

BEYOND THE SKYLINE

Continued from page 28

by myself and the two Chinese. The strength he possessed was surprising—after all he had gone through—and the three of us could barely keep him from springing up and hurling himself out of the car.

And all the way he explained—in a maddening monotone—how harsh it was of us to maintain him by force. He would never be able to find it now, he said, because only she knew the way, and she had gone on.

She was not a woman; she was a devil. He knew that from the way she had turned in the saddle when his horse fell, and laughed, and broken into a gallop, and left him, and vanished in the desert. Then Mallory Voyes began to laugh, and I pray God that no one near and dear to me may ever listen to a sound like it. No, the journey was not, on the whole, a pleasant one.

SOME months afterwards, finding myself in the Treaty Port of Shanghai, I took occasion to visit a hospital for those afflicted with nervous disorders. My object was twofold: to call on the superintendent, Ronald Ferguson, who had been a student with me at Bart's in the old days, and to inquire after my former friend, Mallory Voyes.

I seldom saw Ferguson nowadays—for which the thirty-six hours' train journey between our two spheres of influence was mainly responsible—but we corresponded fairly regularly; and his name was often under my eye in the learned Press, for Ferguson, in addition to treating the nervously disordered, had found time since he came out East to plunge deeper into orientology than most.

His face when he greeted me was unusually grave.

"Hullo! Anything wrong?" I asked, already half-fearing to hear what he would say.

"Wrong, indeed!" he replied. "Poor Voyes died this morning."

I staggered back as if he had struck me. It was hideously unexpected, for the last report about Voyes had predicted that he was well on the way towards complete recovery.

"Died! What of?"

Ferguson seemed strangely uncomfortable. "It's—it's extremely difficult to say," he answered at length. "You see, when a man with nervous trouble dies—well, anyhow, it will go down in his papers as inflammation of the brain."

I must have swayed about rather then, for Ferguson caught me by the shoulder and shook me roughly.

"Hold up, man!" he cried. "You weren't related to him by any chance?"

"No; but—good God, Ferguson, it's a horrible thing for a man to die like that! It's—it's too damned cruel!"

"Cruel enough and queer enough,"

he said quietly. "Come with me, and you shall see the room he occupied. Then you'll understand what I mean by queer."

We passed along a corridor and into a small room, the floor of which gave curiously beneath the feet. There was no furniture except a mattress and two soft hassocks, and I shuddered to see that the walls were padded to the roof. It was to this padding that Ferguson at once drew my attention.

One panel of it was entirely covered with writing. I stared at it in utter perplexity, for I could make nothing of it. I knew the Chinese script, but this was not Chinese—nor, most emphatically, was it any language of Europe.

"What is it?" I gasped.

Ferguson ran his fingers over the long pencilled lines.

"It is a passage in the ancient writings of Mongolia," he said. "I've dabbled in these matters a good deal, as you know, and in a little while I was able not only to decipher the writing, but also to recognise the story."

"It's a very old tale. It describes how the Princess Dyonala—whom, by the way, the Chinese call Ta Nai—became enamoured of a stranger at her father's court—a tall, fair-faced, red-bearded stranger who had come from a distant land beyond the sea; and how, fearing the wrath of her imperial parent, who was none other than the great Mongol conqueror, Genghis Khan, she fled secretly with her lover to found a new kingdom in a fertile land which, according to ancient legends, lay beyond the Gobi Desert. They rode away together into the wilderness, but were never seen or heard of again."

"But this," I said, pointing to the inscription—"who did it?"

Ferguson looked me steadily in the eyes. "There was only one man here," he said.

"But it's absurd—monstrous! Voyes knew little enough Chinese, let alone languages of the outlying races. He couldn't possibly have written this!"

"There was nobody else in the cell," reiterated Ferguson firmly.

One thing only remained now. I wished to look my last on a man who had shared the joys and sorrows of exile with me for so many years.

Mallory Voyes was lying on a plain, low table in a small, bare room, his body shrouded in a white sheet, with only the cold, pale face exposed. The eyes were closed and expressionless, but there was an air of beautiful calm and rest on the fine, clean-cut features.

What struck me most was the wonderful transparency of the skin—it was like the skin of a young child, pure and without blemish. For any least vestige of a scar on the forehead, I looked in vain.



By Appointment to
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

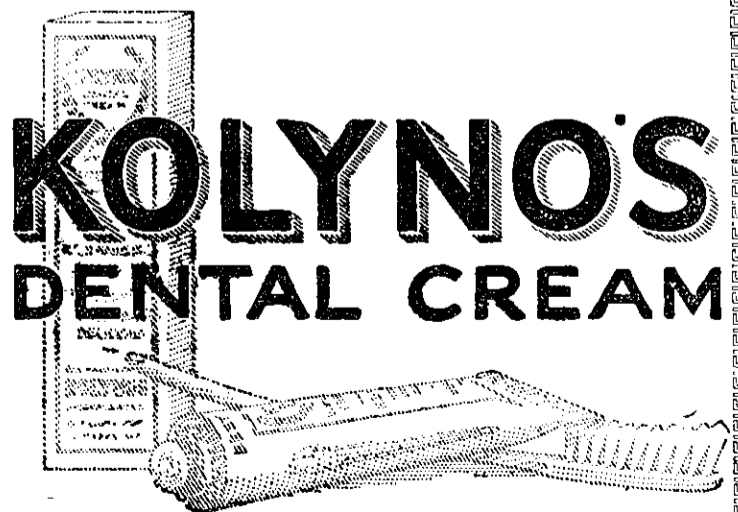
Teeth Tell Tales

TAKE note of the tales your teeth are telling, but do not be deceived by the speedy results obtained from the use of gritty pastes and powders.

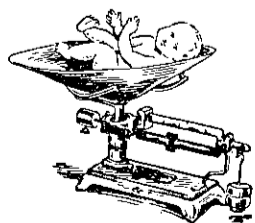
GRIT IN YOUR DENTIFRICE IS DANGEROUS!

It whitens the teeth at the expense of the enamel which is Nature's defence against decay.

There's **NO GRIT** of any kind in



KOLYNO'S
DENTAL CREAM



BABY'S WEIGHT to a quarter ounce

Baby's daily progress, whether breast or bottle fed is measured exactly with

WOOD'S BABY SCALES
(capacity 40lbs by 4oz)

Government stamped, easy to read, nickel-plated finish
As supplied to Plunket Societies, Karitane Homes and
Maternity Hospitals. ENQUIRE PARTICULARS

J. W. WOOD,
Scale Makers.

169 MADRAS ST. CH'CH.

Become a Subscriber
Fill up a Form TO-DAY

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention the "Mirror"

Please pass this
Copy on to your Friends