

placed by the door of the sugar shanty.

When the vats of syrup had reached exactly the right consistency (it was tried as carefully as a housewife tries her frosting), a big dipper full was brought out and poured slowly over the pans of hard packed snow. If the syrup for this maple "wax" was too thin, it would disappear immediately into the soft snow, and the eager watchers would groan in disappointment.

Boil a few moments more and try again!

This time the hot syrup congealed and settled on the surface of the snow, making only enough little vales and hollows to give the wax a beautiful pattern like lace. Sections could be broken off leaving long golden hairs around the edges which dribbled over nose or chin as the delectable sweet was dropped into open mouths. The dipper poured again and again until all were satisfied.

Then, filled to repletion, the children leaned back against the tree trunk or on elbows, or burrowed in the leaves and sang school songs: "Juanita," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," "Swanee River," "Oh My Darling Clementine."

The voices may have been a little off key, and the harmony not complete, but it was very satisfying and gave a final touch to the contentment of the day.

But all good things must come to an end. It was dusk. The farmers who had been waiting in the farm house began to hitch up the teams again. Lunch boxes and patty tins were being hastily gathered up, when a girl's voice cried: "William! William! Where are you?" and a moment later with an accent