A peaked cap rose above the level of the floor, followed by a stout, rubicund face. A Belgian gendarme.
Jefferson fingered his revolver, and waited. The gendarme looked around, grunted, and disappeared down the steps again, closing the door that led into the mill with a bang. Jefferson sat up and rubbed his head.

He did not quite understand.
Perhaps ten minutes had passed when for the third time that night the door below was opened softly, closed as softly, and some one hurried up the steps.
It was Martha. She had a shawl over her head and shoulders, and she was breathing quickly, with parted lips.

Jefferson noislessly dropped his revolver into his pocket again.
With swift, sure movements, the girl began to set the machinery of the mill in motion. By glancing over to the window, Jefferson could see the sails move slowly-very, very slowly. Martha fumbled for a paper in her bosom, and, drawing it forth, scrutinized it tensely. Then she set the machinery in motion again. She had her back to him. Jefferson rose stealthily and took a step towards her. A board creaked and, starting nervously, the girl looked round.
For a moment the two gazed at each other in dead silence.
"Martha," said Jefferson, "Martha!"
There was a mixture of rage and reproach in his voice. Even as he spoke they heard the whine of shells overhead, and then four dull explosions.
"Your work," cried Jefferson thickly, taking a stride forward and seizing the speechless woman by the arm.
Martha looked at him with a kind of dull terror in her eyes, with utter hopelessness, and the man paused a second. He had not known he cared for her so much. Then, in a flash, he pictured the horrors for which this woman, a mere common spy, was responsible.

He made to grasp her more firmly, but she twisted herself from his hold. Darting to the device which freed the mill-sails, she wrenched at it madly. The sails caught in the breeze, and began to circle round, swiftly and more swiftly, until the old wooden building shook with the vibration.
From his observation post a German officer took in the new situation at a glance. A few guttural sounds he muttered, and then turning angrily to an orderly he gave him a curt message. "They shall not use it if we cannot," he said to himself, shaking his fist in the direction of the whirring sails.
In the little village part of the church and the baker's shop lay in ruins. Martha had sent but a part of her signal, and it had been acted upon with characteristic German promptitude.
In the windmill on the hill, which shook crazily as the sails tore their way through the air, a man and a woman struggled desperately, the woman with almost superhuman strength.

Suddenly the earth shook, a great explosion rent the air, and the mill on the hill was rent timber from timber and the great sails doubled up like tin-foil.
"Good shooting," said the German Forward Observation Officer, as he tucked his glass under his arm and went "home" to dinner.


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