

"I'll tell you," came the voice of Vyvyan. He was standing near the other side of the cot. "You fell in with a French outpost. So did Miss Wedekind and I. But we had enough sense to tie our handkerchiefs—fortunately I had three—together and wave it like a white flag. You forgot that jolly little particular. They saw you coming on, the French outpost, just as if you were the whole bloomin' Teuton army lusting for blood and boodle. They saw your Prussian uniform, very naturally thought you one of the *Gott Mit Uns*, and one of them fired . . . No!" as Tom began gingerly feeling his arms and legs. "He didn't hit you. Hit your mare, though, square in the chest, and you did a remarkable and not altogether graceful somersault. Fell on your jolly old head."

"I guess so. It throbs terribly."

Then, suddenly remembering, he went on in a tense, anxious voice:

"About the German plans—the attack from Metz . . ."

"Everything's as right as rain, old chap. Bertha and I got here in plenty of time. I had a talk with the French commander after I convinced him that we were not particularly bold Prussian spies—by the way, you and I are both due for the War Cross—and the General did a lot of rapid figuring and switching and ordering. My word, the Prussians will get the merry dooce when they get within reach of the guns. All right," as Tom was about to speak again, "I am off. I s'pose there are a few things you'll have to talk over with your—oh—nurse;" and he left.

There came a long silence, broken by Bertha's:

"We're safe, Tom. Thanks to you. As soon as we're home, you and I . . ."