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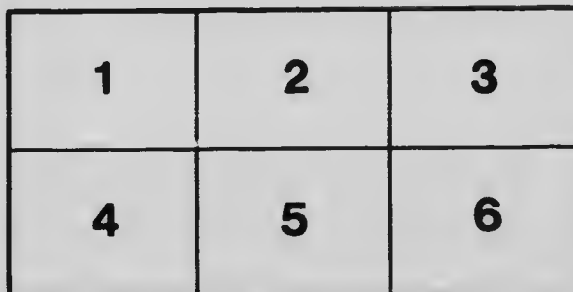
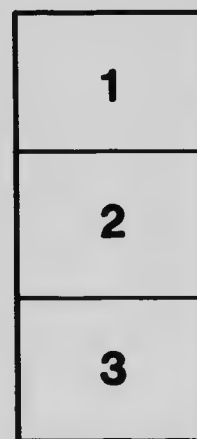
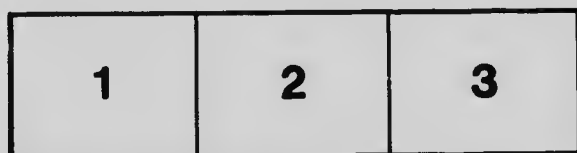
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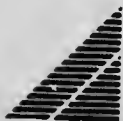
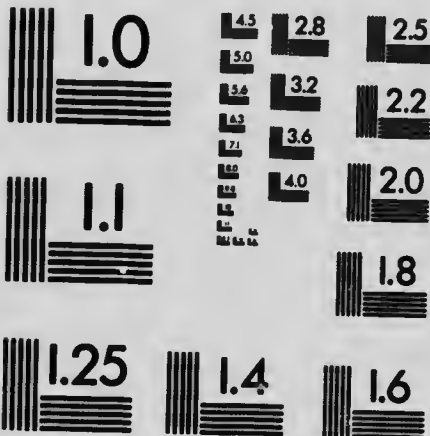
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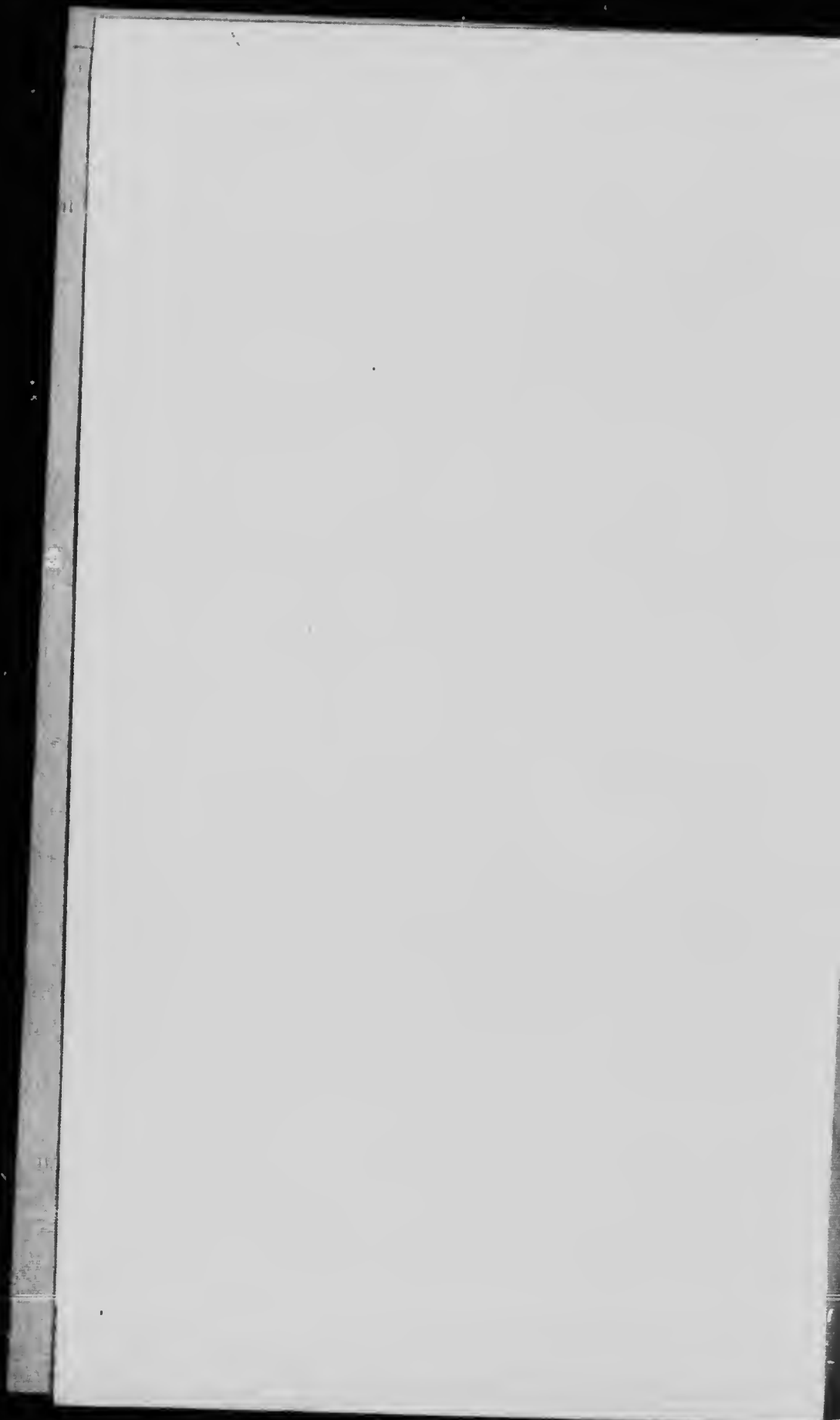
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A
Vision of Armageddon

—By—

BIRTIE SCRIVER BRYAN

Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.—Revelation xx: 14.

KINGSTON, JANUARY, 1916
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By BIRDIE SCHRYVER.

PREFACE.

In foreshadowing events as revealed to my mind, I have endeavored to show that all courage, art and beauty, which emanate from the soul, work together for ideal ends, with both men and nations, only where righteousness prevails, and will in this bloody European conflict finally culminate in a state of harmony, peace and perfection, proving to the powers of darkness that Right is Might and all else comes to naught.

BERTIE SCRIVER BRYAN.

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A Vision of Armageddon

CHAPTER I.

THE DREAM—A FORECAST OF EVENTS.

Picture to yourself a bright, sunny afternoon, in the merry month of June. The birds flitting about among the shady maples and sturdy old pines; billing and cooing; poising on some slender twig to pour forth their songs of love, which echoing through the hills, and caught up by the murmuring brooks, float away down the banks of the Ottawa, and on to its flowing, eddying stream, in one grand theme, ever telling of Time and Eternity.

In such a locality, a young woman, of not more than twenty years, had thrown herself carelessly upon the grass in the shadow of the tall pines, which studded a long-drawn lawn, that sloped from a large, well-built house, of ancient architecture, to the river below.

Clad in flimsy white, the beautiful form of this maiden, stood out in graceful lines against the rugged, old pines, which had stood as a back-ground for the beauty of many generations.

The long, flowing, golden curls fell loosely over one shoulder, a tiny one nestling about as beautiful a forehead as ever supported a crown of the most royal.

The mouth, slightly too full to be called rosebud, curved in a sweet smile, as if in response to the enchanting beauties about her, and even the dog, a handsome St. Bernard, as he lay with one eye open, sleeping the sleep of fidelity, sighed with an air of satisfaction.

At each changing expression of his mistress, he rose, stretched, yawned, and siezing a new opportunity, bestowed caresses on the plump, well moulded hands of his adored.

Tabby, too, a large Angora cat, nestled at her feet, sleeping away the drowsy hours, thereby adding one more jewel to the ornaments by which nature surrounded her.

As she lounged in this posture, gazing at the small streak of azure blue, which peeped between the towering maples, her thoughts turned to nigher things, and thinking she heard music on the waters, she languidly raised herself on one elbow, and peering far down the river, from whence proceeded the sweet, harmonious blending of the violin and 'cello,' she listened enraptured.

Soon the whispering of the breeze, mingling with the murmuring of the waters, lulled the senses to rest, and throwing herself back upon the ground, she slept.

After a few minutes had elapsed, she rose, sat upright, and gazed steadfastly over the

waters—Otto was dreaming—dreaming she saw on the lawn, at some distance between her and the river, which skirted its lower edge, a table around which a mighty and immense king sat playing a game.

His long, flowing crimson robe, which was lined with ermine, bespoke a recent court ceremony, and on his kingly brow sat a crown, across the front of which the word "Europe" stood out in large, black letters.

Opposite this great man, sat a young and beautiful woman clad in a loose, flowing, gauzy, white gown, which wound round her symmetrical figure in graceful folds.

Over the left shoulder, and down under the right, a broad band of deep blue encircled her form, the word "Life" standing out in bold relief, in letters of white.

To the left sat a short, heavy built man with a broad, low forehead and iron jaw. His expression was heavy and clouded, and as he witnessed a game of chess between these two, he carelessly dangled a gauntlet with the word "war" across the back, in large letters.

From time to time as the game progressed the lady, whose every movement showed a fair game, grew uneasy, as the great war man tapped the king on the shoulder with his gauntlet, and, when finally the latter resorted to downright cheating, he pounded his fist on the table, and with the other gauntlet, swept the game to the floor.

At this instant, from beneath the table, slowly emerged the hideous face of a skelton, clad in a long, black robe, which showed only the hands and face of bone. Silently this solemn figure took its seat at the table, at which moment Life, with both hands on her heart, rose in terror and withdrew step by step, lifting one hand as if to push the scene from her, to a far corner of the room.

Death now began diceing with War, the King rising and looking on with great concern. When Death had almost succeeded in sweeping the board, the King in disgust withdrew to wait upon the Lady of Life, who by stealth had slipped away, and to his horror, grinning Death now stood in her place.

In anguish King Europe turned to the War man, who pointed to a cloud, in the form of a dragon now rising on the western horizon.

Slowly the huge monster trailed its way towards the zenith, where, about midway, it encountered a number of clouds shaped like various beasts, some bearing crowns and a few, with emblems across the forehead.

In the midst, two monstrous crowned beasts, and a huge crowned bear began to spar, the former, at the same time, trampling under foot a little cub, whereupon the largest, which had heretofore remained passive, raised his great paw and plunged into the fight.

At this instant the great serpent sent forth a stream of fire from its fangs, which caught here and there in the various crowns of the

smaller beasts, and in a brief space the whole heavens were in one glowing mass, the smoke rising and curling in every direction. Soon the whole sky was shrouded in blackest night and the scene was no more.

When a brief interval had passed and daylight again restored, on the lawn towards the river, stood a bride as adorned for her husband. Her countenance was bright and peaceful, as she bent her eyes upon a gentle, little lamb and a big, brown lion, which lay comfortably, side by side, on a spot slightly elevated.

From the trees waved the flags of all nations, not tattered and torn, but new and clean, like newly hoisted pennons on a gala day.

From the waters beyond, came the sound of the band in, "The Maple Leaf Forever," and "Rule Britannia."

As the music swelled loud and strong, the voices of many soldiers from the decks of the boats, now heaving into port, thrilled the air with cheering.

From the bows of this exquisite, white fleet, the flags of all nations, too, waved; but no arms were anywhere visible. Instead from the foredeck, a beautiful golden crown bedecked with jewels, sparkled and glittered with the inscription "King of Kings."

As she neared, the bride advanced to meet her with an open book in hand. The band now struck up "Old Coronation," the glad voices of the whole crew joining in. A single beam

stole between two flitting clouds in the sky, and down across the fleet, lighting in softest rays across the face of the bride, the lion, and the lamb.

