

cheerful radiance and makes glad alike the hear of the housewife and the home-coming gude-man. A new coat each year kept undimmed the brightness. One year the McGregors purchased paint for both, the next the McAlpins—thus, with true Highland thrift, saving some pennies by buying in quantity.

The rags for the carpets were sewed by the girls of the families—first in one house, then in the other—the brothers on both sides pretending to help, but (as this is a truthful tale) hindering not a little by way of tangled threads, untied apron strings, etc.

The coloring of the rags for the stripe, too particular a work to trust to young heads and young hands, was done by the mothers at the same time in the same kettle.

When, during the yet snowy months, the momentous question, "Which will we take?" as seed catalogues (then something very new and not at all the elaborate affairs of to-day) were eagerly scanned, became the question of the hour. Phemie McGregor took blue lupins and Jean McAlpin golden pansies; Jean mixed. boquet asters, Phemie best German stock mixed, and each religiously divided with the other.

Douglas McAlpin held the string taut while Rob McGregor fashioned the wondrous shaped parterres that later would hold a wealth of blossoms in Phemie's garden, and in turn Rob held the string for Douglas, the lassies looking on meanwhile and applauding.

Elsbeth McGregor and Margaret McAlpin knitted their men's socks, boiled their soap, made their yeast and gathered herbs as if for one family and by one family.

James McAlpin and Sandy McGregor leaned over the line fence, filled, smoked, and refilled their