—click! Good-by! We'll argue the rest in heaven!"

"Very well," said Ranjoor Singh; and, to show how little he felt concerned, he drew his basket to him and began to eat.

The German followed suit. Then Ranjor Singh took most of his wet clothes off and spread them upon the bales to dry. The German imitated that too.

"Go to sleep if you care to," said the German. "I will stand watch," he added, with a dry laugh.

But if a Sikh soldier cannot manage without sleep, there is nobody on earth who can. Ranjoor Singh sat back against a bale, and the watch resolved itself into a contest of endurance, with the end by no means in sight.

"How long should it take that man to reach her?" asked the German.

"Who knows?" the Sikh answered. "Perhaps three hours, perhaps a week! She is never still, and there are those five regiments to hold in readiness."

"She is a wonderful woman," said the German.

Ranjoor Singh grunted.

"How is it that she has known of this place all this time, and yet has never tried to meddle with us?"

"I, too, am anxious to know that!" said Ranjoor Singh.

"You are surly, my friend! You do not like this pistol? You take it as an insult? Is that it?"

"I am thinking of those regiments, and of these grenades, and of what I mean to do," said Ranjoor Singh.

"Let us talk is over."

"No."

"Please yourself!"

They sat facing each other for hour after dreary hour, leaning back against bales and thinking each his own thoughts. After about four hours of it it occurred to the German to dismantle the wireless detonator.

"We should have been blown up if the police had grown inquisitive," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, returning to his seat.

"What rank do you hold in your army at home?" asked Ranjoor Singh, after an almost endless interval.

"If I told you that, my friend, you would be surprised."

"I think not," said Ranjoor Singh.
"I think you are an officer who was dismissed from the service."

"What makes you think so?"

"I am sure of it!"

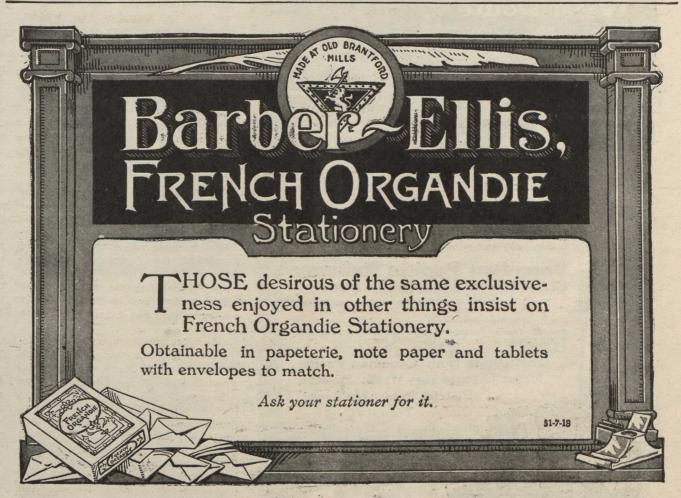
"What makes you sure?"

"You are too well educated for a non-commissioned officer. If you had not been dismissed from the service you would be on the fighting strength, or else in the reserve and ready for the front in Europe. And what army keeps spies of your type on its strength? Am I right?"

BUT then came Yasmini, carrying her food-basket as the rest had done. She knocked at the outer trapdoor, and the German ran to peep through a hidden window at her. Then he went up a partly ruined stair and looked all around the clearing through gaps in the debris overhead that had been glazed for protection's sake. Then he admitted her.

She ran in past him, ran past him again when he opened the second door, and laughed at Ranjoor Singh. She seemed jubilant and very little interested in the bombs that the German was at pains to explain to her. She had to tell of five regiments on the way.





There wouldn't be so many failures if people would struggle just as hard to get into magazine advertising as they do to get into business