

sometimes very dear. Damn it all, I adore that boy. I wish he were not in the aviation."

The General blew his nose and then fiercely kicked the scrap basket.

"It is for him," he continued, "that I am living here. I should be quartered in a much finer house. But Carl wanted the two girls brought here to be cared for by Madame Cortlandt. After all, the beer is good, and there are always fresh eggs and a young pullet for one's dinner. Now shall we try to simplify these plans a little more?"

While the two men were working upstairs, Elspeth Emsden, after having passed the sentry, opened the front door and crossed the hall to the stone-paved kitchen at the rear of the house.

Marianne was sewing, and a light of pleased recognition passed over her dull face at the appearance of her younger sister. She did not speak, however, and Elspeth crossed the room and tenderly laid her hand on her sister's hair.

"Be happier, my sister," she said in French, "the light shows through the clouds a little."

Marianne muttered something which was quite unintelligible and then her face showed relief as her mind seemed to be clear. She spoke quietly now, as she had spoken to the German General.

"Elspeth, you had better marry Carl so that he can protect you. Suppose he were killed while flying? Where would you be then? Oh, Elspeth, it is awful." The girl's mouth quivered and she shook and trembled convulsively.

Elspeth soothed her gently and then she whispered, "Dear, the end of this Purgatory must be coming soon. I heard to-day that the American troops have landed in France. Be of good cheer and do not worry. I love and trust Carl in every way, but I will not marry a German. He is so unlike those who have never

been out of Germany, that I still hope he will one day see the light and give up the Fatherland. It is his Uncle who holds him. You know, Marianne, that the old man is as cruel as are all Germans who have been educated there. Some day Carl will find this out, and it will be the last straw. He cannot bear cruelty, and yet he will not hear a word against the old man."

Elspeth began to prepare the evening meal. Both girls had learned to relieve Madame Cortlandt of nearly all the work in her house. Shortly after the woman's aged husband had been deported to work in Germany, Carl had brought the two girls to her. Marianne had been quite insane, Elspeth, suffering from nervous shock, was in a state of stupor. The latter soon recovered, but Marianne's mind was unhinged by the torture which she had suffered.

After the simple supper was cleared away, Elspeth made the large and unsavoury sandwich which was her daily bribe to the sentry at the front door.

Every evening she slipped through the door as if she had not seen him. And every evening he feebly protested.

"Aber Fraulein—" he said, the odour of the sandwich already filling his nostrils. Always she turned with a smile, the sandwich on her outstretched palm, mock horror coming into her eyes as she looked at the fixed bayonet which she had so far pretended not to see. She never attempted to go beyond the edge of the canal, where she sat every evening, twenty feet from where he stood.

To-night the moon was shining, and there would be many aeroplanes on the road. The girl paused and looked along the canal which divided the street. The water reflected the rays of the moon, a dark streak crossing the shimmer about fifty yards to the left. It was the bridge which crossed the canal.

All was silent in the town and all was dark. Only the distant booming