

ready to entrain any minute, Kirby." "Is martial law proclaimed yet?" asked Kirby in a voice that the general seemed to think was strained, for he looked around sharply.

"Not yet. Why?"

"Information, sir. Anything else?"

"No. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

Kirby nearly ran into Warrington as he hurried back toward the door.

"Find a police officer!" he ordered.

"They all passed you a minute ago, sir," answered Warrington. "They're headed for police headquarters. Heard one of 'em say so."

Kirby pulled himself together. A stranger would not have noticed that he needed it, but Warrington at his elbow saw the effort and was glad.

"Go to police headquarters, then," he ordered. "Try to get them to bring a dozen men and search that house; but don't say that Ranjoor Singh's in there."

"Where'll I find you, sir?"

"Barracks. Oh, by the way, we're a sure thing for the front."

"I knew there was some reason why I kept feelin' cheerful!" said Warrington. "The risaldar-major looks like gettin' left."

"Unless," said Kirby, "you can get the police to act to-night—or unless martial law's proclaimed at once, and I can think of an excuse to search the house with a hundred men myself. Find somebody to give you a lift. So long."

Kirby swung into his dog-cart, the sais did an acrobatic turn behind, and again the horse proceeded to lower records. Zigzagwise, through streets that were growing more and yet more thronged instead of silent, they tore barrackward, missing men by a miracle every twelve yards. Kirby's eyes were on a red blotch, now, that danced and glowed above the bazaar a mile ahead. It reminded him of pain.

Presently the horse sniffed smoke, and notified as much before settling down into his stride again. The din of hoarse excitement reached Kirby's ears, and in a moment more a khaki figure leaped out of a shadow and a panting trooper snatched at the back seat, was grabbed by the sais, and swung up in the rear.

"Sahib—"

"All right. I know," said Kirby, though he did not know how he knew.

They raced through another dozen streets until the glare grew blinding and the smoke nearly choked him.

Then they were stopped entirely by the crowd, and Colonel Kirby sat motionless; for he had a nearly perfect view of a holocaust. The house in which Ranjoor Singh was supposed to be was so far burned that little more than the walls was standing.

(To be continued.)

Paris and Her Vigils

(Continued from page 19.)

of coffee, chocolate or hot milk. Each of the men has a large card tied to the button of his coat, which gives information regarding his case to the physician at the other end of the line. It also tells whether the patient is to travel seated in the ordinary day-coach, or lying in the ambulance trains. These resemble freight-cars and are fitted with stretcher-holders arranged in three layers. The lowest

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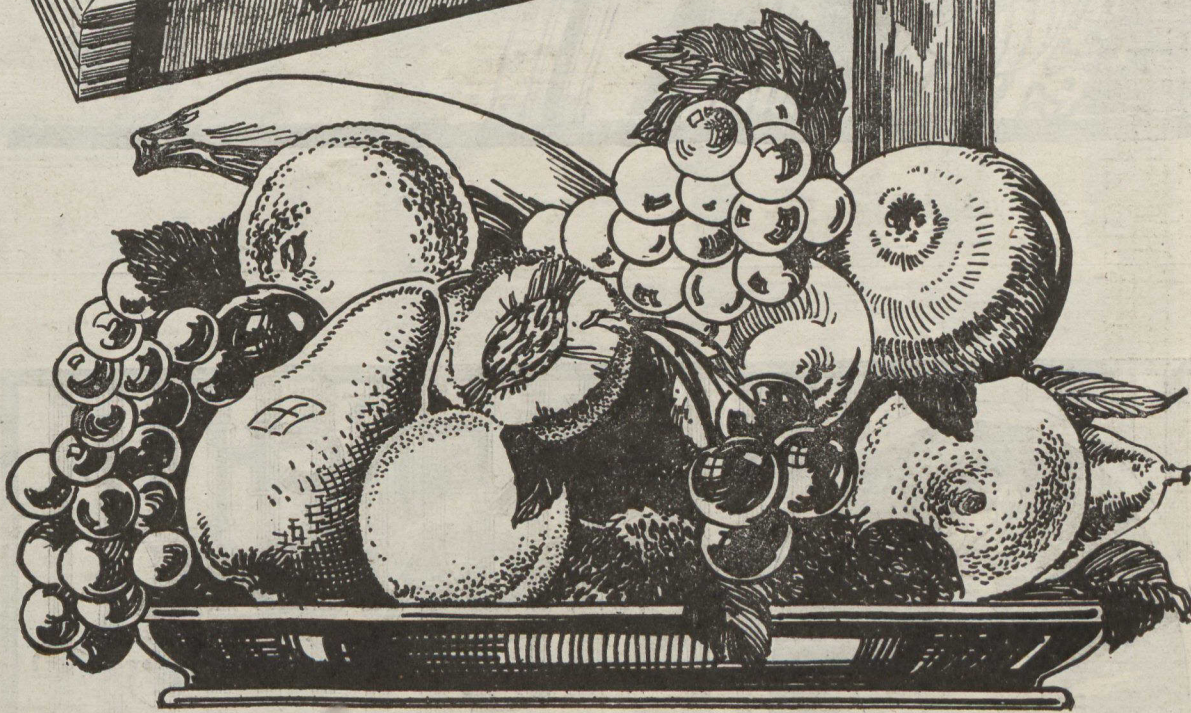
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