

life of her friend, and the lasting evidence of the hardship through which she passed.

Happening into the store at Glensmith one evening about the middle of October, 1903, while visiting friends in the vicinity, the writer observed a lady behind the counter deftly tying up parcels with apparently no fingers to do it with. Sympathies were aroused or curiosity awakened (the one or the other), most likely the latter—and at first opportunity a few questions were advanced, calculated to draw out what bit of history might belong to those unfortunate fingers.

Little did the questioner think how deep those questions would probe the life of the one approached. A wistful look came over her countenance, and as if shrinking from a dreaded task, she asked, "Have you never heard of the Meadow Lea affair, of the fire?"

"No," I said, "I cannot remember having heard anything of it."

How mean it makes one feel when compelled to confess ignorance of what someone thinks everyone should have known all their days. In this case it seemed very much like saying, "Your adventure has evidently not been as worthy of universal recognition as you thought."