



During two days which passed like two centuries, Fandor had been held prisoner in his dungeon where death awaited him. "I am condemned to death," he exclaimed, "very good, then I will wait for death." But Fandor was of those who do not give up until the struggle is over. Besides, he had his faithful revolver. He could end his life at any moment and shorten the torture. He had found sufficient ham to last for two meals, and when that had been eaten and the last drop of water drunk he began to suffer the tortures of hunger and thirst. And now, like a caged beast, he paced up and down his prison. His mind went back to stories he had read, stories of entombed miners, of explorers hemmed in by ice, of hunters caught in traps, but in all these cases deliverance in one form or another had come at last—the adventures ended happily. "I want to live," he cried aloud, "I

want to live!" Suddenly a great calm descended upon him. His coolness and clear judgment returned. "To struggle! Yes—but how?". At this moment the roar of the Nord-Sud shook his prison walls. An idea took root in his mind...

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