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TT WAS late afternoon early in Sep-IT WAS late afternoon early in Sep-tember. The day had been wonderful. Over the baid crown above Druidsdale the sun came s'anting across the Irish Sea from a crimsoning sky beyond the purple crests of the Morne Mountains. Stowell and Gell had been camping out for two days in the Manx hills, and. parting at a junction of paths, Gell had gone down toward Douglas while Stowell had dropped into the cool dark depths of the glen that led homeward.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

consequences that makes him the man to sit in sentence on the woman, icho is tried for their mutual transgression, as a voluntary scapegoat to save her good name from the results of a girlish escapade. Bessie Collister, a peasant girl, is crude but good-looking in a coarse-grained way. Little does Stowell think, when he takes the blame of walking out with her outside school hours and school bounds to save her from her brutal stepfather and to save his chum, who has

really been guilty, from punishment, that Bessie's erring, which starts so young.

is to affect directly his own happiness and his future great love for beautiful and great-hearted Fenella Stanley. The principal of the school asks the boy who had been guilty of this breach of discipline and maybe of morals to rise and confess. Protecting his friend, Alick Gell, Victor is unjustly struck by the principal, who,

Why of escape room it. When all was done and he had helped her up (how his fingers tingled!) and they stood side by side for the first time (she was less than half a head shorter than himself and her eyes, seemed almost on the level of his own) and they were ready to go, he suddenly remembered that they were on the wrong side for the road. So if she hadn't to take off her boots and stockings and wade through the water again. to relse walk half a mile down the glen to the bridge, he would have to carry her across the river. Without more ado she let him do it —picking her up in his quivering arms and striding through the water in his long boots. Victor was as brown as a berry. He was wearing long, thick-soled yellow boots, almost up to his knees, with his trousers tucked into them, a loose yellow shirt, rolled up to the elbows of his strong round arms, no waistcoat, his Norfolk jocket thrown over his left shoulder, and a knapsack strapped on

With long, plunging strides he was coming down the glen, singing some-times in a voice that was partly drowned by the louder water where it dipped into a dub, when, toward the Curragh end of it, on the "brough" side of the river, he came upon a startling vision

vision. It was a girl. She was about seven-teen years of age. bareheaded and bare-footed, and standing ankle-deep in the water. Her lips, and a little of the mouth at either side, were stained blue with blackberries—she had clearly been picking them and had taken off shoes and stockings to get at a laden bush.

was splendidly tall, and had bronze brown hair, with a glint of gold when the sun shone on it. The sold when the sun shone on it. The sun was shining on it now, through a gap in the thinning trees that over-He was in a dark blue jacket suit. gap in the thinning trees that over-

A gentleman of gypsy habits, ro when Janet (I mean Miss Curphey) mentioned at tea that you were likely to come down the glen about sunset in tioned at tea that you were coming to meet in the said.
 She laughed again, having said more than she had intended and finding no way of escape from it.
 When all was done and he had helped her up (how his fingers tingled!) and they stood side by side for the first they stood side by side for the first they would have to be made afresh.
 All the old laws, so far as they concerning and they stood side by side for the first they would have to be made afresh.
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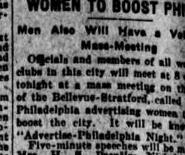
and all the old tales about men and women (and which of them were not?) would have to be retold. "The laws made afresh, you say?" "Yes, and some of the judges, too, perhaps."

"And all the old tales retold?"

She said she would love to, and, slip-ping indoors to make ready, she came back in a moment with a silk handker-chief about her head, which made her face intoxicating to the boy who was waiting for it, and feeling for the first time the thrilling, quivering call of body and soul that is the secret of the con-tinued race. So off they went together with a rhythmic stride, down the sandy road to the shore—he bareheaded and she in her white dress and the satin slippers in which her footsteps made no noise. The ruined church was on a lonesome spot on the edge of the sea, with the "Every one of them, and then they will be new ones, because woman will have a new and far worthler place in

and striding through the water in his long boots. Then being dropped to her feet she laughed again; and he laughed, and they went on laughing, all the way down the glen road, and through the watery lanes of the Curragh, where the sally bushes were singing loud in the breeze from the sea-but not so loud as the hearts of this pair of children. That night, after dinner, leaving the Deemster and the Governor at the table, discussing insular subjects (a constitutional change which was then being mooted). Victor took Fenella out onto the piazza (his mother had called it so), the uncovered wooden terrace

RESAUCE





discovering the truth later, remorsefully writes to the Deemster to take his son home or he himself for shame must resign his principalship. The Deemster brings his boy home and gives him character, despite the seeming expulsion from school, by taking him to visit all his important friends. Bessie, sent home too, is threatened by Dan Baldromma, her stepfather, and divulges that she had been out not with Victor, but with Alick, whose father, the Speaker of the Mans Parliament, is Dan's landlord. Alick comes sneaking home too and confesses the Fariament, is Dan's landlord. Alick comes sneaking home too and confesses the truth to his choleric, hard father. Both Victor and Alick are kept at home duties, which mainly consist of having a good time and getting into boyish scrapes. Fenella Stanley goes to college in England.



