

coming to me, no Mumsie that'll be sorry I ran away from work, no small brothers wondering with all their eyes and mouths where the next loaf of bread is coming from, no old gimlet-eyed boss at the shop—no nothin' but masses of blue and green touched up with streaks of sunlight."

"Gush-a-gurgle, cheerie, cheerie,
Summer's coming, dearie, dearie,"

sang the stream persuasively.

Pat rolled over in her luxurious bed, and peeped out across the open country through the cracks in the rails. Like a golden ribbon the Rushholm Road wound out between beautifully wooded hills, climbing higher and higher, until it reached the picturesque village of Mount Carmel, that sat on the heights, behind which it dropped abruptly out of sight. In every open patch among the hills the farmers were drilling in the grain; while those who despaired of ever bringing the beautiful wilderness under cultivation had turned out their flocks and herds until they filled all the valleys with their gentle lowings.

A half-mile behind her, however, in sharp contrast to the peaceful, rural scene she contemplated, stood a large factory, situated on the extreme edge of the town, and backing aggressively into the very lap of the country. It was a gloomy, old-