Chapter One.

CRBS

To Save a Comrade.

A sharp volley, which ran echoing along the

ravine, then another, just as the faint bluish

smoke from some hundred or two muskets

floated up into the bright sunshine from amidst

the scattered chestnuts and cork-trees that filled

the lower part of the beautiful gorge, where,

now hidden, now flashing out and scattering the

rays of the sun, a torrent roared and foamed

along its rocky course onward towards its junc-

tion with the great Spanish river whose destina-

tion was the sea.

Again another ragged volley; and this was fol-

lowed by a few dull, heavy-sounding single

shots, which came evidently from a skirmishing

party which was working its way along the steep

slope across the river.

There was no responsive platoon reply to the

volley, but the skirmishing shots were answered

directly by crack! crack! crack! the reports that