

HEADQUARTERS

"Tell him," she said at last quietly, "that I am well—and that I will see him when I have permission to do so."

The officer smiled, gave some directions to the old woman and went out.

It was not until late in the afternoon, when dressed in her own garments, which had been carefully cleansed and brushed by her nurse, that she was admitted to the office of the Field Marshal. She was shown into his room and he greeted her with unmistakable cordiality, offering her the chair next his own and congratulating her warmly upon the success of her achievement and Cyril's.

"You know," he asked quietly, "the contents of these documents?"

"Yes. Their importance made it necessary that I should."

"Then of course you realize the necessity for the utmost secrecy?"

"I do."

The General smiled at her and brought forward a copy of a recent issue of the *London Times*.

"Did you know that for the past three days England has actually stopped criticizing me to talk about you?"

"About *me*?" she asked.

"Yes, read," he said smiling, and she took the paper from him, skimming the headings of a news item he pointed out to her:

MISS MATHER STILL MISSING.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE STILL UNACCOUNTED FOR.

LADY HEATHCOTE TELLS STRANGE STORY.

JOHN RIZZO, THE FAMOUS COLLECTOR, A GERMAN SPY.