

who possesses a physical heart that she abuses shamefully."

"Do you see in me now anything of the girl I used to be?" she could not resist asking.

He looked into her face as calmly as though diagnosing an unusual symptom. For several seconds he did not answer, and the woman's color heightened beneath his gaze. "Certainly there is a very strong physical resemblance," he began gravely; "but certainly there is also a—"

He was interrupted by the nurse bringing in the record sheet. He read it carefully, and Mrs. Windle saw his brows draw together for the merest instant. It was an odd expression, and the interpretation was as simple as though the years had been but minutes. She drew a deep, quick breath.

"Report again in five minutes, please," he said to the nurse.

"You spoke of a physical resemblance," said Mrs. Windle as soon as the nurse had left the room; "but were about to speak of a change. What manner of change?"

"It is not easy to describe; but there seems to be—"

"Of course there is! Do you suppose it possible for ten years to roll over me without leaving scars," her voice became very low, "that your eyes could see. For years I have pretended to be a thing I despise; and yet the I that was has also lived its life, an inner life of reality; and this life had found its chief source of strength in the life you have lived before the world. You have saved me from what I might have been."

She turned from him and again looked up at the stars, while her bosom heaved with emotion. A slight sound, as of a smothered sigh, caused her to turn, and the sight that met her eyes made her reel and thrust out a hand for support.

MCDONALD'S right hand leaned on the back of a chair, his left clutched at his heart, his eyes protruded, and his upper lip curled back from his teeth with sheer agony. There was no sign of breathing, and he seemed to be in a state of catalepsy. Even as she stood gazing at him in breathless terror, it passed and he smiled apologetically; but his lips were white and his face was bluish gray.

"I beg your pardon," he said in even tones; "but I am not well, myself."

"What is it? What is the matter with you?" she gasped.

He smiled indulgently, as though to a child. "I hardly think that you would understand. I do not quite understand, and I have been studying the case ten years."

"Yes; but a moment ago you were in agony, terrible agony."

"Still the agony has passed; so let us not talk shop." He well knew that this first stifling pain was merely the advance guard of that black army which would a little later battle with him for possession of the small bit of life he claimed as his own; yet he preferred the pain to having her think him a weakling.

"You cannot pass it off, Donald; I still know you too well. Have you no medicine with you?"

He thought of the small vial in his pocket, he thought of the patient in the next room, he thought of the many tendrils of his nature that held him tightly to life; but there was no appearance of hesitation in his answer. "A queer question to ask a doctor," he replied. "I have in this little book the finest drugs in the world, and some of them quite rare. If you will pardon me, I shall be my own doctor for the moment."

He took a small case from the pocket of his light overcoat lying across the back of a chair, and carefully mixed three powders on a small oblong of paper. She had carefully noted the careful steps he had used in

crossing the room; for he had not been able to forget the devil that lurked within his being, ready to pounce upon and rend him at the first opportunity. The case contained drugs, the heritage of his profession; the small vial contained the product of his own deep study, the instrument that was to keep him in possession of life, the gift that was to be his special contribution to the race.

As he held the mixed powder in his slender fingers, the nurse appeared in the doorway. "A little water, Miss Wilson, please," he said.

There was not a trace of trembling in his hand; but a mob of warring emotions clamored at his brain before she returned with the water. He took the powder, drank a sip of water, and held out his hand for the record sheet. Mrs. Windle stepped close to him as he read the last entry in the light of a green-shaded globe. She was very pale; but there was a gleam of determination in her eyes. He drew a deep breath after reading the entry, and half mechanically took the little vial from his pocket. Immediately her hand clasped his wrist and their eyes met. One glance offered a petition; the other refused to grant it.

Her hand slowly relaxed, and without a word he turned and walked firmly into the sickroom, followed by the nurse. He stood for a moment looking at the man on the bed, and then glanced about the room, which had evidently been added as an afterthought to meet unforeseen requirements. A shiver of disgust swept over him; but he shrugged his shoulders, and with clever fingers placed the contents of the vial in his syringe and injected it hypodermically into the patient's throat.

"Report in ten minutes, Miss Wilson," he said as he left the room.

Outside the door he paused and felt the region about

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THE TRANSPLANTING OF NOLAN

BY ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

THERE is scarcely any living thing that has never experienced terror to a certain degree. It is bound to find one sooner or later, just as it found Nolan, who was noted for his nerves of steel and his daredevil exploits. He had never bungled a job, because he reasoned everything out beforehand; and because his nerves were steady there was, at least, no crimson smirch on his shady record. Time after time, when the long fingers of the law seemed closing upon him, he had managed to evade punishment; and this was because he always worked alone and left no incriminating evidence behind him. Even Raydon, the cleverest detective in the Secret Service, was forced to admit he was baffled by the ingenious cracksman; however, Raydon declared he would "nail him yet."

There came a night when Nolan, who could line a circle at twenty paces with his automatic, or crack a crib almost under the very noses of the officers of the law, learned for the first time in his life what real terror was. For days he had been suffering from a feeling of depression,—his hand was a little unsteady, and a dull feeling of unsurety seemed to be stealing over him. He did not know that his whole highly strung being was crying for a let-up, that his tense nerves were due for a snap. An older hand at the game would have advised him to go easy for a time, that he was riding for a fall. But Nolan had no one to advise him, except Crafty Pete, and Pete was lying sick unto death in the hovel shared by them in the underworld.

