

A. FACE.

Hast thou eaten of pomegranates that thine eyes hold the look of one who ever faintly sighs...

A WITCH BEWITCHED.

A water lily fell at Mona's bare feet. She knew quite well what it meant. She knew whose boat was coming around the bend in the river...

up the green sward and over the stile. He forgot about the fishing expedition he had planned. He leaned back in the boat and fell to thinking...

tell and heard the news. A big bite I lost, too, for which ye called so fast I didn't bide to finish. "Well, ain't ye glad now, Gerald, for me to tell you?"

"Holy mother," she began, whispering, and could get no further. "She will not help me now; I am too bad, too bad at all."

He drew it around her neck, the ends close up under her chin, until she looked at him, shyly, under lowered happy lashes. "Ah, Gerald, 'tis too beautiful!"