

side him. His companion was even more island-like in his costume, being clothed in pyjamas. He was a half-caste; his square-built figure denoted strength, and his face was a clever one. Dyson, the Englishman, was taking charge of the Residency during the Commissioner's absence. Jack Messenger, the half-caste, was manager for a Dutch firm, and had ridden from the other end of the island to spend a night with Dyson, who felt terribly lonely on this isolated isle. Jack was speaking in an excited manner.

"Look here, Mr Dyson, you can

thought you had all that non-sense knocked out of you at the Sydney College."

"When a fellow sees a thing with his own eyes he generally believes it," growled Jack.

"Believe nothing you hear, and only half you see, my boy," calmly replied Dyson.

"Anyhow, even you admit this chopping behind the Residency is queer, Mr Dyson; and I—well, I say it means that—"

"Shut up, Jack, here comes the interpreter, and these natives believe any yarn. Locked the Court-house, Friday?"



G. M. White, photo.

The Residency and surrounding views.

New Plymouth.

say what you like about the supernatural, but I will swear my last breath away that I saw my father by my bed six weeks after he had been buried!"

"Any Hollands knocking round, Jack?"

"So help me bob; no, sir! He told me to pay a debt he owed."

"You paid it, I presume?" queried Dyson.

"You bet your bottom dollar, I did! Don't like the departed knocking round me, by jingo, no!"

"Well, Jack, I should have

"Yes, sir."

"Come early in the morning; I am going fishing, and bring a good boat's crew."

"Yes, sir," reiterated Friday.

"Now he has gone, fire away, Jack, but wet your whistle first. Enoki lim, glasses and decanter, then go to your bluff party. And mind I get my coffee by six. Don't use kerosene instead of water this time, or I'll—well, you know!"

"Infernally bad servants, these people; I actually tasted kerosene in my coffee this morning," groaned Dyson.