

## SUNSHINE-SHADDER

snuggled close to the temperance house. She had not opened her front door that morning, but now at the noon hour, clad in an old raincoat and her head bound up in a shoulder shawl, she appeared in the doorway.

One hand grasped a broom while the other boasted a spade on which she leaned half dejectedly as she surveyed the scene before her. The several lines which seamed her pale face deepened as her glance travelled from the murky sky and swollen streets to the little verandah where the overturned flower-pots and wind-tossed vines added to the day's confusion.

This continued onslaught to the hillside provoked her disapproval as she concluded her inspection of the elementary conditions and turned impatiently to the crying needs about her.

There was much to be done, and setting busily to work only a few minutes elapsed before she had adjusted the overturned plants and tied up the broken cords of the clematis which hung in purple and white profusion. Her attention was next directed to the verandah floor, where the broom was brought to bear upon the pools of water, which were unceremoniously flung into the garden. A little later she flitted about the rain-soaked beds and bolstered up the overburdened plants and shrubs, and with sundry other touches restored the garden to a semblance of its former appearance.

The next half-hour found her outside the gate endeavoring to check the rivulets about her. Her hands, though small, were hardened by the daily routine of labor and not at all strange in the manipu-