

*THE SHEPHERD OF THE SEA* 303

"There is a *great* charm in this. Thee couldst not help loving me."

She fingered the fringe and drew forth a tiny blue feather which had been gathered within the threads.

"How did that come there?" he asked.

"'Tis a wonderful love charm. 'Tis the topknot of a blue-jay. I got it on the Siberian shore. I put it there so that thee wouldst always think of me."

He laughed boyishly. "I thought you had given up your belief in thunder-birds and witchcraft and tokens?"

"I have, but the feather of a blue-jay is a potent thing when it is given by a maid to a man."

THE END