and kindly, and work together for the good of their people. When the employed have been twenty-five years in the service of the firm they receive from the hands of the Frau a gold watch; and this is by no means an unusual circumstance.

There are still many toy centres, including those of cardboard and musical toys, which remain to be visited, but which we must postpone until another holiday gives us the opportunity.

I hope the little I have been able to tell you of this interesting country and people will give them a place in your heart and affections, and place their work on a higher pedestal than that of objects wherewith to amuse. The Toydonians are a simple, earnest, honest, industrious race, with a longing for progress which is daily becoming more attainable. The toys they make are not only pioneers of civilisation, supplying a universal want and distributing advantages far and wide, but the makers themselves imbibe a higher tone from the class of work they are engaged in, and their minds and ideas are enlarged as time goes on and they see all that their work is to themselves and the world in general. They, in common with ourselves, can see that the toy industry, out of the commonest materials on the earth's surface, can produce the most beautiful and delicate articles, and that by the aid of these toys, fashioned after articles in everyday use, children can learn in the nursery many a useful lesson for after-life such as formerly could only be learned after many years' experience.

Toys are teachers of the best kind, for they impart knowledge in the most amusing manner, and without fatiguing the children's brains. Toys are important agents in a child's bringing up; they give to its young life a cheerfulness, gladness, and healthfulness which would be difficult to attain without their aid. It has been well said that "it is often in the nursery, unconsciously perhaps, that an impetus is given to the impulses which make or mar a life."

Apart, too, from all this, the toy industry is making itself felt in the world of commerce.*

We have, as you know, only visited a portion of Toydonia, but the figures representing what is done in this portion are marvellous. They are in round numbers as follows:—

Cost of material annually worked up	£446,000
Value of toys annually exported ..	1,626,000
Wages of labour annually about	24,000
Giving an exchange of money annually of	£2,096,000

* I have just learned from the Victorian Year Book of 1884 that in that year the value of toys imported into the colony of Victoria alone was £12,204 and that the toys were free of duty.

FAMOUS LADY TRAVELLERS.

III.—MISS CONSTANCE F. GORDON-CUMMING.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, Author of "The Ascent of the Matterhorn."

MISS CONSTANCE F. GORDON-CUMMING is a great writer and a great traveller. Her published works amount to scarcely fewer than 3,000 pages, and she has travelled more or less over half the world. It is not easy to tell where to begin, or where to leave off, about a lady who flits from the Hebrides to the Himalayas, puts in an appearance shortly afterwards in the South Seas (where she makes a lengthened stay), turns up next in California, and not long afterwards is found in China, Japan, and the Hawaian Islands, and again in the United States, seeming equally at home there or anywhere, whether collecting cannibal forks, looking down a volcano, eating a cocoa-nut palm salad, or canoeing in a coral cave.

Miss Gordon-Cumming is the sixth daughter of the late Sir William G. Gordon-Cumming, chief of the clan of Cumming, whose wife, Lady Charlotte Campbell, was a noted Court beauty, and whose home, part of the ancestral lands inherited from that Red Comyn who was foully slain by the Bruce, was a Highland centre of hospitality for many of the brilliant spirits of the last generation. One distinguishing characteristic pervaded all the six sons of the house—they became noted sportsmen. One, especially, Roualeyn, made his mark as a pioneer of African travel. Who has not heard or read of the adventures of the famous lion hunter?

The subject of our notice lost her gifted mother early in life, and this was the immediate cause of her passing much of her youth on the bleak Northumbrian coast. Doubtless its wild, stormy seas tended to foster that deep-seated love of the ocean which had first begun on the cave-worn shores of Moray. Yet she, who has voyaged and travelled so much since, never even crossed the Channel, or made any lengthy sea-trip, till the eventful period when, after a spell of six months' wanderings in the Hebrides, she was invited to join a recently married sister in Northern India, where a year soon slipped by in delightful travel. Not long after her return thence, an old family friend was consecrated Bishop of Colombo, in Ceylon, and he invited Miss Gordon-Cumming to visit that earthly paradise, the result being that two years elapsed before she revisited England. Once there, the stereotyped inquiry, "Where next?" became so wearisome as to call forth the equally stereotyped reply, "To Fiji," that being one of the most unlikely places on the face of the globe for her ever to reach. Nevertheless, within a year, Fiji was annexed by Great Britain, and Miss Gordon-Cumming was on her way thither as a member of the new Governor's party, and touched at Australia by the way.

