The Young Lady Across the Way

young lady across the way says she has a great respect for the President's opinions as a general thing, but she can't agree with him on the desirability of victory without peace.

Something Different "Mother," said little Evelyn, "may

I go out and play with the other children now?" "You may play with the little girls.

sweetheart, but not with the boys; the little boys are too rough."

"But, mother," rejoined the little miss, "if I find a nice, smooth little boy, can I play with him?"





Quite a Man!



Peggy-Poor Jigby won't be able to

Mater-Don't despair, dear. That

THE STAR GAZERS

the Judge.

"Yes, your Honor, I'll explain meself," said the juror. "When Mr. Flinn finished his talking me mind was clear all through, but whin Mr. Evans begins his talkin' I becomes all confused an' says I to meself. 'Faith. I'd better lave at once, an' sthay away until he is done,' because, your Honor, to tell the truth. I didn't like the way the argument was goin'."

An Honest Juror Tim Casey, a juror, rose suddenly

from his sent and hastened to the

door of the courtroom. He was pre-

vented, however, from leaving the

room and was sternly questioned by





-Pearson's Weekis

The Lady of the House (to husband, who has been settling a difference with a neighbor)—You're a beauty to come ome like this. Why, you've got a couple of black eyes

The Warrior-Well, wot abaht it? could 'ave 'ad a few more if I'd 'ad room for em.

Omit Flowers

The month's prize for the bummest joke goes to the Kansas editor who admonished his readers in the following words: "In order to combat the constantly soaring cost of living, we advise our readers to biplane food."

It was a nice murder.-Gargoyle.

Prof.-What's a continued story? Intelligent Fresh-Why-er, a skyscraper.-Penn State Froth.

Pussylanimous!



AFTERGLOW

Allan Siera, a consulting engineer, and Beatrice Kendriek, his atenographer, wake from a long sleep in his office in the tower of the Matropolitan Life Insurance Ruilding, New York city, they look about them and see the office interior failen to decay, while below they behold a wast forest of great trees where New York city once stood. It is evident that their sleep has lasted through centuries, and that during this unconscious lapse the city has been destroyed by some great catastrophe. They seem to be the only survivors of the inhabitants of the western continent. They clothe themselves primitively and subsist on food which has withstood the ravages of centuries in glass lars.

withstood the ravages of centuries in glass after a time a troop of malformed savages appears. They storm the tower and a described battle ensues. Stern and Beatrice escape, finding a refuge in a ruined mansion to Boston in a boat which Stern has built. He hopes to find the telescope of the Harvard University by which, to verify his discovery of the earth's changed relations with its astrain neighbors. They reach what was once the city of Frovidence, where they find rusty firearms still zerviceable, and an acroplane which Stern repairs, and an expedition of exploration in the machine they are drawn into a terrible abyes, where the sun never ahines, and are captured by strains people and condemned to death. In a great battle Stern uses his frearms and repeis his captors' enemies from the abyes in the aeropiane and regain the land of the sun.

Once more on earth. Allan and Beatrice bury the patriarch who was their friend in the abyes and who accompanied them to the old world, only to die at the first touch of the sun. Around the patriarch's neck is a chain and small locket which contains instructions where to find the records of the lost civilization. The paper crumbles as they read, but the two gather enough to direct them. They start for their old home on the banks of the Hudson, only to find it occupied by the hords. The beast-savages destroy the heliding while Allan and Beatrice are attacking from the Pauliac. In despite they miske for Storm king, the mountain which is the sight of the great Cothic Cathedral. Here it is that some of the records are stored. THE STORY THUS FAR

(CHAPTER IV Continued)

LLAN laughed and cut off power-A the old days not for ten thousand dollars would be have tried so ticklish a descent, but now his mettle was of sterner stuff and his skill with the machine developed to a point where man and hiplane seemed almost one organism.

