

It has to do this because the stem grows round the trunk. There is a nice beach at Orewa of hard white sand, and the breakers look grand as they break from one end of the beach to the other, with the white foam that looks so pretty. It is not a very good beach for bathing, because of those great waves, which makes it rather dangerous. From one end to the other it is one and a-half miles of hard white sand. Grass grows above the beach, some of it is rather funny looking. Some I saw had a little ball at the head of the stem, and from that, long, stiff sort of blades grew, and as it was dry it broke off and rolled over and over till it got to the sea. It was always blown into the sea, because the beach sloped towards it. I am afraid I have not described the grass well, and I don't know the name for it, but perhaps you have seen it. I hope you have, as you will know what I mean by the blades, which would look more like trailers when they were green. I think there is no wharf to land at, but all have to get off the steamer into a pulling boat and are rowed to the rocks. I will have to stop now, as my letter is too long already. --With love from Cousin Alison.

[Dear Cousin Alison.—I have had some friends at Orewa, and they say it is just lovely. Your letter is a very clever and charming one, and I am sure all the cousins will enjoy it as much as I did. I will tell you something about that grass next week if you will write and remind me. It is rather interesting.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate.—I am writing to tell you I shall be very pleased to write to you while I am going to London, and when I get there. It is very good of you to offer to keep my letters for me, and I should like you to very much. Another little girl and I wrote to you some time ago, but our letters have never appeared in the "Graphic," so I suppose they must have got mislaid. I have very little time here now, have I not? Not quite three weeks. I think I am going to the theatre to-night. The name of the piece is "The Sign of the Cross." I hope I will enjoy it. We certainly made a great deal of noise in the bath at Waiwera, but I cannot think how you know we did. Has it not been very hot lately? We had swimming races at the Albert-street Baths on Monday, and I was lucky enough to gain a first prize. Gladys also gained a prize. Now dear Cousin Kate I must conclude.—With love, I remain, Cousin Roie.

[Dear Cousin Roie.—You will be on your way to England ere this appears in print, I expect. Thank you for promising to write. I can only give a scrap of an answer as your letter arrived so late.—Cousin Kate.]

On Duty.

Uncle Alec came out into the garden, and was just going to seat himself in the summer house when he spied a large spider in its web. He

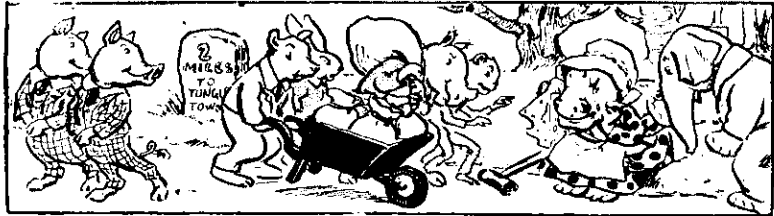
went closer to look at it, and presently called Neddie, who was playing near by. "I can't come now, uncle," replied Neddie; "I'm on duty." "What are you doing?" asked Uncle Alec. "I'm a sentinel keeping guard," said Neddie. "Can't you come over here just a minute if I watch for you?" "No, indeed!" answered Neddie, firmly. "Well, well," said Uncle Alec, quite

amused, as he sat down to read his paper. The next day Neddie's mother called him, and asked him to go to the village for some currants and sugar, and told him to be sure and not be long. About ten minutes afterwards Uncle Alec started for the post office. When he reached the little brook, which had to be crossed to get to the village, he saw Neddie standing on the bridge throwing stones into the water.

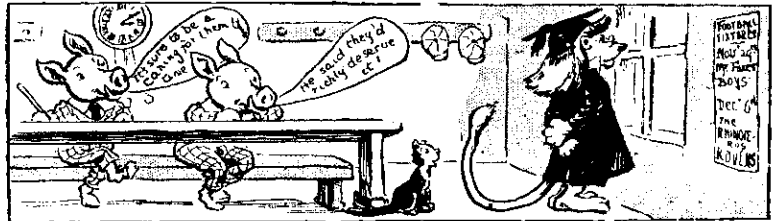
"Hallo, Neddie," he said; "I thought you were on duty." "Oh, no, uncle, mother sent me on an errand." "Did she send you to throw stones in the brook?" "No, sir. She sent me to get some currants." Then Neddie looked sturdily in his uncle's face for a moment or two, and then, turning towards the village, he was off like a flash. You see, he realised he was on duty.

X JUNGLE JINKS. X

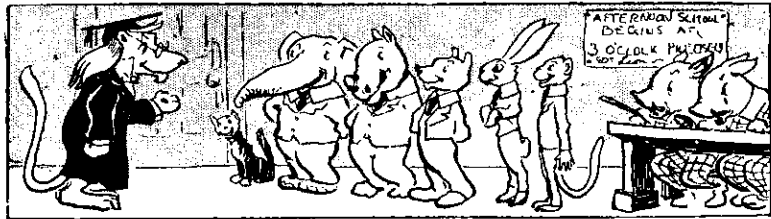
How the Kind Jungle School Boys Helped Old Mrs. Hippo.



1. As the Jungle boys were hurrying back to afternoon school one day they came upon poor lame Mrs Hippo sitting by the roadside sobbing bitterly because she was unable to push her heavy barrow any further. "It is market day in Jungle Town," she said to Jumbo, "and if I don't sell my potatoes I shan't be able to pay my landlord his rent." "Oh, never mind, Mrs Hippo. Dry your eyes, and we'll go to the market and sell your potatoes for you. Dr. Lion will come us, perhaps, for being late for school, but we don't care."



2. "You chaps can do as you like," sneered the two Boars, "but we are not going to get a caning for the sake of an old woman." And off they ran to the Jungle School, to tell Dr. Lion how naughty the other boys were. "Very well," said the Doctor, when they had told him all about Mrs Hippo's barrow, "you two can go on with your lessons, and when the others come back I will give them something they richly deserve." "It's sure to be a caning this time," chuckled the elder Boar. "Yes," whispered his brother, "he said they'd richly deserve it."



3. But when Jumbo and the rest came back expecting to be caned, they were astonished to hear Dr. Lion say they could all take a holiday. "I am very pleased indeed to find my boys ready to risk punishment to help a poor old woman," he added. "You may all run and play now, and the Boars will stay in and do your lessons for you." Then the Boars saw that they had been too clever, and began to blubber.

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