



HOPE is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

—S. Smiles.

Rose of Old Harpeth

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIES

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(Continued from last week)

"TAT'S it, men of my time were like good blades what swing along steady and even, high over rocks, low over good ground; but they don't count in these days of the four-horse-power high-drive, cut-bind-and-deliver machines men work right on through God's gauges of sun-up and down. But maybe in glory come He'll walk with us in the cool of the evening while they'll be out to measuring the Jasper walls with a golden reed just to keep themselves busy and contented. How's the resurrection in the wardrobes and chests of drawers coming on?" And a real smile made its way into Uncle Tucker's eyes as he inquired into the progress of the packing up of the sinners, from which he had fed a couple of hours ago.

"They are still taking things out, talking them over and putting them right back in the same place," answered Rose Mary with a faint echo of his smile that tried to come to the surface bravely but had a struggle. "We will have to try and move the furniture with it all packed away as it is. It is just across the Road and I know everybody will want to help me disturb their things as little as possible. Oh, Uncle Tucker, it's almost worth the pain to see everybody planning and working for us as they are doing. Friends are like those tall pink hollyhocks that go along and bloom single on a stalk until something happens to make them all flower out double like peonies. And that reminds me, Aunt Viney says be sure and save some of the dry jack-bean seed from last year you had out here in the seed press for—"

"Say, Rose Mamie, say what you think we found up on top of Mr. Crabtree's bedpost what Miss Rucker were a-sweeping down with a broom?" and the General's face fairly beamed with excitement as he stood dancing in the barn door. Tobe stood close behind him and small Peggy and Jennie pressed close to Rose Mary's side, eager but not daring to hasten Stonie's dramatic way of making Rose Mary guess the news they were all so impatient to impart to her.

"Oh, what? Tell me quick, Stonie," pleaded Rose Mary with the eagerness the knew would be expected of her. Even in her darkest hours Rose Mary's sun had shone on the General with its usual radiance of adoration and he had not been permitted to feel the tragedy of the upheaval, but encouraged to enjoy to the utmost all its small excitements. In fact the move over to the store had appealed to a fast budding business instinct in the General and he had seen himself soon promoted to the weighing out of sugar, wrapping up bundles and delivering them over the counter to any one of the admiring Swarm sent to the store for the purchase of the daily provender.

"It were a tree squirrel and three

little just-hatched ones in a bunch," Stonie answered with due dramatic weight at Rose Mary's plea. "Miss Rucker" thought it were a rat and jumped on the bed and hollowed for Tobe to catch it, and Peg and Jennie acted just like her, too, after Tobe and me had ketch'd that mouse in the string and let it run at 'em all day to get 'em used to rats and things just like boys." And the General cast



A Farm Home in an English Speaking Section of Quebec

Our French Canadian brethren have not a monopoly on Quebec soil. The home of Mr. Currie, here illustrated, is in Chateaugay Co., Que., which is almost entirely English-speaking, and is one of the finest dairy districts in Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Currie and their daughter may be seen in the foreground.

a look of disappointed scorn at the two pigtailed heads, dormant at the failure of theirs to respond to the General's effort to inoculate their feminine natures with masculine courage.

"I holored fore I knewed what it," answered the abashed Jennie in a very small voice, unconsciously making further display of the force of her hopeless feminine heredity. But Peggy switched her small skirts in an entirely different phase of femininity.

"You never heard me holter," she said in a tone that was skillful admixture of defiance and tentative propitiation.

"Cause you had your head hid in Jennie's back," answered the General coolly unbigued. "Here is the letter we comed to bring you, Rose Mamie, and me and Tobe must go back to help Miss Rucker some more clean Mr. Crabtree up. I don't reckon she needs Peg and Jennie, but they can come if they want to," with which Stonie and Tobe, the henchman, departed, and not at all abashed the humble small women trailing respectfully behind them.

"That women folks are the touch-off to the whole explosion of life is a

hard lesson to learn for some men, and Stonie Jackson is one of that kind," observed Uncle Tucker as he looked with a quizzical expression after the small procession. "Want me to read that letter and tell you what's in it?" he further remarked, shifting both expression and attention on to Rose Mary, who stood at his side.

"No, I'll read it myself and tell you what's in it," answered Rose Mary with a blush and a smile. "I haven't written him about our troubles, because—because I haven't got a position yet and I don't want to trouble him while he is lonely and discouraged."

"Well, I reckon that's right," answered Uncle Tucker still in a bantersome way, of which expression under Rose Mary to see him maintain under the situation. "Come trouble, some women like to blind a man with cotton wool while they wade through the high water and only holder for help when their petticoats are down around their ankles on the far bank. We'll wait and send Everett a photograph of me and you dishing out molasses and hard as grocer clerks. And glad to do that, too!" he added with a sudden fervor of thankfulness rising in his voice and great gray eyes.

"Yes, Uncle Tucker, glad and proud to do it," answered Rose Mary quickly. "Oh, don't you know that if you hadn't seen and understood because

feel so spited at him. I'm afraid I will lose him every vote along Providence Road. 'Taint right!'

"I know it isn't," answered Rose Mary. "But when Mrs. Tucker speaks her mind about him, and he chokes and swells up, my heart goes warm. Do you suppose it's wrong to let a friend's trouble hear sympathy to the boiling pot? But if you don't need me I'm going down to see my mother to work out my last batch of butter before they come to drive away my cows." And Rose Mary hurried down the golden road before Uncle Tucker could catch a glimpse of the tears that rose at the idea of having to give up the beloved Mrs. Butler and her tribe of gentle-eyed daughters.

And as she stood in the cool depths of the old milk-house Rose Mary's gentle heart throbbed with pain as she pressed the great cakes of the golden treasure back and forth in the blue bowl, for it was a sad time and Rose Mary was tearing up some of her own roots. Her eyes looked out over Harpeth Valley, which lay in a doze of the golden summer heat. The lush blue-grass rose almost to the around the grazing cattle in the meadows, and in the fields the green grass was fast turning to a harvest hue. As much as far as her eyes could reach along Providence Road, and across the pastures to Providence No., beyond Tilling Rock, she land was allowed land and had been there's for what seemed always. She could remember what each good-by to it all had been when she had gone out over the Ridge in her merry girlhood and how overflowing with joy each return. But had come the time when it had been each still dearer as a refuge in which she could bring her own heart for its healing.

And such a healing the Valley had given her! It had poured the fragrance of its blooming spring as an summer over her head, she had drank the wine of forgetfulness in the cup of long Octobers and the sting of the winds and rain and snow on her cheeks had brought back the faded roses. The arms of the heart Harpeth women had been outbid by her, and in turn she had had the babies and troubles laid on her own breast for her and their consolation. She had been mothered and sistered and brothered by these farmer folk with a very prodigality of friendship, and to-day she realized more than ever with positive exultation that she was drawn of their brave and built of their building.

And then to her, a woman of the fields, to come down Providence Road over the hills and across the world outside—the miracle, she stepped her hand into her pocket for just one rapturous crush of the treasure letter when suddenly it was borne upon her and troubles laid on her own breast for her and their consolation. She had been mothered and sistered and brothered by these farmer folk with a very prodigality of friendship, and to-day she realized more than ever with positive exultation that she was drawn of their brave and built of their building.

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