

their gun any nearer the edge. It must be very slippery up even where they are. Yonder's a fellow who will be over if he does not mind."

"Good," said Amisfield readily. "I believe you are right. We shall go and make it. Grant, carry something to drink to your hospital cases down there, and tell them I'll be down during the first lull to do what I can for them."

The refuge they managed to construct was a poor place. There was no time for much, but at least the men could lie where the shells could not touch them. Moreover they could aim from shelter, poking their guns between the stones. With the pick of the good shots concentrated there, the path could still be commanded, though the "sangars" might not be saved. Finally, after consultation, as it became evident that the lower "sangars" could not be guaranteed, it was soon necessary to get out the wounded from them. It was a tough job—but, fortunately, it was got over without provoking a repetition of the pom-pomming from the top of the cliff.

"Yonder they are just as I foretold," said Amisfield, after the job was done; "they will be at us soon. We had better get into our places."

"Take your lunches with you," cried Zipporah, handing out provisions and placing several camel-drivers' pails full of good water on a convenient flat stone. "Take each a flaskful, pocket your sandwiches, and be off to eat them in the refuge."

"And the name of it," said Amisfield, "is Bastion Zipporah Katti."

"Well, call it Bastion Z—and go there!" said the bastion's god-parent, without any acknowledgment of the honour.

However, they were not immediately attacked. The heat down on the face of the sand must have been exhausting. On the kopje itself there was still some breath of air, which blew along the cliff wall and spouted out of the side gullies.

It was not till four o'clock that the enemy made a move. In the camp of the Spaniards they could