

sent out a yell which drew the mountaineers from every corner and bush on the slope. I beat back the nearest and shouted to my troopers to run. We retreated steadily, and had almost gained the horses when I put my foot in a hole, twisted my ankle, and fell. Seeing this the tribesmen made a rush, and it was all I could do to get on my knees and fire. Several of the troopers, now mounted, tried to reach me, but were shot down. My revolver fire deterred the enemy for some time, but a rifle bullet struck me in the shoulder and I fell forward. As I did so the hillmen with knife and sword rushed in to finish me. I closed my eyes, for I was powerless to resist. Suddenly there was a whirl and a rush, and they scattered for an instant. In that instant I was saved; a mounted man plucked me from the ground, and drawing me across the saddle in front of him, galloped through the surging horde of savages. We tore down the slope at a swooping pace, the clattering of the flying horse's hoofs almost drowned by the yelling of the savages, baulked of their helpless prey. The man held me firmly on the horse, and I heard him murmur something. Turning my head, my eyes rested on the face of Sergeant Clere, who smiled grimly.

"I gasped out a few words of gratitude, and then suddenly began to lose consciousness, and as the horse dashed over the boulders at a furious pace, I seemed to sink lower and lower, and then there was a sickening crash and I knew no more.

"The next thing I remember was opening my eyes and seeing Dr. Owen—the same man who was in the regiment last year—beside me. I was in the hospital at headquarters and lying in a small private room. Owen was greatly pleased at my return to consciousness, and told me I had been insensible for a week. Next day I felt much better, and asked the surgeon how I had been saved. He gave me a full

account of the matter. After Sergeant Clere picked me up and dashed off, he would have got safely away, but the horse, overburdened with the double weight, stumbled and fell, throwing us heavily to the ground. The noble Sergeant then took me in his arms, and ran for the lines amid a shower of slugs and bullets, which fortunately did not touch him. I asked if he was to get a V.C., and was told that he had been recommended for one, and that he would also be almost sure to obtain a commission.

"Some weeks after, being fairly strong again, I determined to see my rescuer. I went across to the sergeant's quarters and found Clere. I thanked him for his noble conduct and assured him of my intention to do all in my power to promote his welfare. I also asked for his forgiveness for my past conduct in trying to wed the girl he loved.

"'Trying!' he exclaimed, 'Why I thought you were engaged at least!' Thinking I was the favoured one, he had given up all hope.

"I told him not to despair as the lady was on her way to India, and that I would forward his suit by every means in my power.

"But he would not hear of it, and on my pressing him, he said that in a fit of anger he had written to Miss Delavel, throwing her over for good, and that he had been bitterly sorry since for allowing his feelings to get the better of him.

"I asked from what place he had written, and on his telling me, I had the satisfaction of drawing the letter I had found from my pocket and handing it to him.

"He seemed dazed for a minute, and then, tearing the envelope and its contents in pieces, he grasped my hand.

"I explained to him that I had judged it best to retain it, and hand it to Miss Delavel on her arrival.

"For a time poor Clere did not seem able to utter a sound, and when he did it was to thank Pro-