

d in heaven, no  
again. I think  
of poor Gracey's  
woman takes to  
if you'd thrown  
Dick Marston's

, very quiet and  
little church at  
n, and the chap  
the church who  
ddie Barnes and  
, with a bright-  
e jumps off and  
same as ever, a  
the eyes. 'Well,  
d to see you, old  
I wish you joy.  
thought I'd come  
How d'ye think

welve years and

'Here he is, and  
are getting done,  
He'll never die  
orn-meal, though,

than me and the

ng round at him  
hat ever stood on  
eman that you or  
gainst him, for I  
whip across that  
Joe Moreton, just  
Rainbow! Isn't  
e's neck. He was  
legs were just as  
heard everything,  
he always did—  
times, and I felt  
trembling again,  
s for Joe, he said  
boy led Rainbow  
ll into the church,

back to George's  
a glass of wine to

our health, and wished us luck. They rode as far as the turn  
off to Rocky Flat with us, and then took the Turon road.

'Good-bye, Dick,' says Maddie, bending down over the old  
horse's neck. 'You've got a stunning good wife now, if ever  
any man had in the whole world. Mind you're an A1 husband,  
or we'll all round on you, and your life won't be worth having;  
and I've got the best horse in the country, haven't I? See  
where the bullet went through his poor neck. There's no lady  
in the land got one that's a patch on him. Steady, now, Rain-  
bow, we'll be off in a minute. You shall see my little Jim there  
take him over a hurdle yard. He can ride a bit, as young as he  
is. Pity poor old Jim ain't here to-day, isn't it, Dick? Think  
of him being cold in his grave now, and we here. Well, it's no  
use crying, is it?'

And off went Maddie at a pace that gave Joe and the boy all  
they knew to catch her.

We're to live here for a month or two till I get used to out-  
door work and the regular old bush life again. There's no life  
like it, to my fancy. Then we start, bag and baggage, for one  
of George's Queensland stations, right away up on the Barcoo,  
that I'm to manage and have a share in.

It freshens me up to think of making a start in a new  
country. It's a long way from where we were born and brought  
up; but all the better for that. Of course they'll know about  
me; but in any part of Australia, once a chap shows that he's  
given up cross doings and means to go straight for the future,  
the people of the country will always be him a helping hand,  
particularly if he's married to such a wife as Gracey. I'm not  
afraid of any of my troubles in the old days being cast up to  
me; and men are so scarce and hard to get west of the Barcoo  
that no one that once had Dick Marston's help at a muster is  
likely to remind him of such an old story as that of 'Robbery  
Under Arms.'

#### THE END