

you of, and strained his leg. The priest had to walk home with his lame horse. He went to bed and was delirious until near the end. To-day he died. We roads knew him better than the people ever will. The people were dreaming in snug beds while he was out with his flock. By the way, the son will not come back either. I learned to-day that he was drowned at sea some time ago. I would not mention it though."

By and by there were other changes. Gray settled upon the logs and decrepitude set in upon the joints. One day the cabin was empty. The man had gone to town.

"My brother," said the house that night, "we grow old. I shiver at the blast of the wind, and the dampness comes in upon me."

After this it was that the clay

began to drop out of the chinks, the rot to eat into the logs, great chunks to drop in from the roof. The old cabin never had any visitors, and now even the road passes along often enough forgetting its first friend. Sometimes, on the beautiful days, it will wait on the green bank listening for some message from the regions out beyond the horizon where the warm breezes are, a message which, if you know the secret, you can interpret; but oftenest there is no message and the road goes sadly along over its first quarter mile, laboriously to the tracks and beyond that forgetfully.

Some of these days the cabin will have disappeared, and the road must perforce look elsewhere for the hopes and passions, the comedy and tragedy of life.

