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Auckland, New Zealand,-Mark Tawin says Pittsburg looks like "Hell with the lid off." I have been traveling through a part of New Zealand, which looks like "Hell with the lid on," save that there are a thousand and one holes in the cover from which all sorts of poiconous gases, malodorous smells, boiling springs and other devilish evidences are pouring forth. I am in the Yellowstone Park of New Zealand, a land of volcances, geysers, eathquakes and lakes of boiling mud, a land in which old Mother Earth seems afflicted with perpetual colic and is ever vemiting forth hot paint, or belching out steam loaded with alum.

This region is situated 171 miles south-east of Auckland near the center of the North Island. It covers almost two mil-lion acres. It is about thirty miles wide and 100 miles long, and the crust upor it is so thin that as you walk or ride over it you seem to hear a thousand devils rumbling and raging below and feel that there is little more than a sheet of brown paper between you and

THE ERUPTION OF TARAWERA.

The face of the earth changes from week to week. Great cracks open and new boiling pools burst forth. There are frequent earthquakes and now and then a mountain breaks forth into erup-tion. There are active volcances, and no one knows when those dormant may not spring into life, as Mount Tarawera did in 1886. In that year, on the 10th of June, the towns about this mountain were destroyed. Several native villages were covered to a depth of sixty feet by a deluge of mud. Both houses and inhabitants were destroyed almost as completely as Pompell and Herculan-cum by Vesuvius centuries ago. The bottom of a big lake was blown out and in its place came a roaring crater, which sent up a column of steam to a height of almost three miles. The earth broke open. There was one crack nine miles long. New lakes were formed, clouds of ashes and dust turned midday to evening, and for miles around there was a downpour of water, mud and stones

This eruption destroyed the famous pink terraces of New Zealand. These terraces were in the form of basins. They were made by the sediment from the mineral waters of a geyser 100 feet above the lake. The basins were filled with the clearest of hot water, boiling blue at the top and changing in color to a lighter hue as it fell from terrace to terrace. They were surrounded by walls which seemed to be made of jewels, some were pink, others white. The water pattered over them in tiny cas-cades and when the sun shone the hill-

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

MAORI WOMAN AND BABY. "They Look Like American Indians."

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farms. At present it is given up to | weather was cold and every passenger sheep and cattle. We see droves of hundreds of cattle and sheep in flocks of thousands. The sheep are feeding on turnips, biting them out of the ground in which they have grown. There are acres of turnips, their green tops eaten off and the white round roots lying like tens of thousands of billiard balls upon the ground. The sheep will feed upon them until noth-ing is left.

How beautiful the land is! It is roll-We go over plains which look like ing. the blue grass lands of Kentucky and others which remind me of the meadows of old England. We pass through groves of cabbage trees or New Zealand palms. Each has a tall trunk ending n a feather duster of green leave jut out on all sides. There plenty of poor land as well as good, and some large tracts which still belong to the crown and which will, some time, be turned into farms. ON THE NEW ZEALAND RAIL-ROADS.

water is thick, brown and muddy, Still it is a cure for rheumatism. Others of the baths are so strong in their mineral properties that one must be ex-amined by a doctor before he can enter

them. HOW THE NATIVES BATHE.

There are many native Maori vil-lages in this region. The Maoris, you know, are the aberigines of New Zea-land. They correspond to the Indians know, are the aborigines of New Joan land. They correspond to the Indians of North America, although far differ-ent from them in character and cus-toms. There are only about 40,000 of them left. I went into many of the houses, They are a sort of a cross between an Indian hut and that of a lower class Englishman. They are built right over the steaming earth. Many right over the steaming earth. Many of them have bathing pools behind chem, and in the pools you see boys and girls bathing together in the steaming water. I stood and watched such a crowd this morning. The pool was about twenty feet square, and in it were a dozen little ones as naked as when they were born. The steam rose up from the pool, and as the morning sun caught it their brown skins shone out through the mist. One of the bathers was a girl of fourteen. She was pouring the water over her with a bucket, when I threw in a silver sixpense. She with all the rest dived down into the steaming pool for it, she finally emerging floating, as it were, upon the water. They were Maoris, but whether they were taking this method of getting or merely having their morning baths I do not know.

