HE STORY OF ULLA.

the Edge of the Northern Sea, and Written for This Paper.

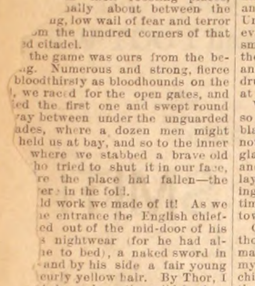
BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER VI.

...just at dusk that evening: the stern sky was streaked with crimson d black; the white mist was lying in n wreaths along the purple river adows; the lanurails were croaking the fern and the night jars churning ou the oak; the little stars were twinkling in the smooth heaven, and the pale crescent of the moon was adip upon the sea when a thin curl of smoke rose from the thatch of a hut in the fishing village below the burgh. A minute after a bright tongue of flame shot up and a cry of alarm was heard inside the stockades. "Surely some careless housewife had let an ember fall among the thatch," they thought, and the great oak gates creaked upon their hinges and out to the extinguishing rushed in their loose sheepskin cloaks two luckless herds. As they passed the portal an arrow sped across the grass, and, plunging deep into the chest of the foremost, he sounded half his height into the air, then fell with a heavy thud into the fern and went rolling and kicking and screaming down the hillside. At the ...e an unseen hand from behind a single sweep of a good evered the head of the body as he stood glaring olde, and now the starlight on the weapons and mail orsemen, and while the WODin! Odin!" went up to y, and the dusky crows, n their roosting places, ially about between the ng, low wall of fear and terror m the hundred corners of that d citadel.

the game was ours from the be- ng. Numerous and strong, fierce bloodthirsty as bloodhounds on the , we raced for the open gates, and ed the first one and swept round ay between under the unguarded ades, where a dozen men might held us at bay, and so to the inner where we stabbed a brave old ho tried to shut it in our face, re the place had fallen—the er in the fold.

ld work we made of it! As we e entrance the English chiefed out of the mid-door of his s nightwear (for he had alhe to bed), a naked sword in and by his side a fair young curly yellow hair. By Thor, I ot have been the wild fowl on gnboring marsh when that comely s hungry. He shot so close and t, although the light was poor for ng, that had there been a dozen it would have gone badly indeed us. At the first shaft he pierced orn through the wrist, and the secrounded stalwart Sveinke in the then he shot one in the throat other in the stomach, and kept at bay until his last arrow was and then died far down on the bloody Dageon's bear spear like ree young cub he was. As for her — although he was stout t of heart, yet his limbs were



AT SARL'S FAIR YOUNG BOY."

Mr. M... my merry fellows Christmas, him, and he lay Geo. Lo... hreshold, all for the holidays a

Miss McFe... es to keep the her people in Ch... it a stack or ...fell on. But Fresh home ra... all we did at Sargent & Bass. I try to

The cold snap plac... within water pipes all over the mild ...hundred

Hear the Jinglers jin... it as it house next Friday night ...care

John Meyers, of ...ens I ..., Wednesday with friends ...their

Miss Cora Baker spent ... with relatives in Chicago. ...y it

Jake Peterson spent Ch... his brother in Lincoln, Ill. ...of

Watch the old year out a... year in—if you want to. ...

Mr. and Mrs. Howlett wil... in Dwight after Jan. 3rd ...

Dr. William Brown relieved ...iams during his vacation.

Military drill at Cong... church next Thursday night ...

Genuine Round Oak stove best, for sale by B. A. Buck.

...esh home-made bread, ... loaf for a dollar, at Geo. Kern's.

...about that special sale of lamps and ... during ...aker's Furniture Bazaar.

...go firm is for ... his pale ...orney Vickery spent the ... the grain ...done from his school duties ...ole tried ...

...ss Gertie Ketcham visited ... said: ...ago the first of the week ... as I am ...arket price policy ... this. And so it ...ent & P... about ... and is doing ... thinking. C. T. U. to her way of ... a disease. My! That drunkenness is ... regarding the pro... ...ole spoke at length ... Womans' Auxiliary, ... orthy work of the ... bers were raising money right along to ... send afflicted ones to Dwight.

evening supper and laid out for ourselves all the best we could put our hands on. And fierce, wild revelry my fellows made of it. The hot blood of rapine and pillage had got into their veins and they heated it higher with the strong, abundant drink from that British chieftain's hiding places, until they were more like a tawny, handsome band of furies than mortal men—gods! I think I never brought such a crew of devils to that shore before. They made the rafters ring with their wild pagan hymns; they danced and shouted and ate and drank, while the pale captive girls stood huddling in the shadows or waited trembling on them, and the wine and ale went streaming down the floor among the blood and litter, and the torches flared, and the dogs howled outside. Oh, it was strange, wild revelry and went on for half the night-time.

