie Lord of Lanewood."

He wondered why his wife hesitated. He wondered still, thinking deeply, she said suddenly.

"Adrian, do you think a sin ever prospers?"

"My darling, what a question! How can a sin prosper?"

"Suppose that a man stole fifty pounds, and that that made the fortune of his fortune—should you say that a sin prospered?"

"It would almost seem like it; but, Vivian, the property would not be his—the sin—that would have been accounted for. Why do you ask me such a strange question?"

"I was wondering about it, last night. Suppose that you had something that you put to bed, and that I, by fraud, took it from you, knowing that I could put it to a good and noble use—should I have been justified in taking it?"

"No, that would simply be theft," he replied.

"Suppose that a bad king reigns over a kingdom, ruins his subjects, impoverishes his country, and ruins himself, and suppose that another king, wiser and better than he, takes his sovereignty from him, and rules in his place—would that be theft?"

"I should say not," replied the husband.

"But the act is the same, the only difference is that one theft is on a much larger scale than the other."

"My darling wife," said Lord St. Just, with a puzzled face, "why are you giving yourself so much trouble? Why are you thinking of all these things?"

"My thoughts ran that way," she replied; "and I grew puzzled."

"I have not done much toward enlightening you, darling. We will see when you are stronger and better."

He was a fine, noble, sturdy boy, this second son of hers, Arthur Nellie, who was to be Lord of Lanewood. He had a Nellie face, with his mother's beautiful dark eyes, and sweet sensitive mouth. She had a peculiar love for that child quite different from her love for the other. In her own ancient race seemed to live again. She never thought of him as a St. Just; to her he was Nellie of Lanewood. All her pride, her ambition, her love of her name, lived again in his boy. He was the world to her—dearer than her husband—and her elder son, dearer than her life.

Before he could speak she had mopped out the plan for his education. She would teach him to live—as she had done—for Lanewood; she would teach him that love of his race, pride in his name, was next to religion; and it was his duty, as a noble son of her, all the glory of the Nellies should shine again.

The child was to take the name of Nellie as he grew older. He was to make his home at Lanewood, as soon as it was possible, and in her thoughts she arranged that he should marry some fair and noble girl, whose name would reflect lustre on his own.

"Man proposes, Heaven disposes." Never was truer proverb than this. Time passed. Lady St. Just's two boys grew in beauty and intelligence; the world went well with her. She was so happy now that there were times when she even forgot the sin of her life-time, when the shadow fell so completely from her that she no longer remembered that it existed, when she was so entirely, so completely happy that she forgot everything else but the sunny present.

She heard at rare intervals from Gerald, and his letters were so sad that they made her unhappy for days after they came; they always ended in the same manner, by his telling her that before he died he hoped to see England once again, and himself also. She was not ungrateful to him, but those letters saddened her so greatly that she wished they would not come.

Had her sin prospered it seemed like it. At times she grew frightened when she looked round her. "Has Heaven pardoned me?" she asked herself when she looked round her. "Has Heaven forgiven me?" she asked herself when she looked on the face of her best-loved child.

Lord St. Just had always made a point of being in London for the season. He had a magnificent mansion there, Herton House, a fine large house near Hyde Park. There all the leading men of the day rallied round him. There, too, his beautiful, graceful wife held her court—the graceful dark-eyed woman whose bearing and manner were as those of a queen. To know Lady St. Just was to proclaim oneself known. Second-rate people did not frequent her house—it was not the resort of the light, the gay, or the frivolous. There is a reaction to all things; there is a reaction to all things that in her own mind she decided that it was a blessing-letter; that she was generally fit for sixty days; that it was a blessing-letter; that she was generally fit for sixty days; that it was a blessing-letter; that she was generally fit for sixty days.

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SOMETHING QUITE NEW—

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

Same flavor as Japan, only more delicate.

About the House.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

To clean gas and gasoline stoves wipe off all the loose dirt with soft paper, then rub the stove with a cloth wet with kerosene, being careful to get through the burner.