WHERE MOTHER EARTH DOES THE COOKING.

Old Mother Earth is kind to her Maori daughters. She does their cooking for them. They never have to make a fire or put the kettle on. Each woman has a steaming box of her own, which is always at the right temperature. This box is merely an old dry goods box, a shoe box or soap box, with the top and bottom knocked out and the bottom covered with slats. It is sunken in the earth over one of these steam holes. The food is dropped in and an old piece of carpet or cloth thrown over it and in due time it is cooked. Cooking is also does for the bolling

skin one, and to this I added my rubber hot water bottle. I took it from my Cooking is also done in the boiling bools. Potatoes are pared and put into bag and had it filled by the girls at the tea stations. One young woman was amazed at the request and wondered ags made of a network of rope, each holding a quarter or half a peck. The bag is then dropped into the pool and a string which is fastened to it is tied what I wanted hot water for. At last a smile lit up her face and she said: "I understand. You want it for the to a stake outside. In a few minutes the potatoes are ready for eating. Meat

can be bolled the same way or it can be put into a bucket and steamed. In "Yes, my dear," said I, as I handed or a shilling, "but I am the baiby." almost anything in the boiling o That is something like the English they talk down in New Zealand. You hear a great deal of the Cockney acsteaming line is so done by these people They have lately taken up some Eng-lish customs, and now celebrate Christcent, A is frequently like "i" or "al," and you have to often translate the mas, when they make plum puddings and cook them in these petty volcanoes. In some places the villagers cook at

in nothing

phe has resulted from faulty construction, the modern iron or steel battleship being far more dangerous than the old wooden war ship.

Such a vessel is likely to "turn turtle" and go to the bottom within a few minutes, whereas the wooden war ship, though full of water, would float. The fires and engines in the modern war ship add, moreover, to the dangers of the craft in case of accident.

The first accident which called atten-tion to the terrible dangers of ironclads was the loss of H. M. S. Captain in 1871. She was a seagoing masted, turret ship of 6,900 tons, and was regarded as the finest fighting vessel in the British navy. She was 320 feet long with a beam of 53 feet, a draught of 25 feet 91/ inches, with a freeboard of only 6 feet 8 inches. The turnet armor was 13 to 18 inches thick, and that on the water line 6 to 8 inches. She had an immense sail spread on her three masts, and car-

ried 500 officers and men, On September 6, 1871, she was maneuvering in the Bay of Biscay with the British channel squadron, near Cape Finisterre. Under sail, but with steam up, she was rolling at angles of from 12½ to 14 degrees in heavy squalls of wind. The last seen of her was at 1:15 a.m. When dawn broke she had vanished, and a few hours later parts of her wreckage were found.

Some of the survivors struggled to Cape Finisterre. They reported that the captain, with steam up but screw not working, and under three double reefed topsails, began to roll heavily and then to lurch from side to side at increasing angles of from 18 to 28 de-grees. She finally rolled to her beam ends and lay down on her side, her masts in the water. The sea rushed down the funnel onto the furnace fires. and many of the engineers were scalded to death. As the Captain slowly turned over some of the men walked on her bottom. Suddenly she sank, stern foremost. Out of 500 men on board only eighteen survived. The catastrophe was attributed by the admiralty to too great topweights.

The second disaster to an ironclad was unattended by loss of life, but it emphasized the "sinkability" of the new ships. The British Channel squadron left Kingstown for Queenstown on Sept. 1, 1875, when the Iron Duke, steaming at seven knots, struck the Vanguard four feet below her armor on the port quarter abreast the engine room, making a rent twenty-live feet square, the opening being into the two largest compartments in the ship. One hour after the collision the Vanguard, which was heavily down by the stern, whirled around two or three times and then sank after the crew and officers had been taken off.

