THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

The soldiers marched them out again, and put them back in the sleighs, and they drove away, still more rapidly, towards their place of detention.

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That night Ruric Brassoff passed in a solitary cell, fitted up with some petty concessions to his princely rank, but otherwise bare and cold and wretched and uncomfortable. And all night long he thought of Owen Cazalet and Ionê Dracopoli—and of what could have brought Olga Mireff at this juncture to Moscow.

If only he could have seen her for one minute alone! If only he could have said to her, 'Nikita has an envelope. Kill him! Secure it! Destroy it!' But there he lay helpless, cooped up in that narrow prison cell; and when he saw Olga to-morrow morning, perhaps it would be too late; perhaps he would be unable to communicate with her at all. Perhaps he might find her a traitor to Russia.

His own life he gave up—he owed it to Russia. And for Russia he despaired. But one thing still troubled him. He wished he could only have saved Owen from the sword of Damocles that must hang for ever henceforth over his head and Ionê's.

Olga Mireff in Moscow! What could have brought her there? he wondered. A horrible doubt rose floating for a moment in his mind like a hateful picture. Had Olga turned against him? No, no; he flung the doubt from him like an evil dream. Yet stay! what was this? He was a traitor himself. Whom could Russia trust now, if Ruric Brassoff betrayed her?

And then, in a sudden flash of insight, Fomenko's casual words came back to him with a new and unsuspected meaning. That 'lodger downstairs, a woman with great staring eyes, a millingr or something,' whom he took to be a spy—who on earth could it be but Olga Mireff?

Was she there to betray them or to warn them? That was the great problem. Would she turn up to befriend him to-morrow morning at that supreme moment, or to confront and denounce him as a convicted conspirator?

He had played for a terrible stake, and lost. If Olga forsook him, all was finished indeed, and Owen would be at Alexis Selistoff's mercy.