

CLIPPINGS.

Mr Jaymes Payn in his "Note-book" alludes with righteous indignation to an accident which recently occurred near Falmouth. "Two lads fell through the ice one Sunday where the water was deep and the ice rotten. They were rescued by the courage and conduct of a clergyman, who thrice risked his life in the attempt, and himself fell in. On reaching the shore he was saluted by the snuffing reproof from a parishioner, 'Six days shalt thou labour, Mr Blank.'" "The only parallel to this," continues Mr Payn, "is found in the conduct of the American young lady who, being rowed by her lover on a lake, and coming on a drowning man, insisted on being set on shore (from motives of delicacy) previous to any attempt to save him."

Mr Frank Lockwood can tell a good story as well as draw a funny cartoon. In the *Idler* for the current month he remarks, *à propos* of the protection of witnesses from bullying counsel, that sometimes it is counsel who wants protection. "I was defending a man at York once," he relates, "who was accused of stealing cattle, 'beasts' they call them up there. I said to a witness, 'Now, my man, you say that you saw so-and-so; how far can you see a beast to know it?' 'Just as far off as I am from you,' he smartly replied. You may imagine the laugh there was against me." As an illustration of the humour which sometimes proceeds from the dock, the following may be taken:—A man, some years ago, was had up for stealing a horse. "Yours is a very serious offence," said the judge to him very sternly; "fifty years ago it was a hanging matter." "Well," replied the prisoner, with a certain logical reasonableness, "fifty years hence it mayn't be a crime at all."

The late journalist, Monty Browne, once managed the Bondi Aquarium in Sydney, and a queer story is told of the way in which he severed his connection with it: He and the proprietors did not get on very well together, and one day an argument arose in the auditorium, where there was a large pastry stall. Monty lost his temper, and, picking up the jam and custard tarts in handfuls, he pelled his employers out of the place. Monty then "resigned," but he always held that he had won a great moral victory.

Monty Browne.

The death of Mr Montague Browne, familiarly known as 'Monty' Browne, in the Jamestown Hospital, South Australia, removes to the Silent Land a once active, successful and popular New Zealand bred journalist. In the early seventies, Mr. Montague Browne filled the sub-editorial chair of the "New Zealand Herald," while his father, Mr James Browne (whose non-defiance gained him the sobriquet of "Dyde") wielded the editorial thunder. Journalism was a sort of instinct with the Browne boys. Brought up on the West Coast in its very early stirring days, they took to the compositor's case and to the reporter's note-book as a duckling takes to the water. Old

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