We knock at the low door in the little porch somewhat timidly, for we are but town folk trammelled by conventionalities, and are not at all sure how the old whaler may receive us. We are quite unprepared for the hearty greeting as the door opens. "Come in, my gells," he cries, holding out a wrinkled hand. For all he knows, we may be burglars or book agents. But, perhaps, in the monotony of his old age, even the advent of a burglar or a book agent may be an agreeable diversion.

sarily stout chains, a large cabin lamp and a highly ornate fly-catcher. There is a distinctly nautical flavour about the room, and, given sufficient imagination, one could almost think oneself on board a ship. But not on one of the floating palaces of to-day. Rather the queer furnishings belong to the good old times of lengthy voyages, mutinies, tarry pig-tails, and salt junk. That clumsy, solid mahogany locker conveys a distinct suggestion of rum—and pirates. What strange fierce faces have been reflected in that old brass-



OLD JENKINS' HOME.

Our host is little and thin, with a lean, clean-shaven face, where still a trace of the Kentish cherry lingers. For he is a Kentish man, and now, in his eighty-fifth year, is a grand advertisement for that county. His eye is blue, and still shrewd and keen, and his mouth, which has in it but three derelicts of teeth, possesses a humorous twist that promises well for our entertainment.

It is the very strangest of interiors, this quaint little room with its smoke-stained ceiling, from which hang, by two unneces-

framed oblong mirror above the shining ship's stove? We are sitting on cabin seats with carved mahogany arms and cushions of faded crimson velvet. All these are odds and ends of wrecked vessels that met their doom on the Otaki coast years ago. When the ships were dismantled—and many ribs and fragments of vessels are still strewn about the beach there—old Jenkins had procured his furniture.

If we pass down the curving white road that ends at the beach, we can see the mast