

'Keawe,' said Lopaka, 'many a man would take this ill: above all when I am doing you a turn so friendly as to keep my word and buy the bottle; and for that matter, the night and the dark, and the way by the tomb must be all tenfold more dangerous to a man with such a sin upon his conscience and such a bottle under his arm. But, for my part, I am so extremely terrified myself, I have not the heart to blame you. Here I go then; and I pray God you may be happy in your house, and I fortunate with my schooner, and both get to Heaven in the end in spite of the devil and his bottle.'

No Lopaka went down the mountain; and Keawe stood in his front balcony and listened to the clink of the horse's shoes, and watched the lantern go shining down the path; and along the cliff of caves where the old dead are buried; and all the time he trembled and clasped his hands, and prayed for his friend, and gave glory to God that he himself was escaped out of that trouble.

But the next day came very brightly, and that new house of his was so delightful to behold that he forgot his terrors. One day followed another, and Keawe dwelt there in perpetual joy. He had his place on the back porch; it was there he ate and lived, and read the stories in the Honolulu newspapers; but when anyone came by they would go in and view the chambers and the pictures. And the fame of the house went far and wide; it was called *Ka Holo Nui*—the Great House—in all Kona; and sometimes the Bright House, for Keawe kept a Chinaman, who was all day dusting and furnishing; and the glass, and the gilt, and the fine stuffs, and the pictures, shone as bright as the morning. As for Keawe himself, he could not walk in the chambers without singing, his heart was so enlarged; and when ships sailed by upon the sea, he would fly his colours on the mast.

No time went by, until one day Keawe went upon a visit as far as Kailau to certain of his friends. There he was well feasted, and left as soon as he could the next morning, and rode hard, for he was impatient to behold his beautiful house; and, besides, the night then coming on was the night in which the dead of old days go abroad in the sides of Kona; and, having already maddled with the devil, he was the more chary of meeting with the dead. A little beyond Honanau, looking far ahead, he was aware of a woman bathing in the edge of the sea, and she seemed a well-grown girl, but he thought no more of it. Then he saw her white shift flutter as she put it on, and then her red holoku, and by the time he came abreast of her she was done with her toilet, and had come up from the sea and stood by the track-side in her red holoku, and she was all freshened with the bath, and her eyes shone and were kind. Now Keawe no sooner beheld her than he drew rein.

'I thought I knew everyone in this country,' said he. 'How comes it that I do not know you?'

'I am Kokuia, daughter of Kiano,' said the girl, 'and I have just returned from Oahu. Who are you?'

'I will tell you who I am in a little,' said Keawe, dismounting from his horse, 'but not now. For I have thought in my mind, and if you knew who I was, you might have heard of me, and would not give me a true answer. But tell me, first of all, one thing: Are you married?'

At this Kokuia laughed out aloud. 'It is you who ask questions,' she said. 'Are you married yourself?'

'Indeed, Kokuia, I am not,' replied Keawe, 'and never thought to be until this hour. But here is the plain truth. I have met you here at the roadside, and I saw your eyes, which are like the stars, and my heart went to you as swift as a bird. And so now, if you want none of me, say so, and I will go on to my own place; but, if you think me no worse than any other young man, say so, too, and I will turn aside to your father's for the night and to-morrow I will talk with the good man.'

Kokuia said never a word, but she looked at the sea and laughed.

'Kokuia,' said Keawe, 'if you say nothing I will take that for the good answer; so let us be stepping to your father's door.'

She went on ahead of him still without speech, only sometimes she glanced back and glanced away again, and she kept the strings of her hat in her mouth.

Now, when they had come to the door, Kiano came out on his verandah and cried out and welcomed Keawe by name. At that the girl looked over, for the fame of the great house had come to her ears; and, to be sure, it was a great temptation. All that evening they were very merry together; and the girl was as bold as brass under the eyes of her parents, and made a mark of Keawe, for she had a quick wit. The next day he had a word with Kiano, and found the girl alone.

'Kokuia,' said he, 'you made a mark of me all the evening, and it is still in my mind. I would not tell you who I was, because I have so fine a house, and I feared you would think too much of that house and too little of the man that loves you. Now you know all, and if you wish to have seen the last of me, say so at once.'

'No,' said Kokuia, but this time she did not laugh, nor did Keawe ask for more.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

PARIS is not exactly the place where one would go for a miracle play, but it has seen a curious revival of the sacred drama. Not only has M. Grandmougin's 'Christ' attracted extraordinary attention at the Theatre Moderne, but a few months ago another author—M. Joseph Fabre—brought a play on the same subject to Nancey, the famous critic. 'There is only one man in Paris who could put upon the stage the figure of Christ,' said Nancey, 'and that man is Mounet Sully; go to him and say that I sent you.' And M. Fabre went to him to be received with the words, 'Jesus Christ! I was thinking about it; I have even a play on the subject in my mind.'

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

AN enthusiastic Dunedinite sends some particulars of an ancient musician Jude, who is, as we have before mentioned, coming up the colony with his 'music and moral' entertainment. Mr Jude gave a lecture at Girton College, Dunedin, and on this and other occasions greatly impressed my correspondent, who enthuses in the following strain:—'To young musicians his instruction is invaluable, and musical people of all ages have been careful to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded of gaining the knowledge he imparts. Even the scales in his hands are things of beauty, while the simplest pieces take on a dignity and eloquence that is a revelation; but when he takes one into the fields of scientific music he opens up vistas of beauty and grandeur undreamed of, while in his interpretation the most intricate pieces explain themselves to those whose musical education has been too limited to allow them to understand the usual run of scientific music.'

