

The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR
A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER XXIII

Seymour pretended to be surprised at the question.

"My dear Royce," he said, in a tone more stern and angry, "why should you ask such a question? If you know me better, you would know that I do not deserve it. It is true that you have never lost an opportunity of insulting me, that only a week ago you attacked me with—er—physical violence, and that I have been bruised by your brutality even now; but I trust, Royce, that I know the duty of forgiveness, and that I try to perform it. And I think you will admit that you have nothing to complain of. Most men, in my position, would have resented such treatment, and most men would have protested against and prevented the introduction into their family circle of a—er—the kind of person you have chosen to make your wife."

Royce's hand closed on his wine glass, and he snapped off at the stem, the red wine flowing blood-like over the white cloth.

"Leave my wife, leave Madge alone," he said hoarsely. "You—though you are the Earl of Landon—are not fit to speak her name. I know it—feel it! And yet you dare to try and hold her up to ridicule!"

"My dear Royce," murmured Seymour, watching the fingers that had broken the wine glass with an apprehensive closeness, "I hold your wife up to ridicule! How could you make such a mistake? I—er—am the last man to do such a thing! No, it is only to-day that I said to her ladyship, Royce's wife must be received—now that we have consented to receive her—as one of ourselves. We must forget, or behave as if we forgot, that she was, when—what she was, and remember that she is poor Royce's wife! Ask her ladyship, and she will tell you that those were my very words."

"Poor Royce!" said Royce fiercely. "I do not ask or need your pity!"

Seymour gloated over the wound he had inflicted.

"I beg your pardon, Royce. I—er—slipped from me unawares. Of course, you do not want pity. You are quite happy. With your peculiar nature you cannot understand the blow you have dealt the family pride! Just so! But please do not talk of peace or war—between brothers too! You pain me, Royce, you do, indeed. And after—er—I did not intend to mention it—but, well, I will do so. You are not aware that I am using all my influence to get you reinstated in the army?" he uttered the lie with a naive glibness, "and I think I should have succeeded, but I stole into the camp that is—er—out of the question. I imagine that even your—shall I say, self-reliance, and—er—self-confidence, would not be sufficient to enable you to join your old comrades. They might ask inconvenient questions about your wife."

Royce stood, as men have stood under physical torture, sternly calm and enduring. Seymour watched him and revelled in his agony.

"Only the other day—let me see, it was Tuesday—let me see, I met Lord Rochester. He had seen you at the theatre, seen you and Madge, and he was full of questions about her."

Royce hit his lip.

"Let them ask what they please," he said between his teeth. "She is—er—Why? he broke out, "even you must admit that she is a lady at heart."

"Yes, yes, quite so," purred Seymour. "But in society one doesn't care much about ladies at heart who are—er—forgive me, Royce, don't be angry—when they don't know the use of a finger-glass!"

Royce sank in his chair and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and Seymour, though he maintained his naive, benevolent aspect, gloated over him.

"And they ask inconvenient questions," his dear Royce, I told Rochester that your wife came from an old Spanish family—I believe the gypsies date their origin from Spain! But though Rochester received it as gospel, others, and especially the women—the women, dear Royce—will not be put off so easily."

Royce rose, looking tall and gigantic beside his puny brother. "Spare yourself the trouble of lying," he said grimly, "tell them the whole truth—the truth. Neither Madge nor I shall be ashamed."

"Travel, said, but for Royce, we have to think of our mother and—er—Royce," he said softly, and glanced up at Seymour with keen malicious enjoyment.

"I think I ought to tell you, Royce," he went on calmly, "that I have just heard, very nearly a week ago, that you had been married to make me the happiest man in the world."

"You?" Royce exclaimed, staring at his brother.

"Yes," murmured Seymour calmly. "Irene has just promised to marry me. I hope to be able to ask for your congratulations before long."

"Irene—your wife?" murmured Royce hoarsely. "Impossible! You—er—I understand, my dear Royce, you don't think I am worthy of her? But who is she?"

"Ah! who is she?" said Royce dreamily.

"Echo answers, 'no one,'" responded Seymour cheerfully. "Will you give me some more wine?"

Royce sank into his chair, and uttered himself out a bumper of champagne, and drank it in silence.

Irene, the little maiden, the purest sweetest girl in all the world—Seymour's wife! And only the other day she had given him, Royce, her locket, and shed tears as she bade him farewell!

