

- FIRST SET.**
- What article is this?
- 1—Handkerchief.
 - 2—Neckkerchief.
 - 3—Bag.
 - 4—Glove.
 - 5—Purse.
 - 6—Basket.
 - 7—Beet.
 - 8—Comforter.
 - 9—Head-dress.
 - 10—Fan.
- SECOND SET.**
- What is this?
- 1—Watch.
 - 2—Bracelet.
 - 3—Guard.
 - 4—Chain.
 - 5—Breast-pin.
 - 6—Necklace.
 - 7—Ring.
 - 8—Rosary.
 - 9—Cross.
 - 10—Charm.
- THIRD SET.**
- What may this be?
- 1—Hat.
 - 2—Cap.
 - 3—Bunnet.
 - 4—Collar.
 - 5—Collar.
 - 6—Muff.
 - 7—Cape.
 - 8—Box.
 - 9—Inkstand.
 - 10—Mucilage.
- FOURTH SET.**
- What is here?
- 1—Pipe.
 - 2—Cigar.
 - 3—Cigar-holder.
 - 4—Cigarette.
 - 5—Tobacco.
 - 6—Tobacco box.
 - 7—Tobacco pouch.
 - 8—Match.
 - 9—Match-box.
 - 10—Cigar-lighter.
- FIFTH SET.**
- What have I here?
- 1—Spectacles.
 - 2—Spectacle case.
 - 3—Eye-glass.
 - 4—Eye-glass case.
 - 5—Opera-glass.
 - 6—Opera-glass case.
 - 7—Magnifying glass.
 - 8—Telescope.
 - 9—Compass.
 - 10—Corkscrew.
- SIXTH SET.**
- Can you see this?
- 1—Knife.
 - 2—Scissors.
 - 3—Pin.
 - 4—Needles.
 - 5—Cushion.
 - 6—Toothpick.
 - 7—Comb.
 - 8—Brush.
 - 9—Thimble.
 - 10—Looking-glass.
- SEVENTH SET.**
- Do you know what this is?
- 1—Book.
 - 2—Pocket-book.
 - 3—Needle-book.
 - 4—Paper.
 - 5—Newspaper.
 - 6—Pamphlet.
 - 7—Programme.
 - 8—Bill.
 - 9—Letter.
 - 10—Envelope.
- EIGHTH SET.**
- Look at this!
- 1—Bank-bill.
 - 2—Treasury-note.
 - 3—Currency.
 - 4—Coin.
 - 5—Gold-piece.
 - 6—Piece of money.
 - 7—Bank check.
 - 8—Bond.
 - 9—Silver dollar.
 - 10—Postage stamp.
- NINTH SET.**
- Now! what is this?
- 1—Stick.
 - 2—Whip.
 - 3—Parasol.
 - 4—Umbrella.
 - 5—Umbrella-cover.
 - 6—Picture.
 - 7—Shoe.
 - 8—Boot.
 - 9—Button.
 - 10—Stud.
- TENTH SET.**
- Tell me this!
- 1—Ear-ring.
 - 2—Locket.
 - 3—Sleeve-button.
 - 4—Hair-pin.
 - 5—Clothes-pin.
 - 6—Fork.
 - 7—Spoon.
 - 8—Armlet.
 - 9—Ornament.
 - 10—Check.
- ELEVENTH SET.**
- I want to know this?
- 1—Apple.
 - 2—Nut.
 - 3—Cake.
 - 4—Orange.
 - 5—Lemon.
 - 6—Candy.
 - 7—Popcorn.
 - 8—Lozenge.
 - 9—Grain.
 - 10—Wax.
- TWELFTH SET.**
- Pray what is this?
- 1—Screw.
 - 2—Hinge.
 - 3—Tool.
 - 4—Nail.
 - 5—Tack.
 - 6—Knob.
 - 7—Rule.
 - 8—Lock.
 - 9—Buckle.
 - 10—Key.
- THIRTEENTH SET.**
- You know what this is!
- 1—Shot.
 - 2—Powder.
 - 3—Bullet.
 - 4—Gun.
 - 5—Pistol.
 - 6—Percussion cap.
 - 7—Cartridge.
 - 8—Surgical instrument.
 - 9—Musical instrument.
 - 10—Tuning fork.
- FOURTEENTH SET.**
- Quick! This article.
- 1—Bouquet.
 - 2—Bouquet-holder.
 - 3—Flower.
 - 4—Wreath.
 - 5—Leaf.
 - 6—Toy.
 - 7—Flag.
 - 8—Bottle.
 - 9—Game.
 - 10—Doll.
- FIFTEENTH SET.**
- Name this article.
- 1—Pen.
 - 2—Pen-holder.
 - 3—Pencil.
 - 4—Eraser.
 - 5—Rubber.
 - 6—Case.
 - 7—Spool.
 - 8—Soap.
 - 9—Perfumery.
 - 10—Cup.
- SIXTEENTH SET.**
- Say, what is this?
- 1—Card.
 - 2—Card-case.
 - 3—Playing-card.
 - 4—Button hook.
 - 5—Key-ring.
 - 6—Bunch keys.
 - 7—Tablet.
 - 8—Cord.
 - 9—Tweezers.
 - 10—Cork.

