

the wall—it was all a nightmare of horrors, and she never forgot it.

She was weary beyond words, but she could not sleep. Now and again her tired eyes closed in repulsion against the acrid smoke and the slimy things that crept about the walls; but there was no escape from the sounds and the smells, and, bodily, as well as mentally, she felt sick to death.

That night of purgatory seemed as though it would never end. It was but a few hours in reality, but to her it was a long-drawn, sickening agony, which stretched back further than she could bear to think of, and forward beyond all hope of amelioration.

But day broke at last. The light stole dimly through the thick-paned window, and the distorted shadows resolved themselves into the forms of men lying huddled in uncouth attitudes. Paul woke up with a start, and, with a glance at her which pinched his lips for her suffering, he bent over Palma to see if he were still alive.

He was breathing, but no more, and it seemed doubtful to Paul if he would be got into the tarantas alive.

But Lieutenant Tschak had no compunctions about making the attempt. Under his autocratic ordering, every man who could swallow got a bowl of hot tea and a hunch of bread. Then the sick