

served for moving
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out, and in about
t marketing.

chips and blocks
hemia cooked the
little table, with
th.

deal I ever ate !
Euphemia washed
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thought we had
l our smoke. I
lps me to smoke
s to enjoy it as

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ake of our an-
easier to haul

wanted to go to
ll about lamps

busy and happy
e and made the
the shore, that

I thought I should not have to add fuel to my expenses,—and Euphemia cooked the breakfast. I then went to a well belonging to a cottage near by where we had arranged for water-privileges, and filled two buckets with delicious water and carried them home for Euphemia's use through the day. Then I hurried off to catch the train, for, as there was a station near Ginx's, I ceased to patronise the steamboat, the hours of which were not convenient. After a day of work and pleasurable anticipation at the office, I hastened back to my home, generally laden with a basket of provisions and various household necessities. Milk was brought to us daily from the above-mentioned cottage by a little toddler who seemed just able to carry the small tin bucket which held a lacteal pint. If the urchin had been the child of rich parents, as Euphemia sometimes observed, he would have been in his nurse's arms—but being poor, he was scarcely weaned before he began to carry milk around to other people.

After I reached home came supper and the delightful evening hours, when over my pipe (I had given up cigars, as being too expensive and inappropriate, and had taken to a tall pipe and canaster tobacco) we talked and planned, and told each other our day's experience.

One of our earliest subjects of discussion was the name of our homestead. Euphemia insisted that it should have a name. I was quite willing,