

"An officer—sticks to his men. Besides she wouldn't want me without you——"

Their fevered voices dropped into silence. Powys groped towards his companion and his hand was taken and held strongly. He fell asleep then—like a worn out child.

But still Adam Brodie kept watch. He saw the light go out, and the long darkness, and the first grey streak of dawn through the broken rafters. He heard the rats scuttle over the loose boards and the creak of a door in the morning wind and a furtive cringing movement——

"I mustn't talk," he thought pitifully. "I mustn't talk—she mustn't know how mad I am——"