

Will, remarked that it is too bad people have to die to have their good deeds remembered, and he spoke of how he had found out something that mother did on the two weeks' journey which we should not have allowed her to do, admitting at the same time that he wouldn't have known how he would have stopped her for mother was not easily turned aside from her purpose. He said that one of her big problems on the trip was to be sure that father had dry stockings, for since he had had the long bout with bronchitis she feared a recurrence of the trouble, so when there was any doubt of having a pair of thoroughly dry stockings for the morning, she put a pair on her own feet at night to make sure, and when Will had remonstrated with her and wanted to take over this duty, she would have none of it and told him to never mention it. She was always sure that nothing could happen to her.

Long after midnight we sat talking and then Lizzie spoke up and said:

"I know what's the matter with the Mooney family. There's no one now to tell us to go to bed."

I lay awake a long time that night, listening to the snow that lisped against the windows—a soft spring snow that deadened every sound. It comforted me to think of its falling on that jagged wound on the high benchland above the Souris River, turning it into a soft white mound. She loved the snow and it was right that it should wrap her grave in a white mantle on this first night.