

“Somewhere in France”

Toward noon Marie met Anfossi in the great drawing-room that stretched the length of the terrace and from the windows of which, through the park gates, they could see the Paris road.

“This, that is passing now,” said Marie, “is the last of our rear-guard. Go to your tower,” she ordered, “and send word that except for stragglers and the wounded our column has just passed through Neufschelles, and that any moment we expect the French.” She raised her hand impressively. “From now,” she warned, “we speak French, we think French, we *are* French!”

Anfossi, or Briand, as now he called himself, addressed her in that language. His tone was bitter. “Pardon my lese-majesty,” he said, “but this chief of your Intelligence Department is a *dummer Mensch*. He is throwing away a valuable life.”

Marie exclaimed in dismay. She placed her hand upon his arm, and the violet eyes filled with concern.

“Not yours!” she protested.

“Absolutely!” returned the Italian. “I can send nothing by this knapsack wireless that they will not learn from others; from airmen, Uhlans, the peasants in the fields. And certainly I will be caught. Dead I am dead, but alive and in Paris the opportunities are unending. From the