Young Lady Across the Way



We asked the young lady way if she had ever studied dial and she said as long as you got plenty of fresh air and exercise she didn't hink it made a great deal of differ-

Differentiation

There is a young lawyer of this town who is as modest as he is witty. "How much," asked a client of his, will your opinion be worth in this

"Really," said the young legal light, "I can't say. But I can tell you what I am going to charge you for it."-The Lamb.



THE PADDED CELL

SCHOOL DAYS



An Excellent Reason

-Ideas Mary-An' why not? Pat-Sure, we'll be home before we're half-way there!

Out of Date

First Oak Tree-Old man Evergreen is rather an old fogey, don't

Second Oak Tree-Yes, he absolutely refuses to try the new looseleaf system.-Cornell Widow.

Breaking Even

While I was watching the ticker some of my stock went up twenty points." "Then you made a lot of money?"

"No. I came out about even. You see, my wife was at the milliner's at the same time."-The Lamb.

SPOOKS WE HAVE MET



X-Pensive

-Correll Widow 'You know, I think you are an awfly dear girl."
"Why do you say that?"
"It costs so much to ha so much to have you up for Junior Week."

The Only Way

The Irish sergeant had a squad of recruits on the rifle range.

He tried them on the 500-yard range but none of them could hit the target. Then he tried them on the 300-yard, the 200-yard and the 100-yard ranges in turn, but with no better success. When they had all missed on the shortest range he looked around in

despair. Then he straightened up. "Squad, attention!" he commanded. "Fix bayonets! Char-r-ge!"-Everybody's

The Height of Cruelty



mutter.

All at once a call sounded from far ahead.

"Come" commanded Allan, Together he
and Bremilu crept through the jungle to-

consummated.

But now Bremilu gripped his arm. Afar, on the other side of the thicket, they heard a singular commotion, cries, shouts, and the vigorous beating of the fern-trees.

"The thing has turned, master" the Meru-chan exclaimed, at Allan's side. "Now throw the fire-death! Etvur! Quickly. Stern swept the thicket with his beam,

"Ah! There—there."

The light caught a moving, hairy mass of brown—a huge squat, terrible creature, its back now toward them. At one side Stern saw a vague blackness—the long, unbound hair of Bestrice!

He glimpsed a white arm daugling limp; and in his breast the heart flamed at white-

theat of rage and passion.
But his hand was steel. Never in his
life had be drawn so fine a bead.
"Hold the light for me!" he whispered.
passing it to his companion. "I want both
leveled; her
stoff ripsed an

hands for this?"

Bremilu held the beam true, blinking strangely with his pink eyes. Stern, resting his pixtel hand in the hollow of his left elbow, sighted true.

A fraction of a hair to the left, and the builet might crash through the brain of Bearings.

Stern blessed their courage and their skill.

"Men, by Goil They'ts men." he muttered, as he thrashed his painful way behind them in the night.

"Oh, God—if there he any God—speed the shot true" he imayed, and fired.

A hideens yell, ripping the night to shred in the shot true" he imayed, and fired.

A hideens yell, ripping the night to shred in the shot true of he shot true. Then are wand rising discord through the forest—a scream as of a damned soul flung upon the brimsione.

Then, as he glimpsed the white arm falling and knew the thing had loosed its grip, the light died. Bremliu starting at the sud-

rkness.
"Master!" whispered Zangamon recoilt a step. "Oh. Kromno, what is that?"
Never have we heard such in our place.
"Never have we heard such in our place."
Something bore him backward—something darkness.

"Master!" whispered Zangamon, recoils in a step. "Ch. Krompo, what is that?"

"Never have we heard such in our place." something bore him backward—something added Bremilu, gripping his av tighter. "In added Bremilu, gripping his av tighter." "In added Bremilu, gripping his av tighte

have never seen?"

"Both! A man-beast! Kill! Kill."

"Both! A man-beast! Kill! Kill."

"Now. Allan, sure of his direction, took and only once more he called!

"Beatrice! Beatrice! "We're coming."

"Again he heard her cry, but suddenly it died as though swiftly choked in her very died as though swiftly choked in her very throat. Allan spat a biasphemy and surged throat. Allan spat a biasphemy and surged throat. The blow thudded hollow, smashing, annihilating.

Hot louid gushed over there back, he sought to beat the monster back.

Then, fair upon him, fell a crushing weight

Swooning, he knew no more.

