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under the central dome of the building, from which radiated interminable avenues, the clock of the not distant Domkirche struck four sonorous notes. Dimly Fritz realized that it was late, and with the realization came the further consciousness that he was tired. His legs ached and were not doing their duty as legs ought to do. He needed rest and there seemed no earthly reason why he should not have it. Accordingly he approached a stall, clambered over the counter, and assumed a recumbent position on the floor. He felt vaguely the need of a pillow, and groped about as if expecting to find one. What his hand actually lighted on was a ball about as big as a large orange. It was hard and black, and Fritz had no conception as to what it could possibly be. Then, smiling, as if he had done something clever, he put it inside his hat, and pillowing his head on his hat, composed himself for sleep. He was just reaching that point where confused thought merges into the phantasmagoria of drunken slumber, when he was violently aroused by his hat being pulled suddenly away from under his head, with the result that the back of the head made sharp and painful contact with the concrete floor of the Central Meat Market.

Rudely awakened and excusably irritated, he sat up and ejaculated an oath.

To his amazement he found himself gazing up at the form of a young woman who towered over him to what seemed a superhuman altitude. Never had he beheld a female form so extended or so thin. Moreover, to his disordered senses her eyes appeared as points of green flame, more like the eyes of a cat than those of a mortal woman.

"What in Heaven's name is the matter?" he demanded.

"You fool, you fool, you drunken sot!" hissed the woman. "You were very near death."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," he muttered.

"That! That!" cried his awakener, thrusting the black ball in his face. "That is death. But I preach death to institutions, not men, however contemptible."

Fritz was not certain whether he was awake or asleep. On the whole he inclined to the belief that he was experiencing a peculiarly irresponsible form of nightmare.

"Well, keep your ball," he said at length good-naturedly, "but please give me back my hat."

"Sot and fool!" she cried. "There is no understanding in you. A second later and— But there is not a moment to be lost." And so saying, she hurled the black sphere from her with all the force at her command.

What followed was a terrific explosion.

To Fritz it seemed that someone had neatly divided his skull with a hatchet and was pouring molten noise into his cerebral hemispheres.

He struggled to his feet half-stunned, half-sobered, and three parts deaf.

Clouds of blue smoke filled the air, and in their unravelling eddies was visible the twisted chaos of tormented ironwork and shattered glass.

An incredibly acrid aroma filled his nostrils. Some of the arc lamps were extinguished, but a few remained alight, and by their beams he saw the tall figure of the woman who had roused him rushing fleet of foot down one of the long corridors of the building. A second later, emerging from the curtain of smoke and dust, appeared the black-coated form of a policeman. The latter scarcely gained, if at all, on the fugitive, but other black-coated forms appeared from the shadows and intercepted the woman's retreat. In a moment she was seized, there was a brief struggle, and then the unconditional surrender of the criminal to the minions of law.

Then another figure appeared from some side avenue of the great building, a man whose hair was white as snow, but whose movements were so rapid as to contradict any suggestion of age. He was no police official, but rather it appeared a friend of the arrested woman, for he protested vigorously and with much gesticulation. The only result was that he too was



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