

of cloud. It was utterly hopeless to paint its changing loveliness, but with silent doggedness, save for an occasional objurgation at a missing tube, we worked on at the beauty that had its exquisite reflection in the still water at our feet. When it became too dark to tell chrome from cadmium, we pensively packed up, and turned to go. Then we found behind us a wonderful sight. The commonplace range was transformed. Its cliffs were crimson, its snows were softest rose, and its base lost in a purple mist that, alas, crept higher and higher till it hid all, and left us but the memory.

Our goldfields sketches are associated with cattle, goats, and Chinamen. Of the three the last were the least obnoxious. The cattle were, at times, too near to be pleasant. One evening three of us were painting beside the

glances at us. A critical relation declared it was no wonder they were cross if they caught sight of our paintings. When the last tail disappeared over the hill we discovered our companion's foot had gone to sleep, and that for the life of her, she was unable to fly from the approaching danger.

We were sitting one sunny afternoon sketching a strange cottage, a long, low building of yellow, sun-dried bricks, with tiny deep-set windows, and walls that seemed too tired to stand straight. From where we sat, no other dwelling was visible. We had been told that, as regards its infant population, it rivalled the Old Woman's Shoe, and, every now and then, one or two children would fall out of the house on to the scanty grass plot in front.

Nan and I sat busy, oblivious of anything



HERE, IN THE OLD CONVICT DAYS, LIVED AND DIED DESPERATE MEN.

road just where a stream crossed it. It was almost dusk when the crack of a stock-whip roused us from our more or less artistic labours. Most women are scared of cows, and we scorned to be superior to our sex. So we turned to fly. True to our colours, we clutched our wet sketches and paint-boxes, but I also grabbed a scarlet cushion we had brought with us. Holding it behind me, I backed precipitately up a clay bank. I was proud of remembering at a crisis that cattle objected to red, though, indeed, it was almost too dark for them to see it. To my horror, while one of my companions was far up the ridge, shouting "Come on! Come on!" the other did not budge. She simply stood on one leg, waved her sketch above her head, and said "O-oh! O-oh!" at intervals. It was not till afterwards we discovered the reason. The cattle went by with many angry

save getting the sharp lights on the rugged cream walls, or the exact shade of blue for the sky. Suddenly a masculine voice came from a distance. It cried, appealingly, "Nan! Nan!" and we both started and stared about. Again it came with added entreaty, "Nan, come home, come!" and my companion thought of the little lad she had left behind, and turned pale, though we were far away from anyone we knew. But she did not obey the summons. A deep sigh behind us made us turn, and there quite close, stood a solemn goat who was being called home! We drove it in the direction of the unseen voice with much laughter, Nan confessing that vague ideas of a banshee or a spirit-call had flitted across her mind as she heard the appeal to her namesake.

Chinamen were ubiquitous, and their dwellings the most wonderful compounds