CHAPTER XXVII-Continued.

-12-"See! There is no one He held open the door to the hall. 'You must speak quickly. I am to leave this house in an hour. I was given the hour.'

hate him! It is well. That is something. It is but little, I know, after all I have wished for-but it is something for me to treasure-something one sacred little spot in this beastly her terror-stricken soul. world of men and women."

"You are the most incomprehen-

"Am I not beautiful, Frederic? Tell me!" She came quite close to him. You are the most beautiful woman in all the world," he said abjectly

'And I have wasted all my beautyme, is it not? I have not lost it in-" You are beautiful beyond words-

agined," said he, suddenly passing his hand over his brow.

"You would have loved me if it had not been for Lydia?"

"I couldn't have helped myself. I-

A hoarse cry came from the door- the weapon. way behind them-a cry of pain and anger that struck terror to their souls. They had not heard his approach.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Shot That Failed.

Transfixed, they watched him take two or three steps into the room. At | game was run to earth. his back was the swarthy Hindu, his eyes gleaming like coals of fire in the shadowy light.

"James!" fell tremulously from the tips of Yvonne. She swayed toward bim as Ranjab grasped his arm from behind. Frederick saw the flash of something bright as it passed from the brown hand to the white one. He did not at once comprehend.

"It happened once," came hoarsely from the throat of James Brood. "It shall not happen again. Thank you, Ranjab."

Then Frederic knew! The Hindu had slipped a revolver into his master's hand! "It gives me great pleasure, Yvonne,

to relieve you of that damned, rotten. worthless thing you call your life." As he raised his arm. Frederic sprang forward with a shout of horror.

Scarcely realizing what he did, he hurled Yvonne violently to one side. It was all over in the twinkling of of an explosion, a puff of smoke and

the smell of burnt powder. Frederic stood perfectly still for an instant, facing the soft cloud that rose

from the pistol barrel, an expression of vague amazement in his face. Then his hand went uncertainly to his breast Already James Brood had seen the

red blotch that spread with incredible swiftness-blood red against the snowy white of the broad shirt bosom Glaring with wide-open eyes at the horrid spot, he stood there with the pistol still levelled in a petrified hand "Good God, father, you've--why.

you've-" struggled from Frederic's writhing lips, and then his knees sagged; an instant later they gave way with a rush and he dropped heavily to the floor. There was not a sound in the room.

Suddenly Brood made a movement quick and spasmodic. At the same instant Ranjab flung himself forward and grasped his master's arm. He had turned the revolver upon himself! The muzzle was almost at his temple when the Hindu seized his hand in a grip of iron.

'Sahib! Sahib!" he hissed. "What would you do?" Wrenching the weapon from the stiff, unresisting fingers, he hurled it across the room. "My God!" groaned Brood. His tall

body swerved forward, but his legs refused to carry him. The Hindu caught him as he was sinking limply to his knees. With a tremendous effort of the will, Brood succeeded in conquering the black unconsciousness that was assailing him. He straightened up to his full height, and with trembling fingers pointed to the prostrate agure on the floor. "The pistol, Ranjab! Where is it? Give it me! Man, man, can I live after that? I have killed my son-my own son! Quick. man!"

his hands. "I cannot! I cannot!" "I command you! The pistol!"

Without a word the Hindu, fatalist, slave, pagan that he was, turned to do per. his master's bidding. It was not for him to say nay, it was not for him to

All this time, Yvonne was crouching against the table, her horrifled gaze voice. "Save yourself, for if he is upon the great red blotch that grew to terrible proportions as she watched hands. This is your chance-shoot!" She had not moved, she had not breathed, she had not taken her hands from her ears where she had placed them at the sound of the explosion. he grew faint with it.

"Blood! It is blood!" she moaned and for the first time since the shot was fired her husband glanced at the one for whom the bullet was intended. An expression of incredulity leaped

into his face, as if he could not believe his senses. She was alive and unburt! "Ah, I can see by your face that you His bullet had not touched her. His brain fumbled for the explanation of this miracle.

"Blood!" she wailed again, a long shuddering word that came not from for me to take back with me to the her lips but from the very depths of

Slowly Brood's mind worked out of the maze. His shot had gone straight, but Frederic himself had leaped into its path to save this miserable creature who would have damned his soul if life had been spared to him.

