

dropped. The rest lay close and left the fallen alone. Then a tall priest in threadbare cassock and clumsy raw-hide shoes came out of a house and with the help of two or three others carried the victims inside. Cliffe heard somebody say that it was Father Agustín.

Soon afterward a man near Cliffe gave him a cigarette, and he smoked it, although his mouth was dry and the tobacco had a bitter taste. The heat was getting worse and his head began to ache, but he was busy wondering what would happen next. Gomez must have more troops than the handful he had sent; the rebels could not hold the position against a strong force, and their supports had not arrived. He hoped Gomez had no machine-guns.

Suddenly the attack recommenced. There were more soldiers, and a rattle of firing that broke out farther up the street suggested that the revolutionaries were being attacked in flank. Some of the men seemed to hesitate and began to look behind them, but they got steadier when an officer called out; and Cliffe understood that a detachment had been sent back to protect their rear. In the meantime, the soldiers in front were coming on. They were slouching, untidy fellows, but their brown faces were savage, and Cliffe knew they meant to get in. It was, however, his business to keep them out, and he fired as fast as he could load. When the barrel got so hot that he could hardly touch it, he paused to cool the open breach and anxiously looked about.

The street seemed filled with white figures, but they had opened out, and in the gaps he could see the dazzling stones over which the hot air danced. There