

THE SHADOW GIRL

BY GEORGE T. MARSH.

THE soft June breeze idly played among the tops of the birches and balsams that beckoned him from the shore of the mountain lake as Wainwright leisurely paddled. Now and then he stopped to fill his lungs with the fragrant air and rest his eyes on the wooded ridges looming blue on the horizon. His heart was glad, for he had been in the woods, his woods, that he had loved from childhood.

The magic of a Northland June was upon him, and stretching his length he left the canoe to the caprice of the breeze. As he lay idly puffing his hair the canoe gently grounded on the shore. Lost in the beauty of the scene, he remained for some time with eyes half closed, when suddenly a faint rustle in the brush behind him roused him from his reverie. Wainwright casually turned, expecting to meet a pair of bright eyes peering from the small bewitched face of some marauding mink or interloping squirrel, but nothing so bloodcurdling met his gaze and he resumed his dream.

In a moment, however, the noise was repeated and realizing the cause, something more pretentious than a mink, and attributing it possibly to a curious, mild-eyed doe or stupid, yearling moose, he again glanced at the shore to rest his eyes momentarily on the amazement on a small head of tumbling chestnut hair framing two laughing brown eyes, but only for a moment, as the head immediately disappeared behind a friendly white birch.

Wainwright sat up, all attention, and waited for the dryad to show herself again, for dryad or fairy she certainly was. He was not disappointed, for presently out peeped the head from behind the birch, and at the same time he gave the warning cluck of the hen partridge calling her chicks, which so convulsed the diminutive dryad that she tumbled from her hiding place, revealing a lady of some seven summers to his amused and astonished gaze. As she stood brushing her hair with two small brown hands the thick locks from her eyes she seemed a veritable fairy denizen of the woods. Then with the utmost gravity she said, "You will pardon me, but I was not aware that the fairies were so early, yet I am sure that I am addressing their queen," and doffing her hat with a sweeping bow. The dryad received his remarks and low obeisance with a look of joy mingled with wonder in her round little face. "Oh," he continued, "if you are not Queen of the Fairies you must be a little Red God, for I am sure you are not a real little girl at all."

"Oh, then you believe in fairies?" she cried excitedly, as she moved nearer the canoe.

"Why, of course I believe in fairies," rejoined Wainwright. "In fact, I have some intimate friends among them, and I have known the Little Red Gods, who are under of the fairies, for years."

"Oh, tell me about the Little Red Gods, please! Are they really red? Do they live near here, and will they talk to little girls?"

By this time the dryad had lost all shyness and stood on the shore, where Wainwright leaned on his paddle. "You know," she continued, "thoroughly at ease, 'I ran away from nurse this morning to hunt for fairies. She doesn't believe in fairies, and if you don't believe in them you will never see them, will you?"

"No," he answered, seating himself beside her, now deep in the spell cast by the elfish beauty and friendly ways of this wonder child. "We must believe in them or they will not trust or believe in us. You and I believe in them and some day we shall go and find them, perhaps be invited to tea. I thought I heard one this morning, but I found that it was only a real little shadow girl."

The big brown eye grew wide at the suggestion of taking tea with the fairies. Then she took one of his muscular fists in both hands, and, looking frankly into his gray eyes, said, "Oh, I like you so much, and I am sure you are the nicest man in the world except papa, but papa doesn't believe in fairies. And will you really take me to see them?"

"Yes, dearie," he replied, as he put his arm around his diminutive questioner. "Some day we shall sail away on a wonderful quest for the Little Red Gods and the fairies. I know where there are a dozen little, round, red things, each like a yellow ball, and every morning the mother takes them out for a swimming lesson. And not far from here lives a family of partridges and, oh, such small, brown, roly poly chicks, who hide under the leaves when they hear anyone coming. Then, too, there is a nest of very hungry snails, who devour the leaves, so their poor mother's feet are kept wet all day catching them, which makes the poor thing cough dreadfully. This was more than a Shadow Girl could be expected to endure, and with hair tumbling about, eyes dancing with delight, she begged to be allowed to behold such ravishing sights."