Ranjab crawled to his side, his eyes covered with one arm, the other ex-I have lent it to unleveliness and it tended. Blindly the master felt for the has not been destroyed! It is still with pistol, not once removing his eyes from the pallid figure against the table. His fingers closed upon the weapon. beyond anything I have ever im- Then the Hindu looked up, warned by the strange voice that spoke to him from the mind of his master. He saw the arm slowly extend itself with a sinister hand directed straight at the unconscious figure of the woman. This I fear I-faltered in my- Good God, time Brood was making sure of his are you still trying to tempt me? Are aim-so sure that the lithe Hindu you still asking me to go away with had time to spring to his feet and grasp once more the hand that held

"Master! Master!" he cried out. Brood turned to look at his man in sheer bewilderment. What could all this mean? What was the matter with

the man? "Down, Ranjab!" he commanded in a low, cautious tone, as he would have used in speaking to a dog when the

"There is but one bullet left, sahib," cried the man.

"Only one is required," said the master hazily. You have killed your son. This bullet is for vourself."

"Yes! Yes! But-but she! She lives! She-

The Hindu struck his own breast significantly. "Thy faithful servant remains, sahib. Die, if thou wilt, but leave her to Ranjab. There is but one bullet left. It is for you. You must not be here to witness the death Ranjab, thy servant, shall inflict upon her. Shoot thyself now, if so be it, but spare thyself the sight of-" He did bony fingers went through the motion stream of French. that told a more horrible story than words could have expressed. There not a movement in the room. Brood.

flitted across Brood's face. For a sec- eyes. He looked at last upon the fea- open. He was looking up at them, with being dispel, no matter how hard he m eye. There was a flash, the crash ond his mind slipped from one dread tures that he had searched for in a piteous appeal in their depths—an struggled to clear a way to the open. to another more appalling. He'knew



"Sahib! Sahib!" He Hissed.

this man of his. He remembered the story of another killing in the hills of India. His gaze went from the brown lovely throat of the woman-and a hoarse gasp broke from his lips.

"No! No! Not that!" he cried, and as the words rang out, Yvonne re- that age of oblivion. moved her horrified gaze from the blot of red and fixed it upon the face of her rigid. Slowly he sank back, his eyes "Sahib!" cried the Hindu, wringing husband. She straightened up slowly and her arms fell limply to her sides. James!" she said, almost in a whis-

The Hindu's grasp tightened at the convulsive movement of his master's eppose the will of the master, but to hand. His fingers were like steel there. It was another—Matilde! bands.

"Shoot!" she repeated, raising her give! Forgive!" dead I shall kill you with my own Brood's fingers relaxed their grip took all the strength out of his body-

not killed him. He shall not die-he ofshall not-" Flinging the Hindu aside he threw himself down beside the body upon her, actually stepping across the You did not shoot to kill-him. The on the floor. The revolver as it body of his son in his reckless haste. dropped, was caught in the nimble For many seconds they stood with less he dies, and that is not to happen. his unhappy story. He had taken the hand of the Hindu, who took two long their faces close together, he staring You are safe. The law cannot touch weapon from a hook on the wall for swift strides toward the woman who wildly, she with a dull look of agony you, for I shall never speak. This is the purpose of cleaning it. It had been now faced him instead of her husband. in her eyes, but unflinching. What he between you and me. Do you under- hanging there for years, and all the There was a great light in his eyes as he stood over her and she saw death through his tense body, and a sickness staring out upon her.

But she did not quail. She was past putting him out of her thoughts entire- out his hand and touched her, so real. ly, turned slowly toward the two men so vivid was the belief that she was pistol, but something stayed his hand was here-I saw her, before God, I saw -something stronger than any mere

confounded by the most extraordinary Iimpression that ever had entered his incomprehensible brain. Something strange and wonderful was transpir- before. ing before his very eyes-something so marvellous that even he, mysterious seer of the Ganges, was stunned near you, James Brood." into complete amazement and unbelief. That strange, uncanny intelligence of his, born of a thousand mysteries, was being tried beyond all previous exactions. It was as if he now saw this woman for the first time—as if he had never looked upon her face before. A mist appeared to envelop her and through this veil he saw a face that was new to him-the face of Yvonne not too late. Kill me, if you will. I One who is dead has spoken to Ranand yet not hers at all. Absolute wonder crept into his eyes.

