

only their heads out of the water. They stay there sometimes for many hours together. But the poor horses suffer most."

"What is the earthly use of telling me such silly things? I can't stand up to my chin in the creek all day, can I? But I might as well do that as live in this disgusting place. It's too bad of the Governor to send Captain Lathom here when he knows I am not strong."

The patient, wearied listener made no reply. For six months past—ever since she had come to Waringa Creek township with Captain and Mrs. Lathom—she had heard the same complaint almost daily, sometimes made with sullen anger to Lathom himself, sometimes to the few visitors who came to the house, and always to Helen herself.

"Don't you hate the place?" asked Mrs. Lathom presently, in a more amiable though condescending tone to the girl. "Would you not be delighted to go back to Sydney again, instead of living in this wretched bush?" She spoke with assumed carelessness, but the girl, who could sometimes read her shallow mind as if she were a child of ten, knew well that behind the apparently simple question there lay a motive.

"I do not like the place, madam, but I do not hate it."

"But you would like to go back to Sydney?" And Mrs. Lathom looked at her eagerly.

"No, madam, I should not."

"You silly girl. Why not?" she persisted.

"I do not like the bush, madam," was the cold reply, "but I like it better than I do Sydney."

"Then you must make it your business to like Sydney,"