

thousand sheep down from Queensland into New South Wales. For fifteen weeks he was on the tramp, sleeping at night under the stars, trudging the dusty roads all day. At the end of this trip occurred the incident that made him deaf. Over night he passed from the sun-baked plains to a high mountain altitude. Wet with perspiration, he slept out with his flocks and caught cold. The result was an infirmity which is only one of many physical handicaps that this amazing little man has had to overcome throughout his tempestuous life.

Yet he has fought them all down. As he once humorously said: "If I had had a constitution I should have been dead long ago."

After all his strenuous bushwhacking the year 1890 found him running a small shop in the suburbs of Sydney. By day he sold books and newspapers: at night he repaired locks and clocks in order to get enough money to buy law books. Into his shop drifted sailors from the wharves with their grievances. Born with a passionate love of freedom, these sounds of revolt were as music to his ears. Figuratively he sat at the feet of Henry George, whose "Progress and