With a swift rush the Pauillac coasted He checked her at precisely the right moment, as the sand seemed whirling up to meet them, swerved to dodge a fire-blasted trunk, and with a shout took the

The plane bounced, creaked, skidded or the long runners he had fitted to her, and with a lurch came to rest not ten yards from an ugly stump dead ahead.

"Made it, by heaven!" he exulted. "But a few feet more and it wouldn't have been-well, no matter. We're here, anyhow. Now, supper and a good sleep. And tomorrow, the cathedral."

He helped the girl alight, for she was cramped and stiff. Presently their camp cramped and stiff. Presently their camp fire cheered the down-drawing gloom, as o many other times in such strange places And before long their evening meal was in course of preparation, close by a great glacial boulder at the end of the sand

In good comradeship they ate, then wheeled the biplane over to the rock and under the shelter of its widespreading wings made their camp for the night. An hour or so they sat talking of many things—their escape from the abyes, the patriarch's death, the transport of the loss of their little. their trip east again, the loss of their little home, their plans, their hopes, their work.

Beatrice, seemed to grieve more than tern over the destruction of the bungalow. Stern over the destruction of the bugges.
So much of her woman's heart had gone
into the making of that nest, so many
thoughts had centered on a return to it
once more, that now when it lay in ruins
through the spiteful mischief of the Horde, she found sorrow knocking insistently the gates of her soul. But Allan com-forted her as best he might.

forted her as best he might.

"Never you mind, dittle girl" said he bravely. "It's only an incident, after all. A year from now another and a still more beautiful home will shelter us in some more secure location. And there'll be human companionship, too, about us. In a year many of the folk will have been brought from the depths. In a year miracles may happen—even the greatest one

and sad as though with realization, with some compelling inner sense of vast, imresponsibilities.

He gathered her in his strong arms, he drew her yielding body close, and kissed er gently norrow!" he whispered. "Do you

Tomorrow," she made answer, breath mingling with his "Tomorrow Alian—que page of life forever closed, another opened. Oh, may it be for good—may we be very strong and very wise."

Neither spoke for the space of a few

heart-beats, while the wind made a vague, melancholy music in the sentinel tree-top and the snapping sparks danced upward

by the rock.

"Life, all life—just dancing sparks—then gone" said Beatrice slowly. "And yet—yet it is good to have lived, Allan. Good to have lighted the black mystery of the universe, formless and endless and in-scrutable, by even so brief a flicker!" "Is it my little pessimist tonight?" he asked. "Too tired, that's all. In the morn-

aniced. It is a second of the grow is our wedding day. He felt her catch her breath and tremble

"Yes, I know. Our wedding-day, Allan. Surely the strangest since time began. No friends, no gifts, no witnesses, no minister. "There, there" he interrupted, smiling

How can my little girl be so wrong-head-ed? Friends? Why, everything's our friend! All nature is our friend—the whole life-processes is our friend and ally. Gifts? What need have we of gifts? Aren't you my gift, surely the best gift that a man had since the beginning of all things Am I not yours?

Am I not yours?
"Minister? Priest? We need none: The
world-to-be shall have got far away from
such beyond its fairy-tale stage, its weaknesses and fears of the Unknown, which alone explain their existence. Here on Storm King, under the arches of the old cathedral our clasped hands, our mutual words of love and trust and honor—these shall suffice. The river and the winds and forest, the sunlight and the sky, the whole infinite expanse of Nature herself shall be our priest and witnesses. And never has a wedding been so true, so solemn and so holy as yours and mine shall be. For you are mine, my Beatrice, and I am yours—

little silence, while the flames leaped higher and the shadows deepened in the dim aisles of the fir forest all about them. In the vast canopy of evening sky cluster-ing star-points had begun to shimmer. Redly the camp-fire lighted man and woman there alone together in the wild. For them there was no sense of isolation

of loneliness. She was his world now, Up into his eyes she looked fairly and oravely, and her full lips smiled.

"Forgive me, Alian" she whispered. "It was only a mood, that's all. It's passed now—it won't come back. Only forgive me.

