

spoke of the visions that had come to both of us, and we made many bright plans that would loop the bonds of friendship around our quarrelsome tribes, that for ever cast aside the bitter feelings that made the Wairoa sharpen their weapons, and point them towards the home of the Ngapu. But I care not, O Tanemai, to speak much of these sayings. The words of the heart are not for other ears.

II.

"When the sun rose up from over the sea, and cast the light of day over the doings of men, my love and I came to the great Ngapu pa, which even now showed many signs of the great Wairoa attack. As though we had come in the manner of invited guests, two men met us at the gates of the pa. My guide's face showed great fear, but her words were spoken with firmness, as became a chief's daughter. 'Be brave, my Ruatui,' she said. 'Tehero the tohunga and Nuiawa my father come forth to greet us.'

"But neither of the men looked at me. They appeared not even to notice my presence, but went straight up towards Moana.

"Daughter," began Nuiawa, "this must not be. You shall mate with none but a Ngapu. Haki shall be thy husband—Haki the fearless, Haki the noble, the master of many lands, the chosen—"

"Nay, my father," broke in Moana. "Haki is not noble. Haki is cruel and faithless. I cannot—"

"Silence!" cried Tehero the tohunga, while his evil mind showed itself by the passion which worked in his face. "You will be forgiven, but only in part. You must meet your punishment, though it will be a light one, for you have delivered into our hands the chief of our enemies. Your Ruatui's last moments shall cause mirth for the women and children. But as I have said, your punishment shall be a light one, oh daughter of Nuiawa! You shall scrape clean the bones of this Ruatui, and shall take them in their shame to the tribe that owns them, even to the Wairoa! At the next rise of the sun we shall see how the chief of the Wairoa can die! Go and forget your shame!"

"My weeping love was led away. Many men then came to me, and though I fought as the Wairoa knows how to fight, they quickly overcame my strength bound my arms, and threw me into a stout ware, setting an armed warrior to watch over me. How I spent that long day only Ruatui shall ever know. My limbs suffered much pain from my bonds, but this I could bear; my pain of the mind I could not bear, and I groaned aloud at the thoughts of my Moana and the misery she had brought upon herself by her great love for me. In stillness the night came down, and I set my thoughts upon my people and upon the unknown world of spirits I was soon to enter.

"Another keeper was placed over me, and soon a soft feeling of rest crept over me, for surely my mind was about to give up its struggle and enter into a state of blankness, which would in mercy cover up the doings of my captors. But just as the world and the things of this world were about to pass from me, I heard a soft voice tenderly calling, 'Ruatui! Ruatui!' It was Moana. I cried aloud in my joy, but her hand stole over my mouth, and her lips whispered, 'My Ruatui, your keeper sleeps, and I am come to set you free.' She cut my bonds with a sharpened stone she had remembered to bring, but as the last strand yielded to her efforts the moon chose to burst from behind the clouds, and, as if its influence had wakened him, my door-watcher arose and came towards us. But my arm was free, and in the same instant one woman of the Ngapu became a widow. Moana shuddered, and drew me behind the shadow of the ware, but no sound disturbed the stillness of the night.

"Ruatui! my love tremblingly whispered, 'my hands are also red with Ngapu blood.'

"How, Moana?"

"Tehero the tohunga is a false priest. I had to protect myself from his evil when he came to my prison; and, oh, Ruatui, his own mere came to my hand, and he now sleeps with it deep in his brains."

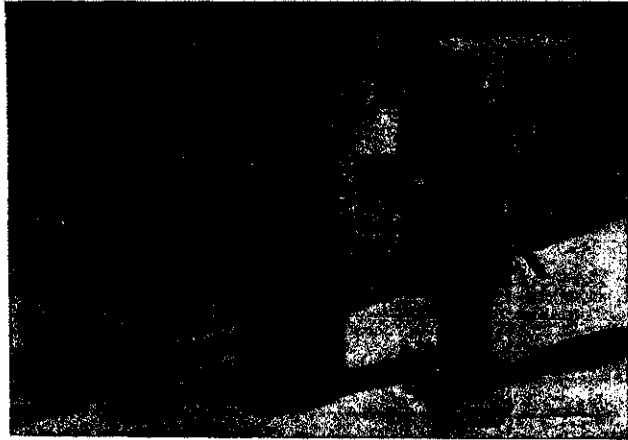
"I laughed softly and praised the deed, but Moana answered not. She was peering forth and listening, for the threatening sound of murmuring voices bore ill-news for us; and loud shouts and cries soon told their tale, for the deeds of blood were discovered, and now

