

SUNSHINE-SHADDER

in the west. To the lonely man, accustomed to ceaseless activity for years, the days were long and weary, but days during which he was not forgotten, for the ready hands of many of the women on the hillside and in the valley brightened and freshened his home as the weeks went by. Limpy, too, never failed to climb the elevation on a Sunday afternoon and carried, with the aid of Billy Batterson, a basket for the old man's needs. To the nightly group they had little to say regarding him save that he was not as he "uster be," and from that remark it floated round that "Beniman Willum Bright wus well-nigh tuckered out."

It was on a Sunday early in May that Limpy entered the hill-top house and found the chair beside the fireless grate vacated. The door of the tiny sleeping-room was slightly ajar, and as he crossed its threshold he brushed a tear from his eye. Benjamin lay upon his bed. An old tattered copy of the New Testament was on the patchwork quilt beside him, and outstretched as if to grasp it was the lifeless, roughened hand which would never turn its dog-eared pages again.

Benjamin William Bright was dead.

A lonely funeral wended its way from the rustic home just two days later. In the little procession it was noticed that Limpy Beggs followed his old-time friend, supporting himself by a cane with a silver head.

After the simple service in the red brick church they wended their way up the hill again, and under