

by Mr. Hall. He has a nice bungalow there, and seemed very busy and happy in his occupation, contriving to keep good friends with all the "boys," as the coloured labourers from Manilla, China, the South Sea Islands, and other places, are called. These "boys" are now busily occupied in unloading the shells from the boats and cleaning and preparing them for the market, which latter process we had come to see to-day. First, we went to a small shed where about a half-a-dozen "boys" were employed, some in chopping and scraping the shells in order to reduce their weight, whilst others were washing and cleaning them with brushes made from the outside of the cocoa-nut husk, which, when split into strips, is excellent for the purpose, as it scrapes and polishes the shells without scratching them. The boxes stood ready outside for packing, each holding about two cwt. of shells, valued at £11, per cwt. The number of shells varies according to their size, from sixty to sixty-five fitting into each box. On a table in the middle of the shed the shells were being quickly packed and nailed up, ready for exportation. From the cleaning and packing shed we went to another, where the diving apparatus is kept. This was sent out from England, and is exactly the same as that in use everywhere, being made to fit tightly round the ankles, wrists, and neck, with an immense superfluity of space in the middle to hold a storage of air. Besides this heavy dress, divers wear a belt with a large knife stuck into it, to cut themselves free from any obstacle their ropes may get foul of, and they also have a hook, to which their air-pipe is attached. In addition to an enormous pair of leaden boots, two heavy pieces of lead are suspended over their shoulders, one piece lying on their chest and the other on their back. They descend with great rapidity, and can walk, *with* the current, on the bottom easily enough; but woe betide them if the tender is not careful, for if their air-line catches in anything it is absolutely impossible for them to make any headway against the tide. Unless the men above are quick and clever enough to repair the mistake promptly, they are lost.

*Wednesday, August 24th.*—I have been so ill lately, and necessarily left so much alone when the others were on shore, that my dog has become more than ever a companion to me, and never leaves my chair or bed for an instant if he can possibly help it. He was fairly driven away this morning to accompany Tom on his long walk to the lighthouse, for I knew the outing would do him good. Half-way up the hill he refused to follow any farther, and bolted back, in a straight line, to the beach, and had actually swum more than half-way to the yacht before he was picked up. I should hardly have thought a dog could identify the vessel at so great a distance.