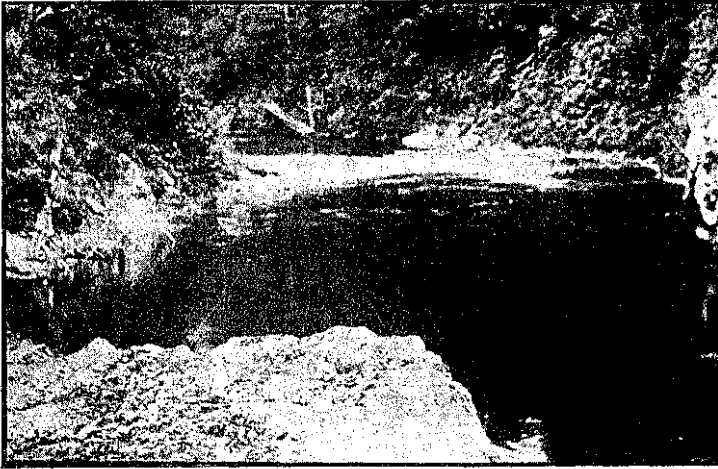


seemed to know his wishes by instinct, and neither word nor whip was required. They went along beautifully, stopped here and

diggings, and the abiding-place for a season of the hateful Maungatapu murderers and their unfortunate victims—we again changed



UNDER PELORUS BRIDGE.

there for the driver to pick up or leave a mailbag, a passenger, or a parcel, and then started off again.

Morning tea was ready for us when we changed horses in the Kaituna Valley, then on we went again, varying the monotony of the numberless mailbags by shying the *Marlborough Express* at every gate *en route*. Thus everybody got the daily paper, and was as well posted up in "Dick Seddon's" latest sayings and doings and the South African war as any dweller in cities could be.

We only stopped in Havelock long enough to attend to the mailbag business and give the horses a drink. The driver, affectionately known all along the road as "Harry," was a strict T.T., and the pubs held no fascination for him. The Eye-Water Well, so long dandled before the public as a draw for sight-seers, had dried up after performing a few miracles, and as there was absolutely nothing else to see, there was really no necessity for us to climb down to see it, so we sat on our perches and gazed at the inhabitants, who all came out to gaze at us.

At Canvass Town—once the resort of the diggers who swarmed from all over the world to the famous Wakamarina gold-

horses, crossed the Wakamarina Bridge, and entered the Pelorus Valley, where the desolation, which follows upon saw-milling operations, lies all around in burnt and broken trees, withered branches and up-rooted stumps.

By-and-bye we wind round a hill and get into the shade of trees and creepers, and

presently we come upon a cosy camp snuggled in a bit of bush close to the Pelorus Bridge. Some Blenheim boys, whom we know, are in the camp, and the greetings between the occupants of the box seats and the queerly-garmented campers are truly original, and somewhat surprise the sober-sided inside passengers.

We barely have time to wave a frantic *rule* when we are on the Pelorus Bridge, with fairyland above and below it. We only get a glimpse of the beauty as we howl along, red and brown and palest green ferns hanging down precipitous banks, overshadowed by great trees, bushes of yellow kowhai and creeping rata. In the riverbed masses of great brown and slate boulders, with here the water pouring over them in white foam, and there, lying in a dark pool. Across the bridge we approach civilisation once more: the beautiful avenue of trees ruthlessly cut down and left to dry for the all-devouring flames, telegraph poles stuck up, and again a sawmill, and then the only bit of civilisation we cared to see, the accommodation house, where the coach stops every day for half-an-hour, and the passengers lunch.

We stayed there two days, and our