

on a strike, the boys soon would begin to wonder if we weren't soon coming back to get the meals ready, and get their clothes done up, and ever so many other things; and, besides, he talks as though the girls never helped outside a bit. Well, I don't know about that, as most girls, especially "farmers' daughters," have enough farm work to do, such as gathering fruit, and, often, helping to hoe and many other chores about the barn. The boys need not think the girls always have a "snap." If, sometimes their sisters are sick, they have to help in the house, they are sure to have heaps of work other places, even if it is a rainy day. Then he also says that boys' work is much harder. Well, it is, but boys are much stronger than girls, and are able to do it. Well, I'll close, hoping some of the other cousins take up the subject, and give a lecture to the boys. ANNA V. ROSENBERGER. Plattsville, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I read Eddie Cooke's letter about "Can Girls be as Useful as Boys?" I do not think he knows very much about girls. Why! even my brothers laughed heartily to think he was so green. He says girls are selfish. I suppose he thinks they should all work, and let him do nothing. My brothers used to like to milk the cows and churn, because they could take a book and read while they were doing it. My mother would go out to the field and help them in return. My! I think Eddie Cooke has a very poor opinion of his sisters, if he has any, or of his mother either, to talk of the easy time they have. He never thinks of the work they have to do to keep the house decent and mind the children. He says girls never go out in the field. I went out in the field all summer, and I pitched up bundles of peas that my father could hardly lift. My father is good and strong, too, so, Eddie Cooke, you had better watch what you are saying about girls.

I have five brothers and three sisters. I am the third youngest in the family. My youngest sister and I got our pictures taken on horseback after I had been raking. I am sending it to you, and if you think it worth while, you may put it in "The Farmer's Advocate." I wish Eddie Cooke could see how the girls around here work out in the field, then he might get a better opinion of them. VIOLA EVENS. Randolph, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Your last "Advocate" enclosed a letter from one of your correspondents, giving his opinion on the subject of boys and girls as to work.

We do not agree with him as to his opinion of girls as to indoor and outdoor work. We think that girls can do indoor work which they have practiced, better, or as well, as the boys can do outdoor work which they have practiced. We also think a girl can do outdoor work which she is not accustomed to as well as a boy can do indoor work which he is not accustomed to.

And if you set a boy at washing dishes, he will break more dishes in one day than a girl will in a year. But if a girl is taken to the barn to work, she may not be strong enough to lift the bundles of hay, but when it comes to milking cows, she can milk three to his one.

Schoolgirls are not up to so many mischievous tricks as boys, so make better students, and progress more rapidly, but may not be as clever.

#### TWO KENTUCKY GIRLS.

The girls win by numbers in this debate. I wish we had room to print all their letters, which are very forcible and convincing. C. D.

During a certain battle the colonel of an Irish regiment noticed that one of the men was extremely devoted to him, and followed him everywhere. At length he remarked:

"Well, my man, you have stuck to me well to-day."

"Yes, sorr," replied Pat.

"Shure it was me mother said to me, says she, 'Just you stick to the colonel, Patrick, me bhoys, and you'll be all roight.' Them colonels never gets hurted."

## Carmichael.

BY ANISON NORTH.

Copyrighted—All rights reserved, including that of translation into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### The Raising.

Not long after this the "bids," as we called them, to the raising of Jamieson's barn were sent out. There had been much talk of the immense proportions which this prospective barn was to assume, and every Sunday night for weeks, the spot upon which the foundations were being laid and the timbers gathered had been the rendezvous for all the young men of the neighborhood, who sat about on the logs and lumber piles, gossiped, and made eye-measurements with much sagacity until "meetin'-time" in the little church at the corner (dignified by the name of "Oroway Centre"), had arrived. The passing of our meek little preacher's white horse was usually the signal for a general departure, and, as a rule, the lads, each with a marigold in the button-hole, arrived at the church when the first hymn was given out, sidled bashfully into the back seats, and as bashfully out again, to reappear in brave company in the semicircle which awaited the coming of the lasses from the church door. The courage which the lads displayed in this proceeding was remarkable, yet the waiting semicircle had come to be something of an institution at our church, like the collection or the benediction; and, indeed, among the young people it had

By some the news was hailed with satisfaction; there would be at least plenty of men to do the work, and no danger of hitch for want of the necessary muscle. By the others, the scattering of such far-and-wide invitations was condemned. The men would be running over one another, these averred, and, what with the noise and confusion, Bill Gilliland would have more than his hands full.

