"allers bin mighty diever, an sound neighbour."

When she heard them speak of h'u in this manner, Louislana knew what it meant. Ste never left the room again after the first day that they spoke so and came in bodies to look at him, and turn away and say that he had been good to them. The men never spoke to her after their first and of receiving and the them. The men never spoke to her after their first nod of greeting, and the women but rarely, but they often glanced hurriedly askance at her as she sat or stood by the sick man's pillow. Somehow, none of them had felt as if they were on very familiar terms with her, though they all spoke in a friendly way of her as being "a mighty purty, still kindo'sharmless young critter." They thought, when they saw her pallor and the auguish in her eyes, that she was "takin' it powerful hard, an' no wonder," but they knew nothing of her desperate loneliness and terror. neliness and terror.

ate loneliness and terror.

"Uncle Elbert he'll leave a plenty," they said in undertenes. "She'll be well pervided fer, will Louisianny."

And they watched over their charge and nursed him faithfully, feeling not a little sad themselves as they remembered his simple good-nature and neighbourliness and the kindly prayers for which he had been noted in "meetin"."

On the last day of the second week the dootor held a consultation with Aunt "Nervy and Aunt Ca'line on the front porch before he went away, and when they re-

'Nervy and Aunt Ca'line on the front porch before he went away, and when they reentered the room they spoke in whispers even lower than before and moved about stealthily. The doctor himself rode away slowly and stopped at a house or so on the way-side, where he had ne patients to tell the inhabitants what he had told the head nurses.

"We couldn't hey expected him to stay allers," he said, "but we'll miss him mightly. He baint a enemy in the county—

ly. He haint a enemy in the county-

nary one !"

That afternoon when the sun was set-That afternoon when the sun was setting, the sick man wakened from a long, deep sleep. The first thing he saw was the bright pale yellow of a tree out in the yard, which had changed colour since he had seen it last. It was a golden tree now as it stood in the sun, its leaves rustling in a faint, chill wind. The next thing he knew that there were people in the room who sat silent and looked at him with kindly, even reverent eyes. Then he turned a little and saw his child, who bent toward him with dilated eyes and trembling. ward him with dilated eyes and trembling, warry pain and dragging, uncertain days and nights came to him and he knew, and

yet felt no fear.
"Louisianny!" he said. He could only speak in a whisper and tremulously. Those who sat about him hushed their very breath, "Lay yer head—on the piller—nigh me," he said.

She laid it down and put her hand in

She laid it down and put her hand in his. The great tears were streaming down her face, but she said not a word.

"I haint got long—honey," he faltered.

"The Lord, He'll keer—fer ye."

Then for a few minutes he lay breathing faintly, but with his eyes open and smiling as they rested on the golden foliage of the

as they rested on the golden longe of the tree.

"How yaller—it is!" he whispered.

"Like gold. Ianthy was powerful—sot on it. It—kinder beckons."

It seemed as if he could not move his eyes from it, and the pause that followed; was so long that Louisiana could bear it no longer, and she lifted her head and kissed him.

"Father!" she cried. "Say something to me!

o me! Say something to me!

It drew him back and he looked up into

her eyes as she bent over him.

"Ye'll be happy —" he said, "afere long. I kinder—know. Lord! how I've —loved ye, honey—an' ye've desarved it —all. Don't ye—do no one—a onjectice." And then as she dropped her white face upon the pillow again, he saw her no longer—nor the people, nor the room, but lay quite still with parted lips and eyes wide open, smiling still at the golden tree waving and beckoning in the wind.

This he saw last of all, and seemed still to see even when some one came ailently, though with tears, and laid a hand upon

CHAPTER XVIL

There was a sunny old grave-yard half a mile from the town, where the people of Bowersville laid their dead under the long grass and tangle of wild creeping vines, and the whole country-side gathered there when they lowered the old man into his place at they lowered the old man into his place at his wife's side. His neighbours sang his funeral hymn and performed the last offices for him with kindly hands, and when they turned away and left him there was not a

turned away and left him there was not a man or woman of them who did not feel that they had lost a friend.