"My dear, brave girl!" he murmured, moothing the thick hair back from her brow. "Never complaining, never repin-ing, never afraid."

ing, never afraid."

"Afraid? How could I be with you?"
Their lips met again and for a time
the girl's heart throbbed on his.

Afar a wolf a weird, tremulous call drifted
down-wind. An owl, disturbed in its nocturnal quest, hooted upon the slope above
to esstward; and across the darkening sky
recied an unsteady bat, for larger than in

earth and ships upon the sea. flung fresh wood upon it, while sheaves of winking light gyrated upward through the air. Then he returned to Beatrice and wrapped her in his cloak. The fire burned low. Allan arose and

And for a long, long time they both talked of many things—intimate, solemn, wondrous things—together in the night. And the morrow was to be their wedding

CHAPTER V.

The Search for the Record. MORNING found them early astir, to greet the glory of June sanlight over the shoulder of Storm King. A perfect morning, if ever any one was perfect since morning, if ever any one was perfect since the world began—soft airs stirring in the forest, golden robins' full-throated song, the melody of the scarlet tropic birds they had named "fire-birds" for want of any more descriptive title, the chatter of gray squir-rels on the branches overhead, all blent, under a sky of wondrous azure, to tell them of life, full and abundant, joyous and

Two of the squirrels had to die, breakfast, which Beta cooked while Allan quested the edges of the wood for the everpresent berries. They drank from a fernembowered spring a hundred yards or so to south of their camp in the forest, and felt the vigorous tides of life throb hotly through their splendid bodies.

Allan got together the few simple implements at their disposal for the expedition—his ax, a torch made of the brown weed of the abyss, oil-soaked and bound with wire that fastened it to a metal handle. and a skin bag of the rude matches he had manufactured in the village of the folk. "Now then, en marche!" said he at length. "The old cathedral and the records are awaiting a morning call from us—and there are all the wedding preparations to make as well. Vre've got no time to lose."

She laughed happily with a blush and gave him her hand. "Lead on, Sir Knight," she jested. "I'm yours by right of capture and conquest, as

in the good old days."
"The good new days will have better and higher standards." he answered gravely. 'Today, one age is closed, another opened for all time."

Hand in hand they ascended the barren spur to eastward, and presently reached the outposts of the forest that rose in lose-ranked majesty, over the brow of Storm King.

The going proved hard, for with the warmer climate that now favored the country, undergrowth had sprung up far more luxuriantly than in the days of the oldtime civilization; but Sfern and Beatrice were used to labor, and together—he ahead to break or cut the path—they struggled through the wood.

Half an hour's climb brought them to their first dim sight of the massive towers of the cathedral, rising beyond the tangle of trees, majestic in the morning sun, Soon after they had made their way close

up to the huge, lichen-crusted walls, and in the shadow of the gigantic pile slowly explored round to the vast portals facing eastward over the Hudson.

"Wonderful work, magnificent propor-tions and design," Stern commented, as they stopped at last on the broad, debris-littered steps and drew breath. "Brick and stone have long since perished. Even steel has crumbled. But concrete scems eternal. Why, the building's virtually intact even today, after ten centuries of absolute abandonment. A week's work with a force of men would quite restore it. The damage it's suffered is absolutely insignificant. Con-

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

crete. A lesson to be learned, is it not, in our rebuilding of the world?"

The mighty temple stood, in fact, almost hanging miracles of the roof. The mighty temple stood, in fact, almost as men had left it in the long ago, when the breath of annihilation had swept a withering blast over the face of the earth. The broad grounds and driveways that had led up to the entrance had, of course, long since absolutely vanished under rank growths.