As if impelled by the power of his gaze, she faced him once more. For reality only seconds, his searching there! She was alive, do you hear eyes looked deep into hers. He saw at last the soul of this woman and it was not the soul he had known as hers up to that tremendous moment. And he came to know that she was no longer afraid of him or his powers. His hand was lowered, his eyes fell and his lips moved but there were no words, for he addressed a spirit. All the venom, all the hatred fled from his soul. His knee bent in sudden submission, and his eyes were raised to hers once more, but now in their somber depths was the fidelity of the dog! "Go at once," she said, and her voice

ras as clear as a bell. He shot a swift glance at the prostrate Frederic and straightened his tall figure as would a soldier under orders. His understanding gaze sought hers again. There was another command in her eyes. He placed the weapon on the table. It had been a distinct command to him.

"One of us will use it," she said monotonously. "Go!"

With incredible swiftness he was gone. The curtains barely moved as he passed between them and the heavy door made no sound in opening and closing. There was no one in the hall. The sound of the shot had not gone beyond the thick walls of that proscribed room on the top floor. Somewhere at the rear of the house an in- me! Alive and-ah!" The exclamanot finish the sentence, but his strong, distinct voice was uttering a jumbled tion fell from his lips as she suddenly of horror that ensued, the sense Many minutes passed. There was

had elected himself her executioner. unintended victim, was staring at the see! A ghastly look of comprehension graying face with wide, unblinking He turned. Frederic's eyes were could not penetrate nor his physical There was blood on his hands and on ness. his cheek, for he had listened at first for the beat of the heart. Afterward his my son—" He dropped to his knees in a single instant of contact with the agonized gaze had gone to the blood- and frantically clutched at the hand influence that had at last made itself less face. There it was arrested. A that lay stretched out beside the limp felt in physical manifestation after all dumb wonder possessed his soul. He figure. The pain-stricken eyes closed knelt there petrified by the shock of slowly. discovery. In the dim light he no Someone knelt beside Brood. He the vague notion that Matilde was longer saw the features of Matilde, but saw a slim white hand go out and near him in spirit, that there was an his own, and his heart was still. In touch the pallid brow. that revealing moment he realized that head-and none of these were Ma- even in hell, James Brood." into his mirror at twenty-one!

the eyes were closed-but he was "The doctor!" he cried in Yvonne's vivid hallucination, and yet there was all the time.

Her hands were clasped against her tell you. Are you so damned-" breast and her eyes were lifted heavenward. She had not moved throughout

He saw her and suddenly became paralysis. distended, his jaw dropping. He put credulously. "Whyout a hand and saved himself from "It was meant for me. Shoot, falling, but his eyes never left the

"My God, Matilde-Matilde! For-

he again saw the brilliant, undimmed shilling at thirty paces. features of Yvonne. "God in heaven, She was speaking. Her voice was

He sprang to his feet and advanced was an accident, do you understand? to the shooting. world shall never know the truth-unsaw caused an icy chill to sweep stand?"

He glanced at her set, rigid face.

'Yes. It was an accident. And this is

-as Yvonne. God, I-wonder-" His

"Attend!" she cried, and he bent

tory over you-his life-long foe. He-"

CHAPTER XIX.

The Voice of the Wind.

the room where the tragedy occurred.

continually loomed up before him as a

specter that had neither shape nor

transpired. He could account for the

of fate that saved Yvonne from death

and laid low the substitute, the sense

him had been overpowering. The for-

Hours afterward Brood sat alone in

woman

The door opened behind them and

to enter his soul. He shrank back. between you and me. We shall settle "Who-who are you?" he cried out all that. She looked straight into his in sudden terror. He felt the presence it later on. Now I see you as you are eyes for an instant and then, as if of Matilde. He could have stretched on the floor. The man half raised the actually there before him. "Matilde baffling look in her dark eyes. her. And-and now it is you! She is physical opposition could have done. still here. I can feel her hand touch- die. It would be too cruel if he were He glared at the half-averted face, ing mine-I can feel-no, again. Ito die now and miss all the joy of vic-

> The cold, lifeless voice of Yvonne was speaking to him, huskier than ever

> "Matilde has been here. She has always been with him. She is always "What - are - you gasped.

