

woman had a fine voice once. Yes sir, it was a good yun before she wilted at the top. Guess she's hunting Miss Marie."

"Miss Marie is in the shanties with the men," said old Andrew. "Our lady couldn't be found anywhere last night; but she was down among the fellows dressing their wounds by daylight."

For a gallant handsome blade,  
And a winsome merry maid,  
Would make a happy couple, one would say;  
And when they are apart,  
Each with a loving heart  
Is waiting for the other all the day.

Yet if they are together,  
The furies and the weather  
Will not let them even have a lark;  
So joy is turned to grief,  
From which there's no relief,  
Till Stuart meets his maiden in the dark.

"What the mischief does she mean?" said old Andrew, in a suppressed tone. "They say she always means something, but there's no maid on the island would fit that rhyme."

"Who said there was?" cried Madge, whose quick ear caught his words. "It takes an imp to catch a shadow."

"What's your business, Madge?"

"I'll tell you in a riddle."

Then the men gathered round her.

"If two horses run two races, and each one one wins and each one loses, which is the best nag?"

"The one that can nag the longest."