

EVERY evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. We gain the strength of the temptation we resist.—Emerson.

His Daughter-in-Law

By ELLEN ADA SMITH
(Continued from last week)

THE morning of the "visit" came and Tom was ready with the cart to drive his father to the station. Little Eileen was crying bitterly, and grandpa's lips trembled as he kissed her, for they all knew that there was a trial in prospect for the child of which as yet she was happily ignorant.

Rose was deadly pale, and Tom had to rein in the impatient horse, as his wife mounted the step for an emphatic last word.

"Not a day longer than a month at the outside. And remember if your fine friends don't like the care they ought, that I shall put a hot bottle in your bed every night to keep it aired."

The old man was almost past speaking, because his heart was wrung with the pain of parting, but he kissed Rose and promised to write her almost at once. Then they were off, Tom driving like the wind, with lips painfully compressed.

"I don't know," he said distressfully, "how I am going back to face Rose with what I've got to break to her."

"Your wife is such a busy woman," James Yeatman answered, as he answered before, "and busy people never have time to miss the idlers. I should have been so glad to lighten her burdens a little, but she never would let me."

"Rose was always such a 'one-horse' person," Tom explained with a pained forced laugh; "she thinks that nobody can do anything but herself."

So they parted, father and son, with painful things unspoken between them, and Yeatman was welcomed in his new abode by those who had known him and worked under him in old times. He slept peacefully, for the journey and the parting had tired him very much, but it was with a distinct feeling of freedom and relief that he set about doing for himself in the little place where he might move as master for the rest of his life, without getting on anybody's nerves or being in their way. It was very soothing and peaceful not to have his kindly wistful attempts returned upon him so brusquely, and he smiled a little when, in filling his kettle, he spilled a few drops on the clean hearth. No one could blame him now or follow him up with a house flannel, in a silence more reproachful than speech.

It was dull, of course, very dull, and he missed them all terribly; he missed even the sleek house cat and the ungrateful vagrant outside. Above all, he missed Eileen, who was more like his wife than their own daughter had been, the daughter who had died in her teens. He could not think of Eileen without a trembling of his lip, so to put himself in better heart he tidied up gen-

erally with a natty dress which Rose herself could not have bettered. He loved pottering about, and in arranging his books, those dear accustomed friends who never failed or disappointed him, he found both comfort and pleasure.

In turning himself about to find a more honored place for "Lamb's Essays," he found himself face to face with Rose, standing in the doorway. He was too much amazed for speech, and it was only his instinct

from his son's home. Her hands fell away from him and she spoke dully.

"I see you would rather stay here alone. But you won't think of Tom and the children—of Eileen?"

"My dear Rose! It is just because I think of them, and of you that I feel I am better where I am. As matters stand now, I should be wronging you, for I have barely enough left to pay for what I eat."

"And who minds that?" she answered passionately. "It was just the money that put all wrong between us from the first. I never was one to do things for money, although I can do lots of things for good will. I quarrelled with the best friend I had, just because she came to us for a month as paying guest; money seems to spoil everything with me."

He studied her, and an understanding smile mingled with the pity on his face.

"I see. It would have been all right between us if I had been just the vagrant cat without any money to pay for my saucer of milk. It is the other way about, with most people, my dear."

"Don't laugh at me—don't, for I can't bear it! If I can't see your dear white head bending above Eileen's, I shall never even go to church again. And if she dies under this operation, about which the doctors try to speak so lightly, I shall know that I am being punished."



This Home Has Features Well Worth Copying

This semi-bungalow type of home was built by a doctor in the village of Hawick, Que. A feature well worth noting is the large porch enclosed in mosquito net. Could one imagine a finer living room on during the hot months of the summer? Photo by an editor of Farm and Dairy.

of what was becoming when a lady came to see him, that made him grope helplessly after the coat which he had taken off.

"Father!" it was the first time she had ever addressed him by that sacred title, and she was very breathless and white—"Father! you must come home with me. I've not broken bread since I heard that you had chosen to go away, and be poor and lonely by yourself, and I will not break it until you come home to Tom and me."

There was a fierce earnestness about her which almost frightened him, and he hardly knew best how to deal with her. He must choose his words aright, or he would hurt her, and he did not want to do that. His hesitation seemed to make her panicker-stricken, for she laid hold of him.

"You can't mean that you would rather bear it all away from us by yourself! Surely you would rather be with Tom and—and the children."

She let herself out, knowing well that she had been cruel—cruel in all those petty hurts which wound a kind heart and often break it. In spite of every effort of his, the sad unbroken silence answered her, and she knew that she had driven him

On returning to the farm, James Yeatman had it all his own way, even before Eileen was running daily about again, and a very royal way of kindness it was. Made free of the sunny kitchen, he read the paper to Rose busy at her cooking, and he was a new world for her. In the monotony of the daily round, her keen intelligence had preyed upon itself for lack of material. He father-in-law, a man of wide knowledge, supplied that material, and educated her to a knowledge of men and things which was infinitely of value to her. Moreover, he fetched and carried for her as he always had done, and helped her in a thousand ways. No one could break up the hearth fire as father could, just the right side. He was as neat as she was herself, but if his hand should touch a little he spilled clean soft water on the immaculate floor, his fast instinct never let him attempt to wipe it up, for he knew that would hurt her. His service was untiring, but no manner of effort or equalled in value the mental freedom and recreation of mind, which he had opened out to her. She was grateful to him, but she told him that she wished he had brought Tom to be as neat and natty as he was himself. He laughed at her.

My dear Rose, a shrimp of a fellow like me has got to be natty, or he is nothing. Don't you tell me that you are not as proud of my fine big husband as I am proud of my fine big son."

"I am proud of Tom, of course," Rose answered, "but I am just as proud of you, in a different way."

He laughed again. "As though every dear silly woman who loved a goose didn't make a swan of it at once! My dear one, look tried. I insist that you sit down while I turn the butter; it is a very warm to-day."—Sunday at Home.

The Early Fly

The early fly's the one to swat.

It comes before the weather's hot, and sits around and flies its legs, and lays at least ten million eggs, and every egg will bring you to drive us crazy by and by. Oh, every fly that skips our swatters will have five million sons and daughters, and countless first and second cousins and aunts and uncles, scores of dozens, and fifty-seven billion nieces, so knock the blamed thing all to pieces. And every niece and every aunt—unless you swat them, they can't—will lay enough descendants, and to fill up ten five-gallon cans, and all these eggs, ere summer hies, will bring forth twenty trillion flies. And thus it goes on our green chain, so all our swatting is in vain, for you do that swatting soon in Maytime and in early June. So, men and brothers, let us rise, gird up our loins and swat the flies! And, sister, leave your cozy bowers, where you have wasted golden hours, with ardor in your souls and eyes, roll up your sleeves and swat the flies!—Walt Mason.

One of the bosses at Baldwin Locomotive Works last day was a argumentative Irishman named Pat, so he saved discussion by putting the discharge in writing. The next day Pat was missing, but a week later the boss was passing through the shop and he saw him again at his lathe. Going up to the Irishman he demanded fiercely: "Didn't you get my letter?" "Yes, sor, Oi did," said Pat. "Did you read it?" "Sure, I read it inside and I read it outside," said Pat. "And on the inside ye said I was fired and on the outside ye said 'Return to Baldwin Locomotive Works in five days.'"