

not clear to him; then came the first voice again.

"No, I will not. Not for worlds; I do not believe in your priest, and I—I hate you."

A man's laugh, brutal and dominant, followed on this outburst.

"Vot?" came the guttural voice. "You hate me, your lofer. But when we haf vowed before der priest, an' when my frau ben for von week, no, for von day, you vill change and you vill lof me like Cleopatra lof der Mark Antony. I shall show you how—how to lof."

Again the laugh sounded, coarse and brutal; and Wendover turned to the stairs which led to the roof. The voices sounded from the room below, and he was sure some devilry was in progress there, some devilry of which one of his own countrywomen was the victim. He groped about for the staircase which led out of the room downwards, carefully, for he had no desire to stumble again. His hand encountered a rail, and as it did so a sound of scuffling feet reached him, followed by a girl's anguished cry.

"No, no! No; I will not! Let me go, you brute!"

"Let you go, my bretty dear? No fear, you shall be my frau, my lovey one, my—"

The interruption came from Wendover, who, slipping down the stairs had found a stream of light issuing from a half-open door, and who stood looking with flaming eyes on a scene which in the light of the words which he had overheard, explained itself. Three men were in the room, one of them the fat German who had tried to square accounts with him an hour ago, the second was a lean individual, of the dissolute, denaturalised type that haunts the coast, whilst the third, though dressed in the conventional garb of a priest, had a villainous face, purple and bibulous, and probably not what his garb proclaimed. But it was the fourth person in the drama that took Wendover's eye. She was young, pretty, and had a freshness of complexion that proclaimed that she had not long been on the coast, furthermore, she was unmistakably English.

The look of relief that leaped into her eyes as she saw Wendover decided him, and he advanced into the room. The fat German stared at him, as he advanced into the room. The fat German stared at him with his pig-like eyes, as if the sight of them was not to be believed, whilst the dissolute one in sheer astonishment released his hold on the girl, who immediately put a couple of yards between herself and her persecutors. Then the big German found his tongue.

"Der—" he ejaculated in an amazed air. Then he spoke quickly to his companions, and a second later Wendover found himself looking into the black muzzle of a machine-pistol, held in the hands of the pseudo-priest.

"Oh," cried the girl, sobbing with fear, whilst the big German laughed aloud.

"Put up your hands!" he shouted.

"Quickly, or by—you die!"

Wendover recognized that for the moment the game had gone against him, and regretted that he had not been more discreet. He put up his hands, and the German chuckled with delight.

"I am very glad to see you," he said. "I have been looking for you all through der place. It is very goot of you to come here to my wedding. Just step forward to der table here, an' I tell you something—something that interest you."

Wendover followed directions, and stepped to the table in the middle of the room, and as he did so measured the distance to the lamp, then he looked at the German again. He had little hope of mercy at the German's hands, but he had not surrendered the hope of delivering both himself and the white-faced English girl, whose sobs filled the room.

"Gott," said the German. "You obey when der German speak, dat is vot all your dog of a nation do before vary long. Yes," he answered, as Wendover's eyes shot a question, "der day haf come. It is der war—der stupendous war, an' we make der beginning here in Beira. I kill you, and I marry your liddle country-woman, who does not lof me—yet—Der news arrive while we vos running after you, which thing is a parable. As I run after you, so der Faderland ran—"

"You forget that you did not catch me," interrupted Wendover, "and that I have come here of my own will."

"No, I do not forget. I remember. You run like the dog, but how you come here, dat I do not know, but I know you do not leave here—no, not by yourself. When I have ycu done vith, ve draw you oud ad der back—carriou. Do you understand dat, Englishman?"

Wendover understood quite well. With an affectation of helplessness he looked around the room, caught the girl's eyes fixed on him full of mingled fear and admiration. He caught her eyes, looked quickly first at the lamp, then at the door, and caught the girl's eyes again. An almost imperceptible nod told him that she comprehended his game, and looking again at the German he spoke:

"But will you not make terms? You won't shoot me here; surely at any rate you won't shoot me before the girl?"

"No. Me not shoot you before der girl. But we let you vot you say? Widness the marriage. Den you die like a dog. Vor I had not forgotten English swine. I remember der day two years ago at Mozambique. And now another

pistol cracked, and a bullet whistled over him. By the flash of the pistol he caught sight of the girl half way to the door.

