

Truth, truth only, should stand and say,
'He never wronged me, Jeanne Amray!''
Then, for a moment, standing there,
Hushed and cold as a dead man's prayer,
Nell Latore, with the woman now,
Scorching the past from her eyes and brow—
"Trust me," she said, like an angel-call,
"Tell me his danger, tell me all."

Quick resolve to a quick-told tale—
Nell Latore, to the glistening rail
Fled, and on it a hand-car drew,
Seized the handles, and backward threw
One swift, farewell look, and said,
"You shall have him, alive not dead!"
Ah, well for her that her arms were strong,
And cord and nerve like a knotted thong;
And well for Jeanne in her sharp distress,
That Nell was racing the fast express.
Her whole life bent to this one deed,
And, like a soul from its prison freed,
Rising, dilating, reached across
Hills of conquest from plains of loss.
Gorges echoed as she passed by,
Wild fowl rose with a plaintive cry;

O
"
O
St
T
St
"
"
T
H
F
Sl
R
Sa
W
H
K
Th

Sl
W
Ga
Ov
Lo
Or