> She turned wearily away and pointed to the weapon on the table.

"Who is to use it, you or I?" He opened his mouth but uttered no sound. His power of speech was gone. whisper, for his eyes were looking into She went on in a deadly monotone. hers. "No," he whispered, after a mo-You intended the bullet for me. It is ment-"no, the dead are not silent. give you the first chance-take it, for jab." if you do not I shall take mine."

"I-I cannot kill you-I cannot kill hands were shaking again, shaking the woman who stood where you are and uncertain. "The doctor? He what seemed hours to him, but in standing a moment ago. Matilde was comes?



"Matilde Had Been There."

leaned forward, her intense gaze fixed on Frederic's face.

into Frederic's face with its closed "See! Ah, see! I prayed and I have eyes, and the agony of suspense that was no mistaking his meaning. He beside the outstretched figure of his been answered. See! God in heaven, now consumed him, but a cloud still hung over him that his intelligence

vain through all the sullen years. appeal for help, for life, for conscious-

"He is not dead! Frederic, Frederic, titude of a lifetime had been shattered ness, I did not intend the bullet for

"I shall save your soul, James filled his dreams and denied him the he had never seen anything in Fred- Brood," a voice was saying, but it boon of forgetfulness for a single ineric's countenance save the dark, seemed far away. "He shall not die, stant of the hours when he was awake, never-to-be-forgotten eyes-and they Your poor wretched soul may rest se- He had never tried to banish her from were his Matilde's. Now those eyes cure. I shall keep death away from his memory. He wanted to forget her, were closed. He could not see them, him. You shall not have to pay for to put her out of his thoughts altoand the blindness was struck from his this-no, not for this. The bullet was gether, for obvious reasons, but the own. He had always looked into the meant for me. I owe my life to him, fact that she remained the dominant boy's eyes-he had never been able to you shall owe his to me. But you figure in his present despite the past seek farther than those haunting, in- have yet to pay a greater debt than was proof, even to him, that she was quiring eyes-but now he saw the this can ever become. He is your son. and always would be the controlling lean, strong jaw, and the firm chin. You owe another for his life-and you force in his mind if not in his heart. the straight nose and the broad fore- will never be out of her debt, not Now he was ordering himself to face

tilde's! These were the features of a Slowly Frederic's eyes opened by the most improbable of hallucinaman-and of but one man. He was see again. They wavered from one face tions. It was not an intangible shadow ing himself as he was when he looked to the other and there was in them the that he now had to contend with but unsolvable mystery of divination. As something definite, something that All these years he had been blind, the lids dropped once more, Brood's took shape and mocked him. In his all these years he had gone on curs- manner underwent a tremendous bitter indictment against circuming his own image. In that overpower- change. The stupefaction of horror stances, he argued that his brain was ing thought came the realization that and doubt fell away in a flash and he momentarily unbalanced following the it was too late for him to atone. His was again the clear-headed, indomit- shock caused by the shooting, and that mind slowly struggled out of thrall able man of action. The blood rushed in its disordered state he had pictured that held it stupefied. He was looking back into his veins, his eyes flashed things that did not exist. It was only at his own face-dead! He would look with the returning fire of hope, his reasonable to assume that he had suflike that! Matilde was gone forever- voice was steady, sharp, commanding. fered from the effect of a startling.

there, going grayer and grayer of face ear, as his strong fingers went out to a strange, insistent voice somewhere tear open the red shirt bosom. "Be in his clearing mind that persuaded He had forgotten the woman. She quick! Send for Hodder. By heaven, him against his will that he had actualwas standing just beyond the body we must save him." She did not move. ly seen the face of Matilde. fanatic's face to the white, tender, that stretched itself between them. He whirled upon her fiercely. "Do as I

"Doctor Hodder is on the way now," she said dully. His hands ceased their facts to confound him. First of all, operations as if checked by a sudden the absolute conviction that Yvonne

"On the way here?" he cried in-

"He is coming," she said fiercely. "I belief that she, and not the skilled sent for him-ages ago. Don't stop surgeon, would check the sure progress face of the woman who prayed-whose now-be quick! You know what to do. of death. Something told him that she whole being was the material repre- Stanch the flow of blood. Do some- represented a force even mightier sentation of prayer. But it was not thing, man! You have seen men with Yvonne, his wife, that he saw standing mortal wounds—and this man must be no matter what betide. saved."

