

"Now I want to know who furnished you with the documents you brought here."

At that, the shadowy smile flickered over the dying man's lips once more, but he made no answer.

"You will not tell me?"

"Never," came the feeble whisper.

They saw the lips move again presently, and both bent close.

"Hope?" he murmured.

"She is at home, Serge," said Paul. "It has tried her hard, all this."

"Sorry."

"We shall never forget it, or you. You did nobly."

He looked at Sokolof, who bent down to him.

"I pay—not them."

Sokolof straightened up and pondered for a moment. Then he bent down again, and spoke slowly and clearly as Pavlof had done. "Listen, Palma. I received from Petersburg last night papers authorising me to set Serge Palma at liberty, on account of his services here, and on condition of his leaving the country at once and never setting foot on Russian territory again."

A great light glowed in the dulling eyes for a moment.

"That is Serge Palma," he said, in so loud a