THE MASTER OF MAN: -: By Sir Hall Caine

An Outspoken and Moving Study of a Deep Sex Problem by the Noted Author of "The Manxman," "The Deemster." "The Eternal City." "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." Etc.

ye all her life with a dishonored man home.

He raised his head and looked at her. Her eyes were glistening, her lips were rembling, never before had she seemed Head, with their deafening clamor

beg of you. You are for Douglas, going south to their fishing "Victor, I am for you. You are for ground in the evening of the day.

"If I am to go out of this place, she would so down on their knees on the decks of their boats, just as you carried me neross the river in the gien."

Then they would so down on their knees on the decks of their boats, just as in old days they used to do after they had shot their nets at night, to acknowledge river in the gien." e river in the gien.

He gasped, and then flung out at

He gasped, and then flung out at her in a torrent of words.

"Why do you come like this? Is it anly to torture me with the thought of what might have been? Haven't I done enough wrong to you already? If I'do this wrong also I shall hate myself And the end of that will be that I shall come to hate you also. I do hate you. Go away! For God's sake go!"

Fenella, with gleaming eyes, took one

prep closer.
"Victor." she said, "you love me.
You know you do. You have never
loved any other woman in the world hever for one single moment.

He looked back at her again. Her
srms were stretched out to him; her
bosom was heaving; her lips were
quivering and apart. He could strug-

She had conquered. They were Elasped in each other's arms.

Half an hour afterward they were
married in the prison chapel. The little place was naked enough now. No dowers, no flags, no carpets, no cushwithout backs, and the placards on the whitewashed walls at either side—
"For Men" and "For Women.
The deal table which served for altar

on which nothing stood but a plain brass cross and a couple of lighted tandles in kitchen candlesticks. rangies in kitchen candiesticks.

Parson Cowley, in his surplice, stood in front of it, with his well-thumbed prayer-book in his trembling hands.

The two who were being married were kneeling at his feet—the sin-soiled man and the daughter of a large of old Many.

kneeling at his feet—the sin-soiled man and the daughter of a line of old Manx Kings, bearing a name that had been written high in English history for five hundred years. The juiler and his wife were standing somewhere in the shadows. There was no sound except that of the parson's quavering voice within and the low rumble of the sea outside.

within and the outside.

"I require and charge you, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know of any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it."

Stowell made a stifled sound as of protest. Fenella put down her hand and took his hand and held it.

"Victor Christian, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wite."

There was a sensible pause, and Parson Cowley leaned down to Stowell and whispered:

"Say I will," my son."

"Say 'I will, my son." Then came a slow, bulf-smothered murmur: will."

Fencila Charlotte de la Tremouille, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded In a clear, unfaltering voice Fenella answered :

It was all over: The purson and the sailer and his wife were gone. Stowell and Fenella were alone together in the prison chapel, locked in a passionate embrace. The hitchen candles were burning out, but the dark place shone with glory. The air was stirred as 0 with the presence of angels and lit as by a celestial torch.

In their immense happiness every trouble of life seemed to be gone. Two years? It would be like two months, two weeks, two days—it would be like walk in the sanshine. "We must hold together now, dear,"

"We must hold together new dear."
"Yes, until death parts us.
Their hearts swelled with gratitude.
Love had taken the sting out of suffering—Love, the savior, the redeemer. A great hymn of thanksgiving was going up from body and from soul.
They talked of the future.
"Will you leave the island when your time comes, dear?"
"Indeed no, never."
Where his sin had been there also should be his expiation.

Where his sin had been there also should be his expiation.
"How great! How glorious!"
She cried a little, being so happy, and he had to comfort her. Oh, mystery of the heart of woman!
They had changed places again, and now it was she who was the weak one—or pretended to be so—just to make him feel how strong he was, being the man, and that she would have to look up to him all her life to guide and protect her.

and protect her.
"Will you love me always, Victor."
"Always? As sure as God "
"Hush! I know you will, dearest.
But being only a woman I shall want you to tell me so every night and every morning.