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hung the glen, and with the leaves pat- not yet having po tering over her head, and the river run-but she was in a gauzy light dress ing at her feet, it was almost as if with her spare hand she was holding in bewitching ringlets. up her dress, which was partly of lace-

with her spare hand she was holding up her dress, which was partly of lace— and when a breeze, which was blowing from the sea, lapped it about her body there was a hint of the white, round, beautiful form beneath. Her eyes were dark and brilliantly full, and her face was magnificently intel'ectual, so clear-cut and clean. And yet she was so feminine, so womanly, such a girl! She must have heard Stowell's footdark and brilliantly full, and her face was magnificently intellectual, so clear-cut and clean. And yet she was so feminine, so womanly, such a girl! She must have heard Stowell's foot-steps, and perhaps his singing as he approached, for she turned to look up at him—calmly, rather seriously, a little anxiously, but without the slightest confusion. And he looked at her, paus-ing to do so, without being quite aware of it, and feeling for one brief moment as if wind and water had suddenly stop-ped and the world stood still. There was a moment of silence, in

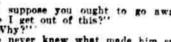
as if the night were dreaming of the departed day. They had not yet recovered from their experience in the glen, and, sit-ting out there in the moonlight (for the moon had just sailed through a rack of cloud), they were still speaking in-voluntarily, and then laughing nervous-ly at nothing—nothing but that tingling sense of sex which made them afraid of each other, that mysterious call of man to maid which, when it first comes. There was a moment of silence, in which he felt a certain chill, and she man to maid which, when it first comes, is as pure as an angel's whisper. "What a wonderful day it has been,

essed evening wear.

a certain warmth, and both a certain a certain warmth, and both a certain dryness at the throat. The girl was the first to recover self-control. Her face sweetened to a smile, and then, in a voice that was a little husky, and yet sounded to him like music, she said, as if she had asked and answered an assisting constitution for hemoly. "What a wonderful day it has been," she said. "The most wonderful day I have ever known," he answered. "And what a wonderful home you have here," she said. "Haven't we?" he replied. And then he told her that over there in the dark

said, as if she had assed and an an earlier question for herself: "But, of course, you don't know who her that over there Scotland, and over there Scotland, and over there England, and straight and over there England, and straight and over there England, and the North Pole. I am, do you?" He did. Although she was so utterly unlike what he had expected (what he had told himself he expected) he ahead was Norway and the North Pole. That caught them up into the zone of great things, the eternities, the vast darkness out of which the generations

unlike what he had expected (what he had told himself he expected) he had told himself he expected) he knew—she was Fenella Stanley.
As often as he thought of it afterwards he could never be quite surewards he had said to her in those first it must have been by his vivid memory of what she had said in reply.
She watched him, womanlike, for a moment longer, to see what impression she had made upon him, now that she had made upon her. Then she glanced down at her bare feet, that looked yellow on the pebbles in the running water, and then bare shoes and stockings, which, with her parasol, lay on the bank, and said:
"I suppose you ought to go away while I get out of this?"
"Why?"
He never knew what made him say that, but she glanced up at him again, with the answering sunshine of another smile, and said:
"Well, you needn't, if you don't want to."
After that she stepped out of the speceed out of the speceee



After that she stepped out of the river, and sat on the grass to dry her freet and pull on her stockings. As she did so, and he stood watching, forget-ting (such was the spell of things) to turn his eyes away, she shot another look up at him, and said: "I remember that the heat time did so, and he stood watching, forget ing (such was the spell of things) to turn his eyes away, she shot another.
"I remember that the last time I was in these parts you ordered me off, sit."
"And the last time I was at Goy, ermment House you turned me out of the tennis court." he answered.
The laughed. He laughed. They both trensheled. But by the time she put or hisk knees to the her shoes he was feeling braver, so howent down on his knees to the tennas.
Tt was a frightening ordeal, but her shoes new was feeling braver, so howent down on hisk knees to the her shoes he was feeling braver, so howent down on his knees to the tence.
Tt was a frightening ordeal, but her stransment, while the lacing was onign on, they came to certain explanding or deal of the Bible itself is very wicked toward women at the two due of fulfil his promise to visit Ballat mane and stay the night if convenient.
"Of course you were not there when we came," she said, "being, if seems,"





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