



MORE firm and sure the hand of courage strikes, when it obeys the watchful eye of caution.—Thompson.

A Change of Scene

(Farm and Fireside.)

THE little dark bedroom where Rose Harvey lay was suffocating. Tom had tacked a large blanket over the west window in order to shut out the sun's fierce rays, but it also shut out every particle of fresh air. The doctor looked grave as he tanned the tired face on the pillow with a folded newspaper. After a few minutes he handed the newspaper to Della, motioning her to take his place, and left the room, anxiously followed by Tom.

"Something must be done, and at once," he said to Tom. "Your wife must have a change. I hardly see what you can do, unless you can take her over to Fairview to the Sanatorium."

Tom could only look up, helplessly. "Or, if not that, then a good trained nurse might pull her through, though I admit I don't know where you could get one at once. She must have someone to care for her, at once. Haven't you some relative that knows how to nurse?"

Tom shook his head. "Something must be done if we save her. I'll be back this evening, and if possible, bring someone to help you through the night. In the meantime have the kids keep the children quiet, or take them away to the neighbors, and you must get the temperature of that room lowered; as it is, the heat is enough to make a well person sick."

The doctor hurried out to his buggy and Tom called Della from the bedside where she was faithfully fanning Mrs. Harvey.

"I'll fan her now, Della; you get the children, and take them down to that big shade tree at the foot of the orchard. From there you can call James and tell him to come to the house at once. You can stay out there with the children till the town whistles blow; build a playhouse for them, and keep them quiet and away from the house."

Tom did some thinking as he stood by the bedside fanning, after Della had gone; also he indulged in some severe self-criticism. He had never meant to make a drudge of his wife, nor to condemn her to such a bare, unsatisfying existence. But there had seemed no help for it. Times had been hard for both of them, and each baby had added to the toil for the frail mother. Now she lay so weak and helpless that Tom's face paled at the thought of the possible consequences. He had resolved to do his best to help Rose in any way possible.

The doctor had said "lower the temperature of the room." Tom looked about, and finding a large white handkerchief, he sprinkled it copiously from the water-pitcher, then folded it and laid it on Rose's hot forehead. Next he sprinkled the blanket that hung before the window, and then, dampening still another cloth, he began to drive the flies from the room.

Hearing James, the hired man,

enter the kitchen, Tom went out to

him. "James, I want you to knock off hoeing this afternoon and help me get things more comfortable for my wife. First, we've got to shade that west window. Take an axe, and go and cut down one of those small scrub trees in the wood-lot, one with a



It is a Pleasure to See a Home Such as This

Wood and the unusual care that is given in keeping the lawn clipped, the shrubs neatly trimmed and all woodwork well painted, attracted the attention of an editor of Farm and Dairy, who was passing this home recently and "snapped" it in order that our readers might see what really attractive homes there are in these home surroundings do not represent an outlay of money that is beyond the reach of the poorest of us. All that we need to do to have a similarly attractive home is "get busy," and work along towards the right ideal.

thick, leafy top and tall enough to reach to the top of the window. We'll just fasten it up outside like a Christmas tree, and get a fresh one every day if necessary. Be careful not to make any more noise than possible when you bring it around."

Tom returned to his wife's room, where he quietly renewed his efforts to reduce the high temperature. In fifteen minutes James was back from the wood-lot with a dense little tree over his shoulder, and five minutes more sufficed to set it upright before the window, a length of wire holding it in place. Tom took the blanket down and, as quietly as possible, took out both sashes of the window, they being the old-fashioned kind, suddenly flooded the room with so refreshing that Mrs. Harvey turned her face toward the screen of living green with the first interest and appreciation she had shown for many days. Tom sat down by her with the newspaper fan.

"The doctor spoke about a change for you, Rose. Do you think we could take you to Fairview Sanatorium?"

She shook her head feebly. "I don't want to go. I'd be worrying all the time about the children."

"But we must do something, dear. What about sending for your sister Olivia?"

Mrs. Harvey shook her head again.

"Why not, Rose? I thought that would be just what you would like best of all things."

"There's no place for her to sleep here, but little kitchen bedroom," she said, weakly. "You know, Tom, Olive isn't used to living as we do. I've looked forward all these years to inviting her to make us a visit, but we've never had things so she could be comfortable here." Tears came into Mrs. Harvey's eyes, and she turned her face to the pillow in an effort to hide them.

"Don't worry about it, Rose," Tom said, pleadingly. "Sometimes I hope we'll have things in better shape; just now the question is to get you well and strong again."

There was quite a long silence, during which Tom was thinking deeply over the problem. Glancing down he saw that his wife's eyes had closed in natural sleep, something unknown for several days. After fanning a few minutes longer, Tom tiptoed silently out and closed the door after him.

James was despatched to town to send a telegram to Hallie, Tom's sister, to come on the first train. Also James was to make several purchases

able to find no one to sit up through the night. His face, however, took on a more encouraging look as he felt Rose's pulse, and he nodded approvingly at the open window. Before he left, Tom took him out to inspect the work that had been going on under the big maple tree.

"The very thing. Get her out there the first thing in the morning. I believe you're going to pull her through yet, Tom, even without a nurse."

Tom kept this lonely vigil throughout the night, giving the medicine slowly and soothing Rose after her wild dreams. The fever ran a little less high than the night before.

In the morning James put some finishing touches to the work under the maple tree, while Tom cared for Rose and Della prepared a meagre breakfast. Della was a fourteen-year-old village girl whom the doctor had brought out to help through the emergency.

"Rose," Tom said, after the children had eaten breakfast and again been sent to the orchard to play, then, where your favorite maple out there, where you said you would so like to have a summer house."

"Yes," Rose said, without interest. "We've fixed up our sort of summer house now, and I want to take you out there. I think it will help you to get well."

"Oh, Tom!" Rose's eyes were grateful, and her lips quivered. "But how can I get out there? I can't walk."

"I'm going to lift you on the cot, dear, and then James and I will carry you. It will be no trouble to get you there, or to bring you back either, if you don't happen to like it."

The cot was quickly arranged, and Rose was carefully lifted to it. Then she was slowly carried into the great outdoors that looked so glorious that July morning. Past the rows of old-fashioned shrubbery, through the grape-arcs and under the cherry-trees the little procession went; then through a screen door into what seemed a roomy bower of evergreens.

"Oh, Tom, it's too good to be true," Rose said, gazing about her, and then letting her rest on Tom's face to be assured she was not dreaming.

"I guess not," Tom said, as he lifted her to a new single bed that stood in the middle of the bower-like room.

"I'll be an ungrateful wretch if I don't get well now," Rose said, half laughing, half crying; "the me when you fixed all this for me."

"Why, James did most of it yesterday afternoon. It's only a roof of canvas stretched over a ridgepole and a few branches of evergreen that make the underside to make it look better. Then you see we left the sides high, and let in plenty of air, and screened in ends and sides with mosquito-netting."

"Oh, it's so restful, Tom. I believe I'll just sleep all day out here, and to-morrow be well and strong again."

"I hope you will. I've got some more ideas in my head, and I hope by to-morrow you'll be able to help me get them into practical shape. So just rest now and be good."

Rose lay very peacefully, her eyes on the refreshing green and drawing in deep respirations of the pure air. The world had grown beautiful and new since all at once, yesterday it had all seemed so dreary, and she had thought that were it not for the children she would be so glad to die. She did not think Tom would care very much, but now she knew that Tom would care. And she thought, even more than the pretty bower and cooling breeze, was giving Rose a new and stronger hold on life. The morning train brought Hallie, and she very soon gave a touch of

(Concluded on page 80).

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