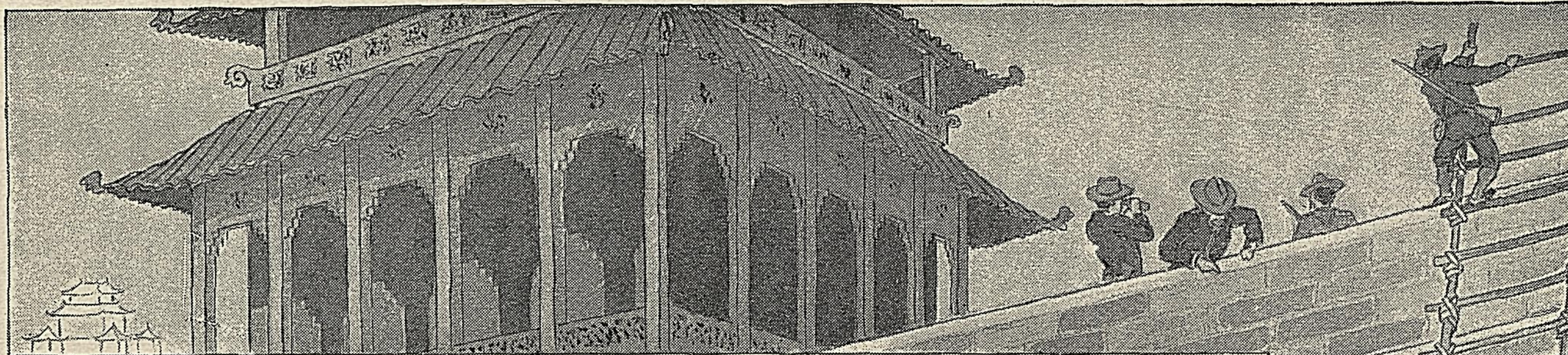




The bugles again sounded the order for the firing to begin. Many volleys of bullets high in the air could only be explained by the suggestion that Chinese soldiers were firing at the guardian spirits of the foreigners. On this day the attacking Chinese began the erection of extensive counter-fortifications. The defenders had not only the thousands immediately around them to be anxious for, but could look across the city to the great Peitang cathedral, and know that it was also besieged and attacked, with not half of their own facilities for defence. But good Bishop Favier had long predicted the storm, and was prepared for it. The brave Jesuit Fathers under him fought so well and faithfully, that the shuddering converts, for whose lives the mob was raging, must have had their eyes opened to the reality of the church militant. After all, the Christian nations are responsible, however mistakenly, for these converts, and it did seem hard that the diplomats should have been so ready to desert them. Assault by rifle volleys and Krupp guns was continuous. Surgeon Lippett was shot in the hip by a bullet which would otherwise probably have killed Minister Conger. Chinese Secretary Pethick, of the American Legation, had a fan, which he was using, pierced by a bullet. On June 27th seventy shells struck the British Legation. There were continual sorties and renewed attacks in force. The Germans were most active in bravery, and probably suffered most. Loopholes in the walls of attack and defence were so close together that you could not look through them without being fired at. A "Peking Gazette" of this date bears an edict officially ordering the extermination of all foreigners. On July 3d Captain Jack Myers, of the American Marine Corps, led a successful sortie for the capture of an intolerable barricade overlooking the American Legation, in which three Americans were killed and Myers wounded. He captured at this time two Imperial banners bearing the cipher of General Ma—more evidence of the tender care with which the government was protecting the foreigners.

Whoever writes this epic in its proper form will find a treasure of a character in Chamot, the wonderful Chamot, proprietor of the French hotel in Legation Street, which in times of peace is the abiding-place of most foreign visitors. Rostand should do one of

