

fact, so I steered my course by the big shining window. Then I saw him, moving before me——”

Queried His Excellency:

“By him, you mean whom? . . .”

“A man,” said P. C. Breagh, “who I saw moving along before me, taking cover behind snowy bushes and clumps of frosted prairie-grass. When he stood up, I saw that he was short in figure, and had immensely broad shoulders. I was quite sure that I had seen the fellow before. In fact——”

“In fact,” the Minister sharply interrupted, “you recognised him as the man who posed as M. Charles Tessier, and who can have been nobody but M. Straz. Now tell me, whom was he watching? Madame and a companion, I venture to guess?” He added, as P. C. Breagh assented: “What was the man? A civilian, or an officer?”

P. C. Breagh answered, repressing another shudder:

“A tall, fair officer of the Prussian Guard Infantry. He and Madame were at supper, or they had just finished. He had opened a fresh bottle of champagne and was leaning over to fill Madame’s glass when I noticed the short man standing still, watching them closely. He seemed to have his right hand in his pocket. He drew it out and then—I don’t know very well what happened. There was the heavy boom of a big gun, and a shell came shrieking overhead like an express-train. . . . I remember how the spitting flare of the fuse lit up the sky. And there was a terrific crash—and something hit me on the head—a bit of masonry it must have been—for when I came to myself, other shells were hurtling, and hitting, and bursting. . . . One smashed the stables of the château where the Hussars are quartered, and another has dug a crater, they tell me, in the side of the Terrace of St. Germain. The flashes made everything show up clear like lightning, and I picked myself up. . . . The blood was running down