Now feeling a weight clinging to her own arm, Otto Anheuser opened her eyes to find she had been dreaming, and Wilhelm Busch, with his hand resting lightly on her sleeve, was bending over her, smiling in her face.

Otto rose, and with her guest, traversed the long drawn lawn, and entered her own drawing-room, by way of the old fashioned verandah, which ran the entire length of the house.

She at once pointed to a seat, and was herself about to be seated, when Mr. Busch ignoring her hospitality, took a few steps in her direction, and reaching for her hand, asked her for the twelfth time to marry him, and was for the twelfth time repulsed.

Resenting this, he drew from his pocket a letter, and standing back that she might not read, threatened her with her father's disgrace, if she rejected his suit. In this she placed but little credence, and rising to her full height, without a word, pointing to the door, dismissed him.

After his departure, becoming uneasy, Otto stepped to the piano, and lightly running her fingers over the keys, was about to launch out in that old song, "O Promise Me," when to her surprise and satisfaction, Jack Fleming was announced.

Dark, handsome and manly, he appeared, as he refusing a seat, took his place at her side. Not with that bold presumption of Wilhelm Busch, but with a reticence, which showed profound reverence and respect, he led her to a far corner of the room, where with timid and downcast countenance, he made his intentions known.

Otto accepted with such coy and bashful sweetness, that Jack took little time in sealing the bargain with the usual sign, then proceeded to take leave, after assuring her that he intended returning in time for the "At Home," at the Government House, which would take place immediately after the June Ball, at the Royal Military College, Kingston, whither as a former student he felt bound to attend, and with these assurances Otto cheerfully parted company with him.

CHAPTER II.

TWO SPIES—PLOT DISCOVERED.

Three hours after Wilhelm Busch made his threatening proposal to Otto Anheuser, he stood before her father, letter in hand, in a Broker's Office, Montreal, advising the parent to persuade the daughter to accept the proposal, in which case he would settle all business difficulties.

To this the kind-hearted old German father stoutly refused to listen, and abruptly twisting himself about in his chair, left little room for the fellow to do aught but slide through the door, looking more like a cur than a man.

As soon as the door had closed, the father read the letter again and again, casting it on the table with disgust, meanwhile staring vacantly at the ceiling. Finally nodding his head with a determined air, he seemed to make some decision when throwing his head on his arms, wept.

During this time Jack Fleming had been travelling away over the green hills, bold-faced rocks and mossy dells of the Bald Mountains, and on over meadow and slope, till in sight of the beautiful rippling waters of the Rideau. Its far-famed banks traversed, he found himself in view of the blue, rolling lake of Ontario

and the grand, old military site of the pioneer city, Kingston.

Reaching the Royal Military College before Wilhelm Busch had arrived, generous hearted Jack (though he secretly detested the Busch brothers) decided to share his uptown room with them, the College being overcrowded.

Later when Wilhelm arrived, it was found that Fred Busch would arrive by a later train, and after making necessary arrangements, Jack turned in for a rest, while Wilhelm repaired to the depot to meet his brother.

Scarcely had Jack thrown himself down, when a gust of wind, sweeping some papers from the table, hurled them through the room, scattering the sheets of a letter in every direction. One of these, falling immediately in front of the couch, attracted Jack and aroused his suspicion, as the German Royal Insignia stood out in gilt across the top, and tracing farther down he found, to his horror and surprise, that the Kaiser was endeavoring to entrap Hans Anheuser, through his financial weakness, into becoming a spy on some of his warmest friends, the Canadian Government Officials, by whom with his lavish hand and kind heart, he was constantly surrounded.

Procuring a paper and pencil, Jack hurriedly copied, folded and replaced the parchment in its former position on the table.

When the Busch brothers reached the room Jack rose, yawned, stretched and then took himself over to greet and offer unlimited hos-

pitality to the new arrival. Having a motive for his friendship, Jack now spared no pains in entertaining, and accordingly ordered up an elaborate meal, at which he presided with an endless amount of fun and gay repartee.

Later they repaired to the ball-room, where as usual, Jack was everywhere sought, but contrary to his usual custom, resigned all honors in favor of the Busch brothers.

Towards midnight, he approached the boys, telling them he had pressing business in Montreal, and that he must at once be away. In the meantime, his apartments were at their disposal, and bidding them adieu, he sought his room, and searched the belongings of the brothers.

While going through the boys' pockets, he found a slender key, which belonged to a small leather valise. Opening he recognized a companion to his former discovery. This he likewise copied, and glancing at his watch, rushed for the midnight, only to reach the depot a few minutes after the suburban had left for the junction.

At once hailing an auto, Jack threw an extra quarter to the driver, with the promise of more, if he reached the main line on time. The train had a few minutes start, and as it pushed forward, the auto increased its speed. The road running parallel with the track made the scene one of intense excitement.

Wildly the train rushed on, and still more wildly the auto followed, till gaining upon its

rival, it hurled in at the outer station amid a cloud of dust, just a second before the suburban.

The chauffeur, now taking the extra tip, vigorously brushed the coat of dust from Jack's clothing, while he with despatch filled out a telegram, and dropping another coin in his hand, ordered him to forward without delay.

Now having gained his point, Jack boarded the through train, and with a smile, lifted his hat to various friends, whom he recognized under the electric light.

As the train rolled away, the chauffeur picked up a number of return passengers, and in his haste forgot about the telegram till the next day, when with great regret and prick of conscience, he suddenly recollected and forwarded it.

When this reached Otto's home, she was well on her way to Ottawa, where she was about to take part in a recital at St. James.

Glancing at her wrist watch she urged the chauffeur on. Meanwhile, a great and motley throng had congregated about the church, with the hope of getting a glance at the beautiful prima-donna, who was not only gaining a reputation as a singer, but one of rare and varied charms; and also to obtain, if possible, the last strains of her beautiful voice.

This crowd to Otto, when she rolled up beneath the massive walls, and towering steeples,

appeared by moonlight, in the light of a street fair.

The man with the hurdy-gurdy; the Jew pedlar wending his way homeward; the Gypsy displaying her laces, the bare-footed, half-fed and ragged news-boy, and the tired face of the flower girl, with her basket of violets, all touched the young woman, whose pride soared not too high to purchase a bunch of flowers, and add a soothing caress to the sad little face.

When Otto arrived at the vestry door, she discarded her beautiful evening wrap with great alacrity, and at once proceeded to the platform, which she reached just in time to render her song.

As she mounted the rostrum, a boy entered, handed a telegram to an usher and disappeared. Quickly the man passed it to her, who quickly scanning it, crushed it in her hand, and with one masterful effort, she swelled her throat in the song, "Abide with Me." No sooner had the full, clear sounds floated out on the air, than the music ceased, and a faint scream followed.

A few seconds later, two men emerged from the vestry, bearing a lovely burden in their arms—Otto had fainted, and from the limp fingers a paper fell, which was picked up and carefully perused by the curious; but being in cipher no one understood.

CHAPTER III.

OTTO WARMLY RECEIVED IN HIGH PLACES—THE LION'S CLAW.

When Miss Anheuser had recovered sufficiently, she was driven home, where she found her mother in a fit of hysteria.

By birth Mrs. Anheuser was a spoiled child of fortune. Insanely jealous, she suffered constant annoyance at the hands of her husband. Being jolly and good-natured, he drew many of both sex to him.

In this instance, her doubts seemed confirmed, when a short telegram arrived, announcing his speedy departure, from Montreal, for the old countries. This made no explanation, but stated he would write and explain.

Upon all occasions Otto was loyal to her father, and now displayed her faith in a vain endeavor to convince her mother of his fidelity. But, to persuasion, the mother turned a deaf ear, and insisted on divorce proceedings.

Now being in a mood which finds satisfaction in vengeance, Mrs. Anheuser began making elaborate preparations for the affairs at the Government House, which was to take place at the week-end.

This evening was one of unusual gaiety and splendour. Their Royal Highnesses, being everywhere present, extended that cordial welcome and hospitality, only shown by the kind-hearted of the better class.

The reception room, with its many colored lights, garlands of roses and ornaments of antiquity, almost dazed Otto, who though reared to society had not yet appeared as one of its members. But the same queenly self-control and command, which characterized her future action, she now displayed.

As she proceeded, on the arm of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, followed by the Duchess and her mother, a faint murmur arose from the crowd, followed by applause, to which Otto instinctively responded by a blush, and a slight nod of recognition.

The striking contrast between the dark, regal bearing of the mother, becomingly gowned in crimson satin, with black lace, and the delicate peach bloom complexion of the daughter, in her simple ivory satin and lily-of-the-valley, was a picture to arouse admiration in even the most practical.

This quartette was at once surrounded by a throng anxious to do homage, which soon grew wearisome to Otto, who experienced great relief, when a tall, distinguished looking guest was introduced, and asked for a few minutes of her company.

Soon she was sought out by the Duchess and asked to sing, requesting her to take, as

a selection, "The Mad Scene" from Lucia.

Her escort, who was rather advanced in years, took her to the piano, and then withdrew to the back of the room.

After the conclusion of the selection, a deafening storm of applause ensued, and Otto soon found herself literally buried in flowers. Now stepping amid the boquets, with a large bunch of red roses in her arms, with smiles of appreciation, she began, "'Tis the last rose of summer."

In her sweet simplicity and earnestness, her pure, rich tones touched the hearts of all present, and when she had completed, there was not a dry eye in the house.

As Otto was busy receiving congratulations, a telegram was handed to her, which ran thus: "Have saved both father and country. Come to the rescue at once."—Jack.

This also was in cipher. These characters having long since been arranged by Otto and Jack for writing their billet-doux.

While Otto was still reading, the distinguished friend of the early evening approached, and unfastening his watch-charm he attempted to present it to her.

Perceiving him to be a military man of note, Otto with her quick wit saw something of future advantage to be gained, by obtaining this man's signature. Handing it back, she politely informed him, that she would accept only on the condition, that the charm bore the giver's name.

Three days later, a small box accompanied by a note came to Otto, at her home on the Ottawa River. This note contained the following explanation:

Dear Miss Anheuser:

"Enclosed you will find a sacred treasure, the gift of a friend, General French, who in company with me shot a lion near Ladysmith, the claws of which form this locket.

"This can only be opened by touching the small letter 'F' on the mounting.

"The value of this relic is paltry when compared with the laurels, which you, with your wonderful gifts, should be crowned."

Sincerely yours,
S. Hughes, M.M.

CHAPTER IV.

THE IRON CROSS.

When Jack Fleming despatched the message to Otto Anheuser, he had just returned to the "Hotel Alexandra," with Ned Foster, having just completely adjusted all difficulties, as they thought, surrounding Otto's father.

Immediately upon landing in England Jack repaired to the home of Ned in Stratford-on-Avon.

Without ceremony, he invited Ned to accompany him to the city, requesting him to make no enquiries. They at once set out, Jack carefully studying the contents of the Kaiser's letter.

One gave an account of two different methods of securing Hans Anheuser as spy on Canadian Government Officials and affairs. The Busch brothers were to play upon this want of money, by supplying the ready cash. This proving a failure, the lovely daughter was to be sought in marriage, when these men would be constantly surrounded by that element and come into immediate contact with affairs of state.

The second letter gave directions, which were tactically to be given Hans, upon securing his service. These pointed out the spot in

London, where Hans, on a given night, in a certain place would wait, and when the clock tolled out the hour of midnight, he must stand attention till two men approached, repeating the words, "For God and the Fatherland," when reiterating these words he would reach out and receive an iron cross, from the man on the left, when all were to disperse in different directions.

