

fireplace midway on one side, flanked by the closets before mentioned. The south side had two broad paned windows and a door opening on a porch, which was screened and filled with blooming plants.

The floor was painted brown, and was shining clean. In the middle of it was a rug about three yards square with a fluffy fringe around it, not too heavy. It bore a strong resemblance to the bed rugs in the Japanese village at the Chicago fair, and was made of four thicknesses of burlap in the natural colour, laid flat and etched closely on a machine, with thread of the same colour. The fringe was of ravel or burlap stitched on evenly, in overlapping rows. It was heavy, and kept its place admirably. In front of the sideboard was another rug made of matting, with a rope fringe.

The fireplace was filled now with shade-loving plants, which made a grateful show of greenery in contrast to the parched world outside, yellow brown under the gold of a September sun. The sideboard, made of an old bureau, was no homemade affair of woman carpentry. It had been taken to the village carpenter and made after a drawing of Susie's own and stood up boldly, as if knowing itself worthy of admiration. The strip of mirror set in at the back of the lower shelf was the reversed door of an old show case; it reflected and doubled the collection of old china and old dragons set upon the shelf below it. The drawers below held a supply of napery for present use. The table was no new-fangled affair to stare out of countenance the old chairs and dark wainscot, but the square, six-legged table of old Kentockey walnut, heavy to cumbersome, which had been one of the precious possessions of the Adams' great-grandmother sixty years ago. The chairs, too, were walnut, quality carved; the girls had gathered them up from Adams' kindfolk all over the country. One of them stood in an alcove in the family room, and was a veritable curiosity. There was a legend connected with it, which had come across the water, and was believed in by those who understood, or who had imagination, which in such cases does as well as understanding. The wood of it was black with age; in the heavy back was set a heavy steel chain of seven links. It was riveted in strongly, and this with the heavy three cornered seat, and the back in the form of a cross, made the chair a weird affair, and sent the beholder's fancy wandering in strange far lands. The upper part of the cross had been broken off, and Margaret had drawn a gay silken scarf through the middle link of the chain and thrown it across the rough edges, thus covering the dark secrets of the old world with the frivolities of the new.

This room also was a charming one, and the girls were proud of it. Mrs Adams' chair was a graceful one of rattan, and the ribbon profusely threaded through its back was of a hue to correspond with the curtains, and the greenish brown of the wall paper and carpet. In front of Mrs Adams' chair was a woolly white rug; between her husband's old chair and his desk was one of cocoa matting. It would be pleasant to describe the whole precisely by which those two young girls evolved from an ugly, bare, angular farmhouse, their comfortable home, but space will not admit of it. In the neighbourhood, they were supposed to be rapidly 'breaking up ole man Adams,' but the girls had seen no sign of such calamity about their father that morning when he had driven away beside their pretty mother to the fair, leaving the young ladies to their own devices for the day.

'They're all right now, them an' their scallops, but just wait 'till real hard times comes.' None o' them kin cook a meal's vittles.' Thus spoke one of the neighbourhood oracles; for in the country there are gossips, male and female, only second to those one finds in country villages. But they are so innocent about it, so unfeignedly glad to get hold of a bit of gossip, that one feels moved to invent it for them.

Young Dr. Gilbert had heard all about them; in helping his uncle during his vacation he could not have failed to hear much. He had seen them too. They were driving an old gray horse to an old boggy, and were exploring a swamp in Britton Woods. Susie was backed up with tales—he called them cat tails and thought them stiff, ugly things—wild grasses, and the biggest bunches of the reddest cardinal flowers he had ever seen. They had looked at him with honest, friendly eyes, and bowed to him in the cordial Missouri fashion, and had not seemed ashamed of 'idin' their time away in the sunny afternoon. He was thinking of them that very morning while they were chatting over their housework, and was driving toward them, too, as fast as a rather superannuated horse could travel.

Susie, looking up from her work of dusting the parlour, called to Margaret through the folding doors, where her sister was arranging some flowers.

'Goodness! There's the knight of the stony eyes and the mechanical elbow. I'll call you "Greta" till I die, if you'll go to the door.'

'I don't want to be called "Greta," and I won't go.'

Susie turned to a mirror with that involuntary movement of her hands toward her hair which a woman always makes on such occasions. They encountered a dust cap, which she removed, and she saw a slim girl with rough brown hair and about a yard of cheese cloth duster thrown across her shoulder. She said to herself that she hated 'fixing,' and wanted always to see the every-day side of people; her blue calico dress was good enough for the occasion, so she went to the door in answer to a rather hesitating rap at the screen, duster and all.

'She noticed that the "mechanical elbow" was less prompt this time, but the hat came off at last disclosing a fair forehead

with girlish dark curls upon it. Susie looked at the card so fatteringly offered and cordially invited him to enter.

'No, mother is not at home, but perhaps one of us will do.' The doctor sat down in the carved old chair and beheld a vista of two dimly lighted rooms with a lighter one at the end where a red-haired girl sat on the carpet putting nasturtiums into a bowl, arranging them with their own gray green leaves, among which the many-colored blossoms glowed like fire.

'I am Susie Adams,' went on Susie demurely, 'and that,' pointing to the girl on the floor, 'is Margaret.'

Margaret came in at this, carrying her bowl. Her wrath was abated, but was apparent only to Susie. The doctor looked amused: he began to be more at ease.

