

CHAPTER XXIX

“COMING round, I think. Looks a bit better colour. Wish to heavens she would. I want to get back yonder. Too bad of the old woman going off to bed and leaving me with these two on my hands. It's woman's work this. My place is up there with the wounded.”

The German rose, bent over the unconscious figure on the sofa, lifted her eyelid, then refilling his pipe lighted it, and sat down once more.

“What's the matter with her? Been like this for over two hours, hasn't she?”

“Off and on, yes. Shock's the matter. Shouldn't wonder if she . . .” He tapped his forehead, then continued steadily puffing at his pipe.

“Carl Vanderbyl's girl, wasn't she?”

“Yes. Went out to meet him to-night, and that fool Viljoen told her straight out he was dead. Enough to kill any woman.”

“Why the devil these Dutchmen will take their women about with them when they're fighting, the good God only knows. Himmel, fancy such a thing in our army!”

“We can thank our stars all the same she was here, Heinrich. It's thanks to her, and her only, we caught these English fools to-night.”

“Eh! What do you mean?”

“It was she who gave Kempton away to Vanderbyl. Why . . . Hullo,” breaking off, with his eyes fixed on a heap covered with rugs, lying on the table, “that fellow moved.”