

Siege Horrors

"And we've made them out of every kind of material," said Ray, "silks, satins, carpets, woolen fabrics, table linens, and the coarsest blue cotton cloth."

"Has that poor soldier who was praying for death found release yet, Elsie?" asked Mrs. Gilmour.

"No! the doctor told him this morning he would recover. He was so disappointed the tears stood in his eyes. And Harry C——, who fought so hard for life and wanted to live, died at midnight. In his last moments he talked of his mother, whom he called his sweetheart."

"Paul and I attended his funeral," said Ray. "He was buried in the Russian Legation. The rain was falling, and I seemed to hear again poor Harry's moaning, 'She's a widow—a widow, and I'm her only son.'"

"There will be a good many bereaved hearts," said Dr. Medhurst, "when the world hears our story."

"If it ever does," said Paul. "Mr. Meredith, what are you going to do when we get free?"

"Hang around until the Powers present the Empress Dowager with a silk cord,"* said

*To present an official with a silk cord, signified a command to the one to whom it was presented, to commit suicide.