



By TUA-O-RANGI.

CHAPTERS I. TO XII.

The word 'utu,' meaning in Maori, revenge, is the keynote of the story. The heroine, Eleanor Radcliffe, lives with her supposed father, Horace Radcliffe, at Radcliffe Hall in England. Her uncle, Roger, returns from India with a valet, Jacques. The valet falls in love with Eleanor, and being annoyed at another lover, Captain O'Halloran, tells Mr Roger Radcliffe that he is really his son by a gipsy woman to whom he was legally married in Spain, and whom he accuses Mr Roger of murdering. As the price of his silence he demands Eleanor's hand. Mr Roger declares she is also his daughter and Jacques' sister. Jacques still says he will marry her somehow. Roger dies, owns his daughter, leaving her his vast wealth. Eleanor lives with a Miss Toogood. She meets a French Count, De Fignerolles, who manages to break off by forged letters the engagement between her and Captain O'Halloran. Eleanor marries the Count and goes abroad with him. He wants more of her money, and shows her the letters he has forged to and from the Captain. They return to Radcliffe Hall. She entreats the Captain to help her to get a divorce. The Count overhears, and next morning, telling Eleanor that he is really her brother, gives her a casket containing the apparent and freshly killed heart of the Captain, administers a poisonous gipsy potion to the fainting and terrified girl, and leaves England.

CHAPTER XIII.

The scene changes to a Parisian cafe. Two gentlemen are talking over a projected excursion to New Zealand, which they call *l'isle d'or*. They wish to take with them a certain M. D'Estrelles who has money.

CHAPTER XIV.

The two gentlemen, D'Arblay and du Fresne, dine with D'Estrelles. They are fascinated with his most peculiar-looking valet, Arnaud, who has the appearance of a mummy, his listless eyes being very staring. Arnaud is to accompany the expedition to mesmerize the savages.

CHAPTER XV.

Two French frigates, the Marquis de Castries and the Mascarin, under Captain du Fresne and Lieutenant Crozet, start for New Zealand. They have on board two sailors who have previously visited the colony, Jean and Jacques. Over these two, Arnaud, the valet, acquires a strange influence. In May, 1772, they sight land.

CHAPTER XVI.

The first object to attract attention is a New Zealand war canoe, aloft, floating helplessly about, full of bodies. The adventurers approach it, and rescue the only two living Maoris. The others, who present a most gruesome spectacle, are thrown overboard. The two survivors are likely to prove useful as passports to *l'isle d'or*.

CHAPTER XVII.

SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH—'KAPAI TE WAI PIRO! HOMAI TE KAI.'



MEANTIME one at least of the good doctor's patients was showing signs of recovery. He was apparently the elder of the two brought on board, and had probably reached middle life, though his condition made his age difficult to guess. He was considerably above the average French height, and his leanness made him appear quite preternaturally tall. The leathery skin seemed all that held his fleshless frame together, but he had never been very fat, as one of his names—learned later on—implied. It was Whanau-tu-oi (horn lean), though

he was commonly called Taranui. His scalp locks, drawn up to the crown and fastened with a tuft of feathers, were of a rusty black, but not a vestige of hair appeared on his coppery phiz, every inch of which was covered with dark blue lines forming symmetrical figures, those on one side of the face exactly corresponding to those on the other. These lines, the Frenchmen afterwards learned, were produced by a painful process known among the New Zealanders as *moko*. His visage was long, the cheek bones rather prominent, forehead high and narrow, nose and quiline somewhat flattened, and the lips thin. About his loins was a woven cloth with handsome fringe of dried straw pipes which rattled at the least movement, and about his shoulders a large wrapper with a wide coloured border. Pendant from his bony wrist, attached by a wisp of flax, was a weapon of hard grey stone somewhat over a foot long, and heavy enough to smash something much harder than a human skull.* A shark's tooth dangling from an enormous slit in the lobe of his right ear completed his get up. Despite his woebegone and helpless condition he was an ugly-looking customer, and when at length his eyelids lifted, and two fiery eyes peered out, at first vacantly, and then in puzzled wonder upon the vivacious Frenchies, who would cluster round, *malgré* prohibition, a shudder passed through them, as simultaneously they thought how unpleasant it would be to fall into the power of a tribe of such as he, in full vigour, on the war path. Just now, however, Taranui Whanau-tu-oi was quite harmless, and opened and shut his eyes many times with long rests between ere he regained strength enough to wag his tongue, let alone his *mere*. He had, however, absorbed a good deal of nutriment in the shape of warm soup, which *le docteur* had perseveringly dribbled into his stomach, not to mention repeated doses of that superlative revivifier, brandy, and he continued to improve until on the following day he astounded those about him by suddenly sitting bolt upright, and, pointing a skinny finger at the liquor stand, exclaiming in grating tones, 'Kapai te wai piro! Homai!' (Very good is the stinking water! Give me some!)

