

They pulled at the trigger of their Mausers as fast as they could. The big man fell. Many of the others went down, but still the rest came on. Grant's Mauser needed recharging, and there was no time to slip in the loaded carrier.

But from the "sangar" above the butt of a rifle was thrust into his hands. The wounded soldier had recharged his own gun and handed it to Grant.

"Thanks!" cried Grant, sliding the muzzle between the stones. "I'll—*crack*—not—*crack*—forget that!"

So the big charge failed. The sailors turned and fled as they had come, dropping all the way, for from overhead on the roof-garden of Fort Eza, Amisfield, the sergeant, and Zipporah Katti, were now saying their little say.

After this drastic discouragement there was a long truce. The mutineers drew off and consulted. The circling horsemen tried to find another way up. Amisfield shouted down to Grant behind his breastwork that they had been prowling all about, and that he had managed to empty a saddle or two.

It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and sundown was only two hours off. They had a short time of quiet, and Amisfield ventured down to the "sangars" with his little armament of surgeons' instruments, together with the necessary lint and bandages. He dressed the three wounded men. Two of them were only slightly touched, but the third man had a bullet through his shoulder, which for the moment could not be extracted.

"We will take him up as soon as the sun sets. They will likely have at us again in the night, and that will be a serious business. Meanwhile, I dare say you can manage to send up five at a time to feed. The ladies have everything ready."

"I will come last batch," said Grant; "these fellows down here are not too far away to have another try at us."

"Not just now," Amisfield answered; "they have the night before them. For my part I wish to God that either Blucher would come or night stay away."

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