



THOSE love truth best who to themselves are true
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.—
James Russell Lowell.

Rose of Old Harpeth

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVISS

"Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Company"

(Continued from last week)

"As you know when I woke I was anchored in the middle of that four-poster in my room under the roof of the Briars and you were pouring something glorious and hot down my throat, while the wonderful old angel-man in the big gray hat, who had got me out in the field, was flapping his wings around on the other side of the pillows. I went to sleep under your very hands—and I haven't waked up yet—except in ugly, impatient ways. I never want to."

"I wonder what you would be like—awakes!" said Rose Mary softly, as she gently lowered the head of young Peter down into the hollow of her arm, where, in a voice proximally to Shoo!s, he nodded off into the depths. "I think I'm afraid to try waking you. I'm always so happy when Aunt Viney has snuffed away her asthma with jimson weed and got down on her pulvis, and I have rubbed all her joints, when the General has said his prayers without stopping to argue in the middle, and Uncle Tucker has finished his chapter and pipe in bed without setting us all on fire, that I regard people asleep as in a most blessed condition. Won't you please try and stay happy, tucked away fast here at the Briars, without wanting to wake up and go all over New York, when I won't know whether you are getting cold or hungry or wet or a pain in your lungs?"

"Again I promise! Just wake me enough to go out and hose for you is all I ask—your row and your kind of hosing."

"Maybe hosing in my row will make you finish your own in fine style," laughed Rose Mary. "And I think it's wonderful of you to study up our land so Uncle Tucker can do better with it. We never seem to be able to make any more than just a mortgage interest, and what we'll wear when the trunks in the garret are empty I don't see. We'll have to grow feathers. Think like I have teeth just south of me to be impossible."

"Do you mean to tell me that the Briars is seriously encumbered?" demanded Everett, with a quick frown showing between his brow and a business-like look coming into his eyes.

"The mortgage on the Briars covers it as completely as the vines on the wall," answered Rose Mary quickly, with a humorous quirk at her mouth that relieved the note of pain in her voice. "I know we can never pay it, but if something could be done to keep it for the old folks alive, I think Stonie and I could stand it. They were born here and their roots strike deep and twine with the roots of our trees and bush at the Briars. Their graves are over there behind the stone wall, and all their joys and

sorrows have come to them along Providence Road. I am not unhappy over it, because I know that their Master isn't going to let anything happen to take them away. Every night before I go to sleep I just leave them to Him until I wake up in the morning to begin to keep care of them for Him again. It was all about—"

"Wait a minute, let me ask you some questions before you tell me any more," said Everett, quickly covering the sympathy that showed in his eyes with his business tone of voice. "Is it Gideon Newsome who holds this mortgage?"



The Home on a Government Demonstration Farm

One of the farms selected by the Dominion Conservation Commission for demonstration purposes, is that of W. C. Barrie, Waterville Co., Ont. Mr. Barrie's comfortable stone dwelling may be seen herewith.

—Photo, courtesy W. C. Barrie.

"Why, yes, how did you know?" asked Rose Mary with a mild surprise in her eyes as she raised them to his, bent intently on her. "Uncle Tucker had to get the money from him six years ago. It was a debt of honor—he—we had to pay." A rich crimson spread itself over Rose Mary's brow and cheeks and flooded down her white neck under the folds of her blue dress across her breast. Worth rose to her eyes, but she lifted her head proudly and looked him straight in the face. "There is a reason why I would give my life—why I do and must give my life to protecting them from the consequences of the disaster. No sacrifice is too great for me to make to save their home for them."

"Do you mind telling me how much the mortgage is for?" asked Everett, still in his cool, thoughtful voice.

"For ten thousand dollars," answered Rose Mary. "The land is worth really less than fifteen. Nobody but such a—such a friend as Mr. Newsome would have loaned Uncle

Tucker so much. He—he has been very kind to us. I—I am very grateful to him and I—"

Rose Mary faltered and dropped her eyes. A tear trembled on the edge of her black lashes and then splashed on the chubby cheek of Peter the reposer.

"I see," said Everett coolly, and a flint tone made his usually rich voice harsh and tight. For a few minutes he sat quietly looking Rose Mary over with an inscrutable look in his eyes that finally faded again into the utter world weariness. "I see—and so the bargain and sale goes on even on Providence Road under Old Harpeth. But the old people will never have to give up the Briars while you are here to pay the price of their protection, Rose Mary. Never!"

"I don't believe they will—my faith in Him makes me sure," answered Rose Mary with lovely unconsciousness as she raised large, comforted eyes to Everett's. "I don't know how I'm going to manage, but somehow my cup of faith seems to get filled each day with the wine of courage and the result is mighty apt to be a—song." And Rose Mary's face blushed out again into a flowering of smiles.

"A sort of cup of heavenly nectar," answered Everett with an answering smile, but the keen look still in his eyes. "See here, I want you to promise me something—don't ever, under any circumstance, tell anybody that I know about this mortgage. Will you?"