It must have been near the dawn and most of the maidens lay swooning upon the floor between weariness and terror, and half the rovers were drunk as swine, when they fetched in the dead chieftain, setting him, pale and bloody, in his elbow chair, and putting a cup into his hands while the ribaldest fellow there made a song and sung it to him. Then next a cry arose—who started it I know not, but may God forgive him—for the English franklin's daughter! We had not seen her—she was not among the captives—and with a hundred bloodthirsty fellows were on foot hunting with torch and lamp high and low in every crack and corner of the burgh to find her. Unhappy damsel, they hunted futilely everywhere until they came to the small round tower on the cliff verge; there the strong oak door was barred and shut from within, and a wild yell of drunken pleasure told their quarry was at bay.

What was it that made me just then so sick of all that revelry and sat like a black foreboding on my soul? I know not, but I turned, and, weary of the glare and tumult, slowly left the burgh and walked down to the beach, where lay my ship, just as the men were making a tall mound of sticks and heath and timbers about the door of the doomed tower that held the chief's lost princess.

Climbing on board I gave orders to those who had stood by the Wolf to make all ready for the sea, then threw myself down listless, strangely sad, and chilly as one in ague, by my place at the tiller to await the coming of the pillagers. And presently, one by one, the sons of the creek came reeling down the path, singing as they stumbled down the darkness and carrying bundles and bags, and furs, and cups, and weapons in sheafs, and dragging fluttering slaves, and surly, snarling dogs in leashes, and so at last when they were all on board but one, that one came running down the path, and before he had got half way to us the burgh was all illuminated with a rosy light, and looking up we saw that the laughing villain had fired in twenty places, and hot only the dwellings but also the great mound of fuel his friends had built against the tower door.

CHAPTER VII.

Up came our anchor and out we lurched upon the waves once more. We set sail and drifted slowly down under the cliff where stood the castle, and as we came the fire raged furiously until when we were below that beetling brow we were sailing on a heaving molten sea of blood, and all our spars and cordage were shining copper red, and all the upturned faces of the vikings were flushed and hectic in the shine—and then—oh, how can I write it?—just as we came the nearest to the woman's form stepped frantic out on to of the tower and clasped her hands across her eyes, and hid her face and wept. And I—oh the fiercest, strangest gust of agony and joy sprang up within my heart—I gasped and glared, and, all forgetting the strangeness of it in the horror of the moment, dropped the tiller, and striking to the ground with my sword for another moment, and then, out of my deepest heart, out of the hot inspiration of my very soul, burst a fierce, wild cry of "Gunna!"

And in an instant that white form was on her feet and staring terror-dazed at us, and then she saw me by the shrouds as I stood limned in gold, with all my ship against the black setting of the night, and gazed down steadfastly upon me for a minute, then clapped her hands upon her bosom and stretched them wildly to me, and above the hissing of the flame and the thud of the white surf upon the rocks I heard her cry, "Ulla! Ulla!"

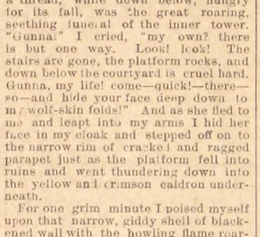
And now the strength of twenty jarls was in my heart. I tossed off as though they were baby fingers the strong grip of two stout fellows who thought to stay me and in a minute was in the surf and striking out bravely for the land. The great frothy pillows of the tide boiled for a space under my chin, and now I was deep down in a humming black sea valley and anon must high upon a curling crest of spume, and then, all in the black shadow of the cliff, the black waters seemed to dissolve into a hell of ghostly chaos and white thunder, and my feet touched the pebbly bottom, I landed somehow, but how only the pale Norns can tell, and scrambled up a sheep track the boldest of my men had said in daylight was impossible, came to the palisades and clambered over them, and rolled into the fort on top of two mangled bodies, and up again, and now, in the golden shine of the fire, rushed to the great hall.

There in his chair of state was the dead chief just as my robbers had left him, with mouth wide open and fixed eyes staring grimly down his hall and golden wine cup clinched within his fingers and bloody night gear wrapped about him, while on his face the streaks of pain and anger twitching with a hideous mockery of life as the smoke curled and the flames went soaring overhead in rosy eddies. To right and left were wild disorder, tables overturned and benches cast about, broken flagons and squandered victuals, bent swords and left targets, and costly stuffs pulled open reds and dead men a-sprawl upon Dais ...es, and blood and dirt and litter all the ... e was humming its boy's ... as it mounted from point to praise ... roof an I said great burning

"WAS IN THE SURF AND STRIKING OUT BRAVELY."

flakes and embers on us below. But nothing I cared for blood and litter, but with a foot of wind and a heart hotter than the flames above rushed through the banquet place and brushing rudely by the scowling king got out to the inner court and so reached the portal of the tower.

Over a red path of cinders I flew, and with my bare hand cast the flame-red doorway into red ruins, and up the twining oaken steps I raced—scarce



"NOW FOR GREEN BALDERSUND—OR OLT VALHALLA!"

noticing that they fell to ashes as I passed—and in another moment, in a moment of wildly mingled feelings, I was out upon the burning parapet, and there upon her knees, leaning against the outer walls, and seeming asleep was the white maid whose fair face had haunted my forest path and shone upon me through the drift and reek of ten years' storm and battle.

Down I went upon one knee and, deep, strong love and gentle compunction welling up in my heart, took the maiden's head