

soon relieved of his load and hobbled out to graze. A fire was lit, on which a couple of billies full of the creek water were soon swinging. Cold roast mutton, bread, and brownie—bread with a little dripping and a few currants added before baking—formed our lunch. The tea of course had no milk in it. We only had one cow on the station, and the scanty supply of milk it gave was religiously preserved for two little children. After lunch and a smoke we set to work.

During our ride we had come across several mobs of kangaroo, and had great work keeping the dogs off them. As it was, some of the dogs were footsore and weary. These were tied up at the camp. The six of us and five dogs then set off along the creek. I had one of the rifles, and at starting had a capital shot at a big "old man" that got up about fifty yards ahead of us. Shooting kangaroos is very tricky work, but I had had a bit of experience, and the second shot rolled him over. Then we got into a big mob. The rifles were dropped into holsters, and off we went. The dogs soon got amongst them, and there was a great scatter. The rifle hampered me a bit, so I soon gave up the main hunt and busied myself finishing off the big kangaroos that were baited up by the dogs.

Two of our dogs were adepts at pulling down kangaroos, but the other three were not so good. A first-class dog jumps at the kangaroo just as the animal is commencing his bound, with the result that the 'roo topples head over heels and either breaks his neck or founders on the ground. A raw dog often tries to grab his prey as it is landing, and usually gets bowled over for his pains, or else the kangaroo jumps again and gets away.

The mob included several "old men," big old males, who, declining to be hustled, every now and then made for a clump of scrub or small trees, put their backs to it, and held the dogs at bay. Here again the inexperienced dog suffers. He rushes at the kangaroo, and, before the dog knows what is the matter, he is lying several yards away from the 'roo with his flank badly torn. The kangaroo has clasped him in his arms, and has dealt him a blow with his powerful hind foot, which is armed with a terrible claw. The kangaroo draws one foot up to his body, gets it between him and the dog, and then shoots it out, generally with disastrous results to the dog. A dog who has once been "embraed" by a kangaroo never makes a frontal attack again. He skirries around until he can get at his foe some other way, or else retreats gracefully from the field, or, finally, he barks—at a respectful distance—until assistance arrives.

It was our object to destroy as many of the "old men" as we could, so as to frighten the mobs effectually and send them off to fresh country. Several times I came across a dog with an "old man" stuck up. A stroke with a thick waddy soon despatched him.

The country was fairly open, out from the creek, and my mates were sending the kangaroos helter-skelter everywhere. One stockman—a light-weight—was mounted on a speedy mare, and I saw him ride down a kangaroo in fine style. For three-quarters of a mile it was a ding-dong go. The 'roo jumped splendidly, and, as there was very little scrub and the going good, the rider sent the

mare at her top speed. She entered into the spirit of the affair and extended every muscle. At last I saw the stockman rise in the stirrups and his hand go up. The mare had caught the 'roo. Down came the whip-handle with unerring accuracy, and the 'roo toppled over.

There was a beautiful course between our best dog and a small but very fast kangaroo. It was over a quarter of a mile of open, and the 'roo was making for some dense scrub, where the dog would have lost her. As they neared the scrub the dog made desperate efforts to reach his quarry, but the kangaroo, jumping superbly, seemed to fly over the ground. A little watercourse was in

their path. The 'roo flew it like a swallow, and the dog, a half-second later, bounded over it like a deer. I think the 'roo would have got away, but it landed badly and stumbled, and before it could recover the dog was on it.

We were all weary and tired when we got back to the camp. One of the dogs was badly cut about by a kangaroo, and had to be carried in. But we had given the 'roos a great shaking up. After tea we sat around the fire, smoking, and telling yarns; and at ten each of us wrapped a rug around himself and curled up under a clump of scrub. It was a cool, still night, and the first thing I remember after turning in was a pair of hob-

bles landing on my back—a polite intimation from the cook that the breakfast was ready.

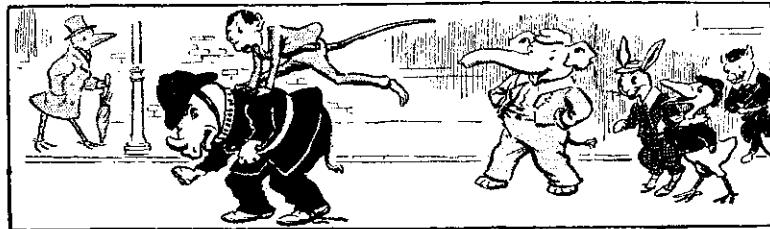
The next two days the performance was repeated, and when we leave the camp for the station we feel very satisfied with our work. A good number of 'roos have been killed, and the mobs have been scattered far and wide. One of our horses is lame, one dog is so badly hurt that we have to shoot him, and another is limping; but there is no other damage. It is late at night when six tired men ride into the homestead paddock, and, after a drink of tea and a slice of brownie—for the cook is in bed—retire for a good sleep.

**X JUNGLE JINKS. X**

HOW JACKO WAS CAUGHT BY MR. RHINO, THE POLICEMAN



1. "See that old gentleman?" said Jacko of the Jungle School. "See that old buffer bending down to tie up his bootlace?" "Yes, we see him. What about him?" chimed in Jumbo. Well, do you dare me to play at leap frog over his back?" "Haw! haw! I should like to see you try it!" laughed Jumbo. "So should I," mused Billy Boar. Jacko always talks a lot, but he doesn't do much, I notice."



2. "Oh, I'm all talk, am I, Billy Boar?" grinned Jacko. "Well, you just keep your eyes on me. Now for a run! One, two, three, four, and—over!" "Hee! hee!" sniggered the other boys, "he really means to do it." Poor Jacko! It was not until he was half way over that he discovered his mistake.



3. What he thought was an old gentleman turned out to be Mr. Rhino, the policeman! "Ha! ha! young man, I've caught you this time!" cried the constable, as he stood upright, and caught hold of Jacko by the legs. "You thought I didn't see you coming, eh? But I peeped between my legs, you see; and now I'm going to take you to the police-station." Of course Mr. Rhino was only having a joke with Jacko and when the young monkey promised, with tears in his eyes, never to play such a trick again, the kind policeman gave him a penny, and told him to run off home.

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