Wainwright, endowed with a rare sympathy and imagination, was so charmed by the sweetest and appealing personality of the child that, gathering her up in his arms, he kissed her smiling little face and, tucking her in the bow of his canoe, turned down the lake in search of the camp so fortunate in the possession of a veritable daughter of Eiland.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Wainwright's diminutive passenger as he landed the canoe and placed her in the possession of her adoring mother, "I wasn't lost at all, I was found!"

Then he described to her amused parents, the Randos, his meeting with the Shadow Girl, and announced his intention of paying most serious court to the daughter of the house, for he had completely lost his heart, as he had always known he should, to a fairy.

True to his promise, the next morning found Wainwright at the Randos' camp. In a hammock slung between two pines the mite of a maid lay fast asleep. Presently she moved, and with a flutter of the long fringed lids woke to stare in blank amazement at her friend of a day, standing smilingly over her. Finally speech came to her and she managed to ask, as she rubbed her eyes with two small hands, "Are you really, truly one or only a dream man? I guess you are only a dream man, for I've been dreaming that we were taking tea with the Little Red Gods and you were really true then."

"You are no more real than I," he

laughed, "and I am sure that your home is a Fairyland, as mine is, you down, every bright night on the moonbeams." "Do fairies dance on the moonbeams?" she asked in amazement.

"Oh, yes, and all the little girls who love them dance, too!" "Oh, then I wish I were a fairy!" cried the child.

"You are a Shadow Girl, a little sister of the fairies, and that is nice, for I have met many fairies, but you are the only Shadow Girl I know. Now we are going to set sail for the Enchanted Island where live the Little Red Gods." And so the Dream Man and the Shadow Girl embarked for the Island of Enchantment.

In a deep cove, miles away at the head of the lake, lay the object of their quest. As a boy Wainwright had frequented the spot, lured by the natural beauty of the cove and the island itself. Here he had passed many a blissful hour in a dream world of his own, and it was to the Island of Enchantment that his thoughts had instinctively turned as the natural scene for the introduction of the Shadow Girl into Arcady.

As they noiselessly rounded the shoulder of elms that guarded the realm, and turned into the cove they surprised a family of teal in the midst of a swimming lesson, and the Shadow Girl gasped with delight as, led by the old bird, the brood scampered off, beating the water with feet and wings in a wild scramble for safety. Yet little they knew how safe they were in the presence of a shadow girl and a dream man. Further on they were scolded by an indignant mink, whose inquisitive face, peering for an instant from the far side of a log, betokened his resentment at the intrusion of strangers on his private domain.

After circling the shore of the cove they landed on the island, and swinging the Shadow Girl to his shoulder the Dream Man mounted to a large rock on its most elevated portion, from which the blue waters of the lake could be seen miles to the southward sparkling in the June sun. There he told her wonderful tales of the little brothers of the air and woods. How at sunrise a few mornings before he had seen a white doe with two spotted fawns drinking at the mouth of the brook near the cove, and how the white deer were beloved above all others by the fairies, because they were so rare. That the fairy queen whom making a long journey always rode between the silken ears of a white doe and held fast by each hand as her fleet footed minion bounded through the forest and over the hills. Then the entranced Shadow Girl learned that the owls came out and kowseped all night because the sunlight hurt their eyes, but at the first sign of dawn in the east they would say to one another, "Oh, my how late it is growing! It is high time we respectable folks were home and abed, lest some spiteful person criticize our habits," and that they would fly away home and sleep all day.

Vivid as was his imagination it could scarcely keep pace with the demands put upon it by the divine curiosity of his little companion. She taxed to uttermost his knowledge of the habits of the creatures of the forest, but the romance and mysticism in his nature, allied to his quick sympathy with her moods, which were at times as elusive as the sunbeams on the waves or the shadows of the clouds on the forest floor, enabled him to conjure up around them a Northland Arcady and create a dream world of their own in the Island of Enchantment. And so the home of Eiland sounded throughout the golden summer days for the Dream Man and the Shadow Girl.

As the summer wore he fell more and more under the spell of the sorceress, who seemed less a creature of this earth than a tiny spirit from another world, so complex and intangible and yet so real, so pathetically alluring was her child nature. So the summer passed and the Shadow Girl learned to know the voices of the forest and the ways of their owners, and many a brood of partridge chicks and often a spotted fawn did her delighted eyes behold the friendly friend who was the common bond of imagination and sympathy between the child of seven and the youth of twenty, was formed which was to endure.

