

is the best for us. They've got a small field gun too, as neat a little toy as ever you saw. It is packed on a truck. Most unpleasant, that, but we can't help it. The splinters will come off the cliff. I must go and see that Miss Eza is all right."

And he went, leaving Zipporah and the ex-Zouave sergeant to see to the placing of the new levies. The Darfur porters were dibbled out between the regular drilled men, and as these had Mausers, the fire of the single-barrelled rifles belonging to the porters and camel-drivers would be superintended and in a manner also directed.

As the "mehalla" came on, the horsemen opened out in a fan, and the late crew of the *Golden Flagon* began to skirmish forward. There was no waste of time in searching. The trail of the camels and horses was unmistakable. The girls had previously been traced to their meeting-place with Amisfield in the morning. The feet of a man were seen accompanying them back to the deserted big camp where the fires still smouldered. And from that point the road was as plain as a turnpike.

The first signs of the impending attack came from some impatient men on the flank of Lupo's advance. About a dozen sprang at the road with a cheer. They had hated the desert march, in which they had often "laired" to the knees in the loose sand. But here they were on clean hard ground at last, and every Spaniard of the North is a past master of hill climbing.

But at that moment Grant gave an order to the men in the lower pair of "sangars." These rude breastworks of overlapping rocks piled together, had been set like the wings of a broad arrow, and their fire converged directly upon the narrow stone steps on which the men had set their feet. The clear crisp bark of the Mausers spoke out, and the cliff joyously sent back the sound. The other "sangars" took up the firing, and the little assaulting party melted away.

"Hold—steady there," cried Grant, speaking in French, because the soldiers understood commands