

fairly respectable dummy. I capped it with my helmet.

Then I crawled out of the trench again by the far end, and worked my way through a clump of golden wattle. I felt pretty certain that Hawker had been watching me, and that before long, when he found I was engaged on a more protracted spell of work in the trench than usual, his curiosity would be roused, and he would be emboldened to crawl up and try to pot me. I described a half-circle in the bush, and got behind a rock at a spot from which I thought it was likely he would conduct operations.

I cowered in the shadow, and the dazzling furnace of the tropical light waxed in intensity as the sun mounted higher and higher. As the clearly-cut shadows narrowed, my position became more and more intolerable, for only those who have had to lie inactive and suffer the fierce rigour of a tropical sun, can realise what that meant. The air quivered with refracted heat waves, and both light and shade were as things that might be felt, clearly cut, palpable. It was an ordeal of endurance and patience, for if I moved now my enemy would be sure to see me, and my chances of surprising him gone for ever. I began to regret that I had not availed myself of the services of some of the friendly blacks; but that would have augured that I was not up to coping with the situation myself, and would have lowered my prestige. I looked about warily to catch a glimpse of the enemy, if indeed enemy there was.

But I felt that Hawker was somewhere close at