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obnivion and nothingness to gain that object. They launched their craft. Not one word did they speak. They stepped into the boat, took the paddles, and silently and swiftly as a cloud scudding before an upper current of air, they sped toward the piers, and disappeared in the darkness. It was more like an apparition than an act in real life.

"Poor wretches, how long will they be able to sustain that awful strain on their mental and physical powers?"

"Probably two weeks longer, Terry Denver. I hope so at least. By that time I will be able to give to the world some of the most wonderfully superhuman experiences it has ever heard of.

Oh! That their miserable, worthless bodies of clay will support the spirit a little longer that I may see the result of my life's work given to the world. What does it signify, that four units perish thus, that science may fatten and occult powers be verified past denial. Let them but return even if driveling idiots, then scienced past my most extravagant dreams, I, Ishmael, will be in mesmeric power. I tremble with expectancy. I fear at times I may not see them return. They are so weak and worn by years of ceaseless strain. Ha, they were brave specimens to operate with. How they resisted my power. After the influence permeated them, all that force of resistance went to accomplishing what I willed, and superhuman were the feats I desired of them.'

"Ishmael call them back, and free them. It may not be too late. Your life is nearly spent, theirs but begun. Have you no compassion? Then think what it is. Nothing but murder. Call them back."

"No, no, no. They will come back in two weeks' time, they will come because they could not keep away, then complete knowledge lies in there.'

He held up his thin, sinewy hands, trembling with the intensity of the greed to grasp knowledge. He looked into the still vastness of the sky away beyond the stars, and in a voice of sublimest compass, cried out:

"Cursed be they who but a pebble lay in science way. Murder means malice. Slew I thousands to add one sparkling gem to wisdom's crown, it would be but manipulation of the material at my command, and not murder. 'Call them back?' Never, never, never! Scieuce, the crown of wisdom, will glean from Ishmael one perfect

"Thou shalt not kill." The low, firm voice the comment was spoken in broke the tension.

"No, not after this four. They must go as did the others. I have gained my learning cheap. Slowly died the other four. Slowly and as surely will these die, that will be eight. The other one the ninth's life went out lightly and painlessly as doth a thistle down caught in the curling lap of an ocean billow. 1 hurled her down from yonder cliff, and watched the water start back a moment amazed, then close; in loving mercy it folded her in its embrace. Even the cold chastity of the water could not resist her beauty. To her I was merciful. I put her in the deepest sleep my power would give, then cast her from me. It had to be. She would have won me from my pursuits. She would have

taken me to sunny Italy." "Ishmael, you will never garner the return you hoped for. Such deliberate, inhuman murder will indubitably be sterile, else bear fruit worthy the method of propagation-"

"Censure not Ishmaei this night, Terry Denver. Weary and overwrought past the endurance of his ninety and nine years, he may wax querrelous as well as loquacious. Spare him."

"I did not seek the information, Zanea, that he has imparted to me. I had left you both at the cave, and my surprise was considerable when Ishmael stood by me and answered a question I asked myself. I hope I have not been overly censorial to one of Ishmael's years, but his censurableness is infinite even you

No more to-night. Come, Ishmael. take my hand; I fear the dark. Lead me. See the moon has gone and Zanea

What unbounded tact she used with the old man. Strong when he needed it, and a trembling child at times to bring out his strength. He took her hand and said gently:

"Foor little one, thou art my stay. Thou hast never thwarted the most vapory idea than struggled for condensity. Thou hast ever proved the lighter ing flash, illuminating and purifying the density of old Ishmael's brain.

Stall holding her hand he led her up the hill, uttenly forgetting Terry, who stood watching them until they entered by the off rock from where the men and boat had come. He then started for home. At the door in the durkness said

"I feared Ishmael had brought you. too, under his with It is long past midnight

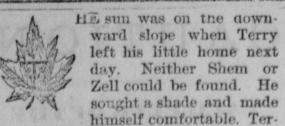
Where is Zelly" "Long since retired: Then couldstnot have the child lose her sleep to walk

for thee. 'No; but I miss her." So I thought The well Thou here been with us now for bolf a moule only another helf to stay. I have watched thee well and an more and more convinced that thy past, has been pure and aprigat. None can say they had evil thought or very table. Tell are, Terry Denver, why it is then have questioned not about the things so queer you "I deem inquistave people and the

fexes homogeneous. Foxes to me are the

dom. If you wished me to know you would tell me. "Well said." A light is in your apartment. Good night." "Good night, Shem, and if I sleep late do not wait breakfast for me

