

the year; her neighbors' horns, guided by clocks or watches, might blow before her meal was cooked or after it was eaten, but they were early or late, as the case might be, and she alone correctly on time. The minister's watch indicated an hour and half still remained of the forenoon, but the shadow on the door-step showed about a space of twenty-five minutes between it and the deeply-cut mark; and Mrs. Logan engineered her work accordingly. Before the men had reached the brow of the hill, a fire was roaring madly up the narrow stove-pipe and some hastily gathered lettuce and radishes were cooling in a pan of water, the nimble woman, in the meantime, finding a minute to don a fresh apron and smooth down her iron-gray hair. She met her guest at the front door and welcomed him with that simple cordiality which being sincere transforms the mistress of every home, however humble, into a gracious queen. Before the minister had time, however, to express the pleasure it gave him to meet in a settlement almost entirely Methodist, one of his own persuasion, she hurriedly left the room.

"If I only could lay my han's on yoh!" she remarked to a young chicken, sunning its plump body on one of the log steps, but with a sharp eye fixed on the door, "it warn't well fur yoh neck. But thar'll be ham an' eggs—I reckon I'll have to break in on that settin' I was savin fur the Domin-ecker hen. I'll have to fetch up sum uf the buttah too I was keepin' to sen' to the store nex' week. It's mighty lucky I have sugah an' coffee in the house. I'd hate awful bad ef the fus' time one uf my own preachers cum to see me, I'd nothin' but milk to give him. I'll open that jar uf cherries I

put up las' Monday, though I did want to keep 'em till Bud's uncle comes in frum Texas nex' fall; but I kin put up sum blackberries; them's just as nice. I'll sen' sum uf the cherries over to ole Mrs. O'Hagan, now thet ther're opened. She doan of'n git anything sweet. Then thar's sum apple pie as good luck would have it. Wall," heaving a sigh, "I reckon he's ust to fine things to eat, but ef he's hungry this dinnah 'll taste good enough."

So as she cooked it, she soliliquized, while the minister wondered at the prolonged absence of his hostess, and and the first intimation he received as to its possible cause was when a playful breeze, stealing around the house, carried to him the smell of frying ham, which it had caught in passing the open kitchen window. Then, he experienced a sudden appreciation of her kindness for he had been out several hours, walking most of the time since country roads are not favorable to a bicyclist's progress. Exactly as the shadow crossed the mark on the log step, Mrs. Logan opened the door separating the front room from the porch and invited the minister out to dinner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Throw yourself into the bosom of God, as upon a bed of rest.—St. Augustine.

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Love is the salt that preserves affections and actions from the corruptions of life.—Eugenie de Guerin.

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Earth can never be wholly happy, because it is not heaven; nor ever wholly unhappy, because it is the way thither.—Eugenie de la Ferronays.