

reached the wild, irregular, mountainous country of the Never-Never, when one day the party with the exception of two of its members went out on its usual survey. One was the cook, the other a surveyor who was sick. The cook had probably gone to sleep, and the sick man was wondering when his companions would return, when he heard a footstep outside his tent. Next moment an odd-looking white man stood in the doorway, and nodded to him in a most casual fashion.

The sick surveyor afterwards said that, such an extraordinary appearance did this stranger present, for the moment he was inclined to believe he was asleep and dreaming. The visitor was tall and very thin, with mild blue eyes, and long fair hair. On his high Grecian nose were eyeglasses, from which dangled a piece of string. A dirty white battered helmet was perched on one side of his head ; a faded shirt in tatters ; an extremely dirty pair of cord breeches in a like condition ; and a pair of Wellington boots with the tops partially cut off, completed his wardrobe. In one hand he held a sporting rifle. Across his back was slung a leather bag resembling those used by school children. He seemed remarkably self-possessed and placed his gun against the side of the tent, removed his helmet, from the crown of which he took what looked like an old rag and mopped his forehead. Fixing his pince-nez, he said : " Good-morning ! "

The surveyor was so taken aback by this apparition in the lonely wilderness that, for the moment, he was incapable of speech. But the stranger seemed quite at his ease.