

TREASURE VALLEY

CHAPTER I

THE HERMIT THRUSH SINGS

Then twilight falls with the touch
Of a hand that soothes and stills,
And a swamp-robin sings into light
The lone white star of the hills.

Alone in the dusk he sings,
And the joy of another day
Is folded in peace and borne
On the drift of years away.

— BLISS CARMAN.

OTHER years, by the time the mid-June days
were come, the little brook that sang
through John McIntyre's pasture-field
had shrunk to a mere jeweled thread of golden
pools and silver shallows, with here and there
only the bleached pebbles to mark its course. But