

to the bush, one of the many which have wandered away from the settler's herds, and bred undisturbed in these wild fastnesses. Laden with the spoils of the chase in the shape of goat skins, horns, and boar tusks, and with our game-bags full of pigeons and kakas, we crawled

did goat skins falling to our lot. Finally, one clear, fresh morning, when the whole bush rang with the sweet voices of the tuis and the lively chattering of the little green parrakeets, we made up our bulky swags for the return trip to civilisation. Down the home trail we



Flood wreckage in a torrent-bed.



Crossing the Wainui River homeward bound.

into camp long after dark that night, dog-tired, but supremely happy.

The following day was spent in exploring the country in the immediate vicinity of our camp, and much good sport resulted, two grand old boars, and several splen-

made our way, through the cool, fern-clad bush gullies, over the long, sun-warmed, manuka-clad slopes, and so out to the green fields of the Wainui, where, tightening our swag straps, we struck up the old camp ditty, "Home, boys, home," and swung away down the dusty road.

