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Ranjoor Singh wrote by the light of a flickering oil lamp, using his trooper's shoulder for support. He passed the finished note back to the general.

"Now some token, please, Risaldar-Major, that Colonel Kirby will be sure to recognize—something to prove that the note is not forged."

Ranjoor Singh pulled a ring from his finger and held it out.

"Colonel Kirby sahib gave me this," he said simply.

"Thanks. Shake hands, will you? I've been talking to a man to-night—to two men—if I ever did in my life! I shall go now and give this letter to somebody to deliver to Colonel Kirby, and I shall not see you again probably until all this is over. Please do what Yasmini directs until you hear from me or can see for yourself that your task is finished. Depend on me to remember my promise!"

Ranjoor Singh saluted, military-wise, although he was not in uniform. The general answered his salute and left the room, to be met by a maid, who took the note and the ring from him. Five minutes later, with his rough disguise resumed, the general hunted about among the shadows of the neighboring streets until he had found his carriage. He recognized, but was not recognized by, the risaldar on the box-seat of Colonel Kirby's shay.

(To be continued.)

**The Hour by the Clock**

(Continued from page 12.)

longer sleuthed; that you do not suffer any punishment worse than being deprived of your liberty. Or—is it to be death—along with dishonor?"

Under the jumbled runes of that letter was a shrewd analysis of what was truly going on in the German mind. Under the eager but unruffled smile of Frau Bobel was the strange workings of one German mind which had already begun to hope that the Captain would refuse to make any disclosure. She had gone further into the game than her own intentions or those of the Hanslick machine. She knew now what power she had over Clock, and that the moment he should confess her sway of him would be over and he would be taken up by the merciless grip of the machine.

The music had gone away some-

where. There was a queer tense silence in the room. She was the master of it. He knew that between the woman and the machine he had no ghost of a chance to escape. He was totally ignorant of how far she would stand between him and the machine, or what her real motive might be for doing it. The most obvious thing was to play into her hands; to tell her exactly what the letter contained and let her do her worst or whatever she chose in the case—

The room began to vibrate. The phantom rhythm of the music had passed to another—vaster, less beautiful, but to him somehow a way of at least temporary escape from the thralldom of the woman and the overture.

He sprang up and went to the window. Frau Bobel followed him.

The world on the outside had become a symphony of the skies; a slow dreamy drone that came in varying cadences from the clouds.

"There they are!" he said abruptly, looking far up over the court.

"The Gothas," she echoed. "Clouds of them!"

In her excitement she flapped a handkerchief at the great grey-white air-fleet that was almost submerged in billows of clouds.

"Herr Captain, every city in Germany is clouded with Gothas. The armies are deadlocked along the Rhine. There is not room enough on the western front for armies and guns enough to drive ours back across the sacred river. The navies are idle and barnacled in the sea. Heligoland is our front line of the north and it cannot be broken. In the East we have no opposition. Germany is to rule the world. Therefore Germany defies the world!"

She laughed—musically, hatefully.

"You, Captain, are a prisoner of Germany and of a woman's whim. I shall follow you wherever you go. But you will not see me until the opportunity. You are mine, not for love, Captain, but for Germany. Your will is to be broken. Good-bye!"

When he quite realized that the voice and the music and the cloud-planes were not all a dream, the woman was gone along with the Gothas. (Concluded in next Issue.)

**War Verses**

"BUDDY'S BLIGHTY" AND OTHER VERSES. By Lieut. Jack Turner, M. C.

BY the grace and authority of His Majesty King George the Fifth, Lieut. Jack Turner, who went overseas and fought the good fight with the Iron Sixth, now has "M. C." tacked on to his title. Incidentally he has written a lot of verse and had it all done up in a book. Turner—M. C.—does not start out on a search for anybody's soul, and there is very little sob-stirring effort in his effusions. For the most part they are keyed in a humorous note. The realism hits hard at times and a few of the lines let in a little of the pathos as well as the grim jokes of the trenches. Musson, \$1.00.

Owing to the absence of the Chess Editor on holidays, the usual Chess Column is held out of this issue.

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