standing, Mr.

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all enough to Fate! What Vhat relics of hrough what lie? Along e retrace the

nough, so far as the police s Kent said, o the single er which he Misanthrope sies! True, responsible calle : upon ld that : be e- aniu he this Thread and—until restored as

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snatching from their very jaws "the kill"! A dangerous business! But that way, and that way only, lay Redemption.

Back and forth, tirelessly back and forth, paced Richard Malabar, wrestling with his problem. And as he fought it out with himself and reached his decisions out there under the quiet stars, something of their peace descended upon him like a benediction.

Almost without volition his feet trended towards the portico, upon which fell the subdued squares of light from the library of the great house. On tiptoe he approached until he could look in upon the loversjust a glance. For a moment his gaze lingered upon those two heads close together. Addison Kent's arm was about her shoulder, as if in fond protection, and Naida's head was resting upon that broad chestwhat wonderful mates they were! The look on their faces !-

Softly Richard Malabar withdrew. A quick moisture stung his eyes. To him she had always been the "little" Naida of the Storm; now she had come safely into her Port of Happiness!

And as Richard Malabar raised his eyes to the constant stars, a lonely figure in the shadowy night, his heart was filled with a greater contentment than he had ever known.