

hood. He held it behind the veil from the day of his martyrdom, which is believed to have occurred about the year 29 A. D., and conferred it on May 14, 1829, eighteen hundred years later—upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. See Doctrine and Covenants, Section 13.

After what has been produced in favor of John the Baptist, and to weaken the unfavorable impression regarding his fidelity, the writer can only appeal to reason and sound judgment, and kindly ask those who differ with him in theory, to give the subject the candid and prayerful attention and should any light have been thrown upon the subject, let the honor thereof be ascribed to the great fountain of intelligence.

JOHN SEARS.

A WEEK'S OUTING IN SOUTH AFRICA

In a foreign land, far from home, it is strange under what trivial circumstances two men may meet. One perhaps may incidentally let drop a word and in less than two minutes both will realize that each was born and raised in the same town many miles away across the ocean and from that bare fact, without inquiring into credentials, a lifelong friendship may be cemented. In such a way I chanced to run across Charlie Cosgrave. Our fathers happened to go to college together; that was enough. I had been staying with Charlie on his orange and ostrich farm a couple of weeks; we had plucked the birds, hunted, played nap with the neighbors and killed time generally in a most enjoyable way. The life was new to me and I enjoyed it hugely, as Charlie was always skirmishing around for some new excitement. I was enabled to go to bed each night feeling I had not lived the day in vain.

My chum was a typical Englishman; affected extremely loose riding breeches, immaculate tops, garnished with a pair of spurs that made one blink to look at them; they were so brightly burnished. His hunting crop and he were inseparable; ditto his dogs, for he never stirred without half a dozen canines at his heels, together with his big roan mare with a white stocking. He was quite correct, in fact "quite English, you know," although it seemed to me a little out of place in the wilds of South Africa. That mare had my heartiest sympathies. Her tail being docked in the correct Hyde Park style, the flies had a high old time, Bessie's tail working perpetually like an animated gun swab. One morning after coming in, loaded with dead parrots, the fruits of a raid upon a flock, Charles ventured the information we had been working too hard and needed a rest and change. I did not say anything, as it appeared to me we had been resting the balance of our time, so I concluded that mum was the word and proceeded to await developments. It soon leaked out that every year during the hottest months, January and February, all the farmers were in the habit of packing up and trekking down to the sea coast, there camp and indulge in a rare old sociable time. Nothing loth I rolled up my sleeves and assisted in packing up a tent and a host of the good things of this life in the shape of edibles and drinkables. It looks an easy thing to stow away rations for a couple of weeks, in a Scotch cart, but before I got through with my job life seemed to have lost its charms for me. The canned goods

were allright, but the pies, cheese and butter! The cheese would assert itself wherever it was placed, and whilst working out that problem Charlie sat on a pie. It didn't hurt the crust any; as a black abigail presided as chef anyhow, he objected in good queen's English to having his spotless white ducks unmentionables frescoed with Cape gooseberry. The pie was handed to the omnipresent dogs which sniffed suspiciously and then promptly passed after politely overturning a jar of salt into the tea caddy. However, after many trials and tribulations everything was safely packed away. Six oxen inspanned to the cart, and the outfit started on its journey in the custody of the leading henchman Oomta, who bestowed on us a huge grin, when Charlie informed him to "pass oop" if the way bill did not check up O.K. at the other end of the journey. A small Kaffir was dispatched for our horses and off he started with a bridle over his arm on the dead run. He was about ten years old; being attired solely in one of Charlie's old white shirts he resembled a young comet scudding o'er the veldt, judging from the length of tail visible. It there is anything these "queltas" like more than another it is the chance to get across a horse and ride it at a break neck pace. How they stick on I don't know. In less than twenty minutes a horse appeared on the rise, with tail straight out, annihilating distance like an express train, hotly pursued by horse No. 2 and the boy, who bumped from side to side and occasionally exhibited six inches of daylight betwixt him and his steed. The horses being saddled, final instructions were given to the boys and we started on a fifty mile ride to the mouth of the Fish river. The horses seemed eager for a chase, so, giving them their heads, we sailed across the veldt, crossing over bushes, the dogs yelping as though Bedlam were loose; on we clattered, rounded a clump of bushes and rode slap on to a flock of ostriches sunning themselves in a flash. The whole country appeared to be one mass of undulating necks and plumed wings. Just then I was busily engaged hanging on to my mount by one spur and a handful of mane, and when I had time to take in the scenery the birds were on the horizon, the well trained dogs lying down and Charlie holding his sides laughing at something. I muttered something about "a loose girth," but Charlie espied the irate owner of the flock coming over the brow of the hill with a shotgun to inquire into the unseemly behavior amongst his birds, so we left. We soon struck the noted Kowie bush and for two hours traversed a road (save the mark) cut through the bush, the scenery being very limited. The dogs seemed to be having a huge time to themselves amongst the small game and monkeys. On approaching the Kowie river our olfactory nerves were greeted with a most horrible odor, so we beat lower down the river to find a likely spot to off saddle. We found the cause of this stench to be the quartered carcass of an ox that had been killed and flayed, the hide being spread on the bank and the meat laid on it. I was at a loss to account for such a thing so far away from any habitation until Charlie explained that he had heard of the custom among the natives of presenting a similar offering to the river god (Tickelosh I think he called him), when one of their num-