It would be impossible, then, in the limited space at command to follow this active lady's footsteps to the many lands she has visited. One of the furthest frontier points reached by her on her Indian journey gave just a peep at Chinese Tartary, a feat which very few ladies can boast, and it enabled her amongst other matters to give some curious details regarding the prayer-wheels and praying machines used in that country. It at first seemed strange to her to meet respectable-looking persons twirling little brass cylinders, about six inches long, which were incessantly spinning round and round as they walked along the road.

"If we think," says our traveller, "that the telling of beads is a somewhat mechanical piece of formalism, just imagine finding all the adoration of a whole village being ground by machinery like so much corn. The invocations to Buddha are all closely written on strips of cloth or paper, the same sentence repeated many thousands of times. These are placed inside a cylinder revolving on a long spindle, the end of which is the handle. From the middle of the cylinder hangs a small lump of metal, which whirls round and gives the necessary impetus to the little machine, so that it twirls with the slightest exertion, and goes on grinding any given number of meritorious acts of worship, while the owner, carrying this pretty little plaything in his hand, goes about his daily work."

In one of the temples visited was a colossal prayer-wheel, like a very large barrel-organ, turned by a great iron crank. It was about twelve feet high and six or eight feet in diameter. Each would-be worshipper, too poor to possess a little hand mill of his own, comes to the temple, *kotows* to the head Lama, who lays his hand on his head and blesses him; then squatting in front of the great wheel, he turns the crank for himself and those dear to him. The cylinders vary greatly in size, from little handmills the size of a policeman's rattle, to huge constructions, eight or ten feet in diameter, *sometimes worked by wind or water power*. The former are turned by wings, whereon are inscribed prayers, while the latter have horizontal water wheels under them, so that the running water shall turn them, for the general good of the village. Sometimes a rude temple is built over the latter form of cylinder.

They are so placed that the wheel must invariably turn from right to left, following the course of the sun, and to invert that course is not merely to involve ill luck, but is a positive crime. "Hence," says our authority, "the exceeding unwillingness of the people we met to let us touch their little wheels, knowing from sad experience that the English sahibs rather enjoy the fun of turning them the wrong way, and so undoing the efficacy of all their morning's work." Some of the small cylinders are beautifully wrought and inlaid with precious stones. The people have the greatest reluctance to part with even the ugliest old mills, and treasure them as sacred relics.

Among the offerings in these temples, many incongruous oddities are to be found. Mr. Simpson, the artist, told Miss Gordon-Cumming of one shrine where an English tailor's book of patterns, with all the prices of coats and trousers marked therein, had been deposited. He also mentioned the delight with which they had received and treasured an English gin bottle, adorned with the picture of an old cat, symbolical of "old Tom," and which they used as a vase for flowers and feathers.

From this remote region it is a long step to the South Sea Islands, where Miss Gordon-Cumming turns up next, and where she had especial advantages, including a delightful cruise in the *Seignelay*, a French man-of-war,

engaged in conveying Monseigneur Elloi, Roman Catholic Bishop of Samoa, on a round of his many-isled diocese. Her notes on native life will be found deeply interesting; some of them, indeed, are distinct contributions to ethnological science.

On the voyage from Sydney to Fiji, some Royal Engineers, in conversation with a missionary returning to the latter place, expressed their desire to aid in the work of civilisation by giving up a little of their time to teaching the natives. The missionary expressed himself gratified, but added, "I think you will find that some of them can read a little. We have already established some schools in Fiji—*about fourteen hundred schools and nine hundred churches!*" Miss Gordon-Cumming is distinctly of opinion that the missionaries have more to show for their labour in these islands than anywhere else in the world.

