

calling and calling beyond Red Island and making all things one. He understood the grief of creatures who know their mates too late, only to lose them. He shrank from the alien desolation of the universe when one strange yet poignantly familiar soul was not beside him in it.

From the other end of the little bridge she came to meet him, in her big hat, her thick dark cloak. She walked up to him, and he saw her face, pale, yet somehow luminous in that silver shower. Instantly he thought of paradise as saints have pictured it, dim shores where our beloved come to meet us and every breath is balm. But all he could say was this:

"What made you come?"

"The storm. The sea. Sally's letter told me how it roared."

It was all like an ineffable dream without words. Graham put out his hands, and she as freely gave him hers. Then in that instant their cheeks had touched, their lips, and the great currents of unseen life had mingled.

"I can't talk about it," said the man.

"No," said the woman. "I don't want you to talk."

"But if you knew—" Some natural dumbness gripped him and he paused. "Hear it," he said, "the sea!" They listened, with one pulse. "But why are you down here, after all?" he asked.

"I came on the late train. I got to the house while you were at dinner, and I looked in at the window. I couldn't go

in. I was too glad. So I came down here and wished for you to come. I called you."

"I heard you, dear. I heard you, Elinor!"

A fierce breath tore the word in two, and the woman put up her hands and laid them gently about his neck. She was smiling and crying a little in that way women have, and she spoke with great tenderness.

"Oh, little son! don't try to make love. Do you want me to live with you? I will. You said I was a reasonable woman. I am. Come home to Sally now."

Sally did not say very much when the two walked in. She hardly dared. There was an ineffable air of life and light and power about them, and she had a deep respect for denizens of brighter worlds.

Elinor put away her cloak and hat, and went about as if she were no guest, but rather the spirit of the home. She asked for something to eat, and got it herself, because the maid was out; and she set a plate before Graham, and made him drink from her cup, while he looked at her with shining eyes. When they had eaten, they sat down by the fire together, and talked about staying all winter and finishing the anthology.

"How about the woman in the Book of Love?" asked Sally from the doorway, on her way to bed. "You killed her off, of course!"

Elinor's face flashed into a great beauty of heat and color.

"No," said she. "I let her live

My Kingdom

BY WILLIAM CHANDLER BAGLEY

FOR this is my kingdom: My peace with my neighbor.
 The clasp of a hand or the warmth of a smile,
 The sweetness of toil as the fruit of my labor,—
 The glad joy of living and working the while;
 The birds and the flowers and the blue skies above me,
 The green of the meadows, the gold of the grain;
 A song in the evening, a dear heart to love me,—
 And just enough pleasure to balance the pain.

A Perturbed Spirit

BY MARY K. SEEGER

I
“I DUN’NO’ ef you’ll like your breakfast, Harriet,” said Lorinda Royce. “I’ve been tryin’ to manage so’s to use up everything before we get away. There was some rye muffins left over from yesterday, and I’ve been a-toastin’ ’em the best I could, and there’s just a mite—all you’ll be likely to eat—o’ that plum preserve Mis’ Bennet brought over.”

She was to all appearances speaking to empty space. A small tray, neatly overlaid with a napkin, lay on a table near at hand. The toasted and buttered muffins were carefully arranged upon a china plate. The cracked teapot which she lifted from the stove poured its steaming draught into a fragile cup of old blue and white porcelain. At that moment a gleam of color caught her eye—the newly unfolded buds of a scarlet geranium that had blossomed overnight in the window. She picked the flower eagerly, and laid it down among the other things upon the scantily furnished tray. It was the touch of daintiness that in her own mind at least lifted her homely service to a higher plane.

“I wish you would hurry, Lorinda,” sounded a querulous voice from an inner room. “Seems ’s if I should faint before you get things ready. I believe you’ve been looking over grandmother’s old china again, to see if you can’t surprise me with something.”

“Yes, I have,” said Lorinda, cheerfully, “and I guess you’ll think this old cup was worth lookin’ for. Oh, do be careful!” as the cup shifted uneasily in its shallow saucer. “You must set it square if you don’t want it to upset.”

“Have you saved any muffins for yourself?” asked the younger woman, grimly.

Her sister arranged the pillows carefully and pinned a thick shawl about the invalid’s shoulders before replying.

“No, I haven’t. I had my breakfast two hours ago. When we are settled

some nice place in the South, and there ain’t no cows to milk or chores to do, I can fix things different. You were asleep when I first came in this morning, or I should ’a’ made the tea before.”

Harriet’s thin lips closed firmly, and then opened again.

“I ain’t goin’ South, and you know it,” she said.

“I don’t see how you can act so, Harriet,” said Lorinda. “I’ve got everything to rights so’s to be gone till spring, and the money’s in the bank waitin’ to be used—and you a-sittin’ there and coughin’ your life away in spite of all I can do to prevent it.”

Harriet sipped her tea deliberately. She was a slight creature, with a pinched and faded sort of beauty, and her cold eyes, with dark hollow rings about them, bespoke an immitigable stubbornness.

“Why don’t you say something, Harriet?” pleaded Lorinda. “Be you goin’ to Florida or not?”

“No, I’m not,” said Harriet, in a cool, even tone. “I’m not goin’ one step.”

“You just mean to stay and die here, I suppose?”

“Yes, I do. I don’t want to go down there and live among poor white trash, and then when I die be buried in a waste o’ sand. I’d like to lie, when my turn comes, in decent earth, such as my folks hev always been used to, and have myrtle and life-everlastin’ growin’ over me, the way I’ve always seen it.”

“How can you talk so, Harriet?” said Lorinda. “If you go South you won’t die; you’ll get well. The doctor says so, and I guess he knows. If we can only get off before the worst o’ the cold sets in, you’ll come back in the spring ez chirk as anything.”

“How do you know I will?”

“You’d *hev* to, dear. It’s so mild down there—and there’s a sight o’ pine land, and the smell o’ pine is so revivin’ for weak lungs.”