For the moment, thinking of Irene, he forgot even Madge.

Meanwhile Madge was waging her battle in the dining-room.

The half-hour after dinner—the interminable, so to speak, during which womanhood shut up alone, pines for the appearance of the men, is said to be the most trying thirty minutes of the day.

Some women coil themselves in an easy chair, or on a sofa, and others find a familiar and trusty friend, and exchange gossip—that is, scandal, while others resign themselves to fate and indulge in fancy needlework. But all unanimously find the tea-tray and the sound of masculine footsteps a relief.

The countess went straight to her easy chair beside the fire and, holding a screen between her and the blaze, maintained a profound silence. Madge stood irresolute, not knowing what to do, but Irene drew her to an ottoman, just out of hearing of the countess, who looked like a statue in gray satin, and from an exquisitely decorated work-basket took some embroidery.

"Madge," she said, "you found of embroidery, Madge?"

Madge looked from her to the work and shook her head.

"I don't know," she replied. "I have never done any. I used to mend Tony's clothes—and Jack's, I mean Royce's."

"And who was Tony?" asked Irene, her white fingers twinkling above the work.

"Tony was a little boy in the camp," she stopped and crimsoned, "but I must not talk about him, or—er—my people here."

"You can talk about them or anything else to me, dear."

"No," she said, and there was a touch of sadness in her voice. "I must not. It is all different—different, strange. You cannot understand."

"Perhaps I can, just a little," said Irene in a low, musical voice. "If I were taken away from my friends the countess, and—and the day we left the camp, yes, I must forget them."

"That seems hard; for they were kind to you?"

"Yes," said Madge, eagerly, "oh, yes, they were very kind; and the countess was kind, and—and the day we left the camp, yes, I must forget them."

"That seems hard; for they were kind to you?"

"Yes," said Madge, eagerly, "oh, yes, they were very kind; and the countess was kind, and—and the day we left the camp, yes, I must forget them."

"That seems hard; for they were kind to you?"

"Yes," said Madge, eagerly, "oh, yes, they were very kind; and the countess was kind, and—and the day we left the camp, yes, I must forget them."

"That seems hard; for they were kind to you?"

"Yes," said Madge, eagerly, "oh, yes, they were very kind; and the countess was kind, and—and the day we left the camp, yes, I must forget them."

"That seems hard; for they were kind to you?"

"Yes," said Madge, eagerly, "oh, yes, they were very kind; and the countess was kind, and—and the day we left the camp, yes, I must forget them."

"That seems hard; for they were kind to you?"

"Yes," said Madge, eagerly, "oh, yes, they were very kind; and the countess was kind, and—and the day we left the camp, yes, I must forget them."

"That seems hard; for they were kind to you?"

"Yes," said Madge, eagerly, "oh, yes, they were very kind; and the countess was kind, and—and the day we left the camp, yes, I must forget them."

"May I come in, dear?"

"Will you?" responded Madge, delightedly. A great fire was burning in the luxuriously appointed room, and the two girls stood before it in silence for a moment, then Madge said in a low voice:

"I want to thank you, but I don't know what to say, or how to say it, perhaps it is because my heart is so full!"

Irene took her hand and kissed her. Then followed an exchange of girlish confidences, and in a few minutes those two congenial spirits separated for the night.

When Royce joined Madge, in her private apartment, he kissed her rapturously, and said that she had acted splendidly, and extolled the neat way in which she had turned the tables upon Seymour.

Then, with another kiss, he passed into his own chamber.

After he had gone, Madge stood in front of the fire looking down at it thoughtfully, trying to realize her new position. Then she began to feel the heat of the room; she had lived all her life in the open air, and there was something oppressive in the luxury around her.

She went to the window and opened it, and looked out. A crescent moon was sailing in the sky, and she could see far-stretching lawns fading away into the park beyond. The scent of flowers rose from the Italian gardens, an owl flew with a screech from one of the turrets towards the woods.

It was a lovely scene, and Madge leaned upon her elbows and gazed at it dreamily. It was, in the moonlight, as vague and strange as this new life of hers; and it all belonged to her husband's brother, the earl!

She was about to close the window and begin to undress, when suddenly she saw something moving along the path below the terrace. It was a woman, and Madge, thinking it was one of the servants, was not much interested; but presently the figure passed out of the shadow of the terrace wall onto the moonlit path.

Then something in the woman's height and bearing struck her, and she saw it was the countess.