- SEVENTEENTH SET.**
- This article?
- 1—Bible.
 - 2—Testament.
 - 3—Tract.
 - 4—Book mark.
 - 5—Prayer book.
 - 6—Hymn book.
 - 7—Music.
 - 8—Smelling bottle.
 - 9—Vinaigrette.
 - 10—Strap.
- EIGHTEENTH SET.**
- Playing cards.
- 1—Diamonds.
 - 2—Hearts.
 - 3—Clubs.
 - 4—Spades.
 - 5—“Kozet”—Ace.
 - 6—“Good”—Queen.
 - 7—“That’s right”—King.
 - 8—“Very good”—Jack.
- NINETEENTH SET.**
- Devices.
- 1—Masonic.
 - 2—Odd Fellows.
 - 3—K. of P.
 - 4—Druids.
 - 5—Musical.

THE HISTORIC RIDE FROM ULUNDI.

HOW FORBES BROUGHT THE NEWS OF THE GREAT VICTORY.

Francis, of the *Times*, and myself rode back at a gallop to the laager in front of the troops as soon as the retreat following the fight and the burning of Ulundi had been commenced. We knew that Guy Dawnay, Lord Downe's brother, who had come up with despatches the night before, and so had the luck to be in the fight, was under orders to return to the frontier with despatches the same night (that of the 4th). We wished to send telegrams by him, so as to ensure their being forwarded early and speedily. I had finished by half-past five, and then I went to headquarters with my packet, intending to hand it over to Dawnay, whom I expected to find waiting to start. To my surprise Colonel Crealock told me that headquarters were not despatching a courier that night, and Lord Chelmsford added that they were waiting for accurate returns of the casualties. I confess I lost my temper, and spoke impulsively. "Then I'll start myself at once!" I exclaimed. I give you my word I was not thinking of myself, for a despatch next morning would have answered my personal turn quite as well, nay, better, since the delay would have given more time to elaborate and add to my description. It was only Friday night, and the mail from Capetown for which we were waiting to telegraph from Landman's Drift, did not sail till Tuesday evening. What angered me was the apparent supineness in holding over the despatch of intelligence, the communication of which was obviously of the deepest importance to Wolsley in view of further operations on the other line of advance. It is a primary axiom in war that intelligence of important events should be disseminated to all concerned with the utmost swiftness; and here was this axiom seemingly wantonly ignored.

I think on the whole I was sorry I had spoken the moment I had spoken. It was already dusk. I had been in the saddle almost without food from five o'clock in the morning. All my horses had been out, and were no longer fresh. My first stage (to our standing camp on the ridge) would consist of some fourteen miles through thick bush and broken ground, in close proximity to the great military kraals burnt on the 28th ult. It was all but certain that broken Zulus were lurking in this bush or poking about among the embers of the kraals. A considerable movement of troops round both our flanks to our rear in the direction of our standing camp had been observed on the previous day. All these considerations flashed across me much more quickly than I can put them on paper, after I had spoken the words of self-committal; but I had not courage enough to retract them. Nor would my pride allow me to ask for an escort, which was not tendered. I volunteered to carry any communications which Lord Chelmsford might have ready, and his military secretary gave me a packet which he specified to contain "private telegrams," to be handed in at Landman's Drift. So I said adieu to headquarters, and went to get ready for the start.

Many men tried to dissuade me; my enterprise was freely characterized as "madness" and "d—d foolhardiness." Evelyn Wood was the last man to urge an objection, and when that had no avail, he gave me a telegram for his wife. The night was just falling as I rode up the steep rugged track from the laager into the bush. I was riding a dark chestnut horse whose pluck and staying power I knew well, and I meant to test both. My great effort was to traverse as much ground as possible before it got quite dark, for I did not like the interval of pitchy darkness before the moon should rise about eight o'clock. So I sent the chestnut along at best pace. It was a gruesome ride, and I would sooner be shot at for two hours at a stretch than do it again. There was no road, only a confusion of wagon-tracks through the long grass, made by our vehicles in their advance. Everywhere the bush, in detached clumps some ten feet high, clustered thick around and among these tracks. I dared not smoke for fear the striking of a match might perchance betray me. All that there was left for me was to trust to luck, see that the flap of my revolver case was open, and keep the good horse's head straight.

