

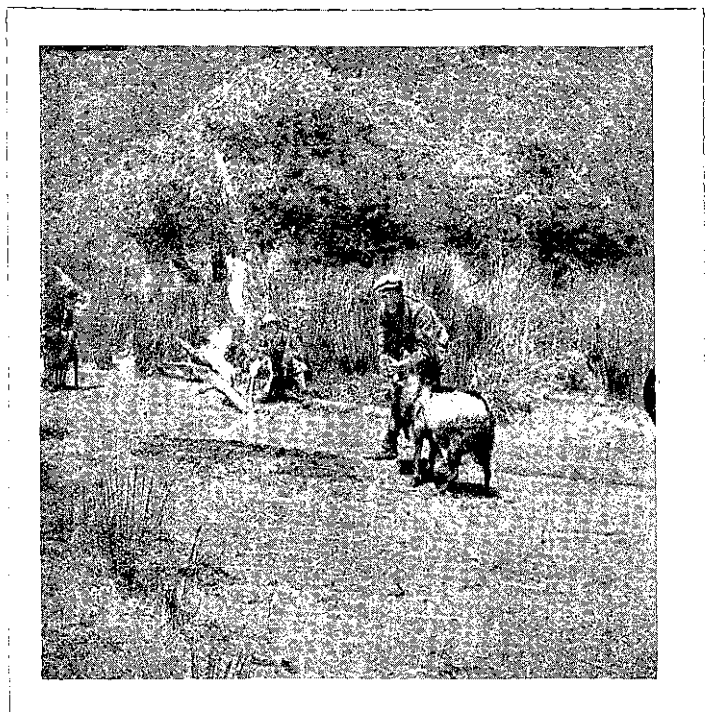
mopokes and woodhens kept up their dismal chorus in the gullies and on the ridges close by.

The sun was well up over the range before we started out on the following morning, and the second day yielded us just as good sport as the previous one. There were fresh gorges to be explored, every one of which contained its flocks of goats, and occasionally a solitary old bush boar.

In one of these gorges we bailed up a magnificent old boar. Never

put beyond the reach of doing any damage, whilst the death-dealing tusks, sharp as razors, further increased our stock of trophies.

On this occasion we had our camera with us, and were enabled to take the unique photographs with which this article is illustrated. One of them depicts a trial of strength which Harry had with a little billy. The sturdy little quadruped dragged him hither and thither, whilst we hung on to the dogs to keep them from rushing in



Harry has a tussle with a Billy.

before had I seen such a picture of absolutely devilish ferocity as he presented when with foam-flecked jaws, gleaming tusks, and bristling shoulders, he stood at bay against the fern-matted trunk of a giant rata. In spite of the many pig-sticking tales that we had heard, we decided that the rifle was the better way of dispatching him, his gleaming tusks being a conclusive argument in that direction. A sharp report, a short, snarling rush, and this monarch of the gorge was

on the plucky little chap. Finally when Harry tired of the game, and let go of the goat's horns, he was immediately charged by the enraged animal, and had to seek safety in ignominious flight, much to our amusement.

Before returning home we determined to scale Mt. Matthews, one of the highest peaks of the main range, and with sides as steep as a wall. On the slopes of this peak, as in fact along the whole range, were enormous land-slips many