

We pulled up and listened. From the other side of the scrub came the sound of footsteps trudging heavily on the damp spongy ground.

"You can go no farder, Missie, de massa say so, often." It was a darky's voice, and

Through a gap in the scrub we caught sight of a woman's dress. But the darkies had evidently laid hands on her, for we heard her order them off. It was too much for our British blood. Ford made for the opening, and I followed.



THE NEXT MINUTE THERE WERE THREE OF US IN THE GARDEN, MAKING AS FAST AS WE COULD FOR THE WATER BELOW.

we strained our ears for the answer that was given in youthful, imperious tones.

"What nonsense! Only a few yards. Just to that clump. I saw several birds there."

"No matter, missie. You go no farder."

Then came the sound of more footsteps.

"Let that lady alone, you cursed niggers, or I'll shoot you dead!" shouted my gallant chum, and he cleared the opening and pointed his gun at the nearest darky, while I covered a second who still had hold of the girl. Both the blacks fell back in sheer