

which can hardly be described. The two bodies of men, attackers and attacked, swayed this way and that. Some of the enemy even managed to leap over the boulders and gain the inner circle, only to be shot down instantly by Jim and his friends. Then, when matters had become desperate, and the din was deafening, shouts were heard from a distance. Sam dashed up to Jim, his face working with excitement, his eyes blazing.

"Friends comin', sah," he bellowed. "I see dem run from de forest. Dey charging from behind; dey policemen."

Whoever they were, the rear ranks of the enemy quickly discovered their presence, and turned to face them. Then across the clearing there came the sound of cheering. A loud command rang out, and in a trice a strong body of men had hurled themselves against the enemy. Not a shot was fired; for to have done so would have been to have risked shooting Jim and his party. But long, gleaming bayonets were at the ends of the rifles, and the strange weapon played havoc with the natives. The shouts of those in rear reached their comrades in front, and caused them to turn away. Then, for some five minutes, the enemy were caught between two forces, George's natives using their knives with terrible purpose. A few moments later and those of the enemy who were left turned tail and fled to the forest, pursued by volleys.

Have you ever heard excited men cheer, men who had hardly expected to be alive at that moment? That is how Jim and his men cheered. They set the jungle ringing, they dashed out into the open