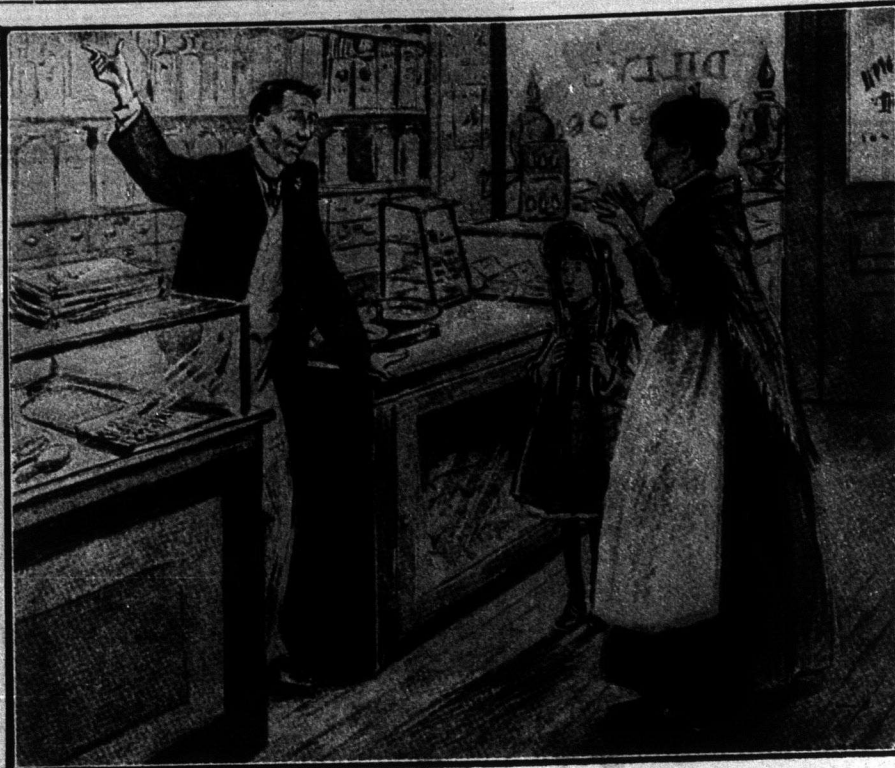


It is an old tale and a common one, but Hannah, the maid of the Timmans' establishment, saw it from her own sweet maidenly standpoint.

"I ain't got no sort o' use for that man up to our house," she said angrily to her friend Norah. "I like Mrs. T. an' I love them children like they was my own, but that man puts me beyond all patience. An' there seems to be a general coincidin' with his own opinion of hisself that makes me madder yet. Folks in general don't have to live with unborn geniuses like I do. 'f they did they wouldn't be viewin' 'em from no fancy standpoint, neither. Day in an' day out is a terrible lettin' in of light on dark spots, an' I ain't got no use for a man who's got the whole inside of the earth by heart an' can't earn his livin' on the outside of it. They say he's a superior understandin'. Well, all I'll remark to that is I wish't them as thinks his mind's so above the ordinary run o' minds had been in my place last Monday with a big wash an' no water. I reckon they'd 'a' come to a different view of superior understandin' then—that's all."

"Where was the water?" asked Norah.

"Where was it? Nowhere! That's where it was. Well dry with the drought, an' cistern dry with Mr. Timmans superior understandin'. I just was mad—good'n mad, too! I just



"He explained to me that you can only see it from China and Madagasgar."

walked right through the house 'n' into why the Dead Sea's dead, and that made the parlor where he sot readin' up on me madder yet—to see a able-bodied

man readin' up on the Dead Sea right a-top of a empty cistern. 'n' I went right up to the front of him an' I says 's calm 's I could, 'Mr. Timmans, where's the water for the wash to come from?'

"You was so sure 't there was a rat drowned in the cistern," I says, 'that nothing must do but you must clean it out,' I says. 'An' there wasn't no rat,' I says. 'An' it ain't rained, since,' I says. 'An' how'm I to wash?' I says. An' then I waited to see what he could say, an' he jus' looked at me in a mild sort o' daze—the way he always looks if you ask him anythin' ordinary an' everyday—an' finally he says, 'Can't you get some water out o' the pond?' he says. 'Out o' the pond?' I says high-keyed like (for you know what that pond is yourself, Norah Kinsley). 'Out o' that muddy, swampy, slimy marshy, cow-churned pond!' I says. 'Out o' that nasty, dirty, filthy, green pond!' I says. 'I can get it clean for you,' he says, a-openin' the Dead Sea again, 'jus' say when you want it,' he says, runnin' his eyes around after his place. 'Now!' I says, 'right now! That's when I want it,' I says.

"He looked at me an' saw I was solid, an' he sighed an' turned the leaf down in the Dead Sea an' got up out o' the rocker an' got Nathan, an' they went off. Well, I begun to wait, an' I never quit waitin' until I was nigh to bustin', I was that mad again. An' then, when it was high noon I couldn't stand it no longer, an' I sets off for the pond myself. I hoped an' prayed they was both drowned, all the way there, an' I hope the Lord 'll forgive me, but it is the gospel truth. But they wa'n't nothin' happened! The pond was there, an' both them superior minds was gone. An' what do you suppose I see, Norah, what do you suppose I see? I was like to fly when I realized the truth. There was two barrels a-standin' by the pond, an' one was empty an' one was full of that foul-smellin' swamp water, an' that high-falutin' know-it-all had hung a piece o' old carpet from one barrel over into the others so's it could suck up dirty water an' drip it off clean, an' if the sun didn't shine too hot maybe we'd have a pail o' clean water come Hallowe'en. An' my wash watin'."

"Jus' like Mr. Timmans," commented Norah.

"Jus' like Mr. Timmans! I sh'd say it was jus' like Mr. Timmans. His superior mind liked to observe the theory, an' didn't care about the wash!"

When Rufus' two sons were big boys out knocking about in the world and almost ready to fight their own battles in their own way, his one and only daughter was born. Into her mother's lonely and shadowed life this sweet and bright-eyed little girl came as an unspeakable comfort and solace. Bessie Timmans stood in sad need of comfort and solace; it is not easy to be the wife of a very superior man and to bear the cross with silence everlasting and the same measure of patience.

The little daughter was very different from her brothers. Their lives had been out and away—hers was at home. She knew a great deal while she was yet small—when she was bigger she knew more.

"Ma," she said one day, looking up from her needle-work and startling her mother with the earnest question in her eyes, "we ought to be awfully proud of Pa, oughtn't we?"

"Yes, dear," her mother answered gently.

"Are we?"

"Why, Betty, what a question! Yes, of course."

"Why ought we to be proud of Pa? Did he ever do anything to be proud of? He never does anything now. I don't see why we're proud of him."

"Your father is a very superior man, Betty," said Mrs. Timmans, and sighed as she spoke.

"Why is he a superior man, Ma?"

"Dear me, Betty, what questions you ask! Your brothers never asked such questions."

"Is it because he's always reading or talking, Ma, instead of working like other men. Is it superior to read and talk instead of working?"

The mother did not answer.

HAVE YOU RECEIVED ONE?

A. E. REA & CO. MONTREAL
ORIGINATORS, MANUFACTURERS & IMPORTERS

MONTREAL

THE NEW MAIL ORDER —HOUSE—

WRITE
TO-DAY
FOR
THIS
BOOK

IT
IS
FREE

ADDRESS
DEPT.

11



A. E. REA & CO. MONTREAL LIMITED.