But the excitement among the men was nothing to that which prevailed among the women, especially among those who were Mrs. Jamieson's immediate neighbors. Everyone was anxious to help, and while Mrs. Jamieson's cellar was being rapidly transformed into the semblance of a veritable pastry shop, Mrs. Jamieson's kitchen was filled with the whisk of skirts and gabble of voices, while poor meek little Mrs. Jamieson timidly gave way to the onslaught, assenting to everything, and humbly taking unto herself the office of stoker and oven-tender by the hot stove.

"I declare to gracious!" my mother exclaimed, after a solitary visit which came to a hasty termination. "If Mrs. Jamieson ever gets through this raisin' with all her wits it'll be a wonder! Such a kitchen!—full o' women, 'n' flies and laughin'—'n' some o' them mad! I'd hardly got in the gate when Maria Hall came up to me grumblin' that Amanda Might was goin' round, as she said, with her head up, like a steer in a corn-patch, orderin' everything, 'just as if Mrs. Jamieson wasn't there pokin' wood into the stove.' Fer my part, I wouldn't mind comin' under Amanda Might, fer she knows; but it's the confusion that 'ud make

the glad blue and green of the summer. It perhaps detracted nothing from my pleasure that, from time to time, I could hear the silvery notes of a meadow-lark coming up like a thin quaver of liquid music from a neighboring meadow, as though to remind me that, even though I were in the midst of all this life and bustle, not far off were the great solitudes, peopled only with the birds and the shy little beasts and fuzzy creeping things that I loved. I found myself waiting in the intervals for that silvery song, and for a long time not once did I miss it. I doubt much if anyone else heard it even once, but then, perhaps, no one else that day could have understood my Paradise.

Then, presently, Gay Torrance came, in a white frock frilled to the waist, with blue ribbons on her shoulders and on her flaxen curls. She was late in coming, because, as usual, the frills had to be ironed, and then it had taken Mrs. Torrance a very long time to make the bows "set" properly. Mrs. Torrance looked very tired, but very proud, too, whenever she looked at Gay, who began dancing around as she ever did, as light of foot as any fairy.

I did not get down off my lumber pile when Gay came, but I remember watching her and thinking that she laughed a great deal too much, and that she was very silly when she kept running around after Dick Carmichael and Hud Jamieson, tugging at their jacket tails, then running off to be "chased." I was a little disgusted with Dick for chiming in with her foolishness so readily, and thought that he was much more inter-

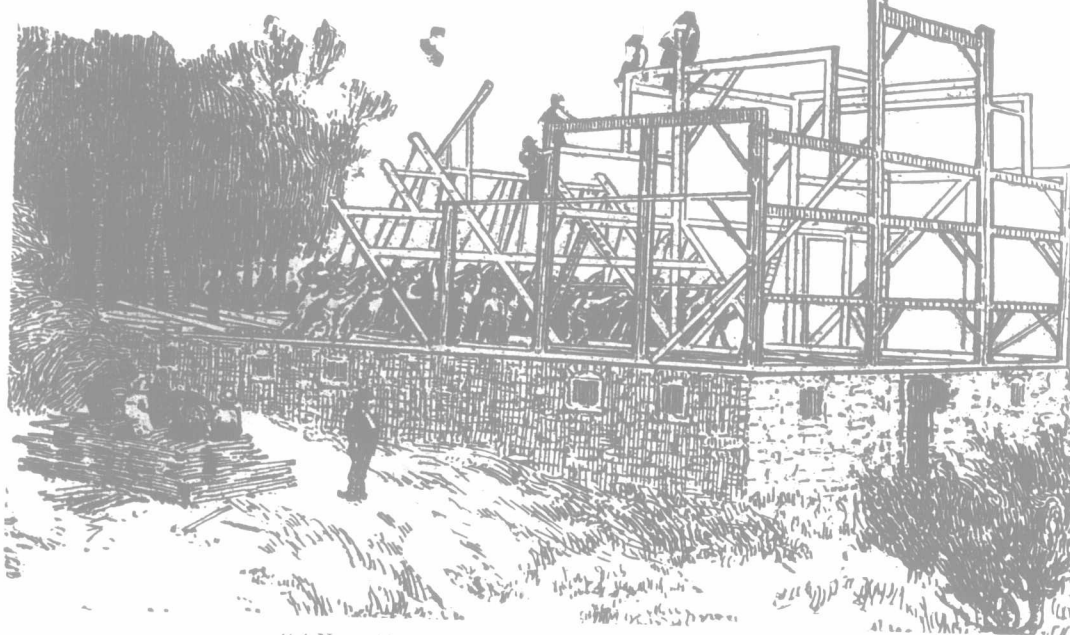
esting when he was walking fences or climbing trees; but I contented myself by thinking that, after all, I must be a rather superior little girl, since I felt so above running around like a baby and tugging at coat-tails.