Other summers followed, filled with happy days in Arcady and wanderings into the forest. The little Red Gods, who were older than the children of men, and who grew older what delicious humor and fancy came to her! And what letters he wrote her, letters which none but a Shadow Girl could understand, and which the common bonds of imagination and sympathy between the child of seven and the youth of twenty, was formed which was to endure.

So the years came and went, and the Dream Man and the Shadow Girl, who were older than the children of men, and who grew older what delicious humor and fancy came to her! And what letters he wrote her, letters which none but a Shadow Girl could understand, and which the common bonds of imagination and sympathy between the child of seven and the youth of twenty, was formed which was to endure.

One bright morning in late August, as the sweet breeze from the balsam fringes, shone rippled a mountain lake and the purple ridges cut the sky in sharp outline, as is seen only in the clear air of the North, a brown boat in gray flannel shirt was making a canoe fly through the water with vigorous stroke of his paddle. Presently, as he neared a point of the shore thickly grown with birches, with a turn of the blade he stopped the headway of the canoe and as the slender craft slowly grounded he stretched his length and pulled impatiently at the birch elms in his teeth. He had hardly assumed this position when a rustling behind him letokened the presence of some creature moving in the brush. Sitting up the man looked in the direction of the sound, to see surveying him from a large birch two alluring brown eyes beneath a mass of chestnut hair, only to quickly disappear.

The pipe-tongue neglected as the man sprang from the canoe and rushed into the tangled brush toward the tree from which had peeped the eyes. As he went he saw the head of the girl, and then, and then stepped into view from her hiding place the lovely owner of the eyes and hair, who with a radiant smile approached him. "Dream Man," she cried, as she gave him her two hands, "Shadow Girl," he answered, as his eyes hungrily took her in, "or is it the Fairy Queen? Shadow Girl, can it be you?"

"Oh, yes, Dream Man," she laughed, with eyes glistening. "It is your little Shadow Girl, and a very, very glad one too! How excited I was as I came down the trail, fearing that I might be late, and then, with a sigh, 'I'm so happy to be back in Arcady!'"

He stood looking down at her with her hands still in his, too stirred to speak. As he gazed he saw that the Shadow Girl had grown into exquisite womanhood, and it was with a touch of sadness that he realized that his dear little playmate of old had gone, never to return, and in

her place had left, instead, that world's mystery—a woman.

"Well," she said at last, "why don't you say you are glad to see me? Haven't you stared at me long enough?"

"Glad to see you, Shadow Girl! Why, I have been dreaming of this moment ever since I received your letter in San Francisco. Glad to see you! It will take days to tell you how glad to see you I am, and what a beautiful Dream Lady the Shadow Girl has grown to be. My, almost a foot taller!" said he, in mock amazement, "and oh, such a grand lady with her hair up and long skirts! But come, the Little Red Gods are wide to see her, and we must not keep them waiting."

As they once again sought the Kingdom of Arcady she told him of her years of travel and study abroad, while he took her to the ends of the world in his travels as correspondent for a New York newspaper. Soon, far in the distance, they beheld, rising from the lake, the beckoning pines and feathered balm of the Island of Enchantment.

As she gazed, the shadow girl softly said, "Dream Man, you little know how much I owe the island and you. All these years abroad my thoughts have constantly wandered back to our Arcady. It was

as a child had charmed the youth with the witchery of her personality, her budding womanhood held the man enthralled. The affection he had given her in the earlier years of their friendship was akin to the loving care of an older brother, and until he had returned again to Arcady she had ever been to him the

western ridges. A squirrel at intervals ruffled the surface of the cove in quest of a belated fly, while from the far shore the discordant note of the loon broke the silence. Overhead the first morning less against the sky. The girl sat with chin in her hands gazing far down the lake, but her eyes did not see the beauty of the sun bathed hills.

Finally Wainwright began to speak. "Girle, dear," he said, "I brought you here today—our last day to tell you how hungry I have been all these long years for the Shadow Girl. I brought her here today to our last day of Dreams to tell her that life without her is going to be very, very hard for the Dream Man; that she has never been out of his life since she came into it so wonderfully as a child on that summer day years ago."

