

broad matted forehead. He staggered to his knees, and hurled himself with all the remaining force at his command at Bob and his horse, then fell over again on his side never to rise again.

"Crickey, that was a close shave!" exclaimed Bob, as the under horn ploughed up the ground where a moment before he and his horse had stood. "If the brute had had an ounce more life left in him, he'd have been on top of us."

Tangled up in the thick scrub as we were, we had certainly displayed a surprising lack of caution in approaching such an enemy. I felt this instinctively, and as Bob was still in front, and I quite two feet behind him, I felt perfectly justified in rating him for his careless disregard of danger, telling him he might have had some consideration for his poor horse, if he hadn't for himself. I never liked to lose an opportunity of giving Bob the advantage of my superior knowledge, and just now I was a trifle sore, for I felt that my considerate politeness in allowing him to precede me in riding through the scrub had given him the chance of the shot which had brought down the bull, and raised him immensely in his own estimation, which I thought a pity. He did not heed my well-meant reproof, for the silly beggar was positively beside himself with the honour and glory which he considered he had achieved.

We now had time and opportunity to make a close inspection of the fallen patriarch. He was certainly a grand specimen of his class. One could scarcely believe that he came of the same species as the sleek, pampered, squarely-built shorthorn, the contrast was so exceedingly striking. Black as your hat along the ribs, shoulders, and flank, shiny and well-groomed with constant brushing through thick scrub; on the back and limbs the hair was much longer, and showed a rusty tinge turning to a decided tawny on the neck and head, for he had a mane like a badly hogged Maori

pony. His proportions were huge, and the amount of flesh he carried could have only been acquired in the exceedingly rich feeding ground of a bush little frequented by cattle, and we marvelled how he could be so agile with it.

Our next business was to secure the horns and strip off his hide. The former were an exceptionally fine pair, deeply serrated with black rings which denoted extreme age, then glistening white, with black points brilliantly polished with constant use, breaking down branches of trees for provender. The hide was abnormally thick, and the number of bullets we found embedded in it made us think we had misjudged the accuracy of aim, the marksmen previously alluded to had possessed. We formed a better opinion of them on the spot. Bearing the fact in mind that hides are sold by weight, we did not trouble to cut them out. Taking it in turns to carry the bulky bundle in front of our saddles, we rode leisurely home. Several of our friends met us on our return, and noticing the spoils of the chase, the news flew round the settlement that a soft spot—comparatively speaking—had been found at last in the old veteran's hide.

Bob made a great point of the clever way we had stalked the animal, and asserted that he had always known that unless fellows went out who were cute enough to get within a very few yards, and literally chuck the bullets into him he might as well be peppered with a pea shooter, for all the harm it would do him. He said that he could not understand any fellows being such fools as to dream of bringing down a bull like that at an ordinary range. It was only flinging away lead, and allowing smart fellows like us to make a good haul by selling it second-hand.

I nearly strained myself in refraining from checking Bob's highly imaginative description of the stalk, and thus correcting the erroneous impression he conveyed of his prowess as a mighty bull hunter. But I