


and now between him and the other there he dimly saw a vision of an agonizing, dying doe, with great, sad eyes, that only asked, "What harm have I done you?"

A change came over him, and every thought of murder went from Yan as they gazed into each other's eyes—and hearts. Yan could not look him in the eyes and take his life, and different thoughts and a wholly different concept of the Stag, coming—coming—long coming—had come.

" H, beautiful creature !  
One of our wise men  
has said, the body is  
the soul made visible ; is your