"I had hoped through this last day that he might have cared for the Dream Man and the Shadow Girl and the Dream Man were spending their last day on the island of Enchantment. Trouble was brewing on the other side of the world and the Dream Man had been ordered by his paper to the scene of action. They had wandered to the rock capped crest of the island, where was the shrine of the Little Red Gods. The girl was much depressed at the Dream Man's departure, and had been telling him for the first time of her plans for the future.

A nature so artistic had of necessity to find a mode of expression, and she had determined on the stage. The opposition of her family was finally, with difficulty, conquered and now she was to enter a dramatic school in New York on the following winter. It came like a blow to Wainwright, for she had refrained from mentioning the subject before. He advanced all the arguments against such a course which his love for her and the knowledge of the sacrifice which she would have to make prompted, but to no avail. She insisted that she must have her work. She could not become a success waster, and felt that the stage offered her the career for which she was best fitted.

During the happy days which they had just left behind Wainwright had refrained from showing the man's love which had now sprung into life for his little shadow friend of old. He felt that she knew. She must know. She who had always possessed such a sympathy and understanding must sense what was now in his heart. He had treated her as the same little playmate, and she had met his attitude with the quick comprehension of the Shadow Girl of old. But now, on the eve of his departure, he had brought her to his Enchanted Island with the avowed intention of telling her how necessary to his life she had become. He was going away, possibly never to return, and he could not say good-bye without voicing the emotion that had been throbbing in his veins all through their life.

He longed to take her in his arms—she whom he had carried as a child over the hills and through the stream of their kingdom—and tell her that together they must wander in Arcady forever; that it had been foreordained when first she had come into his life as a child she had found on the eve of his sudden departure to the ends of the earth she must know that the tender and protecting love that she had instilled in him as a child she had found to an overwhelming emotion as a woman. But when he saw how fixed was her purpose and how overpowering her ambition he knew that any appeal on personal grounds would be in vain. Unchecked, she had given him his answer.

The sun had begun to dip behind the western ridges. A squirrel at intervals ruffled the surface of the cove in quest of a belated fly, while from the far shore the discordant note of the loon broke the silence. Overhead the first morning less against the sky. The girl sat with chin in her hands gazing far down the lake, but her eyes did not see the beauty of the sun bathed hills.

Finally Wainwright began to speak. "Girle, dear," he said, "I brought you here today—our last day to tell you how hungry I have been all these long years for the Shadow Girl. I brought her here today to our last day of Dreams to tell her that life without her is going to be very, very hard for the Dream Man; that she has never been out of his life since she came into it so wonderfully as a child on that summer day years ago."

"I had hoped through this last day that he might have cared for the Dream Man and the Shadow Girl and the Dream Man were spending their last day on the island of Enchantment. Trouble was brewing on the other side of the world and the Dream Man had been ordered by his paper to the scene of action. They had wandered to the rock capped crest of the island, where was the shrine of the Little Red Gods. The girl was much depressed at the Dream Man's departure, and had been telling him for the first time of her plans for the future.

A nature so artistic had of necessity to find a mode of expression, and she had determined on the stage. The opposition of her family was finally, with difficulty, conquered and now she was to enter a dramatic school in New York on the following winter. It came like a blow to Wainwright, for she had refrained from mentioning the subject before. He advanced all the arguments against such a course which his love for her and the knowledge of the sacrifice which she would have to make prompted, but to no avail. She insisted that she must have her work. She could not become a success waster, and felt that the stage offered her the career for which she was best fitted.

During the happy days which they had just left behind Wainwright had refrained from showing the man's love which had now sprung into life for his little shadow friend of old. He felt that she knew. She must know. She who had always possessed such a sympathy and understanding must sense what was now in his heart. He had treated her as the same little playmate, and she had met his attitude with the quick comprehension of the Shadow Girl of old. But now, on the eve of his departure, he had brought her to his Enchanted Island with the avowed intention of telling her how necessary to his life she had become. He was going away, possibly never to return, and he could not say good-bye without voicing the emotion that had been throbbing in his veins all through their life.

