is mostly a stage one. This man laughed truly.

"If you get out of this alive," said Hallwill, abruptly changing the conversation. "You will probably gain a V.C. some day, or get shot in the next engagement. I should say there was no in-between in your destiny."

He spoke naturally, without intention to flatter, and the trooper neither blushed nor denied.

"Probably," he said coolly. "I've been recommended already, so I've got some hope, you know," he confided. "It's about the one thing I would really care to get. I

"By God!" cried Hallwill, "so you're the fellow! Why, man, that's been read of all over the Empire!"

He looked at the trooper with admiration, almost worship.

But Brown shook his head sadly.

"Worse luck," he said despondently, "my girl doesn't read the dailies, and not being an 'Honorable' they've forgotten it at head-quarters. Not that it was anything," he apologised, "but still when a bloke draws the winner at Tattersall's he does like to get paid."

"Boers, by Jove!" cried Hallwill.



think the sight of it would knock some sense into my girl's head, and there'll be such a dashed lot of heroes after this war that without some mark, some sort of Al. at Lloyd's stamp—a man won't count much."

Hallwill was interested.

"When was it?"

The trooper shuffled himself into a more comfortable position.

"Oh! that mess up when the Q. Battery got chopped about. I happened to see some horses taking a lone hand with a gun in tow, and I just jumped up, and rode them out of it. That's all."

"We shall have to cut for it," said Brown.

On the horizon of the veldt they could see half-a-dozen horsemen galloping towards them, their broad-brimmed hats, and a white horse among them, leaving no doubt as to their nationality.

Hallwill peered cautiously round, and Brown cursed silently, for his rifle was lying a mile away, lost in the *mêlée* from which he had marvellously escaped with a sound body.

Hallwill had only a service revolver in his belt. "You see that rock over there," he