Upon reaching London, Jack was driven to a blacksmith shop, where he left a carefully written order. In the best of spirits, the friends drove to the "Alexandria," where they did justice to a well served dinner, after which Jack excused himself, while he returned to the Smith's.

Upon reaching this shop, he examined the lid of the iron cross, and when satisfied it was quite secure, took some papers and wrote the following:

"The bearer, Hans Anheuser, has executed the charge in trust, and is in no way responsible for the disappearance of the papers, which you hoped this casket would contain.

"As an officer of His Majesty, King George, I traced out this plot, and confiscated the document before the cross reached the hands of Hans Anheuser."

(Signed) O. H. M. S.

These lines completed, Jack lifted the lid of the cross, folded the note, and dropping it therein, touched the spring, and throwing a

coin at the Smith, was soon on his way with Ned, to the vicinity of Big Ben.

When within a block of this famous old clock Jack called a halt beneath a line of shade-trees, and giving Ned the cross and the phrase to be repeated, in breathless silence, sauntered around the vicinity, until within five minutes of the time.

Knowing Hans' excitable, impetuous nature, Jack anticipated he would be in readiness before the hour set apart, and relied upon this in perfecting his scheme, to obtain the official documents.

Precisely at five of twelve Ned and Jack, with Ned on the left, turned the corner in sight of Big Ben, and true to expectation, there in the glow of the electric light, stood Hans in position.

Losing no time the two men at once took their places, stood attention, repeated the sentence, Hans accepting the Cross, and dispersed in different directions, Ned returning just as the clock tolled out the midnight hour.

Almost at the same instant two men appeared, (had Jack been present he would have recognized the Busch brothers) and the former tableau was enacted, the men dispersing in different directions; but in this instance with the real prize in Ned's possession.

From the outset Jack had laid plans to rescue Hans from the hands of the Kaiser, and at the same time put him in a financial position to return home, at liberty.

In order to accomplish this, he had arranged with Ned to meet Hans at the depot, the latter shadowing him thence. He would then approach him affably, and enquire respecting real estate in Montreal, for which he would offer a fabulous sum. An amount was then to be put in his hands, sufficient to defray expenses, and set him on a good footing in his own country. The remainder of the sum was to be promissory.

While Hans attention was thus engaged, Jack would secretly get away with the valise, and thereby render an appearance before the Kaiser useless, and nothing now would remain but to return to Canada.

As directed, Ned followed Hans unobserved, but was detained an uncomfortable length of time, while Hans visited an hotel, after which Ned was highly amused to note; when Hans again appeared, his corporation had grown to an immense size.

Ned was siezed with a fit of laughter, and was forced to take shelter behind a tree to escape detection; but soon regained his composure, when his man increased his speed, and was lost to view. Ned now took to his heels and soon overtook Hans, who for the first observed his pursuer and taking fright endeavored to escape. But, with the cumbersome stomach jumping in different directions, he stumbled twice and experienced great difficulty in regaining his feet, and finally was overtaken just as they reached the depot.

A short explanation followed, in which Ned made clear his great desire to purchase a certain piece of property in Montreal. Noting by the hotel register that he was from Montreal, he took the liberty to ask for information.

Hans' eyes sparkled, his hand stole down in his pocket, and in a second the plan of Montreal lay out before them.

Ned acted according to directions, and at once chose the exact spot where Hans property lay, and was only a short time in completing the bargain, and so engrossed was he, that he did not observe Jack as he stole up and got away with the valise.

No sooner had the conversation closed than Hans found his valise was missing, and straightway notified the police.

Having no time to spare he purchased a ticket for Berlin. As he still held the cross in his possession, secreted in his huge paunch, his conscience compelled him to fulfil his promise, but was loathe to do so, having the means now at hand with which to return to home and happiness. This he expressed by writhing and twisting the muscles of his face.

When Jack escaped with the valise, he sauntered away down to a covert spot, where he had arranged to meet Ned, and was in the act of being seated, when an auto suddenly whirled up, and in an instant he was seated between two officers, making for the jail at top speed.

On the following morning Jack penned a short note to the War Office, addressed to General French, asking that he grant him an interview, as he had some valuable information to disclose, also some important papers, which he wished to hand him.

When this communication reached the General, he put it down as the work of a crook, and threw the note down with contempt; but feeling uncomfortable, he siezed his hat, and in his auto soon reached the jail.

When he entered, Jack greeted him in his polite, careless manner. When alone he disclosed the circumstances connected with the recovery of the papers, but was careful not to mention Hans' name.

Upon receipt of the papers, General French ordered Jack's immediate release, after which they drove to the General's own quarters and enjoyed a sumptuous repast.

CHAPTER V.

FAVOR WITH THE KAISER—DEMANDS PARENT'S RELEASE.

In early youth, Otto being of that investigating mind common to the Germans, had learned at her father's knee, the art and tactics of German militarism.

He had taught her, not only the use of the sword and bayonet, but had given her a thorough training in court ceremonies, having himself received his lessons while in the service of the Kaiser, as body-guard.

This Otto knew, when setting out on her journey, was one hope of reaching the Emperor and obtaining her father's liberty.

When she landed at Liverpool, all England was in confusion, war having been declared, and the armies on the march.

Thus it happened that upon phoning Jack's address, she learned he had just departed for the front, having been ordered thence three days previous.

When this message came, Otto threw herself in the nearest chair and wept. But the grand-daughter of a British Colonel and a French general could not long despair. Rising she made a hasty toilet, and took the first train for Germany.

Reaching the German frontier at twilight, she saluted the officer, presented her passport, and in a condescending manner, asked for papers or articles of communication for the Kaiser. The officer noting her uniform was that of a body-guard, without hesitation, placed a roll of paper in her hand, and saluting passed on.

The remainder of the journey was continued without incident.

At the gate of the Royal Palace, she met with an obstacle in the Gate Watch, who though recognizing the uniform was unacquainted with the face, and flatly refused admittance.

After much parley, to no avail, she informed him, that as a spy, she held some papers, which if not immediately put in the hands of the Kaiser, the German army would within an hour be overthrown.

This had the desired effect, and siezing the papers, the man was about off with them, when Otto, as one born to the uniform, unsheathed her sword, and brandishing it cleverly about the man's head, yanked the papers from the horror-stricken fellow, and passed on.

She met with little difficulty elsewhere, and when admitted into the Kaiser's presence, she rehearsed as carefully as of yore, the necessary action attendant upon such an occasion.

The Emperor, greatly pleased, interrogated her regarding the papers, and her identity. To this she frankly, with tact, replied that she

was there in quest of her father, and to serve His Majesty and her father's country.

Pointing to her uniform she informed him that it had been worn by her father, while in His Majesty's service, in former years.

During this recitation the Kaiser narrowly regarded Otto, and she, watching the slightest change of expression, on his part, was likewise guided in her speech.

When the psychological moment had arrived, with an air that would well become a star actor, she lowered her helmet, taking a wig of short light brown hair with it, and exposed a wealth of golden curls, which dropped in clusters round her shoulders.

The sunlight streamed through a stained glass window at her back, and falling obliquely across her forehead, and down over her shoulder, made her appear as some beautiful goddess, bedecked in various colored jewels.

To complete the artistic effect, the distant strains of an orchestra floated up from the gardens beneath, and Otto alive to the beautiful, at once forgot the Kaiser and the homage due him, and turning her beautiful innocent face listened, her lips curling in an arched smile.

Momentarily the Kaiser was spell-bound, but recollecting his presence was ignored, he jammed his sword on the ground in an endeavor to command attention, but himself was soon lost in speechless wonder, at the beautiful seraphic expression that radiated her face.

Drawing himself together he spoke as an Emperor to his subject, and questioned her as to her attainments. Then touching a button for an accompanist, he commanded her to sing.

Otto dropped her head in confusion and begged to be excused on the grounds of fatigue. But when he persisted, with great composure and stately grace, she waved the accompanist aside, and began "Annie Laurie," her father's favorite.

When the first stanza was completed, an attendant advanced and informed the Emperor that the prisoner, Anheuser, was dying.

Otto, with her knowledge of German, understood all, and with a wild shriek, rushed to the Kaiser, and forgetting his rank, put her hand on his arm and begged him to take her to her father.

At first he shook her off and seemed deeply humiliated that one should approach him thus. But as he surveyed her guileless face, so full of agony, he took her by the arm and led her to the cell.

When they reached the prison chamber, they found Hans lying full length upon the hard floor. Otto at once knelt and examined him, and with an air of one born to rule, ordered restoratives, administering these personally.

The Kaiser feeling his presence unnecessary, stepped outside to speak to a guard, when Otto to her great joy, saw her father was reviving. Sitting upright, he took in the situation at a glance, and took his daughter to his bosom.

Seeing no time to be lost she withdrew from his embrace, and quick as thought, she drew from her bosom a small ornament, and putting her finger to her lips as a sign of silence, she placed beneath her tongue, and removing motioned him to do likewise.

Scarcely had this taken place, when the Kaiser entered, bearing his usual stern military mien. With an authoritative motion, he commanded Otto to "go"; but she met this rebuff in the spirit in which it was given.

Marching to the door like a general, throwing back her cloak, she unsheathed her sword, and in a flourishing style, demanded her father's liberty.

The Emperor still holding the papers Otto had restored to him in safety, glanced at the papers, and then at her standing as a bold warrior of ancient days, with the sun playing across her golden curls, he again warmed to her, and in a fatherly manner he sought to stroke her hair.

Before the hand reached her, she withdrew a few paces, and with eyes flashing and bosom heaving, her sword still drawn she commanded him to stand back, or she would run him through.

Still standing erect as one born to rule she waved her sword high over her head exclaiming: "Whoever dares refuse my father liberty, dies."

Then turning about she ordered her father to follow, and brandishing her sword with

great dexterity, she ordered the guards to clear the path.

In the meantime, the Kaiser highly amused and beaming with admiration asked her to listen.

Otto, being well bred, at once gave respectful attention.

The Kaiser, then, in a most deferential way, asked the father and daughter to dine with him that evening; meanwhile they would be entertained by the Royal family. But when driving later, they noticed their entertainment was entirely under the surveillance of an armed guard.

Only once did the two have an opportunity of speaking alone. While walking in the gardens, a sharp bend in the path, amid a thick clump of bushes, brought them out of hearing of the guard.

During this time Hans drew the lion's claw from his mouth, while Otto quickly showed him the working of the spring, and told him to present this to General French, if in danger or in want of a friend.

As the guard appeared Hans quickly replaced the locket, and the two resumed their silent pace.

At dinner Miss Anheuser occupied the place of honor, and looked the Queen of Beauty, in the beautiful court gown, lent her by Her Majesty for the occasion. The Kaiser throughout the whole meal was most affable and entertaining.

The repast completed, the Emperor commanded both to wait upon him in the audience room. When they reached this chamber both Otto and Hans showed uneasiness. She had changed her gown for the military make-up, and resumed her warlike bearing.

The iron hearted monarch, with his former tyrannical manner told Otto to advance, kneel, and present her petition.

Contrary to instructions, both of the Kaiser and her father's training, she boldly advanced a few paces, and straightening to her full height, demanded her father's liberty.

Completely nonplussed for a second, the monarch stared in blank amazement. This was followed by a fit of anger, which convulsed his whole frame.

Jamming his sword on the floor, with all the ire in his being, he again commanded Otto to kneel.

Previous experience had taught her, that beauty and bravery each had a share in controlling this man.

Stepping still nearer, with a poise of the head, not less regal than his own, she unsheathed her sword, and in a masterful style, lifted her helmet and let fall the golden curls, as on the former occasion.

In this instance the affect was entirely lost, and in a manner almost brutal, he again insisted on her kneeling.

