

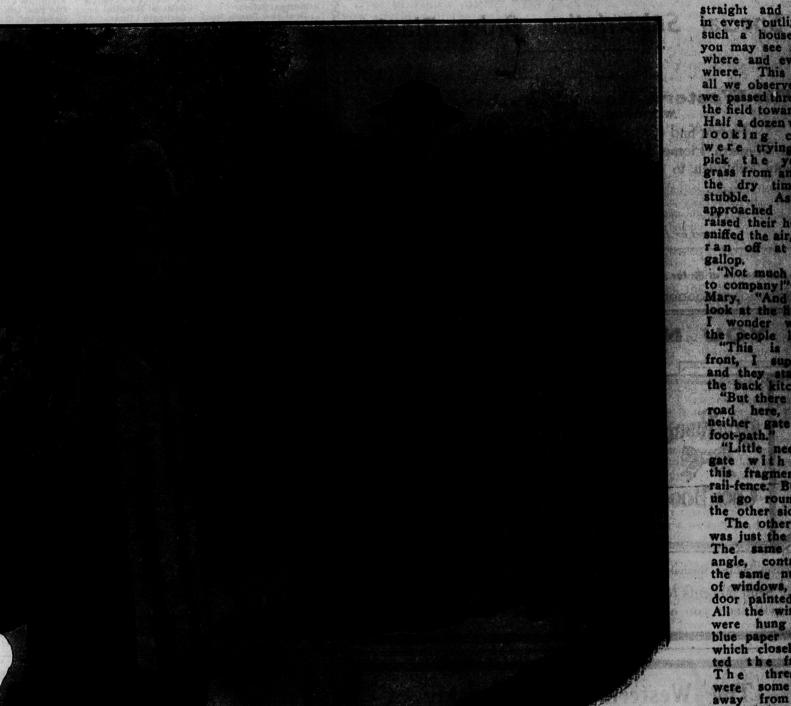
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HOUSE NEW JOEL HUTT'S By RACHEL B. HAMILTON.

AM a district school teacher in West Virginia. The life is quiet and monotonous, if one is willing it should be so; but a little observation, aided by human sympathy, may give it interest and even ro-mance. Some teachers might be able to write nar-ratives of their own experiences; but it has not fallen to my lot to be a heroine, and having no story of my own I prize more highly those of my neighbors. I have many a nice budget stored a way in head, heart and portfolio.

Three years ago I found myself without an en-gagement. After many inquiries I heard of a school, which I was told was such hard work and poor pay nobody wanted it. Having no other choice I concluded to apply. It was five miles from home by the road, and three across the hills. The former way was so impassable with mud that I preferred walking, sister Mary going with me. A warm rain had fallen the day before, and the sky was still cloudy, but betokening nothing worse than spring show-



straight and st in every outling such a house you may see where and en all we o field toward Half a dozen w looking rass from dry t stubble approach raised their sniffed the air

The of as just angle, contai the same nu of window door painted All the win hun

some

ground, but

were no steps.

ers. had set the birds crazy with delight, filled the air with the smell of the soil, and made the ferns and mosses brighten out among the old dead lcaves

We had been directed to Joel Hutt, who lived "just beyond that hill where you kin see the clearin." Woods and deep hollows lay between, and we were not sure that upon emerging we would find the "clearin'" whose unsightliness was plainly visible in the distance. Over logs and

SHE STARED AT HIM AND AT THE POOR WOMAN, WHO WAS HIDING HER FACE AND CRYING AUDIBLY."

Those that had already fallen across rocky brooks, through under-t the birds crazy with delight, he air with the smell of the ad made the ferns and mosses we pressed most earnestly forward, until we came out in an open field about a quarter of a mile to the right of the stump and log-covered hill. In the center of the field before us stood a house and barn.

"How glad I am," said Mary, as she climbed the fence, "that we found the place so easily. I am quite tired enough to stop!"

"Don't be too well pleased with ap-

"Oh, it must be! There is no other house in sight but that one away over on the next ridge, and it can't be so far off as that, I know." "But that is beyond the hill we

were directed to, while this is nearer than the hill itself."

"I wonder if it wouldn't be best to inquire, instead of talking the matter over here," said my active sister, as she started in the direction of the house. It was a two-story frame, cut deep ruts around it,

paths in the yat which was only small enclosu pearances. I don't believe that is the for the protection of some fruit tre house." might have had some ten years growth. There had been some at-tempt at ornament, for a cedar and an arbor vitae grew at what seemed intended for the front of the house. The bricks of the chimner was not The bricks of the front of the nouse. The bricks of the chimney were not discolored by smoke, and the paint was weather-beaten, but not worn from the doors and frames. The fine big barn, standing a little way off, had been well used. Wagon-wheels had

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