

he didn't kalk'late to set all day with wet feet. He says he h'aint comin' agin till they get a man."

At this Ruth breathes easier, having no desire to combat with the renowned Jim.

And now the Knot Hole Church comes into view, and is passed. They go slowly up the hill and in the yard stands a long white farm-house with a verandah across the front. The big weather-beaten barn is first passed: Ruth found in that section of the country, that the barns were near the road and the houses some distance back. Why it was so, was to her an unsolved problem; that it *was* so—a settled fact.

A stout motherly woman opens the door and says kindly: "How d'ye do?"—"You're Miss Emerson, I'spose—Come right in! It's a cold mornin'. Abner, jest take Miss Emerson's trunk right up to the end room."

Abner shoulders the trunk and vanishes.

Such an odd room! A carpet of a wonderful mixture, which she afterwards learns is "hit or miss."

It is all "miss," she thinks, for, so far as harmony of colors is concerned there is no "hit." A box stove which holds any number of "knots" and "chunks," a lounge covered with bilious looking calico, old-fashioned little wooden chairs that stand primly against the wall, covered with an indescribable colored paper, bought with the laudable object of not showing the dirt, are prominent features of the apartments. But the window curtains are a revelation to her—they are of thick drab paper with a yellow and red border. In the centre a marvellous peacock with well-spread tail, poses. All the colors of the rainbow are here, and yet, it is not "a thing of beauty."

A high walnut bureau with a wreath of peacock feathers over the top, completes the dining-room, sewing-room, sitting-room and general living room of the Miller family. Not a very large family now. All the boys and girls are married and have similar æsthetic establishments to "mother's." Only Abner is left, and "he was 21 last June, and he's bin keepin' stiddy comp'ny ever sense with Alvry Hodges."

The only bit of harmony in the long

room is the girl herself in her dark crimson dress, which fits her like the paper on the wall, and the motherly woman looks admiringly at her.

Have I not yet described this girl, who has come among such barren surroundings to work her own way. Ruth Emerson *svelte* and *chic*, with brown, dusky hair worn like Clytie's, wistful pathetic brown eyes looking from under beautifully arched brows, and a dewy, cherry mouth.

"Mouth in whose closure,  
All Love's sweetness lies."

She is glowing with the cold air, despite her avowal to the contrary; she is patrician to her finger-tips. Colonel Emerson's graud-daughter is not the one generally seen in farm-houses, or country school rooms. But the wheel of fortune turns us into strange company sometimes.

Her own little room up-stairs has been duly visited, and made home-like by some well beloved photos. The obnoxious "hit or miss" is almost hidden by thick mats and a mountainous bed which proved a treacherous toboggan slide, till habit rendered her nightly ascent successful. A neat little spot on the whole. She has watched Mrs. Miller, skim milk and make butter, she has inspected the dairy, and watched a grey woollen sock grow under the skilful manipulation of the knitting needles, and so the day has worn on and at night she feels that one long year has elapsed since she kissed cousin Helen good bye.

"Please, Miss Emerson, will you come home with me to-night? Mother said to ask you!"

"Yes, Jack."

And the boy skips out delightedly to tell the others that the teacher is coming home with him to-night. A month has gone by and Ruth is working steadily away, and if at times she hates the monotony of it all, and inwardly voices Mantilini's opinion, she bravely works on and keeps her own counsel. Her children like her, but at times she feels utterly discouraged at the meagre results of her most patient efforts. Impish boys on whom kindness seems lost, sometimes appear to appreciate her untiring efforts