CHAPTER XVI A Respite From Toil

THE bright beang of the flash lamp is his face roused Alian to a consciousness that he was bruked and suffering, and that his left arm sched with dull insistence. Inzed.

he brought it up and saw his sleeve of duli brown stuff was dripping red. Boside him in the trampled grass he vaguely made out h hairy bulk, motion-

came a sound or twigs and brush-pping.

tely void of fear he pressed forThe currents of thought began to flow

And as yet he dared not dart the lightbeam into that pit of darkness, for fear of
beam into that pit of darkness, for fear of
precipitating an unthinkable tragedy—if,
indeed, the horror had not already been
consummated.

But now Bremilu gripped his arm. Afar,
But now Bremilu gripped his arm. Afar,
the stage of the thicket, they heard

"Battrice:

"Beatrice:

As though by way of answer, the tail
growths swayed and crackied, and through
them a dim figure loomed—a man with
something in his arms.

"Zangainon:" panted Allan, springing
toward him. "Have you got her? The

toward him. "Have you got her? The girl—is she alive?" "She lives, master!" replied a voice. "But as yet she remains without knowledge

of aught."
"Wounded? Is she wounded?"

Already he had reached Zangamon, and, injured though he was, had taken the beved form in his arms.
"Beatrice! Beatrice!" he called, press-

"Beatrice! Beatrice!" he called, pressing kisses to her brow, her eyes, her
mouth—still warm, thank God!"

He sank down among the underbrush
and gathered her to his breast, cradling
her, cherishing her to him as though to
bring back life and consciousness.

To her heart he laid his ear. It heat!
She breathed!

She breathed!
"The light, here! Quick!"
By its clear ray he saw her hair disheveled: her coarse mantle of brown stuff ripped and torn, and on her throat long scratches. Brunes showed on her hands and arms.

as from a terrible fight she had put up against the monater. And his heart bled; and to his lips rose executations, mingled with the tenderest words of pity and love. "We must get her back to the cave at he exclaimed. "Quick! Break Make a litter—a bed—to carry Everything depends on getting

her to shelter now." But the two Merucaans did not under stand. All this was beyond their knowledge Ignoring his burts. Allan laid the girl down very gently, and with them set to work directing the making of the

They obeyed eagerly. In a few min-utes the litter was ready—made of fermtree branches thickly covered with leaves and odorous grasses.

On this he placed the girl. "You, Zangamon, take these boughs ere. Bremilli, these others. Now I will hold the light. Back to the cave now-

We need not the light, master. We

see better without it. It dazales our eyes. Use it for yourself. We need it not:" ex-cialmed Bremila, stooping above the body of the dead monster to recover his axthe horrible creature.

to his fact upon the hairy shoulder, tug-ging hard at the ax-handle. Thrice he had to pull with all his might to loosen the to pull with all his might to loosen the blade which had buried itself deep in the 'A giant gorida, so help me?" he cried.

shuddering "My God, Beatrice—what a ghastly terror you've been through".
Still grinning feroclously in death, with blood-smeared face and glazed, staring eyes, the creature shocked and horrified even Allan's steady nerves. He gazed upon it only a moment, then turned away.

"Enough!" said he. "To the cave!"
A quarter-hour had passed before they reached shelter ngain. Allan bade the Merocaans heap dry wood on the embers in the cavern, while he himself laid Beatrice upon the bed. "My God, Beatrice shuddering

or upon the bed.
With a piece of their brown cloth dipped one of the water jars he bathed her face

in one of the water jars and bruised throat.
"Fresh water! Fotch a jar of fresh water from the river below!" he comanded Zangamon.
Hut even as the white barbarian started obey the girl stirred, raised a hand, and

feebly spoke "Allan-oh-are you here again? Allan my love!" He strained her to his breast and kissed

her; and his eyes grew hot with tears, Beatrice !"

Her arms were round his neck, and their

lips clung. "Hurt?" Are you hurt?" he cried. "Tell "Allan! The monster-is he dead?" she shivered, sitting up and staring wildly round at the cave walls, on which the fresh-built fire was beginning to throw dancing

lights 'Dead, yes. But hush, Beta! Don't think

"Those men-"
"Two of our own folk. I brought them

A STORY FOR SPARE MOMENTS Superstition and Sir John

enceived deceration for the coming of an

Sir John Vance, the great matthee hero sir John varies, the grams, was coming in and exponent of the drams, was coming in for high ten, together with a notable num-ber of well-known persons. Saturday eve-

for high ten, together with a honore her of well-known persons. Saturday ever hing being the only time when theatrical stars were free, Mrs. Garvin had chosen that night for their citertainment.

