

As we get on to higher land the scenery changes very quickly and almost before we can realize it, the broad grassy veldt lies before us. Some spots are covered with rocks and stones, but the greater portion with grass and mimosa, a short, scrubby plant on which sheep fatten very quickly. The farms here are very large, containing from one to five thousand morgen, two of which are equal to one acre. There is no sign of a fence on these farms, except where, around the farm house, a plot for the growing of vegetables is enclosed. The industrious farmer of the lower country is replaced by a much slower and more slovenly being, whose sole ambition seems to be to smoke a long black pipe and to ride on a pony to see that his natives do their work, this generally amounting to herding the cattle and sheep on his own ground. The Cape sheep is much inferior to the Canadian, being small, and not at all pleasant to look at. Water is scarce here, and large dams are to be found on each farm; these reservoirs being filled in the rainy season, last until the next rain comes. Each night the animals are brought to large kraals and kept there over night to prevent straying. These kraals are generally built of stone, this making a very substantial dyke.

Occasionally, near a village, an enterprising farmer is found who brings butter, milk and eggs to a few customers. The first product is a somewhat inferior article when compared with Canadian goods, but sells at from 35 to 60 cents per lb. The milk is bottled, not in regulation pints or quarts, but in many cases black gin and whiskey bottles, with the labels still on, are used. From De Aar northward another class of stock, the ostrich, is kept. These are well looked after, and it is amusing to watch the great birds grazing; and then at the approach of strangers or trains, run off at a swift though ungainly gait.

As we travel farther north the land becomes much more hilly until Norval Pont, on the Orange River, is reached. This is a very wild-looking place, there being great black hills and cliffs, rising almost from the river bank. The river was formerly spanned by a fine steel bridge of seven spans, but the Boers blew it up at the beginning of hostilities. On either side were pontoons used by the troops while the bridge was being repaired.