

had no wish to resist, Stanley arose to of which his wildest fancy had never conceived.

ing on the sun-lit waves of the Willamette, he saw a fairy-like boat, toward the voice at his side. "That is my realm, which he felt himself being drawn by over which I reign supreme. It is the that irresistible hand. He was dimly fair land of rest, so named by me, in token of the one law by which it is governed—the law of enforced idleness. Fair sir, ere you set foot on those shining sands, tell me, are you prepared to relinquish forever, all the purposes and ambitions of your life? Will you, henceforth and forever, let your brain sleep, and your hand attempt no task but that of caressing the fair objects of your love? Reflect before you reply; for when once your feet have pressed my shores, regrets and backward glances will be in vain. You prayed for rest, eternal rest, at my hands. I have heard and granted your prayer—are you content?"

For one instant, Stanley hesitated, as a small, dark face and tender eyes flitted before his mental vision, while, afar, a pleading voice seemed saying: "What is life without a battle?" Then, with an impatient ejaculation, he turned from the pleading vision.

"Let me have rest, and I care for naught else," he said; and even as he spoke, the keel of the boat grated softly on the glittering sands of the magical island. He felt the soft fingers closing firmly about his own, and heard the low, melodious tones saying—

"Now you are mine for ever more; open your eyes and look upon me."

With a start, he turned, and beheld, close by his side, slowly evolving from space, the lovely, voluptuous form of a woman. And such a woman! If Stanley had ever beheld her counterpart, it had been in dreams alone. Clad only in the radiance of her own transcendent loveliness, she stood before him as proudly unconscious as though clothed in imperial robes. Her long hair shone like burnished gold in the sunlight, as