

STILLMAN GOTT

CHAPTER ONE

IT was a warm day in the early part of June, that beautiful time of the year before the heat of the summer had seared the vegetation to a dry brown and the grasshopper had begun to be a burden; all nature was fully awake after the quiet, restful sleep of winter. The long slope extending from the road down to the shore of the bay was clothed in the bright, vivid green of the new grass, with patches of dark brown scattered here and there where the land had been ploughed and sown.

Across the deep water of Dark Mountain bay rose the steep sides of Sheep island, with the gray granite ledges locking out from among the dark green spruces, and here and there a pine standing lone and tall like a giant among pig-