She fluttered about the table like a small bird twittering over a resplendent flower bed and hoped that nothing would occur to mar the heauty of an expected Joyous to mar the heauty of an expected Joyous to mar the heauty of an expected Joyous the second of the second to mar the heauty of an expected joyous to mar the heating of the lagoration of evening. Mrs. Garvin and her retinue of servants had spent much time and thought over the decorations suitable for an eminent

ctor, and the result was gratifying at The center of the table was a mass of laurel, and around it were placed fourteen little manikins representing Sir John in various parts through which he had won his

fame. The little figures seemed to stroll about the table, so perfectly were they fashioned. Art master workmanship and knowledge of the drama had necessarily combined to turn out the wonderful figures that were Sir John Vance in miniature. Mrs. Garvin rushed off to the nursery in a burst of enthusiasm.

"Do bring the children in to see the table Miss Gray," she said to the silm girl who was the children's loved nurse: "It doesn't matter if they're in their nighties." she added, when two little white-clad figures hurled themselves into her arms. She hugged them tight, regardless of exquisite chiffons and laces, and trotted them off with Miss Gray to see the table decoration for Sir John.

The children screamed with delight and a flush of pleasure swept across Miss Gray's face. For a moment she wished that she, too, might join that board and gaze at Sir John Vance from across the table even as she had gazed at him over the foot-lights. But her envy of the fortunate women who were to have that pleasure was short lived; and she took the children off to the nursery with a sense of joy that she was not an envious nature.

she was not an envious nature.

A few moments later the door beil fang and the first of the twelve expected guests arrived. Sir John Vance followed, and soon all save one of the fourteen visitors were safely under the roof of their hostess. When another quarter of an hour had passed Mrs. Garvin became anxious lest something direful had happened to Drina Warden that would prevent her coming and thus upset the entire table arrangements Another moment and the telepho

Another moment and the telephone rang. Drina could not come and there would of necessity be a vacant place at the table. Mrs. Garvin sighed, But since there was no chance of getting another guest at that late time, she followed her party into the dining room, her fingers resting lightly on the arm of Sir John.

"I wanted Drina Warden especially—to meet you," she told him with dainty flattery in her eyes. "It is her loss, however, that she is unable to be here."

The great actor rewarded her flattery with his whimsical smile,

"I can assure you I will not notice the absence of—any one," he returned, and fire flatvin bushed prettily.

MRS. Garvin surveyed the dining table and was startled by the quick glance he was little to complain of in that daintily "But I am," Sir John told her frontier "But I am." Sir John told her frankly.
"I cannot sit down with thirteen at table.
The greatest loss I have sustained in my
life followed such an occurrence. Do ask
some one in; it does not matter who."

He smiled so appealingly into Mrs. Gar-

unique table decoration.
"Sir John is as superstifious," she told
them laughingly, "that I must go out and
drag in some one to fill the fourteenth
chair vacated by Miss Warden. Do excuse chair vacated by Miss Warden. Do excuse me for a second." She went off directly and a general laugh followed at Sir John's ex-pense. He took it good naturedly and the situation took on a new interest. Whom would Mrs. Garvin find to offer them by way of an unexpected guest?

Miss Gray, the children's nurse, had proested in vain. tested in vain.
"You look as sweet as a new-blown rose
in that pink blouse." Mrs. Garvin told her
as she led her toward the dining room, "and

of an unexpected guest?

as she led her toward the dining room, "and there is no need to stand in awe of our Sir John. He is just like an overgrown boy with no airs or graces."

Enid Gray was flushed and inwardly trembling as Mrs. Garvin pulled her by the hand into that assemblage of notable people, but outwardly she expressed the calm of a placid lake. The ordeal of presentation was most trying and only when she was seated beside the guest of honor did she find time to realize that she was not dreaming. He had offered her the flower from his lapel the moment she had seated herself. "That is for being a good girl," he told

"That is for being a good girl," he told her with his delightful smile. "I would have had to miss this high tea Mrs. Garvin invited me to had you not completed our number."

