was getting scared to go alone, but now—” She turned her radiant face to him. He could not know she was thinking of tall sons and in her heart preferring him.

Years slipped away from Onward Going—twenty of them, thirty, forty. His awkward tongue picked up old words of love.

“Annie,”—that was one of them—“you look here. There ain’t anybody in this crowd sixty, nor sixty-six. You ain’t but twenty.”

She caught eagerly at the fancy.

“In May, Onward!” she nodded. “And you twenty-six come March!”

“That’s the ticket. And look here”—now his old face pleaded with her—“nobody’s been thoughtless nor—nor mean, Annie.”

“Nobody!” she cried. There seemed no one but Onward and herself, Ann, on the great ship. Together, he twenty-six, she twenty, their hands found each other in the way of young hands. Ann’s face put on a radiance like a soft, becoming garment.

THE SCARLET TANAGER

The goldenrod, her autumn rout
Has changed to silver spray:
The milkweed holds thin tresses out
Against an azure day.

The hill is sweet with fern and burr
And brown with brier and sheaves.
Is it a scarlet tanager
That flickers in the leaves?

The autumn haze mounts sudden, strong
The field is like a pyre.
What if one tiny spark of song
Should set a world on fire! Mary Fenollosa.