Three years later a similar disaster occurred to the German fleet when the Koenig Wilhelm collided with the Grosser Kurfurst off Folkestone. The ram plowed up the armor as if it had been orange peel. The water poured through the great breach into the stoke-

LAWYERS WERE BARRED FROM THESE COUNTRIES

When Yucatan was first colonized by the Spaniards. Charles V, in the addinance which accompanied the appoint. ment of the first governor, explicitly stated that no lawyers were to be pe mitted to land from Spain or anywhen else. This law was dated 1525. This years later an equally stringent in The ram plowed its way in about nine vision was made against lawyer a feet, and the deck and iron work buckled up before it. When the Camcoming inhabitants of the new sonis investigation of the new sonis of Peru and Chile. The object these laws was frankly stated a preservation of the new countries the state of the new countries. perdown pulled away it was seen that the breach measured about 125 square feet, into which the water poured. The water-tight doors inside both vessels were open at the time. On the Victoria the strife and trouble which ainly follow their advent. there were statutes in force, which is the statute of the statute there was not time to close them, and the men with the collision mat could ish house of commons, but the hid long become obsolete and were repaired As the bow of the Victoria sank her

If troubled with rheumatism in Chamberlain's Pain-Baim a trial will not cost you a cent if it does good. One application will releve pain. It also cures sprains and bruk in one-third the time required by other treatment. Cuts, burns by bittes, outpress, pains in the second

As the bow of the Victoria sank her stern rose, and from the other ships her screws could be seen whirling. Admiral Tyron, on the deckhouse of the Vic-toria, said "it is all my fault," but de-clined to accept assistance, being con-vinced she would float. As the tilt of the ship grew greater, the crew were drawn up in line on deck, excepting en-glneers and stokers, and finally the or-der was given to "jump." The crew leaped into the water. bites, guinsey, pains in the side chest, grandular and other stell are quickly cured by applying it. 2017 Suddenly there was a tremendous roll i bottle warranted. Price, 22 and 50 cts. eaped into the water.

DEVERY TRIUMPHS OVER FOES.

New York's Chief of Police Wins by Smart Trick.



side seemed alive with falling diamonds, pearle, emeralds and rubles. The ter-races are now being reformed, and in the near future nature will probably have rebuilt them in an even more beautiful form than they were in the

COUNTRY SCENES IN NEW ZEA-LAND.

I spent all day on the train going from Auckland to the Hot Springs re-gion. Rotorua, the central town of this Yellowstone of the south, was my destination. Leaving Auckland we shot out into a rich farming district. The fields were green with luxuriant grass, or black where the soil was being turned up for planting. Volcanic evidences were everywhere. Chunks of lava were scattered over the fields, and in many places there were fences of lava, Near Auckland the farms are small and the farm houses especially so. This I have observed in all parts of Australia and New Zealand. The frontier cabins are not so big as those of the wooded regions of the United States. In many places there is a scarcity of lumber. The average farm house is a wooded cottage of four, five or six rooms roofed with galvanized iron. There are no barns, no stables, no out-buildings. The stock feed off the fields all the year

round, for the grass is always green. Now we go through plains covered with brush. We ride for miles along the banks of the Waikato river, the largest in New Zealand, and on again into a country of farms. The holdings have now grown larger. We go through a great estate owned by one of the landed nabobs. It contains 56,000 acres. It will probably soon be taken by the government and divided into small I lack of heating arrangements.

to time. the oncers of the government me in surance company as well. The gauge of the rallroad is only three feet and a half. The roadbed is ballasted with lava and pumice stone and it seems to be well built. The cars are comfortably made, half after the American and half after the English American and half after the English fashion. At every station a bell is rung before the train starts. Every now and then there is a five minutes' stop that the passengers may get out and buy a cup of tea, a glass of whisky or beer.

peaty taste and it costs 12 cents a glass. Tea is two pence a cup. Everyone takes it with milk and sugar. It is strong, but not bad. No coffee is sold, for no one wants it. HOT WATER FOR THE BA-I-BY.

The chief trouble with the cars is the

MRS. EDDY DELUGED WITH LETTERS.

Christian Science Leader Now Finds Herself a Much Sought Woman.