Stepping still nearer, with a movement that would well become a queen, she exclaimed, while drawing her sword:

"Born in a land of freedom, I kneel but to the King of Kings," and tactically, "I am here in the service of the Empire, and as a boon, I crave my father be given freedom to return to his wife and home."

Still unmoved, and without another word, he handed her instructions for the coming six months, beginning with the following morning, when she was to board a submarine at four a.m., and disembark at the different ports for the purpose of spying on the movements of the enemy.

Hans, without precedent, was ordered to the front.

The guard, taking advantage of the prerogative, rudely seized the prisoner, and was about to be off with him, when the Kaiser recalled them, and handing a Bible to Hans, made him swear, anew, allegiance to the German Empire.

Both Hans and Otto were then, with a rude gesture, dismissed. Otto with her usual bravery sought to embrace her parent, but was roughly pushed aside by the guard, who jerked his prisoner along, almost lifting him off his feet, at each leap.

Otto was not to be outdone. Touching her fingers to her lips, she said, "Good-bye," while Hans ventured to call for her to explain his innocence to her mother.

CHAPTER VI.

A FASCINATING SPY.

During the fall and winter season, Otto had been, as the Germans thought, acting as spy on the British and French, playing along the coasts of these countries. But as she had sworn fealty to no country, she with the quick wit of the Germans, was obtaining all possible information regarding the movements of both armies, and using it for the advantage of the Allies.

Knowing the submarine, "Fraulein" had two objects in view; the annihilation of the "Mediterranean Fleet" and the destruction of the "Queen Elizabeth," Otto used all information for frustrating their plans.

Fearing detection, she gave an almost correct sketch of their time and route, and advised they make for Gibraltar without delay, trusting to her own cleverness to upset their plans.

When in each country she mingled with German spies, as one of them, and when in quest of information regarding her own country, she donned a smart tailored gown, and inquired of some officer as to the whereabouts of her friends; Capt. Fleming and Lieut. Foster. These gentlemen, a prey to her charms, usually

were sufficiently confiding for her to drop a hint in the right direction, or to obtain knowledge to be used to their benefit with the Germans.

In London, the Kyle was the rendezvous of the spies. In this vicinity, she was always clad in a grey Norfolk suit.

The laddie, as the sleuths dubbed her, was looked on as a boy and treated with indulgence, and deeming her both clever and innocent, strove to suppress all dissipation in her presence.

At night, she could be seen ascending the long flight of stairs, walking-stick in hand, and entering the chamber of conference, doffing her cap, with the politeness of a Chesterfield.

If the smoke were rolling and glasses clinking, all pipes were removed and glasses lowered; for Jack Saunders, as she was called, was respected and appreciated by all.

When entering a café, contrary to custom, those with whom she desired to engage in conversation, she invited to lunch in the café, instead of offering the customary cigar, or drink, and by this means avoided all degrading influences, and had ample time to draw out her acquaintances.

When in France in the ordinary street costume of a Frenchman, her appearance was perfect.

The lithe agility and suave mannerisms made her, as she tripped along, most attractive, and it was not uncommon to see six or eight

girls standing on the street corner, pointing out the fine points of the young gallant; gazing and ogling in his direction, with smiles and blushes, while endeavoring to tilt their bonnets becomingly.

During this interesting period, while laying plans for the destruction of the "Fraulien," and the salvation of the "Elizabeth," she took opportunity to write her mother often—though she never received letters from her—and strove to vindicate her father's conduct.

On the day previous to the night set apart for the daring venture, she stepped in a drug store to procure a remedy for sea-sickness, when, by chance, she overheard a conversation in German, which made her blood chill.

Feigning ignorance she drew near, pretending to examine some chewing gum, while she watched them put up package after package, labelled, "Canadian Hospital, Ypres."

This, instead of being an antiseptic lotion, was something so prepared as to counteract the strongest antiseptic, at the same time, poison fatally. Yet with German skill the mixture was so cleverly made as to deceive the most eminent physician, except a very careful analysis were made.

While turning over the chewing gum Otto's shrewd brain was contriving some means of frustrating their plans.

Turning to the chemist, assuming an almost idiotic expression, she asked for some packages for the Canadian Hospital at Ypres.

Seeing their hesitation, she produced a Red Cross pin, which had been given by an officer in England, bearing his name and General French's photo. This had the desired effect.

The men at once placed the goods at her disposal. After taking what she could carry, she filled her hat, and ordered the remainder sent the next day.

Then with an air of a feather-brained boy, she purchased some chewing gum, and grinning foolishly, unwrapped a stick, putting the full length in her mouth, followed by the fist, as far as space permitted.

Once in the street, Otto opened all the packages save one, which she tied in her hand-bag, and when crossing the bridge, dropped them in the river.

Not wishing to loose a moment, with all possible speed, she bent her steps towards procuring a directory, and when she had secured the address of a famous specialist, she at once took an auto and hunted him up.

When she came in the presence of this noted man, she endeavored to conceal the facts of the case by informing him, that the contents of the package (taking it from her hand-bag) had, by mistake, been used in the wound of a friend, and she wished something to counteract its effect.

The doctor made a careful analysis, and greatly excited, urged her to loose no time in using the counter-irritant; as the effects of this poisonous drug would otherwise prove fatal.

Otto, once again in the street, repaired to a reliable druggist, and after her prescription had been filled, she ordered large quantities to be forwarded to the Canadian Hospital at Ypres, without delay.

Hailing an auto she gave double pay for double speed, and was at the Hospital by midnight.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE TIMELY WARNING.

After a day's hot fighting, the British met in a hand to hand fight, in the woods. From this death grapple, they appeared disheveled and fatigued, and were about to retire when Canadian reinforcements came to their aid.

When this body of men arrived, the fight was raging on the borders of a wood, and men were falling everywhere, reverses being felt on both sides. But the timely arrival of fresh troops turned the tide. When night set in, the enemy was fleeing before the flashing swords and bayonets of these men, who pouring in faster and faster, retook the guns, scattering the foe in every direction.

As night closed down, these opponents looked like wild beasts seeking to devour each other, but soon the moon threw her rays across their weapons and through the leaves, turned the scene into fairyland.

The Germans were now fleeing in every direction, bayoneting their wounded as they went.

Among these lay Hans Anheuser, helpless, with one hand uplifted, praying his old friend Stev. Brody, to save him. But with an oath, Brody raised his weapon, and was about to

lower it in the region of the heart, when a Canadian officer, seeing this, felled the coward before the fatal thrust was made. Then administering, with great satisfaction, the toe of his shoe to the part that lay nearest, he made him prisoner.

After touching greetings with Hans, he proceeded to bind up his wounds, and in his own charge removed him to the hospital.

For a short season after the battle, the Canadians retired to recruit, during which time Colonel Fleming (for he was now promoted) was most active in hospital work, not for a moment forgetting Hans Anheuser, who for a time progressed rapidly, but later showed symptoms of blood poisoning. This condition was general throughout the hospital, the result, it was thought, of poisoned bullets.

When Col. Fleming visited Hans one evening, he was shocked at the rapidity with which the patient was sinking, and called a consultation of doctors.

While all were in great perplexity, a boy entered without admittance, and handed a telegram to the Col., who, in excitement, passed it to the head nurse.

A hasty conference followed, after which doctors and nurses alike, ran from cot to cot with an antiseptic for the wounds.

Despite this, during the evening, they rapidly grew worse, and at midnight three doctors, Col. Fleming and a nurse stood over Hans'

bed deciding whether it was best to remove the limb.

One insisted he would not live till day-break without an operation, while the other pronounced one fatal.

While this parley was at white heat, an auto horn was heard, and in a few seconds a fascinating young civilian asked admittance.

This was promptly denied, all being too busily engaged with poisoned wounds to heed aught else.

When this gentleman insisted on seeing the supervisors, they vainly endeavored to close the door in his face. But stepping past, ignoring all objections, he rushed from ward to ward, inquiring for head nurse or physician.

As he pushed on, he met crowds of nurses, and was brought to a sudden stop, where a number of doctors and nurses blocked the way.

Curiosity prompted him to hesitate, and rising on his toes he beheld two faces that made his heart stand still.

The younger was bending over the aged and pale face on the pillow, wiping his brow and smoothing his pillow.

With a wild cry of "Father," he tore the black, curly wig from his head, and there stood Otto Anheuser in her golden glory.

Not even taking time to embrace her parent, she opened a package, handing a prescription to one of the surgeons, and poured the contents of a vial into the wound before the astonished and spell-bound physicians.

The effect was instantaneous. The patient heaved a sigh of relief. Holding her wrist watch close, she watched to the second, then before the eyes of the surgeons, reached for some packing and bound up the wound.

Between comfort and astonishment the father was speechless. When her work was done, her plump arms wound round her parent's neck; meanwhile a little hand stole out and found the hand of another, and when she ceased caressing her father, she found herself encircled by two strong arms, in the uniform of a colonel.

Soon duty took precedence with affection, and stepping close to the surgeons, she handed them the medicines, explaining she had come from the noted specialist, and if these directions were closely followed, operating would be unnecessary.

Then stooping to kiss her father, she told them, she had not a minute to lose, and turning child-like to Col. Jack, she embraced him and turned to go, exclaiming, as she replaced her wig: "To-night I save the Queen Elizabeth, and in five days the Mediterranean Fleet."

The father arrested her and asked for her mother. In answer she handed a paper to Jack, which told of her sailing on a certain date on the "Lusitania."

Hans, now full of joy, forgot all pain, and trying to rise from his pillow, he asked her to sing the old song she sang at his knee.

Having no time to waste, she stepped in the centre of the great warü, where many wounded soldiers lay, and in a deep and pathetic voice, she poured forth a song most realistic to all: "Just Before the Battle Mother."

When she had finished, the boys wept like babes, and not a few, in the last verse, joined in the chorus.

Like a storm, then came applause, and calls for "The Maple Leaf Forever."

Voice after voice reiterated the request, and at once she began with patriotic zeal.

Flags tattered and torn, fresh from the plains of Ypres, were unfurled, and when the last strains died away, the spirit shown by the Canadians on the field, took possession of the hospital. The walls rang with the voices of those heretofore unable to speak. The wounded raised from their pillows, and grasping the article nearest, rose, cheered and shouted.

Stepping quickly again to her father's bedside, she kissed him, turned and embraced Jack and was gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RESCUE.

The night was dark and lowering, the hour late. A fierce north wind swept down the coast of France, carrying the ocean in reefs before it.

The sailors, at the note of the signal, had put into harbor. Not a small boat was to be seen. Only a dim light flickered about one hundred yards from the wharf, where the rolling and splashing of the huge breakers, tumbling this way and that way, from the shifting wind, threw the spray many feet high.

So dark and fierce the scene that Otto, with her sturdy obstinacy in the cause of right, hesitated before stepping in the life-boat with six hardy sailors. When she felt the salt spray dash against her face, and saw the huge waves curl above her head, though she trusted these men as sailors, she shivered as with cold.

The thought, too, of the possibility of her plans miscarrying, filled her with dread. But that support, which attended her upon all occasions, was her stay, and raising her eyes to heaven, she clasped her hands to her bosom, and after breathing a silent prayer, as if in answer, the dark clouds parted, and a silvery crescent threw her beams down, to brighten her way.

So sweet and peaceful her expression, that the hardy old tars melted, and a coarse, soiled sleeve wiped away the tears of more than one when, apparently conscious of nothing but the Divine presence, she sang "Abide with Me" for the first since that night in far away Canada, when she parted with all happiness.

Presently a speck was visible on the western horizon, and knowing the hour was fast approaching for the passing of the "Queen Elizabeth," she stopped in the midst of her song and urged the sailors on, pleading sea-sickness.