"Of course, I won't if you tell me not to," answered Rose Mary immediately. "I don't like to think or talk

Aunt Viney feel this way!" exclaimed Rose Mary with distress in her blue eyes that she raised to Uncle Tucker's, that were bent benignly upon her as she stood in the barn door beside him. "She says that as a Lord has snuffed her her four score years by reason of great strength, she oughtn't to remind Him that He has forgotten her by having an eighty-second birthday. Everybody in Sweedehar has been looking forward to it for a week, and it was going to be such a lovely party. What shall we do? She says she just won't have it, and Aunt Amanda is crying when Aunt Viney don't see it. She's made up her mind, and I don't know what more to say to her."

"Rose Mary," said Uncle Tucker, with a quizzical smile quivering at the corners of his mouth, "mightily often the ingredient of permanency is left out in the making up of a woman's mind, one way or another. Can't you kinder prevail with your Aunt Viney some? I've got a real hanker after this little birthday to-day. Jest back her round to another view of the question with a slack plow-line. Look like it's too bad to—"

"Rose Mary, oh, Rose Mary, where are ye, child?" came a call in a high, treble cry, and a voice ran down the garden path, and Miss Amanda hove in sight, hurrying along on eager but tottering little feet. Her short, skimpies, gray skirts fluttered in the spring breezes, and her bright, old eyes peered at the motionless shade she held over her head with tremulous excitement. She was both laughing and panting as Rose Mary threw her arm around her and drew her into the door of the barn. "Sister Viney has consented in her mind to the party, all along of a verse I was just new a-reading to her in our morning lesson. Saint Luke says: 'It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead and is alive again,' and at the same minute the recollection of how sick Mr. Mark has been hit us both. 'There now,' she says, 'you folks can jest go on with that party to-day for the benefit of our young brother Everett's coming to so good after all his sufferings. This time I will consider it as instituted of the Lord, but don't nobody say birthday next April, if I'm here, on no account whatever.' I take it as a special lesson to me to have read that verse this morning to Sister Viney, and won't you please go over and tell Sally Rucker to go on with the cake, Rose Mary? Sister Viney called Jennie over by sun-up, when she took the notion to tell her to tell her mother not to make it, even if she had already broke all the sixteen eggs."

"Yes, Aunt Amanda, I'll run over and tell Mrs. Rucker, and then she will begin right away to get things ready. I am so glad Aunt Viney is—"

"Rose Mamie, Rose Mamie," came another loud hail from up the path toward the house and down came the General at top speed, with a play setter braying in his wake. "Aunt Viney asks for you to come there to hear this minute. There is a-going to be the party and it's right by the Bible to have it, some for Mr. Mark, too. Tole Poteet 's'bout when I told him he couldn't come, 'cause they wasn't a-going to be no party on account of worrying the Lord about forgetting Aunt Viney, and I was just a-going to knock him into stuffings, 'cause they can't nobody say 'no' to the Bible. But Aunt Viney neither, to me, when there Aunt Viney called for us to go to tell everybody that the party was a-going off and be sure and come. I believe God let her call me before I hit Tob, 'cause I ain't never with yet, and maybe now I never will have to do."

"Yes, Aunt Amanda, I'll run over and tell Mrs. Rucker, and then she will begin right away to get things ready. I am so glad Aunt Viney is—"

"Rose Mamie, Rose Mamie," came another loud hail from up the path toward the house and down came the General at top speed, with a play setter braying in his wake. "Aunt Viney asks for you to come there to hear this minute. There is a-going to be the party and it's right by the Bible to have it, some for Mr. Mark, too. Tole Poteet 's'bout when I told him he couldn't come, 'cause they wasn't a-going to be no party on account of worrying the Lord about forgetting Aunt Viney, and I was just a-going to knock him into stuffings, 'cause they can't nobody say 'no' to the Bible. But Aunt Viney neither, to me, when there Aunt Viney called for us to go to tell everybody that the party was a-going off and be sure and come. I believe God let her call me before I hit Tob, 'cause I ain't never with yet, and maybe now I never will have to do."

about it. I only told you because you wanted to help us. Help offers are the silver linkups to trouble clouds, and you brought this one down on yourself, didn't you? Of course, it's selfish and wrong to tell people about your anxieties, but there is just no other way to get so close to a friend. Don't you think perhaps sometimes the Lord doesn't bother to 'temper the winds,' but just leads you up on the sheltered side of somebody who is stronger than you are and leaves you there until your storm is over?"

CHAPTER II. THE FOLKS-GARDEN.

"Well," said Uncle Tucker meditatively, "I reckon a festival on a birthday can be taken as a kind of compliment to the Lord and no special glorification to yourself. He instituted your first one Himself, and I see no harm in just a-marking of the years He send you. What are Sister Viney's special reasons against the junket?"

"Oh, I don't know what makes

(Continued next week)