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The Crime of K 15

(Continued from page 7.)

safe to venture down to the train! Even in the fog, it would be unwise to linger on the platform. His disguise, facially at any rate, was but a flimsy one after all.

He smoked, and idly began to read the letters in the pocket of his tunic.

There were two of them, and with a start of surprise, he realized that they both came from a Cornish village he had known well in the past—a village only eight miles from that in which his father had been Rector, and where his mother had died.

This was the first:

"Dear Bob,

"The Doctor says as mother will live till you come, now as you have got leave. Mother knows you are coming, and is waiting to say good-bye. Dear Bob, she says as now she knows you are coming to-morrow she will die happy. If you catch the 7.30 from Plymouth you will be here at station by 9, and a trap will be waiting. Dear Bob, come at once.

"Your loving sister,

"Susan Donovan."

The other letter was headed "The Vicarage," and was brief:

"Dear Donovan," it ran, "don't delay an hour in your journey from Plymouth to-morrow evening. Your mother may, I pray God, last till your arrival.

"As from your boyhood,

Your sincere friend,

"Harold Davidson."

The mist eddied round the pine trees, and cold drops fell from the dark branches upon the sodden turf.

The figure in uniform, hidden in the recesses of the wood, remained absolutely motionless for quite half an hour.

FOR all that time there was no sound from the encircling moor—no sound of battle. And yet the legions of evil, in sable regiments strong, were waging a furious battle in their own country, their known and accustomed country, against one single angel of light.

But now a sound came.

It was the noise of shunting down below in the station, the whistle of an engine about to start; then the groaning movement as the train mov-

ed out into the mists towards Plymouth.

And, above the station, was the sound of sobbing, the sobbing of a broken and contrite heart to which old memories had come, to which—perhaps—the voice of a Mother had spoken from another and happier world than this.

Through the mist!—could he find his way back? Could he find his way back to the lonely farmhouse upon the moor?

For the first time for many years K.15 prayed.

He prayed that he might be able to discover the path through this chilly grey blanket which had descended over the western moors—the path back to the house where War-der Donovan lay.

To release the bound man! to give him a chance of being present at the deathbed of the mother he loved!

In his hurried progress back towards the farm he came suddenly to a mark he recognized—a huge table-shaped boulder. It told him that he was but five minutes' walk from the place he sought.

And then he stopped.

He knew what this would mean. It would mean a flogging for the assault. It would mean parti-coloured clothes and chains for the escape. It would mean that the horror of his life was to deepen into horrors more terrible still.

Then he went on.

It was done! He had untwisted the cruel bonds of wire. He had chafed the wrists and ankles, he had brought water from the well, and poured it over Donovan's head and the great bump which had risen there from the blow of the mallet.

Then he stood trembling and cringing before the prison officer. With nervous fingers he began to unbutton the black leather belt and the tunic that he wore—speaking incoherently the while, trembling very much. As well as he was able, he explained, and then, as the other looked at him with dazed eyes, power came into his voice and he spoke. He spoke of his own mother. He told of the letters he had read.

Then he stood humbly waiting for

VON HINDENBURG TO DATE



THEY ARE KNOCKING THE CHIPS OUT OF THE 'MAN O' WOOD AND IRON.

This amateur cartoon is sent us by "An American" in Denver, Colorado, who says he gets the Courier occasionally from a relative in this country. He adds: "I have derived considerable enjoyment from the Courier." This is intended as a satire on the huge wooden statue of Von Hindenburg in Berlin, in which Germans are privileged to drive nails at one mark for each nail.