

heart—and on his lips the touch of your own. And on his face your tears. Look at me once more!"

Her breath came quicker; far within her somewhere memory awoke, groping blindly for light.

"For three days we followed you," he said. "On the Pennsylvania line we cornered you; but you changed garb and shape and speech, almost under our eyes—as a chameleon changes color, matching the leaf it hides on. . . . I halted at that squatter's house—sure of you at last—and the pretty squatter's daughter cooked for us while we hunted for you in the hills—and when I returned she gave me her bed to sleep on—"

Her hand caught at her throat and she half-rose, staring at him.

"Her own bed to sleep on," he repeated. "And I had been three days in the saddle; and I ate what she set before me, and slept on her bed—fell asleep—only a tired boy, not a soldier any longer. . . . And awoke to meet your startled eyes—to meet the blow from your revolver butt that made this scar—to fall back bewildered for a moment—half-stunned—Messenger! Do you know me now?"

"Yes," she said.

"You have not forgotten!" he cried.

"You kissed me," he said, looking at her.

"I—I thought I had—killed you—" she stammered.

"Messenger," he said, "I have never forgotten. And now it is too late to forget your tears on my face—the touch of your lips on mine. I would not if I could. . . . It was worth living for—dying for. . . . Once—I hoped—some day—after this—all this—all this trouble ended—my romance might come—true—"

The boy choked, then:

"I came here under orders to take a woman spy whose password was the key to a Latin phrase. But until you stood straight in your rags and smiled at me, I did not know I was

to take the Special Messenger! Do you believe me?"

"Yes."

"Little Messenger," he said. "I am in your debt for two blows and a kiss."

She lifted a dazed face to meet his gaze; he trembled, leaned down, and kissed her on the mouth.

Then in one bound he was at the door, signaling his troopers with drawn saber—as once, long ago, she had seen him signal them in the Northern woods.

And, through the window, she saw the scattered cavalry forming column at a gallop, obeying every saber signal, trotting forward, wheeling fours right—and then—and they! the gray column swing into the western forest at a canter, and were gone!

The boy leaning in the doorway looked back at her over his shoulder and sheathed his saber. There was not a vestige of color left in his face.

"Go!" he said hoarsely.

"What?" she faltered.

"Go—go, in God's name! There's a door there! Can't you see it?"

She had been gone for a full hour when at last he turned again. A bit of faded ribbon from her hair lay on the table. He went over to it, curiously. It was tied in a true lover's knot.

He drew it through his buttonhole and walked slowly back to the door again.

Then, with a last look at the sky, and standing very erect, he closed the door, set his back firmly against it, drew his revolver, and looked curiously into the muzzle.

A moment later the racket of the shot echoed through the deserted house.



For gallant service during the Balkan war Mrs. Kate Penner and Gertrude Pendel, English nurses connected with the Constantinople Hospital, have been given Red Cross medals by the German emperor.