

PHILIP STEELE of the ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE 5, James Oliver Curwood

Author of The Danger Trail, Thellonor of the Big Snows, etc.

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bed. He insulted frankly across into the other's face.
"Bedfin—Bedfin—Bedfin," he mused.
"Strange. Tye. never heard of you down south, Decter. New what the dence can you be doing up here?"
There was a point blenk challenge in his eyes. The dector leaned a 'ittle toward him as if about to speak, but caucht 'thinself." It know your father." He soid at last, in a low, restrained voice and what the papers said where mothers was from sodier down to be the work of the work of

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There have been many inhalakes made in the name of science." said Phillip, clearing his throat. "This was one. Your theory was wrong."

"Yes, it was wrong," said the doctor, more geatly. "I saved myself by lifting them. My theory died with them and as fast as I could travel I hurried to that other place in Central America."

A soft glow entered into his eyes now, and he came around the stove and took one of Phillip's hands between his own, and looked steadily down into his face, while there came a curious witching about the mustice of his throat.

"Nothing had happened." he said, "so the said, "so the said, "so the said of the said, "so t

CHAPTER XIV.

What Came of the Great Love

What Came of the Great Love Experiment.

Off an hour after he had gone to bed Philip, lay awake thinking of the's dector's story. Hip dreamed of it when he fell asteep, in a way for which he could not account, the story which he could not account, the story with an acculdance effect upon lyin, and developed in him a dealire to kern the end. He awake in the winds an atom the most of the work of the w