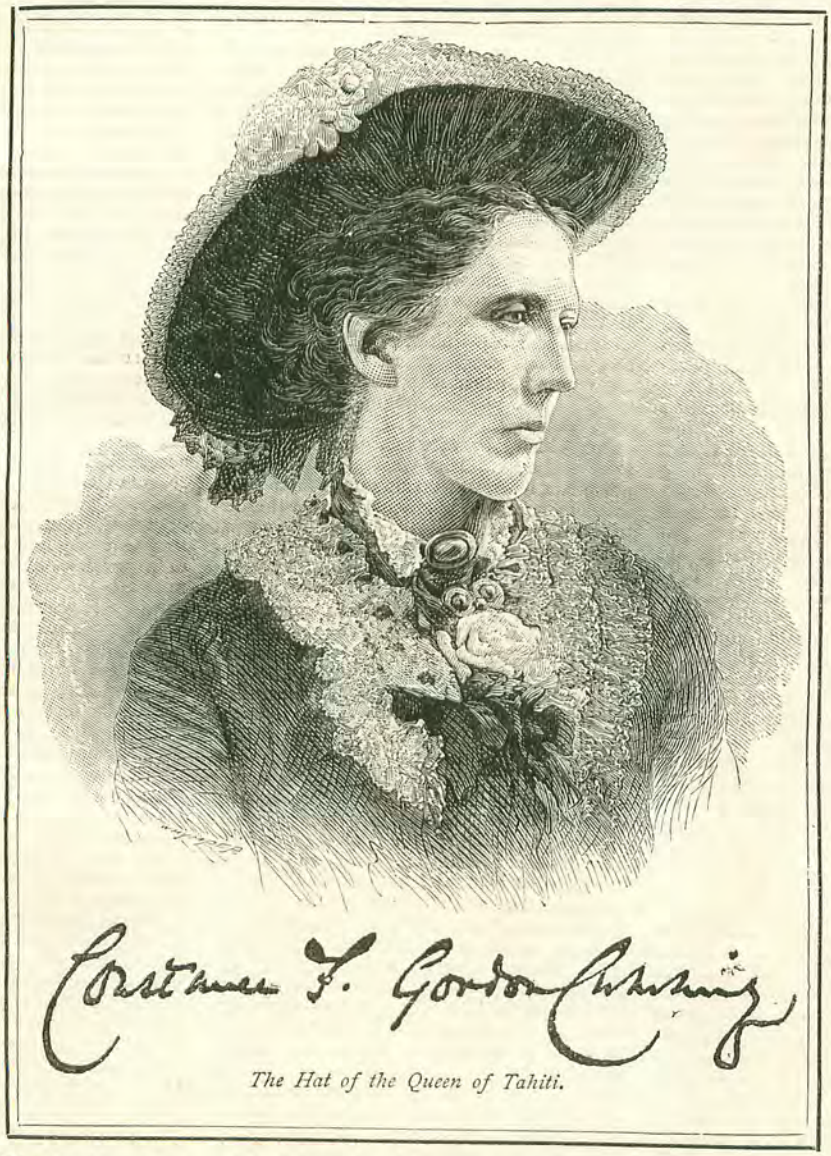
Twelve or fifteen years ago the sick were buried alive, and widows were strangled upon the death of any great man. Prisoners were deliberately fattened for the slaughter; limbs were cut off from living men and women, and eaten in their presence, after they had been compelled to dig the ovens and cut the firewood for cooking themselves. When a chief built a new house a living victim was buried beside each post, which he was made to grasp and keep upright while the earth was heaped upon him. Other victims were bound hand and foot and laid on the ground to act as rollers when a chief launched a new canoe. Yet nowadays one may travel almost everywhere in safety, sure of a cordial reception from kindly and apparently gentle natives. At the ceremony of annexation, in 1874, the old king Thakombaa desired his Prime Minister to present his great war-club to Queen Victoria. "Club-law" had been until then the only law of the land, and the present was intended to be symbolical of the fact that he laid by his old weapon for ever, and sincerely adopted civilisation. This relic of barbarism is now incorporated in the ethnological department of the British Museum.

What and how much all this meant may be gathered from the following facts. Miss Gordon-Cumming was taken "to inspect a row of smallish stones, extending about two hundred yards. These were to represent the number of *bokola* (*i.e.*, human bodies) actually eaten by two chiefs, Wanga Levu and Undri Undri—one stone for each body!" She continues a little further on: "These were some of the more inveterate cannibals, who allowed no man to share with them, and gloried in the multitude of men whom they had eaten, actually keeping a record of their number by erecting such lines of stones as these we saw here, which even now numbers 872, though at least 30 have been removed. Another member of the same family had registered 48, when his becoming a Christian compelled him to be satisfied with inferior meat!" Human shin-bones were greatly prized to make sail needles.

