

the flock was carefully yarded, as a protection from the wild dogs which abounded in the district, he had tea on the rough fare provided, and then to bed. The hut keeper prided himself on being an "artist" at making dough-boys, and over the top of these they spread the black sugar, which looked very much like Stockholm tar. But their appetites were good, and they thrived remarkable well, - in fact, during the twelve months he was there, Mr. Murray grew some 6 or 7 inches. He also practised jumping over trees, stumps, water courses and other obstacles, as well as athletics generally, and when he returned to Geelong at the end of the twelve months, his parents scarcely knew him, - his father exclaiming "Dear me Johnny, is this you?"

Mr. Murray's daily rounds with his sheep took him over the present site of the well known "Long Thought Of" mine. He recollects picking up pieces of quartz at the spot, and breaking them to see if they contained gold, but he was disappointed, as it is not found on the surface in that district.

There were plenty of aborigines in the district. They were a fine race, - men, women and children, and of a quiet nature. They shifted their camp every two or three