

soon enough remembered only by those who shared its excitements and its peril.

And by Nelly of course. She was jubilant over the honorable mention of Lockyer in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, for I felt that at least I owed him so much, and gave him all the thanks and all the fame that newspaper recital is capable of affording. And with that particular issue if Miss Fenchurch could not easily paper her bed-room it was no fault of either her friend who addressed the package, nor her friend's husband who paid the postage thereon.

There was some satisfaction after all in this communication, for it appeared in some mysterious connection to make itself the herald of a better state of things, and unaccountably the first advance towards at least the prospect of reconciliation. Poor old Sir James was growing old and feeble and was very lonely besides, and his heart yearned once again for the pet of his bluffer years. And, making no secret of his changed and softened mood, and there being no other favorite to interfere, Mr. Leadenhall quite naturally began to view his neice's forbidden engagement in a different light, and to hint graciously that he should not be sorry to see Miss Charley's fiance home again. But then nobody had known where he was until now, and though I could hold my tongue about his treason to myself, and could bring myself to hope that a solitary instance of having yielded to strong temptation might, under happier circumstances, be honestly atoned for, and although I was indisposed to keep up past rancour forever or to lose all faith in the possibility of repentance even for so shameful and so cowardly a crime—yet, not for all, could I open, or allow Nelly to open, negotiation with the criminal whose false face, whoever else might choose to greet it, could never be welcomed beneath roof of ours. And a course of post took four months if not five, all which delay was necessarily further involved.

It was during this interval that the very wickedest bushranging gang of all was broken up, and its leader, the notorious Captain Gilbert, captured after hard fighting and the receipt of some ugly wounds. The excitement was intense through the country, where there was much misdirected sympathy for the youth, the generosity, and the defiant, fearless bearing of all those road gentry. And this sympathy expressed itself pretty plainly too on the day when the prisoner was led into the Bathurst dock, hobbling painfully on crutches and listening listlessly and wearily, and with never a show of resentment nor even of interest, to the curt but comprehensive evidence of his capital crimes, to the fruitless effort of the counsel assigned to defend him, to the unhesitating verdict of the jury who doomed him to die, and to the stern, inexorable words of the sentence from which the judge gave solemn warning that there could be no appeal. Once only had he seemed inclined