

was standing was a most exposed place. The Major was a smart, dapper-looking man, and he stood with his legs apart, one hand holding the glasses, the other brushing his moustache. Suddenly there was a sharp ping; he dropped the glasses, raised his right foot sharply, and swore. Then he came limping in.

"Curse the brutes—curse the brutes," he said, sitting on the ground and nursing his foot; "they have shot me through the big toe."

The doctor went to the Major's assistance and the scout officer peered round the corner of the house to see if he could make out where the shot had come from. Presently he came back.

"I think they have got a Maxim up in that church tower, sir," he said.

There was a fine church in the town the enemy were holding, and the tower stood high up above the other buildings.

"Have they, by Gad—the brutes," said the Major, still nursing his injured foot, which was causing him acute pain. "Here, let me look" he limped to the corner. A Maxim could plainly be heard firing from somewhere in front, ping-ping-ping—ping-ping-ping.