

for that was the best way to "get a warmth." When there were no cooked potatoes he ate them raw, and his mother sat dumb and dark and thin in the windy doorway.

When the herring were running and the men were busy at the weirs Gypsey would earn his supper by bringing home the cattle for the prosperous family in the tall green house on the hill. They ate at a white table where there were blue-ringed cups, and a pink glass mug for the spoons, and a dish of jam at every place. Gypsey would feast on corn-cakes and syrup till his little stomach was tight as a drum. Once he was attracted by a big, bright sugar bowl with a stag's head, ten tined, engraved on the side. He asked for sugar when he was eating jam and cake. The bowl looked strange caught in Master's MacKay's thick hand.

"That's a mighty fine thing," said the master, "feel how heavy! That deer's head is the Rodwick crest. We got it for a mere nothing when your pa sold everything and scooted some years back. Gypsey, your bloods high on your pa's side, but I reckon as even your ma can show something cleaner."

And Gypsey added that to his vague thoughts of Capt. Kidd and soldiers and the world and why his mother never talked.

After that, Gypsey went several days without a square meal. The potatoes were rotting and only sharp hunger could induce him to eat them. Not for a week had his mother left her seat at the door to potter dully about the stove. She sat almost double, her great, stupid, sea-colored eyes staring blankly across the harbor. Her wizened, oval face was propped on her knuckles, for she had ceased to knit. A scarlet sweater lay across her knee. Her skirt and her loose, dirty blouse and her loose strands of hair flapped in the rain-wind.

Gypsey woke dull and bitter and hungry on a cold morning. He saw his mother's scant form in the door-way and rose with a mixture of anger and pity and disgust in his unwarmed little heart.

"Oh, mother, you dead, dead thing! You must move! You must live!"

He tore her fist from her chin.

Why, her very joints were starved into uselessness, her hand felt like ice and leather, her breast seemed too stupid to catch the air.

Suddenly he realized the truth. Laughing and sobbing and shaking, he flung himself to his knees and caught her skirt to his lips and eyes. He was glad! glad! glad! Suddenly he loved her—his dead, dead thing was really dead, was really alive—alive somewhere, far away—no more a thread-bare covering for a horrible stupid, vacant yearning that gnawed her starved breast and looked out of her sea-colored eyes.

Gypsey rose now and drew the scarlet sweater over his head and down his thin little ribs. He kissed his mother's lips and looked out across the harbour, with sea-colored eyes brilliant with brave, young, delighted desire.

—D. Roberts.