

## THE WIND OF DREAMS.

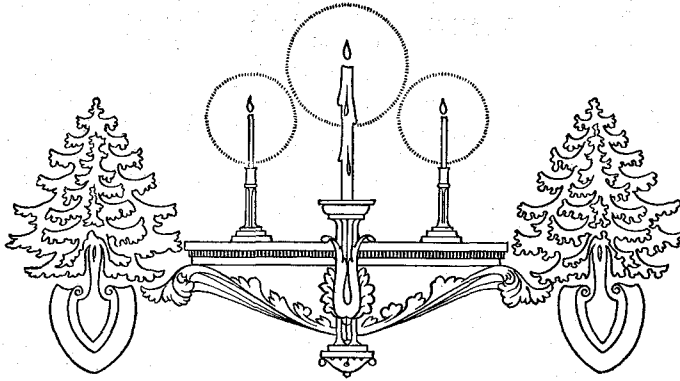
By ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

WIND of the Downs, from upland spaces blowing,  
Salt with the fragrance of the southland sea,  
Sweet with wild herbs in smoothest greensward growing,  
You bring the harvest of my dreams to me.

Wraiths that the scented breath of summer raises,  
Ghosts of dead hours and flowers that once were fair. . . .  
Sorrel and nodding-grass and white-moon daisies . . .  
Glimmer and fade upon the fragrant air.

I hear the harvest-wagons homeward driven  
Through dusky lanes by hedgerows dark with leaves . . .  
The low gold moon, hung in a sapphire heaven,  
Looks on the wide fields and the gathered sheaves.

Wind of the Downs—from cloud-swept upland spaces,  
Moorland and orchard-close and water-lea,  
You bring the voices and the vanished faces—  
Dreams of old dreams and days long lost to me.



## THE McDERMOTT TWINS

By Bradley Gilman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

HER name, "Hypatia," admirably fitted her: she had an air of distinction, a quality of leadership, as she moved leisurely about the library—her "den"—and glanced, at times, through the mullioned windows into the snow-dotted air.

The trophies about the room indexed her many victories: the fox's brush, the two silver cups, the three blue ribbons, the inkstand (made from a horse's hoof), and the tiny pair of antlers over the bookcase—all declared for triumphs won, in somewhat masculine fields of sport, often against masculine competitors.

Even her husband, who drooped in an easy-chair by the fireplace, was a "trophy." She had twice elaborately explained to him, as lover, the merely sisterly quality of her regard for him; then, because the Polish countess at Newport drew him away—and boasted—she whistled him back and married him.

That had happened three years before; she had never regretted her action; nor had gentle, affectionate Tom Fenderson. His clingingly conventional nature rested in the atmosphere of her self-reliance, and he frankly admired her intrepid spirit. He was now well "broken"—indeed, had been from the first; it had come true, as watchful friends had softly prophesied at the

wedding: in a couple of months she had him "eating out of her hand."

One insuperable obstacle she had met in these three years of married life, one hurdle which she could not "take," one rival whom she could not defeat: Death had "entered" and carried away her baby girl, and her fierce mother-heart rebelled, and still tore at its stinging wound, while she met life, outwardly, with high forehead, challenging eyes, and a caustic tongue.

Hypatia had been a spirited, wilful girl, a capricious, fascinating bride, a passionately devoted mother, and now was a melancholy, childless wife. None of her former diversions now interested her; horses, house-parties, concerts, women's clubs—all failed to distract her; and she brooded ceaselessly upon her great bereavement. Both she and her husband loved their rural life; but while he enjoyed, passively, its peace and beauty, she found in it a field for her restless energy in directing household and estate; activity had always been her chief source of happiness, only child that she was of a successful inventor and railway projector.

This dull afternoon of the day before Christmas bored her immeasurably; her tall, erect form sank listlessly into an arm-chair opposite her husband; the very fire-