

sets. The colt's got a week's spell be'ind 'im."

The Reverend was propped on the narrow seat between Dowson and the driver, and they bumped swiftly down the gully into the bush, with that strange terror still in Dowson's heart, and the nearest doctor thirty miles away.

"It'll be your fault ef 'e bleeds ter death, Bailey," he said, and the "little 'un" heard. The colt blundered through clinging lawyer and thick bracken, barn danced over Spaniard patch and bog, and finally swung down the flat metal road, in the gathering gloom, into Colon.

The "little 'un" was reviewing many things, and realising very clearly that he was half the world away from the dear hearts that loved him, until the insidious warm stream began sliding into his boot again, and numbed the grating agony in his shoulder and the fear in his soul. He fell over against Dowson as the cart stopped suddenly, and the big man lifted him down as if he had been a baby, and carried him into a blaze of light that might hold life or death at the back of it.

"We couldn't fix 'im ourselves, so we brought 'im along ter you," explained Dowson to a keen, professional face hovering before the "little 'un's" vision. "We 'ad a try, though."

The Reverend was laid on a bed in unknown regions, then his muscles "limbered up" as Dowson had desired.

It was fully two hours later that the doctor went out to the verandah where Dowson and Bailey still awaited news of the "little 'un," and he spoke as an ordinary man speaks when his temper has got the upper hand.

"I've a good mind to give the pair of you in charge!" he told them. "That boy will have a weak arm for the rest of his life! What under the sun made you pull him about like that?"

Dowson stared amazedly.

"But—but, we thought the muscles might git stiff! An' we bunged up the 'ole in 'is leg. 'E won't—die, will 'e?"

"Can't say. I'll have you up for manslaughter if he does! You don't know pluck when you see it! That's all! Good-night!" He slammed the door, and rubbed his hands in the hall with great contentment.

"This will give the boy a bigger pull over them than barrow loads of sermons. Oh, but they're in a deadly funk!" Then he went to see the Reverend, who looked so absurdly boyish with his white face on the white pillows that the doctor wanted to pat his head. "You're a plucky little chap!" he said, "and I think you've paid your



"BLOWED EF I DON'T MAKE THEM BOYS LISTEN."

footing into Tairoa district now. But you won't get over this little escapade in a day or two, and that arm of yours will be all the barometer you'll need in the future."

The Reverend did not answer, but there are several kinds of silences, and the doctor understood.

Dowson came to see the Reverend on visiting day, and there was a project in his mind.

"Look 'ere, 'little 'un'—*sir*," he said, loosening the gaudy handkerchief round his neck, "the doctor seys as 'ow yer may 'ave a weak harm along o' that there cow, but ef yer likes ter come back ter the camp when yer gits 'ealed up, and—and jaw at us like, that bein' yer dooty, I'm blowed ef I don't make them boys listen, ef I 'ave ter knock their 'eads off fust!"