

The day is glaringly hot, and we rest for a while and have lunch, then proceed onwards under the cheering prospect that damper must be cooked before we partake of our next meal.

"A side track diverges from here on to the beach, where there is a hut." Chart again from Ted.

But we pass on. An element of recklessness seemed about to sprout within us. We do not catch a glimpse of the surrounding country now, beyond a chain or so on each

we as a whole had to start with, were ruthlessly brushed off on the first day's tramp to Blue Cliff. In one of our very infrequent reconnaissances of the bush from off the real track, we came across a waterfall, the name of which our chart had forgotten, or had never known. The joy of our exhausted bodies, if not of our artistic souls, reached forth beneath the racy coolness of its mountain breath, and sinking beneath its moss-coloured boulders, we buried our hands and faces in its amber tide.

"I'm hanged if I care whether we reach Kisbee in a month, I finish my day here," said I, with such sudden warmth that Ted's equilibrium for a moment looked shaken, while from among the damp, cool leaves up rose Sam's feeble echo, "Oh, nonsense, boys, it's only five miles from the Knife and Steel to the Big River; we can't be far from it now. There's a hut there on the far side, supposed to be two boats, but sometimes both on one side; about four chains wide, fordable nearly all the way, about six feet in middle for about twenty feet. Fern hut, no utensils. Good for eels, crawfish, and game."

This unsought information fell glibly on the air, rippled and rent by the voice of the creek. Ted's chart was swept from his unre-sisting fingers, and dashed away amid the foam of the creek. Something more than the rich refrain of the water, and equally as healthy in its style, stayed with

us, as Ted dashed after his vanishing treasure. The race was good. All earthly woes vanished in the glory of the chase. We cheered them till the echoes woke in many a dark, lone hollow, in their maiden wonder at a human voice. We held our breath at each hurdle; we cheered as the sticks were cleared. We laid long odds on the chart, and barracked royally for "Ted." Never was cup watched with more genuine excitement, never were odds so



A WATERFALL OFF THE TRACK.

side of the blazed track. Nothing but bush, dense bush, with a luxuriant undergrowth of supplejacks, lawyers, and young shrubs. Occasionally we cross a creek with cool, slow deeps, and sparkling shallows that would call forth a joyous exclamation to the lips of Pan, so rare and rich and fragile is the overhanging wealth of green, while the artist's soul would grow faint with the perfection of colouring and tone. But whatever sprouting buds of artistic value,