Now that Christian Science is attracting so much public attention on ac-count of recent litigation in a New York court. Mrs. Mary Eddy finds herself a woman of great public demand. Thousands of curious correspondents make her life miserable by letters of inquiry and the strain is getting to be greater than Mrs. Eddy can bear.

As we go I examine the railroad, Like all in the colony, it belongs to the gov-ernment, and its officials are govern-ment clerks. The conductor is called the guard. He comes through the station and punches the tickets from time The smaller stations are also post offices, and I see signs evidencing they are government savings banks and the officers of the government life in-

cup of tea, a glass of whisky or beer. The New Zealanders are great drink-ers. They are always stuffing, and swilling. Nevertheless they keep fat and healthy. Beer, whisky and tea are sold at the stations. I try them all. The whisky is Scotch. It has a smoky,

in every-day conversation the faults are common. They remind me of the blacksmith whom I like to quote whenever our English cousins talk about such Americanisms as "I guess." The blacksmith was discussing the effect of hunting versus macadamized roads of hunting versus macadamized roads on the horse's feet, when he said: "Hit hisn't the 'opping hover 'edges what 'urts the 'horses' 'oofs, but hil's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard hiron road." RIDING OVER HADES. But to go on to the Yellowstone. As we proceed we pass through a region of ferns. They cover the hills, and in the valleys rise into trees like umbrellas. The whole earth is matted with the n. The tree ferns have stems as big around as a telegraph pole and some

had a traveling blanket which he wrapped around his feet. I had a fox

rise fifteen feet without a branch. Farther south we come into highlands. We pass through forests, the tall trees bound around with vines and their while spreading branches covered with green leaves. Many of them are loaded with orchids, which ornament the living as well as the dead, hanging down amid the green leaves and wrap. ping themselves around the dead limbs to make them green again.

When we reach an altitude of about 1.000 feet above the sea we come into a region of active volcanic energy. The earth seems hollow. It rumbles and grunicles as our train goes over it. We see steam coming forth from the cracks here and there and we wonder if the crust may not break and drop us into the pubbling, boiling, steaming mass which evidently lies below. We pass the village of Koutu, which

is almost hidden in columns of steam from the ground above and sail on by Lake Rotorua to Rotorua itself.

NEW ZEALAND'S HOT SPRINGS. This is the famous health resort of the south Pacific ocean. The land all about it is steaming, clouds of vapor go up from pools of boiling water, each of which has its own medicinal properties. There are hotels and cottages and all the surroundings of such a resort in the United States. The government has charge of the springs and fixes the far. in, and the people thus keep the place for themselves. The government has put up bath houses with enormous swimming pools.

MADAM RACHEL AND THE PRIEST The baths have curious names. One, owing to the beauty which it gives the complexion, steaming all impurities out of the system, has been called after Madam Rachel, which the French pronounce Ra-shell. The people here drop the madame and say Rachel, as though they were speaking of an English girl. Another is called the Priest bath, an-other the Painkiller, a third the Coffee Pot, and a fourth the Blue Bath. The names sound curlous at first, and when I was told I could have a half hour at the Priest I felt like protesting I was not a Catholle, but a ca: .ron Presbyterian.

Joking aside the baths are wonderful, Rachel comes from a boiling caldron of enormous depth, which yields fifty thousand gallons daily. The water seems to be loaded with sulphuretted hydrogen, and a smell of decayed eggs floats into your nostrils. You are dis-gusted until you walk down into it.

In buying the fox skin rug 1 one great vat, and in others, such as Whakarewarewa, the women all do their washing in one hot pool, the wa-ter of which is soft and cleansing. They spoke of I asked the department store clerk where the rugs were kept. He "Go through that aisle and down by the lices." I could not think what he meant by "the lices," and a brief kneel down on the outside of the pool and scour the clothes together. I like the Maori women. Their dress is now much like ours, save that nearly all are vision of crawling insects and frowzy hair came before my eyes until on the other side of the store I saw some white barefooted. Some would be good look ing were it not for the tattoo marks lace with carpets and rugs beyond and I knew the young man meant laces, As upon their chins and lips making them blue. Many of them speak English, and I take one for a guide through the for the letter "h" I have never heard it so mistreated in England as in New creaking, steaming, rumbling, spitting region about me. Zealand. It is always on when it should be off and always off when it should be on. Even the school children butcher the king's English in this respect, and

AMONG THE GEYSERS.

