

THE STORY OF YUKU

Elmsley's words crying through his brain:

"They never have to strike a second time." When he had found what he searched for he knew that the words were true. Nevertheless he staunched the wound as best he could and dashed water from the pool on her insensible little face, for Yuku's little heart was still beating faintly like a feeble bird against its cage.

As he held her there in his arms, the scales fell from Pierre's eyes, he knew he loved Yuku, now and eternally.

"Yuku, Yuku," he cried, and his voice called the little fluttering spirit back and heavy lashes lifted. A slow look of rapture crept into her face, and they looked into each other's eyes and read and understood.

"Oh, Yuku, why, why?"