

This humiliating insinuation, coming on the top of his indigestion, was too much, and Iwi Te Hakiro sprang to his feet with a yell of rage that startled everyone within hearing. Seizing his astounded wahine by the arm, with a grip that caused her to squeal with pain in an entirely new key, he dragged her outside in a twinkling, and calling half-a-dozen warriors ordered them to bind her securely at once.

This operation was not conducted without a considerable amount of difficulty, for the dowager, in her uncertainty as to what such an unusual proceeding might portend, resisted with all her strength, but at last it was successfully accomplished, and the panting warriors looked to their chief for further instructions.

They had not long to wait, for Iwi Te Hakiro, after surveying his prostrate and loudly protesting partner with an air of significant triumph, ordered them to carry her along, and picking up a coil of stout, plaited rope which happened to lie ready to his hand, set off rapidly in the direction of a neighbouring stream. Arrived at the bank of a deep, dark-looking pool of water in a bend of the creek, the chief skilfully threw one end of the rope over the limb of an over-hanging manuka tree, and then quietly proceeded to form a disagreeably suggestive noose at the other end.

From these ominous preparations poor Koreronui immediately arrived at the harrowing conclusion that she was about to be "hanged by the neck until she was dead," and consequently her cries became even

more alarming. Without taking the slightest notice of her, however, Iwi calmly finished his preparations, and carefully securing the noose around the body of the luckless wahine, he ordered the warriors to grasp the end of the rope, which hung over the manuka branch. The next moment he gave them a signal to pull all together, and in a twinkling the squalling disturber of his conjugal peace found herself dangling between heaven and water in a highly uncomfortable and indecorous position.

After allowing her to enjoy this somewhat unique experience for a minute or so, he commanded the willing warriors to let go. Then came a fearful shriek, a mighty splash, and a few bubbles rising in a ring of ever increasing circles upon the surface of the dark pool, were all that could be seen. But only for an instant, for Iwi Te Hakiro merely wished to give his wife a well-deserved lesson, and the next moment a stout pull from the natives hauled her once more, spluttering and shrieking, into the glorious sunlight.

When this process had been repeated a few times Koreronui began humbly begging for mercy, and was at length liberated in a state of utter exhaustion. It is only fair to state that her lord and master never again had to resort to this hydropathic treatment, for whenever the wahine betrayed any inclination to use her tongue too freely on subsequent occasions, he had only to produce a piece of rope, and silence reigned supreme, where formerly a most exasperating altercation would inevitably have taken place.

