

saw the wagonette swerve and plow through the grass, surrendering the right of way to the fat donkey.

At The Firs, home of the Lansings even before the Eltons had come to Elm House, the veranda was vacant; but a big chair was still slowly rocking. Beside it lay a pile of snowy sewing, hastily dropped. An overturned work-basket disgorged a tangled medley of skeins, needles, pins and scraps. A fugitive thimble described a wide circle and brought up against one of the veranda posts. From the distant kitchen came the smell of something burning.

At Elm House and The Firs there was life and peace but down the road at Maple House, home of the Waynes, life reigned alone on this autumn evening. With the arrival of the wagonette and its load, all was commotion. A stable-hand ran out to take charge of the bays. Excited children left their supper and insisted on being kissed all around by the newcomers. Youth called to age and age laughed back. A hostess with quiet eyes dispensed welcome, playfully affectionate to returning members of the family, seriously cordial to the stranger within the gates. Then she slipped away to speak a word to the kitchen and to glance over the great table in the dining-room, for to-night Eltons, Lansings and Waynes were to dine at a single board.

They gathered twenty strong, a sturdy lot. From old Captain Wayne to little Clematis McAlpin, promoted for a night from the children's table, they bore the stamp of fighters, veterans and veterans to be. Life had marked the faces of the men and time had mellowed the faces of the women. In the cheeks of