

THE WINDS OF THE WORLD

cavalry, who know the last master-touches of the art of being still.

Between them and the very, very dark zone—which was what the Frenchmen call a forest, and some other nations call a stand of timber—a little group of officers sat talking in low tones, eight Englishmen and the others Sikhs.

“They say they’re working round the edge—say they can’t hold ’em. It looks very much as if we’re going to get our chance to-night. When a red light flashes three times at this near corner of the woods, we’re to ride into ’em in line—it’ll mean that our chaps are falling back in a hurry, leaving lots of room between ’em and the wood for us to ride through. Better join your men, you fellows! Oh, lord! What wouldn’t Ranjoor Singh have given to be here! What’s that?”

There came a challenge from the rear. Two horsemen cantered up.

“Who are you? What d’you want?”

“Sahib! Colonel Kirby sahib!”

“What is it? Hallo—there are the three