

## HOW WE WENT OUT OF THE GARDEN

"No, we are leaving in the morning."

"Got any conveyances?"

"Two touring cars."

"Good. You don't mind my proposing that you go before daylight, do you?"

"Not a bit," replied the Doctor, "if it is necessary."

"That's for you to decide," said the other officer. "We are going to set up a battery in this garden. Awfully sorry, you know, but it can't be helped."

The Youngster, who had remained at the gate, came back, and whispered in my ear, "They are coming. It's the English still retreating. By Jove, it looks as if they would get to Paris!"

"How many are there of you?" asked the senior officer.

"Ten," replied the Doctor.

"Eleven," corrected the Divorcée. "I shall take Angèle and the baby." And she started on a run for the garage.

"Perhaps," said the Doctor, looking through the open gate, where the weary soldiers were beginning to straggle by, "perhaps it will not be necessary for all of us to go." And he went close to the officers, and drew his papers from his pocket. There was a hurried whispered