

them impossible, that the Germans were advancing to seize the ruined village, that even then they were surrounded.

"Soon a bullet struck the Sister in the head; she did not die immediately, nor did she lose consciousness for some moments, during which Ernest went to the ground, took her head upon his knees, wondering of whom her face reminded him, and wept over her. She murmured a few words but did not mention his name; indeed, she did not appear to think about her old sweetheart, or her child, or even of death. I heard her whisper, 'The sun will be shining on the stickles. Do the swallows still whirl and whistle about the Keep?' That was all. A minute later she was dead.

"Ernest, frozen to the spot, could only weep and pray. He held her body close to his as a shield. He bent over the face of his beautiful unknown comrade, and, when he looked up, his mouth was red with her blood. He saw a line of soldiers advancing; he raised one arm feebly, trying to find words of surrender, but his tongue failed. A soldier turned aside to peer at him curiously.

"'Ernest!' he cried. 'It is my old pal, Ernest Southcombe, yes?'

"'Charles Holt!' cried Ernest.

"'Carl Holz, my old fellow. In Germany I stay too long, I am caught in this war machinery, but I surrender soon to your people, who are mine also, and then I go back to Canada, and take up a farm again. Lie down Ernest, and be very still; presently I come back for you and you and I will run away together. It is a very nice girl that, and I am sorry she is no more good.'

"He stiffened and his smiling face became stern. An officer approached in a furious manner, having marked one of his men fraternizing with one of the cursed enemy. In an instant Holz had swung up his arms and, with the shout in German, 'Swine of an Englishman!' thrust his bayonet through his former friend; then turned to salute his officer, and to explain in the voice of a slave, 'This was a man I knew in Canada, my captain. A liar and cheat, and he owed me money. He did also seduce my wife from me.'

"Ernest was long in dying, though I do not think he suffered very greatly. His mind at all events was quite at ease. I watched the two lovers lying together side by