And so it was when Nolan went forth this dark June night to do a little piece of work. And this night he for the first time bungled the job. There was no professional palliation in his act,—the big mansion was empty; he had a clear field,—but just when he had forced an entrance and had switched on the lights of the library he heard a voice call his name. The sweat sprang out on his face and his jaw dropped. He backed to the window and clutched the draperies with shaking hands. Again came the voice, and this time he recognized it. It was Pete's voice calling. Pete's voice—and Pete was dying! Then frenzy mastered Nolan. He rushed out into the night, leaving the lights on in the house and his cap and kit on the library floor. He reached his wretched home at last, and entered. Crafty Pete was dead—just as Nolan expected.

THERE are two kinds of terror,—the kind that paralyzes and that which forces action. The stag, hemmed in by hunters, may be frozen into immovability until shot down, or the frightened grouse, thundering from his hiding place before the flash of the fowler's gun, may dart out across the wide lake, a mad, unreasoning, frantic atom, to be claimed by the waves when Nature refuses to bear him farther. It was this latter sort of terror that possessed Nolan that night when the voice called him back to the hovel, there to learn that Pete had received the great sentence from the Higher Court.

IT might have been days, or weeks, since he left that big sleeping city behind him and fled to the open: Nolan could not tell; for he remembered little. All he knew was that he had sped away from the underworld and the underlife, had stolen rides on the bumpers, had tramped across wild, rugged country, and had slept beneath the coverless heavens. Except that, his mind was a blank.

He sat up on his bed of spicy pine boughs and rubbed



He Recognized Pete's Dying Voice!

his eyes. Before him in an open glade was pitched a big, snowy tent. In front of it lay a splash of blue water; behind and on each side of it stretched the forest in undulating folds. From the trees came the voices of birds, and beyond the cedar-crowned hill sounded the dash of runaway waters.

All was restful to Nolan. He closed his eyes and sank back on the fragrant bed. Oh, that pure, thin air felt good to his smoke-clogged lungs! After a time he sat erect again. He felt stronger, and he was ravenously hungry. His eye fell on a covered dish close beside him. He raised the cover and drew out half a boiled grouse. Ah! how good that bird tasted! He ate it to the last morsel, then laboriously drew himself erect. He was still weak; but things were becoming clearer to him. He remembered who he was and why he was where

he was. Nolan raised a hand and studied it with narrowed eyes. It trembled a little; but only from natural weakness. He sighed, and stretched his arms high above his head. Something he had never before known was his,—sweet rest, peace, a new current of life that awoke his soul to the harmony of his new universe. He walked to the lake's edge and stood looking across to where the shaggy shoreline met the deepening blue. Unconsciously he felt in his hip pocket—the revolver was still there. Who, he wondered, could have found him?

Round a distant curve swept a canoe. Two men were paddling; the one in front an Indian, the other—Nolan's brows knitted and the lines in his face grew deep. He knew that man in the stern. It was Raydon. Well, Raydon had always said he would get him; but—

The cracksman stepped behind a tree, and one hand slipped back to his hip pocket. The fingers gripped the handle of the revolver. Slowly the hand stole forth again, and then—

Nolan threw the gun far from him, and stepping to the shore waited with folded arms.

The canoe grated on the pebbles, and the guide, followed by a big, keen-eyed man, stepped out on the moss.

"Hello!" came the greeting. "How are you feeling?"

"All right, Raydon," said Nolan briefly.

The other laughed. "Know me, eh? Well, I guess I know you too, Nolan; so we're even on that score. We found you out there in the woods and brought you along to our camp. That was five days ago. Guess your nerve was gone; for you did a lot of crying and begging and that sort of thing. But," he added, "you're in the right place to get fixed up, here in the Ontario Highlands. Guess you're pretty nearly yourself again, eh?"

Nolan nodded. "What place is this?" he asked.

"I call it God's Country," laughed the other; "but on the map it's named Fairy Lake. We're in the Lake of Bays District. I camp here every summer." The detective came over and stood before Nolan. "I know what you're thinking," he said; "but you mustn't think it. I don't want to take you. I've been your nurse for a day or so,—see?—and I've learned some things about you I didn't know before. You were never yourself back there in the city, Nolan; your real self, I mean. Up here I'm not an officer; but just plain Raydon out for a good, healthy time."

Nolan straightened up and slowly his head was lifted until his gaze was level with the other's. "You're a big man," he said, "a mighty big man. I think I might grow some myself if I could stay up here."

"Just what I was going to propose," said Raydon quickly. "Spence, the keeper of the Elbow, wants to hire a good man. He was here last night. I told him about you, all about you. He'll take you on and give you a chance to grow."

Slowly, hesitatingly, Nolan held out his hand. "Will you take it?" he asked.

"You bet I will!" cried Raydon, demonstrating it. "Come on now," he chuckled, "let's go give Philip a hand in cleaning those fish for dinner. By the way, here are the cartridges out of your gun—thought I'd better take care of 'em until you got your old nerve back."