The member for Wilcannia now boasts an extensive military vocabulary. Such terms as 'frontal attack,' 'turning movement,' 'enfilading fire,' 'infantry in echelon,' flow from him unceasingly.

"He and his colleague were taken for Boer spies at Bethulie, while pursuing their laudable efforts to get to the front. The adventure is best given in Mr. Sleath's own words: 'We arrived at De Aar soon after the enemy had retired northwards from Norval's Pont. Although duly accredited from Capetown, we were told we could not proceed. Finding it impossible to get through by way of Norval's Pont, which is the most direct route, we had to resort to strategy, and decided to get round the British flank at Bethulie.

MISTAKEN FOR BOER SPIES.

"'On arrival at the latter point, and after a heated interview with a beardless subaltern, who surveyed us through a monocle, we were told that we could not proceed. In fact, we were detained pending the receipt of instructions from headquarters. To while time,' continued Mr. Sleath, 'we climbed a neighboring kopje, in order to reconnoitre. Our appearance there caused something like consternation in the camp below. They took us for Boer spies, who had come to see what was doing, and they turned out their whole available force in order to capture us. I didn't like the looks of things,' added Mr. Sleath, 'especially when I saw one crowd with fixed bayonets working round on our rear. I first thought the camp commandant had arranged a review for our particular edification.

"'We were soon undeceived. Some one called out to us to halt. I thought this somewhat funny, seeing that we were halted. Anyhow, I thought it was time to vacate the position, so O'Conor and myself decided to retire on our base—the local hotel. We had not gone very far before we were surrounded, so there was nothing for it but unconditional surrender, and we went back to camp, hemmed in by a glistening line of bayonets.'

"'We've caught them, sir,' reported the officer in charge of the party to the camp commandant. Visions of two members digging their own graves preparatory to being shot flashed across the minds things look brooke sea the sudden lowed. The wore the air ure. Slea to trek at of dust of Be

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