

280 HOW THREE CAME HOME

The grizzly-bearded man had followed the wounded men into the hospital.

"Madame, you are at liberty to return to your own house," said Sokolof abruptly. "You, Mr. Palma, must remain here."

"May I not stop with my husband, sir?" asked Hope. "He is wounded."

"It shall be seen to. You will be better at home, Madame."

"You will be far better there, dearest. God keep you!" said Paul, and kissed her very tenderly, thinking it might well be for the last time.

With the same fear in her, she took one long look at him, and then went brokenly down the enclosure. The great gate opened and closed, the pointed black fangs of the stockade grinned derisively, and Paul wondered if he would ever see her more.

He was still staring blankly at the gates, as though he could see through them and after her, when Sokolof touched him on the shoulder, and said quietly, "Follow me!" and strode away to his own quarters.

"You made a great mistake," he said, turning upon him abruptly, as soon as they were in his room. "What made you go with that man?"