She leads me from one wonder to an-other Here is a pool of boiling, bub-bing mud which now and then shoots a column high in the air. That great round vat with the white walls is made of the silicia and other minerals thrown up by a geyser; it is called the brain That vast pool in which the yel-

oy fluid within bubbles and bolls is known as the champagne pool; its con-tents stir about just like champagne. and the gases now and then throw the water up to a height of six or eight feet. The walls are of different colors, here white, there dark red and there yellow with sulphur. We go to see the Pohutu geyser, which twice a day for from twenty minutes to three hours at a time sends a majestic column of wa. ter high into the air; and then take a look at the giant's cauldron, which bubbles and boils and seethes, heated by the fires below.

INTO THE MOUTH OF HELL

Come and take a trip with me into the mouth of hell. This is a region about twelve miles from Rotorua. We steam across the lake sailing over what was evidently once a volcanic crater, then take horses over the country to Tikitere. As we near it we see great columns of steam rising into the air. We tie our horses, and, with staff in hand plunge into the vapor. We are in the midst of acres of boiling springs separated by thin walls upon which walk looking down into the terrible commotion below.

Here is a whirlpool. The water is as black as ink. It bolls and steams and bubbles and spits. It is hotter than the Shadrack, Meshac aid Abed-nego furnace. Watch out, for if your foot slips you will be scalded to death. Now as an as a grant scalar means Now we are on a great yellow mound ooking into a sulphur pool, the gases of which almost sicken us as we sloop over. The pool is filled with boiling mud. There the steam is so thick you can hardly see through if. Be careful where you step. A girl sliped into that vat the other day and came out cooked.

THE DONKEY ENGINE.

Look at this hole, see how it bubbles up mud and oil. It makes a noise as though it were run by machinery and the people have named it the donkey

See the white stuff on which you are standing. It looks like sait, You have passed out of the sulphur hills and are now on hills of snow, which show out In contrast with the boiling mud about you. Pick up some of the snow or salt and tas'e it. How it puckers your mouth. Your lips and tongue whither as though you had bitten into a green persimmons. The stuff is not salt. It is alum. There are bushels of it here, but mixed with other minerals. There are parts of New Zealand where there are cliffs of alum and where the springs flow alum water,

THE INFERNO.

But let us take a look at the Inferno. We walk through the steam over a thin crust of sulphur and look down into a great vat twenty feet deep and so large that you could drop a Maori house into it without touching the sides. It seems to be filled with boiling paint, and as it seethes it now throws up a column of mud. The scent is nausea' ng. Our Then your skin seems to have turned to satin, and you lie as comfortable as though on beds of rose leaves. The Blue Bath has a swimming pool about as big as the average city lot. The water is at 98 degrees. It is delight-ful. In the "Coffee Pot" the pool 1. covered with an oily slime and ex-

hold, flooding the furnaces, and a heavy list to port laid the vessel on her beam ends and prevented the crew from get. ting out the boats. The captain tried to run her into shallow water, but she sank within five minutes of the time of being rammed. Of a crew of 457, 216 were saved. The Grosser Kurfurst was a turret ship of 6,000 tons.

But the most tragic of all these mis-adventures was the loss of the Victoria, flagship of the British Mediterranean squadron, which occurred June 22, 1893. The fleet was maneuvering off Tripoli in two columns, one led by the Victoria, the other by the Camperdown. Admiral WILLIAM S. DEVERY

The whole country is laughing at the clever way in which William S. Devery and his friends have fooled their political opponents. When an artagonistic State Legislature abolished his office and created a new one the deposed chief practically had himself appointed to the newly created office to Tyron, on board the Victoria, ordered | the disgust of his foes who were thus hoisted by their own petard.





