



YOU may not be able to leave your children a great inheritance, but day by day, you may be weaving coats for them which they will wear through all eternity.

—T. L. Cuyler

In a Fence Corner

By Minnie Barbour Adams.
(Concluded from last week)

THERE was silence, broken at last by Emmeline. "I think they've been just lost without each other since we've had 'em," she declared. "An' this spring your pa was just too queer for anything."

"Your ma was, too," added Jennie, seeing things in a new light.

"I don't know but you girls was a leetle mite hasty in dividin' up their things an' separatin' 'em as you did," remarked Dave.

"Why, Dave Bingham!" cried Jennie wrathfully. "You know the doctor said they'd never git up again; an' I noticed that you boys snapped up the farm most mighty quick when your pa divided it."

"Are you going to try to find them?" asked Robert at length, after the affair had been discussed in all its aspects.

"Dave an' me was talkin' about that when you come, Robbie," Ezra replied; "an' we've about made up our minds we'd better not. They don't want us to, an' they ain't no spring chickens, anyway."

"What! not goin' so soon?" expostulated Jennie when, on rising from the table, Robert picked up his hat and gloves.

Far back in the Big Woods, so termed to distinguish it from the lesser patches of forest in the neighborhood, was a strange habitation. It stood on the edge of an abandoned farm, whose owner had vainly striven to wrest it from the wild-erness, but had given up after house and barns had been destroyed by fire. Roses and lilacs clustered about, and an unkempt orchard vainly tried to hide its ugliness behind a new growth of underbrush. In a little opening, asparagus tips peeped shyly above the ground, and the ever-constant rhubarb and horseradish raised their great leaves to the sun.

Near these mutely relics of a home, a neat rock, rising precipitously from the hillside, formed the north wall of the new one. The builders of the stake-and-rider fence that approached the rock had found it easier to thrust the ends of the rails into the crevices than to build an extra panel, thus leaving a huge fence corner, as it were, twelve feet across. The addition of a few rails supported the roof, which was laid across them.

The furniture, with the exception of the cotbed and rocking-chairs, was home-made, and the old clock, that Mr. Bingham had wondrously kept for fifty years, ticked loudly from a shelving bit of rock. A small sheet-iron camp stove stood in one corner, and a kettle of greens and a basin of pie-plant sent an odorous breath out to join that of the roses and lilacs.

It was all very cozy and homelike, and it needed only the presence of the old couple, who were in the shade of a mighty elm near the door, to complete the scene. Mr. Bingham was lying on a blanket, fast asleep, his head in his wife's lap.

"Come, Sam-u-el," she cried, dividing the word oddly into three distinct syllables; "I want you to wake up and talk to me."

The old man opened his eyes wearily, but when he saw the face bending



Parlor Arrangement No. 1

Note the pleasing decoration carried out in the wall paper, as in contrast to that shown in illustration No. 2, page 17. The well selected pictures and curtains also are a good feature of this decoration. Read article on Interior Home Decoration, page 17.

over him, they brightened into life, and he smiled up to her.

"I was dreamin'; an' I thought it was Emmeline callin' me to do the chores," he said, drawing her face down and kissing her. "O, I say, Lucy, ain't this great! I feel just like I used to when I played hooky."

"So do I. An' we're to play it the rest of our lives," she returned, decidedly. "What's that, Sam-u-el?"

They listened, and Loth could hear through the underbrush, the great scrambling down the steep hill of "Sukeey's playing she's a mountain goat, most likely, an' is a-comin' home that way," he chuckled.

"No, I heard someone speak—it's a man on horseback. Why, it's Robbie!"

She unceremoniously slipped from

beneath the gray head she had been holding, and an instant later was laughing and almost crying over the brown one held within her encircling arms.

"What ever possessed you to run off?" asked Robert.

"Ask our ma; I didn't have no hand in it."

"Oh, yes, it was the woman; that's what you men always say," replied Mrs. Bingham scornfully.