Grass flourished in the gutters and on th Gothic finials; the gargoyles were bearded with vines and fern-clusters; the flying buttresses and muliions stood green moss; and in the vegetable mold that had for centuries accumulated on the steps and in the vestibule—for the oaken doors had crumbled to powder—many a bright-flowered plant raised its blossoms to the

rose-window in the eastern facade had le since been shattered out of their frames by hall and tempest. But the main body of the cathedral seemed yet as massively intact as when the master-builders of the twentieth century had taken down the last scaffold, and when the gigantic organ had first pealed its "Laus Deo" through the

vaulted apse. Together they entered the vast silen space, and—awed despite themselves—gazed in wonder at the beauties of this, the most magnificent temple ever built in the western aemisphere.

The marble floor was covered now with windrows of dead leaves and pine-spills, and with the litter from myriads of birds'-nests that sheltered themselves on achitraves and galleries and on the lofty capitals of the fluted pillars, which rose, vistalike, a hun-dred feet above the clear-story, spraying out into a wondrous complexity of ribs to sustain the marvelous concrete vaulting full two hundred feet in air.

Through the shattered windows broad slants of sunshine fell athwart the walls and floor. Swallows chirped and twittered far aloft, or winged their swift way through the dusky upper spaces, passing at will in or out the mullioned gaps whence all the painted glass had long since fallen.

An air of mystery, of long expectancy, seemed brooding everywhere; it seemed almost as though the spirit of the past were almost as though the spirit of the past were waiting to receive them—waiting now, as it had waited a thousand years, patiently, inexorably, untiringly for those to come who should some day reclaim the hidden secrets in the crypt, once more awaken human echoes in the vault, and so redeem

human echoes in the vauit, and so redeem
the world.

"Waiting!" breathed Stern, as if the
thought hung pregnant in the very air.

"Waiting all these long centuries—for us!
For you, Beatrice, for me! And we are
here at last, we of the newer time; and
here we shall be one. The symbol of the pillars, mounting, ever mounting toward the infinite, the hope of life eternal, the ma-jesty and mystery of this great temple, welcome us! Come!"

He took her hand again and now in silence they walked forward noiselessly over the thick leaf-carpet on the pavement of rare marble.

"Oh, Allan, I feel so very small in here! she whispered drawing close to him. "You and I. all alone in this tremendous place built for thousands—" "You and I are the world today!" he

answered very gravely; and so together they made way toward the vast transept, arched with a bewildering lacery of vault-All save the concrete had long vanished.

I crossed the moats and set out homeward through the forest whereof the stripped boughs also spoke of death, though in the spring these would grow green again.

Ten days later we started from the Holy

ivory, as on everything else that had to do with Jana. Some weeks later in the desert a great sandstorm overtook us in which we

parely escaped with our lives. At the height

loose, flying before it. Probably they fell and were buried beneath the sand; at any

Ragnall wished to pay me the value of

the remaining loads, which ran into thou-sands of bounds, but I would not take the money, saying that it was outside of our bargain. Sometimes since then I have thought that I was foolish, especially when on glancing at that cotileit to his will in after days, the same which he had given me before the battle, I found that he had given me before the battle.

given me before the battle, I found that he

had set me down for a legacy of £10,000. But in such matters every man must follow his own instinct.

The White Kendah, an unemotional

people especially now when they were mourning for their lost god and their dead, watched us go without any demonstration of affection or even of farewell. Only those

last, most of the way on foot, pausing little while on their crest to look our last for ever at the land which we had left, where the Mount of the Child was still

Day after day and week after week we

Day after day and week after week we traveled across the endless desert by a way known to Harut on which water could be found, the only living things in all its vast-ness, meeting with no accidents save that of the sandstorm in which the ivory was

since Harut spoke little and Ragnall and

his wife were naturally wrapped up in each

last time.

As I shook old Harut's hand in farewell he told me that he was going on to Egypt, and I asked him why.

"Perchance to look for another god, Lord."

Macumasana," he answered gravely, "whom now there is no Jana to destroy. We may speak of that matter if we should meet again."

