

MacDonald's hesitation, "Mr. Huntoon will take possession of your run in yards and on the cars, and then devote its total value to the work, and thus get all the credit. Do you agree?"

"Why, ma'am," responded Black Jack, dazed, humbled, much relieved and yet not far from anger, "I guess—I'll have to."

"You're quite right in thinking so," approved the girl. Then, to Huntoon: "And you have to, also, or—well, it's settled, isn't it?"

"I guess it is," acquiesced Huntoon.

"Well, good day, gentlemen," said Miss Dangerfield. "Pudgy will show you the way out, Mr. MacDonald. Don't hurry. Sit a while, recovering from the shock. Fix the matter up between you and then bring the papers to me to look over. I want you both bound tighter than you ever were by any bet agreement. I'll work out the details of the disposition of the money. Good day."

"Pudgy," said Milly to Huntoon that evening, "have you ever thought that you would need a partner, after we are married? We'll want to travel, some. You must have somebody here whom you can trust. Couldn't you give Peters a small interest and let him be that man? It would please Norah so, and certainly we owe her something, while you owe him a lot. They're going to be married the very day he's out. And—I've been thinking, Pudgy, about something else. Will you do that?"

"Why—sure," he assented. "He's—he's earned it."

"Well, then, we can't be married any too soon to suit me."

A telephone repair man had just put the Dangerfield instrument in order, a

few moments later, when there came a call on it for young Huntoon. It was from the pesthouse.

"There's a Frenchman been brought down from that darned Indian village, up north, there," the doctor said. "His name is Bygar Something and he's in a very bad way. He's a Catholic and the priest has been here, and he's made a statement that will interest you. While your run was coming down he went there to your camp and yelled into some sort of thing he calls an 'Angel-voice' to fool your foreman and call him from his work. Seems he knew it was a signal your foreman had arranged with your cook, or something."

"What's that?" cut in Huntoon. "Say that again, will you?"

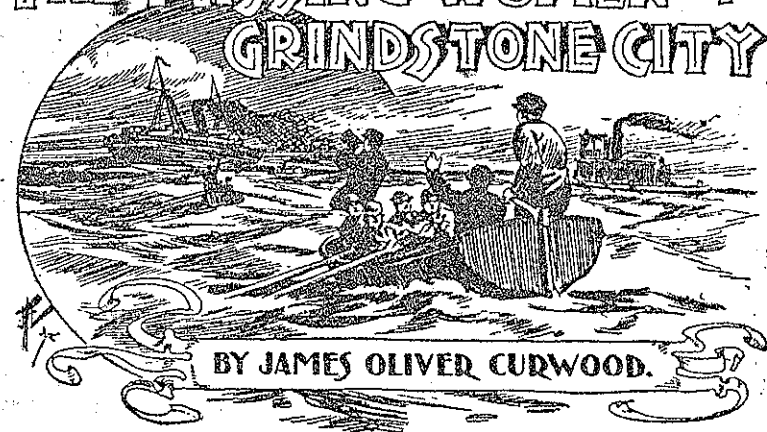
The doctor did so and went on:

"How did you ever happen to have a woman cook in camp? The foreman, it appears, was dead afraid this very man would bother her. Guess they're both in love with her. It was the Frenchman's calling, drew your foreman from his job. That's part of it. It indicates, I guess, why your man deserted that way. Thought she was in danger. See? It probably shows, too, how the little girl got her infection. It appears that it was one of her amusements after the run had started down the creek, while she was there alone with Peters, to shout into this swinging barrel. Bygar was infected when he called into it to fool your foreman. See?"

Huntoon did see. He turned from the phone happier than he had been for many days. Everything, apparently, was coming out right at last.

"You bet I'll take that Peavey Peters into partnership," he said to Milly Dangerfield, "and I don't know's his interest had ought to be so very small."

THE MISSING WOMEN OF GRINDSTONE CITY



BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

How the entire grown-up female population of Grindstone vanished suddenly and simultaneously one night and what happened when their excited husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts set out to hunt for them.