To Remove Rust From Steel Fenders and Fire Irons—We often find that our steel fenders, etc. have become rusty through disuse. To remedy this quickly, rub the steel with sweet oil, and place it close to a hot fire for about ten minutes; then rub off all the oil with a rag, polish with whiting or fine bath brick, and finally with a chamol.

To Clean Windows and Mirrors.—Put a little alcohol on a soft rag; rub the surface briskly all over, and polish with a soft, dry cloth, or chamol. Chamol is excellent for all polishing purposes.

To Clean Lacquered Trays or Tables.—Wash with cold water, and, when dry, sprinkle over a little flour and polish with an old silk handkerchief.

NATURAL FEET IN CHINA.—At last a movement is under way to abolish the hideous custom of binding the feet of Chinese women. It will probably be many years before much will be accomplished, for the idea is an entirely novel to the orthodox Chinese, but gradually the custom may be broken down.

An English woman, doing mission work in China, some time ago organized the "Ten Tai," or "Natural Feet Society," and all the missionaries are using their influence to bring about the reform. In speaking of the matter Mrs. Little says: "This custom of binding the feet back one thousand years, and until the women of China are released from this terrible bondage, endured only to please the men, there is no hope for China."

Two and one-half inches is the proper length for a Chinese woman's foot. Little girls, while undergoing the binding, are tortured for three years, the bandages being tightened every five days. It often causes paralysis, and sometimes the toes and feet drop off. Here, then, is one in ten die during the operation. In some provinces rich and poor alike bind their feet. Its horrors cannot be exaggerated. Everything in China moves with tremendous slowness, particularly in navigation, and the reformers expect it will take a century or more to make the change complete.

The greatest problem to be overcome is the aversion of Chinese men to marrying women whose feet are not squeezed into deformed objects bearing little or no resemblance to the natural human foot. A woman whose feet are bound, and whose size naturally intended is an outcast so far as matrimony is concerned. The men think it a disgrace to marry her, and an unmarried woman is a burden to her relatives and herself.

HIT THE TRUTH ACCIDENTALLY.—Mrs. Young—Bridget, there was a terrible racket in the kitchen last night. If I hear it again I shall have to call on a policeman to stop it!

Bridget—Och, mum; it's two of 'em.

What I should like to see is a simple device for ease in working a table or flat shelf, higher than the kitchen table, on which to do work which requires bending over, or without such a convenience.

Another device is a broad strip attached to the apron band, from which hangs a holder which is thus always at hand. And apropos of aprons there is a dusting apron which saves much weariness of body and spirit. It has a pocket for the feather duster, and other for the cloth, and one for the small broom, which is usually anywhere but where it is wanted.

KEEPING IT BRIGHT.—It's a good thing to be neat, said Mr. Willows to his wife, but I believe Sister Jane goes a little too far. I really think she does.

What has she done now? asked Mrs. Willows.

Well, said her husband slowly, I went there this morning and what should I see but a white cloth fluttering from the bell-handle. I thought at first something had happened to one of the children, but when I got close I saw that the bell was covered by the cloth, and there was just a kind of a bow fluttering.

When I got inside I asked Jane what under the canopy she'd tied the bell in that kind of a rigging for, and she said:

Well, Amos Willows, if you must know, I've got that bell all polished up for to-night, when the minister's coming to tea, and if you think I'm going to have it all dulled over before night, you're very much mistaken! And I'm making a cover that will just fit on it, and after this I'm going to keep it covered every day till well along in the afternoon, when I'm liable to have callers.

How's this? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the "Little Blue Pills."

Reason for this description: What do you think of my new bicycle skirt? she asked.

It is one of the wittiest I have seen, he replied.

Willitt! she exclaimed. Certainly, he answered. Bravely is the soul of wit, is it not?

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LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA. It is a purchase, not a speculation. You can always obtain to suit your taste.

GUARD THE BABY

AGAINST CHOLERA-INFANTUM

most fatal during hot weather.

DR. HAMMOND-HALL'S ENGLISH TEething SYRUP

WILL POSITIVELY PREVENT IT.

CURBS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, NERVE AND ALL TEething TROUBLES.

NO OPPIATES, NO STIMULANT EXTRACTS

All Druggists, Price 25 Cts.