

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 lovers—just 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 chest—what 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.