He longed to take her in his arms—she whom he had carried as a child over the hills and through the stream of their kingdom—and tell her that together they must wander in Arcady forever; that it had been foreordained when first she had come into his life as a child she had found on the eve of his sudden departure to the ends of the earth she must know that the tender and protecting love that she had instilled in him as a child she had found to an overwhelming emotion as a woman. But when he saw how fixed was her purpose and how overpowering her ambition he knew that any appeal on personal grounds would be in vain. Unchecked, she had given him his answer.

The sun had begun to dip behind the western ridges. A squirrel at intervals ruffled the surface of the cove in quest of a belated fly, while from the far shore the discordant note of the loon broke the silence. Overhead the first morning less against the sky. The girl sat with chin in her hands gazing far down the lake, but her eyes did not see the beauty of the sun bathed hills.

Finally Wainwright began to speak. "Girle, dear," he said, "I brought you here today—our last day to tell you how hungry I have been all these long years for the Shadow Girl. I brought her here today to our last day of Dreams to tell her that life without her is going to be very, very hard for the Dream Man; that she has never been out of his life since she came into it so wonderfully as a child on that summer day years ago."

"I had hoped through this last day that he might have cared for the Dream Man and the Shadow Girl and the Dream Man were spending their last day on the island of Enchantment. Trouble was brewing on the other side of the world and the Dream Man had been ordered by his paper to the scene of action. They had wandered to the rock capped crest of the island, where was the shrine of the Little Red Gods. The girl was much depressed at the Dream Man's departure, and had been telling him for the first time of her plans for the future.

A nature so artistic had of necessity to find a mode of expression, and she had determined on the stage. The opposition of her family was finally, with difficulty, conquered and now she was to enter a dramatic school in New York on the following winter. It came like a blow to Wainwright, for she had refrained from mentioning the subject before. He advanced all the arguments against such a course which his love for her and the knowledge of the sacrifice which she would have to make prompted, but to no avail. She insisted that she must have her work. She could not become a success waster, and felt that the stage offered her the career for which she was best fitted.

During the happy days which they had just left behind Wainwright had refrained from showing the man's love which had now sprung into life for his little shadow friend of old. He felt that she knew. She must know. She who had always possessed such a sympathy and understanding must sense what was now in his heart. He had treated her as the same little playmate, and she had met his attitude with the quick comprehension of the Shadow Girl of old. But now, on the eve of his departure, he had brought her to his Enchanted Island with the avowed intention of telling her how necessary to his life she had become. He was going away, possibly never to return, and he could not say good-bye without voicing the emotion that had been throbbing in his veins all through their life.

He longed to take her in his arms—she whom he had carried as a child over the hills and through the stream of their kingdom—and tell her that together they must wander in Arcady forever; that it had been foreordained when first she had come into his life as a child she had found on the eve of his sudden departure to the ends of the earth she must know that the tender and protecting love that she had instilled in him as a child she had found to an overwhelming emotion as a woman. But when he saw how fixed was her purpose and how overpowering her ambition he knew that any appeal on personal grounds would be in vain. Unchecked, she had given him his answer.

as a child had charmed the youth with the witchery of her personality, her budding womanhood held the man enthralled. The affection he had given her in the earlier years of their friendship was akin to the loving care of an older brother, and until he had returned again to Arcady she had ever been to him the

western ridges. A squirrel at intervals ruffled the surface of the cove in quest of a belated fly, while from the far shore the discordant note of the loon broke the silence. Overhead the first morning less against the sky. The girl sat with chin in her hands gazing far down the lake, but her eyes did not see the beauty of the sun bathed hills.

Finally Wainwright began to speak. "Girle, dear," he said, "I brought you here today—our last day to tell you how hungry I have been all these long years for the Shadow Girl. I brought her here today to our last day of Dreams to tell her that life without her is going to be very, very hard for the Dream Man; that she has never been out of his life since she came into it so wonderfully as a child on that summer day years ago."

"I had hoped through this last day that he might have cared for the Dream Man and the Shadow Girl and the Dream Man were spending their last day on the island of Enchantment. Trouble was brewing on the other side of the world and the Dream Man had been ordered by his paper to the scene of action. They had wandered to the rock capped crest of the island, where was the shrine of the Little Red Gods. The girl was much depressed at the Dream Man's departure, and had been telling him for the first time of her plans for the future.

