

gorges in New Zealand. I used to love driving through them at one time, but now I always have a feeling that I should be safer walking. That rather spoils the pleasure, as you may imagine. Your letter must have been travelling around the country on its own account for a week or two, for I see it is dated July 11th. I only received it this morning, August 3. The concert is over, of course. Did you go to it, and was it a success? No, we didn't have much rain the week I was away for my holiday.—Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have had the influenza, and I could not answer the letter which I saw in the "Graphic" on Monday. I am staying to get better now, so I thought I would write. The big flood was not near our place, but the people around us were flooded, as they were on low ground. The post-cards in this week's "Graphic" are very pretty, don't you think so, Cousin Kate? I have read "Tom Brown's School Days," and I like it very much. That must have been a big flood at Te Aroha, where you were staying. My mother and father are back from their trip to Australia. Have you ever been in Westport, Cousin Kate? We have been having bad weather lately. I think this is all the news. With love to you and all the other "Graphic" contributors.—From Cousin Jack.

[Dear Cousin Jack.—I am so sorry you have been ill, and hope you are quite recovered by this time. I can sympathise with you, for I have influenza myself nearly every year. It is such a horrid thing to have, isn't it? especially in the winter time, because one takes so much longer to get over it in the cold weather. You are very lucky to be living on so much higher ground than your neighbours. It must be dreadful to be flooded out. I wouldn't mind so much in the day time, but it would be awful at night, I think. The flood I saw at Te Aroha was not a very big one, and it did very little damage, luckily. The "Graphic" post-cards have been very pretty lately. I like the tinted ones ever so much better than the plain ones, don't you? I expect you are delighted to have your father and mother home again. I hope they had a pleasant trip.—No, I have never been to Westport. I should like to drive across from the other coast some day though, because I have heard so much about the scenery; it must be lovely.—Cousin Kate.]

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road.
"What are you going to do with the dog, my little man?" inquired a passer-by.
"I'm going to see where—where he wants to go, first," was the breathless reply.

The Adventures of Jack and Elsie

Mrs. Scott, who lived in the house across the way, said that Jack and Elsie were very spoiled children indeed. When they were very little their father and mother lived in India, and were obliged to send them over the sea to their grandmother, because the climate of India is not suitable for English children. Grandmamma and their young aunt Emily nearly always let them do as they pleased, and they grew to be very naughty and dissatisfied, for children who always have their own way are seldom happy. When their father and mother returned, and took them to their own home, Jack and his sister used to lie on the floor and kick and scream when they could not get what they wanted.

One day Jack's mother took him for a walk in the town. When she refused to buy some bright-coloured lollies, because she knew they were coloured with something that was unwholesome, the boy sat down on the sidewalk and refused to move, and when his mother took his hand, and tried to make him get up, he kicked his heels on the stones and screamed so that a great crowd collected.

Someone cried that a woman was ill-treating a child, and this brought a policeman to the spot. When Jack's mother explained what the trouble was the policeman stooped, and lifted him up. Jack was very much frightened, and thought he was going to be taken to gaol, so he cried out, "Let me go! Oh, please let me down, and I will go home with mamma." And he walked home very quietly indeed.

The next day Elsie was the naughty one. She had a beautiful doll that her uncle had given her. It was as large as a real baby, and had an open mouth with pretty white teeth. Elsie took it to dinner with her, sat it on a chair beside her and began to stuff potatoes and gravy in its mouth.

"Elsie, don't do that," said her mother. "You will spoil your doll."
"I won't spoil it," said Elsie, rudely. "Aunt Emily let me do it." And she went on stuffing things in the doll's mouth; for the head was hollow, and there was room for a good deal.

As she would not stop, her mother came to the chair and lifted the doll out. She looked through the open mouth, and saw that the hollow head was nearly filled with little bits of bread and meat and fruit. Elsie had begun to stuff the poor dollie some time before, and a very unpleasant odour came from the decaying meat and fruit with which the hollow head was nearly filled.

