

Two hours and more he lay there. No thought of evading the task entered his mind; to do it was compulsory — that it was so hard to do caused the struggle.

A sound of guns broke the stillness of the room and told him that it wanted but an hour of twelve; at twelve the guard at the West Gate would change.

He opened the window and stood for a moment on the sill. Far off in the harbor and toward the King's Bastion was a confused noise of voices and guns, but out in the direction of the West Gate all was quiet. The window opened on a piazza, and from this to the terraced garden was an easy leap.

Not a sound did his lithe footfalls make as he crossed the Parade and stole past the sentry-post and out into the street which led direct to the hospital. There the lights from the many windows broke the black-gloom of the night and threw in full sight the street in front, so turning in another direction he went by a longer route