And since the ice had been broken in so effective a manner tea proceeded with more merriment than it would have had Drina merriment than it would have had Drina Warden graced the table with her presence. Mrs. Garvin sighed happily and found her. self watching Sir John and Miss Gray with curious and intuitive eyes. She feit strangely glad in her heart that her little nurse was conducting herself with so great a degree of dignity through which her natural charm was reaching out to touch the heart of Sir John Vance.

"A match!" she told herself inwardly. "I will wager everything I possess on it."

Later, when the guests returned to the drawing room, each carrying a man'kin representing Sir John, Miss Gray would have slipped off to the nursery had not Mrs. Garvin detained her.

"No. no," she commanded, putting a determined hand on that of Fnid Gray. "I want you to sing those sweet little lullaby songs you do for the kiddles. Sir John is very fond of music, he tells me, and none of us can sing a gote."

When Enid retired to her room that night her syes were sparkling and her cheeks flushed She still felt the warm thrill that had swept over her when Sir John had drawn her hand close within his own and the look in his eyes when he had said to her. "I have always regretted my supersition—until tonicht. Now—it is a most wonderful seet." He had smilled then straight Warden graced the table with her

opening. Under the close-woven arches of once more. Allan struggled up, unmindful the liave told her how near the borderland the giant fern-trees the night was impened of his wounds.

"You heard out alread my shouts? You heard out alread my shouts? You heard out alread my shouts? "Beatrice! Where is the girl?" he

A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivion"

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

"You heard in, signal?"
"Oh—I don't know, Allan. I can't this yet—it's all so terrible—so confused—"There, there, sweetheart; don't thin the same heard server heard server heard server.

There, there, sweetheart; don't this about if any more. Just lie down and rear Go to sleep. I'll watch here beaide you You're safe. Nothing can hurt you now She lay back with a sigh, and for a wankept slience while he sat beside her, his injured arm beneath her head.

His one ambition, now that he found have much seriously hurt in body, was to keep any the same to be a supported by the form exciting herself and rehearing her terrors. Above all, she must be quieted an kept calm.

kept calm.

kept calm.
At last, in her own natural voice, as spoke again.
"Alian?"
"What is it, sweetheart?" "I owe you my life once more! If I way

(CONTINUED TOMORROW

Farmer Smith's Column

ABILITY

My Dear Children-Have you ever stopped to think of this-water always secks its level?

necks its level.

The tiny raindrop falls from a cloud and hits a mudpuddle. Is the little drop lost Does it go back to the clouds in the sky It does. That tiny raindrop, no matter what becomes of it when it falls from the sky, always returns to the place whence it came.

It is so with ability. ABILITY will al-

It is so with ability. ABILITY will always make itself known.

Let me put it this way: You can't keep a good man down.

What makes some one the head of your class? If you are working in an office what is the thing which determines what raines your salary? your salary?

ABILITY If you a If you are studying harder than you did last year, do not worry, for it will show in your report. You can't hide your

ing and long to express it, do not worr, for your soul will find expression somewhere, somehow. why the world does not recognize YOUR ABILITY. For it will, as surely as I write these lines. When you seem to be discouraged, think

of the little raindrop which always goes back—it is never lost. Nothing is ever lost in this great world of ours. Your hard work is never lost. It may seem that persons with whom you are thrown do not Sorrow, sadness or hard knocks some-

times bring out your ability more than anything else. Some one will discover your ability to sing—some one will find out that you can paint Why worry? Think of the raindrop and

Vour loving editor, FARMER SMITH

BILLY PLAYS DEAD By Farmer Smith

January, February and March Opossum ooked down from the top of the persimmon tree to see what all the racket was about

"Mamma, mamma! Look at all those funny things down there." January was holding on to his mother as hard as beacould, while all the other eleven opossums were holding as tightly as they could, to. "One of those THINGS down there is Billy Bumpus, the goat, and the other THING down there is Rover, the dog. I like Billy Bumpus; he would not hurt a flea. He eats cans, newspapers and such things, while, my dears, Rover is likely to eat us if he gets a chance. I want you to know your friends as well as your enemies In the meantime Billy and Rover were having a fine time down below talking

about the weather. "Cold, isn't it?" started Billy Without them — "

He broke short off. Not for worlds would tell me, how did you come to let those fat a constants get away from you." Do you. opossums get away from you? Do you mean to tell me that there is one single thing in all this world YOU will not or cannot eat?"