At every cannibal feast a special vegetable (*Solanum anthropophagorum*), precisely that used by the cannibal Maoris of New Zealand, was served; it was cultivated in every village, as it had been found to act as a corrective, human flesh being found to be highly indigestible. Horrible as all this seems, it was of common occurrence among a people always engaged in petty warfare.

Nowadays, we are told that however poor the individual native may be, kindness and generosity are prevailing characteristics of one and all. Each village supports its own teacher, and when there is a gathering, partly festival, and partly for church or benevolent purposes, all contribute to the best of their ability, often bringing their coin contributions *in their mouths*, and dropping them on the collection mats, their hands being engaged with fans or spears. "Those who have no money will walk miles across the hills, bringing some treasured bowl or spear for sale, and great is the anxiety to receive payment in numerous small coins, that no member of the family may appear empty-handed on the great feast day."

Of their honesty Miss Gordon-Cumming gives an enthusiastic account. Day after day her boxes and goods, and those of her companions, were exposed in the freest manner, and were untouched. She says that "it was some time before I could stifle all qualms of misgiving on seeing a crowd, of what some people might call savages, swoop down on our property, and carry it off piecemeal to the boat or village, as the case might be, but when day after day passed, and nothing was ever missing, I gradually acquired the implicit trust which has proved so well founded."



The Hat of the Queen of Tahiti.

With advancing civilisation, much of the picturesque element both in costume and manners and customs has died away among the natives of the Southern Archipelago. They no longer assemble on the sea-shore to practise writing-lessons on the smooth beach; nor do they, as they once did, take sand into the schoolrooms to spread on mats or tables to serve as slates, whereon to work out the puzzles of arithmetic. Nor are the large leaves of the plantain now used as *letter-paper* on which to send messages, the writing being executed with a blunt stick, which bruised the delicate leaf without cutting it, producing a kind of brown etching on a glossy green surface. The leaf, perhaps five or six feet long, by fifteen inches wide, allowed a long message, and was rolled up like a parchment and tied with a strip of bark. Now commonplace note paper is in use.

It is open to doubt whether all the changes in costume which are brought about by civilisation are for the better, either artistically or as regards comfort. The pot hat, a favourite in the South Seas and almost everywhere amongst semi-civilised male natives, and shabby black clothes—trousers sometimes displayed alternately on legs and *arms*—have displaced, amongst those who can afford them, headdresses of rare and beautiful feathers and the gay flowers which were worn by the poor. In Tahiti, where so many have adopted coats and other habiliments of European origin, the former dress for both sexes was a kind of kilt of native cloth made from the barks of the paper-mulberry, the bread-fruit, or banyan, and they had also handsome cloaks of flowing

drapery, beautifully ornamented; while their mat clothing was finely plaited and fringed. Now cheap shoddy goods and Brummagem ornaments are becoming too common among the South Sea women.

At one of the national or tribal dances visited by our traveller, she found the natives sitting in every available corner, generally spreading a piece of plaintain leaf on the ground to keep their dresses clean. These sometimes consisted of native cloth worn as a girdle, and hanging behind in large folds; wreaths of long hanging grass were worn round the arms and legs, as well as on the body. Some powdered their hair black, and others plastered their heads with lime; others again wore huge wigs of heathen days, and crowns of scarlet parrot feathers. Most of them had painted their faces in stripes, circles, or spots. Some were all scarlet. Many were entirely blackened down to the waist, or perhaps had one side of the face and one shoulder dyed dark red; but the commonest freak of all was to paint only the nose bright scarlet and the rest of the face dead black. Their paints are simple: red ochre, the seeds of the vermilion tree, charcoal, and a peculiar dark brown fungus found on the bark of certain trees. Blue and bright scarlet are recent additions acquired from traders.

Miss Gordon-Cumming speaks in many places of the ease and gracefulness of the Fijian and other native women of the Southern Archipelago. She witnessed at King Thakombaa's quarters a dance, in which a hundred and fifty of the ladies of Bau participated, each carrying a paddle of polished wood, which they waved and turned with simultaneous action, the general effect being most stately. The dances were led by the ex-queen and her daughter, both fine, tall, and stout women, and we are told that "no high-bred English duchess could carry herself more nobly than these born ladies leading their Tongan minuet." No one could fail to be struck with their true dignity. "It is just the same with the men—the fine old chief and his handsome sons. It is quite impossible to look at these people now and realise the appalling scenes in which at least the older ones have so often joined. Now the ladies were in full dress, consisting of a waist-cloth of very rare black *tappa* (a native material), tiny jackets of white silk edged with lace, and no ornament whatever save a small English locket, and a small tuft of scarlet flowers in their halo of hair—that of the old queen is quite grey. They both looked really handsome."

