

As Ann lay in her coffin in the parlor, her friends and relatives walked past, but none could bear to look and the room smelled heavily of flowers and burnt, infected flesh. Louie sat with his head in his hands. He did not speak and no one spoke to him until, at last, when everyone else had left, Ann's mother came to him. She was a kindly woman and worn, for everything she possessed she had won by toil. "Louie", she said softly, "they have gone. Go now and take the ring from her finger while no one may see".

Louie rose, and giving her one long and sad look, he left.

Later, some said that they had seen Louie in a town only twenty miles to the east, but he did not know them. They said that he had lost his dream.

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WHEN you see the light in the room on the third floor in the back of the hotel blink out, you know that there is a man up there drinking beer and thinking. But this cannot be! He lies buried, clenched in a moldering hand bearing a tarnished silver ring. The wind slowly wears away the gray stone on his grave.

—*R. A. Upham, I. Ad., Jr.*



Shadows
 imply
 light,
 somewhere.

—*Berta Moellering, H. Ec., Sr.*