UNDER FIRE

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CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

Strossman was slowly asking head-quarters in execrable French and German if his staff, when the approaching force passed the English trench. The man climbed up the face of the earth embankment, and called, ing, "Yout! shout! Don't shoot! I'm not a German—I'm English!" he yowled up to them.

If it was Larry Redmond—that disordered man who clung to the top of the bomb-proof shelter. He was still in the German uniform, but without hat or coat, which he had cast aside, while he ran, for greater safety atop he should reach his goal. He hid it, despite to stop a bullet intended for a German, and that suffered was dancing.

"Why where you are?" Montague called to him. "Boys, if he moves, fire!" he told his men.

"I'm Redmond!" Captain Redmond of the Irish Guards!" Larry tried. "I've been on special service inside their lines, and they—they've got me. By their maps this is Trench 27, isn't it? I'll explain in a minute!"

"You'll have to do a lot of explaining," Montague told him.

"Tell me—has anyone been here—someone you don't know—a colonel Maxwell off perhaps for a fortnight, bringing two some news—some word?"

"Some word of what?" Captain Montague asked.

"I need home—I can't move—I'm hurt—awfully desperate!" The man's clenched closed for Trench 27. I've seen their maps; and one of their spies—" He pointed to Strossman's voice caught his attention. The disguised German spy edged at last succeeded in getting someone in authority to receive his message. And now he was delivering its false information.

"There for heaven's sake!" Larry asked the English captain sharply. And his mediately he answered his own question. "It's Strossman, captain! I know him. He's a German spy! Don't let him telephone! It's a trick!" In his eagerness to stop that dissembler's message he forgot the warning that Montague had given him now, and the wild-eyed Irishman rose to his feet.

The German drew his pistol-blank at him But Larry sensed his danger just in time. He dropped down upon the top of the bomb-proof and the bullet whistled harmlessly over him.

Montague's men were interpreting with Larry's news, and he ordered Strossman to put down the telephone. He thought the matter worth further investigation.

"Strossman, don't you remember me?" Larry called to him at the top of his voice.

But Herr Strossman's iron nerve did not desert him even then.

"By God! I thought Kurt of the German army!" And in our very tongue! Strossman, indeed! He the man whose plans I overheard?"

"That's a pretty good lie, captain!

Don't let him fool you!" Larry reckoned the English officer that telephone!" he shouted, as Strossman received connection with headquarters. And as a last resort Captain Montague took the instrument from the spy's grasp. Then, under cover of the trench Larry leaped to his side the trench.

"Here we are, Redmond!" Strossman answered. For the moment his hatred he turned him.

"Redmond?" he repeated.

"Yes, yes, I hear, captain! He knows me! He called me Herr Redmond!" And as Strossman edged nearer to the telephone Larry cried, "Don't let him get away, sor, guard!"

Several men grabbed Strossman then.

"Captain—here's my receiver!" Larry held the receiver out to Montague. "Put me under arrest till you haven't gone," he said.

"Thank you, Redmond!" the sedight-eyed Montague replied. He was truly relieved. "You've done us a great service—let it be pointed out.

My God—he nearly fooled us!" he repeated as the doomed spy was led away. Larry had an unlovely aversion. "Now he'll pay for it," he cried. "Sergeant, stand that man against the trench-wall!"

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