

"The Johnson Monthly," 1900

Extracted on Apr-16-2024 10:25:00

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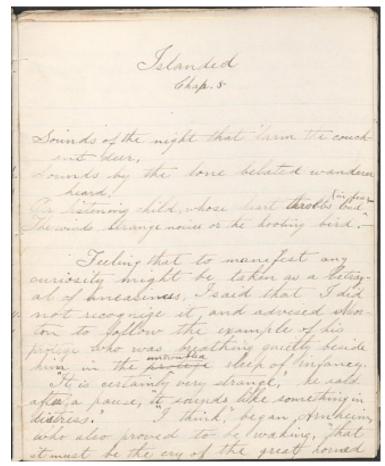
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Islanded Chap. 5

Sounds of the night that 'larm the couchant deer, Sounds by the lone belated wanderer heard, Or listening child, whose heart throbbs loud in fear The winds strange noises or the hooting bird.

Feeling that to manifest any curiosity might be taken as a betrayal of uneasiness, I said that I did not recognize it, and advised Morton to follow the example of his protégé who was breathing quietly beside him in the [[strikethrough]] protégé [[/strikethrough]] untroubled sleep of infancy.

"It is certainly very strange," he said after a pause, "it sounds like something in distress." "I think," began Arnheim, who also proved to be waking, "that it must be the cry of the great horned



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