

r, am bidden by the Lord of life and



The old priest obeyed. It seemed to se who watched that the radiance of face of Murgh had fallen on him also miled, he stretched his arms upward hough to clasp what they might not Then down he sank gently, as though a bed, and lay white and still in the still snow. The Helper turned to the three who re-

"Farewell for a little while," he said

must be gone. But when we meet in, as meet we shall, then fear me not, have you not seen that to those who me I am gentle." ow Hugh de Cressi and Red Eve made

answer, for they knew not what to But Gray Dick spoke out boldly. y. But Gray Dick spoke out bointy. "Sir Lord, or Sir Spirit," he said, "save ice at the beginning, when the arrow inst upon my string, I never feared you. or do I fear your gifts," and he pointed the grave and to dead Sir Andrew, which of late have been plentiful through-th the world, as we of Dunwich know. herefore, I dare to ask you one ques-on ere we part for a while. Why do you ke one and leave another? Is it because u must or because every shaft does not its mark?

Murgh looked him up and down ith his sunken eyes, then answered: "Come hither, Archer, and I will lay hand upon your heart also and you

all learn." "Nay," cried Gray Dick, "for new I tree the answer to the riddle, since I now you cannot lie. When we die, we re and know; therefore I'm content to, it awhile.'

Again the cold smile swept across furgh's awful face. Then he turned and lowly walked away toward the west. They watched him till he became but a plot of fantastic color and vanished on moorland.

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Hugh spoke to Red Eve and said: 'Let us away from this haunted place d take what joy we can. Who knows n Murgh may return again and make s are all the others whom we love!" Aye, husband won at last," she ans-red, "who knows? Yet, after so much r and sorrow, first I would rest a while

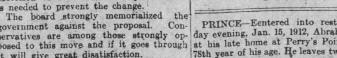
you. hand in hand they went till they, grew small and vanished on the snowy

t Gray Dick stayed there alone with dead, and presently spoke aloud for

aid, "as is fitting, and where's the between the two for an archer-churl ge? Mayhap, after all, I should have well to take yonder Murgh for lord a I had the chance. Man. or god, or t, he's a fellow to my liking, and once had led me through the Gates no wo-would lave dared to come to part Well, goodby, Hugh de Cressi, till are sick of kisses and the long shats n to fly again, for then you will be you of a certain bow and of him lone can bend it."

alone can bend it. ving spoken thus in his hissing voice, recof the sound resenfield that of an w in its flight, Gray Dick descended the grave and trod the earth over s false and handsome face, hiding om the sight of men forever. hen he lifted up the dead Sir Andrew his strong arms and slowly bore him e to burial. THE END.

make sure that bread will rise in weather, warm the flour before min-

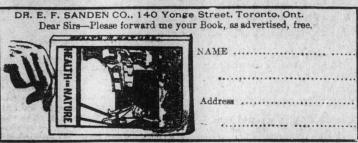


matter how despondent he may be, no kidney, liver, stomach, bla matter how weak and debilitated, no ders, etc.

women as well as men for rhe

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