




AN OUTPOST AFFAIR

BY LIEUT. F. FALKLAND WARREN.

T was a bright afternoon in February. The South African sun beamed down unmercifully. Men and officers in camp were making all sorts of extempore shelters against the unbearable heat. The sentries were the only ones to be seen out in the fiery glare, eagerly scanning the horizon—for the foe, who usually crept up at night to take pot.shots at them as they kept guard around the camp. The officers were chatting and laughing over in the squadron mess tent, whose sides were looped to allow any stray breeze to circulate. All around the veldt, right away to the Longe Bergen Mountains in the distance, could be seen dust devils twirling; ever and anon clouds of locusts took wing and soared through the sultry air, making to other than a practiced eye what must be dust raised by mounted men.

The Colonel had just begun relating a funny story when a sergeant of the guard walked up and saluting reported that a sentry had descried a cloud of dust in the wake of a horseman who was heading direct for the camp. Every one turned out and went up a small kopje at the back of the camp. Very soon half a dozen field glasses were eagerly scanning and wondering who the rider could be and why his mad haste on such a hot day. Captain J—— was the first to recognize him by the gait and color of his horse. "Why! that is Corp. Elliot who is out with Lieut. Danvers in No. 3 company at the summit of the Longe Bergen."

"Lieut. Bradshaw, jump on your horse, gallop out to that man and if anything is the matter, circle your horse to the left. Now then off!"

In less time than it takes to tell, Lieut. Bradshaw was away bareback toward the distant messenger. Meanwhile, we gazed after him, anxious for a little brisk work, as we were wearied of marching and false alarms. Ours was a new raised corps of the Cape Colonial Defence force: there were a few Australians