

more than they had any reason to expect. Jamie, the Cingalese, had gone back to his own country with a tidy sum in his pockets. With it he could spend the rest of his days in comparative ease.

As for Jacky, he declared that "big-fellow cheque was plerty gammon." All he wanted was "one-fellow pound with which to buy plenty tobac and one-fellow shirt." The Australian black-fellow seldom looks beyond the morrow. Jacky was coming with me to the station, and, it is needless to say, he will never want for the tobacco or shirts if I can help it.

As for Mr. Jiggers and McNab, they were coming to be our honoured guests until such time as they might choose to take their departure. One happy feature of the situation was that the drought was at an end, and now the great dam was full of water. We certainly had suffered severely in the matter of cattle and sheep, but we had now money enough to re-stock the run six times over. As for my doughty friend McNab, who was wonderfully clad in an old bottle-green coat with brass buttons, which he had brought with him from the old country twenty years