

boyhood, and her heart warms towards the old pioneers who struggled so bravely and endured so well.

But surging through all her interest in the old-time talk, came the question, "Where am I to sleep?" The old eight-day clock originally owned by Mr. Smith's father strikes 10 and Mary lights a candle in a candle-stick that would drive a bric-a-brac hunter wild with envy, and says, "If you're ready, Miss Emerson, we'll go to bed." Ruth is ready, and willing, but where? Mary walks to the outside door, and opens it—Ruth follows—Good-nights are said and the two girls stand outside in the snow.

They walk to the back of the house, open the barn door, go through it and out again at the farther end, and there in the moonlight facing the main-road, stands a new house, nearly finished.

A bed-room is furnished comfortably, and a fire is burning in a big bare room. While they get ready for rest, Mary gives Ruth the history of the new house.

The old one is to be moved and form a kitchen, "an' it would hev been all done, Miss Emerson, but father had a long spell of sickness, and then mother's cousin, Sary Myers from Hornellsville, New York State, that we hadn't seen for ten years, came on a visit, and mother said it didn't seem right to work all the time so we just set and visited."

The "spare bed" is duly admired. Mary has sewed every stitch on it and takes great pride in her handiwork.

One quilt contains 999 pieces, and no two alike, another took first prize at Backus Centre Fall Fair, a third is a bewildering pattern known as "Jacob's Ladder"—and the pattern of a fourth was given to her by "Cousin Phoebe Jane Tilters, now dead and gone, poor thing"

And Ruth tucks herself under this

pile of historical covering, sleeps the sleep of the young and healthy, and dreams that Jacob married Phoebe Jane, they had 999 children and no two alike.

"What is so rare as a day in June,

Then, if ever, come perfect days."

A long birch canoe and in it a girl and a man—The Creek dimples, and laughs in the sunlight and rests in the shade.

He is a young giant, and she is a trifle sun burned.

"And so, Miss Emerson, you leave to morrow."

"Yes, Abner, I have grown to like this place, and almost hate to leave. It is at its best these days."

He looks at her and thinks she could stay forever if she would, but he does not dream of telling her so. He knows she likes him in a friendly way, but he; well, he is a rough uneducated boy of 21, but how he suffers as he sits there and knows this is the last of their canoeing and fishing—no more races. He has made her a light canoe and she paddles grandly.

He does not dream of telling her he loves her; by intuition he feels how far from him she is—he keeps silent and suffers a hundred-fold more. The sun sinks lower and sends red streaks of light across Ruth's hair, and caresses its dusky beauty. It gradually grows dark, and they slowly, and at last, silently, paddle to shore. She springs lightly out, runs up the bank and into the house, utterly unconscious that down by the old boat-house, a boy's heart is heavy with love for her.

He locks up his boat and then sits down on the old wharf and thinks far into the night.

In the morning all is haste, and Abner drives her to the little station, and by mid-day, as she is lovingly greeted by her cousin Helen, Ruth feels it is good to be with her own again.