

ELUDED

DEEP in the night I heard
 The rain's mysterious word.
 (It was as if an old love spoke, a dead love sobbed and stirred.)

Deep in the night the great voice of the rain
 Called at my window-pane.
 (A voice more sad shall nevermore sing at my heart again.)

Deep in the night I listened to the cry
 Of the storm sweeping by.
 (It seemed to me I heard a ghost whisper and softly sigh.)

Oh, deep within the night, the last stars gone,
 I heard the rain pass on.
 (No lost love stepped within my room—only the pale, white dawn!)

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.



THE USUAL PROCESS

“GETTBLUE says that Miss Lightasaire has shaken his ideal of womanhood.”
 “Oh, that means that she has shaken *him*.”



HIS PESSIMICOGITATION

“I SUSPECT,” ruminatingly said the Old Codger, apropos of nothing in particular, “that if all men were mind-readers in the full sense of the term, and each was able to realize what every other person he met actually thought about him, there would be very little going on in this world but fights, law-suits and undertaking; and only the helplessly meek, the sublimely egotistical, the genuinely philosophical and the hopelessly idiotic would have any happiness in this life.”

GRAN'FATHER COQUESNE

By Cosmo Hamilton

ON the heights above the village of Givonne, occupied a fortnight before Sedan by squadrons of Prussian cavalry and many regiments of infantry, stood an ancient crucifix. The sun of innumerable summers had shone upon the stone image of the Man of Sorrows. Hundreds of winter storms had frowned upon Him. Spring flowers had sprung up year after year at His feet, and around Him there had been many harvestings as autumn had succeeded autumn.

The Prince of Peace looked down upon a scene which contained no suggestion of flowers or harvestings. In the once unbustling cobbled street stood groups of soldiers. The market-place had become a huge stable, the ancient church the quarters of the staff. A few feeble old villagers slunk here and there among the enemies of their country, a few children stood gazing doubtfully at the horses, a few pale-faced, despairing women hurried on domestic errands.

The Prince of War held the country in his grip.

On the outskirts of the village, a stone's throw from the Meuse, alone, stood the cottage of Gran'father Coquesne, cobbler.

With the war, its rights and wrongs, its horrors, its triumphs, I am not concerned. It is Gran'father Coquesne who concerns me—ex-Sergeant Antoine Marie Armand Coquesne, of the Imperial Guard, upon whose breast Napoleon had pinned with his own hands a medal for distinguished conduct in the field; Gran'father Co-

quesne, cobbler, the man who had lived too long.

Seated on a backless chair beside a tool-bench under the one window of the living-room, bent double over a woman's boot which was pressed between his trembling knees, was an old, gaunt man. His white hair hung down low upon his neck. His lips, beneath a straggling white mustache, trembled feebly. Upon the bridge of his eagle nose rested a large pair of spectacles through which his pale eyes peered uncertainly. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up to his elbows and a leathern apron, battered and discolored, showed very little of his butcher-blue trousers, which ended at his ankles, bare above his dirty sabots. The strokes of his hammer, as he knocked the nails he took from his toothless mouth into the sole of the boot, were weak. One in three missed the nail and the hammer came down upon his fingers. And as he worked the tears trickled down his high cheek-bones and sunken cheeks, and he kept up a muttering, half-prayerful, half-irritable, wholly impotent.

The sun was setting upon an exquisite September day. Its red glow came in through the little window and fell gently upon the pathetic figure, upon the whitewashed walls of the room and its bare, clean floor. In the shade of the room, five feet from the bench and three from the wall, stood a low, wooden bed, with posts. At the other side of the window a low door stood half-open, and opposite the bed, in an angle of the room, was a short