

able career in the Service—the latter years of which were spent in Australian waters—had received a large grant of land from the Crown in the neighbourhood of Waringa, where he was rapidly becoming a man of flocks and herds.

Lathom had a sincere regard for McNab and his wife—whom the ex-captain had married late in life, and who was the daughter of one of the colonial officials—and knew that they would be glad to meet Haldane, for not only was he a friend but a fellow-countryman of theirs.

"Why, how is this, Mrs. McNab?" he said to her when she rode up alone. "Where is McNab?"

"He is so sorry, Captain Lathom, but he cannot come. He is expecting a visitor from Sydney this evening or to-morrow morning, and begs you and Mrs. Lathom to excuse him."

"Ah, well, *you* have come, so we'll forgive him. Haldane will be sorry, and so will my wife, as she is going to Sydney for a few months, as she told you in her note."

"And indeed Hector wished very much to come. But this visitor—a Mr. Lugard—appears to be a friend of the Governor, who has written to Hector and asked him to do all he can to help him with regard to some inquiries he is making concerning some missing person or persons—prisoners, I imagine, from what Hector said. And then he—the coming visitor, I mean—has also been recommended to Hector by the Commissary-General, so you see it would not do for my husband to be away from home when he arrives. Hector is like you, Captain Lathom, in his admiration for the Governor, and is always glad to be able to oblige him in any way."