

HOW SOKOLOF PAID HIS DEBT 295

"Shall we go Home, or shall we stop and help them through the summer?" he said thoughtfully.

"You have done enough, Paul," she said, startled at his suggestion, for these last days had told on her. "Oh, let us go."

"It is bound to break out again, you see, though it won't be as bad as it was before."

"You have done enough," she said again. "Your life has been at stake these two years, and I—I long for the air of freedom."

"The man you saw in the prison yard was the new doctor, Irbatsky. I don't much like the looks of him. I doubt if he has got much constitution left. If he goes under they'll be as badly off as ever, and I feel that I owe Sokolof much."

"You paid the debt in advance. You must think of yourself now——and of me——and——" And she leaned over to him, with the flush of a heavenly hope in her face, and whispered in his ear.

There were stars in his eyes as he looked into hers and kissed her glowing face.

"That settles it, dearest. We will go at once—as soon as we have buried our friends."

Then Dmitri Polokof, and Hugo Svendt, and Alexei Etelsky, and a host of others came flocking