

‘stuck up’—gone to keep out of the way, not for assistance; leaving to a young girl the work which ought to have belonged to men.

Through the darkness out into the paddock. “Chestu! Chestu! good horse! Chestu!” Quickly he answers to his name; and, with hands now trembling with excitement, she hurriedly places her saddle on his back, and mounting, gallops off. Onward the two brave spirits go—away through the black, gloomy forest. Little thought she of how much now depended on her reaching the police station, and returning with help quickly. Still the brave girl galloped onward, urging her horse at a pace through the wild forest, which would have shaken the nerves of many a bold, reckless stock-rider. Her horse’s flying feet started the dingo prowling round the sheep-fold, and frightened the “more-pork,” which sitting lonely on the limb of some tree, uttering its monotonous cry of “More pork! more pork,” flew far away into the neighboring scrub, seeking to hide itself from its natural enemy.

An hour’s riding at this reckless speed brought her to Kilmore; and she quickly told her errand, and refusing to remain in spite of all persuasion, returned with the police towards the station, but at a slower pace than that at which she came.

Meantime, Arthur and I had firmly tied the two rascals to a chair each; and placed them far enough apart to prevent their being able to render one another assistance, and had seated ourselves by the fire, each with a glass of grog and a pipe, to await the arrival of the police and to watch over our prisoners. We had been sitting there for more than two hours, when we heard the sound of horses’ feet at the back of the house, and of course concluded that the police had come, although rather surprised at their being so soon.

“Wait here with these two guests of ours, said Arthur to me, and I will go out and bring them in. I’m not sorry they have come so soon, for I half expected to see some more of the gang turn up, and if they had, our lives would not have been worth much.”

Arthur turned and went out as he spoke; and, looking at the two men tied beside me, I saw a villanous look of savage delight on their ill-favoured countenances, which made my heart stand still for an instant. It flashed at once, suddenly but certainly, across my brain that the rest of the gang had returned, and I rushed to the door, calling after Arthur to come back as he valued his life. As I passed through the door I met Arthur, who was hurrying back, and nearly knocked me down by coming full tilt against me in his confusion. “Back! back! he cried—the whole gang are here. Into my room—quick! Never mind the lights.”

Not a moment was to spare, for as we gained Arthur’s room, which opened off the sitting-room, the bushrangers entered the house. It was probably well for us that we had not time to take the lights into the small room with us, for we had thus the great advantage of seeing our enemies without their being able to see us. In they came—six dirty, low, desperate-looking fellows they were, each armed with revolvers and bowie-knives, and evidently half drunk, and ready for the commission of any crime.

“Now, Arthur, I whispered, don’t fire (he was raising his pistol;) reserve your powder until they attempt to enter this room, and then fire coolly and steadily at the left-hand man—I’ll take care of the right. We *must not* miss our aim, or we are lost. Our only safety lies in prompt energetic action. Remember they cannot see us, and therefore