Such are some of the things that I 're-member about this journey, but to tell the truth, I paid little attention to them and

ost. I was much alone during that

of the Child.

of the storm the ivory-laden camels loose, flying before it. Probably the

rate of the fifty we recovered only ten

the remaining loads, which ran in

THE IVORY CHILD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

Author of "Marie." "King Solomon's Mines." "She," etc my mind every event connected with them

CHAPTER XX-(Continued) Once more I saw the fires of sacrifice flaring upon the altar and heard the roar of the dancing hall that proclaimed the ruin of "And had better not inquire, Lady Ragnall, since in this world most changes are for the worse." the Black Kendah as loudly as the tru "I agree and shall not inquire. Now I of a destroying angel. Very glad was I when the morning came at length and, having looked my last upon Simba Town,

brought from the depths. In a year miracles may happen—even the greatest one of all."

Her eyes met his a moment by the ruddy fire-glow and held true.

"Yes," answered she, "even the greatest in the world."

A sudden tenderness swept over him at thought of all that had been and was still to be, at sight of this woman's well-loved face irradiated by the leaping blaze—her face now just a little wan with long fatigues and sad as though with realization, with the spoken to you like this because I felt that I must do so. Also I want to thank you for all you have done for me and George. Probably we shall not inquire. Now I have spoken to you like this because I felt that I must do so. Also I want to thank you for all you have done for me and George. Probably we shall not talk in such a way again; as I am situated, the opportunity will be lacking, even if the wish is present. So once more I thank you from my heart. Until we meet again—I mean really meet—good-by," and she held her right hand to me in such a fashion that I knew she meant me to kiss it.

This I did very reverently

back to the temple almost in silence.

That month of rest, or rather the eks of it, since for the first few days after the battle I was quite prostrate occupied in various ways, among others a journey with Harut to Simba Town This we made after our spies had assured us that the Black Kendah were really gone somewhere to the southwest, in which direction fertile and unoccupied lands were said to exist about three hundred miles away. It was with very strange feelings that I re traced our road and looked once more upon that wind-bent tree still scored with the marks of Jana's tusk, in the boughs of which Hans and I had taken refuge from the monster's fury. Crossing the river, quitlow now, I traveled up the slope down which we had raced for our very lives and came to the melancholy lake and the cemetery of

dead elephants. Here all was unchanged. There was the little mount worn by his feet, on which Jana was wont to stand. There were the where I had tried to hide and near some crushed human bones w to them some crushed numan cones which I knew to be those of the unfortunate Marut. These we buried with due reverence on the spot where he had fallen. I meanwhile thanking God that my own bones were not being interred at their side, as but for Hans would have been the case—if they were ever interred at all. All about lay were ever interred at all. All about lay the skeletons of dead elephants, and from the skeletons of dead eleganate, and from among these we collected as much of the best ivory as we could carry, namely about fifty camel loads. Of course, there was much more, but a great deal of the stuff had been exposed for so long to sun and weather that it was almost worthless.

Having sent this ivory back to the Town of the Child, which was being rebuilt after a fashion, we went on to Simba Town through the forest, dispatching pickets ahead of us to search and make sure that it was empty. Empty it was indeed; never did I see such a place of desolation.

The Black Kendah had left it just a it stood, except for a pile of corpses which ket place, where the three camel men were sacrificed to Jana, doubtless those of wounded men who had died during or after the retreat. The doors of the houses stood open, many domestic articles, such as great jars resembling that which had been set over the head of the dead man whom we were commanded to restore to life, and other furniture lay about because they could not be carried away. So did a great quantity of spears and various weapons of war, whose owners, being killed, would never want them again. Except a few starved dogs and jack. als no living creature remained in the town.

It was in its own way as waste and even
more impressive than the graveyard of elephants by the lonely lake.

phants by the lonely lake.

"The curse of the Child worked well," said Harut to me grimly. "First, the storm; the hunger; then the battle; and now the misery of flight and ruin."

"It seems so," I answered. "Yet that course, like others, came back to roost, for if Jana is dead and his people fled, where are the Child and many of its people? What will you do without your god. Harut?"