AIN'T it hell?" commented Michael McHann.

He held up his lantern as he spoke and peered with rain-wet eyes into the pallid face of big frightened Sandy McCullom. He was a man who could die by inches if necessary, was Sandy, but the mystery of the night was undoing him.

"Michael, d'ye remember the story I told you of a Bible fallin' out o' th' sky on our last trip to Duluth? I ain't over-superstitious, but—"

"Shut up!" warned McHann. He reached out a fist and held it under McCullom's jaw. "Sandy, if y' say anything more about speerits, I'm goin' t' give y' a niff in th' neck! I jst said—ain't it hell?"

"I guess it is," replied McCullom.

He hung very close in the wake of the other as McHann started again on his fruitless search. It was long after midnight, cold and drizzling, but every house in Grindstone City was lighted. Lanterns glimmered like will-o'-the-wisps along the muddy street, and through the thickness of the night voices rose in anxious inquiry. They were a lot of deep-lunged, hard-fisted men—these striking masters, pilots, and sailors—men famed over the length of the Lakes for skill and daring; but now there was fright in the voices of the strongest of them, and faces grown thin during long starvation shone pale in the occasional lantern glow.

The panic had existed since ten o'clock that night. A few minutes before that hour Mrs. Hopp had stepped over to see Mrs. Thomas McHann;

Grandmother Grubber had left her son's home to borrow a little tea; pretty Martha McCullom, who was to have been a bride the next day, had gone over to see Becky Williams; and so the story now went from mouth to mouth. Before the hour of ten that cheerless evening every woman, young and old, in this little Michigan town had gone visiting and not one of them had returned. Had the sea a few fathoms out suddenly swallowed them they could not have disappeared more completely. And this was just what Sandy McCullom believed the sea had done. He had grown old among the superstitions of the Lakes, and now he grumbled out his fears as he stumbled along in the mud behind Michael McHann.

"I tell'e I heard a fiddle playin' up in th' air jest before Martha left the house!" he cried for the twentieth time in his companion's ear, and for the twentieth time the young mate stopped and doubled up his fist under the old pilot's jaw.

"If y' tell me about them fiddlin' angels ag'in, Sandy, I'll give y' a niff in th' neck! I'd swat y' one now if you wasn't goin' t' be my father-in-law!"

Sandy grunted his disapproval of that fact and fell back again while McHann plodded on through the mud toward the lower end of the town. Lanterns were now shifting in that direction. Doolan's store, the only place of its kind in Grindstone City, was open, and when McHann arrived dripping figures were already straggling in. Outside the door Michael turned with a last warning for Sandy McCullom.

"D'ye mind what I told y' about them fiddlin' angels o' yourn, Sandy?" he growled. "If y' give us eny more of your crazy lug I'll——"

Sandy muttered something under his sou'wester and shoved in ahead of the mate. Little Doolan, who was a widower and childless, and had therefore lost nothing, greeted McCullom.

"Enny news, Sandy?"

McHann answered. He thrust his long bony face over the old pilot's shoulder and looked down threateningly upon the storekeeper.

"Shut up, Doolan! If y' want any news go out 'n' hunt for it!"

"Great scuppers!" gasped Doolan. He pulled McCullom aside and whispered shrilly: "Sandy, hadn't y' better take 'im home? The boys'll be rememberin' to-morrow was goin' t' be his weddin' day an'——"

"And what?" thundered McHann.

"Hist, Doolan, be quiet!" pleaded Sandy in an attempt at a whisper. "E's gone daffy in 'is lug since Martha went with th' others. Don't speak o' speerits——"

Before Doolan could dodge, the mate had brought one of his bony fists up in gentle contact with the storekeeper's nose. There was a great deal of suggestiveness in McHann's fist and still more in McHann's eyes.

