

the haughty daughter of a haughty race, stood bright, dazzling and smiling before them.

No one ever looked once in the face of Sybil Campbell without turning to gaze again. Peerlessly beautiful as she was, it was not her beauty that would startle you, but the look of wild power, of intense daring, of fierce passions, of unyielding energy, of a will powerful for love or hate, of a nature loving, passionate, fiery, impulsive and daring, yet gentle, winning and soft.

She might have been seventeen years of age—certainly not more. In stature she was tall, and with a form regally beautiful, splendidly developed, with a haughty grace peculiarly her own. Her face was perfectly oval; her complexion, naturally olive, had been tanned by sun and wind to a rich, clear, gipsyish darkness. Her hair, that hung in a profusion of long curls, was of jetty blackness, now flashing with sparks of light, and anon swimming in 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 gaily 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 for her surpassing 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 natures 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, sun-bright face, noting every look and gesture as one might gaze on some strange, beautiful mind, half in fear, half in love, but wholly in admira-