

most desperately against the deathly faintness which threatened to overcome him, and stood swaying from side to side like one who has received a mortal blow.

Twice did he make the attempt before gaining the door, and then he lurched into the room where Dick lay, unable to guide his own steps.

How he succeeded in unfastening the ropes he never knew ; but finally, he was dimly conscious of the fact that it had been done, and made a supreme effort to regain the bed.

He realized, or thought he did, that the prisoner thanked him fervently, and promised sacredly he should never regret having given him a chance for life ; but the words were more like a murmur of the sea, which even then was beating against the rocky coast to give warning of a fast-gathering storm.

From that instant the thunder of all the guns which had been hurling death and destruction into the doomed city would not have been heard by him.

When the sentinel returned with the tobacco which had seemed so necessary to his comfort, Phil was lying on the bed with the blood flowing from his mouth, apparently dead.

More than once had the doctor stated that the invalid might die suddenly of hemorrhage, and the frightened sentinel believed the predictions were fulfilled.

Without stopping to look in upon the prisoner, he ran with all speed for the physician, and the moment for Dick's escape had arrived.