

clear at daylight to-morrow, for I see by your face that your news also means an evacuation of the premises. Tell me all about it at once." I complied with his request.

Our rejoicing did not waken poor Bullocky, he still slept on, the heavy sleep of a thoroughly exhausted man. Arthur and I did not sleep much that night; we had too much to occupy our thoughts. We agreed to leave our hut, tools, and the little gum we had in the whare unsold, to Bullocky to dispose of to his own advantage. He did not carry out the conditions to the letter, for we heard afterwards that the proceeds were quickly converted into old Jackson's "kill-me-dead."

Christmas morning rose bright and sunny. The heavy rain clouds which had obscured the sun for so many days had rolled by. Arthur declared that the ten-mile tramp along the miry roads to the township was the jolliest walk on record, and that this was the merriest Christmas he ever remembered spending.

The rest is soon told. I took a trip to the cattle station in the wild bush-covered Murumutu country, found the genuine Fred, and received a hearty welcome. On my consulting him about my future movements, he persuaded me to join with him and buy out his

employer. I agreed none the less willingly because he had previously informed me that, in his letter home, he had asked his father and sister to come out and pay him a visit. They had cabled that they were coming, and in due course arrived. My meeting with Eileen can be more easily imagined than described. The old gentleman was so charmed with his visit, and the wonders that the balmy climate of New Zealand had worked in restoring his health, that he announced his intention of hastening home to settle up his affairs there, with a view to ending his days in this charming colony with his newly found son. Eileen did not sail with him, she preferred remaining with me. We did not forget poor Bullocky, but we must no longer call him that. He is now our head stockman, and that and his other nickname have sunk into obscurity, for he has now no objection whatever to admit that his surname is Brown. I cannot say that he is totally reformed, that would be too much to expect. But we do our best to keep him out of temptation, and he helps us, which is a great point gained. Some good people affirm that there should be no secret between man and wife. I differ with them, for I have never told Eileen what manner of man I mistook for her brother. It did not seem worth while.