They were very good to Louisiana. Aunt 'Nervy and Aunt Ca'line deserted their families that they might stay with her until all was over, doing their best to give her comfort. It was Aunt 'Nervy who first thought of sending for the girl cousin to whom the trunkful of clothes had been given.

"Le's send Luther's Jenny, Ca'line," she said, "Mebbe it'd help her some to hev a gal nigh her. Gals kinder onder-

she said. "Mebbe it'd help her some to hev a gal nigh her. Gals kinder onderstands each other, an' Jenny was allus powerful fond o' Lowizyanny."

So Jenny was sent for and came. Fromher lowly position as one of the thirteen in an "onfort'nit" family she had adored and looked up to Louisiana all her life. All the brightest days in her experience had been spent at Uncle Elbert's with her favourite cousin. But there was no brightness about the house now. When she arrived and was sent upstairs to the pretty, new room Louisiana occupied, she found the girl lying upon the bed. She looked white and slender in her black dress, her hands were folded palm to palm under her cheek, and her eyes were wide open.

Jenny ran' to her and knelt at her side. She kissed her and began to cty.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "somehow, I didn't ever think I should come here and not find Uncle Elbert. It don't seem rightit makes it like a strange place."

Then Louisiana broke into sobs too.

"It is a strange place!" she cried—"a strange place—a strange place! Oh, if one old room was left—just one that I could go into and not feel so lonely!"

But she had no sooner said it than she checked herself.

"Oh. I oughtn't to say that!" she cried.

But she had no sooner said it than she checked herself.

"Oh, I onghtn't to say that!" she cried.
"I won't say it. He did it all for me, and I didn't deserve it."

"Yes, you did," said Jenny, fondling her. "He was always saying what a good child you had been—and that you'd never given him any trouble."

"That was because he was so good," said Louisians. "No one else in the whole world was so good. And now he is gone, and I can never make him know how grateful I was and how I loved him."

"He did know," said Jenny.

grateful I was and how I loved him."

"He did know," said Jenny.
"No," returned Louisiana. "It would have taken a long, long life to make him know all I felt, and now when I look back it seems as if we had been together such a little while. "Oh! I thought the last night we talked that there was a long life before us—that I should be old before he left me, and we should have had all those was a together."

years together."

After the return from the grave-yard there was a prolonged discussion held among the heads of the different branches of the family. They gathered at one end of the back porch and talked of Louisians, who sat before the log fire in her room up-

"She aint in the notion o leave," said Aunt 'Nervy. "She oried powerful when I mentioned it to her, an wouldn't hear to it. She says over an over ag'in, 'Lemme stay in the home he made for me, Aunt Ca'line.' I reckon she's a kind o' notion Elbert 'lowed fur her to be yere when he was gone."

"Wa-al, now," said Uncle Luther, "I reckon he did. He talked a heap on it when he was in a talkin' way. He's said

was slow, out he would have been so proud."

She was very like her father in the aimple tenderness of her nature. She grieved with the hopeless passion of a child for the wrong she had unwittingly done.

It was as she sat trying to fix her mind upon these books that there came to her the first thought of a plan which was afterward of some vague comfort to her. She had all the things which had furnished the old parlour taken into one of the unused rooms—the chairs and tables, the carpet, the ornaments and pictures. She spent a day in placing everything as she remembered it, doing all without letting any one assist her. After it was arranged, she left the room and lecked the door, taking the key with her.

"No one shall go in but myself," she said. "It belongs to me more than all the rest."

ing I feed my prorest hay or fodder, and for this reason: Cows have four stomachs, and when taking in their food, it is giving them no nourishment—they are simply taking it into their rumen, or paunch, as a store-tasket, to be masticated at their lessure; and when this is filled the cows' labour is really completed, and the less trouble they are put to in filling this, the less their labour. Then they quietly lie down, contented, masticate their food and make their milk. Becoming accustomed to the regular time of feeding, they are not jumping up every time one enters the barn, for something more to eat, and, if disappointed, they become discontented and wor-

BOILED CORN.

Put the well-cleaned ears in salted boil rut the well-cleaned ears in salted boil-ing water, boil three-quarters of a hour, or boil in the husk for the same time, remove husks and serve immediately. Well-boiled corn is a wholesome dish.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

AILMENTS, DISEASE, &c.

(Continued.)