In due time the "Fraulien" was reached. The moon again peeping out stole a glance at Otto, as she endeavored to board the larger boat, amid the infuriated surroundings. The sea had grown still more rough and when they came along broadside, she pounded with such force, that it seemed she would be dashed to pieces before Otto could gain the ropes, and when she did succeed, the boat swung from beneath her. Clinging with almost supernatural strength to the rope, she found herself smothering in the depths of a mountainous wave. Death must have been her portion, had not the thought of what her life meant to her country, supported her. Winding herself tighter and tighter in the coils, half smothered, she clung, as the breaker receded.

The men soon raised her to the deck, bringing fresh supplies of clothing, which she pleasantly refused while breathing a prayer of thankfulness that her hair had not been ex-

posed, having tied a kerchief carefully over the wig before leaving the wharf.

The sailors congregated about her, offering her much attention, which she thankfully received, asking that a hot cup of coffee be served without delay.

Drawing a phial from her vest pocket, she inhaled what was thought to be smelling salts, and when all were about to be seated at the table, Otto asked all to drink to the health of the boys, who brought her safely through.

Hesitating an instant, while all were being seated, she awaited an opportunity, and poured some of the contents in the cups, on either side.

In the same way, she prepared her own cup, and withdrew on a plea of sea-sickness, motioning the officer, who handled the perescope, to take her place. To this the man remonstrated, but waving him to be seated she left the room, and seeing no alternative, he took the place.

After an absence of a few minutes she returned, smiling, and seated herself between the two men who were to throw the torpedos. When their attention was engaged she repeated the former incident.

Now rising to her feet, she raised her cup high above her head and proposed a toast, first to the captain, then officers and lastly the brave lads, who rescued her from the sweeping billows that night.

This completed, she launched out in that old song, "We are Jolly Good Fellows," in which all heartily joined.

Feeling the time for action drawing near she rose and reminded them, which was no sooner suggested than obeyed, and within five minutes every man was at his post.

While taking the rounds, Otto was pleased to note, the man at the perescope was slumbering and others were stupid and nodding.

Running to the perescope, she could plainly see the "Elizabeth" fast approaching. So near was she, that were they on the surface they must have heard the throbbing of her engines.

A new dread filled her breast. By drugging the officers, she had placed their own boat in jeopardy.

With new energy, she endeavored to arouse both captain and mates. But when the attempt proved futile, she wrung her hands in agony, knowing they were heading in a direct line for the great vessel and must soon be crushed beneath her, if some capable hand did not at once, either lower the "Fraulien" into the depths, or turn her course.

Like the clearing away of mist, the cloud passed from the brow, as with her old careless air, she took the Captain's post, taking possession of chart and compass, and with ease turning her course.

When after a few minutes she found leisure to look about, she was completely convulsed

with laughter at the random shots of the two torpedo officers, who though not sleeping were dazed and giddy. So far from the great vessel did their shots travel, that it would seem she might be located in the moon.

The super-dreadnaught, after hearing the first report redoubled her speed and soon was out of sight, but not out of hearing the random shots still fired by the doped officers.

When she observed consciousness returning on the countenances of these men, she threw herself down on the floor and slept.

When she awoke they were floating on the surface with the sun high in the heavens. Great confusion was apparent everywhere, else she must have slept on, so great had been her fatigue.

At one end of the deck stood the man, who had slept at the perescope; while opposite him stood six officers, ready to fire.

Grasping the situation, Otto commanded them to hold, when in a few words she showed them how absurd was their anger, each man, including the captain being in the same state. She then explained how she, herself, was forced to take the helm and turn their course, in order to save the vessel.

Loud cheers followed, and the six officers, who had their pistols ready for the word, forgetful of the man lashed to the flag-staff, sought to hoist her to their shoulders.

Protesting, she stepped back and pointing to the man, ordered him released, stepping forward herself and cutting the cords.

Now quite willing to partake of their cheer, she turned with a smile and permitted herself to be carried once again, singing with the men "We are jolly good fellows."

After descending to the cabin, they repeated the scene of the previous evening, omitting the drug.

The meal finished Otto held a long conference with the captain then disembarked at the first port.

CHAPTER IX.

ROCK OF AGES.

The night was dark and rainy when Otto reached Gibraltar, her destination. The mist was rising in clouds from the ocean, and fog-horns sounded everywhere.

Having changed her costume for that of a Spanish peasant boy, she at once took the beggar's initiative and held out her hat to the few she chanced to meet.

Consulting her chart which had been arranged as a guide by the Captain of the "Fraulein," she set out to locate the spot occupied by the submarines, which were to lie in wait for the Mediterranean Fleet. True to the description they were lying just inside, and under cover of the immense fortress.

As she stole around in the dark, using her flashlight to direct her steps, she observed two men coming ashore in a small boat.

Stooping behind a large bush that skirted the shore, she awaited, in silence, their approach.

As they passed, she overheard them saying, "If all's well the fleet will be at the bottom of the sea in half an hour."

The wind that bore the sound to her ear, also caught her large Spanish sombrero, and

tossing it from her head, took the smooth, black wig with it.

As she stepped from her covert to recover these, the great submarine searchlight, which was scanning the shore, threw its rays across her face and showed her curls, which fell about her shoulders, to good advantage.

Observing her and realizing her to be a spy, the men started in hot pursuit, but fortunately the light shifted, and Otto stole away in the darkness, the shots following in every direction.

When she again gained the summit, the dismal blast of the fog-horn reminded her that she must prepare.

Unfastening a pack strapped on her back she uncoiled a network of ropes, which were woven so as to support her feet and body, while hanging.

The night was dreary and dark, the hour late. A heavy east wind dashed the waves high and fierce against the old promontory, throwing their spray wildly in the air, and driving the fog in blinding reefs across the fortress, as Otto with numb fingers, endeavored to lash herself to the projecting rock.

Time was going and the hour fast approaching, yet she labored vainly at the sodden ropes, her flashlight not furnishing sufficient light to cope with the wet rock and ropes.

Being wholly absorbed, she had not noticed the fog receding, nor the sky clearing, and was surprised when the full moon sent the light of

her countenance across the face of the dark rock, by which Otto at once discovered a crevice, and by which she soon hung pendant-like beneath the great, rocky jaw.

This was not a second too soon. About a hundred yards up the coast sparkling lights could be seen, and from the rapidity of their motion, she knew the fleet to be under full speed.

With haste and precision she reached for her bundle, procured the apparatus and at once began to signal.

Soon the throbbing of the engines ceased. The lights in her post holes went out and as swiftly as they came, they glided away up the coast.

It happened incidentally that a submarine stole round the cliff at this moment, and ran immediately beneath the rock from which Otto was suspended.

When directly under, she dropped one of the bombs the "Fraulein" had so cleverly prepared for the destruction of the enemy.

This was followed by an inflammable substance, which instantly ignited, lighting up the interior of the fortress into rare beauty.

From the summit the roll and rumble of an electric storm, which had risen almost imperceptibly from the Mediterranean side, forked and streaked the sky, and crashing among the rocks, seemed to split the great promontory in twain.

The remaining destroyers, hurrying to the rescue, were one by one demolished, as they came within range.

The clouds were gathering thicker and darker, the thunder rolled louder, and the lightning flashed fiercer, apparently in conflict with the flames, which grew brighter and higher, as each new burning craft contributed its portion.

Filled with gratitude, Otto raised her eyes to heaven and clasping her hands to her breast breathed a prayer of thankfulness, as she watched the last wreck burn to the water.

The storm was now pushing on to the north. The broad moon stole from beneath a receding cloud. The wind having abated, the sea grew calmer and under the light of the moon, showed the golden phosphorescence, where the breakers splashed on the rocks.

Inspired with the glory of victory, the majestic grandeur of the surroundings, and filled with gratitude for the providential delivery of the fleet, her soul flowed out in the old song "Rock of Ages."

During the rendition of this, the clouds had drifted down to the horizon from whence only a distant rumble could be heard. The sky had cleared, and the moon looked quietly down on a peaceful tide.

Disentangling herself, Otto swung out of her covert to scan the coast, which she found clear. At once she cast aside the peasant cos-

tume, which left her arrayed as a Canadian Lieutenant.

With a step becoming the rank, she made her appearance at the Officers' Headquarters, reported the incident, informed them as to the time for safe passage for the fleet, and was gone.

Duty done, she longed to see her loved ones, and boarding the train was soon near the scene of action.

CHAPTER X.

SAVED BY THE LION'S CLAW.

Repairing to an hotel Otto made a hasty change of toilet, and appeared now as an ordinary French citizen.

After travelling as far as possible by rail, she decided to make the remainder of the journey on foot. When within about four hundred yards of the hospital, where she parted with her father, she observed the building was nowhere to be seen.

Thinking she had lost her way, she hailed a French peasant boy, who refused to be detained. Jerking rudely from Otto's grasp, he sped on, with Otto in hot pursuit. Overtaking the lad she forced an answer from him. Catching his breath in snatches, he told her the hospital had been burned by a wounded prisoner, Anheuser by name, who had commissioned him to carry a parcel to General French, hoping to get a release.

At each phrase, the child gave a leap, and finally screaming, broke away. Otto caught his arm and wrenching the parcel from him, jumped a fence near by and mounted a pony, which was grazing in a field. Leaving the child in a fit of hysteria, she galloped out of sight.

In much less time than had been granted Hans to communicate with General French, Otto made the journey.

Upon arrival she sought an audience with the General, which was promptly refused on a plea of pressing business. A second appeal was likewise met. Now seeing no other alternative, she pushed forward and entered his presence unannounced.

He was in the trenches, surrounded by a dozen or more inferior officers, a newspaper man and his orderly.

Noting the audacity of the intruder, the Commander's wrath knew no bounds, and without a word, he motioned the orderly to remove the culprit by force.

As the attendant sought to lay hands on her, she quickly drew forth a pistol saying, "Hands off."

Enraged that one would dare violate his commands, the General ordered the soldier to seize this vagabond and put him under guard.

Knowing she must soon be overpowered by so strong a body of soldiers, Otto warded them off with her pistol, and with the other hand pulled off hat and wig, and once again stood in her golden glory.

Completely nonplussed and amazed the group stood. The General inately polite, unconsciously doffed his cap and automatically each soldier saluted.

Smiling bewitchingly on all, Otto lowered the revolver gently, and slowly from her

bosom drew forth a package, which she hastily unfolded and handed to the Commander, who still at sea, turned it over and over.

Excusing herself Otto reached for the trinket, touched the spring, handing it back. When opened, he saw the photo of his friend, and noting the recommendations beneath, he understood and extended his hand in welcome.

Drawing herself up to her full height, in a dignified manner, Otto ignored the hand, and coming to the point at once, asked that he spare the life of her father. She then related briefly the history of her father's life.

Seeing that her beauty and Col. Sam's recommendations were not effective, she described her journey in quest of her father, and failing in this, she stepped back a few steps and made as though to retire, then again fiercely she confronted the gentleman and said: "Sir, one who can risk her life for King and country, (baring her chest for a target) can die in her father's stead.

I who have braved the wildest sea to protect the "Elizabeth" and have hung suspended beneath the raging skies, to save the British Fleet, considers her life but small, when given to save her father's life."

These events had recently come to the ears of the Commander, who realizing the debt his country owed her, and feeling the magnanimity of so brave and self-sacrificing a soul, reached for his kerchief and blowing his nose, stole a chance to wipe away a tear.

Quite overpowered by her beauty and goodness, he rose, bared his head, and stood in the attitude of one who felt himself decidedly inferior. Then as though waking from a dream he raised his head, approached her and kneeling on one knee said, "Madame I hold it an honor to have the power to liberate the father of so brave and noble a woman."

