

neck, and quickly throttled it into a state of submission. By the aid of another match the penguin was securely bound, feet and flappers; Davis's brilliantly coloured neckerchief was wound round its head regardless of the risk of suffocation, and the prisoner was carried out to the daylight for inspection. Out on the shingle bank the two gazed curiously at the bird now lying helpless between them.

"By Jingo, he did fight!" muttered Davis, nursing an arm that bore ample and bloodstained testimony to the fray. "If I could only ha' managed to reach my sheath-knife, I'd ha' goosed him, as sure as eggs!"

"Look at thees," said his companion; "my hand ees just to drop off in a minute! Oh, ze diable! he ees prisonair of war, we shall sell him, eh, Davis, to ze storekeeper for a bag of flour."

"Aye, that we shall, mate, or a pound or two of baccy," answered Davis. "But hold on, there might be some more of his breed in there yet."

"So, and how of ze cache?"

"Of course, I'd clean forgot all about that part of the trip, come on then!"

Leading the way, Davis once more re-entered the cave. A careful search resulted in the discovery and subsequent capture of a second and smaller penguin, hardly more than a chick. Then at one side of the cave the two, climbing half-way up its rugged wall, reached a long, deep shelf in the solid rock, upon which lay an irregular-looking heap securely covered with a tarpaulin.

"That's all right," said Davis in a tone of deep satisfaction. "It's all here, every stick of it, and now, mate, it's time we up mudhook and cleared out of this corner, or we'll have the whole dago fleet putting in here to see what we're doing."

Thus it was that Terawhiti Stumpy and his mother were captured and carried round after the day's fishing to the little village at

Wharehou Bay. Here they were confined in a large upturned packing case, and before a week had elapsed, had become recognised members of the motley community of the place. From the very first, the young bird which Davis christened "Terawhiti Stumpy" on account of his short, fat body, threw wonderfully, and swallowed herring by the handful. On the other hand, the old bird did not take at all kindly to captivity, and moped so much that at last she was handed over to the storekeeper of the township some miles inland, in exchange for a pair of boots and a packet of candles. Meanwhile, Stumpy flourished exceedingly, and started making a name for himself by seizing little Antonio Valdez by the nose one morning when that young hopeful attempted to pull a feather out of his tail. Loud and terrible was the outcry that arose from within the packing-case upon this memorable occasion, and old mother Bartolli, who was sitting in her doorway, busy making a butterfish net, nearly took an apoplectic fit in her endeavour to hasten to the erring one's rescue. For the rest of that day the youthful Antonio wore a large bread poultice upon his injured nose, and carefully avoided the vicinity of the packing-case. Upon the following morning, Louie, who had been busily engaged stuffing Stumpy with stale herring, an apparently endless performance, rushed into Davis's cottage in a great state of excitement.

"Zat Stumpee," he cried, throwing up his arms, "he is eat thirteen four beeg herring, every one right down!"

"The deuce he has," replied Davis, "then he's swallowed all our bait, I guess it's time we started him working for his tucker. Here, Louie," he continued, "fetch me that new five-fathom line from the stern of the dinghy, and we'll set young Stumpy to work."

A few minutes later the bloated Stumpy was ignominiously made