

"He has moved for the first time since I came, and it indicates a change. He has not spoken,"—and they sat and waited.

Presently a slow sigh from the bed, and they bent over it. Palma opened his eyes wearily and looked up at them.

"Do you know who I am?" asked Sokolof.

A faint smile flickered over Palma's lips.

"I want you to tell me who you are?"

Serge's eyes turned inquiringly on Paul, who bent down and took his cold hand in his.

"Paul Pavlof," whispered Serge.

"And who is this?" asked Sokolof, indicating Paul.

He looked steadily into Sokolof's eyes and answered, "Serge Palma."

"I have thought it wise to trust Captain Sokolof with the whole truth, Serge," said Paul, slowly and distinctly.

A faint surprise showed in the tired eyes.

"Now tell me," said Sokolof again. "Who is this?" indicating Paul.

"Paul Pavlof."

"And you are——?"

"Serge Palma."

"And that is the truth as you are about to appear before God?"

"The truth."