"This to me will be a reminder, which with your permission, I will keep, (examining the locket), that where all else fails virtue and honor win; for these Britain's sons are slain; in this cause we fight and through these we will conquer."

Taking a small silken flag from the wall of his rude abode, he presented it to Otto saying: "Go, you have no time to lose."

Without a word she swiftly passed through the line of soldiers, who by this time were all aware that the heroine of the "Elizabeth" and the Mediterranean Fleet was in their midst.

As she passed down the ranks, all respectfully saluted, and as she mounted her palfrey, a company of Kilties came round a tent whining out, on the bag-pipes, "Rule Britannia."

The General hearing the serenade came up behind and stood with bared head, while Otto galloped away, waving her pennon to the tune.

Glancing at her wrist-watch, she saw the fatal hour was fast approaching. She also noted the pony was fagging and pulling her face in agony, urged the beast on.

When she could no longer endure this, she jumped a fence, and was about to mount another when an auto appeared through the wood. Hailing the man, with no explanation, she jumped in, and handing him some money, he redoubled his speed.

When they came within view of the spot where she encountered the boy, she beheld him running frantically towards her, beseeching her, by motions, to hurry.

Stopping the car, she took the child in her arms, and told him Anheuser's life was saved, at which the child clapped his hands and wept with joy.

When in sight of the camp, they beheld Hans standing against a wall, and six able-bodied soldiers, with their guns levelled ready for the word, opposite him.

Otto desperate, but ever ready-witted, put the child between herself and the stranger, and siezing the pennon, took a long, white scarf, worn round the neck, under the coat, and tied to the upper end of the flag, then despite the danger, jumped to the seat and waved desperately.

The officer in charge at once observed this, and noting the white flag, ordered the soldiers to "stand attention," when all awaited the arrival.

As Otto drew near, she realized she had no line, or warrant for her word, from the General. This, with the sight of her father, at last reduced her to a state of weeping.

Knowing this attitude would never conquer, she vainly endeavored to wipe away the tears. Busy with her own emotions, she failed to notice the stranger had left her side and approached the officer in command.

A short conference was held in which the stranger produced a scrap of paper, and gave it to the officer, when after reading they shook hands.

During this time Otto had alighted, and turning her back, sought to clear her eyes, for her work.

This done she turned and beheld a sight most pathetic. The boy had run to her father and was weeping violently, his arms about Hans neck, who in return wiped his tears away.

The soldiers stood with bowed heads, while the officer and stranger talked, the latter handing a paper, which, when perused, he smiled and extended his hand.

When they came up the stranger likewise handed her a letter, which read as follows:

"To the Officers, O. H. M. S.

"Sirs, I command you to give the bearer, Miss Anheuser, any attention that she may desire. Also show Hans Anheuser the respect due an officer of the rank of Captain.

(Signed) GEN. FRENCH, C. C."

Glancing at this Otto understood that General French had, after her departure, despatched a messenger, which was none other than the lone stranger of the auto.

The excitement over, Otto began to weaken, and after a few hasty greetings she made her way to her father, where she fell lifeless at his feet.

Being disguised as a French civilian, she was not recognized by her father, who conscious that this was his deliverer, gave hasty orders for restoratives, at the same time unbuttoning the waistcoat; but finding some fastening barred the way to her heart, he pulled off the cap when a wig came with it, and there lay Otto, lifeless.

The anguish of the man knew no bounds. But before he was aware a number of physicians had borne her to a tent and restored her to her old laughing self.

The news now well spread that the "Heroine of Gibraltar" as she was called, was with them and a banquet was accordingly made in her honor, in which high and low took part.

The meal passed with an abundance of good cheer, and when about to rise, the mail arrived. Each eager for paper or letter soon became absorbed.

Captain Anheuser now wearing the uniform of his rank, anxiously picked up a London paper, hoping to see of the safe arrival of the "Lusitania"; but to his horror he read of her awful fate, and gasping for breath he saw his wife numbered among the missing. He then handed the paper to Otto, telling her to prepare for the worst.

Completely overcome, she threw herself in her father's arms and wept. But duty, always foremost with Otto, bade her dry her eyes and prepare for her work at the Dardanelles.

When she was about to start, the weeping father asked her to sing, "I'll Wander Back Again," before going.

Again throwing cap and wig aside, full of sorrowful memories she sang, in a voice most pathetic. When she had finished the soldiers were hunting for their kerchiefs.

Not trusting herself to speak, she silently embraced her father and left.

In order not to arouse German suspicion, she planned to keep the appointment made with the Captain of the "Fraulein," to a moment. To accomplish this she travelled with great rapidity on foot, hoping to meet some conveyance, which would bring her to the nearest station.

It was twilight, and the road rough, as she stumbled along; sometimes falling; sometimes running.

In the distance a heavy, black cloud was moving towards her, and it seemed about to swoop down upon her, when to her relief she heard the steady tramping of feet in rhythm, and she knew she was facing an army.

Presently from the rear a bright streak shot through the sky, which flecked and sparkled near her, one coming so near as to rent the earth a few feet distant.

This was followed by a number of return shots from the moving mass ahead.

Between the two, Otto was a target soon to be felled to the ground, senseless.

A few minutes later Captain Fleming—now Colonel Fleming—came up with his regiment, stumbling over something he heard a groan, and stooping to examine found the blood trickling from the wound of a civilian.

Calling a halt he made an examination of the wound by flashlight, and called for immediate medical attention. Then the command, "Forward, march," was given, and the patient about to be carried away, when in lifting to the stretcher the cap fell, taking a wig with it, and there before Jack Fleming lay his Otto, unconscious.

At once recognizing the curls, Jack instantly gathered her to his arms, where in his loving embrace she soon became conscious.

Tramp, tramp, again went the army, taking the wounded along with it, and Colonel Fleming not far from the stretcher.

Being on the march to fill up a gap, they pushed forward with "Quick march," and when the trenches were gained, they were in the midst of heavy fire.

When they arrived they found Captain Anheuser discharging his duty with even more fidelity than a native born subject. He had received two slight wounds, and so faithful was he, that he continued active till from loss of blood, he dropped in a dead faint.

Unfortunately this happened just as Otto arrived, and added greatly to her distress, which with the delay caused by the slow healing of her wound, made her wrestle greatly, despite the fact that Col. Fleming was almost constantly at her side.

When she began to convalesce, it would have been impossible to detain her, had she not felt it her first duty to remain near her father till danger had passed.

The hour of appointment with the Captain of the "Fraulein" had long since passed, and although some one had been commissioned to inform the Fleet at the Dardanelles regarding the whereabouts of the under-water enemy; yet Otto felt uneasy regarding the outcome. Besides, were her delay to cause distrust, her great power and usefulness were forever sealed from helping her Empire.

Her father, once out of danger, no persuasion was of avail; she must go.

After much parley on the part of her father and lover, she gained her point, only by first consenting to become Mrs. Fleming at once.

CHAPTER XI.

WEDDED IN THE TRENCHES.

One bright morning, when the sound of gun was more distant than usual, two bright faces stood side by side in the trenches.

The chaplain was standing as conveniently near as the quarters permitted, also an invalid's couch holding an old wounded soldier, was close at hand.

The men were in uniform and the maid in a plain white linen gown, which could we have stepped behind the scenes, had been loaned Otto for the occasion, by her nurse, who stood near.

When all was in readiness for the ceremony, the clanging of horses hoofs interrupted the proceedings.

Instantly all parties took up arms. Even Otto with her pistol, which she carried upon all occasions, stood ready for action.

While in this attitude Major Ned Foster rode up, (his beautiful black charger, white with foam), followed by a regiment of well mounted cavalry.

After the surprise and greetings were over, it was decided that Major Ned Foster and Otto's nurse, who also was witnessing the ceremony, should act as waiters.

The ceremony was followed by a breakfast at which there was a continuous round of fun,

after which Jack informed his father-in-law, that he had obtained a leave-of-absence to accompany his wife to the Dardenalles.

This put Hans at ease and brought tears of joy to Otto's face.

Placing her father in Major Ned's care, Otto and Jack took an affectionate farewell, Jack intending to return in a few days.

When they reached their destination, the little "Fraulein" was nowhere to be seen. But Colonel Jack at first opportunity, reviewed a French officer with whom he was fortunate enough to have a previous acquaintance, and found that a submarine had been sunk on the date upon which Otto had made the appointment to meet the Captain of the "Fraulein," and that in the following week a number of others had met the same fate.

As Mrs. Fleming's connecting link between the two countries was now destroyed, Colonel Fleming had little trouble in persuading her to become a nurse at the base hospital, and thus in a measure act as his companion at arms.

During the following three weeks, Colonel and Mrs. Fleming sought the quiet of Spain, to rest their souls amid such beauties, as the Alhambra.

These days were truly happy days; sunshine without and happiness within. These were the only rest from strife, that they were to experience till, nearing that great day, when all men and nations were at rest and peace.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STOLEN BABY.

Two years had elapsed since Jack one upon their return from the Alhambra to hotel, received a telegram, ordering Colonel to proceed, at once, to Egypt.

Now they were roaming among dusty palaces and tenting under the shadow of some high pyramid, enjoying their hour off.

A year had passed, since Otto had given birth to a golden haired boy. She was once again at her post, as superintendent at the hospital.

On one of these expeditions in search of antiquity, they had sailed far up the Nile, and landed among a grove of date-palms, and tropical underbrush.

It happened of a sudden Otto discovered that the nurse and child had suddenly disappeared, and full of fearful forebodings, they set about to find them.

Night came; they must be "on duty" in a few hours; the boats began to whistle for the return passage; yet no child.

When Colonel and Mrs. Fleming were obliged to return, with brave and troubled hearts, they employed others to continue the search.

All through the long night hours, a face wan and white, with jaw firmly set in discharge of duty, glided quietly about, caring for the distressed.

Could she have witnessed the camp fire, her child stripped, and the centre of a band of shrieking, wild blacks, who, half clad, danced about this babe as their deity, she must have died.

Daylight brought the Egyptian child nurse back, having been dismissed by the black, half-naked woman, whose long, black arms had entwined her, and putting one hand on her mouth, had borne her and the babe away to her band.

When the news reached Otto, she fell senseless to the floor, and it was hours before consciousness was restored, and weeks that her life was despaired of.

One morning while she yet occupied the invalid's chair, the Egyptian nurse appeared—overjoyed—carrying a babe in her arms.

The same uncanny, black creature, had, while the child was walking in the twilight, suddenly leaped in front, and taking a spear-like fork, with which she had balanced a bundle on her back, and flourishing it in the air, with a war whoop, handed it to the Egyptian nurse, and leaping high in the air, disappeared in the darkness.

With all speed the Egyptian nurse set out for the hospital, where she found the mother

still convalescing, yet listlessly caring for the patients.

At first, her joy knew no bounds, and when Jack appeared an hour later, it was a happy pair, who talked over the cot.

Yet, despite all, Otto felt dissatisfied. Though she would not admit it, even to herself, the child seemed changed. She tried to tell herself, it was because it had been near such creatures.

One night when Jack came, she mentioned the changed appearance of little Hans. She said, to her his hair seemed more reddish, and his skin more waxen, than when it left her breast. Jack was forced to admit this; but accounted for it by the exposure to sunlight.

Could Jack and Otto, a week previous, have peeped through a clump of palms and beheld a lot of wild, fierce black faces peering near a small camp fire, where a black infant lay, they would have understood.

A rude earthen vessel hung over a crackling fire of boughs. From time to time a leader of the band lifted and cooled a boiling lotion, while other jabbered, and with wild gestures peaked in each other's faces.