Wonderful hair-dressing can still occasionally be seen among the natives, though it is becoming rare. Formerly it was carried to such perfection as to rank as a high art. "Each great chief had his own hairdresser, who sometimes devoted several hours a day to his master's adornment, and displayed quite as much ingenuity in his designs as the potters or cloth-painters do in their work. The general aim was to produce a spherical mass about three feet in circumference, but a very successful hairdresser has been known to bring this up to five feet! This mass was composed of twists or curls or tufts, oftenest of thousands of spiral curls, seven or eight inches long, shaped like a cone, with the base turned to the outside, and each individual hair turned inward. Others encouraged a tuft to grow so stiffly as to resemble a plume of feathers. Many had a bunch of 'love locks,' small, long curls hanging on one side; others a few long very fine plaits hanging from behind the ear, or from one temple; or half the head was curled and half frizzled; it was also dyed according to taste, and some dandies liked to have their head partly coloured black, sienna, and red—in short, there was no limit to the strange varieties thus produced, far more diverse than the most fanciful devices of any fashionable lady in Europe." Now all this is a nearly-forgotten art.

In the island of Tonga, another of the South Sea groups, Miss Gordon-Cumming learned that the native authorities had become so strict at one time, that if a woman was found without a pinafore, even in her own house, no matter how ample her petticoats, she was fined two dollars, and still more heavily if she ventured beyond her threshold. They were also fined two dollars and a half if found smoking; while men detected without shirts of European style were fined ten dollars a-piece. These absurd laws were, however, altered a little later.

There are several accounts given of delightful picnics in the South Seas, where Europeans, half-breeds, and natives mingled in the most harmonious manner. The latter are musical in their tastes, and are always ready for a chorus, to which they add improvised passages, in a clever manner. In addition to music, dancing, and feasting, bathing and swimming are frequently among the enjoyments of these occasions. "I went off," says our authoress, "with a party of half-a-dozen handsome girls, of English and Tahitian birth, descendants of the early missionaries whose children settled in the group, and married half-whites. They led the way to a delicious stream, narrow, deep, and clear, and very still, edged with tall bulrushes. They supplied me with a bathing-dress like their own, namely, a *pareo* of crimson and white calico, which they wore very gracefully draped from the neck. They wove great wreaths of green fern to protect their heads from the sun, and, of course, did not neglect me in the distribution. I thought they formed a most picturesque group. The stream was so inviting that we determined to follow it for some distance. But the water, which at first only came to my shoulders, grew deeper and deeper, till I could not feel the ground, and I had to confess my inability to swim. So then these charming naiads clustered round me, and floated me smoothly along, as they swam a good half mile to the upper stream. It was quite charming. Then they floated me back again."

Four-legged creatures are scarce in Fiji, beef and mutton only having been introduced by white men for their own use. In the capital, Levuka, there were at the period of our traveller's visit only two and a half horses—that is to say, two horses and a pony, and the astonishment of the natives at these unknown monsters knew no bounds. They gathered round one of the horses, exclaiming, "Oh, the great pig!" and one rashly approaching to pull its tail, got severely kicked for his pains. But the pig was their only means of comparison, that animal having been imported at an early period, and now is very abundant in the islands. A feast of roast pork is to a Fijian the very crown of bliss, and the highest honour and greatest courtesy that can be shown to any guest is to present him with a pig, full-grown or suckling, but in any case roasted whole. This is accomplished by filling him with red-hot stones, and baking him in a hole in the ground lined with more hot stones and leaves. Wrapped in a leafy covering, he is then placed on a carved wooden tray and borne triumphantly to the house of the recipient. When the pig is cut up, the distribution of each part is a matter of careful etiquette, "and the most trifling mistake in such matters would cause as great dissatisfaction as a breach in the order of precedence at a European ceremonial. To apportion the pig's head to any save the principal person present would inevitably result in that person leaving the house in high dudgeon: and as chiefs of various villages may have arrived simultaneously to visit the new-comer, it is sometimes an embarrassing question how to satisfy the dignity of all." On Christmas-day Miss Gordon-Cumming enjoyed three pig-festivals.

