

This is the story that China MacDonald told me. He showed me also some newspaper clippings which he carried in his pocket-book. Some of them were book-reviews of *The Pensioners*; and all of these expressed curiosity as to the identity of the anonymous author, whom they hailed with one accord as a new luminary

in the literary firmament. Another was a cutting from the Social Column of the *St. Kitts Observer*. It bore the caption,

WINDERMERE—CADWALLADER.

When I returned these clippings to China, he replaced them in his pocket-book with scrupulous care.

THE BRIDE

By CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS

HOW you would love this windy field ; these walls
 Strung like gray globous beads ; this crunching moss,
 Where the keen upland breezes whisk across,
 And that delicious way the landscape lolls

To southward ! How your eager eyes would go
 Skimming down to the little grassy bowl
 Where lifts a satin roof-line, and a scroll,
 Filmy and winding, of the apple-snow !

Then would you turn to me your rippling gaze,
 And mirrored there would be, sun-silvered roof,
 Plum tree and pond and garden—all the woof
 We dreamed together in the careless days

Before war came and marked you for its own,
 And snatched you up and hurried you away,
 And left me in the empty bloom of May,
 Here on these windy pasture lands, alone.