

spirited, he saw a man coming along the road before him, and as they drew nearer recognized Clarkson.

The squatter was not a pleasant man to look at. He was of middle height, very broadly and strongly built, but with a slouching gait which corresponded perfectly with the expression of his coarse features, half brutal, half sly. He wore an old fur cap, drawn so low upon his forehead as to shade his eyes, and conceal the frown with which he perceived his enemy. His usual audacity of manner, however, did not desert him. He stood still as the other approached, and called out,

“ Good morning, Doctor. Been looking at your property ? ”

“ Yes,” was the answer. “ And I have one thing to say to you, the sooner you are off it the better.”

“ Now, that ain't reasonable,” Clarkson said, coming nearer. “ I've built a bit of a house there, and took a world of trouble, and you expect me to give it up for nothing.”

“ Decidedly I do. Good morning.”

He was moving on, when Clarkson caught his rein.

“ Look here, Doctor Morton,” he said, “ I found