

travelling about a mile we came to the railway track and marched between the two gleaming lines of rails towards our destination. In a short time a sharp order of "Halt, who comes there?" brought us to a sudden standstill. I answered "Patrol." The reply came: "stand patrol, advance one and give the countersign." Fraser and Harold stood still while I advanced and found a sharp-eyed sentry crouching down behind a parapet of stones and watching lest the line might be blown up or the camp attacked by the enemy. I gave the countersign "Saskatchewan" and he said: "Pass patrol, all is well." We had almost reached the house without further misadventure when Harold seized me by the shoulder and pressed me to the ground, at the same time throwing himself on his face. A short distance off and cautiously coming in our direction was a man on horseback

Even in the weird uncertain light of an African night we recognized him as a Boer. I whispered to Harold to move off to the right in a small donga and Fraser to take cover behind a rock to the left and to take careful aim at the stranger's horse but not to fire until I gave the word. They crept noiselessly to their positions. I stood up and challenged the horseman with "Halt, who comes there?" Instead of halting, he suddenly wheeled his horse and I again shouted, this time in Dutch patois "Stoph! of ik shiet!" He did not stop but plunged spurs into his horse and in a moment more would have been out of reach. Instantly I commanded "fire" and spurts of flame shot simultaneously from the donga on my right and the rock on my left. The horse, with a neigh of fear, sprang forward for a moment and fell over dead. The Boer vaulted from his saddle as his horse fell, threw himself behind it, and taking swift aim with his Mauser he fired at me before I could get cover. The bullet cut through the doll in my haversack at my side, and strange to say embedded itself in the package of candy. Harold and Fraser at once opened fire, but the stranger in no way dismayed by the whistling bullets fired four more shots in rapid succession at us. We then knew that our chance had come as a Mauser rifle can