

leading the way through their leafy domains.

We took, however, very little notice of the beauty of our surroundings, but hurried on down the track, where after wading through the stream many times and clambering down smooth rocky faces, we at last found ourselves on the banks of the river, which was screened from our view by



MEAT FOR CAMP—BRINGING IN A KID.

a thick growth of low trees. Creeping cautiously through these, we reached the edge of the cover, and peered anxiously round for a sight of game, but in vain, so after a careful scrutiny, we moved out across the boulder bed to the river, which rushed foaming down amongst a wreck of tree trunks and huge boulders washed from the surrounding gorges by the swollen winter streams. Just as we were negotiating a passage something moving attracted our attention on the opposite side, and there, fairly out in the open, we discovered four goats feeding about near the edge of the bush. At first we thought of stalking them, but soon saw that the boulder-strewn flat which lay between afforded absolutely no cover, so we did the only thing possible under the circumstances—tried a long shot at them, at least three hundred yards, a

small mark at that distance, and a snider carbine to try it; a moment of suspense whilst sights and game came into line, then a report rang out sharply, and echoed and re-echoed in a dull roar amid the rugged hills. A little puff of grey dust shooting up from the ground near the goats proclaimed a miss, and in a moment they vanished in the thick scrub on the river bank.

Crossing the river we gained the outskirts of the bush, and had not proceeded far when we became aware that the atmosphere was laden with a strong smell; we sniffed at it dubiously, it seemed familiar, we sniffed again—"billy goat" right enough, and a real rank one. Following up wind, guided by our noses, we came to one of those steep gorges which lead out everywhere to the river. Some distance up the centre of this gorge, on a great battered tree trunk, amid a chaos of broken branches and water-worn boulders, we could distinctly see a venerable-looking billy with long white hair and patriarchal beard, standing evidently on the alert, his gaze fixed steadily on the rocks, behind which we had crouched directly we caught sight of him. Standing defiantly there he made as fine a picture of wild life amid wild surroundings as it has ever been my lot to see; but slaughter was in our minds, the 303 cracked out sharply, and with a convulsive spring he fell dead among the boulders, whilst the rifle smoke drifted lazily up in the still air. He proved to be a really splendid specimen of the wild goat, his horns being particularly fine, all scarred and chipped with fighting. His skin of course was useless, but we took his horns and long silky beard as trophies, and after making a sketch of him as he lay we moved on again in quest of fresh sport.

We next tried the bush on the sloping banks, which was fairly open, and spreading out in line, started to beat carefully through it. While creeping cautiously along I came suddenly on two small wild pigs, busily engaged rooting among the luxuriant ferns that carpeted the bush. They made a perfect picture of comical astonishment as, suddenly discovering my presence,