

in that language; "don't waste a cartridge! We may need them all yet! When they come again we must let them get higher up. They have not yet tasted what Amisfield has waiting for them on the top."

The Spaniards fell back reluctantly, taking advantage of every bit of cover—which, however, was not much. For the height of the little spur of rock gave a beautiful clear drop to the Mauser bullets, and more than one man rolled over behind his stone, smitten from above as he lay.

"Now we are going to get it!" cried Grant; "look out, Amisfield!" And the tiny shells came spat-spatting against the breastworks. Grant followed the example of the men, who had seen more of this sort of work than he had. They laid down at once with the butts of their rifles covering their heads, and all their accoutrements arranged along their backs.

"I don't believe this can keep on," thought Grant; "they have only sailors down there and these pom-poms are delicate mechanisms. At least so the gunner fellows tell me."

But he rose quickly as he heard the crackle of Amisfield's fire from the plateau above, and glancing over, was just in time to catch a glimpse of full thirty of the mutineers bounding up the path towards him. He shouted, and the men rose smartly to their feet. The shell fire was still continuing, and out on the plain the rest of the crew were making rifle practice. From all round came a great noise of shooting. Those of the "mehalla" who had been armed with guns were letting them off. They could not be said to be aiming, but the bullets whizzed through the air like bees swarming, and in the "sangar" immediately above, one of the men turned round upon himself with a groan and dropped.

The main assailants were within fifty yards, led by a big man holding a revolver in his left hand and a long Spanish knife in the other.

"Now, shoot fast," cried Grant in English. But just then the men understood any language.