

VOLUNTEER ENCAMPMENT AT MIRAMAR, WELLINGTON.



A GUN DETACHMENT OF THE "D" BATTERY.



GROUP OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE "D" BATTERY.

Photos. by Kerney, Wellington

"I don't like this business, but I suppose I am in for it now," Quin said to himself. "I'm too good-natured, that's the trouble."

After a moment's thought he concealed the letter under the mattress of the bed. Then he left the room, locked the door behind him, and passed out of the hotel to the street. He dined at a restaurant a short distance away, and later went with an acquaintance to a club, where he played cards for an hour. It was 9 o'clock when he left, and as he was walking alone through a dark street he met a friend—an English broker of Johannesburg named Brown.

"I was looking for you," the latter said. "Where are you going?"

"Home to my hotel," Quin replied.

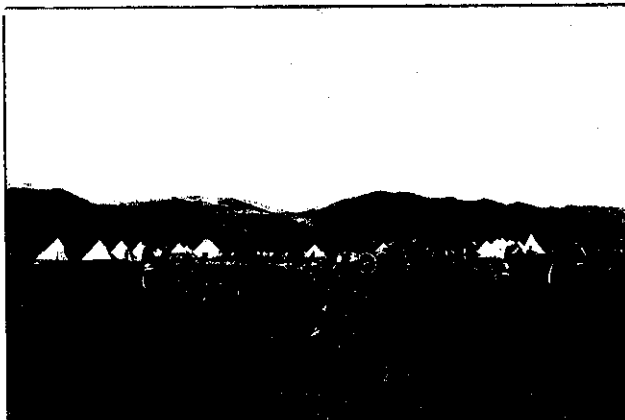
"You can't go there. My dear fellow, you are in a bad scrape; you must get out of the town at once."

"Have you gone dotty, Brown?"

"I don't wonder you think so," the banker replied. "But listen. I will tell you all briefly. John Fordyce was shadowed when he called on you at the hotel, and when he returned to his lodgings he was arrested. He confessed nothing; but, nevertheless, the police broke into your room, searched it, and found the sealed letter."

"What was in it?" gasped Quin.

"Papers relating to the fortifications and the military strength of every town in the Transvaal. I tell you this in confidence. And, what is more, the Government has discovered that



GENERAL VIEW OF THE "D" BATTERY, VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.

you brought ten cases of arms into Johannesburg some months ago."

"That scoundrel Fordyce!" exclaimed Quin. "What a dupe I have been! Ah, I see it all. The Outlanders are planning a rising, and you are mixed up in it. Otherwise you would not know so much."

"I won't say anything about that; form your own opinion."

"But why was I dragged into it? Good heavens, I shall be ruined! I always counted you as a friend, Brown."

"And rightly so. Fordyce made use of you without the knowledge of any

one else. I'm bitterly sorry, but that doesn't mend matters. If you are caught you will get a heavy sentence of imprisonment. You won't be able to prove your innocence."

Quin realised that he was indeed in a terrible plight.

"What am I to do?" he asked. "Leave town at once. The police are waiting for your return at the hotel, and I believe they are also watching the Kimberley station; they know you have a ticket on that line. Have you a revolver?"

"Yes."

"And money?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Here are £50 more." The banker produced a roll of notes. "Your only chance is to escape by the Pretoria and Delagoa Bay line," he went on hurriedly. "There is no train till morning, so you must hire a special. The stationmaster will give it to you if you mention my name; you will probably find him in his office. Once over the border, you will be all right. If you insist, I'll go with you—"

"No, that would be risky for you," interrupted Quin.

"You are right. I am in danger enough now, and I must face it out. But you must be off; every moment is precious."

A hasty grip of the hand, a few words of farewell, and the men separated. For an instant Quin gazed stupidly after the retreating form of the banker. Then he pulled himself together, and, with his usual courage, grasped the situation. If he was caught, he knew well, nothing could save him from a term of imprisonment. He vowed to escape at all hazards as he made his way across the town. And he looked forward to a future day of reckoning with John Fordyce.

The station of the Pretoria and Delagoa Bay railway was safely reached. A train had just left for Pretoria, and Quin found the stationmaster in his office. He was an Englishman, and probably in the confidence of the Uitlanders, for the mention of the banker's name thawed his reserve, and he listened with attention to his visitor's request.

"It seems to be an urgent case, sir," he remarked.

"It is," replied Quin. "It is a case of catching a steamer. I must be in Lorenzo Marquez to-morrow."

"Then, for the sake of speed, you had better not take a carriage," said the stationmaster. "You can have a special engine for £120. I will give you a good one, and two hands to run it. And I will wire instructions to have the line cleared."

Quin thanked the man with as much calmness as he could assume. He paid over the money, and then waited for twenty anxious minutes, during which he constantly expected the arrival of the police. But at last the engine drew alongside the platform, and he mounted to the limited quarters of the stoker and driver, who were both Boers. A moment later, with a thankful heart, he was watching the station recede in the distance. And when Johannesburg was only a glow on the horizon he took a deep breath and



Photo by Watson.

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