He worked swiftly, deftly, for he did per men who came. Doctor Hodder know what to do. He had worked over wisely had protested against secrecy Slowly her eyes were lowered until men before with wounds in their "Murder will out," he had said fretthey fell full upon his stricken face. | breasts—and he had seen them through fully, little realizing how closely the "Am I going mad?" he whispered the shadow of death. But he could trite old saying applied to the situahoarsely. As he stared, the delicate not help thinking, as he now worked, tion. He had accepted the statements on the revolver. A fierce, wild hope wan face of Matilde began to fade and that he was never known to miss 2 of Yvonne and Ranjab as to the accifor some reason had refrained from

though he knew him to be a witness Yvonne saw the reporters and later

"God, he-he can't be dead! I have it was Matilde! What accursed trick low and husky once more, with a per- asking Brood a single diestion, alsistent note of accusation in it. "It

on an inspector of police. Ranjab told time there had been a single cartridge left in the cylinder unknown to anyone. He had started to remove the cylinder as he left the room. All these years the hammer had been raised; death had been hanging over them all hand shook with a sudden spasm of the time that the pistol occupied its inindecision. He had again caught that secure position on the wall. Somehow, he could not tell how the hammer fell as he tugged at the cylinder. No one a beautiful opal jar of ZONA a 10-cent to the task again. He is not going to could have known that the revolver silk sponge for applying and a 25-cent was loaded. That was all that he could say, except to declare that if his master's son died he would end his own miserable, valueless life.

they looked up to see the breathless His story was supported by the declarations of Mrs. Brood, who, while Hindu. He came straight to the completely exonerating her husband's servant, had but little to say in expla-"He comes. Ranjab has obey. I have told him that the revolver was dis. nation of the affair. She kept her wits charge accidentally-by myself, by the about her. Most people would have made the mistake of saying too much. unhappy son of a dog. I. It is well. She professed to know nothing except Ranjab is but a dog. He shall die tothat they were discussing young Mr. day and his lips be sealed forever. Have no fear. The dead shall be si-Brood's contemplated trip abroad and that her husband had given orders to lent-" His voice trailed off into a his servant to pack a revolver in his son's traveling bag when the time came for his departure. She had paid but little attention to the Hindu's movements. All she could say was that it was an accident-a horrible, "Hush!" said the woman. Brood's blighting accident. For the present, it would not be possible for anyone to see the heart-broken father. Doubtless, later on, he would be in the mood "Even now," said the Hindu, turnto discuss the dreadful catastrophe, but not now, etc., etc. He was crushed with the horror of the thing that had happened. The house was in a state of subdued

excitement. Servants spoke in whispers and tip-toed through the halls. Nurses and other doctors came. Two Much had transpired in the interim to old men, shaking as with palsy, roamed make those hours seem like separate about the place, intent only on wormand distinct years to him, each hour ing their way into the presence of an epoch in which a vital and memortheir friend and supporter to offer conable incident had been added to his already overfull measure of experisolation and encouragement to him in his hour of tribulation. They shudence. Underneath all was an everdered as they looked into each other's present sense of insecurity, as if the whole order of life had been suddenly faces, and they shook their heads without speaking, for their minds were deprived of foundation or support. No filled with doubt. They did not ques- daughter is a stenographer, she matter where he looked, there was not tion the truth of the story as told, but the slighest ray of light in the darkthey had their own opinions. In support to the theory that they did not ing. Something tremendous had hapnened, aside from the visible, physbelieve there was anything accidental in the shooting of Frederic it is only ical incident that had stunned him necessary to speak of their extraorditemporarily at the outset of the tragic nary attitude toward Ranjab. They era, something that was beyond comshook hands with him and told him that Allah would reward him! Later on, after they had had time to think it all out for themselves-being somesubstance and yet was as completely what slow of comprehension-they positive as anything else that had sought out James Brood and offered to accept all the blame for having loaded shooting, the emotions preceding that the revolver without consulting him, unhappy occurrence, the intervention their object having been to destroy a cat that infested the alley hard by. They felt that it was absolutely necessary to account for the presence of elation that came to him as he looked the unexploded cartridge.