If it were indeed she, her ladyship had exchanged the rich gray satin for a plain black dress, and had drawn a shawl around her, and up to the edge of her black bonnet, as if to avoid recognition.

For a moment or two Madge was not struck by the singularity of the proceeding; then it occurred to her as strange that the countess should go out in the grounds at that time of night and alone.

She watched the dark figure, and saw it slowly make its way along the path toward the lodge; then it got under the shadow of the line of shrubs. Madge saw it turn its head and look back watchfully.

After a moment's pause the countess moved on again, but this time with a quickened step.

Madge stood looking after her, startled and bewildered. Where could the countess—that proud lady whose cold hauteur had stabbed so many hearts—be going so late at night, and alone?

Should she call Royce and tell him? She was half inclined to do so, but hesitated. Whatever errand the countess was bound to, it was not to be kept secret, and it was not Madge's duty to inform upon her.

No, she would not tell Royce. She put down the window, trembling, why, she scarcely knew, but the sight of the dark figure moving so mysteriously in the moonlight had affected her, and she drew the curtains closely.

If she had waited another minute or two she would have seen something else that would have caused her still greater anxiety and actual dread.

For scarcely had the countess disappeared in the park than Uncle Jake came creeping after her, keeping well under the terrace, and in the darkness of shadow, looking like an evil shadow himself as he went cautiously in pursuit.

(To be Continued.)

One year I had a fine late crop coming in in August and September, but the peas were ruined then. As soon as the crop is off, early in July usually, the vines are removed and fed to stock. The stakes and wire are taken down and stored away for next year. The ground is well cultivated and red clover is sowed.

The land on which the peas are sown is old land, and has been in use for many years, until the soil was practically exhausted. We first limed it and with some fertilizer succeeded in getting a fair catch of red clover. We have never used any barnyard manure or fertilizer, depending entirely on commercial fertilizers and clover. The heavy application of fertilizers insured us a good catch of clover. We usually mow the clover twice a year and then plant again in peas.

The land is now set in young cherry and pear trees, only a little extra plowing left for each row of trees. The rows of peas being planted 4 or 5 feet from the trees. The trees reach out their roots and get a share of the fertilizer and seem to enjoy it. I find that the peas do better after they have been grown a year or two on the same ground, with crops of clover the years before.

Proteins-gathering bacteria become more numerous after repeated growing of these leguminous crops. I cannot say with certainty, but our scientific friends will no doubt tell us that such may be the case.

RAISING BERKSHIRE PIGS.

Where one has a farm suitable for keeping sows to raise pigs and has the milk of his cows to feed them, they are profitable. When two Berkshire sows and a boar the year around and raise two litters of pigs each year, says Mr. J. N. Glover, I

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

GROWING PEAS.

A good clover seed makes an excellent basis for a crop of garden peas. For the earliest crop I select a warm, well drained eastern or southern slope, plow and prepare the ground in March, if possible, writes Mr. T. L. Wall. In 1903 I planted

As we are 1800 to 1700 feet above sea level and about latitude 41 degrees, it is necessary to be ready to work the first day it is fit, if the frost is out of the ground.

After plowing I first use a clod crusher to level the ground and then apply a 3-12-10-5 fertilizer made according to my own formula from nitrate of soda, dried blood, acid phosphate, muriate and sulphate of potash, at the rate of about 1800 pounds to the acre. This year I have applied about the half of it, where the row of peas is to be, cultivating or harrowing it in, and then hand in it, using a quart to a 230-foot row. The shovel plow is then run close above, and just near enough to nicely cover the peas in first furrow about a inch deep. The second furrow thus made in covering the peas in the first furrow, and covered with the plow in the same way. Thus a double row is made with about

6 INCHES BETWEEN THEM.

In this space in the row, small sharpened locust stakes are driven every 15 to 20 feet as soon as the peas are up, so that the rows can be plainly seen. On these stakes poultry netting is stretched and fastened at upper and lower edges with staples.

For Alaska, my favorite early variety, 12-inch wire is used. For Gradus and other kinds of about the same height, 24-inch wire is necessary, but above that width the cost of wire is too great, so I rarely plant the high growing kinds. The remainder of the fertilizer will be applied between the rows about the time wire is put up, and cultivation will follow. One or two applications of nitrate of soda are made before the vines reach the top of the wire netting, to keep up the growth and keep the color dark green. Other plants are made same as the first, according to season. The second and later plantings are of the best varieties as Gradus, Senator

(Just year my first, Senator Hero and Senator Hero are more ready sale and can be produced cheaper than one weighing over 200 pounds. Fall litters are usually kept until March, when there is a good demand for hatching until they are a full year old.)