On coming to Samoa she found a wonderful reverence for old mats, and when some stately Samoan chiefs came to Fiji to consult Sir Arthur Gordon on the question of British protection, they presented him with a very dirty, unfragrant, and ragged mat, which was, our traveller believes, intended for the Queen. Such things are treasured by these natives as would be the tattered colours of a brave regiment deposited in some honoured sanctuary in our own country. The old mat, which no ragman would pick off a dust-heap, sometimes represents a chieftain's patent of nobility, and is venerated through whole groups of islands. There is one known to be upwards of 200 years old, and it is said that £100 sterling might be offered in vain for one of these unsavoury treasures. In other cases mats were their idols, and the story is told of a tribe converted to Christianity, consulting on the fate of Papo, their venerable god of war, who, in this case, was typified by a strip of rotten matting, about three yards long and four inches wide, and whether it should be thrown into the fire or drowned in the sea. A burst of disapprobation silenced the first suggestion, but the second came very near accomplishment, although some intercession eventually preserved it from destruction, and it is now in a musuem in London.

Much that is interesting to lady readers will be found in Miss Gordon-Cumming's account of her subsequent visit to the Hawaian Islands. She says a good deal concerning the celebrated royal feather cloaks which have occasionallly run up to a value of £20,000 or so. One very rare and precious feather, that of a species of honeysucker, was especially reserved for the king, who alone had the privilege of wearing a cloak of these glossy, golden treasures; and as each bird only yields two feathers, the slaughter of these innocents involved in the production of one royal robe was something horrible to contemplate. About a thousand feathers are required to make one necklace of no great size; while the royal garment was eleven feet in width, and five in length, one sheet of lustrous gold. A royal edict now enjoins the bird-catchers to set the birds free when they have plucked the two coveted feathers.

Our traveller gives a considerable amount of information relative to the volcanic regions of these islands, which can be presented here only in a most abbreviated form. One of her best descriptions relates to a vanished lake of fire. She and her guide traversed a considerable space of lava, reaching at length the base of a series of crags, a great ring 600 feet in height, which had been thrown up round the central crater of the volcano within a few months. "It was a toilsome ascent, over very brittle lava, but the guide kept cheering me by telling me what a grand sight awaited me, and that he had never seen the lake in finer action than last week. So we climbed over coils of huge hollow vitreous lava-pipes, which constantly broke beneath our weight, and over ridges which looked to me like gigantic sugar-sticks, pulled out and twisted, and at last we gained the summit, and looked eagerly for the much described Lake of Fire.

"There was none! at least nothing worth speaking of. I turned to look at my guide, and he stood staring in stupefied, bewildered amazement. He could not believe his own eyes. Only a few days had elapsed since he had led a party of Americans to the very spot where he now stood beside me, in speechless wonder at the change. They had watched the blood-red waves dashing in scarlet spray

against the cliffs on the farther side of the lake of molten fire, then rushing back to form a mad whirlpool in its centre, and thence, as if with a new impulse, flinging themselves headlong into a great cavern which undermined the lava-terrace just below the spot where I was now standing."

Not only had the great lake utterly disappeared, but a mountainous crag, several hundred feet in height, had also vanished. For some three hours, while Miss Gordon-Cumming sketched the newly-created scene, there was little visible but a chaos of crags looming black and awful through the ever-shifting clouds of white vapour.

"Now and again, however, volumes of dense smoke came rolling up from the cavernous depths of the awful funnel down which the fire-waves had retreated; and though happily the crag on which we stood was well to windward, the fumes of sulphur and hydrogen were sometimes almost suffocating. When clearer moments came, we could see flickering flames of fire flashing from narrow fissures, as if fiery gases were at work within. These fiery tongues changed colour from one moment to the next, ever varying with the gases that gave them birth: but, for the most part, they were flickering flames of a pale weird blue, which appeared and disappeared like the Will-o'-the-wisp as it dances over a reedy marsh. Presently we perceived that the lake had not altogether vanished; for patches of the grey lava became incandescent, and we saw that what at first appeared to be a bed of cold hard lava was actually fluid, and crossed here and there by moving lines of crimson. Now and again some internal fire seemed to explode, and upheaved a dome-shaped mass of molten rock of a glowing rose-colour, which burst like a rocket, and continued to play for some moments."