"The opossums were dead when I found them and——"

"DEAD! Look at them up in that tree. Do you mean to tell me that they are dead "No, they are not dead now. I guest

they were playing possum. You oppossums die and come to life again, wish I were an opossum, sometimes," s Billy. "Why?" asked Royer.

"Never ask why. I wish that word had never been put in the Goatville dictionary," said Billy. "I wish I were an opossum be-cause then I could fool my wife." "Your wife would be an opossum, to suggested Rover.

"I hadn't thought of that. Anyway, it must be a very nice feeling to own your own home and not have to pay rent. as I do. Mrs. Opossum carries all her babis with her wherever she goes. It saves car-fare. See?"

Rover had to laugh at this as he said:

"How funny you are"
"Funny! Who said I was funny?"
"Well, all animals have their characteristics. I mean, things that show their true

istics. I mean, things that show their true characters. You are funny; Mrs. Opensum, plays dead. The fox is smart and the bear is surly," answered Rover.

"What does surly mean?" asked Billy.
"It means cross. Did you ever hear anybody say 'cross as a bear'?"

"Yes, yes. I think my good wife sald something like that to me once. But say, I think I'll go home and play 'possum. Yes call in about an hour and see what happens," said Billy as he trotted off.

Billy trotted home. He thought no one Billy trotted home. He thought no ens was in when he arrived, as he didn't hear any noises. He lay down on the floor of the dining room and waited. He decided he

would not play dead until he heard his wife-coming. He waited and he waited until be finally heard a noise and then he stuck his feet up in the air, closed his eyes and made

feet up in the air, closed his eyes and made believe he was dead.

Mrs. Bumpus came in and when she saw her husband on the floor she thought he was asleep. She called to him and when he didn't answer she went to look at him. There he was, playing dead.

"My poor husband must have starved to death," said Mrs. Bumpus out loud. "I am sorry, for now we will have to bury him in the ash heap and put a flower pot over his head. How I shall miss him when I cat that sliver poilsh tonight."

head. How I shall miss him when I that sliver polish tonight."

Billy did not even move an eyelash.

Mrs. Bumpus took off her bonnet and carefully selected her longest and sharped hatpin. Then she went over to Billy's side and looked at him. His eyes were closed. "They would be open if he were dead, really dead," thought Mrs. Bumpus. She leaned over and stuck the pin in Billy's side.

side. "You just get up there, Billy, and don't "How—how did you know I was dead?" asked Billy meekly.

"What did you close your eyes for

asked Mrs. Bumpus. "I closed my eyes so that I would not see how sorry you were feeling to think you dear Billy was dead."

"You will always be a geat—never opensum or a pink-eyed monkey. Go in kitchen and see what a surprise I have fyour supper. But I am glad you are sead. You might make the fire for



THE AFTERGLOW

THE STORY THUS PAR

Once mare on earth, Allan and Beatrice bury the patriarch who was their friend in the abyas and who accompanied them to the old world, only to die at the first touch of the sun. Around the patriarch's neek it a chain and small locket which contains instructions where to find the records of the left civilization. The paper crumbles as they read, but the two gather enough to direct them. They start for their old pome on the banks of the Mudson, only to find it occupied by the nords. The beast-savages destroy the building while Allah and Beatrice as a tiscking from the Pauliac. In destant the stroy the building while Allah and Beatrice as a tiscking from the Pauliac. In destant which is the sight of the great civilization of the stroy the testing of the first is that some of the records are stored. After it is that some of the remains of the records and a leaden chest which has kept a phonograph and several records tract. Among the records to the marriage several and wife records that the late of the old color. And there, in the ruins of the old color, and there, in the ruins of the old color, and where the prepare is the locked become man and wife. Then they return to the search of the shyse there they prepare a cause of the shyse there they prepare in the all the ships there they prepare in the allah and wife. Then they return to the search they have madely. Further they from the folk of the bottom of the suit. He respons the village in the chase madely. Further has been the plant in the manner of the proper fight it gut with his results of the folk that one of the horde of the start was the folk of that one of the horde of the folk of fine a sarth with the response the village in the chase madely.

When Allan returns to sarth with the results.

CHAPTER XIV-(Continued)

No HOUNDS ever trailed fugitive more purely and with greater skill than these strange white barbarians from the under-world. Through all his fear and agony, Storn blessed their courage and their skill.

Again be fired, and his voice set all the echoes ringing.

A cry' He knew it now. There could be no mistake—a cry!