ALASKA IS SELECTED FOR THE EARLIEST planting on account of its extreme hardness. It does not often rot in the soil, and its quality is good. If growth is quick and peas are picked early in June I have a good crop. For putting on fertilizer a distributor is used, which is run by hand, very much like a wheelbarrow. Any quantity can be put on in a width of from 8 to 30 inches, between or along rows. I do my own marketing and by having peas to sell early in June I have practically no competition, and they come in nicely with strawberries, the two forming an irresistible temptation to the average housekeeper.

Some may say that a machine planter could be used to advantage, but I have not seen a machine that will plant double rows and I want such a machine that would plant peas 1 inch apart in double row with 5 or 6 inches of space between rows for very convenient. I have not been successful with a medium season crop or second crop, as the

MILDEW DESTROYS THEM.

One year I had a fine late crop coming in in August and September, but the peas were ruined then. As soon as the crop is off, early in July usually, the vines are removed and fed to stock. The stakes and wire are taken down and stored away for next year. The ground is well cultivated and red clover is sowed.

The land on which the peas are sown is old land, and has been in use for many years, until the soil was practically exhausted. We first limed it and with some fertilizer succeeded in getting a fair catch of red clover. We have never used any barnyard manure or fertilizer, depending entirely on commercial fertilizers and clover. The heavy application of fertilizers insured us a good catch of clover. We usually mow the clover twice a year and then plant again in peas.

The land is now set in young cherry and pear trees, only a little extra plowing left for each row of trees. The rows of peas being planted 4 or 5 feet from the trees. The trees reach out their roots and get a share of the fertilizer and seem to enjoy it. I find that the peas do better after they have been grown a year or two on the same ground, with crops of clover the years before.

Proteins-gathering bacteria become more numerous after repeated growing of these leguminous crops. I cannot say with certainty, but our scientific friends will no doubt tell us that such may be the case.

RAISING BERKSHIRE PIGS.

Where one has a farm suitable for keeping sows to raise pigs and has the milk of his cows to feed them, they are profitable. When two Berkshire sows and a boar the year around and raise two litters of pigs each year, says Mr. J. N. Glover, I

"The Highest Medical Authorities"

"SALADA"

Received highest award St. Louis, 1904 Sold only in lead packets. By all grocers. Black, Mixed or Green.

get a young male every two years, securing the best stock possible.

In spring, when clover is large enough to furnish feed, I turn the sows and the pigs when he is quiet and kind, into a small lot of clover or into the orchard where there is a place made to shelter them from the sun and rains. There they are kept during summer and are fed milk and slop or water with middlings or a little corn and oats chop. Feed is given three times a day during the entire season. With these hogs I also allow my hares to run and they like on clover, fallen apples and milk slop until they are to be penned up for fattening. In this way hogs can be carried cheaply over the summer and kept healthy.

When a sow is nearly due to farrow, she is placed in the pig house in a compartment by herself and kept there until the pigs are a week old. Then she and the little ones are let out during the day to get exercise. This prevents thumps. All the promising young sows are allowed to run and are either allowed to breed or are sold readily for breeders.

At five or six weeks the young pigs are taken from the sow and put into a pen by themselves, where they are kept clean and comfortable and fed on milk, oats, middlings and a little corn.

During winter the sows and boar are kept in the stable at night and allowed the run of the yard during the day. They are fed about the same as in summer. More feed is given in connection with ashes and clover chaff by way of variety.

The hogs and sows in the orchard may be run, or not as one sees fit, but I ring mine so they do not root up the sod.

Other breeds may do as well, but I find a demand for Berkshires, and then they can be fattened at any age. Any hog that will dress from 100 to 125 pounds is more ready sale and can be produced cheaper than one weighing over 200 pounds. Fall litters are usually kept until March, when there is a good demand for hatching until they are a full year old.

FARM NOTES.

The manure of cattle, like that of hogs is generally poorer than that of other farm animals on account of its large percentage of water. It decomposes slowly and develops little heat.

Humus-forming materials, like decaying animal and vegetable matters have the power of combining with the potash and phosphoric acid of the soil to form humates which are readily assimilated by plants when acted upon by the proper soil organism.

