

our peak and acid before what was now a howling gale with high confused sea. In spite of our shortened sail we ran from Te Kouma to Ruth's Island in one and three-quarter hours, glad to get out of such a rough bit of water. We made all snug and went on shore to see Captain Ruth and family, who were all well. They have made considerable alterations since last year for the accommodation of visitors. And of all the lovely spots around the gulf none can compare with Ruth's Island for a quiet holiday. Plenty of lovely beaches for bathing, whilst roaming round the rocks lovely bits of coast scenery meet the eye on every hand, and from the summit of the island the panoramic view cannot be excelled. On the outside beach we indulged in some splendid surf bathing, as the breakers from the easterly gale came tumbling on the sandy bays in grand style. After dark a splendid musical evening was spent at Captain Ruth's residence.

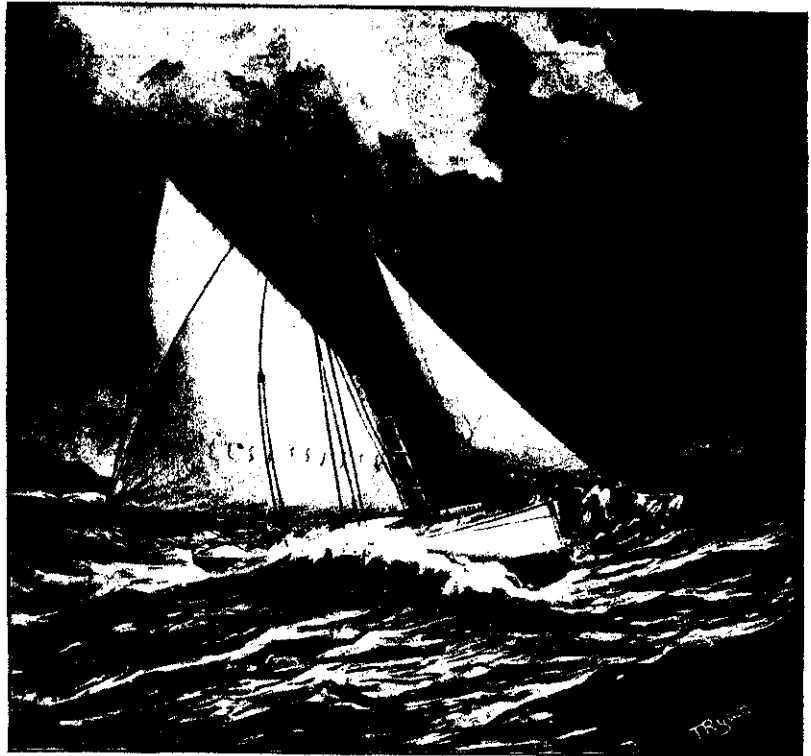
Next morning (Friday) the gale was still blowing, so after a good time at surf-bathing we were on board again under-way for Auckland, as our provisions began to run short and we needed replenishing. We put in a couple of reefs with storm jib and made tracks for town before the gale, which was now blowing its hardest, and very squally. The run to town was a splendid one, doing the distance, twenty-three miles in five minutes under three hours. Part of the time we ran with peak eased right down in the squalls.

On Saturday morning, getting stores aboard, the wind took off a bit, so we continued our journey, going from town to Waiwera with the wind about N.E. We had a dead beat out to Whangaparaoa, and then a free sheet to Waiwera, where we lay for the night. After tea we went on shore for a stroll and bath in the hot springs there. Whilst on shore the wind came up again, blowing a strong breeze, causing a nasty swell and surf to come in the bay, which made us uneasy about staying there, but we decided, as the yacht was rolling heavily, to go on board, to put out both anchors with thirty fathoms line on each, and leave her there till morning, as we intended to sleep ashore at the hotel, not caring to sleep on board in such a rolling sea. It was a difficult matter to get off to the yacht through the surf in the small dingy, so only one was able to go off in safety. Both anchors getting a firm grip, we went up to the hotel and had a fine musical evening in the social hall. The wind was howling wild during the night, causing us to be up at daybreak to see if the yacht was safe. We were all glad to see she was riding safely like a seagull on the waves. As it had the appearance of a very wild day, we decided there and then to clear out from Waiwera, and the neat intricate work was how to get aboard through the surf, which was now breaking heavily on the beach. It was decided for two only to go in the dingy and make the attempt, but the first time a huge wave came aboard swamping the dingy and ducking both. Getting on shore with the dingy, it was emptied and another attempt was made, which was successful, the breakers being negotiated in grand style and the yacht safely reached. All being on board, a start was made to cook breakfast — not an easy

