

that, of the whites, no one save the principal store-keeper wore a coat, he in consequence being regarded as a person entitled to give himself airs.

Jack Taylor settled down to his new surroundings with youthful ease; like a kitten starting life in a new home, he investigated everything with boyish zest and curiosity. His spirits never flagged, and his energy was untiring. As for Parker, tropical skies were no novelty to *him*, and the ex-cavalryman, pursuing his duties with an unruffled mien, looked the world in the eye with a cool truculence that soon landed him in a series of contertemps from which he emerged a little less beautiful of countenance, but emphatically victorious. For Parker was a "Tommy" of the best fighting quality; as ready with his fists as with his tongue, hard as nails, level-headed, alert, and of the dogged type that fears no foe and never knows when it is beaten. It is this type that has won the little British Isles such big slices of the world.

Sir Donald, too, being no stranger to scorching suns and unluxurious methods of life, quickly adopted the look of the land, and might readily have passed for a genuine colonial. He was not new to Australia, having, when stationed in India a dozen years previously, utilised a six months' holiday in looking up a younger brother of his who had a cattle run in this very locality. About the time that the eccentric and adventurous Smith set foot in the Never-Never country, this brother of the General's had died. Sir Donald had, he told me, endeavoured to persuade his widowed sister-in-law to sell the run and leave the Gulf country, but as she and her