dust. Ochre gives the yellow tint, or a certain tone of clay mixed with water until it is the consistency of thin mud will do.

When we consider the cost of lumber to-day, and that getting lumber means losing our forests before the encroaching saw mill, and even then what flimsy houses, hot in summer and cold in winter, the poorer classes in small towns and in the country live in, the Costa Rican’s comfortable home, defying both heat and cold, the simplicity of the structure and the ease with which the material may be acquired, right at our own back doors, as it were, should make its own appeal.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

THEY kept a lifeless form within the room,
And decked his brow with roses red of bloom,
Nor saw his face more white beneath the red.
Beside the hearth a goodly feast they spread
Of meat and wine. “He will not taste thereof!”
They called—and called at last, “Ah, dead is Love!
See! Who comes fingering his garment’s hem?
Destiny, drawn to sing Love’s requiem!”

They have gone down their ways. The dwelling stands
Forsaken now amid the open sands.
Mute is the morning of their minstrelsies.
Yet of a night the moonlit organ-keys
Rise to an unseen touch, the corridor
Awakes to pattering footsteps on the floor.
A little silver ghost runs desolate,
And beats its arms against the iron gate.

Agnès Lee.