

bidding the disturber depart and cease from troubling them.

Louder hammering was the only answer vouchsafed, and at last, grumbling and irate, the frowsy figure of the Oom opened the door and stood before him, with mingled sleepiness and wrath on his unwholesome-looking face. Both soon disappeared, however, to be replaced by alarm, as he listened to the words of the intruder. "You promise," were the German's last words. "I can rely upon you to get her away before daybreak. All right, then; I'm off," and with a short "Good night" he left the house.

A few minutes later he was hurrying along the mountain track, where he met, and after a few words with the leader caused to come to a halt, a disorderly mass—Dutchmen and prisoners intermingled—casually making their way to the farm he had just left.

Long before the sun was up a cape cart stood waiting at the gate of Losfontein Farm, a heap of household goods piled upon it. The house door opened, the Oom appeared, pipe in mouth, and slowly heaving himself on to the driver's seat, took up the reins. His wife followed, seated herself beside her lord, then whispered something in his ear, pointing as she did so to a side window. The Dutchman's face grew stern. "Let the harlot die," he said, then with a click of his tongue drove away, and a few minutes later cart and occupants had vanished into the darkness.

The light grew stronger, a leaden streak appeared in the east, and then, faintly at first, but rapidly growing louder, the thud of hoofs and rattle of wheels broke the stillness of the dawn, and along the mountain track came cantering a body of mounted men. Through the farm they dashed, not drawing rein, and, passing on towards a line of kopjes beyond, were lost to view. A smaller party followed, with them a slim black gun. These did