



THE best work is always done by those who have
the ability to laugh and play.—*Elbert Hubbard*

Rose of Old Harpeth

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIES

"Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Company"
(Continued from last week)

N O, you're not—just a boy," answered Rose Mary, as she set her supper on the table before him. She had poured his coffee, stirred in the cream and sugar, and laid the spoon straight in the saucer beside the cup. For an instant Everett sat very still and looked at her, then she picked up the cup and tipped it against her lips, sipped judiciously, and set it down with a satisfied air. For just a second her eyes gleamed down at him over the edge of the cup and a tiny laugh gurgled in her throat as she swallowed her sip of his beverage.

"That was mine, anyway—he can have his chicken wings," said Everett with a laugh as he began operations on the food before him.

"It wasn't a very nice party," answered Rose Mary as she went on with her work on the pile of china. "Stonie acted awfully. He piled up his plate with pieces of chicken, and when Aunt Viney reproved him he said he was saving it for you. And Aunt Viney said she was sure you were sick, and then Uncle Tucker wanted to go look for you, and I had to tell him before them all that you had sent me word. Then Aunt Amanda said she was afraid you were not a Prohibitionist, and Aunt Viney said she would have to talk to you in the morning. Then they all told Mr. Newsome about you, and I don't think he liked it much, because he likes to tell us things about himself. We are so fond of him, and we always want to hear him talk about where he has been and what he has done. I tried to stop them and make him talk, but I couldn't. It's strange how liking a person gets on your mind so that even if you don't talk about them you think about them all the time, isn't it? But I oughtn't to blame them, for I was so afraid they wouldn't leave enough of things for you that I forgot to talk myself. I was glad Stonie acted that way about the chicken, for the piece he saved made three pieces of white meat for you. Oh, please let's hurry, because we will miss the speaking if we don't. Mr. Newsome makes such beautiful speeches that I want you to hear him. Is there any kind of pride in the world like that you have over your friends?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE ENEMY, THE ROD, AND THE STAFF.

And the days that followed the Senator's prohibition rally at Sweetbriar were those of carnival for joyous spring all up and down Providence Road and out over the Valley. Rugged old Harpeth began to be crowned with wreaths of tender green and pink which trailed down its sides in garlands that spread

themselves out over meadow and farm away beyond the river bend. Overnight, rows of jonquils in Mrs. Poteet's straggling little garden lifted up golden candlestick heads to be decapitated at an early hour and transported in tight little bunches in dilly little fists to those of the neighbors whose spring flowers had

front porch hung thick with long, purple clusters which dropped continually little bouquets of single blossoms with perfect impartiality on the head of widow and maid, as the compromise of entertaining both young Bob and Mr. Crabtree at the same time was carried out by Louise Helen. And often with the most absolute unconsciousness the demure little widow allowed herself to be instantly on her appearance dissolved into clumps of two. And if the prodigal vine showered blessings down a pair of clasped hands hid beside Louise Helen's fluffy pink muslin skirts nobody was the wiser except perhaps Mr. Crabtree.

And perched on the side of the hill the Briars found itself in a perfect avalanche of blossoms. The snowballs hung white and heavy from long branches, and gorgeous lilac boughs bent and swayed in the wind. A clump of bridal wreath by the front gate was a great white drift against the new green of a crimson-starred burning bush, while over it all trailed the perfume-laden honeysuckle which bowed the front porch, decorated trellis and trees and finally flung its blossoms down the hill to well-nigh cloister Rose Mary's milkhouse.

One balmy afternoon Everett

ner that had for weeks kept Rose Mary from suspecting to him the least degree the condition of his mind. There is a place along the way in the pilgrimage to the altar of Love, when the god takes on an awe-inspiring phase which makes a man hide his eyes in his hands with fear of the most abject. At such times with her lamp of faith a woman goes on ahead and lights the way for both, but while Rose Mary's flame burned strongly, her unconsciousness was profound.

"I'm so glad you came," she said with the usual rose signal to him in her cheeks. "I've been wondering where you were and just a little bit uneasy about you. Mr. Newsome has been here and wants to see you. He stayed to dinner and waited for you for two hours. Stonie and Tob and all the others looked for you. I know you are hungry. Will you have a drink of milk before I go with you to get your dinner. I saved some."

"What did the Honorable God want?" asked Everett, and there was a strange excitement in his eyes as he said it, and quickly on a small irregular bundle of straw he had been out of his kit. His voice had a sharp ring in it as he asked his question.

"Oh, I think he just wanted to see you because he likes you," answered Rose Mary with one of her lifted glances and quick smiles. "A body can take their own liking for two other people and use it as a good strong rope just to pull them together sometimes. I'm awfully fond of Mr. Newsome—and you," she added as she came over from one of the crocks with Peter Rucker's blue cup brimming with ice-cream, and in her hand and offered it to Everett.

Instead of taking the cup from her Everett clasped his fingers around her slender wrist in the fashion of young Petie and thus with her hand raised the cup to his lips. And as his eyes looked down over its blue rim into hers the excitement in them died down, first into a very deep tenderness that changed slowly into a quiet determination which seemed to be pouring a promise and vow into her very soul. Something in the strange look made Rose Mary's hand tremble as he finished the last drop in the cup, and again her lovely, always-ready rose flushed up under her long lowered lashes. "Is it good and cold?" she asked with a little smile as she turned away with the cup.

"Yes," answered Everett quickly. "It's all to the good, and the milk to the cold."

"Is that a compliment to me and the milk," laughed Rose Mary from over by the table as she again took up the butter-paddle. "It's nice to find things as is expected of them, women good and milk cold, isn't it?" she queried teasingly.

"Yes," answered Everett from across the table.

"And any way a woman must be a comfort to folks, just as a rose must smell sweet, because they're both born for that," continued Rose Mary as she lifted a huge pat of the butter on to a blue saucer. "Me are sometimes a comfort, too—and sweet," she added with a rough glance at him over the butter flower she was making.

"No, Rose Mary, men are just thorns, cruel and slashing—but sometimes they protect the rose," answered Everett in his most cynical tone of voice, though the excitement again flamed up in his dark eyes and again his hand closed over the kit in his side. "Do you know what I think I'll do?" he asked. "I'll take old Gray and log over to Boliver for a while. I'll see the Senator, and I want to get a wire through to the firm in New York I can. (Continued next week)"



A Healthy and Pleasant but Uncommon Form of Recreation

Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers were past masters in the art of riding. We of today prefer the may riding, cushioned buggy. But will our method of travel offer us as much in health and pleasure as did the method of long ago, still practiced to a limited extent?

felled to open at such an early date. In spite of what seemed an open neglect, the Poteet flowers were always made porch with his prospecting kite in his hands. Rose Mary lifted quick welcoming eyes to his and on with her work with bowl and paddle. Everett had some time since got to the point where it was well-nigh impossible for him to look directly into Rose Mary's deep eyes, quaff a draft of the tenderness that he always found offered him and keep equanimity enough to go on with the affairs in hand. What business had a woman's eyes to be so filled with a young child's innocence, a violet's shyness, a passion of fosterling gentleness, mirth that ripples like the surface of the crystal pools, and—could it be dawning—love? Everett had been in a state of uncertainty and misery so abject that it hid itself under an unusually casual man-

Down at the Plunketts the early wistaria vine that garlanded the