the moon shone bright and clear as those at the gate of the pa came towards us. Then my strength came to life, and my blood flowed fast. I lifted my love in my arms, and by quick scrambling round a ware, escaped the men. I ran past the gate and out into the fern as man never ran before. But the fern was thick and high, for I knew not the track, and Moana had lost her brain power. The weight soon weakened me, so that my body wished to fall. My wrath became great when I turned and beheld Nuiawa and another, whom I at once knew to be Haki, following close upon us. I heard them laugh, for they knew, but till then I did not that a river ran at my feet. Without a pause I plunged in, and the current of the stream quickly bore us down. Then a thought of escape came to me, and I seized a drooping mangrove root and held with a desperate grip. The coldness of the water caused Moana to awake, but it made our bodies so that they shook as with disease. But we soon rejoiced, for the men passed us, running down the bank. We heard the curses of Nuiawa and the wailing of Haki. When their footsteps broke the fern far away, we scrambled out, and went towards the high land near the sea. We found a sheltered place, and there we stayed until we should be rested; and Moana softly sang a war song to lend us courage. We believed that those who chased us were searching in the river, but it was not so. Moana's voice was suddenly hushed, for Nuiawa had found us. He had crept up, and now, his

could not paddle quickly with the heavy limb they had used, and I made much noise, so that my enemies soon discovered me. They entered the water, and I saw that they swam faster than I could paddle, but I dared not again trust to the mercy of the water, for my affrighted brain heard the dread Taniwha beneath. I cried aloud to the spirit of Moana, and before the echo of my voice had died away the noise of the demon fish had ceased. The good in death had defeated the evil in life. And now the sweet vision appeared to me unbidden, and I swam out towards her. She led me on, through the water and out over the fern, until I came to a narrow point of high land, where the sea broke on both sides. I rested and prayed that our spirits should become as one. The lovely dream-spirit came smiling, and pointed to where the narrow land joined the broad. I looked, and saw that Haki came alone, and I knew that his companion slept beneath the waters of cold Tangiora.

III.

"Again I heard the war song—the same song that had kissed the lips of living Moana when we had rested during our fight. I looked to earth and sky, and strode forth to do battle. We were strong men both, and our hands were our only weapons. Neither of us spoke, but the young manuka was trampled far around, for we fought a fearful fight. My angel-spirit's voice sounded in my ears and gave to my fingers the strength of two men, so that Haki's throat was



Old Lady (who has lost her bearings): But, dear me! I'm certain that the last time I was here I went that way to Hartem.  
Diplomatic Policeman: It's right in the opposite direction, now, mum. Ye'd be surprised at the changes that's been made.

spear quivered in his daughter's heart. In the dark his accursed weapon had found the wrong victim! I was cold and still with horror, and recovered only when I saw Haki, burning with wrath, striking his bare head into Nuiawa's skull.

"Then a think came up, and I fled. Oft' have I felt ashamed, oh Tanemai! but the truth must be told. I fled because I thought of dead Moana, and the thought stilled my heart, so that the blood which it pumped was cold. The two men followed me, and the night turned to day, and the day wore on and turned to night; but still they followed me. Many times as I ran my thoughts turned my will to stand and do battle, but my soul was torn and mad within me, and my body took its own unbidden course.

"Now, I knew of the lake called Tangiora, and I ran towards it. Before the moon arose I was beside its waters, and without waiting cast my tired body into the cold depths and swam out to the island known to my tribe as Aotura. I could but drag my weary feet into the low, leafy growth of friendly Aotura, when I fell to the ground and slept; but my rest was broken by the cries of the birds, for they were uneasy at my coming. But soon a worse noise disturbed me; the moon shone upon Haki and the other man of Ngapu, who had heard the cries of the birds and had crossed the waters on a flax-bound raft of dry kauri. They landed and searched, but my luck was good, for I had seen them first. I softly crept down to the water's edge, and stole their raft. I

clasped and held tight until the breath of life left his body, and I was alone. I dragged the dead thing away and covered it with leaves, for fear that Moana's spirit might not return while it lay in the pure moonlight.