On we went, down into black gullies, where half a regiment might have lain hidden, through little patches of tall thorn brake, whose prickles torn my clothes and lacerated my skin, stumbling over fallen trunks, wading through long rank grass, always with ears cocked, and every sense on its fullest tension. Several fires were visible through the bush foliage to right and to left, doubtless the night fires of straggling bodies of Zulus. Behind me seethed the Gehenna of the blazing Ulundi and the other kraals fired that day. Their lurid blaze helped me on after darkness fell, which they served to mitigate. But at length I came to a dead halt near the region where the two columns camped on their march between the ridge of Entongeni and the White Umfaloosi. The multiplicity of track confused me. I had fairly lost my way. I could dimly see close to me the charred relics of the great Slipane Kraal, and I knew I must be near a bog, into which, if I strayed, my horse at least would never emerge. There was no recourse but to halt where I was, and wait, with what patience I might, for the moon to rise. I daresay she kept her time, but I must say I thought her shockingly slow. At length the great disc showed above the ridge, and illuminated the basin below. After a few casts, I hit off the spoor, and in ten minutes more was climbing the open grassy slope that leads up to the standing camp on the Entongeni. Here the chestnut was done, and right well had he done; but Major Upcher, of the 24th, who was in command, first ordered his men a lot of rum each in honour of the good news I brought, and then furnished me with a fresh horse, and a party to guide me on the devious way. Steadily I rode on all through the bitter night under the moonlight without adventure save an occasional missing and recovery of the road. I had an escort for two stages, and then went on alone. I passed within a few miles of the spot where some days later the bodies, pierced with assegai wounds, of poor young Scott Douglass and Corporal Cotter, of the Lancers, were found. About four in the morning the blinding fog came down, and then it was a case of groping for the track. On the hill above Fort Marshall the fog was so dense that I had to dismount and feel in the wet grass for the wagon-ruts leading down the steep slope to the fort. Once there, dear old Colonel Collingwood gave me some tea in the grey of the morning, and set me up with a fresh horse. To make a long story short, I rode into Landman's Drift between two and three in the afternoon of the 5th, having ridden about 110 miles, using six horses. It was not much of a ride for speed—110 in twenty hours; but look at the delays in losing and finding the road, in getting fresh horses, &c. I know that I never halted in any one place more than half-an-hour, and that I made good speed is evident from the following fact. After I had left, Lord Chelmsford changed his mind, and started off Guy Dawnay an hour later, under escort, with his formal despatch. I am nearly three stone heavier than Dawnay, and weight tells infernally on these colonial ponies. Yet Dawnay did not reach Landman's Drift till 10 p.m., on the 6th inst. Leaving the Umfaloosi one hour behind me, he did not reach Landman's Drift until seven hours behind me.

I made straight for the telegraph office, and knowing that Sivewright, the general manager of the Cape telegraphs, was in Maritzburg, and was bound to know Wolsley's whereabouts, which I did not, I sent Sivewright the following message:—"Please acquaint Clifford, make public, and forward to Wolsley following:—Archibald Forbes to Sir Garnet Wolsley, Landman's Drift, 5th July.—Brilliant success yesterday. While both columns were marching on Ulundi in hollow square, were attacked nine a.m., on all four sides, by 12,000 Zulus. Affair lasted half-hour. All troops behaved admirably. The Zulus came within sixty yards of square, when they began to break. The cavalry slipped at them. Lancers cut fugitives into mince-meat. Shell-fire rained on Zulus till last man disappeared. Our loss ten killed and sixty wounded. I calculate dead Zulus about 800. After short rest, columns moved on Ulundi, cavalry preceding, fired it, and all other military kraals surrounding it. Forces returned to laager before night. Lord Chelmsford to-day falls back on standing camp, and means to retire on Kwamagwaza. Has fifteen days' rations to good, but grass failed utterly, mostly burnt, everywhere bare. No further communication from Ketswayo, who left Ulundi on the 3rd."

Sir Garnet found this message waiting for him on arrival from Stanger at Fort Pearson, about sundown on 5th. It was pleasant to receive the same night the following acknowledgment:—"Brackenbury, Fort Pearson.

"Sivewright, Maritzburg.

"Sir Garnet will be much obliged if you will express to Forbes his sincere thanks for his most welcome news, the first intelligence of the success. Congratulate Forbes on his energy, from Billy Russell and myself."

Next morning came, too, the following from Capetown:—"Littleton, Capetown.

"Sivewright, Maritzburg.

"Will you heartily congratulate Forbes for His Excellency (Sir Bartle Frere) on his great ride from Ulundi."