"Hurry," he cried, and gripping a bent wood chair, stood upright as he caught the sound of a heavy rush across the room. He felt, rather than he saw, the German hurrying to intercept the girl at the door, and regardless of the window behind him, which would reveal his position to the man at the other end of the room, he swung his chair and struck with all his might at the fat Teuton. The chair splintered to kindling wood, but the gross body of the German went down and fell against the door, a second later the girl had passed through.

The pistol cracked again, and his left arm fell useless by his side as he caught the sound of rushing feet. He stooped, and still holding the piece of chairback that remained to him, tried to roll the German away from the door. He moved him but a little, and then as his second assailant flung himself at him out of the darkness, he jabbed at him with the

that seemed to him to be wonderfully composed. "Be careful. The stairs are here."

Her hand was on his arm guiding him, and two minutes later they were in the street. As they stepped into it, a steamer's siren sounded from the sea-front, three long blasts. Wendover knew that it was the steamer which he had to catch, that but half-an-hour remained to him. Yet he did not hesitate.

"Where have you to go?" he asked sharply, moving away from the house from which they had escaped. "Tell me, quick!"

"I am going by the steamer to England—my luggage—"

At the corner of the street stood two or three of the little trolleys which at Beira do duty for tramways, horse vehicles and motor-cars, with a crowd of Kaffirs standing by. In a twinkling they were seated side by side in one of these adult perambulators, and Wendover was giving orders.

"Ya, ya, we cut along like a lightning," answered a grinning Kaffir, and a moment later they were in motion, the two trolley-Kaffirs paddling quickly in the soft sands between the rails.

They were on the steamer before the girl noticed his arm.

"Oh, you are hurt," she cried, her face full of dismay, her eyes shining with sweet concern.

"I think the bone of the forearm is broken," he owned, "but if you will go to your cabin and rest, I will find the doctor. There is sure to be one aboard."

"No," said the girl with decision. "I will find him myself. You sit there. I will be back as quickly as ever I can."

It was early next morning and the ship was ploughing northward when Wendover, his arm in splints, met her under the awning. His eyes lighted with pleasure, and there was a welcome in her's to which he was not indifferent.

"How is the arm?" she asked quickly.

"Doing nicely," he answered, "the doctor has just seen it."

She looked at him, shyly, then she laughed a little.

"Don't you think we might get introduced to each other?"

"It would be as well, certainly," he laughed back. "But I haven't any cards with me. My name's Wendover—Hugh to my friends, profession nil, though for the last eighteen months I've been prospecting in Northern Rhodesia. I've some means, and for the rest, England is my nation, and as it turns out to be true what that fat German said, I dare say

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Miss Lloyd George, daughter of Great Britain's premier, with one of her charges in the playground of the nursery for munition workers' babies at Woolwich, England. This prominent young lady makes a charming nurse. She is "doing her bit" aiding in nursing and taking care of the little children of the workers in the munitions plants at Woolwich, where the great arsenal is located. Miss Lloyd George has the happy faculty of making friends with the tots and they enjoy her tender care. The nursery is sponsored by some of England's most prominent personages. Lady Henry Grosvenor and Miss Lloyd George are among the active workers and supporters.

day have come—der day of Germany an' der German."

He laughed again, and turned to the priest. "Antonio give der gun to Pete, and get out der Massbook. Der Englishman will be der second vitness, an' dat vill make id more legal—oh, mooch more."

He laughed consumedly at some jest in his own words, and Wendover flashed a look at the girl. Tears still lingered about her eyelids, but the eyes themselves were alert, and her bearing told him that she was ready. The man Pete stretched a hand for the pistol, and in the moment whilst the weapon was changing hands, Wendover swung back his arm, and his clenched fist crashed into the lamp.

"Now!" he shouted. "Now."

Himself, he stooped suddenly in the darkness that had followed his destruction of the lamp. A second later the

splintered wood in his hand. He encountered something soft and yielding, something that as he encountered it sent a shudder of horror through him, and a yell of pain broke on the darkness as his assailant staggered back. For the third time the pistol spoke, and by its flash Wendover saw the pseudo-priest with his hand pressed over his eye, and knew that the horror he had experienced was not unwarranted.

But something else he saw also. The door was bending back, it was opening a very little. He stooped to tug at the German with his one available hand, and as he did so the pressure of the door against the gross body aided his efforts, and a moment later he slipped out of the room, and encountered the girl just outside.

"Why did you wait? Quick! Which way?"

"This way," said the girl in a voice

**INSTANT
POSTUM**
instead of tea
and coffee
on the family
table makes
for better
health and
more comfort.
Preferred by
Thousands
"There's a Reason"