

policemen had fired nearly their last cartridge, and if we didn't make haste to relieve them they would surely all be killed.

"Forward, march!" Captain Fecchet commanded, and the trumpeter sounded "Gallop". Away we went across country for the edge of the valley which it was now light enough for us to see about a mile ahead of us.

When we reached the crest of the slope we found ourselves immediately above the cabin in which the policemen were surrounded. It was now broad daylight, and we could distinguish this hut from the rest by a dense blue ring of rifle smoke which hung over it. The Indians in the woods near by were still firing heavily at it. No doubt they would soon have charged it and murdered every policeman sheltered there.

We were about a thousand yards from the wood and a hundred feet or more above it. We opened fire upon it and the Indians therein immediately returned our fire; but we were too far from them and too high for their shots to take effect. Keeping up our fire we moved down the grassy slope to the next bench, while the Indians continued their fire from the cover of the timber.

If we had been dependent wholly upon the fire of our carbines we should have had a sharp fight and a hard task to dislodge the hostile Indians. Every advantage was on their side. They outnumbered us and had repeating rifles while we had single loaders; and they had a wood for cover, which is about the best natural cover troops can have against small-arm fire. But luckily we had not forgotten to bring with us the little mountain Hotchkiss gun. It fired an explosive shell about an inch and a quarter in diameter.

This little gun was hurriedly dragged to the crest of the slope and trained on the wood below. Immediately after the first shell exploded among the Indians they began to move out, and the time the third shell