

ed. Instantly, without a moment's hesitation, Dodu strode across to me and said at the risk of the lash: "The whole plan which I have explained to you in cipher these last four months is a blind. That spy knew all. His lips are sealed in death. I have another plan, the real plan, simpler and surer. I will tell it to you to-morrow."

The whistle of an approaching engine interrupted this tragic episode of the adventures of Duguesclin.

"'Yes,' said Dodu (continued the narrator) 'I have a better plan. I have a STRATAGEM. I will tell it to you to-morrow.'"

The train which was to carry the narrator and his hearer to Mudchester came round the corner.

"That morrow," glowered Duguesclin, "that morrow never came. The

same sun that slew the spy broke the great brain of Dodu. That very afternoon, a gibbering maniac, they thrust him in the padded room, never again to emerge!"

The train drew up at the platform of the little junction. He almost hissed in Bevan's face.

"It was not Dodu at all," he screamed, "it was a common criminal, an epileptic; he should never have been sent to Devil's Island at all. He had been mad for months. His messages had no sense at all: it was a cruel practical joke!"

"But how," said Bevan, getting into his carriage and looking back, "how did you escape in the end?"

"By a STRATAGEM!" replied the Irishman . . . and jumped into another compartment.



A DELIRIUM IN INDIGO

By Robert Finlay Bush

HER nose is red and wet.
 The lady is weeping.
 Is, and has been, and will be
 Weeping;
 Weeping and blue and
 Weeping,
 And whining and wailing,
 And complaining because
 Her nose is red and wet because
 She is weeping and blue and weeping
 And wailing and whining and complaining.
 And yet the lady is happy because she is
 Blue and unhappy and weeping and wailing
 And whining and complaining because
 We might dare to suggest that she is happy
 Because she is blue and complaining
 And unhappy and weeping and wailing and whining
 Because her nose is red
 And wet.

