is not of this worfd, saith, but or ther."

Nad Miss Desmond! Where is she?"

Nad Miss Desmond! Where is she? "I want if it is held outside his . Ranjab have speech with her . Ranjab have speech with the result of the she want is she look his eye and like eye is not honest to she with the result of a she with a she want of the she want is she with a she want is she with a she with a she will be she with a she will be she w

th me. I know, sterly, iderly, iderly, iderly, identify asserted Ranjab vant have spoken his words will not deny him. It is for master's sake. But she say

door. His eyes were closed.
talk to the winds, sahib.
speak to him. The young
alive. The great doctor he
the bullet. It is bad. But



Brood Allowed His Dull, Wondering Gaze to Sink to His Feet.

that itme he had bared his soul to the smirking. Buddha and, receiving no consolation from the smug image, had wicken't current the same time, and the same time to the same time. The same time to have a same time to have a same time to have a same time to he had been and that took place below stairs. He knew all that took place below stairs. He knew when Lydia came, and he decied himself to her. The coming of the police, the nurses and the anestheticaln, and later on, Mrs. John Desmond and the reporters—all this he had known, for he bad listened at a crack in the open dark and the same time to he will be the head below, giving directions. Now for the state the locked about him and felt himself attended by knotts. In that its contained. He would never set his foot thatige of its four walls again, that the same had been same to the same time to the same time. He was the head of the surgeon, but how they were back his perfect order replaced by another hand. He thought of the true story of his lifts, He strode.

hear? He does not know. I shall not let him die." The moment, it you please, "sild her hashand coldly, "Too may spare". One moment, it you please, "sild her hashand coldly, "Too may spare to say to seek the product," What we have to say to seek silder has little to different spare, but that spoor, where how sparing, mot his lear that—"Too are very much mistaken," sile either tutted, her gaze graving more fixed than before. "He has part of our interesting the miserable, unbooked for trapedy." Will you be jo kind as to draw those curtains? And do me the hoolar to allow me to all no me the hoolar to allow me to all no me. "There' was infinite soor in heet voice. "I am very tired. I have not been idle. Every minute of my waking hours beloings to your son. James I know it shout you. I did not yound to the high about me, as I know it shout you. I did not yound in this hour ever being a part for my life, but it has to be and I shall face to the twinten weeping over why minght have been. Will you draw the curtains." CHAPTER XIX—continued.

The strong of the continued to th

You Remember When You Firs Saw Me, James Brood?"

had beared upon he's be by ming year of the endured the angulath that he agfreed throughout those hungry years. You desired throughout those hungry years. You desired him to her, even thoughly bu desired him to yourself. Why idd you keep him from her? She was like he had been him to yourself. Why idd you keep him from her? She was like he had been he h

i yet you save yourself to me."
ed. "You put yourself in her
In heaven's name, what was to
ned by such an act as that?"
anted to take Matilde's boy away elf revolted, but as time tens beckme' an obsession.

James Brood, for the of burting you in the sway; by having Maite you where the pain greatest. An, you are I would have permitted ee become his mistress, listaken, I am not that not have damined his way. I would not have life in that way. Far as my design. I confess plan to miske him fall in



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THOUGHT SHE COULD NOT LIVE



Don't Persecute Your Bowels





TALKS OF POPE

tings were short. When the cast was axced mind. The aquiffue none and shown him the ponting expressed him self well pleased, game, the arriss an autograph potrait and the street of the