

board were killed instantly. Then, leaving the brig, Te Rauparaha and the Ngaitotoa made a raid upon the pah, Takapuneke, when upwards of a hundred were butchered. Apera Puhenui, Paorini and other leading men among the Ngaitotoa tribe were slain, either on the brig or while resisting the overwhelming attack up the shore. What followed I need not describe. Others have written. What good purpose could be served by an eye-witness recalling those horrors from their graves after the lapse of years. No further punishment can be visited upon the guilty. Te Rauparaha, Te Hiko, and the Ngaitotoa, in some measure must be forgiven. It was the custom of their race to be revenged, to eat their enemies, to torture those they hated, and to rejoice in their death. Tamaiharanui, in like circumstances, would have been equally ferocious. Even to regard it as a blot upon the greatness of Te Rauparaha's character would be manifestly unfair. Let a veil be drawn over the horrors of that forgotten day: He who would read of them must search the scant records relating to the brig Elizabeth and her ghastly and treacherous errand. Here I leave it, to resume the narrative of her doings when we were once more anchored off Kapiti, with only Tamaiharanui and his wife, of all Te Rauparaha's captives, left alive.

(To be Continued.)

Bullocky Bill had a cold so bad that, though his language was very sad, His team stood placidly chewing the cud, While the wheels sank deeper into the mud.
WOODS' PEPPERMINT CURE his voice brought back,
When of classical speech there was no lack,
And his cattle took to their work with a will,
'Neath the lurid appeals of Bullocky Bill.

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TOLD TO PARSON.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Author of "A Tiger's Cat," Etc.

A little girl came rushing into the gate of the vicarage at Postbridge, Dartmoor; and it chanced that she met the minister himself, as he bent in his garden and scattered lime around upspringing seeds.

"These slugs would try the patience of a saint," he said, hearing footsteps and not looking up. "They have eaten off nearly all my young larkspurs. How can one fight them?"

Then a small, breathless voice broke in upon him:

"Please, sir, mother sent me, an' I've runned a most all the way from our cottage w'out stopping once. 'Tis old Mr. Mundy please. He'm dying—so he told mother when her fetched him his milk this morning—an' he says he've got something very special to tell anybody an' he wants to come an' listen to it. But nobody don't want to hear his secrets in the village; so mother said 'twas your job, please, an' sent me for your honour."

"My job?—yes, so it is, little maid. I'll come at once. An' they'd better send for the doctor. It isn't his regular visiting day until Thursday; but probably it's 'his job,' too."

"Mother axed the old man that; an' he said as he didn't want no doctor, nor his trade (medicine) either. He says I'm nearly a hundred years old; an' he won't be messed about with at his time of life; but just die easy an' comfortable."

In 20 minutes the clergyman had walked a mile and crossed a strip of the wilderness that stretched round about the little hamlet on Dartmoor where he laboured. A single cottage, separated from the rest by wide tracts of furze and heather stood here, and near it lay a neglected garden. But Gaffer Mundy had long ceased to fight the Moor or care for his plot of land. His patch of the reclaimed earth returned fast to primitive savagery. Brakefern sprouted in the potato bed; rush, heather, and briar choked the currant bushes; fearless rabbits nibbled every green thing.

"Come in, whoever you may be," said an ancient voice. So the visitor obeyed and entered, to find the sufferer fully dressed, sitting by a fire of peat. Noah Mundy was very tall, but now his height had vanished, and he had been long bent under his burden of years. A bald yellow skull rose above his countenance, and infinite age marked his face. As the earth through centuries of cooling has wrinkled into mountains and flattened out into ocean beds between them, so these aged features,

stamped and torn with the fret and fever of long life, had become as a look whereon time had written many things for those who could read them. Very weak was the man and very thin. He was toothless and almost hairless; the scanty beard that fell from his chin was white, while his mousethe had long been dyed with snuff to a lively yellow. His eyes remained alive, though one was dimmed over with an opaline haze. But from the other he saw clearly enough for all his needs. He made it a boast that he could not write, and he would not read. There was no book in his house.

"This you—eh! I could have wished for a man out of your trade, but it won't matter. I've got a thing worth telling; but mark this: I don't care a button what you think of it, an' I don't want none of your bunkum an' lies after I've told it. Sit down in that thick chair an' smoke your pipe an' keep cool. Ban't no use getting excited now, for what I be going to tell 'e happened more'n sixty years ago—afore you was born or thought about."

