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in, to welcome Serge Petrovitch back and to bid them both Godspeed.

Long after midnight the little house was still humming and swarming like a beehive, till the wonder was that the walls could hold so great an effervescence. There were messages to friends to be delivered, if ever the chance offered, and if not, then to be conveyed by letter from the land of freedom to the land that was not free. And so many were they that Paul had to take them down on the margin of a small Bible, in a species of shorthand which he had used as a student, and which he had no fear of any one being able to read, since at times he could hardly make it out himself. Actual letters he regretfully but firmly declined to carry. But he took enough notes to fill many pages and comfort many anxious hearts at home.

When at last they had their house to themselves—for Anna Roskova and Marya Verskaïa flatly refused to intrude upon them, and billeted themselves for the night among their friends—Paul came on the papers Sokolof had handed to him. He had stuffed them into his pocket and thought no more about them.

"These are yours, Hope," he said. "They are Serge's papers. Sokolof sent them to you."

They looked through them with tender respect