

gave me a look of pity for not understanding. She had let her bread rise too much one day, and in a delightfully naive, child-like way, said, "My bread grew so big, it would not hold its oven."

Her superstitions were glorious and the omens of good and bad were constantly to the fore. It was tragic for this free woman to be tied to union hours or the tick of the clock, and with subtle ingenuity she would plan a day off, having a premonition of bad luck if she stayed another day in that kitchen.

But the next day, an extra good dinner would be cooked and her mood would be the merriest ever. No French chef ever served a dinner more delicious than Mary's beaver meat and her brown bread was as sweet as a nut.

She might neglect her sweeping while she hunted beautiful mosses, and brilliant leaves or brought you a varied-colored stone; her description as she gave it to you with a "Good Luck" story, would adorn the pages of a John Burroughs.

She had great dreams of wondrous happenings and she often spoke of a stone house to be built for her, "Where she would sit and knit evenings, by the fireworks (fireplace)."

Her likes and dislikes were very marked and to be in Mary's bad books, meant that all the vices in the calendar belonged to you for the time being, but she was lavish in her praise as well as blame, and she would give away the proverbial bite out of her mouth to any one. Her hospitality was delightful and when the Priest came to pay her a visit, her apologies for lacking things to honor him would have done credit to the finished hostess of a salon receiving unexpected guests, and her pretended hunting for an unpossessed butter knife, and the open blame on her husband for mislaying it, was a piece of Bernhardtesque acting, quite delicious.

As to innate ability and delightful originality, Mary with her varied moods, looms large and the psychology of her make-up was quite as entertaining a study as H. G. Wells' "Research Magificent."

Our humiliation, when contemplating Mary, and the niche she filled, was of the same kind as Scott Nearing's, when he wrote about the factories of England and the child labor employed.

We will leave Mary sitting amid her native birches, sadly contemplating the wondrous beauty of the Upper Lake, gazing at "Old Walt," and anon, dreaming of the Happy Hunting Ground, where distinctions of Caste, Color, Race, Creed, and Sex fade away in a glorious comradeship of Brotherhood.

Each of us here as divinely as any are here.—Whitman

I had not dreamed that words could cease to be words and become electric streams like these. Living impulses flow out of Leaves of Grass that make me exult in life yet look longingly towards "the superb vistas of Death."—Anne Gilchrist.