"Israel Doolan, if y' let out another wisper I'll niff y', sure's my name's Michael McHann!" he cried. "Th' ain't no use o' wisperin' or grinnin' at this perticular minit an'——" the mate lowered his hand on a level with Doolan's stomach as he turned a comprehensive scowl upon the others assembled in the store—"an' I ain't goin' to stand for 't! It's a damn poor joke."

"You're losing your head, Michael," said a big fellow in a dripping oil coat. "We ain't to blame because your weddin's postponed. It's th' wimmin, man, th'——"

"An' d'ye care fo argy with me,

Cap'n Will'um Jones?" shouted McHann, turning upon him. "D'ye want to tell me I don't know it's all a put-up job? If you 'adn't been my cap'n once, Will'um, I'd niff y' for settin' up agin' me like that!"

McHann held up his wet fist within an inch or two of Captain William Jones' face. In his eyes there shone a whole-souled desire to hit somebody and he looked longingly at the captain.

"Take down them bones 'r I'll be forced t' slug y', Michael," said the captain. "They don't smell good!"

A wild gleam of joy came into McHann's eyes. "Y'd slug me, Cap'n Will'um, y'd slug me! Oh, Gawd!" He stripped off his rubber coat and threw it to Sandy. "Dear Cap'n Will'um, y'd slug me!"

Something that came like a thousand-pound-weight landed up against McHann's face. It was Captain William Jones' fist. McHann went back all in a heap and for some time he remained there while Sandy bathed his head in cold water.

"It had to be done," said Captain Jones. "It'll 'elp him. We ain't to blame because his girl skipped with th' others."

Nobody answered Captain Jones. A fight in Grindstone City that night was nothing compared with the all-absorbing mystery that enveloped its inhabitants. A few of Michael's friends went up and looked at him while Sandy brought him back to consciousness, but they said nothing. There was a glum sucking of newly lit pipes and the harder a man smoked the more he seemed to express his utter helplessness in the present situation. Wheelman Grubber never smoked. He sat on a box with his face between his hands, and finally spoke.

"Men, I've cut three circles around this town," he said. Grubber was a hunter when not on his ship and every man knew what he meant. He had been hunting for a trail. A score of interested faces turned in his direction. "One was quarter-mile, the other 'arf, 'n' th' last a mile!"

"And y' found nothing?" queried Doolan.

"Not a thing!" replied the wheelman. "If th' wimmin folks ain't hidin' in this town they've gone out of it by sea or——"

"Or they've bin hanted out!" shouted Sandy McCullom.

A figure gathered itself up from the floor and staggered toward the old pilot. It was McHann.

"Sandy, if y' talk o' them speerits ag'in——"

Behind McHann a door opened and in it stood a dripping, rubber-clad figure spattered with mud from the soles of his feet to the top of his ragged sou'wester. The man was panting and as he stood there he gulped hard once or twice to get his breath and pointed out into the night. Before he could speak there came above the drizzle of the rain a sound that thrilled every heart in Grindstone City. It was the muffled panting of a modoc whistle, a groaning, smothered sound that steadily grew until it rose in a screeching blast. For a moment the men in Doolan's store stood there transfixed. It seemed as if they scarcely breathed while the screams of the modoc climbed their scale and then faded away in a wailing gasp that is the last good-by of an outgoing freighter of the inland seas.

"Boys," shrieked the man in the door, "th' Joseph B. is going out!"

"By God!" cried a strong voice from the midst of the men. Captain Jones,

who had mastered the boat before the strike, plunged through the door like a catapult shot, and with curses and shouts the others rushed after him, leaving Michael McHann to stumble along behind. Fathers and sons who had gone to their homes came out into the night again also, with curses hot upon their lips. Fear had gone from every heart. Superstitions and the mystery of the night were for the moment forgotten. One thought burned in the brains of all: The *Joseph B.* had said good-by and was leaving Grindstone City. For weeks these men had guarded her, slowly starving as they watched. The bravest "scabs" on the Lakes had refused the bribes of owners to carry her out and on to Duluth. The possession of the big freighter represented the one victory of the men of Grindstone City; with the ship gone all was lost—the strike was broken!

Men groaned and cursed as they ran. The "scabs" had taken them by treachery, they believed. They had sneaked up through the woods and under cover of the stormy night had gained the ship's side unnoticed. Even Michael McHann, who only had life enough left in him to stumble along, swore with the others as he went. By the time he reached the wharf the *Joseph B.* was well under way. Her cabins were aglow with light. Red lamps were climbing to her peaks and from her caboose came the sound of music. Pistol shots rang out above the curses and taunts hurled after the fleeing ship, but over all sounded the stentorian voice of Captain William Jones.

"To th' launches, lads—'n' McCullom's tug!" he shouted. "Every man aboard 'n' after 'em! We'll bring back th' *Joseph B.*, or there won't be a striker left in Grindstone, City!"

A cheer answered him. Even Michael McHann raised his groggy voice in approbation. But the roar of voices suddenly died away. From over the harbor there came another cheer—the cheer of a hundred women! A silence like that of the tomb fell upon the men and amid that silence one could almost hear hearts beat. Somebody spoke, in a quiet, relieved way, as though a great load had been taken from his shoulders:

"Gentlemen, th' wimmin folks is out there!"

Michael McHann sighed, and sat down. Sandy took a place beside him and allowed his legs to dangle over the edge of the wharf. A moment later somebody struck a match and the odor of tobacco was wafted from nose to nose. Others suddenly found that they were tired, and also sat down. For the moment every man in Grindstone City went into a relapse. Soon fifty or more pipe bowls were glowing red along the edge of the wharf, fifty or more men were puffing steadily, and the *Joseph B.* slowly made her way out to sea.

"Gentlemen," said the same relieved voice again, "I believe th' wimmin 'as got some pertick'ler scheme in view."

"I don't believe it!" cried McHann. "It's all a put-up job 'n' I'll—"

"You're a blatherin' idiot, Michael McHann!" shouted Captain Jones. "Cooper, you're right, there's a scheme afoot, 'n' it's this!" Jones dropped his pipe in his new excitement. "Th' wimmin are taking that boat out to its owners! They've bin tired of this fight for weeks and it's ten t' one there's a scab crew waitin' fr' 'em off the bay. After 'em in th' launches, boys—th' launches 'n' McCullom's tug!"

"You're a liar!" shouted a voice from

the crowd. "Th' wimmin wouldn't do it! Who's got a woman that'd sell us to th' scabs?"

The angry voice was drowned in a chorus of others. Men found their tongues again, and as they leaped to their feet they echoed the cries of Captain Jones. Lanterns began to flash along the slips; oars rattled in the locks of boats; chains clanked where McCullom's tug rested black and grim; the engine in a gasoline launch began to throb explosively; and the commands, cheering shouts, and sharp curses of excited men sounded above all.

A stream of light flashed out into the bay and a yell went up as Cooper's naphtha launch swung out and filled the air with jarring explosions. She was crowded to the engine with men. From the shore lanterns glided out to sea. Five minutes—ten—fifteen and almost every man in Grindstone City was in pursuit. McCullom's tug began to grumble. Her furnace licked up the oiled waste and pitch-saturated wood fed to her by McHann, and half a dozen eager faces crowded themselves in a glimmer of lantern light near the steam gauge as Sandy's nervous hands tried it again and again. Now a sigh, a wheezing gasp, a growing power over the blistering heat of oil and coal, and out to the little fleet edging away to sea there went the first wakening cry of the tug's whistle. In answer there came back a faint hurrah.

"Oh, Gawd!" breathed Sandy McCullom.

