

beasts. Men stabbed and hacked and cursed ; rifle butts cracked down on heads ; triggers were pulled with the muzzle an inch from a man's face. And because the German face to face is no match for the English or French, in a short time there was peace, while men, panting like exhausted runners, bound up one another's scratches, and passed back the serious cases to the rear. They knew it was only a temporary respite, and while Jim eased the dying boy, they stacked bombs in heaps where they could get at them quickly. It was then that the German officer crawled out. Down some hole or other in a bomb recess he had hidden during the fight—and then, thinking his position dangerous, decided for peaceful capture. It was unfortunate for him the junior subaltern was still alive—but only Jim heard the whisper :

“That's the man who told them to bomb us.”

“That's interesting,” said Jim, and his face was white, while his eyes were red.

Quietly he picked up a pick, and moved towards the German officer. Through the Huns who had come back again, fighting, stabbing, picking his way, Jim Denver moved relentlessly. And at last he reached him—reached him and laughed gently. The German sprang at him and Jim struck him with his fist ; the German screamed for help, but