

When Phil next opened his eyes to the things of this world he was lying on such a bed as he had never dreamed of before, in a room bright with gay hangings, and bearing everywhere the marks of a woman's hand.

By the side of the bed sat Colonel Vaughan, who was regarding the pale, wasted boy with something very like affection, as he said, triumphantly, —

"I knew, under Madame Pinchon's motherly care, you would recover, even though the doctor did insist you must surely die!"

"What has happened?" Phil asked, in a tone so low that it was hardly more than a whisper.

"Many things, my boy, which it will give you pleasure to hear, the most important being that the city was surrendered nearly a week ago, and you are now quartered in the home of a certain Antoine Pinchon, whose lodger I also am. A vessel sailed for Boston shortly before the capitulation, and General Pepperrell sent a purse of money to your mother, which will relieve her of all pecuniary troubles for some time to come. Finally, you have been acting the part of a dead boy for nearly three weeks, and it is high time you began to assume the bearing of a live one."

Phil waited to hear more, but the colonel leaned back in his chair as if his budget of news was exhausted.

"Do you know anything about,—is Dick alive?"

"Look here, my boy, do you chance to know anything of his escape?"

"I helped him, and want to make a confession to the general."