

torture to dwell upon; and keeping his boat close to the land, that it might be hidden, and that he could spring ashore the moment he wished, he pursued his way with a pleasant change in a face naturally frank and prepossessing.

As he approached the extreme point where now the light-house stands, the notes became clear and distinct. But he could distinguish neither air nor words. Indeed, at his distance, the melody seemed improvised, capricious, the utterances of a voice peculiarly sweet but untrained.

It soon became evident that the songstress was on the south side of the rocky point, on which grew clumps of low cedar. Standing with an oar in the bow of his boat, and causing it to touch the shore so gently that the keel did not even grate upon the rock, he sprang lightly to land, and secured his vessel. He next stole crouchingly up behind a low, wide-spreading cedar, from whence he could see over the ridge.

It was a strange and unexpected vision that greeted him. He naturally supposed that some woodman's or farmer's daughter had come down to the bank, or that a party of pleasure had stopped there for a time. But he saw a creature whom he could in no way account for.

Reclining with her back toward him on a little grassy plot just above a rock that shelved down to the water, was a young girl dressed in harmony with her sylvan surroundings. Her attire was as simple as it was strange, consisting of an embroidered tunic of finely-dressed fawn-skin,