

DRIVING.

Emmerson or Holmes, or someone equally famous, expressed his ideal of happiness in a phrase, "Four feet on a fender." Once upon a time I said "Nay; four feet behind a dashboard!" But that was in the happy days when I could go driving on summer evenings. When the great harvest moon would light up everything and the shadows were dark enough to frighten the horse as we came suddenly upon them. When the swamp roads were dusty and there was no sound but the strident rasping of the crickets, the soft hum of the smaller insects and the long sigh of satisfaction that came now and then from the pasture fields; when we had the road to ourselves and were loath to come to the end of it. What talks we had! Ellen was such a good listener. Maybe she was laughing at me all the time, but I was happy as could be, as I built castle after castle in a Spain where she was queen. I used to make verses in those days, and when we had passed the swamp and could see the harvest fields all about us I would recite them to her. She always listened, and her eyes would tell me of how she enjoyed them. Once I told her a sad little story about something or other, and she looked at me through tears. Brown eyes in tears! and with the moonlight sparkling in them! The sight would nerve me any time to do and dare the hardest things. Those brown eyes were her greatest charm—so far as one could see. One had to know her to appreciate the fact that she was the loveliest girl alive. She was certainly the most ideal of companions, and really I should not have cared whether it were dashboard or doorstep or fender so long as our four feet might be there at the same time. In any case the ideal of happiness would have been realized.

But summer days pass away and so do happy years of youth. The winters come and the long road is white with snow. Then the work was done betimes and she was waiting at the gate when I came driving up the lane. Now she waits no longer and I go down to battle with the strong and strive to win the prize that will make real those castles built in youthful fancy. She still is queen, of course, but I haven't time to think of governments in Spain.

I still go driving, however, and often pass along a road like that one through the swamp. The nights I now choose are always bright under a new moon. Nights when the stars seem to be multiplied beyond comprehension and the whole black vault of heaven glitters with cold little points of intense light. Nights when the roads are white and frozen and the sleigh track gleams in the moonlight and the runners shriek over the snow, making an unearthly harmony with the bells. The music of it goes to my head like wine, and I laugh within myself in the very joy of it. My horse seems not to touch the road beneath him. The sleigh seems to rise with me, and we go on and on as though drawn through a sea of air. Then he drops to a walk and I see myself on earth again. He steps softly, this little black of mine. He treads lightly as a cat so that the string of bells around him hardly make a sound and then he springs ahead as he startles at a gnarled and snow-capped tree trunk that rises gaunt and ghost-like beside him. What a night for thoughts! No, it is too cold to think. It is just right to sit and forget everything. It is the time to do nothing but feel without reasoning on the feeling. The ear is tuned to music that comes from within and with it the bells are in perfect harmony, and so is the hissing complaint of the runners, made rhythmic by the horse's stride. The eye rests untired and untiring upon a vague expanse of

beauty past description, and the heart glows with a feeling that is religious in its fervor and that expresses nothing but kindness to everything alive.

Such are my nights of recreation now, but the old ideal has not been replaced. The summer will surely come again and, when the harvest moon beams down on the old road once more, maybe it will shine upon me in my happiness. Maybe she will be waiting when I drive up the lane, and again we may find the road too short. I have made a new story for our next drive. It is one I never told before, and if she will turn her brown eyes upon me when I have told it, and if there is just one tear in each—well, I will know where to fancy my feet placed as, in after years, I recall my realization of the ideal of happiness.

L. M.

SOME MEN FROM UNDERNEATH.

The Prohibitionists had worked hard, and it now seemed as if they had captured every post in the riding. Yet both bodies still looked to their oars, and to the credit of both be it said, they found little clew for subsequent charges of bribery particularly in the village of Underneath, North Patowawa. Every outrider in North Patowawa was well acquainted with the fact that the village had not a single saloon to its credit or discredit (speaking from both sides of the encounter). The only explanation was that it was far removed from the lumbermen's way and the Navigation Company's wharves. Whether that be the reason or not, it little matters. The point is that the antis of the county capital shipped a case of Irish in a wagon ordinarily used for other purposes.

The motives of men at election and referendum times are not always capable of analysis. Some secret actions bring forth glaring results. Others bring results as secret as the cause. As for the driver of the wagon that conveyed the whiskey, he had his share of the profits. He had likewise a profit in the line the people wot not of. His ordinary occupation was transitman from the Underneath grist mill to the town on the lake front, but he used his arguments in whatever line he pleased, whether his politics or his inclinations in general agreed with those of his employer or his employer's worst enemies.

Polling day had been postponed from showery April to the dog weather of July, and as the driver approached the mill, conscious of the heated bodies of the miller, his engineer and other two helps, his mind reverted to the Irish. This had been left in safe keeping at a farmhouse not a hundred miles from Underneath. His mind reverted also to former animosities between himself and "the head man."

"How's the North?" the driver was greeted by the miller.

"Clean Prohibitionist," was the answer.

"Hang it!" came the acceptance.

The temporary boss at the Underneath mill thought of a residence at the lake front, with a well-stocked cellar, in case of emergencies, especially the great emergency subsequent to an unfavorable vote in the province. His employer, ten miles away, thought of this attitude of his manager, and kept him too busily employed to balk prohibitionist aims. A "tenner" cheered the driver.

The boss was weary and sick and sad, but the driver showed no willingness to bury the hatchet.

"How's the heat? Like a bottle now?"

The face of the enemy became sadder. "Couldn't trust a boy to bring some from the front."

"Never mind a kid," simplified the wagon-man. "You can have your fill after supper." Then confidently: