

man moans, the butchers gang at Pribyloff has done its work.

That peaceful Russian trader Gortsky had been avenged, and the winds of Alaska wailed by with one more moan in them, while the pale sun peered through the fog at the Agents of the Great Civilizer, as they rewarded themselves for their morning's work from the store of sea otters' skins which Shakmut's tribe had gathered. Well, there

was little more reason why the Sitkans should have slain the sea otters, than why the Cossack creoles should have slain the Sitkans.

Beasts who would save their hides should be strong enough to do so. At least Yaksheem Anaderski's ruse had been rewarded, and thanks to it the new-comer, Maxim Stroganoff, had been duly blooded.

(To be Continued)

Lady Mine.

Blanche E. Holt Murison.

Lo! I bring a votive flower,

Lady mine!

To adorn your trellised bower,

Lady mine!

And the fragrance it encloses,

Is the perfume of the roses,

And the breath of the eglantine.

Won't you take my votive flower?

Lady mine!

To your fair encloistered bower,

Lady mine!

'Twas in Arcady I sought it,

'Twas from Arcady I brought it,

And I lay it at your shrine,

Lady mine!

I am waiting, I am waiting,

Lady mine!

For your sweet capitulating,

Lady mine!

Birds are wooing in their covers,

All the world is full of lovers,

Won't you be my Valentine?

Lady mine!