Mrs. Manning tried to shake this food out through the mouth; but the opening was small, and it would not come.

"I shall have to take the head from the body and clean it, and hang it out to air," said Elsie's mamma.

"Give me my dollie. You shan't have it. I will feed it if I want to," cried the naughty girl.

"I cannot allow you to spoil your doll," said her mother, "and you must not speak to me in that rude way."

"You are not a bit kind to me. I wish you had stayed in India. I want to go back to live with grandmamma and never see you again."

Poor Mrs. Manning felt very sad when her little daughter said she did not love her. She was a kind and wise mother, and she would not allow her little girl to go on doing what was wrong. She took the doll away, and Elsie began to kick and scream as loud as she could.

"Let's go back to grandmamma's," said Jack to Elsie that afternoon. "Papa says a lady is coming to-morrow morning to teach us, to-morrow and every day. We'll have to be in school and have no fun. Grandmamma did not make us have lessons when we didn't want to."

"But how can we get there? It's such a long way!"

"When papa and mamma go for a drive we can pack our bags with some things we want; and then, when no one is looking, we can slip out through the fence in the back garden. I remember the road through the woods and the way to the station."

"But I don't believe they will let us on the cars. And we have no money enough to pay for going all the way to grandmamma's."

"Oh, we can slip in when the guard is not looking and hide under a seat. And then, I think, he'll let us stay on till we get to grandmamma's."

So Elsie agreed to try, and an hour later, when their father and mother had

left the house, the two stole out, bags in hand and soon found themselves outside the garden fence.

They found the path through the woods, for Jack had walked that way with his father. But they were not so happy as they had expected they would be. Perhaps grandmamma would be angry and would send them back. Perhaps they could not succeed in getting on the train; or if they got on the conductor might put them off at the first station he came to far away from their grandmother's. Then they came to a place where two woodland roads met, and Jack could not remember which one led to the station. They took the one that he thought was right; but it was not long before they knew they had made a mistake, for it soon became a very narrow, winding path through thick woods.

"O, Jack, we must go back and find the other way," said Elsie.

At that moment they heard a creaking of branches. They turned round to see who was coming, and saw a dark, rough-looking man.

Elsie was afraid, but Jack said: "Please, will you tell us the way to the station? We are going to see our grandmamma."

"Yes, I'll show you; come along after me."

When they saw he was leading them farther on the winding path Elsie whispered: "Oh, Jack, let's go home! I know this isn't the right way!"

The man heard her, and turned quickly. "I tell you this is the right way, and if you don't follow me you'll be lost and the boggy will catch you."

"There's no such thing as a boggy. Grandmamma said there was not, and you are a naughty man to frighten us."

"Here, stop your talking and make haste," said the man, catching her hand and beginning to walk quickly. "I said I would show you the way, and I have no time to lose."

He walked so fast that she was soon out of breath. At first she was too much frightened to say she would go no further. But when she grew more and more sure that he was not going to the station, for the wood grew deeper and there was no path to be seen, she suddenly jerked her hand from his, and, calling to her brother, began to run back.

The man caught her in a minute, and then she threw her arms about a little tree and held it fast, and screamed as loud as she could. Jack, too, began to scream and shout.

"Here, stop that noise this minute," said the man. And when they did not stop, for they hoped their cries would bring some one to help them, the rough fellow gave the little boy a hard blow. "Now, you will come along quietly, or must I give you a good beating?" he asked.

"We'll have to go with him, Jack," said Elsie, and the two sobbing children followed without another word.

It was almost dark before they saw a light shining through the trees, and presently they came to a cleared place, where there were two tents and a number of people sitting around a fire. Then Jack and Elsie were sure that what they had feared was true. They were in the hands of gypsies.

The man led them to the fire, told them to sit down, and took one of the women aside, and talked to her for some time. When she returned to them she spoke quite kindly, and said she would give them some supper.

