

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

"His blond hair disheveled, his shoulders coatless, Cyril emerged"	<i>Frontispiece</i>
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" 'Not that,' he whispered hoarsely, 'for God's sake— not that' "	80
"Her lips . . . were whispering words that she hoped could follow him into the distance" . . .	128
"The truth, and he becomes an honorable prisoner of war. Silence, and he is shot tomorrow. Speak"	218