

# From Picton to Nelson by Coach.

"COMIN' THRO' THE RAI"

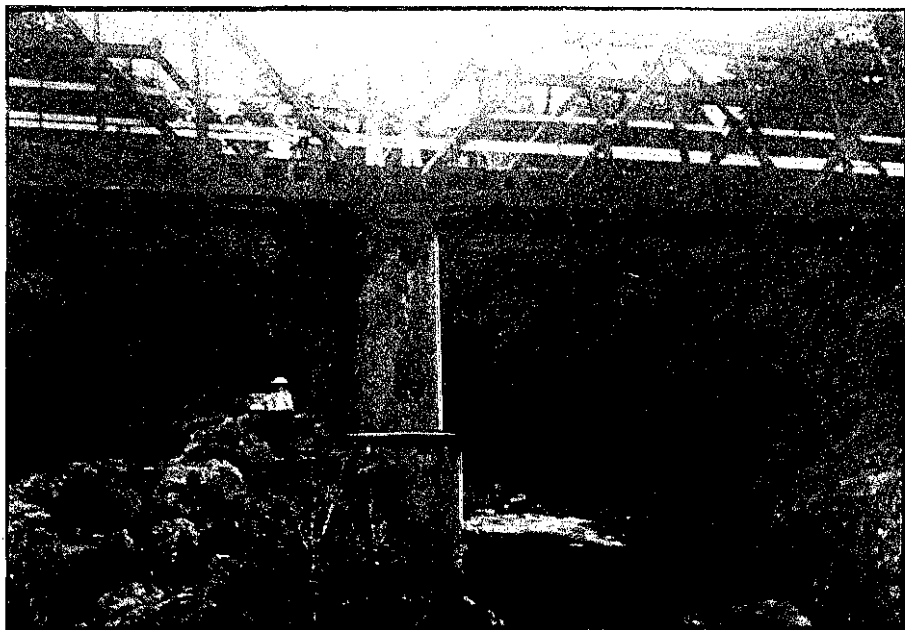
BY K. ALLEN.

WE had intended walking from Picton to Nelson through the Rai Valley, and over the Rai and Wangamoa Saddles, but the projected feminine expedition leaked out, and there was such a clatter of opposition from the male portion of the different households, and such a putting down of number tens, that several of the

dismayed, nor yet of the Lot's wife sort, to turn back for any number tens on the road. We simply altered our plans, and resolved to go by coach instead of on "Shank's pony."

There arose an outcry in Picton. The backsliders would all have accompanied us had they only known we were going by coach.

Of course we engaged box seats, and with



PELORUS BRIDGE.

would-be-tourists drew in their horns meekly, and were "so sorry, but Tom wouldn't hear of it, so please leave me out."

By the time we had left out Tom's missis and Bob's two sisters, somebody else's daughters and another's wife, our party had dwindled down to four, but we four were of the new order of feminines, not to be

a rattle and a clatter, we left the Criterion stables in the early morning of a glorious summer's day in January, having come up to Blenheim by train on the previous evening.

Our Jehu was a real artist in the art of driving, and we could but wonder at the glossy sleekness of the steeds he drove and at his manner of driving them. They