

MARIA DALE

lation of the spade, over which she bent with a quiet energy which resulted in the formation of several channels which sent the unwelcome flow in another direction.

Once again inside the gate the muddy condition of the walk was duly observed. Work here seemed but wasted energy, but bending over a loosened slat near the gate she drew it up, and inserting her spade scooped up several quarts of mud, which would serve to retard the upward flow. Replacing the slat, she was energetically driving home the rusty nail when her attention became suddenly riveted upon a small object protruding half way up between the next two slats.

For a few seconds she remained in her recumbent position, her eyes glued as it were to the mud-stained object which, from its immersion in the earth, had lost nearly all resemblance to a pocket-book. The yeasty bed had forced it from its hiding place, and as she picked it up all thought of further work vanished as she hurried into the cottage, almost forgetting in her evident excitement to remove her muddy rubbers before entering the hall, where the linoleum shone clean and dustless.

Just as she closed the door the gate clicked, and opening it again her eyes fell upon a tall, thin, sharp-featured woman who hurried up the walk.

"My, but yer real enterprisin'," she half laughed as she scraped her rubberless boots on the verandah steps, regardless of the scraper in sight.

"This be a week fer shore," she breathlessly continued, as she lowered the dripping umbrella, which