

when you are married, just be content to let the doctor be master in his own house. There is a lot of nonsense talked in these days about the emancipation of women and that sort of thing, and though I know that in some cases it is as well to give women their heads a bit, the only chance of married happiness is for man to be what his Maker intended he should be—the head of the house. And, my dear, don't you forget it."

"I am afraid that I shall not be allowed to," replied Hester. "But it is of no use to blame a poor woman for taking all that she can get, and if the man does not hold the driving lines with a firm hand, he must not be surprised if he gets gradually pushed from the place of power."

"Ah! you hit the bull's-eye plumb in the centre there, Miss Hope, and I see that it is the doctor that I ought to talk to on the subject; only I don't know after all that he is not quite capable of minding his own business without any help from me," said Sam.

Hester emptied a flood of crimson raspberries into a white earthenware bowl, and her cheeks seemed to gather colour from the fruit as she said softly, "And I think so too."

It was later in the day, and the heat which had been excessive at noontide had given place to a pleasant coolness. The sun was slipping out of sight behind a forest-clad shoulder of the hills, and Hester strolled out of the house to enjoy the cool breeze which stole down from the uplands.

Zota and her father were away in the pasture-land higher up the slopes fixing up a temporary repair of a broken fence, to keep the cow from trespassing in the growing corn; and Alice was helping Mr. Powell to