

the bandages are soaked with recent bleeding. The upper part of the left arm, too, is bandaged, and as for the head—tiny rivulets of blood from scalp, forehead, and nose, have trickled down it like some ghastly wig combed over the face, leaving nothing familiarly human visible, and have spread to neck and chest as far as we can see through the partly open shirt.

Is this thing, lying there so still, alive? "Hot-water bottles quickly!" I take the right boot off the frozen foot and am just beginning to cut the laces of the other heavy boot which still hangs on the end of the limp blue leg, when a clear, firm voice says: "Don't give yourself the trouble, madame, to remove that. When they cut off my leg the boot can come off with it."

I look up and catch the glance of two steady bright young eyes peering at me through that lamentable mask.