

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows."

She broke off suddenly, sprang up, and commenced winding the line upon her pole. Then Saville saw that, though very young seemingly, she was taller and more fully developed than he had supposed. At first glance she had appeared to be little more than a child, but as she stood erect, he saw that she was somewhat above medium height and straight as an arrow.

He was most eager to see her face, thinking that it might help to solve the mystery, but she perversely kept it from him as she leisurely wound up her line, in the mean time chattering to herself in a voice so flexible and natural that it seemed to mirror every passing thought. Now, in mimic anger she cried, "Out upon you, fishes, great and small—whales, leviathans, and minnows! 'Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? Canst thou put a hook into his nose?' No, I can't; nor in the nose of a single perch, white or yellow. Did I not whisper when I first came, 'Come home with me to supper?' Scaly, unmannerly knaves, out upon you; I'll none of you."

Then, with instant change to comic pathos, she continued, "'Alas, 'tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true.' I'll none of you—when I wanted a dozen."

Suddenly, with a motion as quick as a bird on its spray, she turned, and appeared to look directly at Saville. He was so startled that he almost discovered himself, but was reassured by noticing that she