A STORY OF THE BOER CAMPAIGN

e wagon-path on her sure-footed litis horse Rover. She was a capital
rorse-woman, and nothing daunted
for when in the saddle.
It was a very hot day, and there
for signs of coming rain, which made
of dry veid: (Fer path lay across
did withered shruhs made it look like
desert. The road was a bad and undulated
two one. It swelled and undulated
to an organ most densite down into

They Are Now Called THE NAMES OF SOUTH AFRICAN

They Are Now Called.

