

one of the tents, he couldn't stand such foolishness at any price, it was beneath his dignity altogether.

The only one of our kuris that didn't mind much, was the curly old spaniel Rip Van Winkle; he took the matter in a proper spirit, and seemed to look upon it all as a huge joke. He would allow our little pet to chase him till further orders, but he knew enough never to let him quite catch up. He would streak around the camp with his big ears flapping wildly, and the little chap bounding after him at a great pace; then as soon as the kid began to gain on him, the wily old dog would double swiftly with a terrifying growl that would make the little fellow jump four feet in the air. Then back round the other way they would go as if their lives depended on it, repeating the game until the kid got tired of it and lay down.

When the day came at last for us to strike camp, we decided to take our pet home with us, and bring him up in civilization. We had no trouble getting him along to the bay where the steamer called, for the little chap followed us like one of the dogs, trotting along as prettily as a young fawn, and he was undoubtedly the hero of the hour when we boarded the steamer for our trip home across the harbour. We took him up on the promenade deck among the women and the children, and there he frisked around to his heart's content. But he nearly frightened one old lady into hysterics with his antics. She was sitting back in a deck-chair, deep in her book, when young Billy, no doubt mistaking the green stuff that she had in her bonnet for something edible, bounded lightly from the deck to her knees, and seizing hold of the green trimming, dragged her bonnet down over her eyes. The poor old lady thinking, no doubt, that the funnel had collapsed and fallen upon her, let out a scream like a steam whistle, at which Billy fled for his life, leaving the old dame speechless with fright, to the care of her friends, who brought her

round with a liberal application of smelling salts and water. Barring this little disturbance and a thrilling encounter with the ship's cat, commenced in play but ending otherwise, we got him across safely enough, and landing on the wharf, marched him off amid a fast increasing crowd of juvenile admirers.

When we got him fairly settled at home with a neat little shed to camp in at night, and plenty of room to roam around during the day, he was as happy as the oft-quoted Larry. In the paddock where we kept him were some low konini trees, and up these he used to shin like lightning whenever the humour for climbing seemed to strike him. Talk about a goat's sure-footedness, it was no name for his performances, he'd stand on a branch where you wouldn't think there was foothold for a rat, and browse away on the leaves quite calmly with a thirty-foot drop straight under him. He never slipped that we ever noticed, and we used to watch him pretty closely in those days.

It was in his second year, however, that Billy first took to roaming about much. Sometimes he managed to get out on the main road, and the youngsters coming home from school used to pet him and play with him. Not content with this some of the boys began to tease him, and it was this that finally led to his undoing. He took it in good part for a time, then the constant worrying and teasing of these youngsters spoilt his temper, and he started chasing them in retaliation.

Often enough you would see him bowl a youngster over in the dust, and stand over him until the other boys tempted him off after them, then he would be kept going, first treeing one boy, then chasing another through a fence, and all the while the rest of the young reprobates, perched safely out of danger on the top of the road cutting, or on the far side of a fence, would be