

in vain to compress the artery with his fingers.

"Save yourself! They are sending you prisoner to Germany to-morrow!" he hissed out in a fearful effort to clear his throat from the invading blood.

"Run for the German surgeon!" cried the doctor to Josephine. "No, don't!" he called again before she had reached the door, as a torrent of scarlet blood burst forth from the lacerated carotid artery.

"Thank you," said the Doctor, stroking him gently over the eyes. The soldier looked steadfastly at him. They understood each other again, these two. There was not even a struggle. The Bavarian closed his eyes.

"*Ah! le sang, le sang! Que Dieu punisse celui qui fait couler tant de sang!*" cried Josephine.