A nature so artistic had of necessity to find a mode of expression, and she had determined on the stage. The opposition of her family was finally, with difficulty, conquered and now she was to enter a dramatic school in New York on the following winter. It came like a blow to Wainwright, for she had refrained from mentioning the subject before. He advanced all the arguments against such a course which his love for her and the knowledge of the sacrifice which she would have to make prompted, but to no avail. She insisted that she must have her work. She could not become a success waster, and felt that the stage offered her the career for which she was best fitted.

During the happy days which they had just left behind Wainwright had refrained from showing the man's love which had now sprung into life for his little shadow friend of old. He felt that she knew. She must know. She who had always possessed such a sympathy and understanding must sense what was now in his heart. He had treated her as the same little playmate, and she had met his attitude with the quick comprehension of the Shadow Girl of old. But now, on the eve of his departure, he had brought her to his Enchanted Island with the avowed intention of telling her how necessary to his life she had become. He was going away, possibly never to return, and he could not say good-bye without voicing the emotion that had been throbbing in his veins all through their life.

He longed to take her in his arms—she whom he had carried as a child over the hills and through the stream of their kingdom—and tell her that together they must wander in Arcady forever; that it had been foreordained when first she had come into his life as a child she had found on the eve of his sudden departure to the ends of the earth she must know that the tender and protecting love that she had instilled in him as a child she had found to an overwhelming emotion as a woman. But when he saw how fixed was her purpose and how overpowering her ambition he knew that any appeal on personal grounds would be in vain. Unchecked, she had given him his answer.

The sun had begun to dip behind the western ridges. A squirrel at intervals ruffled the surface of the cove in quest of a belated fly, while from the far shore the discordant note of the loon broke the silence. Overhead the first morning less against the sky. The girl sat with chin in her hands gazing far down the lake, but her eyes did not see the beauty of the sun bathed hills.

Finally Wainwright began to speak. "Girle, dear," he said, "I brought you here today—our last day to tell you how hungry I have been all these long years for the Shadow Girl. I brought her here today to our last day of Dreams to tell her that life without her is going to be very, very hard for the Dream Man; that she has never been out of his life since she came into it so wonderfully as a child on that summer day years ago."

"I had hoped through this last day that he might have cared for the Dream Man and the Shadow Girl and the Dream Man were spending their last day on the island of Enchantment. Trouble was brewing on the other side of the world and the Dream Man had been ordered by his paper to the scene of action. They had wandered to the rock capped crest of the island, where was the shrine of the Little Red Gods. The girl was much depressed at the Dream Man's departure, and had been telling him for the first time of her plans for the future.

A nature so artistic had of necessity to find a mode of expression, and she had determined on the stage. The opposition of her family was finally, with difficulty, conquered and now she was to enter a dramatic school in New York on the following winter. It came like a blow to Wainwright, for she had refrained from mentioning the subject before. He advanced all the arguments against such a course which his love for her and the knowledge of the sacrifice which she would have to make prompted, but to no avail. She insisted that she must have her work. She could not become a success waster, and felt that the stage offered her the career for which she was best fitted.

During the happy days which they had just left behind Wainwright had refrained from showing the man's love which had now sprung into life for his little shadow friend of old. He felt that she knew. She must know. She who had always possessed such a sympathy and understanding must sense what was now in his heart. He had treated her as the same little playmate, and she had met his attitude with the quick comprehension of the Shadow Girl of old. But now, on the eve of his departure, he had brought her to his Enchanted Island with the avowed intention of telling her how necessary to his life she had become. He was going away, possibly never to return, and he could not say good-bye without voicing the emotion that had been throbbing in his veins all through their life.

He longed to take her in his arms—she whom he had carried as a child over the hills and through the stream of their kingdom—and tell her that together they must wander in Arcady forever; that it had been foreordained when first she had come into his life as a child she had found on the eve of his sudden departure to the ends of the earth she must know that the tender and protecting love that she had instilled in him as a child she had found to an overwhelming emotion as a woman. But when he saw how fixed was her purpose and how overpowering her ambition he knew that any appeal on personal grounds would be in vain. Unchecked, she had given him his answer.

