

but the knife glanced off his terribly thick hide. Frightened for the moment at my unexpected assault, he jumped clean over me, and got behind a boulder near the wall of the cave. I scrambled quickly in the opposite direction and then got up and glanced round; I was now standing at the far end of the cavern where there was no exit. The walls were slimy, and a trickle of water fell down my back from the narrow opening overhead. I could catch a glimpse of the blue sky through the opening in the swamp above. A small rivulet ran along the side of the cave, the floor being tolerably level, with the exception of a boulder or two. After taking in the situation, I determined not to leave this curious underground apartment without finishing the business I had in view. Bully was panting near the centre of the cavern, while the boar was bailed up behind the rock in a sort of sentry box, as it were, near the entrance, keeping a strict eye on us. He was the man in possession, and was evidently determined to stay. But I felt quite fresh, so calling out to Bully, I sailed in again, making a charge from the other side of the rock. (Boars are very partial to rocks.) Then the fun commenced in earnest. We all got jammed between the boulder and the wall. I was at the back of the boar on my hands and knees, vainly trying to get hold of his hind legs. Suddenly he got free, and I was sent sprawling on my back. Bully immediately tackled him, and fortunately got a good hold of his right ear, the other was in shreds. Another rush and I made a small but ineffectual wound in his neck. The rivulet by this time was ploughed up and mixed with blood. One moment we were banging up against the slimy walls, or struggling on the floor, the boar making short lightning rushes, and Bully hanging to his ear or legs, as opportunity offered. It was impossible to get a fatal wound in during this tumbling fight, for I believe in having a pig on his back to kill it in a proper manner. It was like dodging round an iron-bark tree. I never carried a revolver or a gun, only a scrub knife and a

small butcher's knife. I got the knife in once below his ear. I was not very particular just then where I struck him, but the loss of blood soon told. Once or twice during his mad rushes, as I dodged or fell on one side, I could feel his hot breath on my face, and see the bright gleam of his glistening white tusks, as they flashed passed me in the subdued light. At the mouth of the cave I could catch glimpses of the vivid blue sky, and the yellow and green fern stretching away in soft sloping ranges. The collie dog, whose particular line was finding pigs, not bailing them up, stood up at the entrance, watching the frantic struggle below. His efforts to summon sufficient courage to come down were most amusing. The smaller mastiff lay by his side, still considering his wound a sufficient excuse for his inaction. By this time I was getting tired of the alternate chances of the fight, so I decided to bring things to a close one way or another. After some narrow escapes I managed to get a grip of both his hind legs. This once accomplished, I had him practically at my mercy, though I had a tough tussle to throw him. When I did get him down he fought with his feet, and it was some time before I could knife him. He fought to the last, and died game. It would have been a sorry day for me if he had once got me underneath; his sharp tusks would have done more execution in five seconds than a carving-knife in double that time. I fortunately got off without a rip, but was knocked about in other ways. This did not trouble me much. I secured his tusks, a splendid pair, and then climbed out of the cave and called the dogs; we were truly a sanguinary-looking lot.

After a good rest, off we started again, for I was bent on getting an eatable pig before returning to camp. We killed a splendid barrow just before dusk, and by the time I had it cleaned and singed it was dark. The trip back to camp was tedious and long, and the pork was heavy. At times I had to strike matches to find my way, for there was no defined track of any sort. Just