ber had been drowned so that he would give up the body. I was also informed when a native is drowning his comrades let him go, simply remarking: "Tickelosh has got him." Tickelosh evidently did not want this nigger, as his bloated body lay extended on the bank 500 yards down the river.

We told some Kaffirs we met later on of it, but as our Kaffir vocabulary was meager and their English nil, they evidently put us down as a couple of lunatics from Grahamstown; anyhow we felt proud to think we had done our duty. At last once more we reached the open veldt; which spread itself on all sides; in the distance lay the Indian ocean bearing a homeward bound liner on its bosom; and although fourteen miles off one could faintly hear the never ceasing roar of the surf as it broke upon the rock bound shore. To the left the veldt was broken up by deep kloofs, densely wooded, the home and the haunts of the bushbok, koodoo, wild pigs, baboons and monkeys; numerous cattle belonging to the settlers and natives dotted the grassy veldt, the whole picture being backed up by the Grahamstown heights.

Charlie espied a black streak and a cloud of dust in the distance. In forty minutes we were alongside and discovered it to be the wagon and ox team of a friend of his. Nothing loth we climbed in and a very merry crowd we were, all bound for the same destination. A colonial transport wagon is a ponderous affair; the bed stands five feet from the ground and the wagon is from twenty to twenty-five feet long, eight feet from rail to rail and will carry a load of 9,000 lbs, the whole being drawn by a span of sixteen oxen. A tent generally covers the rear end, but this being a pleasure party there was a tent over the whole wagon; quilts were spread over the bed plank, and it was quite an oriental scene, the way we lolled around. Occasionally we would strike a chuck hole, there would be a painful pause and we would start to sort ourselves out once more. Colonial girls I found very entertaining and not at all shy; the young ladies of the party entertained us with very creditable part singing. Charlie fished up a banjo from somewhere and spoiled it all; he is a good fellow, but he can't sing. We arrived within a mile of camp and then outspanned the sterner sex. Taking a convenient sand bank we were soon lulled to sleep by the roar of the surf and cheerful yap, yap of the jackals. On awaking next morning we found Oomta had joined us in the night with the Scotch cart. If any of our readers contemplate camping out, just one word as to sleeping on the ground. Unless you want to cultivate a lop sided gait, dig a hole for your hip joint to rest in; it is advisable. South Africa supports some very healthy and energetic mosquitoes, and when they join forces with the ticks, the poor victim has an unenviable time. The sea coast is the happy hunting ground of the gay and festive tick. As small as pin heads they hang on every grass blade, a sheep cannot live where they abound, unless a milch cow is attended to once a week she gets ruined, the same with a horse; the little tick just selects a soft spot, buries his head, and in a few days grows as big as a hazel nut (if not dissected with a pair of scissors), when it gets matured, drops off and produces