

Truly, we had much—very much—for which to be thankful.

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The sun shone brightly overhead, and the large buggy drawn by four horses, in which sat my father, Mr. Jiggers, McNab, and myself, was fast approaching our station-buildings. We were now in the great horse paddock, and I could see the corrugated iron roofs of the house and shearing sheds gleaming white over the glaucous-hued gum-trees. I could hardly speak for joy; there was so much of thankfulness in my heart.

And there, riding alongside the buggy, on her bay mare, Highflyer, was my sister Mary. She had ridden into the terminus, some twenty miles, at daybreak to meet us; but still she seemed as fresh and trim as if she had just come out for a ten minutes' canter.

We had done well in Brisbane with the treasure. It had realised what to me was a fabulous sum, and now it was exceedingly unlikely that any of us would ever want for the world's goods in the future. My father, who had come down to the capital to meet me, had insisted on Mr. Jiggers and McNab taking what they themselves declared was