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went to Zanea's side. After a little time he began speaking to her.

"Ah, Zanea! it was not a wish to kill Zell. I could not think so. It was just one of those surging sensations you spoke of, that you found only in the snake and yourself. Had I but seen it quicker, Zanea, your life would not have ended as it did."

"Terry Denver, you chose your lovely Zell, a wise choice, verily, but even death will not take Zanea from thee. In the most solemn, most silent times of your life, Zanea will fill the shadowed corners of your inner self and bear the sanctified companionship. 'Tis well that this can be; that in the quiet of great sorrow, or great joy, we can find within ourselves such a solace. Art thou still unsettled in thy choice, Terry Denver?"

"No, Shem; I love Zell."

"Does she love thee?"

"I do not know; Zanea said yes. I have not asked Zell herself. Shem, do you think she will understand?"

"I cannot say. Father Ambrose, or Ishmael, as we will now call him, talked long with her, but what of I do not know. Come, you will have to help me fetch the burial caskets." Terry followed the faithful Shem to one of the lower caves where stood on shelves four coffins of oak, well lined with silver. At the head and foot were heavy bars of silver securely fastened, which acted as handles. All were made alike, but for size. Two were large and two small. Ishmael had thought of everything, even coffins. From its resting place they took one of the small ones and carried it to the side of Zanea. Gently these two men lay the girl in the narrow case. Terry's lips drew close, and he drew a deep breath. Shem's face was rigid with sorrow. He clasped his hands behind his back, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Terry Denver, she loved thee. She was the stronger, nobler of the two girls, and she loved thee. What is it that wins love? Why couldn't thou not receive such a woman's love? We will have to close the coffin." Neither touched her. Neither saw the luxuriant hair needed smoothing, and the little cold hands were not folded; all they knew or felt was that Zanea had gone from them. Neither knew until now how large the place she had filled in both their lives, and now, she was gone. They put the lid in place and fastened it down, then turned to prepare Ishmael. Before dawn the dead were ready for burial.

Again midnight. Terry, Zell, and Shem were on the platform. At their feet were placed the coffined bodies of Ishmael and Zanea. Terry had asked to have a burial service. Zell knew not what it meant, and Shem did not care. Now they waited the service. Terry was standing with bowed head, then he said:

"Shem, I cannot. Her life was perfect. She was without sin. For what could we pray other than that we may have strength to live as did Zanea. For her no prayer is needed."

And Shem responded, "Amen." They lowered her to the water's edge, then



"WE WILL BURY THEM IN THE WATER."

slipped the ropes, and what was left of Zanea sank out of sight for eternity. Terry looked to Shem to see what next, but Shem had forgotten the other body. His hands were outstretched, as if to ward off a blow. His face was livid as with some great exertion. He began speaking, with that subdued force heard in the few first thunder peals of a violent thunderstorm.

"She has gone! Great heavens, she has gone from me, and I loved her! I am black and coarse, yet I loved her! Oh, Father, why hast Thou put in forms black, crooked, deformed, leathesome and repulsive that hunger for love, that can never, never come to us? Why hast Thou made some of us deficient in body, yet left the ability to feel that sublimest madness, love?"

Over the agonized face a weary smile stole, and when he spoke again it was as if speaking to Zanea.

"She would have said, patience, Shem. Yes, Zanea, I will be patient. Thou wert a noble example."

He was as simple as a child, when he promised Zanea he would be patient. All the passion was controlled and he thought only to do as Zanea wished. Zell had watched Shem in wonder. Now she crept to him, taking his hand in hers she said:

"Now you are my old Shem. I feared thee as I saw thee just now. Shem, be gentle with me always. I did not know that tempests were in aught but the air and clouds. You said you loved Zanea. Father Ambrose told me when last we talked that the love man gives woman is to her what the steady, gentle rain is to the drooping flowers. Thy love is like a tempestuous thunder, blast and would beat the flowers down."

"Ah, child, thou art a sweet, frail daisy. Thou shalt receive the steady, gentle rain of love. Father Ambrose told thee of Nature supplies the even, steady dew and rain for its frailest and loveliest blossoms. But Zell, Zell, see wonder on the mountain top, are vines and trees whose roots reach into the crevices in the rocks great distances.

those trees and vines are fixed, almost, as the rocks themselves. They need the downpouring rain and can stand against those tempestuous thunder blasts. But come, we daily while Ishmael waits his burial."

Without a word they gave to the waters the last of him who for a century had sinned cruelly to further the cause of science.

CHAPTER XI.

ELL and Shem, come down to our own little home to-night. I like the valley, it is peaceful and sheltered. One can rest down there."