The river of fire, forty miles of molten lava, which, in 1881, threatened a large district of the island with absolute destruction, is now matter of history. On the night of November 5th, 1880, the people of Hilo observed that the cloud resting on the summit of the volcano of Mauna Loa reflected that fiery glow which they knew from sad experience told of renewed action within its mighty furnace. Soon the fire-flood forced an opening for itself on the side of the mountain facing Hilo, and shortly afterwards three huge cones, one of them 400 feet in height, were thrown up from the bowels of the earth in a spot where nought of the kind existed before, very perceptibly altering the form of the main mountain. Meanwhile the lava stream poured downwards till it reached a comparatively level plateau, where, after burning many hundreds of acres of forest, it formed a great lake of fire, fifteen miles in circumference, and varying from 10 to 300 feet in depth. In a letter quoted by our author, it states that when the moon set, it was still light enough to read: the liquid lava was brighter by far than fire, as they could see how pale a fire looked in comparison whenever it reached a bush, and set it ablaze. "There lay before us," says the writer of this letter (dated November 11th), "a stream at least thirty miles long, every inch of which was one bright rolling tide of liquid lava. . . . It divided about a mile from the top, and ran down, forming an island, joined again, and ran five miles below. The whole front edge, about three-fourths of a mile wide, glowed with a most intensely brilliant light; and as it slowly advanced and rolled over the small trees and scrub, bright flames would flash up and die out along its whole edge." Its advance was marked by explosions as of canonnading, occasioned by the heating of air under the new lava in the olden lava caverns. It bore on its surface huge rocks and immense boulders of tons weight, as water would carry a toy boat. Indeed, the whole front edge, so to speak, was one bright red mass of solid rock, a wall sometimes thirty feet in height, constantly being driven forward, buried, and again advancing. The island was at times so enveloped in dense clouds of smoke that vessels nearing it could not make out the land, and submarine eruptions also occurred off the coast.

Six months glided on, and still the fiery streams continued to flow, getting nearer and nearer to the town of Hilo, sometimes running at the rate of half a mile a day, and destroying much cultivated land. On July 4, 1881, the fate of the town still trembled in the balance; the flow had then divided into several streams, and one of them was advancing directly upon it. Many of the inhabitants had already forsaken their homes, and all were prepared for flight at a moment's notice. How people may become familiarised with danger is shown by the fact that the end of the stream was constantly surrounded by a crowd of men, women, and children, the boys picking out specimens of soft lava, which they made into vases and other curiosities, when the stream was within two miles and a half of the town.

The poor distracted people of Hilo had almost given up hope, and appointed a solemn day of humiliation, in which even the Chinamen, who had previously burned their joss-sticks, and made offerings to their fire-demon, joined, coming in a body to attend the Christian service. From that very hour, we are assured, the fire-flood was stayed. It had terrified the islanders for nine long months! It had reached a point only fifteen minutes' walk from the town, having travelled full forty miles from the summit of Mauna Loa!

Miss Gordon-Cumming had seen the curiosities of many and far-distant lands, but it was not until she reached sunny California that she came to be regarded as one herself. While halting for luncheon at a pretty cottage covered with trailing hops, she took out her sketch-book to make a drawing of a great fallen tree. "Why," said the good woman of the house, "you must be the lady I hear them talk of *who makes pictures, just like a man!* And—why, dear me! you wear a man's hat! Why, I do believe you *are* a man! Come, now, do tell me—aren't you a man, really?" Our traveller tried hard to make her believe that it was quite correct for English ladies to wear wide-brimmed, soft felt hats; and was rather glad when, as she herself says, an essentially feminine and golden-haired countrywoman arrived there, wearing a similar one. Possibly the narrator of the story may have become somewhat sturdy in appearance, thanks to her constant travel and adventure, and open air life. Though she does not seem to understand why her little water-colour paint-box should be deemed masculine, the explanation is very simple. Few American ladies ever sketch in the open air, though their number is slowly increasing. Miss Gordon-Cumming is an accomplished sketcher, and to this we owe the number of graphic illustrations that adorn her works,* which have been produced in excellent style by her spirited publishers.

* "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War;" "At Home in Fiji;" "Fire Fountains;" and "Granite Crags;" all published by W. Blackwood and Sons.

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