

had been the inevitable stampings of crime on the face of the dead girl during life, all trace of them on the broad forehead, around the eyes with their heavily lashed lids, had been effaced by the journey through "The Valley of Dark Shadows." The babyish mouth still smiled as if in death's long sleep she heard Roy's lullaby.

* * *

A few days after the capture of the signallers, Luelen was permitted to see Roy in his ward at the hospital. Though not dangerous, Roy's wound was a grievous one and his mind was still in a semi-delirious state. The physician in charge of the ward told Luelen he must not talk to Roy about anything to excite him, particularly on the subject of the dead girl.

Luelen had brought with him a bouquet of his favorite flowers and was saddened and disappointed when the physician said, "The roses are beautiful but I regret to inform you that your friend will not be able to appreciate their beauty for he is blind."

Sadness was depicted on Luelen's face and his kindly eyes became dimmed with unbidden tears. Seeing the effect of his words the physician said, "There is a very remote hope that Nature may, some day in a kindly mood, restore your friend's blindness. Dr. Lerondeau, our eminent oculist, has made a careful study of the case and his verdict is that Science dare not tamper with it. He is quite certain that the intensity of the flash of green light from the bomb has paralysed the nerves leading from the eye to the brain and that if it were possible for man to reproduce the flash on the eye, to minutest degree of similarity, the reaction would restore life to the paralysed nerves."

Luelen thanked the physician for his kindly explanation of the case, gave him the roses and with a sad heart entered the ward.

CHAPTER XI.

The Storm

Rain was falling and a strange chill filled the air. There were thunderless flashes of lightning at short intervals as if from the approach of an electrical storm. Hunchy's lungs were aching and his scrawny hand trembled as he wrote the words spoken by Donald.

They had steadily worked through the hours of the night, both absorbed in the tale, Donald unconscious of the fact that Hunchy was so ill that only by heroic efforts did he continue. A violent fit of coughing, however, warned him and he said, "Forgive me, 'Hunchy-Boy,' I fear my anxiety to finish the story tonight has caused me to overtax your strength."

"It is of no account, Sir," said Hunchy, and after another fit of coughing he continued, "But so much rain has fallen that the