His heart was bursting with pride. It was Sandy's tug that would fight the battle, and Sandy knew it. Low, black, ugly from stem to stern, the *Martha M.* was the battle ship of the fleet. Not an ounce of steam was to be lost, but Sandy answered the cheer with a sec-

ond and louder blast. Minute by minute, so slowly that thirty of them seemed an age, the little hand on the steam-dial neared the vital point until at last the *Martha M.* swung slowly out, and groaning with every kick of her engine fell into the wake of the little fleet stretched away for two miles ahead.

Dawn was coming and with it a clearer but threatening sky. Against the gray rim of morning the freighter's lights now shone dimly and between them and the *Martha M.* half a hundred others danced like fireflies dodging the crests of the waves. At intervals McCullom's tug would blaze with fire amidships as coal thrust in tar was fed to the furnace, and each time the red glow signaled or pillars of sparks vomited from the black funnel cheers floated back to the pursuing men. McCullom stoked until a warning gasp of steam cried from the very vitals of the *Martha M.*, and with that panting of a fighting engine McCullom raised his arms above his head and gave a thundering shout. It was taken up from end to end of the fleet. A pair of lanterns flitted alongside and from where they were came the shrill cry of a boy.

"After 'em, Sandy! After 'em!"

Even to the boy Sandy responded with a triumphant shout. A sloop dipping under her press of sail swung a point to give the tug a straight course; a catboat dangerously filled with men slipped behind like a dirt-gray shadow; and one by one after those there came the other boats of Grindstone City, until when the day broke Sandy McCullom had only the freighter before him and all of the fleet behind.

As the mist cleared away a hundred eyes looked for signs of another ship. In the offing, hull half down, a trust

freighter was pounding her way from the Soo, the trail of bituminous smoke dragging for a mile behind marking her captain's straight course for the lower Lakes. Beside that only McCullom's tug and the *Joseph B.* broke into the lifelessness of the sea.

As yet no human form had appeared on the big steel ship. Half a mile ahead she looked like a derelict laboring weakly under drenched fires, staggering a point out of her course, then regaining it, but always leaning out to sea. A third of a mile—a quarter—and still no life appeared upon her deck. Old Sandy's grizzled head peered out curiously from his engine house. Three of the sailors joined McHann in the bow and looked anxiously at where their wives and sweethearts ought to be. Then McCullom sent out a shrieking blast of steam and followed it with others until the *Martha M.* was hidden in a white mist.

There came in reply a detonating rumble from the *Joseph B.*, a coughing escape of steam that culminated in a roar which drowned the whistles of the tug. Instantly the deck of the big freighter became alive with running figures. From the pilot house and the aft and forward cabins the women, young and old, of Grindstone City rushed to the rails of their ship. Not a sound escaped their lips. Michael McHann shouted a hurrah and waved his arms, but no welcoming hand was raised in return.

Speechless and motionless the strange crew of the *Joseph B.* watched the tug as she came cautiously alongside; and when that moment arrived every one of a hundred women leaned over the ship's side and in every hand there was poised a weapon. From a score of pails and kettles rose clouds of steam;

ship's brooms and mops were clutched in the hands of women whose faces were grim with resolution; capstan bars swung dangerously over the side and from the centre of the sombre line the black nozzle of the ship's big fire hose was trained on the *Martha M.*

"Y'd better go back!" screamed a shrill voice from behind the hose. It was Captain William Jones' wife. "I'm cap'n of this ship, and there ain't a man o' you goin' t' set his foot upon it!"

"Th' devil y' say!" shouted back Michael McHann. In a flash he had gripped a chain hanging from the *Joseph B.* and was scrambling up the side.

"Michael—Michael!" cried a voice over his head. The air became suddenly filled with steam and from the midst of it there came a roar of pain from McHann. Before he could loosen his hold a capstan bar reached down and tapped him on the side of the head and as he fell back upon the tug's deck a two-inch stream of water raked the *Martha M.* from the direction of Mrs. Captain William Jones.

"I tell 'e y'd better go back!" she cried again. "We're going to take this ship t' Duluth 'n' there ain't enough men on th' Lakes to stop us!"

"You're goin' t' what!" yelled Sandy McCullom.