CHAPTER YELL



ry had changed a little. His quiet indifference to those he met had grown into quiet liking, then a little further. He felt a trifle put out last night that Zell had not waited up for him. Zanea would have, but then men always would rather have what they do not get. It was afternoon now, and no Zell yet. Where could she be? He lay partly hidden by low bushes prone on the ground. Raising himself, incidentally he would look toward the house. The last time he continued looking. Pacing up and down went Zell and a tall monk. His cowl was drawn over his face, so Terry could not see what his age was. He was strongly built and held himself well erect, but for the head which leaned forward, it may have been to more readily hear Zell's low-spoken words. She held his hand and would pat it softly. She looked happy, and, Terry thought, a shade more womanly. An interesting thoughtfulness had taken the place of childlike ignorance formerly depicted on her face. Up and down they went; every turn they came nearer to where Terry lay. He could hear their voices and sometimes a word. Now they came quite close and he heard Zell call him Father Ambrose. Then the monk and often its very best friends, because

"Thou hast been kept in total innocence of all things to gratify the whim of an experimental and eccentric old man. To-day I have told thee of, and explained to thee, what is generally called the most important occurrence in life. That is, love and all that follows love. Now, let me exact a promise, child. If ever love pauses irresolute between Zanea and thee, if it lay in thy power, give it to Zanea. Promise, promise Zell. Zanea is noble. She has understood for years that love comes to all, but she lived, and does live but for Ishmael. You have lived a life of perfect happiness. Zanea has had trials and sorrows that would have crushed a

meanest, Father Ambrose. Oh! why in the market. was I not taught those things slowly that I could gain strength. I love Zanea, but I love--."

"Hush thee; say it not; make the promise. Look away beyond you majestic cloud, forget all this and promise. Thou can'st not suffer as will Zanea." Zell dropped the hand of the sombre-

robed monk, lifted her eyes to the cloud, folded her hands and stood fully five minutes as if waiting for courage, then sweetly, nobly she answered, "I pro-

"Zell, thou art full of latent force and tender womanly sweetness. Thou could'st have done great things had they come to thee. What is a greater trial to woman than renouncing love? I must leave thee. Fare thee well: I go

Zell remained as Father Ambrose had left her, gazing into the shifting vapors of the clouds. Terry rose and went to the lonely, childlike woman. Low and firmly he called:

She did not move her eyes from the cloud and spoke as if mystified.

"Oh, Terry! it is you. Tell me, Terry, what is beyond those mighty walls of rock? I knew not till to-day that aught there was. Scarce can I believe it, yet Father Ambrose says tis so. Tell me what is beyond."

"The world." "Yes, but what is in the world?" "Life, deatin, joy, sorrow, love, hatred and strife." She turned to Terry and looked pa-

thetically puzzled. "What does all that mean? What

"Life is the mingling of death, joy, sorrow, love, hatred and strife. "What is death ! Life is what we make it. Is death, too, what we make

"Yes." "What is death "

"Death is the sundering of the body and soul. Only a change of abode. By a careful inlaying of our lives, death will not be an atom less to be desired than life. After death comes life

What then is joy ?" "Jow is the either eliminated from

You mean joy always surreasals

what is right "

"And love " "The concentration of all tim passions good and evil on one objects. Them m entire destruction of all the exist, yes paying evil's force.

Then comes hatred % "Harred is love with all the sail laft

And what is strife " Strife is the diabolical work of the It is all all as we make it. Tempo

no to do as asked I will break bread

"Shem do you know want Pather

"That Pather Thue had touched

thee on the brow and left a period mark,

showing that a sentence of thy life was

"I do not know your meaning. Should

quite complete."

water, or will have hade X No de not go in ; we will go in the Six he came to them. He said, "Work and State Streets on the State State The agence is there is ONLY ONE Perry has not broken fast. I will serve, and Soula Systeman on Storage Solds. Play's hel can dipose you was also You are always thou, he'all of him. s he not Terry Nes, he has well me compasied by is thoughtful, well-haved attention to

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