Of course his lingo was much less comprehensible than Dutch to the Frenchmen, but his gestures were intelligible enough, and a fellow-feeling sharpening their perceptions, they at once jumped to the right conclusion, and pleased to find in a savage evidence of such susceptibility to civilizing influences, hastened to give him enough cognac to have choked an ordinary Christian. The doctor reprimanded them sharply when he next examined the patient's pulse, but neither he nor they foresaw (how could they?) the ultimate consequences of this early implanting Christian tastes in a heathen breast. The heathen, however, continued to make rapid strides towards convalescence, and soon showed himself possessed of a most capacious maw to which very little in the shape of food came amiss.

But though Taranui thus repaid the doctor's efforts on his behalf, his companion, known among his people, as subsequently appeared, by the name of Naku-roa (long scratch), seemed to defy every endeavour to resuscitate him, and the shades of evening found him still unconscious of the indefatigable *quidicin's* devotion.

'If Monsieur *le docteur* will permit me,' spoke a voice in that gentleman's ear, as with incredible patience he was for the ninety-ninth time feeling for a pulse, 'I have a remedy which I believe would restore Monsieur's patient.'

The voice was low and insinuating, and the speaker was Arnaud, Monsieur *l'Estrelles*' valet.

'Indeed my friend! And what may that be?' queried the doctor, incredulously.

'This weapon, more often formed of greenstone, was known among the natives as a *mere*, pronounced *miry*.

'I have it here, Monsieur,' and Arnaud handed him a small metal case containing a phial.

The doctor took it, removed the stopper, looked at the contents, smelt it, and then handing it back, exclaimed impatiently:

'Rubbish! as I might have known. Begone, sir; you are too officious.'

'Nay, then, Monsieur, believe me, it will surely restore him if he be not already dead.'

'He is not dead, rascal. But since you are so pertinacious, where got you the stuff?'

'It was given me, Monsieur, by one skilled in medications, and it will restore life even at the last gasp, unless, indeed, the system be quite worn out.'

'H—m. Well, my friend, if it be not warranted to kill' you may administer it, for *pardieu!* I can do no more. But have a care, villain, for should it fail, *pardieu!* I shall give you a dose out of the same bottle for your presumption.

A gleam shot from behind the valet's eyeshades, but he only answered quietly; 'C'est bien, Monsieur.'

Then mixing a few drops of the tincture in a little water, he gently raised the prostrate Maori's head, and carefully administered it. Whatever it was it proved a very *elixir vite*, at once quickening the almost imperceptible pulsations of the dying savage. In a few minutes a movement of the limbs was followed by a quivering of the eyelids and parched lips, and before long a pair of dark languid eyes opened wonderingly upon the strange figures clustering round in the gathering gloom.

'He'll do,' cried the doctor, joyfully. 'But, *pardieu!* Arnaud, you must give me that phial.'

'It desolates me to disoblige you, Monsieur,' replied Arnaud, softly.

'What, you refuse me? Come, my good Arnaud, I will reward you handsomely.'

'C'est bien, Monsieur. But it is impossible.'

Further negotiation was abruptly ended by Naku-roa, who, though too weak to uplift himself, had all at once become very much alive, and prompted by the cravings of a flat stomach, had found tongue.

'*Homai te kai*,' he articulated in guttural accents, rolling his hungry eyes round upon the inquisitive bystanders. '*Te kai, homai.*'

'He wants food,' cried *petit* Jean. '*Kai* is the Maori name for food.'

'Ha!' laughed the doctor, rubbing his hands. 'He'll do. Now, my friend Arnaud, I'll leave him in your hands. You recalled him to life, he shall be your patient, and we shall see how you get on. But mind you, not too much food; he'll gorge if you let him—and—perhaps eat yourself if you don't. Ha! ha! I wish you joy of your task, *mon bon garçon*. He's a huge monster, a real giant, and hungry as a shark. 'Tis said the Maori is a man-eater. Ha! ha! You have called back to life a wolf; let us hope he will devour you. But I am tired. I must have a promenade and a cigar. *Au revoir, mon ami.*'

And laughing pleasantly to himself at his very cheerful suggestions, Monsieur *le docteur* skipped away to join the groups see-sawing on the quarter deck.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAORILAND—SOME QUERER CUSTOMS—A HOSPITABLE SAVAGE.

'*La terre! La terre!*'

The welcome announcement from the masthead was taken up joyously and passed on from mouth to mouth until from stem to stern the glad cry echoed and re-echoed. '*La terre! La terre!*' They were off the North