

taken up a position to mark the camp-ground. The other horses, a dozen in all, rushed into the patch of pea-vines, and greedily cropped the luscious greens. Another horseman followed slowly and remained in his saddle, ready to round-up the stock when the necessary arrangements were made for forming camp. At short intervals fourteen young men, clad in all manner and style of garments, emerged from the copse and looked curiously at Jack and his outfit as they strode onward to their chief. And, finally, the cook, bearing two sheet-iron pots on a long-handled shovel balanced on his shoulder, shuffled across the sward, ending a parade that afforded great amusement and entertainment to the once lone traveller.

In an hour the pack-horses were relieved of their burdens and were crushing the pea-vines as they rolled and grunted in ecstasy at their freedom from labor. The packs and saddles were carefully stacked close to the camp, that they might be readily covered should the treacherous climate send a shower of rain. The fire beneath the pots burned brightly, and the cook gazed stolidly upon the biscuit browning in the reflector. A couple of young men gathered wood and chopped it into suitable lengths. The leveller took the delicate instruments from the boxes, examined them carefully to see that no damage had been done them during their rude transportation from the last camp, polished them a little with a silk handkerchief, and replaced them with a satisfied smile. Other members of the