

of my money which he was supposed to be devoting to my education. You know the rest. You rescued me on my twenty-first birthday; after that my guardian could not compel me to return to him. The old woman once told me about the two wills, and gave me the lawyer's address. While I was corresponding with him this gentleman happened to arrive with a company, as you doubtless remember. We renewed our acquaintance where we left off, then we got married. I notified my lawyer of the event, and I have recovered my fortune, so I shall no longer be a burden to you. We leave for Sydney to-morrow, but before we go we wish to thank you both heartily for what you have done for me."

Then Mr. Steele chimed in and said some nice things about our code of honour, etc., and assured us that we should be recouped for our outlay on his wife's behalf. After congratulating the happy couple, we prepared to take our leave with a gaiety which was assumed, for we mourned both the lady and the riches.

"You must finish up the evening to-

gether," said Mrs. Steele, as she shook hands for the last time. "You must both go back to Mr. Hayne's rooms and have a good smoke together. Promise me."

We promised, and set out in silence. We had not yet worked up to that heroic standpoint from which it is possible to look cheerfully upon one's misfortunes, for we thought hard things of the world in general, and our luck in particular, until we arrived at my door. But we are somewhere told that the darkest cloud has a silver lining, and so it proved, for on my table lay half-a-dozen bottles of our favourite wine, a box of prime cigars, and a couple of envelopes addressed in Mrs. Steele's hand, respectively to Ford and to me. On opening them we found cheques for £1,000 each, and stared at each other in blank amazement.

"Old man," I said, "we haven't come out of it so badly after all."

Rosa is a prominent London singer now, but she has never forgotten us. Every Christmas she sends us something to remind us of the day we rescued her from the Black Grange.

---

## . Autumn . Nightfall .

VEILED in mists and gloom of rain-cloud sinks the dreary autumn sun,  
Where shafts of lurid purple pierce the storm rack's deeper dun;  
Dim and spectral loom the ranges through their falling shroud of snow,  
While the heavy sky seems weeping for the waste and death below.

Dank lie the rotting grasses, and the matted rushes steep  
In the moaning, windswept gorges, where the sunless waters creep;  
Dull grey the dripping scrub-line above the oozy mould  
That the fetid fungi crimson and the lingering mists enfold.

No voice of songbird calling to his fellow on the wing,  
Nor wak'ning of the insect life that summer twilights bring;  
Only the hollow plaining of the swollen river bar,  
And the wild pukaki's shrieking from the marshes on the Skarr.