

# SCRAPS.

## A POWERFUL PICK-ME-UP.



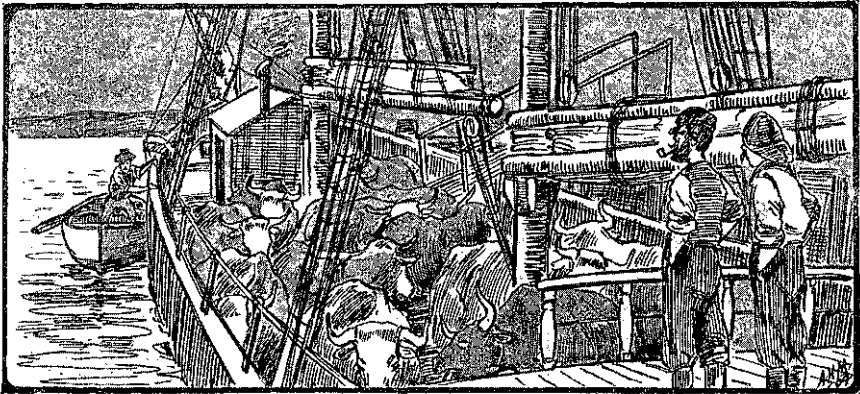
HE excitement at the wharf was intense. Sale day, Christmas week, and not a beast to be got for love or money. Butchers ramping. Suddenly the long-expected schooner "Albatross," with a deck-cargo of fifteen head from the Waimea River Station, swung alongside the wharf. Vociferous voices demanded they should be landed in double-quick time. Two hours after usual sale time, and the auctioneer and

burly skipper. "Who ever heard o' cattle bein' taken this way afore? What's to be done now?"

"Give 'em a 'our or two spell, then they'll go ashore as fresh as paint," replied the mate.

"Hour or two!" snorted the skipper. "Why I bet Bill Jones a new hat I'd have 'em here in time for this ere sale, and the bell rung afore we come alongside!"

"Can't see no other way to fix it, any road!" said the philosophic mate, spitting thoughtfully over the rail.



his customers were equally impatient.

The gangway was run ashore, improvised pens knocked down, and everything ready but the cattle. The weather had been exceptionally rough, and to the consternation of the skipper not a beast could be got to rise from its recumbent position. One and all were in the last stage of sea-sickness, and everybody knows what that is.

"Darn my snout!" exclaimed the

Chorus of impatient butchers: "Look slippery, there! Haul 'em out! Should a been skinned by this time!"

"Well I'm jiggered!" groaned the skipper. "Fifteen lovely head o' cattle too sick to walk ashore! A pretty kettle o' fish as ever I see'd!"

Suddenly his face lit up, and he slapped his hand vigorously on his thigh.

"I've got it, Bill, darned if I