

strolled away to examine the many novelties, to their eyes, in the garden round the house. Presently the General caught sight of Madge, with a bridle dangling over her shoulder, disappearing into the bush.

"Good gracious me!" he exclaimed. "There's Madge going off by herself."

Mrs Taylor glanced round.

"She's off to the paddock to catch a horse, I expect."

"To catch a horse? Haven't you a man about the place to do that for her?" he demanded.

"Oh, you don't understand our bush ways yet, Donald," she answered, laughing. "We prefer to do things for ourselves rather than be waited on."

"Bush ways or not," returned the General, "I cannot see her go off by herself like that when there is a man about the place to catch her horse for her. Here, Parker!" he shouted, as he saw the ex-cavalry trooper loitering among the palms.

Parker came up at a trot.

"Miss Madge has gone over there to catch a horse. Double after her and catch it for her," the General said, and Parker turned on his heel and set off at a trot towards the point indicated.

So it was that there came to my ears the story of Parker's first adventure in the bush, and of his first meeting with one who was to play no unimportant part in our experience during the next few months. Reconstructing the incident and putting the details in their proper order, the story is as follows:—

Madge had taken her bridle and set off to a