

IX. The *bedroom blinds* should be red or grey, and the head of the bed should be towards the window.

X. Those ladies who not only write, but *sew*, should not attempt *black seam* by night.

XI. When you come to an *age* that suggests the wearing of spectacles, let no false modesty prevent you from getting a pair. If you have only one eye, an *eyeglass* will do; otherwise it is folly.

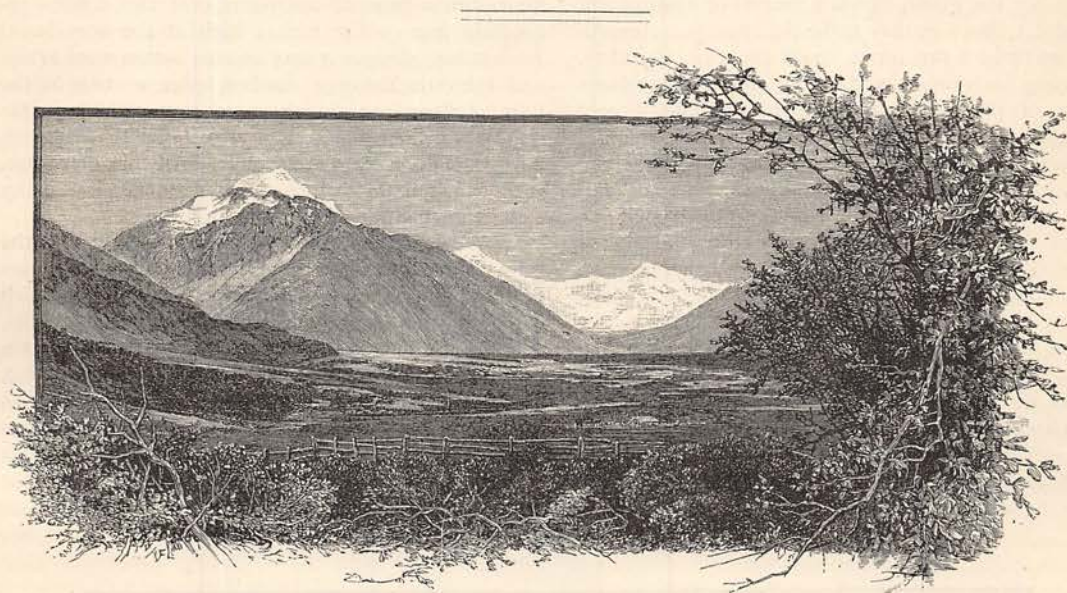
XII. Go to the wisest and best optician you know

of, and state your wants and your case plainly, and be assured you will be properly fitted.

XIII. Remember that bad spectacles are most injurious to the eyes, and that good and well-chosen ones are a decided luxury.

XIV. Get a pair for reading with, and, if necessary, a long-distance pair for use out of doors.

Let me add that it is the greatest mistake in the world to wait till your eyesight is actually damaged before visiting your optician.



A DISTANT VIEW OF MOUNT COOK.

A TRIP TO THE MONT BLANC OF NEW ZEALAND.

BY W. H. TRIGGS.

NEW ZEALAND is particularly rich in mountain scenery. A backbone of snowy Alps runs almost throughout the entire length of the South Island. And they are Alps worthy of the name. In whatever part of the South Island you travel, you are pretty sure to see on a clear day a background of mountains covered with perpetual snow.

There are scores of peaks ranging from 7,000 to 10,000 feet high. Mount Cook, the monarch of them all—the Mont Blanc of New Zealand—towers aloft no less than 12,375 feet, and one or two of his near neighbours, such as Mount Tasman, Mount Stokes, and Mount Sefton, are scarcely less imposing.

It may be, in the course of a few years, now that Switzerland has been “done” so thoroughly, and seeing communication with New Zealand is made so expeditious, that Alpine tourists, tired of going over carefully marked-out routes, will visit the Southern

Alps of New Zealand to strike out a new line for themselves.

