

to get coffee ready; brandy, too, if she has it. We're wet through, and half-starved."

"Who—who won?"

"Won? Why we did, of course. The whole lot of the rooineks are up yonder, prisoners. Oh, get away now. Tell the Oom it's Johannes Viljoen. He knows me. Run, girl, we'll hurry on."

For a moment Ruth stood looking at him, then, without a word, turned and walked back to the farmhouse.

In the living-room the sputtering candle once more flared, the old man muttered over his book, the needles clicked:

"I've come to tell you," she said very distinctly, and she smiled on the pair as she spoke, "that Henry's dead. I—I killed him, you know," nodding her head.

"Almaagtig, the girl's mad, Piet. Look at her eyes!"

"He, they, Carl Vander—Vander—are here; they want coffee, and there is blood . . . such a lot of blood, such a lot . . ." She began to sing in a high chanting voice: "*Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be, blessed shall she be above . . . above . . .*" She stopped, swayed, and then fell to the ground.