He warned her of the struggles they

would have to go through yet, even when the time came to leave that place when the time came to leave that place and return to the world—of the many who would look askance at them for his sin's sake. But she said no, and painted for him a picture of his compainted him would be! His people, his because countrymen and

Countrywomen, who were good at heart, would be at the castle gates to meet him. There would be thousands and tens of thousands of them to go back with him over the hill to Ballamoar. Carriages, cars, spring-carts, stiff-carts, fishermen in their ganzies and lifeboatmen in their ganzies and lifeboatmen in their ganzies and lifeboatmen in their stocking caps—sich a procession across the mountains as nobody has ever seen in that island before, his little nation taking him home.

Something is impossible to Love!

Carriages, cars, spring-carts, stiff-carts, fishermen in their ganzies and lifeboatmen in their ganzies and lifeboatmen in their stocking caps—sich a procession across the mountains as nobody has ever seen in that island before, his little nation taking him who had voluntarily made the great sacrifice for his sin, and the woman who in the greatness of her love was

br forty years, sir."

Stowell fell back on his chair and He smiled, a melancholy smile, and

Stowell fell back on his chair and tropped his head over his arms on the bale. Parson Cowley, unable to move, sulled the door behind him.

Fenella and Stowell were then alone. The knew that her last chance had come, he had to conquer him now or lose him for ever. It was the primitive man igainst the primitive monal in the primitive woman, only heir age-long positions were reversed, and with all the battery of her woman-tood she meant to win him. Stepping took he meant to win him. Stepping took here were the said, in a caressing voice.

"Victor, you won't send me away from you, will you?"

"I shall always love you, Fenella."

I shall love you as an angel."

"But forgive me, dear, I am only woman, and I want to be loved as woman first."

We woman, and I want to be loved as woman first."

He raised his head and looked at her.

Conclusion

The herring shoal, which in the early summer comes down from Norway to the western const of Man, drifts eastward as the year advances, past the year advances, past the converted to their eyes, and looked back at the castelle they would sometimes see a golden their eyes, and looked back at the castelle they would sometimes see a golden their eyes, and looked back at the castelle they would sometimes see a golden their eyes, and looked back at the castelle they would sometimes see a golden their eyes, and looked back at the castelle to assume their eyes, and looked back at the castelle they would sometimes see a golden their eyes, and looked back at the castelle they would sometimes see a golden their eyes, and looked back at the castelle they would sometimes see a golden their eyes, and looked back at the castelle they would sometimes see a golden their eyes, and looked back at the castelle they took on the first again on that same soil in the victory had been went, that the victory had been went, that the victory had been went, that the victo

ward as the year advances, past the Calf Island, the Sound and the Spanish rembling, never before had she seemed to him so beautiful. Feeling himself weakening he rose and turned away.

"I shall never forgive myself, Fenella.

"I shall never forgive myself, Fenella.

"I shall never forgive myself, Fenella."

I sluwed you to make this sacrifice. I allowed you to make this sacrifice. through the blue waters of the chann on their way back to the frozen seas. In the late autumn of the year of Victor Stowell's trial and imprison-Don't tempt me. Fenella. Go away, ment the fishermen from Ramsey and "Victor, I am for you. You are for ne. Do you want to rob me of the only man in the world for me?"

His heart was beating fast.
"Go away. I tell you. I cannot rust myself any longer."

But the more he commanded her to the the more her eyes glistened with look of relumb.

The they would so down on their kness on the decks of their beats had

"Oh, I see it all. Victor. When the living out his punishment beside him. Again the old parson cleared his times comes for you to go through the first times comes for you to go through the castle gates it will be like passing out old Primitive fishermen say that when of death into life, out of the cloud of they rose from their knees, after their night into the glory of the sunrise." their eyes, and looked back at the cas-

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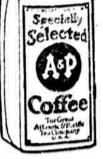
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