'It is very easy to understand the disappointment of the musical world at Mr Jude's severance from it, and so far as I could judge from the only time I heard him lecture to an adult audience, the religious world has not gained a sufficiently good preacher to compensate for that loss.'



TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AV.

EVIDENTLY my impressionable friend is sorry for this remarkably just piece of criticism. Jude is not a preacher, and his egotism will always stand in his way, for she concludes:—'The language of his music is limitless. He appeals, applauds, encourages, commands. He makes you laugh and makes you weep. He is a comforter, an inspiration. Mr Jude's desire is to do good, and he can never fail to do it while he can speak upon an instrument so.'

It is good to find someone enthusiastic in these *fin de siècle* days.

'TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AV' has reached New Zealand, and bids fair to become as much the rage here as it has been and is still in the old country. Where the charm comes in it is hard to say. The tune is catchy, and when the *boom* is brought out to the accompaniment of a high kick as seen in our illustration, there is no doubt that the effect is wonderful. There is a semi-maddening excitement in the jingling repetition of the refrain, and the audiences soon begin to shout ta-ra-ra, while the *boom* comes with an exultant roar after the first verse or so. There is surely some strange magnetism in the air, for the words are as silly as could well be invented. In Sydney people are 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-av'

mad already, and the disease is spreading with fearful celerity in 'collapsed Melbourne.'

THE Choral Society Orchestra are engaged rehearsing several orchestral pieces for performance at the Ovide Music concerts, which open on Monday next.

HERE is a yarn re poor Majeroni. The Signor and Signora were staying at the Criterion Hotel, Napier, when they told the Boniface they yearned to interview a Maori chief—one of the real old cannibal school, unspoilt by knowledge of English ways. The host presently introduced Willie Broughton, a popular half-caste, owner of sheep runs and racehorses, and a party to the Broughton-Donnelly will-suit before the Privy Council, and persuaded him to be an ancient anthropologist for the nonce. A friend was procured to act as interpreter, and the pair were taken up to the sitting-room where the Signor and Signora awaited their coming. The interpreter turned out to be an old acquaintance of Majeroni's, and after several questions had been put through him to the noble savage and duly answered in primitive Maori, he forgot about the savage and began talking of the season just concluding. The 'chief' gradually became more and more fitfully as he felt himself out of it, and the conversation rattling on, the 'interpreter' complimented the Signora on her appearance as 'Marie Antoinette.' 'Marie Antoinette' burst in the 'untamed savage' in perfect English, 'why that's the dam of Silence' (a Maori land racer). Then the show broke up.

AT Sydney Royal Mrs Bernard Beere continues to hold a modern looking-glass up to the insincerities of drawing-room melodrama, and she dies nightly with great success in a flood of crimson-tinted limelight to the great distress of a titled detective of Russian birth, who speaks very decent English with a decidedly French accent, but whose acquaintance with the Newgate Calendar passeth the wisdom of the serpent. The weather has lately been anything but propitious, yet 'As in a Looking Glass' has drawn very good houses, and a fair proportion of Mr George Gordon's admirers do nightly congregate to make remarks anent the new 'drop,' and lay wagers as to its whereabouts in Sydney Harbour. However, the 'Looking Glass' has to give place to 'Masks and Faces,' and the Lena Despard of Mrs Beere, the detective of M. Marius, and the card-sharper of Mr Standing will be numbered among the artistic memories of a gladsome past.

THE Committee of the Auckland Amateur Opera Club have engaged Mr Geo. Leopold (late stage manager for Messrs Williamson, Garner, and Musgrove) to instruct the members of the Club in the 'stage business' of H.M.S. 'Pinafore.'

THE Montague-Turner Opera Company had a very successful season in Napier, and might, it is said, have easily filled the theatre for another week.

THE Carl Hertz Company were also well received at Napier, and delighted a large audience with their wonderful performances.

A VERY good Christy Minstrel concert and farce was given by the Hastings Athletic Club in the Town Hall. The building was packed. The first part of the entertainment consisted of a concert, Mr Broad (a new arrival in Hastings) acting as interlocutor, Mr Nicol being Sambo, and Mr Waun, Bones. Nearly all the solos were exceptionally good, and most of them were encored. Master Victor Roach has a very sweet voice. It could be plainly heard in the chorus. Jokes and conundrums followed the concert, then came a 'stump' speech given by Mr Broad, 'Is Marriage a Failure,' followed by the farce, 'The Showman's Dilemma,' and very good it was—most laughable, and well put on the stage. During the evening Mr Hobbs thanked the audience for their attendance, and said that in order to induce members to join the Athletic Club the subscription had been reduced to 7s 6d per annum. The Misses Lee (3) played on their violins, and Miss Kelly played the piano. This constituted the orchestra, which though small was very good. Everyone went home well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

A GREAT Edinburgh preacher once treated himself, during a visit to London, to a seat in the pit at Drury Lane. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and an awe-stricken voice said, 'Oh, Dr. McGungar, what would the people in the Old Kirk say if I tell them I saw you here?' But the good old man's presence of mind did not fail him, and he straightway replied, 'Deed they wadna believe you, and so ye needna tell them.'

FRAU ROSA CZILLAG, whose death at Vienna was recently recorded, was an opera singer with a wonderful mezzo-soprano voice, and had sung in nearly all the great opera houses of Europe. Early in her career she was married to Herrmann, the late conjuror, but was shortly afterwards divorced from him. For some time her art brought her an immense income, but in 1874 she lost her voice, then became scripple and finally died a pauper.