

THE GOLDEN BOUGH

rail and watched the small craft approach the German patrol-boat.

"Sacred pig of a Prussian bully. On my own quarter-deck, too! Tish!"

And he spat to leeward.

For three weeks Rowland had lain in the hospital at Rorschach, unaware of the storm that had raged about his bed. For a week he had been between life and death, for the bullet of Herr Hochwald had passed through his right lung and embedded itself between the ribs at his side. But careful nursing and the ministrations of an excellent surgeon had pulled him through, and the danger point had long since passed. Modern firearms, unless they kill outright, are not necessarily fatal, and modern surgery, almost an exact science, is on the side of strong constitutions. And so Rowland, the bullet removed, was now convalescent, sitting in a wonderful arm-chair, by a sunny window, looking out across the lake that had come so near being his grave, toward the Bavarian shore, where in the distance he could just see the dim outlines of the island of Lindau rising from the water.

Tanya had been to see him twice, Shestov once, each for a few moments only, in the presence of his nurse, and yesterday Tanya had told him that all was going well—that influence had been brought to bear at Berne by Shestov, Barthou and the Swiss Councilors of Nemi, and that the money of the Society which he had fought so hard to bring back was in the way of being restored to its rightful Trustees. Tanya was coming to visit him again this morning and he had been promised a half hour with her alone. Thus it was that the sun of the morning seemed so bright and the cloud-flecked sky so blue. Also