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grace. The Republic has been proclaimed, the movement has spread from east to west, and we can count millions whose arms are ready to back us. You laughed at the movement when you heard of it first; you boasted to your general staff of the lesson you would read to the citizens of Berlin. And they held back the truth from you for their own purposes. But where is the King of Bavaria now? Where are the rulers of Saxony and Hanover? They have gone back to their own people to save their faces and keep their crowns whilst the eagles are gathered together over the spoil. They know only too well that it is Prussia that the Allies are going to destroy to the last stone. We have been prevented as yet from going to the great powers and suing for peace in the name of the German Republic. We have found the means now, and all Europe will know the truth to-morrow. If you are wise you will sign this document that we have prepared for you, and abdicate the throne here and now. It is your one means of salvation."

The Kaiser laughed bitterly. He had made no attempt to realize his position. It did not even seem to occur to him even now that he was a prisoner in the hands of his own people. Not for a moment did the amazing egotism of the man desert him. The people of Berlin had gone mad; they were in the throes of temporary insanity, and they would wake up on the morrow in sack cloth and ashes.

"You are not really serious?" he asked.

Steinitz shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"BERLIN has known what it is to be without food," he said. "We have had to thank our enemies for the bread which is in our mouths to-day. And the enemy is at our gates. It will be no fault of ours if a single shot is fired. And we can have good terms. We shall surrender that useless fleet that you bled us to build—the fleet which is only a menace to England. We shall have to part with our colonies and restore to France her stolen provinces. Our colonial empire, such as it is, has ceased to exist. To Belgium we have to give a hundred millions, and Russia and England will force us to pay the cost of the war."

"And is that all?" the Kaiser sneered.

"And cheap enough, too," Steinitz cried. "Your beloved Prussia will become part of Poland. Your military caste will be deprived of their status and compelled to take up honest work like the rest of us. Do you understand that, Wilhelm Hohenzollern?"

The Kaiser looked around him defiantly. He was trying to grasp the fact that this bitter humiliation was being thrust upon him under his own roof. He could see around him evidence enough of the glory and power of his race, could see it in the pictures and statuary and the hangings on the walls. He could hear it, too, coming up in volumes of sound from the streets; could catch roars of cheers, and presently the regular tramp of many feet.

"My soldiers!" he cried. "My loyal troops! Ah! we shall see who is master in Berlin now!"

"Troops, indeed!" Leroux cried. "But not yours! Look, and you will see the advance guard of the Russian army."

### CHAPTER LIV.—WHAT OF THE MORROW?

IT was even as Leroux had said. The streets were filled with a hoard of cavalry, followed presently by regiment after regiment of infantry, each headed by its band. All Berlin had turned out to meet the conqueror, but there was no sign of humiliation or hate or a desire for vengeance on the part of the black masses of humanity below. For the people of Berlin were awake now and fully alive to the way in which they had been treated. They knew that the invader came not in the shape of a conquering oppressor, but as a deliverer after twenty odd years of grinding and military tyranny. They stood for food and safety and the continuation of a great people. They would exact their price, of course;

they would make their nation pay for the sins of their rulers, but they would sleep comfortably in beds, now knowing that there was hope for the morrow. But Germany was not yet dead. She would rise again, like some new and resplendent Phoenix, from her own ashes, once the hand of Caesar was removed.

"Look and see for yourself," Steinitz said sternly. "We are all glad to see those men there, though at the same time the sense of shame oppresses us. But we do not forget that they are deliverers from you and the like of you. And it is not you that they have to deal with. I tell you they will make terms with the German Republic. And when peace comes to be signed here in Berlin the streets will be lined not only with the troops of the Allies, but with German soldiers who are on the side of the Republic. It is the only way to save us from destruction; it is the only way in which we can hold up our heads again. By to-night Berlin will be under the control of a Russian governor. He will send for me and my Cabinet, and he will offer us certain terms. Our task will be much easier when I say that I am representing the German Republic, and that the Emperor has formally abdicated."

"That will never be," the Kaiser cried.

"Well, it makes little difference," Steinitz said coolly. "In that case we shall have to treat you the same way as the French treated Napoleon III. After all, a throne rests entirely on the good-will of the people. You refuse to sign?"

The Kaiser took the sheet of paper lying on the table before him and in a frenzy of rage tore it to fragments. He was beside himself with anger, but all this was wasted on Steinitz and his companion. The former rang a bell and a file of soldiers entered. They did not quail before the man whom they had once looked upon as a connecting link between earth and heaven; they merely turned to Steinitz and obediently waited his orders.

"Take the prisoner below," he said. "See that he has what he needs, but do not forget that he is a prisoner and a traitor to the Republic. Now go."

IT seemed almost incredible, and Rosslyn rubbed his eyes to make quite sure that he was awake. It seemed years to him since he had seen Wilhelm in all his pride and power, and yet it was no more than a matter of days. He was sorry and yet glad that Nemesis had stepped down from her high place and grasped this blood-thirsty tyrant by the throat. He could hear the dragging footsteps of Germany's late master dying away in the distance; then his ears seemed to be filled with the tramp of armed men, as they swept, like some mighty machine, through the streets. What would all Europe think when they learned all this to-morrow, he wondered. He turned eagerly to Steinitz.

"You don't want me to stay any longer?" he asked.

"I don't," Steinitz said. "It might be better for you to stay and hear the official terms of peace. Within an hour the Czar's representative will be here and formally demand what they have already suggested unofficially. Of course, we shall accept them; indeed, there is nothing else to do. To think that I should live to be actually glad to see a foreign army in Berlin! Well, it is no disgrace to us. Our army has made a big fight, and the German is as good a man as ever. But we need not go into that now. What we have to do is to make as honourable peace as possible and start building up the empire afresh. You had better stay here and see what happens. And if you want to go back to London to-night there ought to be nothing to stop you."

The hours dragged on, and more and more troops pouring into Berlin—Russian soldiers and the German troops pushed before them, to say nothing of the thousands of men in uniform straggling in from the western frontier. These for the most part were in uniform, ragged and tired and half starved, and ready to barter all they had for a mouthful of food. They came unarmed; they came with stories