

*go ahead
afternoon*
In Pastures Green

moved into the country. "The cook has gone away to visit her mother, and you will have to look after the fires."

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Summersox brightly, without moving his paper.

"The kitchen fire went out while you were at the post office, and I don't understand the draughts on the heater, and——"

"You don't tell me," said Mr. Summersox, putting down his paper, and taking up his rôle of spontaneous joy-maker. In order to square himself with his wife, the world, and his own conscience, he had to see the rosy side of everything.

"The fire is out, you say. Well, well. Now you mustn't think, my dear, I induced you to come out here to live without foreseeing just such little troubles as this. Nothing will please me better than to look after the fires. Fires are one of the few things I know all about. I have lit all kinds of them, from a clay pipe to a political bonfire. Lighting the fires will take me back to my happy youth when I used to light the wood fires every morning. Gee, it fairly makes me shiver to think of some of the mornings I used to get up in, and I didn't wear pyjamas then either. I remember lots of times when I left the kettle boiling on the stove when I went to bed, and got up to find it full of ice. Those were the happy days when I laid the foundations of my constitution. And the stove I used to light was no halter-broke coal stove, with all the modern improvements, but a rip-snorting, bucking high-oven stove, with a back draught that would blow out the kindling, and I never used coal oil to light it, either. Now you just watch me renew my youth with that fire."

"You had better light it now so that it will be ready to turn off when we go to bed."

"Nonsense. I'll lay the fire to-night, and to-morrow morning I'll pop out of bed, touch a match to it, and then rush back between the blankets as I used to when a boy."

"Very well," said Mrs. Summersox with a little sigh.

Taking up a lamp Mr. Summersox went down cellar and broke up a packing box for kindling. Then he returned to the