

He looked up at her with surprise. "What do you know about pipes?"

"I thought I told you once, that I had to help lay them, at that dreadful School; all the girls had to, in vacation time; you know we had to work out our board, all of us who had no homes nor people. The water was brought a long way, and we worked at it, just like boys. I used to hate it so, the wet and the mud, and we would get so tired—— But I am so glad now, that I did it," added she.

"I like to hear you say so," said Garret Wisdom, "and though pipe-laying might seem a strange piece of knowledge for so young a girl, I have noticed that every experience we have in life comes in again to help us through or over another. I presume that the school pipes were of metal. Halfway raised her own; they are bored or drilled logs of spruce, simple and home-grown, but very effectual in withstanding the inroads of time, Jo-ann. The pointed end of one section enters tightly into the iron bound open end of another."

Joan's mind leaped, and the puzzle of the green space within the little wood was beginning to be solved.

"Like that old hollowed out log in the corn-crib?" asked she eagerly, "and are our pipes all the same length of that?"

He half rose from out his chair at her words, then settled back again, but his eyes were sharp upon her face as he spoke.

"Since you were not reared upon a farm how would you know a corn-crib from any other of the outbuildings, and what do you know about a hollow log within it?"

Joan's own voice was still pent and eager as she answered him, as though behind her spoken words was pressing a torrent of thought. "I can't tell you how I find out things like I seem to. It's queer. I see without ever knowing I'm looking, and hear without ever knowing I'm listening. I suppose the corn-crib sounded such a funny name, as if something was being put to sleep in it, so I asked Pelig to show it to me; and it was such a queer shape too, that I wanted to