

are 200, and if they rise we shall have the horrors of the French Revolution, and you may see the woman you pretend to love torn to pieces with pitchforks."

Involuntarily Noah strained at his fetters. "Why do you distrust me, sir," he said bitterly. "What reason have you to think me guilty?"

"What reason have I to think you innocent? you are a suspect," cried Davidoff angrily, then he added in a milder voice, "you came here from the prison where you had spent eight months for refusing to give evidence in a Nihilist case; I took you into my house; I let you woo the girl I loved as a daughter, and I only delayed your formal betrothal till you had proved yourself trustworthy by giving the information the law required. Confess now, and you shall be betrothed, aye, and married too, this evening. Speak, and Elizabeth shall be yours to-night. If you fear Nihilist vengeance, the dowry I mean to give her will take you abroad beyond their reach."

"I am very grateful for your kindness, sir," said Noah gently, "but I am not a Nihilist. I was a very poor student, and this M. Gadon invited me to his house often, where I met his friends, many of them needy persons like myself, to whom his friendship and hospitality were a very real help. We never talked politics, and I was as startled as anyone when his death by the premature explosion of an infernal machine showed that he was one of the terrorist chiefs. He had been so little suspected that I was the only one of his friends the police were able to locate, and they would have let me go if I had given the names of the others; but though I disliked Nihilism I did not believe these were Nihilists; they would never have allowed me, an outsider, to know them all so well if they were; and not even to save myself would I doom others, probably as innocent as I knew myself to be. It is simply a question of honor, sir, and could you not leave it between the Moscow police and me, and allow me to aid in the defence here?"

Davidoff looked through the window beyond his prisoner into the great darkness of the gathering night, and again the thought of his isolation struck on his senses, dulling them; and he answered with the sullen obstinacy of a man who has no confidence in himself or anyone else. "You were sent here for three months, then if you did not speak I was to send you back; I cannot do that now, so you must speak; it will prove that

you have nothing in common with the Nihilists."

"It would prove that I have nothing in common with any decent men, sir," said Noah, growing reckless as he realized his doom was fixed.

Davidoff struck the electric bell beside him violently. "You will think different when Golinka has the handling of you," he said. "Now which shall it be, to-night, he and his prison, or Elizabeth?"

"I respect Elizabeth Albertovna too much to think of letting a dishonored man come near her, sir," answered Noah as the police entered.

"When he is reasonable, let me know," said Davidoff curtly as they removed the prisoner; and he went up to his dinner.

His luxurious meal was over when Elizabeth, white faced and wan, came in with her father. "M. Davidoff, what has Noah done?" she cried, before the manager could speak.

"My poor little girl," said Davidoff tenderly. "I am afraid I cannot tell you; I will speak to your father, it is not a fit story for you."

She faced him with flashing eyes. "If I am old enough to be a man's wife, M. Davidoff," she cried, "I am old enough to know anything about him. You must tell me."

Astounded at this outburst of passion in the meek Moravian girl, Davidoff looked at the professor, but he only said quietly, "I think Elizabeth is right, my friend."

"It is the old story," began Davidoff rapidly; really he had no idea of what he was to say against Noah, "a gay living young student; a liaison with a girl who of course was a Nihilist; she was arrested and I brought Noah here."

"And introduced him to my daughter," interrupted the professor angrily.

"I believed him more signed against than sinning," said Davidoff hurriedly, "but I am responsible for maintaining order here, and certain circumstances which I cannot explain made his arrest necessary, but I hope to be able to release him shortly. Unfortunately this is war time, and our young friend forgot that fact."

Elizabeth leaned back in her seat feeling suddenly faint; then after all did she really know nothing of Noah? Did he really belong to Sofie, that witch-woman who ruled over men? Then she heard her father saying, "The jail at Andreyovna is not a fit place for any human being, and I hope you do not