PRINCE ALBERT COLLEGE,
UPPER QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

HEAD MASTER (RESIDENT):
THOMAS JACKSON, M.A. (LONDON UNIVERSITY).
BOYS' DIVISION.
Second Master (Resident):
Master Lower School (Resident):
JOHN G. BOLLARD.
VISITING MASTERS FOR MUSIC, FRENCH, DRAWING AND PAINTING.
GIRLS' DIVISION.
First Assistant (Resident):
MISS R. W. MCKERRON, M.A.
Second Assistant (Resident):
MISS E. M. RAINFORTH, M.A.
BOARDERS receive every possible CARE and ATTENTION, the object being to infuse as much as possible of the comforts of home into school life. Copies of the Prospectus with any further information may be obtained on application to the Headmaster at the College.

FIRST DISPLAY
— OF —
SPRING & SUMMER
NOVELTIES.

A LOVELY COLLECTION OF
MANTLES, JACKETS, CAPES, DRESS FABRICS
ALSO, A CHARMING VARIETY OF—
WASHING MATERIALS, PRINTS
CREPONS, DRILLS, PIQUES,
ZEPHYRS, SATEENS,

ETC., ETC., ETC.
PATTERNS POST FREE. PATTERNS POST FREE.

J. BALLANTYNE & CO.,
CASHIEL-STREET,
CHRISTCHURCH.

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing
The praises of
BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER.



BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury—Dainties in endless variety.
The Choicest Dishes and the Richest Custard.

NO EGGS REQUIRED.

Storekeepers can obtain supplies of Bird's Custard and Bird's Concentrated Egg Powders, Bird's Baking and Bird's Blanc-Mange Powders, from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

'Everyone seems to have gone to the fair to day,' he said, 'and Mrs Janzen is in great danger. There was not one woman at home at any house I stopped at till I came here. Janzen is at the fair, too, in charge of Judge Farley's stock. If one of you could go back with me and stay until I fetch my aunt, I should be glad. There is a two-months' baby that cries all the time.'

Janzen was a farmer on Judge Farley's place, and Susie pictured the scene to herself—filthy, foreign, and squalid beyond description.

'I will go,' said Susie; 'my sister is so thorough about everything, she would tire herself out.'

'Yes, and everyone else,' assented Margaret, honestly. 'I will help you get some things to take over.'

The doctor wondered at the size of the bundle, but stowed it away under the seat of the buggy in silence. They found the woman delirious and the baby screaming. Fowls were walking in and out of the two-roomed house at will. Susie took up the baby, evil smelling as it was, while the doctor stood helplessly watching her.

'If you will make a fire in the kitchen stove before you go for Mrs Gilbert, I shall be glad.'

He obeyed. He was a rich man and followed his profession for love of it, and because his temperament made some kind of work a necessity, but he went into that dirty kitchen and kindled a fire in the cook stove, while Susie with the unpleasant baby over one arm filled the tea kettle and hunted for some milk.

'You need not be frightened about Mrs Janzen; she has just had a chill. I am always delirious when I "chill." And just look at that bed!'

It was something of a spectacle; a perfect mountain of feathers, into which the woman had sunk out of sight, except where a blonde head lay anxiously on the dark blue pillow. The doctor would fain have remained to watch Susie's indignations and when he at last started, he said to himself that he had actually been hustled off the premises. Left alone Susie washed, fed and dressed the wailing baby; bathed the woman's hot face, brushed her hair, and put on her a clean white gown brought from home. Then she flattened down the heaped feathers under a heavy comfort and spread over it a fragrant white sheet, covering her with another.

'Oh! It schmale lika home,' said the woman, opening her heavy eyes.

'It is lavender; and we always put clover heads in the bags with the lavender. So we have summer smells all the year round.'

She had tidied the room somewhat, and mother and babe were sleeping quietly when the doctor returned, alone.

'She was gone, too,' he said resignedly, 'but I left a message with the boy. She will come after a while. In the meantime let me take you home to get some lunch; you must be famished.'

'Yes, I am hungry, and so are you, I suppose. But we must not desert our post now. I will cook you some lunch.'

'No. Can't you drive home and leave me to care for Mrs Janzen?'

'The baby might wake. I assure you I can make excellent griddlecakes.'

In less than an hour she called him. Under an apple tree, with a grape vine reaching up from the trellis to the top of it, and hung from end to end with great bunches of purple grapes, she had set a little table. Very few persons in our fortunate west are in actual need of food unless it is by reason of their own shiftlessness or lack of skill in preparing it. Susie had not found a tablecloth, but a queer-looking scarf with a fuzzy border was laid across the table. There were sliced tomatoes upon it, yellow and red, on a queer little plate with feet to it; dainty croquettes which she said were made of grated green corn; flaky, white biscuit, excellent butter and clear, translucent jelly.

'I brought nothing from home but the butter and the jelly. And the napkins, of course. But look at that one, isn't it quaint?'

It was more than half a yard square, yellow, and stilly starched, with a greenish blue border of raised flowers. Susie had pinched up the corners, making a basket of it, and it was piled with yellow apples and purple clusters of grapes. Susie brought the doctor a cup of coffee, telling him she was sure he needed it after such arduous tasks as he had that day performed, and then excusing herself went in to her invalid. But then Mrs Gilbert bustled in, and after all Susie sat down and ate her lunch under the apple tree.

'And so you thought I couldn't cook because I like to gather toles and cardinal flowers! I might as well form my opinion of you by seeing you eat. You are a beauty lover; you eat that jelly because it is pretty, and neglect the jam which is really good, because it is thick and dark.'

'I will be kind to you. You are an excellent nurse.'

'Yes, mother is often sickening. We girls take care of her.'

'You would make an excellent wife for a