

River. There in her girlhood, summer after summer, enchanted by the ever-varying beauties which surrounded her, she had paddled like a fairy queen; yet, like a goddess from the Sagas of the Northland, she was unconscious of their influence upon her.

Two years had passed by since she, a maid in her teens, came to the Bradley School in the little city; and the chaos of the new life, cramped within walls that were to be both school and home, lived in her memory ever afterwards. Still her inherent candor, and the primitive charm of her manner, had won the hearts of her teachers; and the stripling maiden, who could swim like a mermaid, and run through the island woods like a deer, learned to be content in her school life and to love those who taught her.

During these long years, however, she had not once returned to her island home. Now, the suspense was to be broken, the school days were over, and the home journey at hand. It was from her father that the message came; but while pleasant to think of, it was a surprise, for the prospective three years at College were suddenly and unaccountably cut down to two, and this was to be the end.

A strange unrest, Marie had often understood, was beginning to be felt among the people; disturbing rumors were in the air; and although her father in his letter did not refer to the subject, Marie believed that this had much to do with her sudden recall.

"I intend to keep both of you until the