It so happened that but for my pushing through, Wolsley, instead of hearing of the

success on Saturday evening (the 5th), would not have known of it for two days later. On the morning of the 6th he quitted Fort Pearson for Port Durnford. But the military wire to the latter place had broken down, and Sir Garnet did not receive Lord Chelmsford's despatch (brought down to Landman's Drift by Dawnay, and telegraphed on from thence) until late on the 7th inst.

The nuisance was that in a newspaper sense all this speed did me no good. Had there been a cable to England it would have been a repetition of the old Plevna and Shipka Pass business, but as it was I rather lost by it than otherwise, for a fellow can't be riding and writing at the same time. I hope, however, that the Commander-in-Chief's acknowledgment of service rendered may score as entitling me to the Zulu medal, if one be granted to the troops engaged.

My riding, it appeared, was not yet over. On the morning of the 6th it occurred to Gen. Marshall, in command at Landman's Drift—Marshall is about the clearest-headed of our chiefs—that some time might elapse before direct communication could be opened up between Wolsley and Chelmsford, and that what I would be able to tell him regarding details might be of service to the former if I were to hurry through with all speed to Port Durnford. I wasn't in the best case for another long ride, it was true. In the fight I had a thwack on the leg with a spent bullet. It had not broken the skin, but made a contusion, and the long ride had set up not a little inflammation. But it was not bad enough to let it beat a fellow, and off I set from Landman's Drift about one in the afternoon of the 6th, bent on reaching Pietermaritzburg, a distance of 170 miles, before stopping. All that afternoon, evening, and night I rode on, steadily on, halting only for a fresh horse. At Ladysmith, at three in the morning, I found a genuine good Samaritan in Bowling, of the 58th, who gave me meat and drink and sent me on my way rejoicing. All next day I jogged on steadily. At Escourt, when I had still sixty miles to cover, it began to rain, and the rest of the journey was through a deluge. I don't wish my worst enemy a more damnable spell than the one I had between Howick and Maritzburg. I had borrowed a vehicle, for my leg had swelled too big to ride; it was pitch dark; the track lay over a mountain, and the mud and slush averaged a foot deep. I don't know how often that "spider" and I rolled over together into the mud. It went over me several times. Often I lost the road, and only regained it by luck. I walked more than half the distance (14 miles) and reached Maritzburg at length about nine o'clock, more dead than alive, having done the 170 miles from Landman's Drift in thirty-five hours, without a halt longer than half an hour. I was pretty well played out, for from 4 a.m. on the 4th till 2 a.m. on the 6th, a period of ninety-four hours, I had only six hours sleep. I was such a spectacle of filth and rags that they would not at first allow me into the Maritzburg Hotel, and when I crawled round to the officers' mess, one of the oldest friends I have in the world didn't know me from Adam. Cecil Russell gave me champagne, and I fear it went to my head.

Next morning I set off to Durban, and the day after sailed in the Natal with General Colley and Baker Russell for Port Durnford. So bad was the surf that we could not disembark for two days, but even with this delay I found on reaching Wolsley that no communication had been opened up between him and Chelmsford, so that Marshall's sagacity had not been for naught, and I think I was able to give some useful intelligence on matters of detail to his excellency. He at least was good enough to say that I had been of service, and to speak very nicely and flatteringly about the expedition, &c., I had been able to use.

My leg by this time had got so bad that I could barely walk, and now the place has sloughed out and be hanged to it. However, it will heal on board ship, whether I am going in a day or two. I mean to trek for home, perhaps I shall outspan for a few days at Capetown; perhaps I shall not off-saddle at all. This is a fearful long yarn, but once I began it I could not leave off.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

Mr. John Lesperance, the author of "The Bastonnais," "Rosalba," and other deservedly popular stories, has for some time past been contributing to the *Canadian Illustrated News*, of which he is the editor, a delightful tale of Southern life, entitled "My Creoles: a Memoir of the Mississippi Valley." Mr. Lesperance's experience enables him to be as much at home in describing the scenes of the sunny South and picturesquely grouping its various types of character as he was before in telling of the wars and the loves of the Canadians of a century ago. He brings to his chosen task not only the pen of a true literary artist, but the tender enthusiasm of a patriot. The setting of the series of life-like pictures which form the story is skillfully adapted to the subject, and the reader, almost before he is aware of it, finds himself carried along in a resistless current of sympathy with the author and his creations. The story begins with the month of July and will run through the *News* for several months more. We believe it is possible to obtain the back numbers at the office of publication, and this we would advise those of our readers who do not possess them to do. The story is well worth reading, and the paper has many other attractive features which constitute a strong claim on popular favour. —*Montreal Gazette*.