

about a mile away, drawn by a couple of sleek young bronchoes that seem well aware of the honour of conducting the heroes of the day to their new home.

There are four occupants of the vehicle. Three of these are easily recognised (in spite of their old country trappings) as the pilot, Dick, and Winton. The fourth, however, is a stranger to the West, judging by the look of curiosity with which he regards his surroundings, and the foreign way in which he reclines in the "democrat" as though he were parading Rotten Row in a landau. But, if you look closely you will see, in spite of the grey hair and flowing white moustache, a marked resemblance to the firm lips and kind, yet determined eyes of him who handles the reins at the right of the lady in the front seat. He is Sir Alfred Westgarth, come to make a summer home where his son's chief interests lie.

Suddenly, just when the vehicle is about half a mile distant, out of the bush on either side of the trail dart a group of galloping cowboys, headed by Ned Riley, yelling like Indians; cheering, careering wildly round and round the trap, firing revolvers and rifles in the air.

"Good old Dick!"

"Welcome to the pilot!"

"Whoop! whoo-o-o-p!"

These are the chief sounds that are distinguishable above the medley of other yelling.

Instantly the signal is taken up by those on the verandah. Rifles cracking, revolvers rattling, feet stamping, and voices whooping with the peculiar cowboy cries as when rounding-up a bunch of cattle or horses.

Half laughing, half crying, the pilot waves her