

of the "City of Auckland," an emigrant ship—uplifted from the ever encroaching sand. Sea birds have built their nests on the tangle of cordage near its summit, and, not long ago, a gale blew away the sand and disclosed the ribs of the vessel. Old Jenkins has vivid memories of this wreck, from which he saved many people.

"Yes, my gells," he tells us, "I was twelve hours in the water a' savin' them folk. I rows off to the ship, climbs on board, and puts my 'ead into the cabin. An' there was the women all a' shriekin' an' a' drippin', an' there ain't no worse sight, to my mind, than wet females!" Jenkins received the Royal Humane Society's medal for this. But he professes to treat this honour lightly, and speaks of this trophy as "three penn'orth o' copper."

The table and locker are strewn—though strewn is hardly the term for the careful, ship-shape mode of the arrangement—with woolly mats, shells, coral veiled in red muslin. and old books—the odds and ends of a long life-time. Photographs, many dimmed and brown with age, and some highly-coloured prints, hang on the walls. Through the open door we get a glimpse of the kitchen with its wide snow-white table and its broad hearth. There, too, is still another bit of flotsam and jet-au in the shape of two brass hand-rails, now utilized for airing clothes upon.

Jenkins himself is garrulous, and quite ready to rake over his memory-stores to satisfy our curiosity. "Yes, my gells," he says, as we ask him eager questions, "that came from a boat wot was wrecked along the shore. The cap'n was drowned, but we saved 'is wife, we did. 'Ad no end o' trouble a' doin' it, too, for the boat capsized four times. W'en we got the woman ashore, she ses to me, 'Mr. Jenkins,' ses she, 'never will I forget yer. If I go to the end o' the world, I'll keep my eye on yer,' she ses. 'I'll write yer every mail.' But she didn't, thank God!" old Jenkins adds, with a fervent sigh of relief.

His views on the subject of the eternal She are hinged with pessimism. It may be that a man who has had sixteen

daughters to bring up—from teething to trousseaux—is apt to get this way. In his youth he has been somewhat of a Lothario, and he chuckles merrily, as he recalls a reminiscence of his salad days. "I was in Sydney," he says, "an' I 'ad in my chest a grand Maori mat, white as milk, it were, and with fringe as long as from 'ere to the wall. Old Robuller gev' it me. Well, a young gell—pretty she were, too—catched sight o' this, and begged 'ard for it. I ses to 'er, 'I'll giv' it yer, my lass, for a kiss.' The gell ses, 'My! Mr. Jenkins, I'll kiss yer all day for it!' But I ses, 'No, thank yer, my lass, one's enough!' Yer see I 'ad a bit o' a sweet'art not far off," and a knowing wink of his blue eyes concluded the tale.

At this point it is our manifest duty to inquire after his good wife, who, if the spotless appearance of our surroundings is to be trusted, is a very Martha. The old man evidently ascribes our inquiry to our fear that we may be discovered by his wife paying attention to her lord and master. With a chuckle, and a poke at us with a skinny finger, he remarks reassuringly, "She's 'ard o' 'earin', the old woman is, thank the Lord!"

Old Jenkins is a curious combination of jockey and sailor, and defies the idea that there is no affinity between a mariner and a horse. For many years he was senior jockey of New Zealand, and won more races, he says, than he ever got paid for. We were told afterwards he donned "the silk" when he was seventy years old. He bares his bald head and points with grim satisfaction to an indentation that crosses its shining surface. "Got my skull crushed in by a 'orse, an' then I stopped a racin'. Just feel it, my gells!" But neither of us felt our short acquaintance with Mr. Jenkins warranted such familiarity.

At last we stemmed the torrent of reminiscence, and asked the burning question, "You fought Te Ruaparaha, didn't you, Mr. Jenkins?" It was like the application of a match to a powder magazine! The old eye flashed, the right hand clenched, and one wrinkled finger poked us in the enthusiasm of an awakened glorious memory. "Ay, ay,