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voice that it startled them—and died with the beautiful lie on his lips.

Paul knelt down by the bed, still holding the hand which grew colder and colder in his. He forgot Sokolof and all else for the moment. This man had given his life for him and for the woman they both loved, and his heart was sore stricken at his going, and by so sorrowful a path.

It was Sokolof who broke the silence at last.

"The pity," he said gravely, "that such men should be wasted."