

Eighth row.—P 11, k 5, th o, n, th o, n, th o, k 2.

Ninth row.—Knit across plain.

Tenth row.—K 3, p 11, k 6, th o, n, th o, n, th o, k 2.

Eleventh row.—K 24, leave 3 stitches on the needle and turn for the next row.

Twelfth row.—P 11, k 7, th o, n, th o, n, th o, k 2.

Thirteenth row.—K 1, bind off 6, thus leaving 21 on the left hand needle. Knit the rest of the row plain.

Repeat from the second row for all the points.

KNITTED BED SOCK.

No. 3.—This sock is made of Germantown wool in two colors.

Cast on 98 stitches, and knit across plain, for 13 rows. Then knit 46



BED SOCK.

stitches plain, narrow, knit 2, narrow, and knit the remaining 46 stitches plain. For the next row, knit 45 plain, narrow, knit 2, narrow, 45 plain. Now continue to narrow in every row at each side of the center as above directed until there are 60 stitches on the needle, or 28 stitches before the first narrowing and also after the second. Then narrow every other time until there are 50 stitches on the needle or 23 at each side of the narrowings.

Now knit 2 stitches and purl 2 alternately until the length desired is obtained, and then bind off and crochet a scollop on the edge. Then sew the sock together down the back and along the sole.

This sock will be found very convenient for invalids or those whose circulation is feeble, as it provides a comfortable warmth for cold extremities.

RURAL NEW ENGLAND.

As the trees in the city parks and squares don their bright green garb of Spring and a stray song-bird here and there tells that nesting time has come again, townfolk of every degree, whether dwelling in a mansion or a cottage, yearn for the shady woods and placid valleys of the country. With the first warm days windows are thrown open to admit the balmy air, which, even in the crowded city, hints of budding grass and bursting blossoms; but with the welcome draught of Nature's tonic comes a greater or less admixture of the foul odors of the streets and a full measure of the ever-present din of street-cars and trucks, of hand-organs and street-players, and of over-crowded humanity itself. Then it is that the desire to leave all this turmoil for a season takes possession of the average citizen, and he begins to reflect how he may best compass his desire.

Last year, when considering where we would spend the period of our Summer outing, we determined to follow an entirely novel plan. We had seen enough of the suburban country and of the suburban sea-side to make us heartily weary of badly kept rural boarding-houses and of crowded and uncomfortable Summer hotels; and we decided that our temporary home must be remote from the busy world, yet easy of access to those of our family who would be forced to remain in the city during the week. After considerable discussion we remembered spending two Summers a dozen years before in a small town among the hills of Eastern Massachusetts; and we all agreed that this place or its vicinity would suit our purpose admirably, since its only Summer residents were a few people from Boston and Cambridge.

During one of our former sojourns we had visited an old deserted homestead not far from the town and had always retained a pleasant recollection of its large, cool rooms and delightful location. It was one of many to be found in rural Massachusetts. The family who owned it had doubtless long since scattered, but still retained possession of the "old home" either from sentiment or from lack of a purchaser; and very likely the place was still to let. The house, we knew, was almost empty, the greater part of the old furniture having been removed to beautify the city homes of its owners; but, nothing daunted, we determined to carry out our original plan and negotiate for this cheery old farm-house in which to pass the Summer. The result was a speedy arrangement by which we secured the house and all it contained for three dollars a month, which, by-the-by, is a not unusual rental in that locality.

Next arose the question of furniture, china and linen and the countless miscellaneous articles needed in housekeeping. We were told that there were chairs, one or two bedsteads and a few kitchen utensils and dishes in the house—rather meagre supplies to be sure! But we were eager to begin our outing, and we realized besides that if we once started to make a selection of household conveniences to carry with us we would find no end to our necessities; so we simply closed the door of our city home and taking with us journey, accompanied by a competent servant and provisions to guard a small amount of clothing, and a few boxes of provisions to guard against a possible scarcity in the remote region whither we were going, a ride on the Boston and Albany railway, which traverses New

England from east to west, gives one the impression that the entire country must be thickly populated, for busy towns and villages lie so closely together that their boundaries almost touch; but as the train leaves the main line for one of its numerous branches the collections of dwellings grow smaller and smaller and are separated by frequent stretches of thick woodland and enchanting wilderness. Here and there we pass a typical New England farmhouse, usually painted white, with green blinds, and surrounded by faultlessly neat grounds and out-buildings. The farmers' wives and daughters as they occasionally appear seem healthful and contented, as though a life of activity, especially in the open air, exerted a wholesome effect alike on their health and spirits. The New England farmer's wife, in spite of her almost endless round of domestic duties, is an ardent lover of flowers and has a by no means imperfect knowledge of them, with the result that her door-yard invariably contains a garden that shows signs of much care and labor.

Our listless train, after meandering for an hour or so through the forests and valleys, and stopping in an aimless fashion at "every pair of bars," as the country folk of this section express it, finally came to a halt at a little station in the woods, where a two-seated wagon was in waiting to convey us to our destination. We arranged ourselves and our luggage in this modest vehicle, and then began the most agreeable portion of our journey. The country air was warm yet bracing, and delighted us quite as much as the lovely country through which we were passing. The driver, kindly and hospitable as are all his class in this section, and delighted in his remote home to obtain a glimpse of outside life, entered heartily into our enjoyment; and we in return listened with eager interest while he discussed in quaint fashion regarding the lives of his neighbors, the mysteries of chicken-raising and butter-making and the numerous other items which go to make up the sum of a farmer's life. We were often forced to pause in our conversation to exclaim over the grandeur of the panorama before us, for the scenery was remarkably fascinating. In turn we looked up at lofty mountains, rising clear against the blue of Summer sky, and gazed down from their heights into some glorious amphitheatre covered with every shade of green and divided by a winding river that lay half in sunshine and half in shadow.

After riding thus for seven miles, we suddenly emerged from the woodland and beheld in the distance the object of our search. It was a fine old house in true colonial style and, in its fresh cream-colored dress, had such a hospitable air that we felt at home almost before we arrived. The driver deposited our boxes on the lawn and quickly disappeared round a bend in the road; and we turned to enter the house. We found fine, large rooms, with here and there a few stray pieces of furniture; and although the wall-paper was greatly discolored by time, we were more than pleased with our new quarters, especially when we threw open the blinds and beheld the exquisite stretch of scenery that met the eye on every side.

As there were quite sufficient conveniences at hand to enable us to pass the night comfortably, and as it was now nearly dark, we started a blazing fire on one of the large open hearths and ate our supper by its light, feeling as we did so a sense of freedom and