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aeroplane pointed like an arrow to the North Sea. Rosslyn knew exactly where he was going, many a time had he been as far as the coast of Germany and back again, so that every odd speck of light down below meant something to him, and spoke with no uncertain language.

"You are not afraid?" he asked von Kemp.

"I am not in the least afraid," von Kemp said. "Though I have never been in an aeroplane before I feel just as safe as if I were on the back of a horse. But this is a wonderful machine of yours. There is no vibration and no noise, nothing that suggests movement hardly. What time do you expect to reach Berlin?"

"We can travel, if I like, at over ninety miles an hour," Rosslyn explained. "At that rate we ought to reach Berlin somewhere about three. If you strain your eyes you will see there below the lights on the Dutch coast. When we have passed those I shall have to rely entirely on my compass."

They streamed on against the wind hour after hour through the thickness of the night, passing over long lines of light, where the struggling battalions were face to face, and ever and again over some town throwing long ribbons from the searchlights far up into the murky sky. But the aeroplane like some black nightbird was beyond the reach of these, sailing swift and silently in the direction of Berlin. It was somewhere near the hour of two when Rosslyn slackened speed and commenced to descend in huge spirals nearer to the earth. One by one little stars began to show, then long parallel points of flame marked in squares here and there, and after these greater lights shimmering in purple splendour one by one.

"Can you make anything out of it?" Rosslyn asked.

"BERLIN," von Kemp whispered. "But why all those lights? I thought they were short of power."

"Oh, I suppose the Brotherhood is responsible for that," Rosslyn smiled. "You may depend upon it that they are making every effort to get industrial Germany going again. We will go down closer if you like. This looks a different Berlin to the city I was over not so many days ago. It is alive now."

Rosslyn spoke no more than the truth. Late as it was, the streets were humming with life and movement. Lights were blazing everywhere, and though the cafes and theatres had long since been closed, the streets were full of people hurrying to and fro like countless ants, as if everybody had something definite to do, and were going about their business with a clear object. There was no listless, sullen crowd, no sign of anger or discontent, and no sign of a uniform to be seen anywhere. For some time the interested spectators watched, trying to realize that they were looking down upon a city, the capital of a state that was in deadly grips with half a score of enemies. It was a moving and fascinating sight, and Rosslyn turned the plane away from it with considerable reluctance.

"I hope to see it by daylight tomorrow," he said. "Meanwhile we had better be getting on to the end of the journey."

They dropped presently in Steinitz' garden, and housed the plane. But it was not Steinitz who came to the door, but another man, who smiled as von Kemp gave the sign of the Brotherhood.

"Ah!" he said. "Surely you are Herr Rosslyn? We dared to hope that you would see our message and come to us. Von Steinitz and the rest of them are not here—they are established at the Royal Palace."

"Long live the Republic," Rosslyn cried.

CHAPTER LI.

The Day Dawns.

THE man standing in the doorway of Steinitz's house smiled. He was gaunt and haggard and drawn with lines about the corners of his mouth that gave him almost a

wolfish look despite the kindly expression in his eyes. Rosslyn had seen that look before, and he knew exactly what it meant. He knew now that Berlin was on the verge of starvation, and that the man in front of him had eaten little or nothing for days. Still Steinitz's trusted servant bade him enter and placed a meal of sorts before him and von Kemp.

"I am quite alone in the house," he explained. "I should not be here now only Steinitz was quite sure that you would come sooner or later, and it was necessary that someone should welcome you. I am sorry there is no better fare for you."

The dinner on the table consisted of some exceedingly dry looking bread and the heel of a Dutch cheese. This, together with an onion or two and a bottle of some thin Rhine wine, completed the entertainment. Poor and uninviting as it was, Rosslyn could see the wolfish gleam in the eyes of the other man as they swept over the table.

"I am not in the least hungry," he said. "Neither is my friend von Kemp."

Von Kemp protested that he could eat nothing. Steinitz's friend flushed uncomfortably.

"You fear there is nothing else," he asked.

"Oh, it isn't that," Rosslyn said hastily. "Very well, then. We will have a mouthful of supper on the strict understanding that you join us. Come along, my friend."

THE man sat down at the table and ate wolfishly. Then he caught Rosslyn's eye upon him and he changed colour.

"I see you understand," he said. "I have eaten nothing to-day. And I dared not touch the little food I had in case you came. It is the same all over Berlin. A few days ago they boasted that there were stores enough here to feed the population for a year. They said it was the same in every city in Germany. We were encouraged by visions of vast granaries and frozen meat and tinned food stored away in Government buildings. And we believed it. We were still credulous even when the authorities suggested that they should be left to distribute the food because they controlled the organization. But the food got less and the Cabinet of the new Republic insisted upon looking into things themselves. They found all the stores empty. Everything that could be raked together had gone to support the troops. Berlin to-day is on rations, and a week at the outside will exhaust them. When I think how we have been fooled I could snatch up a gun and shoot the first man in authority I meet. We have been fed for months on lies and imaginary victories. And now the day of reckoning is come."

"I think I understand," Rosslyn said. "This war of yours is no more than a great adventure. It has been built up on supposition. The War Staff had quite made up their minds that your armies in the East and West were going to provision themselves. They were to squat down in the enemy's country like two bloated spiders, and the French and the Russian people were destined to be their diet of flies. Meanwhile you were to live on the fat of the land and the stream of gold was to flow into Berlin from both sides of Europe. And now the bubble is pricked, the rosy dream has proved to be a stern reality. Every man in Europe besides the Germans could see how the adventure would end."

"We know it now," the listener said sadly.

"Ah well, it is not too late to put matters right yet," Rosslyn said cheerfully. "If you can throw off your yoke then many a man who hates you now, millions of foes of yours will hold out the hand of fellowship and lift you from your knees. But so long as this strife goes on so long will you suffer."

"The strife is practically over," said the man eagerly. "But the Prussian tyrants are still keeping up their bluff, and what looks like the iron front is now no more than tin. Our armies are fair and handsome fruit outside, but putrid and rotten at