

space; and with a wild, frenzied shriek of desperation, he sprang from the cliff, out, far out, into the seething, foaming bosom of the Pacific.

When Stanley came down, with a sudden and violent plunge, into the water, it seemed to him that something like an electric shock ran through every nerve and fibre of his being. It was as though a troublesome veil had been suddenly torn from his eyes, and he saw things in a distinctly new light. He was struggling in the water, but, strange to say, the mad waves of the Pacific had been, by some mysterious process, transformed into the placid waters of the Willamette; the glittering cliffs and crags of the island had vanished, and in their stead, he beheld the sloping, green banks of the river; and oh, what a welcome sight it was! With what a thrill of thanksgiving he struck out to reach it.

"Here, catch hold of this branch, and I will pull you ashore," cried a clear, bell-like voice, and he was conscious of a pair of startled brown eyes peering into his, as he was pulled, dripping and bewildered, to *terra firma*.

"What does it all mean?" he asked, as he dropped on the green grass, and stared stupidly across the river.

"That is a question for you to answer," she said, solemnly. "I left a book on the log here, and came back to get it, and just as I approached, you sprang up excitedly, uttered a loud cry, and leaped into the river. If you meant to destroy your life, heaven forgive you."

He looked at her in silence, and appeared to be lost in thought. Suddenly

he astonished her by bursting out into a ringing laugh.

"Do you mean to tell me that it was today you sat on that log and talked to me?" he asked, at length.

"To-day! Why certainly; it was not more than half an hour ago," she replied, eyeing him uneasily, as though beginning to suspect that something was wrong with his mental equilibrium. He laughed again; then said—

"Pardon me, and please don't look at me so. Indeed, I am not an escaped lunatic. I am just an honest, hard working editor, but am the unfortunate possessor of a set of 'nerves,' and an erratic imagination, that sometimes combine to disturb my slumbers. When I plunged into the river just now, I was—sound asleep."

"Asleep!" she echoed, wonderingly, with a smile upon her lips.

"Yes, I have had a strange dream, in which you have had a prominent part. I would like to relate it to you. Will you meet me here tomorrow, at this hour?"

"Yes," she answered, simply; then they shook hands and parted, and Stanley went home to dream all night—not of the beautiful queen of the land of "sweet idleness," but of the small, dark face and earnest eyes that were to be, henceforth, the beacon light of his life.

Two days later, the *Champion* came proudly to the front with a big "double header" on "The Island of Rest," in which the author reproduced, as nearly as possible from memory, the original copy written on the magic island.

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