

**THE PANTHER: A
TALE OF
TEMPTATION**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649451579

The Panther: A Tale of Temptation by Anne Warner & Paul K. M. Thomas

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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ANNE WARNER & PAUL K. M. THOMAS

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THE PANTHER

A TALE OF TEMPTATION

BY

ANNE WARNER French

With Pictures by

PAUL K. M. THOMAS

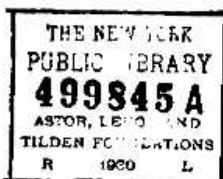


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SECOND EDITION

November, 1908

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THE PANTHER
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THE PANTHER

HIS own eyes were gray,—the gray that we call iron because its shadows are black and hard. His life had been such as led to hard and black shadows or to a light that only lightens into steely reflections. If there had been anything to soften the iron and steel, it had been no more to either than rust,—the rust that is warmly red of hue, but deadly poison to one just come from playing with anything that cuts deep.

He was a large man, Titanic in form, with a Titan's strength not only of body, but of mind. A man whose will matched his eyes. A man whose empire included others, yet—unlike any king's—began within himself.

[1]



THE PANTHER

But those eyes of hers were of heaven,—so true and so blue, and firm, too, but not with the glitter of steel, rather with the eternal duration of the silver moonbeams.

“That is it!” he told himself quickly on the first wonderful night that ever he knew them,—“blue and silver,—heaven and moonlight: she has both in her eyes,—in her blue and silver eyes.”

It did not seem to him that she could be exactly human. She seemed elusive, fragile, as if the world had gone by on the other side and been a good Samaritan in so doing.

“Life has surely forgotten to teach her,” he thought, standing afar and contemplating.

Then out of his contemplation grew the question,—