

These had been many, and in some cases severe. Mr. Farquhar was completely disabled by a deep wound in the shoulder. Mr. Percy had received a fearful gash on the arm. Charley had one ear nearly cut off, and the side of his face laid completely open with a sweeping blow. Four others were seriously wounded, and six had less important wounds. All, however, were too much elated with their success to make anything but light of their hurts.

"You seem fated to have your beauty spoiled, Charley," Mr. Hardy said, as he bandaged up his son's face. "A few more fights, and you will be as seasoned with scars as any Chelsea pensioner."

Charley joined in the general laugh at his own expense.

"Yes, papa, if I go on like this I shall certainly get rid of my looking-glass."

"You have not lost the rockets, I hope, Terence?" Mr. Hardy asked.

"Sure and I've not, your honour. I put them down behind a big rock before the little shindy began."

"We will fire them off," Mr. Hardy said. "They will heighten the impression, and make the Indians more anxious to come to terms, when they see that we can reach their village. We will not let them off all at once; but as we have four of each sort, we will send off a pair every half-hour or so, as they may think, if we fire them all at once and then stop, that we have no more left. We may as well give them a few shots, too, with our carbines and the rifles that remain serviceable. They will carry as far as half a mile if we give them elevation enough, and it is well to impress them as much as possible."

Mr. Hardy's suggestion was carried out. The first signal rocket showed the village crowded with Indians, over whose