

THE COOL OF THE EVENING.



THE leaves of the maple tree stirred and rustled in the breeze, and the voices of the children playing below the window fell on the air like the curfew of the day's strenuous struggle. The man leaned out and looked into the his coat, dusty from the city streets, and tossed garden below. After a few minutes he slipped off it to one side; then he sat down in the easy chair by the window.

The day was over. He felt the relief that that knowledge brought to him, but, even in the quiet of the room, one by one, the aftermath of the business difficulties crowded in on his brain. That business transaction and this one had gone wrong,—and had worried him. The lines deepened on his face.

From the garden below there came to him the fragrance of the lilacs and the lilies of the valley. He could hear the rumble of the cars on a near-by street,—and could see, in the distance, the gleam of