

THE LOG COTTAGE.

I wonder how many of my readers have been at a real old-fashioned farm-house, one where there are no modern improvements and where the ingenuity of the farmer was called into play to provide everything needed.

I remember once visiting such a place. It was in what we would call a backwoods part of the country. All about was a big forest, just a little clearing had been made for the house. The roads were very muddy. In places the waggon wheels would sink down to the



hubs. Where the mud was the worst logs were laid across, making what is called a corduroy road. The house itself was made of logs, and a cosy, comfortable house it was too. Inside there was a large open fireplace, just like the one in the picture, where the big iron pot hung in which the dinner was cooked. There was also an old spinning-wheel at which a dear, grey-haired "granny" sat holding a distaff, just like this old lady.

Little Willie on being shown his new sister for the first time exclaimed: "O mamma, she dot a riding habit!"