"We're goin' t' Duluth. We've starved long enough. If you men won't take this ship, we will!"

Mrs. Jones got McCullom's range with her hose and for the first time a cheer fell from the lips of her crew.

"Ain't this perticular hell?" gasped McHann. Several times he had asked this question of Sandy and Sandy had agreed that it was; but now the old pilot was speechless as he allowed the

tug to drift out of range. McHann's face was beginning to blister. He held one eye half closed and with the other hunted along the line of women for his sweetheart. Suddenly he made a trumpet of his hands and shouted through it in the direction of Mrs. Jones:

"Is Martha aboard with ye, Mrs. Jones?"

A titter ran through the ranks of women. Michael's blistered face burned hotter, but he persevered.

"We'll promise not t' board y' if you'll let us come alongside," he cried again. "I want t' speak with Martha McCullom!"

Mrs. Captain William Jones turned her hose aside. "Sein' as this was goin' t' be your weddin' day we'll let y' talk a minit, Michael," she said.

The *Martha M.* came up again and McHann turned his face expectantly to where a little opening had been made in the line of women. In a moment another figure appeared there. It was a strange one to Michael McHann. The face was black. A pair of eyes shone strangely white. But two rows of pretty teeth smiled down into the watery orbs of the mate.

"Hello, Michael—I've been stokin'!" McHann stared in astonishment.

"Martha McCullom—I'll—I'll be——"

"Please don't swear, Michael," called down the girl. She leaned over until her shining brown hair formed a halo around her grimy face. "Please don't swear. It's all for your good—yours and the men's. We're going to take this ship to Duluth, unless you promise to take it for us. I'll marry you the day you're all at work'ag'in, Michael—not a minit before! Good-by!"

A stream of water from Mrs. Jones' hose caught McHann in the back as he balanced himself on the edge of

the tug and he went rolling on the deck. When he regained his equilibrium the tug had fallen away from the freighter and McCullom was bringing her head to bear on the approaching fleet. In a short time she was among the first boats. Like wildfire the news spread among the men of Grindstone City. Cooper's naphtha launch got it first. It was shouted from mouth to mouth among the sailing craft, and Captain Jones signaled that he wanted to hold a council of war. Even the rowboats had been slowly overtaking the struggling freighter and now they came up and banked themselves around McCullom's tug while their occupants listened eagerly to the words of McHann. In the south a wall of black cloud was creeping over the hurrying trust ship and men sent anxious glances through the neck of Saginaw Bay as they discussed a plan of action. Others marked uneasily the ever-varying angle of the freighter ahead.

"She ain't more'n shavin' th' Au Sauble shōals," muttered a seaman in one of the rowboats, looking fixedly at the *Joseph B.* "A little blow from that——" He pointed significantly at the gathering gloom.

Captain Jones had marked the angle. He pulled out his watch and stood up in the launch so that all could see and hear him.

"Men, we've got to capture that ship in less than an hour! If we don't——"

The shouts of the crews drowned his voice. Sandy sent out a blast from the tug's whistle; the little launch screamed her approval and before the echoes had died away the whole fleet was bearing down again upon the ship. For a few minutes the women of Grindstone City stood motionless along the side of their vessel watching the ap-

proach of their relatives and friends. Then, as if impelled by a sudden command, half of them broke from the line and congregated about the cook's cabin. The others still lined the rail like so many images cut out of wood. In half an hour the fleet had almost reached the slowly moving freighter, McCullom's tug and the naphtha darter in and out among the craft giving instructions for the attack. Cooper ran his boat close in to the *Martha M.* and Captain Jones spoke to Michael McHann.

"Michael, y' ain't bearin' any grudge, are y'?" he asked.

McHann's swollen face broke into an apologetic grin.

"I've bin a darned fool, Cap'n Will-um—I wish y'd hit me ag'in!" he replied.