"I stood free as the sun, and thought to go back to my people. But the love of Moana held me, and again I sought the bright vision. It came to my call of despair, but beckoned me to leap over the cliff, down on to the rocks beneath. I stayed, and saw the pale light play on the glorious image of Moana. A soft sounding whisper chanted a wondrous song, but yet I stayed. Then clear and strong came the words of Moana:

"Come, Ruatui, come!  
Your spirit is mine.  
It shall cling to my shining hair.  
Your flesh is of earth;  
Let it wither to dust.  
Our spirits are one, as scent and the flower.  
Come, Ruatui, come!"

"Tanemai, oh tohunga, I stayed! And, Tanemai, my heart is not white; for I turned, and with lips that were ready to speak lies I went towards my tribe. Tanemai, they had gone, and only the children and the feeble one had stayed. They were gone again to fight with the Ngapu, and all for the love of their chief Ruatui, who had wandered hence. My heart and my limbs were heavy, but I turned again to fight and to die with my people. But the gods were angry with me, and caused my body to sink beneath its troubles and weariness, and I lay amid the trees for many days and nights, so that I was very close

to death; but the sweet spirit of Moana came not to my calling.

"At last the fever went forth, for I am freely of the berries and leaves that heal and that give us strength and good blood. I slowly went forth, hoping that the tribes yet fought. But next morn brought me to the taurakarika called Kaotae, one of my people. Kaotae had not long to live, for his blood flowed from many wounds. His weak voice could only just tell me his story, and he was glad that death was near, for after fierce and desperate fighting only he had escaped to tell the news.

"And now the Wairoa children and feeble ones yet await in vain for the return of their warriors, oh Tanemai, for Kaotae died at sun, and I have come to you. The Wairoa men were brave, but foolish, for the Ngapu were many—as many to my braves as five meres are to one—and the Ngapu fought for their homes, while the Wairoa fought as they thought for their imprisoned chief, even Ruatui who speaks. Tanemai, I have killed my tribe, for the children will wander. I have lost Moana and her lovely, lonely shadow of spirit-world hope. My brain is like the fire that cannot be quenched, and my heart is like the ice that cannot melt. Tanemai! Tohungal! Speak to me thy words of wisdom!"

My father led the trembling Ruatui to the edge of the cliff, even to the base of this poukukawa, and said, "Oh, chief of the Wairoa, you are called by the gods, your love is keen and your Moana calls you. It is well. Spring far out, Ruatui, and forget all cares of earth in the everlasting peace of the spirit world. Go, and stay not!"

Ruatui looked to the woods, but they were silent to him. He gazed below and upwards, and suddenly lifting up his voice cried, "My spirit shall go to Reinga, where the seaweed shall open wide to clear my way to the life beyond, and to Moana. Wairoa, my people; Ngapu, my enemies; Tanemai, the tohunga, farewell! Moana, I come to you!"

Tanemai, my father, stood still until the Wairoa chief had leapt. The body lay on the pointed rocks below, and the troubles of Ruatui were over.

Tanemai rested, and his mind became filled with many thoughts of the ways of men; but he grieved not at the fate of the Wairoa, for it had been ordered by the gods, and the plans of the gods work ever to doings of wisdom. The men of the Wairoa had been kissed by the god of the death-cloud, and the tribe must die. The spirits of many fathers and young men of the Ngapu had gone forth also, for the Wairoa fought not with hands of snow. Many women were weeping, and many children would grow weary of waiting for those that had gone. The blood of chiefs and of tohungas fed the thirsty grounds; the kangas knew much misery, and the friends of Moana mourned their Beauty-queen.

Thus much may come from the doings of one man, but the heart feelings guide all things.

Tanemai, my father, commanded me never to weary of telling the story of Ruatui and his love. "My son," he said, "all these harvests of death but followed the course of Ruatui and his love of a Maori maid; yet tell the story to your children; it will fill their thoughts with a true mind-picture of your dead tribes. If will teach them that love will follow the brave, and that the brave may love and yet run, and still become yet braver—aye, even to death. So, let your hate be keen. Be brave. But let your love be strongest of all, for a weak love dwells not in the heart of the good!"

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