

THE GOLDEN BOUGH

"My wand! A reed, Philippe—broken. I have never felt so weak—so powerless."

"But never have you been so strong—for in you I have already found new strength,—new power—authority. But there must be no more mediævalism in Nemi, Tanya. I have been thinking much. I have learned something in Germany. We must make a new fight—for the people yonder. They are not ready yet, but soon—soon. In the meanwhile we can work secretly. Our giant with a hundred arms has only been groping in the darkness. But he has a giant's strength. . . . He shall use it. If you and I alone against Von Stromberg—all Germany—can emerge victorious . . . we can win again and again. We have given the first blow and are unharmed. There are rumors of strikes—you have heard? There will be other strikes—more blood shed—until the people of Germany arise in their might. A dream? Perhaps. But it is a good dream—for France, for England and America. But of one thing I am resolved—that the Society of Nemi shall not pass into the hands of the enemies of our allies——"

"God forbid. Hochwald——"

"Others will come—like him—from Russia—from Germany. But they shall not win—for we will know them."

"But if you are interned——?"

"They know nothing of my service in the French army. I shall not tell them. Barthou hopes for my full freedom."

"I was almost hoping——" she paused and pressed his hand gently.

"What?"

"That they would intern you. I am afraid of danger, now, Philippe. I never was before. The legend——"