Nevertheless, I could not help seeing that everyone noticed Gay. The men all had a word for her, and the women all praised her beauty, while scarcely a one seemed to notice me, the little gray-clad figure with the straight, black locks and the elfin black eyes, sitting so quietly on the lumber-pile.

More than once, it is true, I overheard some of the women who kept continually coming out at the gate to see how things were progressing, say to my mother, "What! Is that your little girl? How dark she is! And how straight her hair! Not a bit like you," or some such words. Mrs. Might, too, remarked to my mother within my hearing that she liked to see children dressed "sensible" like me, and not "fol-de-rolled" up to the neck like that Gay Torrance. But such notice as this was very different from the attention Gay was receiving.

I tried to imagine myself in a frilled dress with blue ribbons; but imagination could not endow me with fairy ringlets and dancing blue eyes, and so I presently found myself wishing that I had been pretty like Gay, and wondering if beautiful people were always petted and favored and loved more than homely ones, and if always and always their way would be the happier.

For the first time in my life, there amid the bustle and the laughter and jesting, I began to feel utterly, miserably alone. The feeling was such as sometimes comes to one who has been thrown into a great city alone, uncared for, far from home and friends, and who, wandering along strange streets, looks in through the windows into brilliantly-lighted



"Now then, men, ready. Yeo-heave!"

come to be thought something of a belittlement to a young man if he had not his "girl" and his place in the phalanx at the gate. "Guess he can't get anybody to go with him," was an imputation as much dreaded among our boys as the appellation of thief or pickpocket.

However, all this is neither here nor there, for it is of Jamieson's barn we should be speaking. Many were the tales of it brought by our lads after these Sunday-night visits, and retailed with much gusto, first to the favored lassie on the way home, then to the parents, hers and his, later. Such foundations, such timbers, had never been seen in Oroway Township—such plates, such beams, such rafters! And many were the speculations as to how they would "go up," and whether Bill Gilliland, the "framer" whose contract the building was, would be able to carry the affair through without accident. Should he manage to do so, it was unanimously conceded, the event would be the crowning success of his life.

When the "bids" were at last issued, talk ran wild again, especially when it was learned that the men from Atterill, ten miles away, had been "asked."

me addle-headed! I'm as anxious to help Bell Jamieson as anyone, but I'll do it in my own house in peace 'n' quietness."

So saying, she uncovered a basket which she had brought with her, disclosing a supply of eggs, butter, and all the other necessities for the cake-making which employed her for the rest of the afternoon.

When the momentous day came, we were all in good time at the Jamieson homestead. Just to peep into the cellar, with its shelves laden with cakes, pies, and tartlets, and beautifully trimmed with "valances" of white paper cut into patterns, was to me as good as a glimpse into fairyland; while, to watch the women and girls arriving at the house dressed all in their "best," and the men gathering in dozens about the stone foundations and the lying timbers, while the horses tugged at beams and their owners who'd and haw'd, was certainly better than a fair, and almost as interesting as a circus.

Ever a little shy among many people, however, I climbed up on a lumber-pile by the gate and sat there, seeing and enjoying everything, the animated scene about me, the sun-steeped fields beyond, and everywhere

fe  
li  
re  
fo  
fe  
  
T  
co  
in  
qu  
th  
gr  
m  
th  
An  
in  
pa  
th  
An  
da  
"  
I  
cha  
her  
sou  
up  
abo  
at  
tim  
cra  
am  
pen  
beg  
difi  
had  
the  
lips  
lilie  
pear  
petu  
of  
ing.  
It  
mor  
Dode  
such  
how  
from  
appe  
of t  
thos  
and  
York  
the  
"Flo  
But  
happ  
much  
due t  
deavo  
a few  
like t  
so on  
Orow  
witho  
winter  
ciated  
perhap  
her in  
and s  
none  
than  
When  
that  
have  
sobbed  
her to  
up int  
and w  
love m  
"I l  
course  
ing her  
ask su  
But i  
let my  
and bey  
ears a  
Andke  
Miss T  
a big v  
d' ye d  
the rai  
the ma  
Sick, is  
"Just  
said Mi  
more cl  
But a  
head to