

settlement—frittering away his time when he could return to Sydney if he but chose to ask to be transferred. How delightful it would be to be back in Sydney once more and hear her name again—"the beautiful Mrs. Lathom," "Lathom's pretty wife is coming," "I am taking Mrs. Lathom for a ride," "you looked simply lovely last night"! She smiled to herself, and then wondered what Lieutenant Maurice Wray would say to her when she next met him.

"I'll write to him to-night, and tell him to expect me," she said aloud.

"When do you wish dinner, ma'am?" said a rough-looking, coarse-faced woman, coming to the door.

"When Captain Lathom returns—no matter how late it is. Send some one to tell Sergeant Rush that I wish to see him. And tell Helen to come to me."

Helen was the first to arrive.

"You need not stay in, Helen," she said, with unusual graciousness. "Perhaps you would like to walk down to the creek and see if the boat is coming. I do not expect Captain Lathom will be here till nine o'clock, and I know you are fond of the creek. I shall write a letter or two."

Helen thanked her, and at once put on her hood and went out. She loved to sit on the river bank in the dusk of the evening and listen to the sounds of the night, away from the hateful surroundings of the grim and squalid settlement.

Presently a heavy footstep sounded on the verandah, and Sergeant Rush stood before the lady and saluted.

"Good evening, Sergeant. I want to know if there is any one leaving here for Newcastle to-morrow."

"Yes, ma'am. One of the Tucker boys is going