

hands, and started to prepare the dinner.

At three o'clock General von Aldheim entered with his aide, and closed the door of his room.

Elspeth, too afraid to be left alone, had remained in the kitchen with madame. Five minutes passed, and then there came a roar of rage from the room above. The sentry was called, and finally madame and the two girls were summoned.

"Has anyone passed this door, sentry, during the time you were on duty?" the General questioned.

"No one, meinherr," the sentry answered, "and no one has come upstairs except the Fraulein here who went to her room for five minutes, but who returned downstairs without stopping or speaking."

"You have not been asleep?"

"I have not, meinherr."

"Someone has been in the room, nevertheless. Papers are missing, and there is red ink on another paper which did not have red ink on it this morning. The ink bottle is half empty."

The General turned to his aide and said, "Weissner, kindly go to the wireless station yourself, and send off the special messages which you know are necessary as a result of the loss of that paper. As you go out send me the sentry posted in the street, and I will handle these women myself."

The aide went downstairs and out of the house, and an extra sentry, with fixed bayonet, entered the room.

"You may sit down," the General said to the three women as he waved his hand toward some wooden chairs ranged against the wall. "You make me nervous." He turned to the sentry by the door and said, "Telephone for the woman who examines woman prisoners, and a squad to search the house."

The two sisters were standing hand in hand. Elspeth's eyes were wide with fright, but Marianne looked calmer and more sane than she had looked for months.

Elspeth was tired, the strain of the morning was telling upon her, and she knew better than the others what would happen now. She dropped wearily into the plain wooden chair and comfortably crossed her legs.

The General had his back turned, but in a mirror which stood on his desk, he saw the red ink on Elspeth's petticoat. He jumped up, his face livid.

"You little devil," he shouted. "All the time you were a spy. And you used the honest love of Carl to protect yourself while carrying on your work. Oh, I will be even with you for what you will have made him suffer with your innocent face. Sentry," he said to the one woman that now remained in the room, "when the authorities have finished the examination, you may give her to the soldiers, the more the better. She will be shot anyway at sunrise."

The end of the order was drowned by a scream from Marianne. Elspeth had fainted and fallen from her chair. Madame Cortlandt fanned her with a newspaper hastily snatched from the table, and the sentry dropped his bayonet to help the old woman to lift Elspeth onto the couch. The General turned his back to the group and picked up his own telephone.

No one was looking for Marianne. She stood in strained silence as if listening, her face transfixed. She slipped her hand into the large pocket of her apron and lovingly fingered the weapon she felt there. It was Carl's revolver which, with the cunning of the insane, she had taken from his desk. She drew it from her pocket and took careful aim at the General's back. No one saw her movement. Suddenly three shots rang out. Two were fired at the General and they killed him instantly. With the third shot, Marianne took her own life, and died under the impression that her act had somehow saved Elspeth.

At the sound of the shots, the second sentry, who had been telephoning