

the Doctor said to him. His pulse was extraordinarily rapid, and it was clear that the poor fellow was in a state of great excitement. He put his trembling hands repeatedly to his mouth as if he wanted to speak, and then pointed to the door. There was a fixed, determined intensity in his eyes, and it was evident that those eyes had something to say. The Doctor tried to concentrate all his thoughts upon reading their mute message. His own brain was too tired, and notwithstanding all his former boasting to the nun, he had to tell her that he knew no more than she did what the man meant.

"He has been like that ever since the Germans left," said Sister Philippine.

In vain the Doctor touched his eyelids, telling him he was getting so tired and his eyelids were getting so heavy, heavy, and that he was soon going to fall asleep. In vain did he order him with firm voice to close his eyes. The eyes continued to stare wide open and wild at him with the same intense fixity. In vain did he, as a last resort, remind him that the German surgeon had said he must remain very still and quiet—this last argument seemed to excite him still more, and a half-suffocated groan issued from his lacerated throat. After a while the Doctor reluctantly came to the conclusion that his presence