

Chapter Three

power — personal magnetism — deep, from the chest, with vibrant throat tones suggesting a volume of sound which may in fact be only hinted by the loudness the man at the moment sees fit to employ. Such a voice is a responsive instrument on which emotion and mood play wonderfully seductive strains.

“All of that is quite true,” he repeated after a second’s pause; “but what has it to do with me? Why am I stopped and sent out from the free forest? I am really curious to know your excuse.”

“This,” replied Galen Albret, weightily, “is my domain. I tolerate no rivalry here.”

“Your right?” demanded the young man, briefly.

“I have made the trade, and I intend to keep it.”

“In other words, the strength of your