

advantages. I thought perhaps you might have heard somehow. It's only lately an interest in such worldly topics has begun to revive in me. You see, once upon a time I had too much Derby and that sort of thing generally, and then there was Natal and the Tugela only a few years ago, so being a believer in change I came out here into the wilderness for a spell to recover. Signs of recovery in me are a desire to resurrect old interests: and, by the way, you don't happen to have such a thing about you as a cigar, do you? The law of association works wonders where a cigar is concerned, and the weed I'm smoking is vile."

The surveyor was beginning to wonder if his mysterious visitor was in his right senses. Fortunately, he did happen to have a cigar—one that by some unaccountable whim he had kept intact for many weary months. He found and handed it to the stranger, whose thanks were profuse and obviously very sincere.

The stump of a briar pipe was put away and the cigar promptly lit and smoked with every sign of enjoyment. The conversation was resumed. But the surveyor, although he tried hard, could get no definite information from the ragged stranger as to what he was doing in the wilderness.

Having finished his smoke and warned his host to keep a sharp eye on the wild blacks in the neighbourhood, his mysterious visitor picked up his rifle, shook hands, backed out of the tent, and made off up the valley again. Although a search party was instituted to find his whereabouts, no traces of him could be found. It was noted that the wild blacks