

for us to draw further into the rough hill-country, where we could not deploy in regular fashion. We were all tired of the long marches, the hot days, the cold nights and the everlasting sameness of the whole proceedings, and longed for a sight of the tribesmen.

"One afternoon, as I rode to the head of the column, I observed a deep rift in the range of hills ahead, and then I knew that, for a time at least, we could rest, for this was the pass that we had to occupy ere the wily tribesmen could man the position. So the little army brightened up, the British regiments trudged steadily along, the native battalions swung briskly past, and the heavy ammunition and transport waggons, drawn by an army of bullocks, wound like centipedes among the low hills, and far in the rear a little body of native troops acted as the rear-guard of the force.

"But before I tell you any more of the fighting in the hills I must go back and relate an incident which occurred just before the column left headquarters. One day I happened to be going out to inspect some new transport waggons. Just as I got to the gate of the courtyard I found a letter lying in the roadway. To my surprise I noticed that it was addressed to Miss Delavel, in England. I did not post it on, for I knew that the Baronet and his daughter were en route for India, and that I should see them shortly, so I put the letter in my box and thought no more about it, meaning to deliver it on their arrival. I felt that I ought really to try and find the sender, but as there were hundreds of British officers in the town, I guessed it would be a hopeless task unless I advertised. This I was loath to do, as the sender might not thank me, so I retained the letter for the time being.

"We reached the Pass in safety, and after the camp was formed the infantry occupied the position, which was a strong one, and would

have cost us many lives had the enemy forestalled us. As our men were mounted, they were not called on to do infantry duties, but a detachment was sent out in the direction of the enemy to discover, if possible, their strength. I was picked to command this small party of scouts, who numbered in all twenty men. As soon as day broke we started off in the direction of some low hills from which position we might obtain a view of the country beyond. I rode ahead with two privates, while the rest of my command followed some distance in the rear, under the charge of Sergeant Clere, who was N.C.O. under me. Proceedings at a walk, it was some time ere we neared the hills. As we commenced mounting the first slopes I became aware that the enemy were in the vicinity, for I observed that small earthworks of boulders had been erected to cover sharpshooters. You may think we were foolish to have come so far from the camp, but the commander himself thought the enemy were not within thirty miles of the Pass, as we had not seen a native village for days, and the country seemed bare of inhabitants. I at once halted my command, and ordered them to proceed on foot, leaving four men in charge of the horses. I was, no doubt, foolish to press forward, but I had hopes of capturing some native who might be able to give us some information.

"The ground became rougher and our advance more difficult, and I was about to give the order to fall back, when a trooper on my right drew my attention to a figure that lay as if asleep under a large bush. I gave the word and we both rushed to grab our man. He sprang to his feet and made at me with a long knife.

"I avoided his rush, as I feared to use my revolver, lest it might draw the attention of other undesirable natives, but my precaution was a failure, for the man who was glaring at us, knife in hand,