

amateur photographers tried their brand-new camera on the Pelorus Bridge, the camp, and the Rai Falls, which are just below the house. We lived (metaphorically of course) in clover during those two days on real delicious country fare, and revelled in beautiful scenery. We walked with our boy friends from the camp up the road leading to the Maungatapu Mountain, whereon the murders already mentioned were perpetrated, and we hunted for koninis and rare ferns in the bush.

On Saturday our Jhu, Harry, told us there were fourteen box seats engaged, and was sorry to say we would have to perform the rest of the journey as insiders. We were sorry to hear this, but the three nimble ones of our party climbed to the top of the coach, and no one had the heart to turn them down; the other, who

he thought somebody had collared his black bag. When that was found, we started.

They were musical inside and merry outside; at least those on top of the coach were merry, but the box seaters proper were inclined to hold learned discussions on bacteriology with Harry, the driver, whose ears were all alert to catch the witty remarks from up above, and answered yes and no at random to his box-seat passengers, which made them think he was not half so intelligent after lunch as before.

The march of civilisation was before us everywhere in the shape of burnt trees and clearings as we drove through the still wonderful Rai Valley, which alas! the authorities are allowing the settlers to ravish and spoil. Up the Rai Saddle the horses toil; at the top there is a legend on a board warning cyclists to be careful. We



H. Brusewitz,

ON THE BLENHEIM ROAD, NEAR HALF-WAY HOUSE.

Nelson.

had left her agility behind in the years that were past, meekly crept into the coach, and listened to a box seater swearing because

are not cyclists, so we go down at a good pace into the Wangamoa Valley. Afternoon tea at the Half-Way House, then on again