The lotion perfect, the shrieking child was held near the kettle, while the mixture was applied. This accomplished, another kettle of barks was placed on the fire, and the hair likewise treated, when the preparation was in readiness.

The black infant, to all appearances, was carried away for dead, but the complexion had undergone a complete transformation; it was now a reddish blonde.

As time passed, the babe's hair gradually darkened into black; but the skin never changed, nor the child never smiled.

As it grew, instead of resembling, in any one respect, its parents, it was at once coarse and brutal, heavy and stupid, its earliest tendencies being towards thieving and deceiving.

This wrung the mother heart of Otto, who bravely fought the feeling of repulsion, that would in spite of her, wrangle in her breast at times.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOME SWEET HOME.

Years passed, Colonel Fleming and family remaining still in Egypt, and the Holy Land

Time, through all Otto Fleming's hardships sat but lightly on her brow. The same golden curls still hung, when the nurse's cap was laid aside, but now only, at such seasons, as it pleased the husband's fancy. But the lithe, willowy figure had developed into a plump, well-rounded woman.

Colonel Fleming, too, had grown stout and portly, but alas, what could be said for the baby boy.

So rude and wicked, so ugly to behold, that had not the parents possessed the finest specimens of human nature, they must have dreaded the world's eye upon their boy.

When Otto would stoop to bestow a mother's kiss, she was repulsed with a blow, and with tears in her eyes, she always turned to her patients, as a source of consolation.

One night, while wandering about the encampment, they began reminiscencing, and upon reaching Jack's quarters, they sat down by a glowing camp-fire, just outside the tent.

Otto seating herself on a small box, and Jack throwing himself carelessly on the turf beside her, reached up and took one of her

hands, and pillowing his head against her knee, talked of old times and other days, on the banks of the Ottawa.

The war, after the fire of years, had burned itself to the last ember. Men and nations longed for peace, and feeling a change imminent, Jack decided (looking up in the face down which tears were silently stealing) to obtain a furlough and embark at once for home.

With loving and pitying glances, he said, "Otto I am going to take you home, will you go?"

Her only reply was a kiss, which stooping she implanted on his forehead. Then in a low tone, Jack began to hum "Home, Sweet Home," Otto instantly mingling her sweet, pathetic voice with his beautiful, rich tenor.

These sweet harmonious blendings drew two attentive listeners; a wild, fierce, bony, black woman, and a beautiful tangled haired blonde boy of eight or ten.

It is hard to say which listened most attentively. The colored creature, with the deception of barbarism, lurked behind a tree, but the boy, who was only clad to the waist, came almost within arms length.

As they proceeded with the song, the beauty and realism of the words, brought home to Otto's heart, scenes and faces now existing only in memory. The kind-hearted, whole-souled father; the warm, loving mother, where were they?

With feelings too strong to be suppressed, she burst in a flood of tears.

In a moment Jack was on his feet wiping away the tears, which soon disappeared in his protecting arms.

When Otto was restored to her usual equanimity, the most pitiful sobs diverted their attention.

At once Jack proceeded to search and found, only a few feet distant, a dirty, half-naked, yet beautiful child of eight or ten, lying half-covered with leaves, with which he had modestly robed his person.

His hair, of a golden hue, was both curly and tangled, and his face smeared with dirt.

Touched to the depths of his being, Jack stooped to caress the urchin, who with arms stretched beseechingly towards Otto, sobbed and moaned. When from behind a tree a hissing, gurgling sound proceeded, and two large, black, bony hands and sinuey arms encircled the child and bore him away.

The scene so reminded Jack of a like instance ten years back, that when relating to Otto, he wept.

Upon reaching the hospital, the couple found the little bed, in which Hans had been neatly tucked away, empty.

Used to such, for Hans was prone to bad behaviour, they experienced no uneasiness. But as the night passed along, they made enquiries and found he had not been seen by no one.

Contrary to Otto's condition upon the first disappearance of Hans, she was perfectly composed. Not wishing to cast reflection on Otto's otherwise beautiful nature, she seemed quite indifferent, going about her duties as usual.

Morning dawned and still no news. Later in the day, it was reported that a child had strolled in an officer's camp, down the banks of the Nile. Even this news caused no excitement in the mother.

Col. Fleming despatched a message at once, which brought a reply that a child, half clad, had wandered into an officer's camp, having evidently strayed away from a band of natives, from the heart of Africa, it being only clothed to the waist with some goods, once white. As the child was a pure blonde, it was thought he had been kidnapped; but upon questioning him, nothing could be learned, as he was unable to speak a word of English. It was thought he had wandered away in search of friends.

His face after an application of soap and water was found to be white, the coat of black yielding readily to the application.

On the eve of their departure, the Colonel, having been granted a furlough, was stopping at the hospital with his wife, at Cairo, when news came that a band of natives, headed by a white boy, from the heart of Africa, crossed the Nile and were pressing their way through to Cairo.

The Colonel, though off duty, armed himself, and set out in the direction of the disturbance. When but a short distance on the way, he encountered two stretcher bearers, running with their burden, towards the hospital.

Curiosity prompting him, he stopped to enquire, when a shot passed through his side, and he fell to the ground with his face to the skies.

The white form on the stretcher had seized the revolver from the belt of a bearer, when he turned to answer, and without a moment's warning felled the officer to the ground. Then recognizing the form, upon whom he had reeked his savage vengeance, was that of his father, his remorse and agony were pitiful to behold.

He made desperate attempts at rising, but in each case fell back in a swoon.

The Colonel was conveyed at once to the hospital, the dying lad being borne close'y in the rear.

The scene that followed, after reaching the building, was one of the many distressing, which occur after tragedy.

Mrs. Fleming, with the unexpected return of her husband, in a dying condition, wrung her hands in agony, but showed that firmness and courage, which had already enrolled her as one of the foremost heroines of all ages.

While the doctors probed for the bullet, Otto attended, with her usual alertness, as nurse, and after the operation had been suc-

cessfully performed and the patient resting, she stole out to attend the next.

The boy was rapidly sinking, but catching a glimpse of his mother, he feebly stretched his arms in her direction and fell back shrieking her name.

With a wild cry she rushed to his side, taking him in her arms. Soon he raised and beckoned for restoratives, and resting his head on her arm, in gasps, he told his story.

He said he had been awakened on that memorable night, when he was found missing, by a huge, black creature, clad only to the waist. With one arm she was encircling his body and the other was raised. In the hand a spear-like pole pointed ready to deal the death blow, should he utter a sound, while she muffled his mouth and bound his eyes.

At a certain distance from the building, they were met by a number of blacks with whom they roamed over land and river for days, and finally when reaching a green, shady spot in a desert, they stopped and here remained, except at intervals when out in search of food.

Here he was treated with great kindness and obeyed, and when the creatures banded together to march into Egypt they forced him to lead.

Catching him by the hair, and pointing to their belts, they indicated if he failed to kill a white, they would soon carry his scalp in their belts. They also promised to make him king, the victory once won.

Gradually growing short of breath the boy requested to be laid back on the pillow, and after asking the mother to proclaim his innocence to his father, while endeavoring to kiss her, he fell back dead.

The wound in the Colonel's side was less serious than at first thought, and in less than a month they were sailing away over the briny deep, to once more view the haunts of youth.

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CHAPTER XIV.

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TEN YEARS LATER—AT HOME ON THE OTTAWA.

A figure slightly stooped, with bowed head, was seated near an open French window.

The night was hot and sultry, and as she lifted her large, easy chair to catch a breath of air, she caught a glimpse of a number of lighted boats on the river, which could be dimly seen in the twilight.

Heaving a sigh, she rose and feebly crossed the room and opening the window for a better view, exclaimed: "Just ten years to-night."

From the distance, she could hear the beating of drums, and the whining of bag-pipes. Then a faint strain of "God Save the King" from the band.

Again she murmured: "The old story: another load of poor, battered wrecks of the war," and wiping her eyes, "but mine in no way return."

She again rose, pulled the shade, turned on the light, and with slow and faltering step, crossed the room and stood before two life-sized portraits.

The raven, black locks, on the portrait, were now, on the original, white as snow; the haughty, uplifted head, now drooped in sad-

ness, and the black, starry eyes were dimmed with tears.

Ignoring this, she passed on to the portrait of the man beside it, and as she studied his features, she sobbed aloud. Then turning her eyes away she crossed to a table, opened a drawer, from which she drew a yellow paper and as she scanned the contents of the telegram, her whole frame became convulsed with sobs, while she moaned aloud: "Ten years to-night, Oh why did I send him from me?"

So engrossed was she with her sorrow, that she did not notice the door had opened until she heard a familiar voice call, "Margaret."

Turning the stooped form instantly became elastic with youth, the smile long since passed away again beamed, as she rushed to the arms of the man, who for her sake had jeopardized his life, and spent years in fighting for home and liberty.

With her arms still about his neck, she drew him to the window, with the same regal step as of old, where locked in each others arms they watched the long, sad procession land and slowly file by.

Being so absorbed in the sight of these wounded heroes, she had not noticed the scars on the face of her husband, nor the wounded leg and artificial limb which supported the form to which she clung.

Growing weary of the sight, the couple turned to enjoy the quiet of their own room,

when the wife noted the scars on the weather-beaten face, and with a shock beheld the afflicted member of the old veteran. Tears flowed afresh, but joy that he was restored to her soon overruled, and seating themselves comfortably together, they chatted, while a busy house-maid prepared tea.

During the conversation, the husband, Hans Anheuser, narrated Otto's adventure, her marriage, and the loss of her child, and lastly that it was rumored, that Colonel Fleming was soon to be transferred to India.

Mrs. Anheuser then told the story of her rescue from the "Lusitania"; of the news that had reached her that Hans had gone to Germany and enlisted in the ranks of the Kaiser. Later she heard of his death through German friends. One or two letters reached her from Otto, then came silence more awful than death.

Wilhelm Busch had endeavored to obtain information regarding both daughter and husband with the foregoing results, handing her addresses to which she wrote lengthy letters with no reply.

One day he came with a German paper, which named Hans among the list of casualties, also a short account of the disappearance of the daughter, who too had been in the service.

During these recitations, a stout, fine-looking military figure, and a tall blonde, with the

well-rounded form of a matron, entered unannounced.

Hans rose to his feet recognizing both at once. But Otto, almost mute with dismay, stood staring at her mother as if she were a spectre.

The mother was likewise surprised, and when the first shock was over, they flew to each others arms.

After affectionate greetings had been exchanged throughout the group, the quartette sat down to a dainty supper, at which they each in turn narrated their experience.

Soon after they retired for the night.

Anxious to wander alone over the shady old grounds, and along the banks of the river, Otto rose next morning, with the first rosy peep of dawn.

When returning later, she encountered the mail-carrier, when ascending the lawn, and received two letters. The first ran thus:

"Dear Mrs. Fleming,—

"I have a startling and rather sad bit of news to communicate to you.

"Last evening about two hours after your departure, a large, sinuey black woman, was brought here, wounded from the skirmish about a mile down the river, in which the whole band was annihilated.

"She asked in broken English for little Hans, and when informed that he had passed away, she confessed to having stolen your baby boy,

enamelled her own, and returned him in your baby's place.

A number of years later, when she thought he had learned the white man's way and language, she stole him from his bed, and turned the white child at large in a grove near an encampment of British soldiers.

"I am trusting, my dear Mrs. Fleming, that you will be successful in locating your long lost boy.

"What was the fate of the child, this creature was unable to say. However, we will hope for the best."

Yours sincerely,

ALICE WARD, Supt. Nurses,
Cairo Hospital.