Brood, coming between them, laid his hands on their shoulders, shaking his head as he spoke to them gently.

"Thank you, old pals. I understand what it is you are trying to do. It's no use. I fired the shot. It isn't neces-He had seen a vision. Its effect on sary to say anything more to you, I'm sure, except that, as God is my wit-



Two Old Men, Staking as With Palsy, Roamed About the Place.

Frederic. It was an accident in that respect. Thank you for what you would do. It isn't necessary, old pals. The story that Ranja) tells must stand for the time being Later on-well, I may receive a full size jar of this wonderful oin write my own sfory and give it to the world.

"Write it?" said Mr. Dawes, and Brood nodded Kis head slowly, significantly.

"Oh, Jim, yor-you mustn't do that!" groaned Mr. Dawes, appalled. "You ain't such a cc ward as to do that."

"There was one bullet left in the revolver. Ranipb advised me to save it than death and that she would prevail, -for myself. He's a thoughtful fellow," said Brood. "It has been removed, of course, but-"

"Jim." said Mr. Riggs, squaring himself. "it's too bad that you didn't hit what you shot at."

"Jim," interrupted Mr. Riggs, ignoring his comrade, "I see she's going to HAROLD SOMERS, 180 De Kaib Ave., Brooklyn. N. nurse Freddy. Well, sir, if I was you. dental discharge of the weapon, but I'd-"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

the Arctic circle, where the nights are six months long, that the Eskimo

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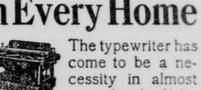
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Wooden. The trees were leaving, and when the backman came to take away the trunks the willows were weeping and the dogwood began to bark.

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one young woman that has worked out certain sum she would give advice on well with her, and might be of use to costumes, helping to arrange a whole en do not know what to wear, what tremely interesting, and it pays both a survival of the primeval cult of sun

someone else, says a writer in the wardrobe, and from friends she soon suits them best, what to put together, her and her clients. ployer and looks over everything the ing what looks hopeless. She can also

EXPERT ADVISER ON DRESS in dress. She had an instinctive feel- tions as to what each dress or suit or | rials; she has addresses of tailors, | is for. The fearsome legend about the | children were ordered to "come in out of the pight air." It is perhaps ing for what was becoming, not only waist requires to bring it up to par. dressmakers and sewing women, and baleful influence of "night air" is only out of the night air." It is perhaps to be the children living in Woman Has Achieved Success in Oc- for herself but her friends, and was She advises as to the most becoming knows they can do what they promise. In Something of the carefully nursed insanioften called in to consult over a prospective new gown. So that is what garments are necessary. Of course she job, in fact. She also makes a point cording to Senior Surgeon Banks of she determined to do professionally. regulates the expenditure according to of attending carefully to the details the United States public health serv-I heard lately of a plan adopted by She let her friends know that for a the purses of her various clients.

She tells them. She also saves them She goes to the house of her em- a good deal by her cleverness in adapt-Her one talent lay in her good taste lady has. She gives definite instructell where you should go for mate night and day. That's what fresh air "be careful about the night air," or despair,

of a costume, making sure that each ice. Whence this superstition arose She has made a success. Many wom- item will harmonize. The work is ex- may only be surmised. Perhaps it is

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worship, which led the ancients to classify as evil anything outside the sphere of solar influence. Our forbears

Admitting that he had been deceived

by a trick of the imagination, there

still remained certain indisputable

had the power to preserve the life that

hung so precariously in the balance.

He could not overcome the amazing

He had refused to see the newspa-

were wont to caution their offspring to patience, or a great deal heavier by

mothers do not entertain this crude notion about night air, else their progeny would spend half the year indoors.