"Oh, Terry! I am so glad you like down there. So do I. Up here the wind is always tearing, and Zanea is not here now. Come, Shem, do."

"I will draw the doors first. You go on, I will follow."

The grey dawn was pointing dainty fingers at the shadows when the three said good night.

It was after midday before they assembled again. Zell was quiet. Shem had bowed beneath his sorrow and had not thought to lift his head again. Terry may have felt the loss but he chose to bury his sorrow. He suffered in silence.

"Shem, what are we to do?"

"What do you mean?"

"We, or you and Zell, cannot live here alone. Now that she has met her kind she could never stand the old life. You will have to go out into the world for her sake."

"True, true. Zell and Shem are but children. How can we buffet in the world? Ishmael, thou didst wrong, my master, yet thy punishment was great. Thou didst not see the crowning of thy experiments and thou didst not reveal to thy servant where the records were kept. All are lost. Thou wert too secretive. I have searched but find nothing. Ninety-nine years' work lies hidden in those caves, but where? 'Tis a just punishment."

"Do not talk so, Shem. Let him rest. You and Zell will find me a muffer to all buffets."

"Terry, am I to go with you out beyond where so many gather? Where more like you live? What will it be like?"

She had risen in her eagerness and stood before Terry. She clasped her little hands and looked into Terry's eyes as if trying to see the world there.

Terry's heart beat now and he found it rather trying. He wondered if out where others like himself lived, others who were beautiful to look at, others who had soft words and winning ways, there were those whom Zell would find the world in. His face flushed and the dark eyes glistened, showing clearly his wish to do as Jack had thought he would do—pick Zell up and just appropriate her, but he did not. Shem stole sadly away to hide his grief, and Zell, disappointed at Terry's silence, pouted prettily, saying coyly:

"Why will you not answer, Terry?"

"Zell, do you like me?"

"Like you? Oh, yes! almost as much as I do Shem."

"Were you forced to give up Shem or me, which would go?"

"Terry, why do you ask such queer things? You might as well ask me which I would give up, the sun or the moon. I love both; one is warmth, the other coolness. Shem is warm—you are cold. The sun lights and heats the day, but through all the space between evening and the morn, the moon shines steadily. If there was a night to my life, Terry, I would choose you. You are so still and calm. Terry—"

"Yes, Zell."

"Is there a night to our lives?"

"Little one, there comes a time of darkness to all our lives; shadows gather thick and fast; sorrows and troubles come and all seems gloom. Zell, will you choose me?"

"Yes, Terry."

He gathered her in his arms, his hand stroked caressingly her lovely face; then he bowed his head and looked tenderly into her eyes a moment. He seemed loth to partake of the joy of this, the first kiss. All things have an end, even hesitation. Now he seemed loth to end this, the first kiss, yet even that ends.

"Terry, do you know I think you must be both sun and moon; yes, and all the world. I do not want to go out beyond now. Can we not live here?"

"No, we must live; you must see the world. There are other men I wish you to see before—before we are married. You might love one of them more than either Shem or me."

"Perhaps."

Terry winced under the coolness of that "perhaps." He would have liked more. That was not quite satisfactory.

"Zell, why do you not talk? I am not a man of many words."

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Well, when I try to talk to you now, I find I can think of nothing to say but—I love you. I love you, and you have not told me you love me. Terry."

Again he held her close to him, and with all the intensity of those grand, silent natures, he reverently said:

"I love you, Zell, and may God bless us both."

"Come, let us find Shem; he must know. You tell him. Will he grieve, Terry, when he knows I love you more than I do him?"

"He will not grieve. You love Shem as of old, every bit as much. You must not put it that way. I will tell him; he will, I think, be glad. Oh! here he is."

Zell held Terry's hand and frankly met Shem, waiting sweetly demure for Terry to tell the all-absorbing fact of their love.

"What is it, Terry Denver? The brown plucidity of your eyes have caught and held a glow as of imprisoned fire."

"Zell loves me, Shem."

"And does Terry Denver love Zell?"

"Yes."

"Good; but, Zell, thou hast not seen others, art thou sure? Terry Denver is not a handsome man. He is not a man

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Daily Mail

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In Effect Monday, October 24th, 1892.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Leave Buctouche	7.45
Arrive Moncton	10.00
Leave Moncton	15.00
Arrive Buctouche	17.15

Train connects with I. C. R. Express for Halifax and accommodation for Campbellton, leaving Moncton at 10.25 and 10.20 respectively. Also with I. C. R. express from Halifax and accommodation from Campbellton direct to Moncton at 14.55 and Moncton at 14.00 respectively.

Express for St. John arrives in Moncton 10.20 and leaves Moncton for St. John at 15.10.

E. G. EVANS,
Superintendent,
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 21st, 1892.

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