

foes—and spell it correctly by way of a change—“schelmness.” He was as ready with his fists as with his tongue, and was a perfect master at “hustling.” I would back him to pack up luggage, get it corded, carted to the station, labelled and put in the train against any man. There breathed not the cabman, waiter, or any other like functionary who could steal a march on Parker. In addition, he was perfectly at home with horses, could ride any kind of animal, and was as plucky a fellow as ever put foot in stirrup or glanced along the sights of a rifle.

His all-roundness was wonderful. He followed racing and cricket with avidity—knew the history of every horse of any quality, and could rattle off the points of all the big cricketers with a thoroughness that was surprising. He was, besides all this, a shrewd judge of character—and that was probably why he waited on Mr Maitland, on the morning of our departure, and reduced the chaos of that gentleman’s packing into perfect order in the short space of fifteen minutes.

“It was a job packin’ all them medicine bottles so they wouldn’t break,” he said to me with a grin; “so I left ’arf of ’em under the bed and the other ’arf on top of the wardrobe.”

Undoubtedly it was the versatile and untiring Parker who was responsible for getting us all duly on board the good ship *Dacca*, at Plymouth, bound for Queensland, within the remarkably short space of one week. How he did it I will not attempt to explain. I only know that the moment Sir Donald had mentioned the matter to him, Parker, without lifting as much as an eyelid or expressing a syllable of