

dered down the cliff.

Above the roar of the storm Hunchy heard the shriek of a woman and at the same time Donald clutched him to shout in his face the words, "Hunchy! 'Hunchy-Boy!' The flash of the bomb is reproduced and I can see! Oh God! I can see!"

The joyous words of Donald were lost to Hunchy for he heard nothing but the woman's shriek and sensed nothing but the knowledge that came to him as an invisible hand dragged him from Donald's arms and upheld him whilst he rushed down the cliffside to a form pinned beneath the limb of the elm beside the road; and Hunchy knew her to be his mother. He frantically tore at the limb and the owl beneath it crushed on the breast of Doris, but his feeble efforts were of no avail.

Donald arrived at the roadside and with a mighty effort of his great strength the limb was cast aside and Hunchy clutched the dead owl and threw it far from him as he knelt beside the one who in life despised him.

The flames from the burning car illumined the weird scene and Donald saw a man crushed among the wreckage and recognized the defiler of his home, Rex Williams. He looked at Hunchy and saw a thin stream of blood flowing from his lips as the poor misshapen owl wavered and sank on the breast that should have suckled it, and on which, to Donald's horrified gaze there appeared in tracings of vivid red the form of an owl.* And so they died, the one rewarded for his faith and prayers for he had been called to the Land where all are as Angels of Heaven, the other punished for her sins without repentance and that she might be known as evil of heart, the rare phenomenon of lightning photography had branded her, as was her forsaken son, with the brand of the owl.

(*Through memories of "Electrical Talks" at school when a boy, the author conceived the idea of using the fact of "Lightning Photography" in this story. The particular instance in mind was that of a farmer who, with his team of horses took refuge beneath an oak tree in a field during a thunder storm. Lightning struck the tree and killed the farmer and one of the horses. Those who found the dead man were astonished to see on his breast a perfect photograph of the oak tree.)

CHAPTER XII.

At The Cafe St. Barb.

The lights of the Rue de la Minette were no longer hooded nor their globes tinted blue. The residents of the Section were clad in gala attire and thronged the street. Merry laughter from gleeful children filled the air and a little girl waved the Tri-colour