

## FORLORN ADVENTURERS

play in the sun-hot heather yonder, are the last of its children. In their blood runs, unknown to them, a fierce strain of love and hate; in their innocent hearts lurk unsuspected ardours. Many strands of the complicated tissue of their fate have already been drawn across the loom—by tradition and inheritance. The weaving of the web, its colour and design, lies still in their own unconscious hands.