

her, and gave her his views on colonials and their colony, instead of taking them at their proper value as coming from one entirely unprejudiced, and therefore able to judge, she positively ridiculed them and him in the most atrocious manner. Poor Fitz, he was taken down at every turn.

With amusement of every variety, from pig-hunting to picnics with the girls from the neighbouring station, the holidays passed quickly. Fitz's father had been written to, but before negotiations were concluded, Fitz had come to the conclusion that the life would not suit him at all—it was too beastly colonial. The Governor was not disappointed, still, on bidding him adieu, he hospitably gave him a general invitation to come again whenever he felt inclined.

"I don't think Fitz had a very good time, lads," he remarked, as they watched him ride away, "but it's certainly been his own fault. We've done our best to entertain him, but he's never happy unless he's cock of the walk, and it'd take a very game bird to be that here, when fellows like you are about."

The lads started on their cattle-hunting expedition in high spirits. They carried a light blanket each, provisions and pannikins. A long day's tramp through a grand piece of bush brought them to the spot where Tommy thought they might find the cattle, but so far no recent tracks had been seen. About noon the next day old Jack, who had hitherto shown little interest in anything, pricked up his ears suddenly and looked sagaciously round at the lads. Rhoddy declared he winked. A few moments after Tommy, whose hearing like that of all good bushmen was very acute, declared he heard the cracking of branches, but not a hoof mark could be seen.

"They're just ahead of us. We'll have to creep round behind them," said Tommy.

They took a wide circuit, and

came across their tracks. Creeping up very quietly, they could hardly suppress a shout of delight. Dotted about here and there—some lazily feeding on the succulent karaka boughs which they cleverly twisted off with their horns, others taking a noontide rest—were a number of magnificent cattle of all colours, rolling fat, with coats as sleek as a race-horse's from constant brushing through thick underscrub. As the sun sent shimmering rays down here and there through the dancing foliage, Rhoddy thought he had never seen a prettier sight. Safely yarded that mob would make any stock-owner's mouth water. But much skill and cunning must be exercised to get them yarded.

"A score at least, most of 'em grand four and five-year-old steers," pronounced Tommy. "By thunder, We're in luck!"

Before disturbing them the lads sat down and eat a hasty meal. Then they gradually made their presence known. In an instant the stillness of the bush was broken by an inconceivable rattle of horns against branches, snapping of supple-jacks and underscrub, and thunder of hoofs, as with one accord the mob dashed off at speed. The lads followed smartly, old Jack keeping the trail in front, obedient to Tommy's instructions to restrain himself, but looking back ever and anon with impatient pity at his master, who, for all the boasted superiority of his race, seemed to him so infernally slow in his movements.

"Mustn't let him get at 'em, or they'd split up in twos and threes, and that wouldn't do at any price," grunted Tommy. "Besides, he's rouse 'em along so's they'd get too far ahead and have time to feed."

All that afternoon and evening, as long as they had light enough to follow the old dog, they stuck to the trail, every now and then catching up to the mob, and causing another stampede. As darkness fell, they cut fern-tree leaves, and laying them in the hollow between the