

NELL LATORE

REBEL ? . . . I grant you,—my comrades then
Were called Old Pascal Dubois' Men :
Half-breeds all of us . . . I, a scamp,
The best long-shot in the Touchwood Camp ;
Muscle and nerve like strings of steel,
Sound in the game of bit and heel—
There's your guide-book. . . . But, Jeanne Amray,
Telegraph-clerk at Sturgeon Bay,
French and thoroughbred, proud and sweet,
Sunshine down to her glancing feet,
Sang one song 'neath the northern moon
That changed God's world to a tropic noon ;
And Love burned up on its golden floor
Years of passion for Nell Latore ;
Nell Latore with her tawny hair,
Glowing eyes and her tigress air ;
Lithe as an alder, straight and tall—
Pride and terror of Rise-and-Fall !