first time since his marriage sent his wife no excuse. This accent to
his displeasure was not lost on Mary, yet she took it calmly. Indeed,
since the slaughter of the Behemoth she had been un wontedly at
peace, even such qualms as she necessarily had in regard to the effect
on Paul of her affront to Aunt Wheeler, did not greatly perturb her.
She ate alone, and as her eyes rested on the vacant wall where had
stood the red plush sideboard, they shone with satisfaction.

"Whatever happens now," she reflected, "I can face it like a
Christian and a lady—before I could not."

Late in the afternoon a wagon came up the driveway. There was
a bulky object in the rear, covered with a blanket. The driver dis-
mounted and rang the bell. Mary herself answered and took from
him the note he gave. She read it at once.

"You're a fool, Mary Penfield," it ran, in scrawling pencil. But
I'll say this for you—I've known the Penfields, root and branch, since
the flood (and if ever there was a Penfield you're one!) and of the whole
lot you're the first that ever had the spirit of a canary bird. A meeker,
more spineless family I never knew. This man is bringing you my
old sideboard, which—if that's your taste—you're welcome to. I
shall come to dinner on Sunday.—J. W."

That evening Mary Archer, in her prettiest evening gown, with
a pink rose in her hair, sat opposite to her husband and smiled ra-
diantly at him across the dinner table. And he smiled again at her.
The light in their eyes was mellower even than the reflection of the
candles in their lovely old Chippendale sideboard.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

THE page of spring is lettered o'er
In shining script of daffodil,
Summer has writ her lyric rhyme
In wilting roses from the hill;
Autumn enscrolls her harvest lore
With maple leaves of crimson sheen
And winter writes the finis down
In holly bough and evergreen.

—L. M. MONTGOMERY.