

those gentle soft-eyed cows. Old Spot, Brindle, Reddy, Bess and Beauty.

Up along the lane to the pasture fields in the lengthening shadows I go. There they are at the bars, the dear old bossies.

In time to the music of Reddy's bell we march home.

"Hurry, Brindle, hurry, Bess, to-night I am in a hurry. Ah, goody! there are Vic and Jess at the stable door and Uncle Will is unharnessing them. Now I will soon know what he has brought me."

How joyously I hasten on. No presentiment of the great overwhelming gulf of sorrow soon to overtake us, comes to me. Full of pleasant anticipation as to the contents of the bundles I know await me I hurry into the house. Yes, there they are piled up on the corner stand. Now for a guess. What is in this parcel. Oh, candies to be sure, and this is oranges. Now whatever can this be. I can't guess. I'll have to look. Oh, such pretty stuff for a new dress! Thus do I go through the parcels, meanwhile munching candies.

Now the lamp is lit and it is my bed time so to the room beyond, off of which is my bedroom, I go.

Seated in pleasant converse as to the day's events Granny and Uncle Will linger awhile.

Suddenly just as I am about to plop into my bed a startled call from my uncle causes me to bound back into the living room.

There, in Uncle's arms, lies Granny. For one moment I stand paralyzed then concluding she has fainted I get a dish of water. But my uncle knows better, it is no faint.

"Go for Mrs. R—" he says to me. Seizing a wrap hanging on a nail near the door, I hurry out of the house—into the black night and run as fast as trembling limbs will permit to the home of Mr. R—a quarter mile away.

With Mrs. R—I hasten back and the sad truth is forced upon me, that Granny, my Granny, the only mother I could ever remember was dead.

Oh the great blackness, the unutterable misery of that awful night and the succeeding days. How can the sunshine and the birds sing and the leaves flip so merrily on the trees when dear old Granny who loved it all so is dead. Two days pass by, I know not how. In and out of the house kindly neighbors and far away friends pass. The third day dawns and carriages arrive and that great black hearse, oh, how I hate its solemn blackness. I cannot, oh, I cannot look as they bear all that is mortal to it.

Now the long line of carriages headed by that dread black vehicle are in slow motion. Onwards, onwards for four long miles and the old village church of W—is in sight. From its tower the slow strokes of the tolling bell fall like blows upon my heart.

Into the church the body is borne and the solemn service is held and then the awful course to the cemetery is pursued. Oh, I cannot bear it! I will not bear it! Put my granny in that great hole, oh, it must not be! But even so it must be and I shiver as I hear the earth falling upon the box and as it were from a great distance I hear the voice of Pastor C—as he pronounces the solemn words, the

dread-sounding words: "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust."

How awful seems my return to that old home. What an agony its voidness causes.

It is no longer a home for she who made it so is gone, but verily she is "at rest from her labors."

The Fiddler of Dooney

When I play the fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea.
My cousin is priest in Kilvarent,
My brother in Moharabuee.
I passed my brother and cousin;
They read in their books of prayer,
But I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come, at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate.
For the good are always merry,
Save by an evil chance;
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance.

And when the folks there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And they'll dance like a wave of the sea.
For the good are always merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And even the souls of the blessed
Have love for a song and a dance.

W. B. Yeats.

A Dual Personality

About John Smithers' parentage
I've sought the truth in vain,
For while his people seem obscure
They're also very plain.

About John Smithers' manner, too;
For some, inclined to carp,
Will tell you that it's far too blunt,
And others, much too sharp.

Nor can I probe his mental state;
For it is widely held
Both that he had a narrow mind
And that his head is swelled.

To pleas for funds for any cause,
He's always found resistant;
But some collectors say he's close,
And some report him distant.

Thus, truly, Smithers would appear
An inconsistent being,
From details I have listed here—
Which jibe, without agreeing.

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