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## "The One Who Comes Alone

(Continued from page 61)

allowed to go to Moreuil to give the

warning. "We are short of men, Jim; I can't spare you from the guard," he began, but I interrupted.

"'Can't I go? A nurse might get through more easily than a soldier."
"The Boche are gaining ground; I couldn't send a woman out there alone." Then the Captain added hopefully "If he got away from under the fully, "If he got away from under the Kaiser's very nose, do you believe it is necessary to warn him-don't you think he will know?"

think he will know?"

"I've thought of that," Jim answered soberly; "But, but, gee, Captain, I, I just can't help thinking about that time in the garden—when—oh, gee—when all his friends went to sleep—."

Then with an impulsive little gesture. Then, with an impulsive little gesture of appeal, he added, "If—if you'd ever seen him, Captain—!"

But the Captain no longer hesitated: "Change coats with one of the stretcher-bearers," he said, "and take the nurse with you!"

IT was a rough and circuitous route that Sunny Jim and I took from the dressing station toward Moreuil. We passed numberless refugees, men, women, and children, stumbling breathlessly along the road. Occasionally, we caught glimpses of our own men, but we avoided these groups carefully, lest

we avoided these groups carefully, lest they insist upon our turning back. Finally we saw, a short distance ahead of us, a few buildings that mark-ed the outskirts of the village, but in our anxiety we had made too great a detour and were approaching from the wrong side. All about us we could hear the sharp crack of the guns and suddenly, Sunny Jim stumbled forward. Regaining his footing, he caught me by the arm and hurried with me to the shelter of the nearest building, which happened to be the ruins of a church. "Well, they nipped me that time," he said coully trying to open his coat; wrong side. All about us we could hear

he said, coolly, trying to open his coat; then, as I started to help him, he ex-claimed, "Never mind fussing over me. Just give me a bunch of that bandage and I'll plug this thing up by myself but you go on; you must go on, and as soon as I get this fixed I'll come too.

We just can't fall down on this job,'

We just can't fall down on this job,'

Even as he spoke his we just can't fail down on this job, he whispered. Even as he spoke, his knees sank under him, but he pushed me away when I tried to support him. "You go on," he begged; "I can't help, but you go on—go on and warn him—he can't be far—'" and his eyelide mivered. lids quivered.

At that moment, a tiny door in the ruined wall opened and a young man in the uniform of the Red Cross came toward us. Kneeling, he pillowed Sunny Jim's head on his arm, and firmly pressed a dressing over the wound. The boy opened his eyes and, instantly re-membering our mission, struggled to

rise.

"I'm all right," he insisted feebly.
"We must find him, Miss—we—we musn't be asleep—." Just then, his eyes rested on the man leaning over him and a glorious smile illumined his face as he said:

face as he said:

"We came to tell you the Boche—
the Boche are after you. They're coming—coming—I was afraid I couldn't
help you—. We'll have some work to
get back—the Boche—.''

(It is all right; you have done your

get back—the Boche—''
''It is all right; you have done your
work nobly,'' The One Who Comes Alone answered softly; but Jim strug-

gled:

"The girl. I must get the girl back,
you know—the Boche—they—I must
—"he pleaded.

"Che shall go back to the line un-

"She shall go back to the line unharmed," he promised; then looking harmed," he promised; then looking straight into his eyes, Jim sighed contentedly, and whispered:
"Gee, I'm glad I found you," and The One Who Comes Alone answered him with a jayous length.

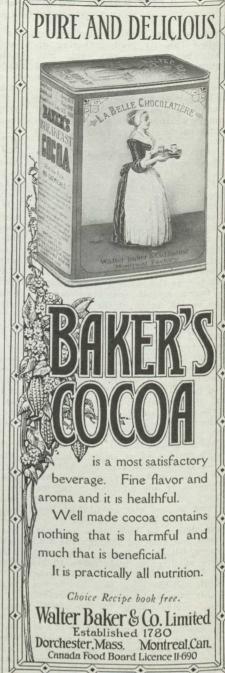
him with a joyous laugh:

"I, too, am glad, Sunny Jim!"
After a few minutes, The One Who
Comes Alone laid the limp form of Sunny Jim beneath the shelter of the ruined church. There was a beautiful smile on his face as he slipped his own coat under the boy's head and tenderly brushed back a refractory curl from his eyes. Then, with a whispered, "Come," we two started back through the queer little street which was torn and littered with the wreckage of homes and human

We had advanced only a few feet, however, when a troop of Germans stood jeering in our path.

One of them caught me roughly by

the arm, while a second levelled his rifle at The One Who Comes Alone. Standing thus, expecting every moment to be my last, I could think only of those pioneers of America who were overtaken and massacred by tribes of Indians, and, as I looked into the leer-



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