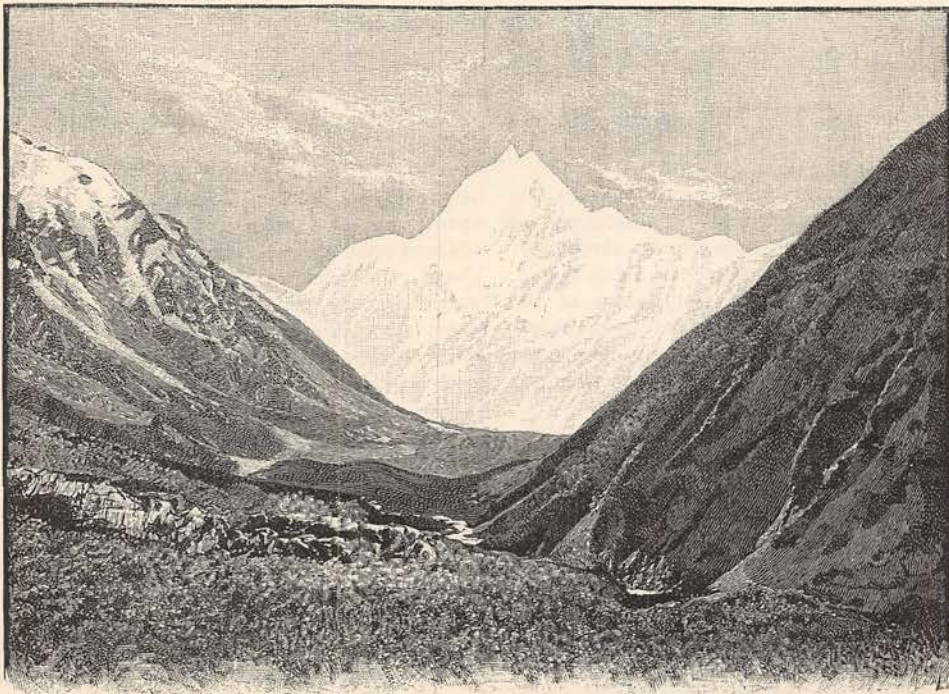
Once in the colony, it is easy enough to reach Mount Cook. From either Christchurch or Dunedin excursion tickets are issued for five pounds, which cover the cost of a day’s travelling by rail and two days’ coaching. At the end of that time you find yourself at a comfortable hostelry, known as the “Hermitage,” and situate under the shadow of the southern spur of Mount Cook, from which it is separated by the Hooker River. You are in the very heart of glaciers, and ice-caves, and Alpine wonders of every kind. The house is built at the foot of the Mueller Moraine, and half an hour’s scramble over the large accumulation of rocks and *débris*, brought down by the Mueller Glacier, lands you at the terminal face. Here are cliffs of ice, in some places as much as 450 feet high. There is an ice-cave filled with a delicate light of shimmering blue, and looking for all the world like the enchanted grot of some magician. Above it is a sheer precipice of ice, 150

feet high; and below, the River Mueller finds its way to the surface from the bottom of the glacier, boiling out from unknown depths, surging and raging, as if impatient to be free, and clanking and grinding huge rocks together in its impetuous course along the torrent-bed as if they were so many pebbles. On the ice-precipice above, great masses of stone, brought down by the glacier, are trembling on the verge, preparing, as it would seem, to launch themselves on the heads of any venturesome intruder who dares to enter the Magician's Cave. The undertaking is not devoid of danger to people unacquainted with the place; but the guide, who is a marvel of caution and foresight, tells us we may make the attempt. Accordingly we make a run for it, reach the cave in safety, and enjoy for a time the coolness and the wondrous beauty of the effect produced by sunlight filtered through ice. Presently the guide, with another cautious look aloft, beckons to us to come out again. Then, when we are looking round at the vast accumulation of *débris* brought down by this one glacier, one or two of the rocks which were poised on the edge of the ice-cliff come crashing down on the ledge we have just left, and then roll down the slope to the river-bed, showing us at once the danger of entering an ice-cave without keeping your eyes open, and also giving a practical illustration of the way in which a glacier does its work in disintegrating mountains and making plains and valleys.