The paper which Otto held grew heavy. Her feet seemed rooted to the ground. Wild eyed she stared into space, and only found strength to move, when she was forced to summon her forces to catch the letter, which had blown away.

Then she observed the second letter was addressed to her mother, who, when she reached the house was seated at breakfast with husband and son-in-law.

The first glimpse of Otto, pale and sunken, changed their countenances from laughter to dismay. White as death she was reeling to fall.

All rose to attend, Hans in his auto rushing for the doctor, and the mother for water, while Jack held her pulse.

As Mrs. Anheuser passed the door that led from the porch into the drawing-room, she observed Wilhelm Busch coming up the steps. Halting to open the door and welcome him, she without excuse was rushing from the room, when he seized her arm asking her to waste no time in putting her name to the papers. She then explained that Otto was home and had fainted and sought to extricate her arm from his grasp. Forcing a pen in her hand, he explained that the boat would leave in three minutes, and in order to pay her taxes on the remaining property, she must sell.

Gesticulating dramatically, he beckoned her to sign and loudly threatened, "Write, or you are a ruined woman."

This man, upon whom she had relied as adviser and agent, had through her ignorance of property values, managed her estate to his own satisfaction, and so completely did she confide in him, that he had well nigh gained a hypnotic control.

Loud voices were heard without and soon the door flew open. Two men, pushing past her, seized Mr. Busch, hissing between their teeth, "Spy, traitor, defrauder."

The excitement during the past twenty-four hours proved too much for Mrs. Anheuser. Sinking where she sat, her head fell on the table, in a swoon.

While the men were making secure the prisoner, Hans with the doctor arrived, and

soon restored Mrs. Fleming to consciousness, then took charge of Mrs. Anheuser.

While the physician was still working with the lady, a letter fell from her hand, which Hans at once perused, his countenance changing in deeper and deeper wrath, till no longer being able to control himself, he seized his wooden leg and applied it with great force and dexterity to the prisoner. He then read aloud the letter, which was written by Mr. Busch, advising Mrs. Anheuser to dispose of the remaining property, to some Germans, who had already snatched the bulk, for a little.

Jack hearing the disturbance rushed in and contributed to the distress of the prisoner, by catching his collar and lifting him a few feet in the air, completing the act with the toe of his shoe.

The officers eager to gain all evidence possible, carefully examined the letter and papers.

Meanwhile a lady and gentleman were announced, a handsome auburn-haired major of the British army and a mild-faced lady were ushered in.

Otto at once recognized her nurse, who with Major Ned Foster assisted in her marriage, and greeted both warmly.

Jack and Hans too were most profuse with their welcome, and when introduced, the mother extended a cordial invitation for them to make her house their home while in Canada.

During this interval, an innocent, sweet faced boy, in a little Lord Fauntelroy suit, stood modestly aside.

His great blue eyes, brim full of tears, followed Otto in every direction, never leaving her face.

When greetings had been exchanged, Otto noted the presence of the child, half hidden behind his mother, and with her memory fresh of tragic events connected with her own boy, she took the child in her arms and burst in tears.

The little fellow responded by taking his own tiny kerchief and wiping away the tears, then caressing her cheek.

Mrs. Foster then informed them that they had just arrived in Canada, from Egypt, and intended, upon their return, to leave little Jack (Ned had named Jack in honor of his friend) in England to be educated at Eaton.

Otto had placed the child on a chair and was gently stroking his hand, when Mrs. Foster disclosed the fact, that he was adopted, having strayed in the camp one evening with only some dirty, worn-out, baby garments about his waist, upon which the initials, O. A. were embroidered.

The truth flashed through Otto's mind like lightning, and producing the letter, she read aloud.

There was now not the slightest vestige of uncertainty regarding the identity, and both the Major and Mrs. Foster were reluctantly forced to relinquish their claim.

Again Otto drew the child to her breast, and later when seated upon his father's knee, Ned declared they were indeed stupid not to have

known before, whose child he was, so closely did he resemble the mother.

The happy days that followed were the sunniest in the life of each member of the household.

Otto, Jack, and little Hans (for he was now called that) wandered together among the wooded hills and shady dells, Jack and Otto at times reading, while the child played about. At other times, each took turns in teaching him to speak English.

Upon other occasions, they were accompanied by the glad faces of Mr. and Mrs. Anheuser, and their guests, Major and Mrs. Foster, who with their lunch baskets, boarded a yacht, to enjoy a day amid the beautiful scenery of the Ottawa.

This hay day of pleasure lasted far into September, and when the groves were changing their green coats for the rich and varied shades of brown and gold, one night as they were cosily seated about the fire-place, watching the flaming and sparking of maple logs, a telegram arrived ordering Jack to proceed to the Holy Land at once.

Otto was indeed loath to part with her dear ones, and after a short conference, it was decided she would accompany Jack to the front, in her old capacity of nurse, the parents and child going to the nearest point of safety, where Jack and Otto could retire occasionally for rest.

Then when the great settlement had come, for every one knew it was fast drawing near, the entire group would return to the old home, on the Ottawa, to live out their dream of peace, wandering about in sweet tranquility, among the wooded groves and mossy banks.

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CHAPTER XV.

ARMAGEDDON—THE END OF THE AGES.

A sad remnant of all armies, in full battle array, stood ready for the last great strugg'le, in the field of Armageddon.

Both forces, weary of the constant slaughter, in a desire for final settlement, rushed at each other, with the mad fury of wild animals.

The Allies, few in number, were well nigh exhausted, and about to retreat, when an immense body of cavalry, mounted on large white horses, were sighted in the distance.

These were headed by a crowned general mounted on a large white charger.

As they approached, the patting of horses hoofs, and the clash of armour could be heard more and more distinctly, the echoing of myriads of voices rising above the sound, like the surging of the sea.

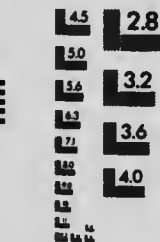
In one hand they supported a sword; in the other a large palm branch, which they waved to and fro to the rythm of the march, the General, King George, leading out in the song, "Palm Branches."

As they neared the scene of action, the tattered fragment of the enemy, terrified and conscious-stricken, were rendered almost immovable, crouching were they stood.



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Without even unsheathing a sword, this vast body of mounted men, marched through the ranks of the enemy, and on to victory.

Not riding fiercely over the wounded and dying, but in perfect human sympathy and tenderness, halting to administer to their wants.

Regiment after regiment followed, and as they stooped to minister, the song ceased, and a thick dark mist settled down over the scene, through which the enemy could be discerned stooping near the earth. Some were separated in great disorder, while others in groups took shelter behind some knoll, rock, or in some cavern.

As the white throng slowly pushed along the heavens settled down darker and thicker, and of a sudden a great crash of thunder seemed to rent the earth in twain, when to the east two clouds rising from the horizon, separated and a single light shone down across the faces of the victorious army, who were still riding unmolested between the awe-stricken belligerents.

From afar came the sound of many harps ringing in enchanting harmony.

From the boughs, which skirted the way, strange, beautiful birds warbled the sweetest and most soul-stirring lays.

Above, and a little forward, a beautiful gauze-wound seraph glided. Swooping down near the General King, she stretched out her arm, as if invoking a blessing, pointed to the

spot from whence proceeded the light, and floated on.

As they pushed on, the light grew broader and clearer, and the sound stronger.

The beautiful being, now floating before, turned her eyes to heaven, and reaching out her arms as if imploring mercy, took to her bosom a little cherub, who garlanded about with roses, pointed to a path upon which the sun shone brighter than day.

At the turn, Duty was written on one side and Belgium on the other, while at the extreme end, Righteousness, stood out in great shining letters of gold, from the gleaming walls of the far-off city.

As King George and his train made the turn, the little winged cherub, smiling and beckoning, plucked the roses, one by one and scattered them before him.

As they approached the great light centre the walls glittered like jewels, and as the darkness grew blacker behind, the light increased before, till it was almost too bright to look upon.

As they drew nearer, the King's face shone with the beauty of an inner light, and as he reached the Gates, as if by magic they flew open wide.

The beautiful golden-haired seraph then soared upward to a point where, with protecting eye, she watched over the Great City.

The King dismounted, and prostrating himself, cast his sword from him. With his own

hands, he lifted the crown from his brow, and stepped aside to lay it at the feet of a half-starved wounded and bleeding Belgian child, who led the way through the shining gates.

Close in train followed Captain and Mrs. Fleming, each wearing emblems of the country of their birth; a simple crown of maple leaves.

The music ceased. The Colonel and Mrs. Fleming stepped apart for the crowd to pass between.

The procession halted, while the Colonel stooped and again lifted the crown to the brow of His Majesty.

Slowly and sadly the train took up its solemn pace, a litter supported by four little ragged orphans, taking first place.

This emblem was an effigy of a fine stalwart specimen of manhood, over which the stately figure of a young woman, deeply draped in mourning, was in the act of stooping to place upon his brow a wreath of laurels.

On her noble forehead, she supported a small coronet, which formed the word, "Canada."

From the right shoulder, a broad, black band obliquely entwined the fine, symmetrical form of the effigy, across which "The best of her sons," was lettered in white.

Over the brow, on a band of black, the following words, "For God, King and Country," were mounted in white, and to complete the emblem, from one hand of each of the four

little orphan urchins, who bore the litter, small Union Jacks and Canadian flags waved.

Again the procession halted, while Jack and Otto Fleming stepped forward, and uncrowning themselves, placed the wreaths on the heads of a widow and orphans; the first of many, who with the crippled and beggared, made up a lengthy train.

Then came each colony bearing its own emblem in the fore, followed by many likewise distressed.

The soldiers, who heretofore had stood aside, guarding the way, now filed in; but first cast their swords aside, and knelt before the Golden Gate, unarmed, before walking in.

When all this varied throng had passed in, the King took his place as the last in the ranks.

As he reached the entrance, lights of many colored hues streamed from within, and two golden-haired winged boys, wearing a golden breastplate, with "Love" and "Duty" engraved, respectively, on each, descended slowly and lightly lifted the crown from his brow, and soaring upward, placed it beneath the inscription, "King of Kings," which blazed in diamonds over the gate.

A group of little winged boys and girls, wound in gauzy sashes, sailed down from above, and hovered over him.

As he entered a great halo encircling his head, lit up, and from within a distant aeolian strain, most dulcet and sweet, caught lightly on the ear of Otto, who alone without the

gates stood like a guardian angel, Jack according to orders having preceded His Majesty in entering.

The beautiful guiding angel of the Shining Path, now slowly descended. In her arms a winged boy nestled, who showered petals in abundance on Otto's golden hair.

So absorbed was she with the sweet blendings of sound, the mingling of enchanting beauties, and heavenly glory, that she failed to observe in this angel boy, the Changeling of the African Desert wilds.

Halting in his task, at intervals, looking heavenward, he beckoned others who were fast gathering about her, casting roses at her feet. Then winging their way into the Celestial City, they strewed flowers in her path.

As she turned to enter, her quick ear caught the old theme, "The Holy City," now new and realistic.

Launching out in song, she swelled her beautiful throat, shaded by the glory in her soul, in magnificent cadence and turning passed in amid the showers of roses, the cherubs gliding about her in close proximity.

Without, where all had been darkness and desolation, the sun now shone over broad fields of living green, and hills laden with copious fruits and rarest flowers.

Arms and weapons were nowhere to be seen, and beside the Gate stood the Guardian Angel of the Shining Way, with outstretched

arm and olive branch in hand, waving a lull of peace over a verdant and happy land.

Within Otto's voice, pure and sweet, rose above the chorus of "The Holy City," in which myriads of angel voices joined in a glad refrain, reverberating man's duty to man, all down through Eternal Ages.

THE END.