"Repent us of our sins and wait till the Heavens send us another, as doubtless they will in their own season," he replied very sadly.

sadiy.

I wonder whether they ever did and, if so, what form that new divinity put on.

I slept, or rather did not sleep, that night in the same guest house in which Marut and I had been imprisoned during our desadts! says of fast, reconstructive in

A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivion"

At the transept-crossing they stood amazed; for here the flutings ran up five hundred feet inside the stupendous central spire, among a marvelous fligree of windows which diminished toward the top—a lacework as of frost-patterns etched into the solid substance of the fleche. "Higher than that, more massive and more beautiful the buildings of the future shall arise." said Allan slowly after a pause. "But they shall not serve creed or faction. They shall be for all mankind, for the great race still to come. Beauty shall be its heritage, its right.

And loveliness shall crown the waiting world As with a garland of immortal joy!

"But come, come, Beatrice—there's work to do. The records, girl! We mustn't stand here admiring architecture and dreaming dreams while those records are still undiscovered. Down into the cryst we go, to dig among the relics of a vanished age!"

"The crypt, Allan? Where is it?"
"If I remember rightly—and at the time, this cathedral was built I followed the plans with some care—the entrance is back of the main southern cluster of pillars over there at the transept-crossing. Come on, Beta. In a minute we can see whether thousand-year-old memories are any good

or not!" Quickly he led the way, ax and torch in hand, and as they rounded the group of massive buttresses whence sprang the pil-lars for the groin-vaults aloft, a cry of satisfaction escaped him, followed by a word of quick astonishment.

"What is it, Allan?" exclaimed the girl. "Anything wrong? Or--"

The mansstood peering with wide eyes; then suddenly he knelt and began pawing over the little heap of vegetable drift that had accumulated along the wall.

"it's here, all right," said he. "There's the door, right in front of us—but what I don't understand is—this!" "What, Allan? Is there anything

wrong? "Not wrong, perhaps, but devilish pecul-

Speaking, he raised his hand to her. The fingers held an arrow-head of flint. "There's been a battle nere, that's sure,"

said he. "Look, spear-points-shattered!" He had already uncovered three obsidian blades. The broken tips proved how forci-bly they had been driven against the stone in the long ago. "What? A-

His fingers closed on a small, hollow shell of gold.

"A molar, so help mee All that's left of some forgotten white man who fell here, at the door, a thousand years ago!" Speechless, the girl took the shell from him and examined it.
"You're right, Allan," she answered.
"This certainly is a hellow gold crown. Any

one can see that, in spite of the patina that's formed over the metal. Why—what can it all mean?" Search me! The patriarch's record gave

the impression that this eastern expedition set out within thirty years or so of the catastrophe. Well, in that short time it doesn't seem possible there could have developed savages fighting with flints and so on. But that there certainly was a battle here at this door, and that the cathedral was used as a fort against some kind of in-

vasion is positively certain,
"Why, look at the chips of concrete
knocked off the jamb of the door here; Must have been some tall mace-work where you're standing. Beta! If we could know the complete story of this expedition, its probable failure to reach New York, its entrapment here, the slege and the inevitable tragedy of its end—starvation, sorties, repulses, hand-to-hand fighting at the outer gates, in the nave, here at the crypt door, perhaps on the stairs and in the vaults have perhaps on the stairs and in the vaults be-low—then defeat and slaughter and extinction-what a tremendous drama we could formulate!"

Beatrice nodded. Plain to see, thought depressed her. "Death, everywhere-

Allan laughed. "Life, you mean!" he rallied. "Come bish of a distant tragedy. Real work awaits

He picked up the torch, and with his primitive but serviceable matches lighted it. The smoke rose through the silent airit. The smoke rose through the silent air-of the cathedral, up into a broad sunit zone from a tail window in the transept, where it writhed blue and luminous.

Mount, a caravan of about a hundred zone from a tall window in the transept, where it writhed blue and luminous.