The sun had begun to dip behind the western ridges. A squirrel at intervals ruffled the surface of the cove in quest of a belated fly, while from the far shore the discordant note of the loon broke the silence. Overhead the first morning less against the sky. The girl sat with chin in her hands gazing far down the lake, but her eyes did not see the beauty of the sun bathed hills.

Finally Wainwright began to speak. "Girle, dear," he said, "I brought you here today—our last day to tell you how hungry I have been all these long years for the Shadow Girl. I brought her here today to our last day of Dreams to tell her that life without her is going to be very, very hard for the Dream Man; that she has never been out of his life since she came into it so wonderfully as a child on that summer day years ago."

"I had hoped through this last day that he might have cared for the Dream Man and the Shadow Girl and the Dream Man were spending their last day on the island of Enchantment. Trouble was brewing on the other side of the world and the Dream Man had been ordered by his paper to the scene of action. They had wandered to the rock capped crest of the island, where was the shrine of the Little Red Gods. The girl was much depressed at the Dream Man's departure, and had been telling him for the first time of her plans for the future.

A nature so artistic had of necessity to find a mode of expression, and she had determined on the stage. The opposition of her family was finally, with difficulty, conquered and now she was to enter a dramatic school in New York on the following winter. It came like a blow to Wainwright, for she had refrained from mentioning the subject before. He advanced all the arguments against such a course which his love for her and the knowledge of the sacrifice which she would have to make prompted, but to no avail. She insisted that she must have her work. She could not become a success waster, and felt that the stage offered her the career for which she was best fitted.

During the happy days which they had just left behind Wainwright had refrained from showing the man's love which had now sprung into life for his little shadow friend of old. He felt that she knew. She must know. She who had always possessed such a sympathy and understanding must sense what was now in his heart. He had treated her as the same little playmate, and she had met his attitude with the quick comprehension of the Shadow Girl of old. But now, on the eve of his departure, he had brought her to his Enchanted Island with the avowed intention of telling her how necessary to his life she had become. He was going away, possibly never to return, and he could not say good-bye without voicing the emotion that had been throbbing in his veins all through their life.

He longed to take her in his arms—she whom he had carried as a child over the hills and through the stream of their kingdom—and tell her that together they must wander in Arcady forever; that it had been foreordained when first she had come into his life as a child she had found on the eve of his sudden departure to the ends of the earth she must know that the tender and protecting love that she had instilled in him as a child she had found to an overwhelming emotion as a woman. But when he saw how fixed was her purpose and how overpowering her ambition he knew that any appeal on personal grounds would be in vain. Unchecked, she had given him his answer.

The sun had begun to dip behind the western ridges. A squirrel at intervals ruffled the surface of the cove in quest of a belated fly, while from the far shore the discordant note of the loon broke the silence. Overhead the first morning less against the sky. The girl sat with chin in her hands gazing far down the lake, but her eyes did not see the beauty of the sun bathed hills.

Finally Wainwright began to speak. "Girle, dear," he said, "I brought you here today—our last day to tell you how hungry I have been all these long years for the Shadow Girl. I brought her here today to our last day of Dreams to tell her that life without her is going to be very, very hard for the Dream Man; that she has never been out of his life since she came into it so wonderfully as a child on that summer day years ago."

"I had hoped through this last day that he might have cared for the Dream Man and the Shadow Girl and the Dream Man were spending their last day on the island of Enchantment. Trouble was brewing on the other side of the world and the Dream Man had been ordered by his paper to the scene of action. They had wandered to the rock capped crest of the island, where was the shrine of the Little Red Gods. The girl was much depressed at the Dream Man's departure, and had been telling him for the first time of her plans for the future.

A nature so artistic had of necessity to find a mode of expression, and she had determined on the stage. The opposition of her family was finally, with difficulty, conquered and now she was to enter a dramatic school in New York on the following winter. It came like a blow to Wainwright, for she had refrained from mentioning the subject before. He advanced all the arguments against such a course which his love for her and the knowledge of the sacrifice which she would have to make prompted, but to no avail. She insisted that she must have her work. She could not become a success waster, and felt that the stage offered her the career for which she was best fitted.

