

He wore no hat, and as she looked upon him, — with his yellow hair, his length of limb, and his massive shoulders, he might have been some fierce Viking, and she, his captive, taken by strength of arm — borne away by force. — By force!

And, hereupon, as the car hummed over the smooth road, it seemed to find a voice, — a subtle, mocking voice, very like the voice of the brook, — that murmured to her over and over again:

“By force ye shall be wooed, and by force ye shall be wed.”

The very trees whispered it as they passed, and her heart throbbed in time to it:

“By force ye shall be wooed, and by force ye shall be wed!” So, she leaned as far from him as she might, watching him with frightened eyes while he frowned ever upon the road in front, and the car rocked, and swayed with their going, as they whirled onward through moonlight and through shadow, faster, and faster, — yet not so fast as the beating of her heart wherein was fear, and shame, and anger, and — another feeling, but greatest of all now, was fear. Could this be the placid, soft-spoken gentleman she had known, — this man, with the implacable eyes, and the brutal jaw, who