If the farmer boy could have a few minutes training in the use of tools, building and repairing in the adjusting of machines and implements used on the farm, he would be better equipped for his occupation and better qualified to save money on the farm. It is the lack of knowledge in handling and properly caring for the farm machinery that is responsible for 75 per cent. of the failures on the farm.

Protein is a group of food substances containing nitrogen, from which flesh, blood, muscles, tendons, etc., are formed. Nitrogen-free extract contains the opposite properties of foods and with fibre makes what is known as a carbohydrate of food furnish the animal fat and are burned up in the body to produce heat and energy. Corn contains a small proportion of protein, or nitrogenous matter, but contains a large amount of nitrogen-free extract, and fibre, or carbohydrates. Protein and fibre contain a large percentage of protein, or muscle-producing properties, and a relatively small proportion of nitrogen-free extract, or carbohydrates.

TEACHING HENRY.

Little Henry had run away. Before he was captured mother had passed some anxious moments. Now that he was safe at home again, she took him of her knee and said, "Henry, mother wants to tell you a little story." He nodded his head in grace of approval.

"One time mother was far away in a little town. One night when she was fast asleep, a bell began to ring loud, right close to her house. Ding-dong! ding-dong! ding-dong! Mother woke up. She was frightened, and ran to open the window. A man was calling loud and ringing the bell. 'Child lost! Child lost! Child lost! Ding-dong! Child lost! Ding-dong!'

Mother's heart beat fast, and she stood by the window and listened—listened—listened—until she could not hear it any more. But she couldn't go to sleep again, because she was so sorry about the little child's mother. In the morning she went out on the street and asked a man, 'Is the child found?' He shook his head. Pretty soon she went out again, and asked another man, 'Is the child found?' He said, 'No, not found.' In the afternoon, when it was getting dark, she asked a lady, 'Have they found the child?' And the lady said, 'Yes, he is found.'

"It represents the ideal standard of purity."

"SALADA"

Received highest award St. Louis, 1904 Sold only in lead packets. By all grocers. Black, Mixed or Green.

Poor little boy! He was drowned in the lake!"

Mother stopped. For a minute Henry looked at her solemnly with wide-open eyes. Then his lips parted, and a frightened little voice said, "Tell me 'bout it again."

She hesitated, divided between the longing to make a lasting impression and the fear of shocking his tender sensibilities. But he was waiting, and again she told the story, sparing no touch of dramatic effect in the calling and the ringing of the bell—and herself thrilling with the memory of that sad night.

When it was finished he leaned closer and closer. Looking steadily up into her face, he spoke at last in a husky half-whisper.

"You don't know any stories 'bout bears, do you?"

Miss Young—"Would you be willing to have 'em in the service at your marriage?" Miss Elder—"I don't think I should mind. As we said years we cease to be particular about trifles!"

When I had walked for about twenty minutes I sat down under a tree to rest.

"Suddenly my dreams were interrupted by feeding the cold muzzle of a rider barrel pressed against the back of my neck. At the same time a guttural voice said, 'If you moor or holler I will shoot.' I naturally obeyed, and in a moment was surrounded by a band of Boer soldiers. They were wild, unkempt fellows, and I felt that a man's life was a light question to them."

"They searched me and found cipher despatches which were to be delivered to another branch of our army. They were important in that they would have given the Boers information regarding our armament, etc. That dot," said the leader, whom I took to be a sergeant, and he thrust the despatches into my hands. 'I won't,' I answered promptly.

"Py Got, you vill, or else I prain you," said the Boer, menacing me with a revolver.

"I was about to tell him to go ahead when another Boer pulled the sergeant aside and conversed with him.

"'Vot is name, awine?' asked the sergeant, breaking away from his companion. 'Lieutenant Armstrong,' I answered. 'Good, good,' he laughed. Then turning to my comrade he said, 'Heliograph de lieutenant's troop dot he vouts den at vonce in der droof' (groove)."

"Of course, I saw through his plan to entrap my command and murder them all, and to ensure them by using my name."

CRYING LIKE A SCHOOLBOY.

I begged the Boers to kill me and the matter in that way. The inevitable answer returned to my request was that I must read the despatches or they would heliograph. What would have been the outcome of the affair will always remain a mystery, for while the sergeant was hectoring me the commander of the Boer troop, George Voorhes, arrived. After hearing a report of the affair he said, 'Lieutenant, I'm an American. I don't believe in murder. You are my prisoner, that is all. According to modern war methods you should not be made to read despatches, nor should your name be used to lure your troop to ambush. Fall in, men, he concluded.