matter the way the yacht was rolling. Anyhow a good substantial meal was put away and a start made to clear out, as the wind was unmistakably increasing. Putting two reefs in the mainsail with storm jib set, we decided to go to Waiheke Island, so had a long leg out to Whangaparaoa Point, where it necessitated a short tack to weather the dangerous reefs off the point. On the tack from Waiwera to the point we got a severe doing owing to

Rakino Island we had the whole mainsail on again. We passed between Rakino and Motutapu Islands, and when in the passage we dropped anchor to fish awhile, getting several, then bore away for Patiki Bay at Waiheke, where we anchored for the night.

Monday was spent roaming round the bays near at hand, when an adjournment was made to the yacht to clear up things a bit in readiness for our return to town. The rough



CAUGHT IN AN EASTERLY GALE, WAIWERA.

the high confused sea, accompanied by a big northerly roll. The decks were awash the whole time, and an occasional sea broke clean over us, so that we had a very wet trip to the point, and right glad were we to square away to Waiheke after rounding the reefs. After passing Tiritiri Island the sea and wind got more moderate, so much so that off

trip from Waiwera had made things below a bit wet, so we aired all the rugs, etc., then went off the bay fishing, catching about sixty sechnapper in a short time. In the afternoon we left for our moorings with a lovely E. breeze, carrying all sail with big balloon jib set. A smart run home was made and the moorings picked up after a very enjoyable week spent round the Gulf. The few stiff blows we had rather lent an additional interest to the trip. It was grand to see how well our craft could behave in a big sea-way. One and all thoroughly enjoyed the cruise, and only hope for many more such trips round a coast which is second to none in the world for yachting and sport.

POISON THEIR WEAPON.

A DESPERATE DUEL WHICH CAME OFF IN ARIZONA.

'I WAS once the master of ceremonies at the most sensational duel ever fought,' said L. R. Frenison. 'In fact, had I not been present I could not have believed that it could take place in the way it did. I was in Tombstone, A. T., when a young Englishman, who was prospecting through the country, quarrelled with a high spirited Frenchman. I have now forgotten in what way the trouble arose, but that night I was sitting in the Englishman's room when he received a challenge from the offended party. As coolly as if accepting an invitation to dinner, he said, "Tell your principal that I believe him to be a coward. If he is not, he will not object to my method of settling this affair." As the challenged party I have the right to choose my weapons. I choose a deck of cards, a game of seven up and a dose of strychnine, the loser to kill himself in the presence of the others; the time, to-night at midnight.' The Frenchman was game and appeared at the appointed time with his second. We could not interfere, and the game was started, a white powder lying on the table. It was for seven points, and each dealt with as much composure as though it was a mere friendly pastime. At first the Englishman led, and had five points when his antagonist had but two. Three points for the latter made them even and the Frenchman's deal. The Englishman begged and was given one, and then showed the Jack and four for high low, with an excellent running hand had the cards been run. The Frenchman showed the queen and tray, and without a word the Englishman swallowed the poison. It was more than any of us could stand. Even the Frenchman relented, and all of us went to work to save the man's life, with the assistance of a doctor who boarded in the house. Fortunately an overdose had been taken, and in a few days he was out of bed, but looking very pale from the ordeal through which he had passed. The two duellists afterwards became good friends, and were partners in the cattle business up to a few months ago.'



RUNNING BEFORE AN EASTERLY GALE.