

BENJAMIN WILLIAM BRIGHT

a wide old elm whose branches brushed the cottage roof, they laid him to rest amid the scenes he had loved so well. On the following Sabbath, Peter Paul, who had quietly and lovingly ministered to him, spoke at length of this man who had lived so quietly among them. It was a simply eulogy, and as he concluded many eyes opened wide with astonishment when it was known that Benjamin William Bright had once been known as the prodigal son of a belted earl.

His little worldly store of some three thousand was to be divided equally between Limpy Beggs and Peter Paul, save for the reservation of one thousand for the purchase of a public library to cover the walls of the front room of the rustic cottage, which was to be hereafter known as the "Sunshine-Shadder Library."

Before the summer had slipped away the mound on the hill-top was carpeted in green and the syringa that blossomed beside the cottage door was planted at its head. That season and for many to come Limpy Beggs would sit by the hour of a Sunday afternoon under the sheltering elm, and resting his eyes on the plain white granite block, half absently repeat the following inscription:

" Benjamin William Bright,
A man we knew and liked."