

tried to pull himself up and git on his feet. But he could only raise himself up on to his knees and then was very groggy.

"I went up to him and he gazed at me in a kind of a far-off way. His eyes were getting dim, but he still had some of his wits about him, for when I put my revolver down to blow out his brains he put his fingers on his head and showed me the place. As it was his dying wish I gave it to him just where he wanted it. Then I relieved him of his topknot. It was a fine one, the hair about eighteen inches long, and two eagle feathers in it.

"In the feller's pouch I found some earrings and about 50 dol. in paper money. At his belt was the scalp of a woman and three children's scalps, all rigged out with streamers of different coloured ribbons. Round his neck I found a lady's gold chain and locket with a man's picture in it. That picture was afterwards the means of the scalps and the whole outfit gittin' to the friends of the murdered emigrants. Iowa people they proved to have been. But I must git back to the business in hand. I knowed that the Injun's pony couldn't be far off. Huntin' about I pretty soon found him hid in a ravine among some bushes. A fine animal he was, too. He was about half Spanish and half American. I put my saddle on him and the mail pouch, but did not try him with my bridle. I left on him his own rope-bridle—knowin' how to handle it, and knowin' that mine would set him wild.

"Mountin' my nag, I set out up the road jist a-flyin'; but I didn't fly long. On risin' a ridge I came square in sight of five mounted Injuns, not three hundred yards away. They saw me as soon as I did them. All halted and looked at me. I had halted and partly turned round with the intention of takin' the back track. 'But,' says I, 'that will never do. I'm a goner if I show the white feather.'

(Concluded next week.)

## CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE weather here continues phenomenally fine. The days are so delightfully warm that boating parties are seen on the river yet. As an example of the almost unprecedented mildness of the climate this winter eggs only bring half the price which they formerly commanded at this season. Weather prophets shake their heads and declare that we will pay later on for our present exemption from storm and rain. However, even if a wet spring is to be the price of our extended autumn. I do not think that the prospect of being deluged with showers in November will in any way lessen our enjoyment of brighter days and golden sunshine in June.

A great deal of sensation was created in Christchurch last week by the discovery of human remains upon the beach at New Brighton. Many people at once jumped to the conclusion that the ghostly relics belonged to Roberts, and that the waves had sung the requiem of the daring gaol breaker. The supposition appears for many reasons to be incorrect, and presumably the now celebrated Johnathan, whose photograph has adorned the pages of the local papers, and whose history has been written, is still in the land of the living and exercising all his faculties in dodging the police.

The general public in Canterbury, as well as members of the leading profession, is very much exercised over the appointment to the vacant judgeship. Canterbury is mortally afraid that the dignity will be conferred upon some one outside of this province. Consideration of the merits or demerits of aspirants to the position scarcely enters into the discussion of the question at all. The reasoning upon the matter in Canterbury about runs—the appointment should be given to a Canterbury man. Judge Ward belongs to Canterbury, therefore the appointment should be given to him. The amount of narrow feeling which has been shown in reference to the vacant judgeship is a phase of that old provincial jealousy which has proved the bane of the Colony. The Premier delivered, to his eager questioners upon the subject, a severe rebuke which may teach them to wait until Judge Johnston is cold before they fight further over his shoes.

Rinking has become such a craze here that an enterprising firm not liking to see the dollars going out of the country for the purpose of importing skates, has started to manufacture the four wheeled rollers. Local industry cannot be complimented upon the result of its enterprise. The home made articles are sadly lacking in elegance, and are not likely to successfully compete with the patent American productions, unless Messrs. Reeves and Perceval can bring their influence to bear upon the Premier in getting a 50 per cent. tax put upon American skates.

By the way, Mr. W. P. Reeves is completely leaving his youthful confrere in the shade. The Member for St. Albans is making a name for himself in the House, both as a wit and a smart debater. He is even spoken of as a probable Minister in the event of the Premier being able to shunt Messrs. Fisher and Fergus. Mr. Reeves is regarded by many persons as a coming man. Mr. Perceval, on the contrary, has remained stationary. Since the day he first took his seat in the House he has not taken one step forward towards the "steep where fame's proud temple shines afar." Unlike Mr. Joyce, of Lyttleton, Mr. Perceval has not even sought to bring his name before the public by asking questions.

The St. John Ambulance Society appears to be growing in favour. Several prominent physicians have consented to give lectures to classes during the winter upon "First Aid to the Wounded." The first of these lectures, which were given last week in the City Council Chambers, was largely attended. The main object of the lectures is to teach people to render aid in cases of accident particularly, how to temporarily bandage broken limbs, and to restore animation to the partially drowned.

The annual Ambulance ball, which is usually regarded as the ball of the winter season, will take place in a week or two. The event is eagerly looked forward to by ladies.

Every draper's shop in Christchurch is advertising a clearing sale. Whether these cheap sales may be regarded as a good or bad sign of

the times I cannot say, but it is wonderful the amount of ready money which passes over the drapers' counters when these cheap sales are on. The public, especially the feminine public, dearly loves a bargain. The drapers understand human nature, and have the cheap sales and the clearing out, generally upon advantageous terms, of dead stock.

Notwithstanding all the gambling in which farmers indulge, on account of big mortgages, heavy interest, and the low prices of produce, a farm in the country possesses a greater attraction for some persons than a house in town. An advertisement appeared in one of the papers the other day wanting to exchange eight houses for a farm. Perhaps the tenants of the house-owner had invented a plan of campaign which drove a positively obnoxious landlord away. If all plans of campaign had the same effect, doubtless a good many persons would rejoice, notwithstanding the alleged "immorality" of some of them.

In his speech at the Eighty Club, Mr. Parnell announced that six thousand poor Irish tenants were under notice of eviction under the Land Act of last session. "We have before us I fear," he says "a time of great trouble. What is to be the fate of those six thousand heads of families in Ireland now under sentence of death? Their fate is to be the fate of thousands of poor Irish families before them, the ditch first, and afterwards, the workhouse, the grave, or at best, an exile's home in a distant land. It is no wonder that in the face of the approach of such an appalling spectacle of six thousand families being driven from their homes, Mr. Parnell should tremble for the patience of the Irish people both at Home and abroad. It is difficult, indeed, for people with Irish blood in their veins to keep calm while such things are being done, and more difficult still, perhaps, for them to believe that it would be illegitimate to use any means short of positive crime in order to render such scenes impossible.

With the prospect of the approach of the troubled times which Mr. Parnell foretells, it is the duty of Irish people who are more happily situated than these six thousand poor families to do something practical towards swelling the funds which are utilised for the purpose of ameliorating the conditions of such as these evicted tenants. Dunedin has already sent Home a considerable sum, and, as I have learned from a private source, has another large instalment ready to send Home. We, in Christchurch, have done nothing as yet in that way to prove our kindred with those in the old land, or to prove our sympathy with the efforts of those who are trying to take out of the hands of a London lordling the power to turn his Irish tenants homeless on the world. We may not be able to do much here, but we ought to do something. It is true this parish is not on a sound financial footing. Everything is backward. Much money will be required to be spent before our schools or parochial buildings are anything like what they ought to be, still though the people have a great deal of work before them and will have to make many sacrifices to get the parish in a healthy condition, surely if a public meeting were called, the Irish people of Christchurch would not be behind those of other parts of the Colony in giving practical evidence of their sympathy with their dearly-loved Island Home in her struggle to save her poor persecuted children from further cruelty and oppression.

On Sunday the mission was opened in the pro-Cathedral by Father Comyns. In appearance, and in his manner in the pulpit, Father Comyns greatly resembles Father Hegarty, the well-known and kind-hearted Redemptorist missionary, whom so many Catholics in New Zealand learned to love during his missions in various parts of the Colony. Father Comyns affects no tricks of rhetoric. The "good tidings" which he brings he tells in language which is eloquent from its very plainness. Father Comyns evidently believes that in itself Christian truth is too sublime and majestic to derive any beauty from what he would deem the tawdry array of flowery language. And he is right. If the message confided to the Apostles is told to the world in clear, straightforward, earnest language, it will never fail to produce an effect, and reach the hearts and touch the souls of men. In such language, strong, and vigorous, and unambiguous, Father Comyns preaches. He is evidently impressed with the great importance of what he has to say, and he succeeds in conveying that impression to other minds. The services during the mission are arranged in order to suit the convenience of everybody, and there is no doubt but that all Catholics in the parish will avail themselves of these facilities.

## WANGANUI COLLEGIATE SCHOOL V. ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE.

(BY "FORWARD.")

UPWARDS of 400 spectators, amongst whom were a fair sprinkling of ladies, rolled up on the Collegiate School ground last Saturday afternoon, June 16, to witness the return match between St. Patrick's College and the school. The weather was all that could be desired. A slight breeze from the north-west prevailed during the afternoon. The rain which fell during the morning made the ground slightly greasy to play upon. The game, however, was very fast, and one in which the visitors showed to advantage. The local players were the first to arrive on the ground, and whilst waiting for their opponents indulged in practising passing the ball. The visitors, who had been waiting for one of their team, soon made their appearance on the field, when they were greeted with three cheers by the school, to which they heartily responded. Mr. A. Gray acted as umpire for St. Patrick's, and Mr. Jones in a like capacity for the school. Mr. C. V. Powell held the position of referee. The game was played in two spells of 45 minutes each. Marshall having won the toss, chose to defend the southern goal, facing the sun and wind.

Burnes opened the play by driving the leather into the school's twenty five, where it was returned into touch by Blair. In the throw-out Bannister obtained it, and passed across the field to Bennett, who was landed into touch by Cooney. On the ball being sent into play some loose scrummages took place by the