

his daughter's capture, and ordered the prisoner curtly to walk on ahead.

Some distance down the valley they came upon an extensive farm, in the yard of which a number of horsemen stood. Fitz surmised that they had just finished a substantial meal, while the women of the place stood guard, and that now they were ready for the march again. The young man was brought before the scowling leader of the force, whom he at once recognised as General De Wet. The General questioned the prisoner gruffly, but apparently paid little heed to what he said.

The dispatches he took with him into the house, the farmer following him. The General read the papers, gave a grunt, and threw them into the fire.

"They must think us children," he said, "to be fooled by so silly a device. The man was sent to be captured. Have him tied securely and locked in your stable. Send in your daughter to me." The farmer went out, and shortly after Gretchen entered, still carrying her rifle. The general questioned her about the taking of the soldier, and she answered all his queries.

"He will be locked in the stable, and tied so that he cannot move. Let him lie there until nine to-night or later. At nine to-night you are to go stealthily to the stable and release him. He is to think you do that for his sake. The conceit of these English will make them believe anything. He is sure to ask where De Wet has gone, and you must tell him that I am entrenching myself on Piety Kop. They will likely surround the hill, and I would have them stay there as long as possible. Do you understand?"

"Yes, General," said the girl, with downcast eyes. She seemed to have little enthusiasm for the task set to

her. But De Wet was too blunt a man to see any feminine subtleties in her manner. He had got her promise and that was enough. He knew she would obey orders. As soon as he went out and mounted his horse, the troop rode away, Gretchen's father with them, leaving only women in the house, and a man in the stable, tied in a hard knot, exceedingly uncomfortable.

As soon as the troop was out of sight, Gretchen unlocked the stable door, and brought the prisoner some food.

"If you give your word not to attempt to escape, I will untie those ropes."

"Escape?" cried Fitz, "why should I want to escape? I'd rather be here than anywhere else on earth. Only I'd like to be in a little more comfortable position."

She untied the ropes, and he stretched his limbs to restore circulation. Then he made use of his newly obtained freedom by attempting to imprison his fair gaoler in his arms, but she deftly eluded him.

"I think you have more respect for me with a rifle in my hands. Excuse me, till I fetch it."

"No, no. Don't go, Miss Gretchen. I'm awfully sorry if I've offended you. Upon my soul, I respect you more than anyone else on earth, even more than old De Wet, if that was him I met a while ago."

"Yes, that was he."

"Where is he off to now?"

"He is going to entrench on Piety Kop with what remains of his commando." The girl spoke very slowly and deliberately. Fitzgerald's eyes sparkled, but whether with admiration of the young woman, or glee at getting so all important a piece of news, no one knows to this day.

"Will you eat your dinner?" she

asked, "I am sorry I cannot offer you better fare."

"May I return after the war, and get a better meal, then?"

"I advise you to return to your camp. I will come at nine to-night and release you, if you promise not to attempt to break gaol before that hour."

"I'll do anything you ask me to do."

"You have learned the first duty of a soldier—obedience," and with that she left him.

At nine o'clock she came with a lighted lantern.

"I never knew before that prisoners were so loth to be set at liberty," he said.

"Perhaps the gaoler is a little sorry, too—sometimes," she answered.

She had set the lantern down, and he took an impulsive step forward, grasping both her hands. This man was a hated invader, but she forgot that for the moment.

"Gretchen," he cried, "I'm coming back—I'm coming back for you."

She laughed a little, in embarrassed fashion.

"How many have you said that to, since you left East London?"

"You know I've said it to none but yourself. Gretchen, I'd be a traitor for your sake. I have to-night the most precious piece of news in all Africa. I am the only Englishman in the world that knows where De Wet is. Till he is camp by daylight. Gretchen, I'll say nothing about him—for your sake—for your sake!"

A startled light came into her midnight eyes, then it faded. She had kept the letter of her word to the General, now was the moment to keep the spirit of it by urging this man to use his knowledge. She also might pretend to be a traitor by giving him liberty to tell his officer the whereabouts of the

elusive De Wet. She kept silence, and called herself a traitor in fact to her cause.

"You must do what you will with your knowledge," she replied at last.

"Well, Gretchen, my knowledge leads me to hope you won't object," and with that he kissed her before she had a chance to do so.

"I shall always wonder who was captured—Reginahl," was the sole comment she made.

As Regards Invalid Cookery,

bear in mind that your object is to impart nourishment; invalids are fatty, and their digestive organs weak. Remembering this, try LEMCO. Besides being very nourishing, LEMCO dishes are so delicious and tempting that the faddiest invalids relishes them; they are so digestible that the weakest stomach can assimilate them.

LEMCO

Are you quite sure

you are enjoying the exact Tobacco that suits you, or are you simply smoking on, the same old pipe that you have smoked for years—because, you've smoked it for years? If you are the least little bit inclined to make a change, do it *now*, for never in the history of Tobacco manufacture was there such a wonderful improvement, both in the growing of the leaf and in the making of the tobacco therefrom.

You would be pleasantly surprised to find that in

HAVELOCK Tobacco

you had found something far and away better than anything you had dreamt of. There is no brand in the World that is so alluring in flavour and solid in *quality* as "Havelock," and one trial would convince you, that there is more real satisfaction and pleasure to be got out of smoking a genuine tobacco than you were aware of.

Try a Plug or a Tin of "Havelock" Tobacco. Smoke it, say, for a month, and then see if anything would tempt you to go back to any other brand.

"Havelock" makes friends and keeps them.