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Ann rose early and went into town. She held to the fences and looked about her with hunted eyes, as her habit was, then proceeded a few steps only to stop and turn about again and again like some poor, baited animal. The furrow between her closely set eyes was deeper than ever as if thought had concentrated behind it.

But when she arrived at last at the wood yards her big frame no longer shrank and trembled under her square of faded outing flannel. To see cord on cord of wood piled must have had much the same effect on Mary Ann Mushrush as a trumpet call on the soldier in the ranks, or harmony in color and form on the aesthete. It seemed to inspire her. The sight of it was romance to poor starved and frozen Mary Ann. Thirty odd years she had shivered, had transgressed, had been discovered and berated. Thirty odd years of inclement Saeger winters, ever since she and Jerry moved west into Indiana, Mary Ann Mushrush had been a "picked chicken."

Several errands she had on Main Street that day and always it was a similar request she put.

"Cal, I want ye to tell Peter Ehrman to bring in a load or two o' cobs when he's drivin' to town," or, "if ye see Mis' Brant tell her to hev her man bring in some wood fur burnin'." Tell her I want it soon as ever he kin bring it."

From "Shorty" Bieber, the stove man, she ordered a "magazine fur my front room stove, one as will keep things goin' lively," and she asked that it be adjusted at once.

"I'll send it right over," said Shorty

with brisk interest. Mary Ann to his knowledge had never made so large a purchase in Saeger before. "I'll be there with it soon as you're there yourself, Mis' Mushrush!"

Before noon the next day after old Jerry's funeral, "didn't wait fur him to git cold," thought Delily from her habitual seat at the window of her tiny house where she could sew and still not miss any of the village happenings, a wagon drove into the yard and unburdened itself of wood. This was followed within a short time by a load of cobs, then another of wood and so on. Soon cellar and wood-house were overflowing with the supply and within doors wood-box and bin. Mary Ann spent most of her time that day going from one stove to the other, coaxing the blaze higher and piling on more wood. The house was warm as toast and a kind of contented look crept into the old woman's face as she moved from sitting room to kitchen and back again.

"Come in, come in!" she cried to the neighbor who visited her for the purpose of condolence. "Sit close to my fire an' warm yourself clean through!"

In the middle of the night Miss Delilah Carpenter was awakened from slumber by a rumbling, rattling noise. She sat straight up in bed, then slid to the floor and running to the window threw it up. She stuck out her head, warted over with curl papers. She peered about on all sides. Then she drew her head in again and shut down her window with a bang.

"Well, I swan! If that Mary Ann Mushrush ain't still agittin' wood put in!"



Nest of Mallard, Lake Wabamun

The Glory Role

By Edith G. Bayne

AT that time of year when summer is gathering up her skirts to flee over the hills and far away at the approach of stern, windblown autumn, who comes blustering in to a scant welcome, the park begins to look a little faded and forlorn. The dusty grass edges become sere overnight. The hardest blooms are gone or going and the driveway and boulevard are lightly showered with red and gold leaves. The fountains lack their wonted sparkle and the swans shiver on the pond where the sun does not touch the water. The wind snatches the paper from the loiterer's hand and sends it rollicking in unseemly abandon with innumerable other fragments of paper. The bronze monument stands out stark from its leaf-shorn precincts and the lake looks a deeper sapphire—perhaps because of its white-caps. The "benchers" come as usual but they do not tarry long now.

All summer long two of the "benchers" had occupied the same positions under the maples by the pond. On a seat near the drinking fountain a young man, in clothes that were obviously rather tight for him, had lounged almost daily from about three in the afternoon until sunset. An adjacent bench had been occupied nearly every afternoon from about four till sunset by a slim girl in well-fitting,

but also well-worn clothes, and a hat that had patently graced a bargain table. Both these people brought with them newspapers which they read diligently and then usually flung aside. Sometimes the young man would pace up and down the gravel, his eyes on the blue lake beyond the little pond, his brows knitted in gloomy thought. Sometimes he was in more cheerful humor, and smiled as he watched the swans gobble his offering of biscuits. He seldom appeared to notice the girl nor she him. They eyed each other occasionally but in an absent, impersonal way. The girl's fingers were usually busy with knitting or crocheting and any daily observer would have marked how rapidly she worked, but apparently she had no close observer. One piece of work followed another in swift succession and thus the afternoons passed until August began to wane and the chill of autumn crept into the air.

One day the girl was quite late. Instead of coming slowly down the main path, her knitting needles flashing in the sun, her left forearm jerking the yarn forward at intervals, and on her face that look of dreaming intentness that bespeaks a mind very much engrossed, she came tripping across the grass (in deliberate defiance of park rule) and seating herself in her wonted place began excitedly to count some money, bills and