A single blow of Allan's ax shattered the under the command of Harut and our three last few shreds of oaken plank that still last few shreds of oaken plank that still last few shreds of the door. hung from the eroded hinges of the door. In front of the explorers a flight of con-crete steps descended, winding darkly to the crypt beneath.

went first, holding the torch high to light the way.
"The records!" he exclaimed. "Soon, soon we shall know the secrets of the

CHAPTER VI

Trapped! COME thirty steps the way descended, Dending in a straight and very narrow passage. The air, though somewhat chill, was absolutely dry and perfectly respirable. was absolutely dry and perfectly respiration thanks to the enormously massive foundation of solid concrete which formed virtually one solid monolith 600 feet long by 250 broad—a monolith molded about the crypt broad—a monolith molded about the crypt. and absolutely protecting it from every

"Not even the Great Pyramid of Ghizel could afford a more perfect-hello, what's

side influence.

this?"

Allan stopped short, staring downward at the floor. His voice re-echoed strangely in the restricted space.

"A skeleton, so help me!"

True indeed. At one side of the passage, lying in a position that strongly suggested death in a crouching, despairing attitude—death by staryation rather than by violence priestesses who had attended upon the per-son of Lady Ragnall while she played a divine part among them wept when they parted from her, and uttered prayers that they might meet her again "in the presence The pass through the great mountains proved hard to climb, as the foothold for the camels was bad. But we managed it death by starvation rather than by violent

—a little clutter of human bones gleamed white under the torch-flare. white under the torch-flare.

"A skeleton—the first one of our vanished race we've ever found!" exclaimed the man. "All the remains in New York, you remember, down in the subway or in any of the buildings, were invariably little piles of impalpable dust mixed with soins and bits of rusted metal. But this—it's absolutely intact!" dimly visible. Then we descended their further slope and entered the northern

disclutely intact! "The dry air and all-" suggested Best-

"Yes," he answered. "Tritact, so fat. He stirred the skull with his foot. In-

stantly it vanished into powder.
"Just as I thought," said he. "No chance to give a decent burial to this or any other human remains we may come across beregrates them. But with this it's different."
He picked up a revolver, hardly rusted
at all, that lay near at hand.
"Cartridges; look!" cried Beatrice, pointing. The slightest disturbance totally

other.

At length, months later, we struck a little port on the Red Sea, of which I forget the Arab name, a place as hot as the informal regions. Shortly afterward, by great good luck, two trading vessels put in for water, one bound for Aden, in which I embarked en route for Natal, and the other for the port of Suez, whence Ragnall and his wife could travel overland to Alexandria.

Our parting was so hurried at the last, as is often the way after long fellowship, that beyond mutual thanks and good wishes we said little to one another. I can see them now standing with their arms about each other watching me disappear. Concerning their future there is so much to tell that of it I shall say nothing; at any rate here and now, except that Lady Ragnall was right. Sha and I did not part for the last time.

As I shook old Harut's hand in farewall. at all, that lay near at hand.

"Cartridges; look!" cried Beatrice, pointing.

"That's so, too—a score or more!"

Lying in an irregular oval, that plainly told of a vanished cartridge belt, a string of cartridges trailed on the concrete floor.

"H-m-m-m! Just for an experiment, let's see!" murmured the engineer.

Already he had slipped in a charge.
"Steady, Beatrice!" he cautioned, and pointing down the passage, pulled trigger.

Flame stabbed the half-dark and the crashing detonation rang in their ears.

"What do you think of that!" crisd Stern exuitantly. "Talk about your miracles! A thousand years and—"

Beatrice grasped him by the arm and pointed downward. Astonished, he stard. The wait of the skeleton had vanished. In its place now only a few handfuls of dusting yon the floor.

"Well. I'll be—" the main exclaims! "Even that does the trick, ch? H-m! would be a joke, now, wouldn't it, if the records should act the same way? One on, Beta; this is all very interesting. It isn't getting us anywhere. We've to be at work!"

many others.
For oh! my heart was sore because of Hans.