

intelligently managed for two generations. The house was painted a soft tint of gray, that harmonized well with its green setting of grass and foliage, while all around were vines and sweet perfumed flowers that made it a haunt of bird and bee. At the left, as you stood in the doorway, and just within shelter of the towering pines, was a fruit orchard; apples, pears, apricots and plums, hung in rich abundance from the limbs, while here and there a cherry-tree stood shamefacedly amid the clustering richness of the golden autumn days, its own sweetness of fruitage a memory alone.

On the other side of the house was a large garden where the smaller fruits held riot from June till October. Great strawberry beds that harmonized so well with the meek-eyed Alderneys and Jerseys that lay in the sunshine on the other side of the pine-trees, chewing their cuds in drowsy content. At tea-time the strawberry beds and the Alderneys would send in their offerings, making a combination the very immortals might deign to feast upon, if they visited our earth as in the childhood of humanity, when the best the patriarchs had to offer them were veal and short cakes.

The garden was roomy enough not only for