During the happy days which they had just left behind Wainwright had refrained from showing the man's love which had now sprung into life for his little shadow friend of old. He felt that she knew. She must know. She who had always possessed such a sympathy and understanding must sense what was now in his heart. He had treated her as the same little playmate, and she had met his attitude with the quick comprehension of the Shadow Girl of old. But now, on the eve of his departure, he had brought her to his Enchanted Island with the avowed intention of telling her how necessary to his life she had become. He was going away, possibly never to return, and he could not say good-bye without voicing the emotion that had been throbbing in his veins all through their life.

He longed to take her in his arms—she whom he had carried as a child over the hills and through the stream of their kingdom—and tell her that together they must wander in Arcady forever; that it had been foreordained when first she had come into his life as a child she had found on the eve of his sudden departure to the ends of the earth she must know that the tender and protecting love that she had instilled in him as a child she had found to an overwhelming emotion as a woman. But when he saw how fixed was her purpose and how overpowering her ambition he knew that any appeal on personal grounds would be in vain. Unchecked, she had given him his answer.

as a child had charmed the youth with the witchery of her personality, her budding womanhood held the man enthralled. The affection he had given her in the earlier years of their friendship was akin to the loving care of an older brother, and until he had returned again to Arcady she had ever been to him the

western ridges. A squirrel at intervals ruffled the surface of the cove in quest of a belated fly, while from the far shore the discordant note of the loon broke the silence. Overhead the first morning less against the sky. The girl sat with chin in her hands gazing far down the lake, but her eyes did not see the beauty of the sun bathed hills.

Finally Wainwright began to speak. "Girle, dear," he said, "I brought you here today—our last day to tell you how hungry I have been all these long years for the Shadow Girl. I brought her here today to our last day of Dreams to tell her that life without her is going to be very, very hard for the Dream Man; that she has never been out of his life since she came into it so wonderfully as a child on that summer day years ago."

"I had hoped through this last day that he might have cared for the Dream Man and the Shadow Girl and the Dream Man were spending their last day on the island of Enchantment. Trouble was brewing on the other side of the world and the Dream Man had been ordered by his paper to the scene of action. They had wandered to the rock capped crest of the island, where was the shrine of the Little Red Gods. The girl was much depressed at the Dream Man's departure, and had been telling him for the first time of her plans for the future.

A nature so artistic had of necessity to find a mode of expression, and she had determined on the stage. The opposition of her family was finally, with difficulty, conquered and now she was to enter a dramatic school in New York on the following winter. It came like a blow to Wainwright, for she had refrained from mentioning the subject before. He advanced all the arguments against such a course which his love for her and the knowledge of the sacrifice which she would have to make prompted, but to no avail. She insisted that she must have her work. She could not become a success waster, and felt that the stage offered her the career for which she was best fitted.

During the happy days which they had just left behind Wainwright had refrained from showing the man's love which had now sprung into life for his little shadow friend of old. He felt that she knew. She must know. She who had always possessed such a sympathy and understanding must sense what was now in his heart. He had treated her as the same little playmate, and she had met his attitude with the quick comprehension of the Shadow Girl of old. But now, on the eve of his departure, he had brought her to his Enchanted Island with the avowed intention of telling her how necessary to his life she had become. He was going away, possibly never to return, and he could not say good-bye without voicing the emotion that had been throbbing in his veins all through their life.

He longed to take her in his arms—she whom he had carried as a child over the hills and through the stream of their kingdom—and tell her that together they must wander in Arcady forever; that it had been foreordained when first she had come into his life as a child she had found on the eve of his sudden departure to the ends of the earth she must know that the tender and protecting love that she had instilled in him as a child she had found to an overwhelming emotion as a woman. But when he saw how fixed was her purpose and how overpowering her ambition he knew that any appeal on personal grounds would be in vain. Unchecked, she had given him his answer.

The sun had begun to dip behind the western ridges. A squirrel at intervals ruffled the surface of the cove in quest of a belated fly, while from the far shore the discordant note of the loon broke the silence. Overhead the first morning less against the sky. The girl sat with chin in her