

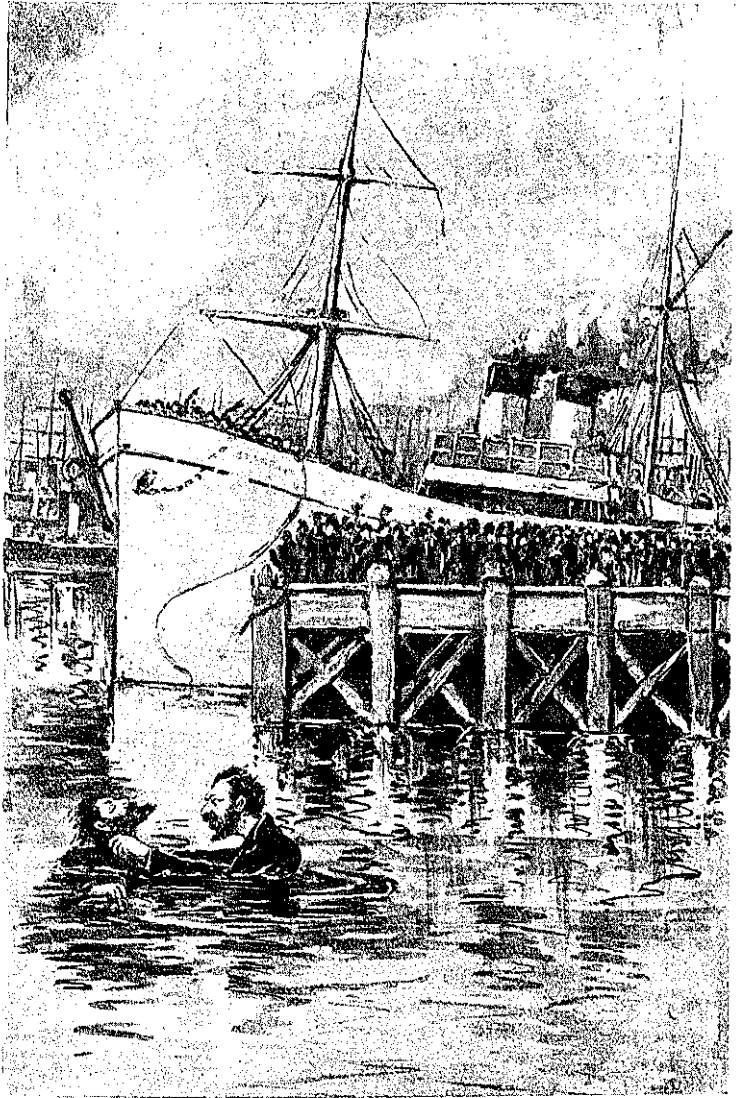
and he was no longer the half-witted moribund.

From that day he rallied and grew visibly stronger. Yet in that moment all his former greatness and loftiness were turned to a fierce, over-mastering lust for revenge. With passionate intensity he strove to live that he might wreak vengeance upon the robber of his hopes. And it seemed as though the very intensity of his longing revived the waning spark of life. He went forth into the world again, a frail wreck, indeed, yet living by reason of his mad passion.

And so he lived for a year—how, no man knows. In the fierce writhing depths of London poverty he existed, hoarding with frantic care the tiny store of wealth yet left to him, living almost entirely on stimulants without which life could not have been kept in that living corpse, his body. Children as they passed him shuddered, sometimes whimpered. He was, indeed, a strange fearsome creature. Beneath a noble forehead, formerly the throne of gorgeous, yet tempered imaginations, and the poetic longing of the true genius and inventor, flashed out two coal black eyes, gleaming with unnatural ferocity and cunning, and rendered doubly startling by the deadly whiteness of his skin. A grizzled, unkempt beard, a bent, emaciated frame, and that undefinable, vague, unmis-

takeable impression of insanity, all served to render him more terrible and weird-looking.

He was waiting for his revenge—ever in fear that it would not come, hoping almost against hope that he might live till it was accomplished. The robber had gone to America, and Hill, with an almost frenzied



HE GRIPS FIERCELY AT LOGAN'S THROAT.

interest, read of the applause accorded him by the scientists of that country, and of the ever-increasing fame of the great invention.

One day he read that the man was returning to England, and the shock of exultation almost quenched the flickering spark of life. Solemnly he prayed to God, with all the