

He walked across the room towards it, and stood for a moment looking down. The figure, however, was still enough now, and once more Dr. Bergman resumed his seat.

"Pretty bad, isn't he?" said the other.

"Might go any minute. We've sent for the English doctor. He ought to be here by now," glancing at the clock.

"About what you were saying just now. How did she give him away?"

"Oh, it seems she was Kempton's girl too. She's a pretty loose fish, apparently, and was planted down here by Vanderbyl to wait. That's why he retreated straight on this place. Well, she got him down here this afternoon, and he told her everything, showed her a map with his route marked on it."

"Du liebe, what a fool!"

"And when he was gone, out pops Vanderbyl, to whom she passes it on, with the result that you know. The trap was ready for the bird to walk into."

"Himmel! But tell me, doctor, what happened in the Kloof? I didn't come up till it was all over."

"You were well out of it, my friend. It wasn't a pretty sight. A fight's all right, but that, ach!" He shuddered, puffed at his pipe, then went on: "You know the place, a regular death-trap, and they walked into it. Vanderbyl let them come on till they were all in, then let off two guns, the signal agreed upon. At the same time bonfires were lighted all round. We could see their faces looking up at us, poor devils; then the shooting began, and such a hell as the place became, you can have no idea, Heinrich, men and horses mixed up together, screaming, cursing, and the Dutchmen laughing at them from above. That's the sort of thing they like. They've no stomach for a fair fight, but they were all right there."

"Yes, and then?"

"Vanderbyl shouted to them to surrender, and the