An avalanche seen making its way down the side of one of the neighbouring heights soon afterwards completes the lesson. Observed at a distance, it is a most

curious phenomenon, and bearing in mind what you have heard of the tremendous magnitude of avalanches, and the wild havoc and devastation which they work, you are at first inclined to laugh aloud at the sight. You are watching the snow-clad sides of the mountain when you notice what appears to be a little tuft of cotton-wool detach itself, and then move down the mountain-slope at the most ridiculous snail-like pace. As it travels the little tuft gathers more cotton-wool and grows larger, but there is no perceptible increase in its pace. Then it comes to a ledge—the cotton-wool is converted for a moment into flour, and a tiny stream pours over this ledge—apparently four or five inches high at the very least! Here it may stop, or it may become cotton-wool again, and then trickle over another ledge or two in the form of flour, but always proceeding with the same ludicrous deliberation. You also notice that it leaves a tiny streak or seam in its wake. All this, of course, is the effect of the distance—and distance plays many strange enchantments with you in the Alps.

If we were near the avalanche we should find the little tuft of cotton-wool was in reality acres and acres of snow, and that the slip travels at a velocity which is amazing and irresistible, wrenching up huge rocks, and tearing open the sides of the mighty mountain with a sound of thunder. The tiny ledge is in effect a precipice hundreds of feet high, over which snow, rocks, and earth are hurled with tempestuous force and horrid crash. The tiny streak seen from afar is a mighty scar in the side of the mountain, where rocks and earth have been torn away by millions of tons, to



MOUNT COOK (12,375 FEET).



MOUNT COOK—MAIN SOUTH SPUR.

be cast on the glacier-stream, then carried down by its motion, and finally deposited at its foot in the form of terminal moraine.

Only three persons have ever made the ascent of Mount Cook, and the story, as told by the principal member of the party, forms one of the most fascinating narratives in the annals of Alpine work.

In 1881 the Rev. W. S. Green, an Irish clergyman, and one of the most active members of the Alpine Club, was casting about in his mind as to what new climbing expedition might be undertaken, when the High Alps of New Zealand were suggested to him. The very daring of the idea seems to have compelled its acceptance, and Mr. Green determined to attack Mount Cook. He made his preparations with the utmost care. Not only did he provide a very complete outfit in the way of tents, sleeping-bags, &c., for camping out, but he secured the services of two of the best and most trustworthy guides Switzerland could produce.

It would take too much time to tell of the preliminary difficulties of the trip, most of which have been removed by the opening up of better communication with Mount Cook.

Mr. Green and his party had to spend several days in exploration, attacking the mountain from different points, until they found out a practicable route. Their way lay up the great Tasman Glacier, a magnificent expanse of ice formed by the union of over thirty distinct ice-streams, and having twice the area of the Great Aletsch, the largest glacier in the European Alps.

Mr. Green made five successive camps on his way up the Tasman, and then the last stage of the journey was entered upon.

The next night they bivouacked under a sheltering rock at an elevation of 7,000 feet above the sea, and

then came the final and most difficult struggle with the yet unconquered mountain.

It was six p.m. when the party, after a most exciting and arduous climb, at length stood on the topmost crest of Aorangi, or the "Sky Piercer," as the Maoris call Mount Cook. There was every indication of a bad night brewing, and the gathering clouds below rendered entirely impossible the glorious view which the travellers would otherwise have enjoyed.

"A look backwards down into the dark, cloud-filled abyss out of which we had climbed," says Mr. Green, "was enough to make us shudder; it looked fathomless; and this white icy ridge on which we stood, with torn mists driving over it before the fierce nor-wester, seemed the only solid thing in the midst of chaos."

Fierce squalls compelled them to drive their axes into the ice and crouch low to guard against their being blown off into space. It was evident they were in for a night of terror on the storm-afflicted mountain, and so it proved. They took shelter on a little ledge on a rock-ridge; it was less than two feet wide and sloped outwards, so that they had to remain standing and hold on with their hands. They were 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was raining hard, and avalanches were thundering all around them, causing the rock on which they stood to vibrate again. Sitting down or even moving six inches was out of the question, and in this position they had to stand for nine long hours, keeping each other awake, knowing that yielding for a moment to their feelings of drowsiness would mean instant death at the foot of the precipice on whose brink they were standing. It was an experience which has seldom been equalled in the annals of Alpine travel; but they successfully passed through it and got safely back to civilisation, as all who read Mr. Green's pleasant pages may learn.