

As in a harbor tug we scurried up to town in the last rays of the setting sun, we passed under the bows of some great hulks lashed together at anchor, and the captain said they'd never pass inspection when the new law was enforced. One was once a famous ship. With rusty, scarred sides and stumpy, dingy masts, she looked hard, this old sea veteran of a day that is past. But splendid vessels they were, the full flower of a race that blossomed quickly into the pride of a nation, only to sink into despised obscurity, till, one by one, they have well-nigh disappeared within a single generation.

As the day grows old and glows with the recollection of a glorious sunset, and the last belated fisherman drifts with drooping sails on the end of the tide, purple shadows steal in from the sea, making Boston Light blink sleepily and the Graves flash its warning—*one, two—one, two*—then perhaps this old hulk grows reminiscent of other days, when on straining spars and singing rigging

a great cloud of billowy canvas urged her on over rollicky distant seas, that under these very bows burst into creamy foam sparkling in the sun. Instead of pert knockabouts and impudent powerboats, flying-fish flitted across her path and feathery palms on hazy atolls waved her on in her mad race with the soaring clouds.

Once more her bullies tread her broad white decks, her mate pats her affectionately, and calls her his good old girl as she does her very best. Again her crew, expectant at stations, waits the Old Man's hoarse bawl of "*Mainsail—h-a-w-!*" to rush forward the braces with glad shout and trampling feet, as with fluttering petticoats she flies into the wind and goes about.

Of those that remain there are only memories, and as the shadows deepen into night and the gentle stars are dimmed by the blatant lights of the town, the incoming tide gurgles a lullaby between their dark hulls. They swing to its embrace and drop asleep.

Aftermath

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

HER hands were soft as little birds;
 Her thoughts, as shining as a star.
 Her lips were shaped by tender words
 From moods as dear as roses are;
 And not the daffodils that stir
 To early April winds, could vie
 In fragrant daintiness with her.

The daffodils are sere and dry;
 The bare nest blackens in the trees,
 The rose leaves wither where they fall—
 And all the stars are memories
 Beyond my crying or recall.

Trix and Over-the-Moon

BY AMÉLIE RIVES

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

PART I

TRIX was transplanting a mock-orange shrub; the network of fibres was all loose and ready to come away, only the big tap-root at which she chopped, with her strong young arms bared above the elbow, held grimly to its native soil and refused to loosen or be severed. She took up her discarded hoe again, and, leaning on it, pushed back with her forearm the damp locks, so exactly the color of the dark-red earth in which she had been digging.

"Ugh!" she said, addressing Nibs, her Irish terrier, who sat watching her with an air of morne resignation. "It's enough to make Moses cuss—though, after all, why Moses should have been called meek, I can't imagine, Nibs, my child. He murdered a man and broke the stone tablets, and beat a poor rock instead of talking nicely to it, and all because of temper—yet they call him meek. That's the way history's written. I'm glad nobody's going to write ours—ain't you, Nibsey? Well, let's have another go at this wretched thing!" And, setting her small mouth in a firm, red circle, she again attacked the tap-root.

It was early in the morning and yet Trix had set out three other shrubs, superintended the planting of half a dozen trees, seen to the strawberry bed, overhauled the stables and dairy, and written about fifty checks. The day was yet before her, she felt, and the day would be full. What she had done already was a mere five-finger exercise, as it were, to get her singularly varied powers into good running order. Later there would be Tim and his spelling-lesson, her new habit-skirt, the colts, the farm, that man from Barboursville to see about the contract for timber in Hickory Mountain, her runabout to varnish—above all, the sick mare to see after. She had been down to the mill once that morning already, but she must go again, "as soon

as this darned bush is settled," she ended, in her thought, pausing again and regarding it with warm and helpless vindictiveness. Trix was small and the shrub was small, and so far they seemed a good match for each other, but she conquered finally, and set off at a contented little trot, dragging it after her. She rarely walked; or if she did, it was like an alert soldier to the rhythm of an invisible drum. As she reached the spot that she had selected as the future home of the obstinate plant, and dashed her hoe deep into the sodden turf, she paused for a moment and looked about her, drawing deep into her lungs the dank, bitter-sweet air of the March morning.

From where she stood the ground fell away on all sides, leaving high in air the big grassy square, with its hedges of mock-orange and thorn and great acacia trees planted in circles to right and left. Beyond lay fold on fold of dark-red meadow-land, divided into fields by the zigzag of snake fences, each watered by its own brook, and each known to Trix as most women know the rooms in a familiar house. Delicate and faintly blue, as in an old-fashioned water-color drawing, stretched on either side the horns of the crescent of mountains in which her home was set. Far away to the southward spread league on league of forest, in a blackish-violet haze of winter twigs that grew dimmer and more pale with distance until they seemed to merge into the sea that lay beyond them, partaking of its faded sadness and mystery, under the resigned pallor of the March sky. It was very still. The earth seemed dozing under its curtain of soft air. Only now and then came the thud of an impatient hoof from the stables, the squeal of romping colts in a near paddock, the shrilling ripple of sheep-bells, the long-drawn note of a locomotive, far away, yet seeming near at hand, because