

was awful. One young fellow proposed an immediate advance on the *pa*, but the old 'uns, knowing the danger of fighting the Maori at his own game, were more inclined to stay where they were, and a dreary wait it was. As soon as the approaching dawn gave forth enough light to advance in greater safety, we set out for the *pa*, throwing out scouts on every side in hopes of finding some trace of poor Jack Leuwin. But no sign of him could be found, and we were in the gravest doubts as to his safety. Cautiously we approached the *pa*, which was situated on a rising knoll by a large creek, but not a sign of life could we see. Meeting with no opposition, we at last rushed the position, clambering through and over the palisades, only to find it deserted.

"Not a living thing was there! We had been outwitted! The wily natives had evidently noted our approach the previous day, and had retreated to the hilly ranges behind. We again made a thorough search for Jack. Up and down the stream, in fact everywhere where there was the least possible chance of his being found, but we could discover nothing that would throw any light on his strange disappearance. For a small band like ours to attempt to follow the natives through such country would have been madness, and our object having been successfully balked by the cunning of the enemy, we were reluctantly compelled to abandon poor Jack to his fate and return to Barrytown.

"How the news was broken to Kitty I don't quite know, but for some months she pined and withered until she was but a semblance of her former self. Gradually, however, she picked up again, and though she soon recovered her health and good looks, yet there was a difference. The girlish look had gone for ever, being supplanted by an expression of yearning, which told its own tale. She had even ceased to hope.

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"Some time after we were somewhat surprised to find Jimmy Morgan had returned to camp. He had changed a good deal since he left. Of course he was not long in camp

before he heard of Kitty's misfortune, and at once proceeded to the shanty of old Ben Maling, where he found her in the pretty little garden sewing. Seating himself beside her, he related his experiences since leaving Barrytown. He had gone to Auckland, thence on to the Fijis, where he had accepted a billet as storekeeper. Having made a good deal of money, he resolved to return to Barrytown, and try and persuade Kitty to be his wife, as he had heard that Jack Leuwin was dead. He soon wormed his way into her good graces again, and Kitty, thinking he surely must love her, at last consented, for the second time, to be his wife.

"Morgan was determined there should be no 'slip 'twixt the cup and the lip' again, so it was arranged that the marriage should take place immediately. The day arrived, and the whole population of the camp was up early making arrangements for the ceremony. It was decided to hold the service under the huge totara on the other side of the flat, for there wasn't a shanty in the place large enough to hold us all.

"A few minutes before the time appointed Morgan arrived, looking spruce and gay. He was saluted with a running fire of chaff and banter, but I noticed he was a bit fidgety about something. Kitty didn't keep him long, for a few minutes after she appeared with her father, looking pale, but exceedingly pretty, I can tell you. Old gray headed Wilkins was to officiate with the prayer book, being the one who knew most about that sort of thing. I fancy I see that group now.

"Old Wilkins, with the prayer book in his hand, standing with his back to the trunk of the great totara, and in front of him Kitty, pale, but calm, and Morgan, still a bit restless. All around stood the population of Barrytown. Suddenly we were startled by a coo-ee from away across the river. Wondering who it could be—for every living soul we knew in the locality had come to the wedding—some of us made for the river and scanned the opposite bank. Presently the undergrowth was brushed aside, and there