

pierced the roof and answered the purpose. It was prosaic but useful. The farmer of the Northwest is destitute of many of the accessories that have made the lot of the farmer in the old land a theme for descriptive writers. Robinson could remember the "ingle-neuk" at home—the broad hearth, the wide chimney, the ever-burning fire. But in the Northwest you have to take what the hardware store will give you, and combine it with the necessities of the case as best you can. Besides, you have to make the best of your fuel supply. The open old-fashioned English fire is pleasant, but ninety per cent. of the heat goes up the chimney; whereas with a stove you can get every unit of heat that your wood is capable of, barring what goes up the stove-pipe — and even that radiates caloric on its way.

Mr. Robinson was sitting close to the stove, a well-used briar pipe in his mouth from which a curling column of blue smoke went up to the rafters. He was between fifty and sixty years old, and his weather-beaten, deep-lined face told of hard times and strenuous work.

On this wintry afternoon there was nothing for the farmer to do outside, so he thought he might as well take what solace he could out of a quiet smoke by the stove. Opposite to him sat his daughter, a girl of uncommon beauty, whose wealth of brown hair was tinged with lights of gold.