"Several months later I was exchanged just in time to fight at Spion Kop. While charging a redoubt I fell over a diving Boer, who proved to be George Voorhes. With his last few breaths he asked me to take care of his mother. Although it was addressed to Boston, I have learned she removed to Chicago soon after her boy went to South Africa to fight under a foreign flag. The package is sealed, and no hands but Mrs. Voorhes's will open it," remarked Lieutenant Armstrong as he drew forth a small bundle tied with string from his pocket. The address was nearly obliterated by a brown smudge, where the life blood of Voorhes had splashed.

NO CASH TO PAY UNTIL OCTOBER, 1905.

We will start you raising poultry for profit with a Chatham Incubator without one cent of cash from you until next Fall. That means that you can take off seven or eight hatches and make considerable money out of the incubator before the first payment becomes due.

We couldn't make this offer if we were not certain that if you accept it you will get complete satisfaction, if we were not positive that the Chatham Incubator will pay you a handsome yearly income.

This is a straightforward offer. We make it to show our supreme confidence in the Chatham Incubator. We want you to accept this offer as we are sure of the satisfaction our incubator will give. Every machine we have put out so far, has made other sales in the same neighborhood.

Our offer is to send you a Chatham Incubator at once, freight prepaid by us without one cent of cash from you. You make your first payment in October, 1905. The balance to be paid in October, 1906, or if a Cash Buyer you get it cheaper. Could any offer be fairer or more generous?

The Incubator and Brooder that I bought from you last year, has given me a great deal of satisfaction. I am very glad to tell you that I am very satisfied with it. I would not be without it, because I cannot find a better one. Yours respectfully, J. N. Glover.

Write us to-day for full particulars of our offer and mention this paper. Don't put it aside for another time as this special proposition may be withdrawn at any time.

THE MANSON CAMPBELL CO., Limited Dept. 35 Chatham, Ont.

Chatham Poultry Mills and Chatham Farm Sales. INCUBATING WARRENES AT: Montreal, Que., Brandon, Man., Calgary, Alta., New Westminster, B.C., Halifax, N.S., FACTORIES AT: Chatham, Ont., and Detroit, Mich.

A TALE OF THE BOER WAR

ENGLISH OFFICER'S GRATITUDE FOR A KIND DEED.

His Life and Honor Was Saved By the Commander of a Boer Troop.

One of the English soldiers who passed through the South African war, is Lieut. Roger L. Armstrong, of Manchester, England. He was lately in Buffalo, N. Y., on his way to Chicago, Ill., to find the mother of a Boer soldier who was killed at Spion Kop. At Chicago he will deliver to her a package entrusted to him by the dying man.

"It has taken me a long time to locate George Voorhes's mother," he said, when interviewed, "for the only address I had when I commenced my search was Boston, United States of America. I first came to this continent in April, 1902. Since then I have been all over the country and had a corps of detectives looking for Mrs. Voorhes, but not until last week did I learn her address. I am now going to Chicago, where she lives. When I put the package into her hands my mission will be ended, but not till then."

"Even though the search has been a long one, I still feel that I am indebted to George Voorhes, for, what was dearer to me, my honor. Shortly after I went to South Africa during the Boer war the colleague of our regiment sent me to the front, where for some days we scouted about on the veldt, heliographing reports of things we thought we saw."

"One noon we camped on the banks of an insignificant stream, as the Boer river. While awaiting lunch I took a walk through the forest of scrub, oaks about

HALF A MILE FROM CAMP.

When I had walked for about twenty minutes I sat down under a tree to rest.

"Suddenly my dreams were interrupted by feeding the cold muzzle of a rider barrel pressed against the back of my neck. At the same time a guttural voice said, 'If you moor or holler I will shoot.' I naturally obeyed, and in a moment was surrounded by a band of Boer soldiers. They were wild, unkempt fellows, and I felt that a man's life was a light question to them."

"They searched me and found cipher despatches which were to be delivered to another branch of our army. They were important in that they would have given the Boers information regarding our armament, etc. That dot," said the leader, whom I took to be a sergeant, and he thrust the despatches into my hands. 'I won't,' I answered promptly.

"Py Got, you vill, or else I prain you," said the Boer, menacing me with a revolver.