"Well, who hinted in a letter that on a certain dark night they'd be at the cross-roads with a carriage a-waitin' for their lover, an' would elope with him?" demanded Mr. Bingham. "I did; an' I didn't hint at it either," retorted his wife. "I knowed that if you was as bashful as you was forty years ago, you'd never get up courage to ask me." Both men laughed.

"She's ahead, father," cried Robert.

"She allers is," returned Mr. Bingham.

"But you haven't answered my question, mother?"

"Well, you see, it was this way, Robbie," Mrs. Bingham began;

"we'd never have agreed to be separated if we'd a know we was goin' to get well, but the folks had run over all winter takin' care of us, an' with the spring work comin' on, we didn't see how we was to do it any longer. We reckoned it wouldn't be right for either of the boys to take us both, for Emmeline had a young baly in school. Anyway, we didn't think the end was far off, did we, Sam-u-el?"

"No, we figured that winter'd find us sleepin' side by side ag'in, under a whiter blanket than you'd ever wear."

"But we got real well an' spry an'—"

me as good a home as I was used to. An' in the one I wrote back, I told him I'd a sight rather live with him in a fence corner than in a palace with anyone else."

"I give in then," put in Mr. Bingham slyly, but she smilingly drew his head into her lap again and went on: "Then I remembered seein' this place once when I was strollin' around, an'—well, here we are."

Robert laughed in reply. "But I was awfully disappointed when I got 'o Ezra's to-day and found you gone, for I had a favor to ask."

"What is it, Robbie?" his mother asked, and Mr. Bingham sat up and looked at him inquiringly.

"I want to buy a little place in Seabury," he replied. "It's away out east and is close to the edge of that deep ravine. The woods come right up to the back door—in, if you'd let 'em."

"I'd let 'em," declared his mother emphatically.

"It's a wid, beautiful place—will practically remain as it is for years."

Mr. Bingham got ahead of his wife for once.

"Well, Robbie," he said heartily, "we've got a little more in the bank and we'll need to fit us out for that journey we're goin' to take one of these days, an' you'er welcome to it, ain't he, Lucy?"

"Of course he is," she replied, patting his arm lovingly. "We'd be glad—"

"Thank you both, but it isn't money I care for," interrupted Robert huskily. "If I can't get this house-keeper I want, I'll not buy the place."

"Oh, Robbie I—we didn't know there was anyone! Do we know her?" asked his mother sympathetically.

"But her name's her—or thinks he does," he corrected.

"An' you ain't asked her yet?"

"No, but I'm going to right away. Oh, it's the cutest, handiest little bandbox of a house—climbing roses, wistaria and all that sort of thing," he went on dreamily. "Nice tidy little garden; plenty of room for a cow and chickens. Babbling brook at the bottom of the ravine, and the woods just chuck-full of birds and things."

Mrs. Bingham sighed.

"An' you think she's the kind that'll appreciate all that, Robbie?" she asked wistfully.

"Oh, she just doses on it, doesn't she, father?"

"Hey! What! I can't imagine who it is!" declared Mr. Bingham.

"Who is she, honey?" coaxed Mrs. Bingham.

"Well, it's not only she; it's they," returned the boy gently. "It's the you and father. When you get tired of your fence corner, why don't you come to the little white house in Seabury. Will you?"

Advantages of Separate Purses in the Family

Miss Ida L. Foster, Delhi, Ont.

It has been suggested that separate purses in a family would be a very great mistake, a promoter of discord, and a lone of contention. Be that as it may, this paper, to be true to itself, must uphold the advantages and not the disadvantages of separate purses.

Over yonder in the station ya, a early morning till late at night every day in the week, existed Sunday. His hands are often blistered and his shoulders always ache, but he never stops. Why? Across the track in a little four-room cottage is a woman and three children. They belong to him. They are poor. They have hard work to keep the wolf from the door and make ends meet, but that hard- and is determined they are not going to suffer if he can help it, so he works early and late year in and year out.

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