

Sonderburg beer in their stomachs, and shining red faces, calculated to throw a tropical sunset completely into the shade. They take their frisky, chocolate-coloured wives and families to the large islands to enjoy the society of Europeans. And the poor "copra bugs," who have not done so well, whip the cat, and console themselves with the strains of a melancholy accordion and a case of especially imported fire-water.

Two "copra bugs" of our island saved enough to take a trip to

replied, "we'll give the poor old woman a proper old spree for once in 'er life."

"Lets 'ave a nip on the strength of it, cockie."

"Eh, Nua," cried Fred, "get a bottle of gin out of that there case, and look sharp!" Then turning to Mick, he continued, "As I was saying, the poor old woman won't see Fiji again in a 'urry, so we'll make things 'um."

"Talk my language, skinned head!" was the bride's polite retort, as she gave her lord and master's



Preparing Copra.

Levuka in the three monthly schooner, the eldest "bug" had just taken unto himself a wife of middle age, so he decided to take her away from the island to teach her the way white people dress. Mick, the Fenian, sniffed fun in the air, also many free "sprees," so he proposed to go with them. "Just to keep things humming, d'ye see?" he observed. Old Fred, the bridegroom, a regular old sea-lawyer, agreed promptly.

"Right you are, old man," he

long grey beard a tug, and quickly made her exit, to inform her eager friends that Fred and Mickie were very drunk.

In due time they reached Levuka, but not before they had drunk the ship dry of everything, bar kava, which they looked down on with supreme contempt, now they were in the land of gin and rum. The vessel had no sooner touched the shore, than Old Fred and the Fenian, to keep up their good names, did a scoot up the wharf to the hotel, the