"My smoke won't trouble you?"
"Bah! I've smoked and chowed an' snuffed for more'n half a century. I'm as easy through an' through—soaked in it as you might say. An' as for smoke, if what you tell to church be true, I shall have smoke, an' fire too, afore long. But hell's only a joke to frighten females. I don't set no store by it."
"Better leave that, Mr. Mundy. If you really believe your end is near, let us be serious. Yes, I'll smoke my pipe. And you must feel very, very sure that what you tell me is absolutely sacred, unless you wish it otherwise."

"Nought sacred about it, I reckon—all 'otter way. An' as for telling, you can go an' shout it from top of Believer Tor if you'm minded to. I don't care a farden curse who knows it now. Wait till I'm out of it; an' then do as you please."

He drank a little milk, remained silent a moment with his eyes upon the fire, and presently began to tell his life's strange tale.

"Me an' my brother was the only children our parents ever had; an' my brother was five years older'n me. My father, Jonas, Mundy, got money through a will, an' he brought it to Dartmoor, like a fool, an' rented a bit of Moor from the Duchy of Cornwall, an' built a farm upon it, an' set to work to reclaim the land. At first he prospered, an' Aller Bottom Farm, as my father called it, was a promising place, so

long as sweat of man poured out there without ceasing. You can see the ruins of it yet, for when Jonas Mundy died an' it fell to me, I left it an' comed up here; an' the chap as took it off my hands—he went bankrupt inside three year. 'Tis all failed to pieces now, for none tried again.

"But that's to over-run the matter. When I was fifteen an' my brother, John James, was twenty, us both failed in love with the same maid. You stare; but though fifteen in years, I was twenty-five in understanding, an' a very concealing youth where women were concerned. Nelly Baker had turned seventeen, an' more than once I told her that though a boy of fifteen couldn't wed a maid of her age without making folks laugh, even if he could get a parson to hitch them, yet a chap of three-an'-twenty might very properly take a girl of five-an'-twenty without the deed calling for any question. An' her loved me truly enough; for though you only see a worn out scarecrow afore you now, yet seven year ago I filled the eye of more maidens than one, and was a bowerly youth to look upon—tall, straight, tough, wi' hair so black as a crow.

"John James be never knowed that I cared a button for Nelly. I never showed it to a living soul but her by word or look; an' she kept quiet—for fear of being laughed at no doubt. Her folks were dead on the match with John James, an' he pressed her so hard that she'd have took him but for me. He was a pretty fellow too—the Mundy's were very personable as a family. Quite different though from me. Fair polled, wi' flaxen hair, an' terrible strong was John James, an' the best wrestler on Darty-moor in them days.

"Me an' her met by appointment a week afore she'd got to give him a final 'yes' or 'no.' I mind it very well to this hour; an' yet 'tis seventy odd years ago. On Harland Tor us sat in the heather unseen, an' I put my arms around her, an' loved her, an' promised to make her a happy woman. Then I told her what she'd got to do. First I made her prick her finger wi' a thorn of the furze, an' draw blood, an' swear afore the Living God she'd marry me as soon as I could make her mistress of a farm. She was for joking about the matter at first, but I soon forced her to grow serious. She done what I told her, an' since she believed in the Living God, I reckoned her oath would bind her fast enough. As for me, I laughed out of sight, for I never believed in nothing but myself—not even when I was a boy under twenty years old. Next I bade her fall out with John James. I put words in her mouth to say to him, 'I know the fashion of man he be—short an' fiery in his temper,' I told her. 'He hot an' quick with him.' Tell him he's not your sort an' never will be—quarrel with his colour, if you like. Tell him he'm too pink an' white for 'e.' Say, 'tis enough that your own eyes be blue, an' that you'd never wed a blue-eyed man. Make him angry—you ban't a woman if you don't know how to do that. Then the rest be easy enough. He'll flare an' flame like a tar barrel on Guy Fawkes night. But he'll trouble you no more, for he'm so proud as Satan.

"Nelly Baker took in all I said; an' inside a week she'd dropped my brother. But 'twas what he done after that startled folks, for without a word to any living soul, he vanished, like the

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