

liquid tenderness. Her high, bold brow might have become a crown—certainly it was regal in its pride and scorn. Her mouth, which was the only voluptuous feature in her face, was small, with full, ripe, red lips, rivaling in bloom the deep crimson of her dark cheeks.

Her dress was like herself—odd and picturesque, consisting of a short skirt of black silk, a bodice of crimson velvet, with gilt buttons. She held in one hand a black velvet hat, with a long, sweeping plume, swinging it gayly by the strings as she came toward them.

She was a strange, wild-looking creature, altogether; yet what would first strike an observer was her queenly air of pride, her lofty hauteur, her almost unendurable arrogance. For her unbending pride, as well as her surprising beauty, the haughty little lady had obtained, even in childhood, the title of "Queen of the Isle." And queenly she looked, with her noble brow, her flashing, glorious eyes, her dainty, curving lips, her graceful, statuesque form—in every sense of the word "a queen of noble Nature's crowning."

And Willard Drummond, passionate admirer of beauty as he was, what thought he of this dazzling creature? He leaned negligently still against the taffrail, with his eyes fixed on her sparkling, sunbright face, noting every look and gesture as one might gaze on some strange, beautiful creation, half in fear, half in love, but wholly in admiration. Yes, he loved her, or thought he did; and gazing with him on the moonlit waves, when the solemn stars shone serenely above him, he had told her so, and she had believed him. And she, wild, untutored child of nature, who can tell the deep devotion, the intense passion, the fiery, all-absorbing love for him that filled her impulsive young heart?

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