Though they were frightened and unhappy, they were so hungry that they ate the coarse food. Then the woman showed them a dirty looking heap of clothes in a corner of the tent, and told them it was their bed. Two gipsy children were asleep on another rough bed on the ground. They had not taken off the clothes they had worn in the daytime.

"But I don't want to go to bed," said Elsie. "I want to go home to my own mamma. And if you don't let us go home, our papa and mamma will send people to look for us; and they will put you in gaol for stealing us."

"You can't go home to-night. It is too late."

"Will you take us home in the morning?"

"We'll see about that."

"But you must, you must, take us home," Elsie began to cry and scream, and Jack joined her.

The man who had taken them through the woods put his head in at the opening of the tent, and said, shaking his fist, "Be quiet now, or I'll come in and give you a beating."

Both children stopped crying at once, and lay down on the dirty bed without another word.

They were very tired and had almost fallen asleep when they heard voices outside the tent. The men and women who were talking had forgotten that they were so close to the bed where the children slept.

"Listen, Jack, listen, they are talking about us," whispered Elsie.

The listeners did not hear every word; but they heard enough to make them understand that the gypsies were afraid that people would soon come to the tents in search of the children. They thought the seekers would look nearest the children's home first; but perhaps by morning they would come to the camp. And so the men and women agreed that it would be safer to pack everything into their covered waggons and drive away before dawn. But they would take a few hours' sleep first.

"Oh, Elsie," whispered Jack, "if they take us very far, we will never, never get home again."

"When they are sound asleep, perhaps we can creep out," said Elsie.

"Hush!" said her brother, for some one was coming into the tent.

Elsie tried to keep awake till all the gypsies were asleep; but she was very tired, and when her brother shook her arm she had so far forgotten where she was that she almost called out loudly enough to wake the people in the tent.

"Oh, hush, Elsie, hush!" said her brother in a low, frightened tone. "They'll hear you!"

Then Elsie remembered and was very quiet.

"We can creep out under the tent close by our bed," said Jack.

With the fear of being caught, Elsie's heart beat so fast at first that she could not move; but presently she said: "Let's try now."

The trembling, frightened pair crept out softly. They were afraid to run yet, because they had to pass another tent, and they did not want to make a noise. They had just passed the second tent, when some dogs that were sleeping outside began to bark.

"They'll bite us," said Elsie.

"They'll wake the people," said Jack.

They heard a man's voice, and they ran as fast as their feet would carry them until they were out of the clearing, and in the thick woods.

"Elsie, if they come after us, we can't

Continued on page 57.

The Largest Stock of
SURPLUS . . .
LIBRARY BOOKS
In the World.
Offered at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Every month MUDIES publish a fresh list of their Surplus Books and New Reminders. The list contains popular works on Sport, Travel, Biography, and Fiction, and will be sent Post Free on application to any part of the world.

All the leading English Reviews and Magazines can be supplied, new or second hand. Rates on application.

MUDIES' LIBRARY,
30-34 New Oxford Street,
LONDON, ENGLAND.



BENS DORP'S
ROYAL DUTCH
COCOA
AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND
By This Cocoa For Cook
PREPARE OF CHOCOLATE

DON'T FORGET THE 1/2

You just save one-half of your Cocoa every time you use

BENS DORP'S
Healthful & Nourishing
.. THE IDEAL ..
COLD WEATHER DRINK



FREE
NO MONEY
REQUIRED.

Send in your name and address and we will send you at once a copy of our new and interesting book, "The Story of the World," which is a most valuable and useful work. It is the only book of its kind ever published, and is a most valuable and useful work. It is the only book of its kind ever published, and is a most valuable and useful work. It is the only book of its kind ever published, and is a most valuable and useful work.

The Most Novelty Co.
DEPT. A.
WILLIS STREET, WELLINGTON