

Out of all shape, and lost in a grizzled-red tangle of eyebrow
 Beard and hair matted together—the eye flashing out of the tangle,
 Like the eyes of the grizzly bear in the dark, whom the Indian hunter
 Braves in his den for the necklace of claws—his Order of Valour.

And see two hollow-cheeked women, one aged ere old, and the other
 Shrank to a shadow of youth, like a seedling drawn up by the sunlight,
 Trembling with hunger and terror and cold, and pale as a victim
 Waked in a burning garret to find the last stairway has fallen,
 But Dorothy, Dorothy living!

A shriek of You—She is lying
 Still and dead in his arms. Ah! Lester, undaunted hero
 Of a hundred hand-to-hand fights, hast thou courage for this? O Courage,
 Strange thy caprices! the man, who trembled in doubt, when the answer,
 Coming not, held him in doubt, when he holds her dead, is as steady
 As though he were fighting his ship. "Quick, brandy!" he cries, and unloosens
 The strain on her throat, and refuses the snow, which kind hands offer swiftly
 To thrust down her back for the shock.

"Nay, bring the chain from the waggon
 The chain is cold as the snow, and wets not."

The freezing iron
 Burning the warmth of her spine, the scorch in her throat from the brandy
 Open the faint blue eyes—she lives, thank Heaven! and tenders
 Feeble hands to her lover. Meanwhile her father and mother