

FROM FAR-OFF NEW ZEALAND.

THE NEWS-LETTER is pleased to give below extracts from the "log-book" of Mr. Henry D. Lloyd and son, William Bross Lloyd, who are making a tour of New Zealand. Some further matters relating to their journey will appear next week:

"One thing that I think would interest you is that I think it the most truly Christian country of the Earth. It is not like other countries you and I know of, where people are only interested in Christianity at 11 a. m. Sunday morning, and then rush to business Monday and violate every tenet of that religion. Here they seem to think the Golden Rule is worthy of practical application and it is shown on all sides of life."

Wellington, New Zealand, Feb. 17.—I have got all through my work here at the departments, and secured innumerable documents, and many interesting points of view which I could never have secured except by coming here. * * * To-day we gave to packing up and winding up our Wellington affairs. We sail on one of the most miserable little "bobbers" in these tempestuous waters for fifteen hours. * * * Our boat was a miserable old affair, saturated with the appalling odors of a score of years of navigation of these tempestuous seas. Our fellow passengers were an interesting lot of sheep farmers—young and old—stalwart, grizzled men returning from a sheep sale. The man who sat next me had made two fortunes—one of \$100,000 and another of ten children. The man next to him had a similar duplication of luck in one thousand acres and sheep galore, with \$250,000 and a family of fourteen.

Feb. 20.—To-morrow I am to travel 170 miles to view a settlement. The next day we start on a three-days' coaching trip to visit the estate that Mr. Lusk told us about, that had been taken from Ready Money Robinson.

Feb. 21.—Christchurch.—It seems very curious, almost inconsiderate, to be going about in the midst of roses and ripening fruits while you are shivering in the blizzards we read about. We have traveled 176 miles to-day, 88 out and 88 back, to examine some of the village settlements. One of the government officials has been delegated to go about with me, and the railroad department has put a "bird-cage car" on the train for us. A "bird-cage car" is a compartment car with the aisles outside and outdoors. This aisle is under the roof of the car and its railing is very high, made of woven

wire. Hence its name. You can stand on the outside of the car in this aisle, lean on the railing, and get a very good outlook, like Jack's canary. "The gentlemen of America" are everywhere received with great curiosity and great warmth. We have been "put up" at both the leading clubs here. To-morrow we go to Cheviot where the Government took possession of Ready Money Robinson's 40,000 acres at the value he had put on it for taxation.

Feb. 22, 23, 24.—These last days have been given to our visit to Cheviot. It has been a brilliant success. The weather has been as fine September weather as heart could wish; the scenery of the air-swept, treeless, tumultuous sort that the foothills of the Rockies give in Colorado and Wyoming; the spectacle of the thriving farms, buttressed with golden stacks of grain as big as the barns or bigger, and the prosperous towns, where only five years ago, there was nothing but a manor house and vast expanses of sheep land; a population of 1,200, where there were less than fifty—was most inspiring. We have been out of doors, driving, for three whole days.

Dunedin, March 3.—We left here to attempt the trip to Milford Sound—something on the order of the Norway Fjords—overland. We drove fifty-two miles in what they call a coach, fording the rivers in lieu of crossing bridges of which there were none, and passing over a very rough and picturesque country. There were snow-powdered mountains always in view, and one could always fancy oneself in the country of the upper Missouri. We reached the worst hotel in the world (with one of the pleasantest of landladies, who fed us on fair words and bright smiles in lieu of parsnips and other wholesome food) on Tuesday night. On Wednesday we were to have started thence, from the Te Anau (Tay Anow) hotel in a new steamer just launched for the head of the Lake where the trail for Milford Sound begins. But the start this first morning of the boat's running was made so late that the head of the Lake was put off till the next day, and for us forever. We and a large crowd of guests invited to the "first trip" were treated to an excursion up the lake. A great storm came on, the waves rolled up into something very billowy and pillow; the wind was so fierce that it blew the water off the surface of the lake in great clouds of mist. The foaming sea, the mountains rising almost perpendicularly 6,000 feet high, with snow and clouds on their peak, and the rainstorm opening and closing our view, made the spectacle impos-

enough. But the break in the weather which had been very fine, and my experiences—not a few—of waiting for mountain storms to clear away, made it seem rather risky to start in a howling gale and a rain that made a waterfall of the entire sky to steam 38 miles up the lake and then walk and climb 34 miles more for two days, with no shelter but camping-out huts, and no full change of clothing possible, as the packs had to be reduced to the minimum. We resolved to take the magnificent storm and its panorama of mountain and lakes we had seen as our quota of the Sound and lakes we had counted so much upon, and to beat a retreat, before the rivers in our rear, which we had forded coming, became so swollen by the rains, as to become unfordable. A detention thereby of a week or a fortnight is no uncommon experience there. So we fell back. You can judge of the road from the fact that one of our horses—it took five to haul our little coach—fell and broke its leg, and had to be shot by the roadside.

Kurow, March 6.—One of our pleasant experiences yesterday was visiting the estate of a great landlord who said, speaking of the size of his farm in an off-hand way, that "It ran fifteen miles back from the house." He has every conceivable tree and shrub—cedars from Lebanon, firs from Colorado, limes from England, etc., etc., all grown from the seed and none of them ever needing to be watered though it is a dry country. He distinctly discourages all dealings with nurseries. He gave us some apples he had grown that were a foot and a half in circumference. We start to-morrow on our coach trip to Mount Cook, the 13,000-foot King of the New Zealand Alps.

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