

The country woman sighs and thinks of the old grey house, the long, low, homely old house, with the vines hiding it, the big trees shading it, and the orchard stretching behind. She feels to hate the high brick walls and meagre yards of the city. A sudden homesickness takes her for the dear familiar place so far away. She sees the little sitting room, where the happy hours have been spent. There are the piles of books overflowing the case and taking up their quarters on the floor, the work-table near the window, the couch before the fire, and, best of all—

"Well, the day is nearly spent; we mustn't waste any more time. Come on, dear," breaks in the city woman. Just in time, too, for in another minute the country woman would have been crying her eyes out right on the street. As it is, there is a good-sized lump in her throat, as they go along, and she has to dab her handkerchief to her eyes more than once.

Out at—but no, I won't give the number lest an angry householder seek revenge—they are sure they have found the genuine article. It looks from the outside for all the world like the bright, pleasant place expatiated on in the ad. But, inside—oh, the musty, fusty, inside of it! No wonder it has been empty for months; it smells to heaven of mouldiness and damp and decay. The plaster is broken, the wood-work grimy and unclean, and, to cap all, a big impudent rat makes a rush for the cellar-way and nearly scares Elizabeth into fits.

"I don't care," says the country woman as they continue the weary march, "it's the man who should do the house-hunting."

"Maybe it is," agrees Elizabeth, "but I don't want any man to hunt a house for me. Men, my dear, haven't the patience or perseverance to be a success at it. They'll take any old thing rather than do the tramping about necessary."

At the very tail end of the day fortune favors them. A brand new house with the paint hardly dry on the walls, a cozy, pleasant house, that no one has lived in as yet, with no smell about it, but the wholesome one of lime and paint. The country woman fairly hugs herself.

"The stairway is steep and the hall narrow," complains Elizabeth. "I wish it were a trifle larger."

The owner of the house is a handsome young Irishman, who has been having his own time with house-hunters of late, for this particular house is the last of a whole block of houses (I had almost said brood of houses) he has built, and, to use the expression of a disgusted workman, "women have been fairly cumbering the earth, getting in the way and keeping a fellow from getting through with his job." It is a good thing for the country woman that Elizabeth is along, for there is such a thing as being too anxious. But the bargain is struck at last, the key is handed over and two satisfied but thoroughly tired out mortals turn homeward.

"It has been too much for you," says Elizabeth kindly, "I told you it would be the hardest trial of all, you remember."

The country woman is a trifle pale, and her pretty, new hat is shifted over to one side considerably. "Is it Whitcomb Riley, or who is it that makes the old farmer say:

"I thought I'd worked when on the farm,
But harvestin' wheat is only play
Compared to house-hunting in town,
The same as I've been at to-day."

"I seem to feel awfully sorry for that man, Elizabeth," she says.

"I don't feel half as sorry for him as for the poor woman who would have to live in the house he hunted," comments the cynical Elizabeth.
JEAN BLEWETT.

—————:o:—————
ONE WOMAN'S IDEA.

"What is political economy?"

"It's the way a man makes his family cut down household expenses while he's running for office."

—————:o:—————
THE KIND THAT STAYS.

"Our new cook has been with us three weeks now."

"Yet you don't seem happy."

"No; she can't cook."

—————:o:—————
A member of the Order, who is otherwise eligible, and who is not past 35 years of age, can secure \$1,000 indemnity in the Endowment Rank for a cost (including expense) of \$1.00 per month. This rate continues during his life, so that the insignificant amount of \$12 per annum protects his family at least to the extent of \$1,000.

—————:o:—————
"Is it true that Blison came off the Atlantic liner in full evening dress?"

"Yes; he had to get his new diamond studs through the Customs House."

Wm. Ralph...

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