Captain Jones gave a signal to Cooper. The naphtha's whistle responded and simultaneously every boat in the fleet headed for the steel walls of the *Joseph B.* With almost startling rapidity the gloom of the approaching storm had gathered over the scene. With it there came no rumble of thunder or lightning flashes, but only the dead stillness of a sea waiting for its struggle with the wind. Aboard the freighter the hearts of a hundred women beat wildly with a new terror, and a fear for their men; in the small boats men's courage wavered, and voices called the names of wives and sweethearts.

Like shadows the boats had drifted in. McCullom's tug grated alongside and half a dozen men sprang up from the engine-house deck. A torrent of hot water sent them reeling back cursing with pain. Fifty men yelled, and up the masts of sloops the seamen clambered like cats. In rowboats they stood on one another's shoulders to

reach the rail. In the forward chains they hung and with uplifted arms shielded themselves from the women above. Now the cries of women mingled with the shouts of men, as they beat back the boarders with cudgels and water hot enough to repel, but not to hurt permanently. Shrill voices screamed for promises to work. In reply men threatened, cursed, pleaded, while they fought to gain the deck.

But of them all only one reached the rail and that was Michael McHann. Blistered, bruised, almost blinded, his fingers clutched the bulwark. Half a dozen hands strove to thrust him back. Sizzling in clouds of steam from her flooded boiler McCullom's tug was drifting away, and below the mate was now the black run of the sea. With a cry that was almost one for help McHann fought weakly. Inch by inch his hold was broken. So thick was the gloom that the mate's swollen eyes could not distinguish the faces above him. In that last moment, when his grip seemed leaving him, Michael McHann knew that the women believed the tug was still beneath and that he would fall safely upon her deck. But he would not ask for quarter. Half unconsciously, half in the knowledge that he was plunging to his doom, he allowed a name to fall in a faint, breathless cry from his lips.

"Martha—Martha—"

One of his hands relaxed its hold, but before the other gave way a pair of arms reached over and caught him, and a girl's voice sobbed his name. Almost as if in a dream McHann felt himself lifted, and a moment later three or four women laid him gently on the deck. One of them held his head in her arms and in a blissful sort of way McHann realized that Martha McCul-

lom was kissing him. For a few minutes he lay there, only conscious enough to know that the air was filled with the first wailing sigh of the breaking storm and that in it there sounded the voices of women and of men. Something seemed slowly to impress him with the idea that upon himself depended the safety of the men. He would tell the women of the danger. He would fight them single-handed if necessary. He struggled to rise—but a pair of tender arms held him back.

"Listen, Michael! Listen!"

McHann knew that except for the wailing of the wind a silence had fallen upon the ship. The bosom against which his head was held seemed stilled. McHann himself stopped breathing to listen and he heard the voices of men. Then all seemed silent save one, and

as the mate's senses half drifted away again he fancied he heard his own name called. There came after that a sighing murmur of women's voices, a sound that seemed to grow until it broke above the wailing of the wind and called upon Michael McHann to make one more struggle for his comrades. It was the cheering of the victorious women of Grindstone City.

"Oh, God—Martha—th' storm—th' storm—" he gasped. His swollen lips could hardly articulate the words. But his sweetheart's face was close to his own and she heard.

"It's all right, dear," she whispered. "The men are coming aboard; they've promised to go back to work an'—"

McHann breathed a great sigh which was lost in the first low thunder of the approaching storm.



THE LADY OF THE ISLAND.

By Arthur Powell.

YOUNG Diana lies in coma;
Never shall she hunt again.
Daphne's but a faint aroma
Coming after Summer rain.
Aphrodite has reverted
To the foam that gave her birth.
Vesta's rule's no more asserted,
Rude Discordia seeks the earth.

Yet, by some divine moon-magic,
Dian's vigor, Daphne's bloom,
Set at naught th' eternal tragic;
Vesta, from the scented gloom,
Still breathes peace in soft inflections;
Aphrodite rules the sea—
Since all beauties, all perfections,
Blend, O island nymph, in thee!