

with anticipation and murderous design. His grey eyes seemed to be everywhere at once. He seemed to be all nerves, and if a cricket shrilled in some fresh spot, his gaze was there on that very instant. So conscious was I of his highly impressionable condition of mind and body that, somehow, I was almost afraid to think, lest some subtle brain-wave might reveal my presence.

He would advance a few steps, then stop to look around. His movements reminded me of a cat's. Would he discover my presence, and if he did, could I be quick enough with my rifle to prevent him shooting me? He held his rifle at the ready, and I knew he would be quickness itself. The moments seemed spun into years. He came abreast of me. He passed me, and I drew a long breath. I could see that he moved from one place to another, so that he could be enabled to keep my dummy in the trench in sight. Once he raised his rifle as if to fire, and then he lowered it again, and paused as if to steady himself. It was obvious he meant to make sure work of me.

I rose from behind the rock, and stole after him on tiptoe. I had kicked off my boots, so as to move noiselessly. I held my rifle in position, so that should he turn round, I had him that same moment. Without loss of time I lessened the distance between us.

And then he stopped, and straightened himself. My helmet was almost entirely exposed to view in the trench. He was going to shoot.

*Bang, bang!* and I saw my helmet spin round on top of the shovel. The desperado rushed in, and fired again. And then he stopped dead, and I could