

but we found it no easy matter to select an appropriate title. I proposed a number of appellations intended to suggest the character of our home. Among these were: "Safe Ashore," "Firmly Grounded," and some other names of that style, but Euphemia did not fancy any of them. She wanted a suitable name, of course, she said, but it must be something that would *sound* like a house and *be* like a boat.

"Partitionville," she objected to, and "Gang-plank Terrace," did not suit her because it suggested convicts going out to work, which naturally was unpleasant.

At last, after days of talk and cogitation, we named our house "Rudder Grange."

To be sure, it wasn't exactly a grange, but then it had such an enormous rudder that the justice of that part of the title seemed to overbalance any little inaccuracy in the other portion.

But we did not spend all our spare time in talking. An hour or two every evening was occupied in what we called "fixing the house," and gradually the inside of our abode began to look like a conventional dwelling. We put matting on the floors and cheap but very pretty paper on the walls. We added now a couple of chairs, and now a table or something for the kitchen. Frequently, especially of a Sunday, we had company, and our guests were always charmed with