

same moment, and a bulky form lurched forward into view. Two of his comrades were then seen to make for him, evidently with the intention of pulling him out of harm's way; but Little Dog and Big Head, not recognising anything in the shape of Red Cross privileges with men who were simply bent on murder, stopped them short with wounds of a more or less serious character.

Up till now not one of the defenders had received a scratch, thanks largely to the cool-headed and cautious leadership of Tapper. Still the latter knew the desperate character of some of the men who fought against them, and he realised it was only a question of time before they got near enough to rush the position. Nor had Tapper long to wait. Suddenly he cried :

"Now, boys, they are going to attempt a rush. Keep cool; don't expose yourselves more than you can help; and don't waste a shot!"