

THE GOLDEN BOUGH

took down his megaphone, for the German patrol-boat had drawn up within a cable's length and was now lowering a boat to come aboard him.

"I would inform you, Herr Lieutenant, that you have already violated neutrality by firing over my line," he roared.

He spoke of the international boundary with the casual air of possession that was habitual with him.

"Escaping spies," came the reply, "we are within our rights."

"You have no rights in Swiss territory," he snapped, and lowered the megaphone, for his boatswain had mounted the bridge beside him and saluted.

"The lady has come to, sir, and would like to speak to you at once."

"Very good. Take the deck and receive the Herr Lieutenant. I will return."

And with a glance at the approaching boat, he went below.

Tanya was sitting up among some pillows on a bench in the cabin. She was very pale, her skin, transparent like onyx, blue-veined, her gray eyes dark and luminous.

"You wanted to see me?" asked the Lieutenant with brisk politeness.

"Yes, Herr——"

"Hoffmeier——"

"Herr Hoffmeier. I plead with you that you do not give us up—I am a Russian, the wounded man an American. We claim the protection of Swiss neutrality——"

"The German captain claims that you are spies——"

"It is not true. I was taken into Germany against my will, by the man who was drowned—an agent of the Ger-