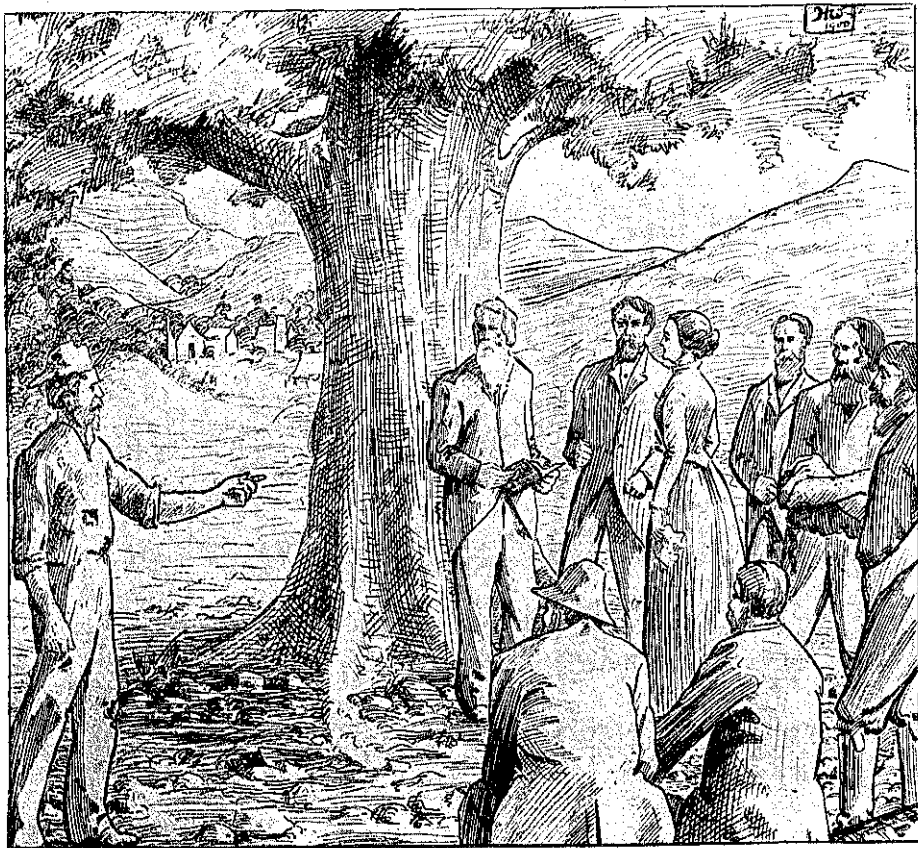


emerged from the shadow of the bush a white man, in tatters and rags.

"The wedding was of course postponed. In fact, the two most concerned positively seemed more interested in the appearance of the stranger than in the interrupted ceremony. We were not long in bringing the poor chap across to our side, and after giving him a good feed, for he was famished, we gathered round the totara and again the service began.

"Yes," answered Wilkins, "this gentleman's name is Morgan."

"Then, by thunder, I've only just arrived in time! Keep your eye on Mr. Morgan, an' I'll tell you an interesting little story. When I've finished, you'll be glad I came along afore you'd gone too fur. I'm Fred Harrison, I am, one of the three chaps wot was working the claim up the river when the cussed niggers came on us all of a sudden and took



"SAY, AIN'T HIS NAME MORGAN?"

The stranger was invited to join us, and see what was going on. He did so, and his gaze was immediately rivetted on Morgan. At the same instant Morgan glanced across, and the effect was electrical. He turned pale, trembled, and I thought he was going to drop.

"By the holy poker, if that ain't him!" cried the unexpected guest. "Say, ain't his name Morgan?"

us unprepared! Poor little Stumpy was shot, I know, for I saw his body lying face down near the patuka. How Bill got away, I don't know, but he sneaked a march on 'em mighty slick, I can tell yer, an' I suppose came down here an' gave the alarm. Well, after the darned niggers had got all there was worth having, they fired our shanty and patuka and started for their *pa*. Wot they kept me for I couldn't understand, but I