

you were cooler, and fit to transact business. I really scarcely like to take advantage of you in this state," I exclaimed, as I quietly selected the fat fellow. He was furious at his mistake, and did not take the remark at all in the kind manner in which it was intended. We then chose alternately some of the best stores. Then seeing Bob was not anxious to possess the wild four-year-old, I selected him, trusting to luck to get him in before beef fell in price.

Scarcely a week after this occurred we were out for a riding party Bob had organized. He had asked me before we had the difference of opinion, and I was not going to let a little thing like that stop a certain young lady of my acquaintance from enjoying herself. I did not think it right.

Half way to our destination we saw some cattle feeding and amongst them was the wild brindled steer. They were in fine open country, where securing them was only a question of hands enough and hard riding. The riding party, ladies included, all entered into the

fun except Bob, who made some excuse about his horse. Off we went, helter skelter, and after one of the most enjoyable gallops I ever had, the cattle were safely yarded.

I never remember seeing a prettier sight. The mob of frantic cattle of every conceivable colour tearing in all directions over the plain; the vivid blue of the sky, the sober green of the fern and the many shades of the bush hills which formed the background; the graceful figures of the girls, perfect horse-women as most bush girls are, flying about and doing quite as much as the men to counteract the attempts of the maddened beasts to break and strike a line for freedom.

Poor Bob rode sulkily home by himself, for, to add to his disgust, his girl, mounted on his pet horse, was foremost in the chase, and she chaffed him unmercifully afterwards, for what she termed "funking it." Bob had another difference of opinion then, and another partnership—or what would very soon have been one—was badly broken up. I never saw such a fellow in my life.



Wi-trees and the Kuku.

A GROVE of the Southern Palm
On an islet, alone
In the bosom unrippled and calm
Of a lake with its mountain-zone :

The wild bees' singing
Has ceased in the great white bloom,
And the once-gay scented plume
Hangs lazily swinging :

White? it is still milk-white
In its green top serried,
Still milk-white,
But drooping, heavily berried.

In the midst, iridescent and glowing,
Full-breasted, bead-eyed,
Bright as the Argus showing,
Not knowing its pride,—

Low and gentle the call,
Cooing, and cooing :
Wood-pigeons ;—that is all,
Cooing and wooing.