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CHAPTER IV.

The Shadow Falls.

"One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow."

—*Shakespeare.*

MATT PENSY had risen with the birds, for he had a great many things to do that day. Dawn was just breaking when he rose from his bed and sleepily walked over to the window. The regal day was already donning his crimson garments. In the east the sun children were busy stirring their morning fires, for the skies were growing very bright. Those precious early moments were one continual rhapsody of bird music. Everywhere the melodies echoed. Everywhere voices trilled and executed their intricate cadenzas charmingly. The gates of heaven seemed to stand wide open as Matt gazed across the pleasant landscape. For some minutes he stood spell-bound.

"Sure, this is a grand world to be in," he muttered to himself as he left the window, "and yet people are never satisfied. God gives them flowers, birds, an' sunshine in plenty. His fields yield them their daily food, an' yet they grumble and grumble. I