

man he set the bottle down gently and then ran from the house as fast as he could before the man could call after him.

He kept running until he got to Seventh street. Then he made himself stop and look behind him. There was no

one there so he walked slowly to the house that was really his. He walked in the door and through the living room and the dining room and into the kitchen. Then Mr. Mundy sat down and smiled slowly because he was alone.

Yearning

IONE COLLIGAN

They fell upon the polished desk—
Gold bits of pollen from the cosmos.
Last flowers of the year these were,
Rescued from bleak November death
To live a weary moment more.

The pollen fell, and fell in silence
Tears in a mutely speaking fragrance,
As the cosmos mourned for the buffeting wind,
For rain to mingle with falling tear,
For the sob and sough of the dying year.

And the pollen fell on the polished desk.