

to the rent. With agents we had a little better fortune. Euphemia sometimes went with me on my expeditions to real estate offices, and she remarked that these offices were always in the basement, or else you had to go up to them in an elevator. There was nothing between these extremes. And it was a good deal the same way, she said, with their houses. They were all very low indeed in price and quality, or else too high.

One trouble was that we wanted a house in a country place, not very far from the city, and not very far from the railroad station or steam-boat landing. We also wanted the house to be nicely shaded and fully furnished, and not to be in a malarial neighbourhood, or one infested by mosquitoes.

"If we do go to housekeeping," said Euphemia, "we might as well get a house to suit us while we are about it. Moving is more expensive than a fire."

There was one man who offered us a house that almost suited us. It was near the water, had rooms enough, and some—but not very much—ground, and was very accessible to the city. The rent, too, was quite reasonable. But the house was unfurnished. The agent, however, did not think that this would present any obstacle to our taking it. He was sure that the owner would furnish it if we paid him ten per cent. on the