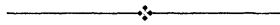


You like it there, and it's still early." She got to her feet. "Wait till I go powder my nose. I'll only be a minute."

THE sudden action broke his tension! Claude watched her back disappear through the door, and a cool wave fell across his forehead. It was wet. His shirt stuck to him under his coat. Stiffness shot up through his legs as he got dumbly to his feet.

There was no joy in him now, no delight at the thought of a ride, of Cedar Lane. He felt weak and washed out, as though someone had suddenly opened a valve at the bottom of his consciousness, letting his feelings flow out of him, down to the last drop. He walked to the window and looked out, his eyes sad, unseeing.



The Norseman's Prophecy

J. W. Newton

When the smiling gods in their empty temples
Stand unattended,
And the last of the priests are dead;
When the last of the rover's fleet
Sinks to the ocean floor
And dark is the mead-hall door;
When the world's foundations totter
And loosed are the sons and daughters of Loki—
Then, say our seers,
Will the trumpets sound!
And the gods of the North ride again
At the head of their men, strong men,
Warriors all from Valhalla,
Riding forth, fighting and slaying,
Till they themselves be slain.
When the last warrior
In his broken armor lies slain,
Then, then, shall be the end—
Darkness will reign again,
And all shall return to the beginning.