Readrice! he shouted in a terrible toles leaping forward. The guides broke into a crouching run. All three crashed through the thickets, split the fern grasses that here and there rose higher than their heads.

Alian cursed himself for a for! That toler ery he had heard while on his way from the Paulilac to Settlement (1975—that had been her cry for help—and he had neither known nor headed.

From moment to mement he fired. He paused a few seconds to jack a from cartifice-clip into the automatic.

There God I've a helt full of memunition," thought he and again smanned along with the two Merucanne.

All at once a formidable roar gave them.

All at once a formidable roar gave them aure.

All of the booming deep, yet rising to a lid shrick of rage and herrid brutality, he beast cry flung itself through the many with murder-rage.

Yet only an instant he hesitated, in the fear of killing Zangamen.

For quies-homing through the darkness, a huge built, panting, smarting, chattering, sprang—an avalanche of muscle, bune, fur, mad with murder-rage.

jurgie

And, following it, they heard again that muffled drumming, as thought gigantic flats were failing a tremendous tambour in the this blackness.

The fire-stab revealed a graning white-

that a man-cry, or the cry of a beast-one of the beasts you told us of, that we have never seen?"

ing with those strange, pinkish eyes of theirs, courageous still. Yet utterly at a loss to know what manner of thing they were now drawing near.

They burst through a thicket, wided a

sunle and went splashing, stagger ing and supping among tufts of coarse and knife-edged granges, the haunt of unknown All three stopped.

Rentrice: Are you there? Answer: should Stern.

shouled Stern.
Silence, save for a peculiar mumbling snuffle off shead, among the deeper shadows. of a fern tree thicket. "Reatrice." No answer. With a groan Alian shot less and huge. Bremilu was kneeling behis light toward the thicket. He seemed side his master with words of cheer, to distinguish something moving. To his "It is dead, O Kromno." The man-heast wood snapping.
Absolutely void of fear he pressed forward, and the two colonists with him, their

polassi for instant action. His heart was hammering, and his breath surged pantngly; but within him his consciousness and ul lay caim.

For he knew one of two things were now to happen. Either that beant ahead there in the gloom, or he, must die.

CHAPTER XV In the Grip of Terror S THE three pursuers steadily advanced. A the thing roared once more, and again

they heard the hammering, drumming boom. Zangamon whispered some united ligible phrase.
Allan projected the light forward again. and at sight of a moving mass, vague and intengible, among the gigantic fronds, leveled his automatic. "O master! Do not throw the fire of death" be warned. "You cannot see, but we can! Do not throw the fire!"

we can! Do not throw the fire!"
"Why not? What is that thing?"
"It seems a man, yet it is different, master. It is all hair, and very thick and strong, and hideous! Do not shoot, O

"Why not?"
"Why not?"
"Behold! That strange man-thing holds
the woman, Beatrice, in his left arm. Of
a truth, you may kill her, and not the enemy."
Allan steadled himself against a palm. His brain seemed whirling, and for a mo-ment all grew vague and like a dream. She was there—Beatrice was there, and they could see her. There, in the clutches of some monster, horrible and foul! Living yet? Dead?

"Tell me! Does she live?" "Tell me! Does she live?"
"We cannot say, O Kromno. But do not shoot. We will creep close—we, ourselves, will slay, and never touch the woman."
"No, no! If you do he'il strangle her—provided she still lives! Don't go! Wait! Let me think a second."
With a tremendous effort Allan mastered himself. The situation far surpassed in

horror any he had ever known.

There not a hundred yards distant in
the dense blackness was Bentrice, in the
grip of some unknown and hideous creature. Advance, Allan dared not, lest the
creature rend her to tatters. Shoot, he something must be done, and quickly.

horror any he had ever known.

for every second, every fraction of a sec-ond, was golden. The merest accident might now mean death or life—life, if the girl still lived "Be very hold! Do my bidding!"
"Speak only the word, Kromno, and

obey?"

"Go you, then, very quietly, very swiftigo you the other side of these great growing things—these trees, we call them. Then call, so that this thing shall turn toward you. Thus, I may shoot, and perhaps not kill the woman. It is the only way!"

"I hear, master. I go!"

Allan and Bremitu walted, while from the thicket came, at intervals, the savage snuffling, with now and then a grumbling mutter.

ward the thicket.
Wild-eyed, yet seeing almost nothing,
Alian crawled noiselessiy, automatic in
unnd. The Merucaan siid along, silent as