On down the road. Here a head at a front room window. There a woman's front com window. There a woman's cattlevel ligner s, anding in the door-way. Mrs. Vander Sjlde on the porch, funding the There are with ner igner Cornels. Let us the jurity be-tending to the up the drooping status of the golden glow and eyeing the up-proaching teem with the axid gossible gaze. To these Seltin waved, bowed, contest

gaze. To these Senia was called.

"Tow d'you do, Mrs. Vander Sijde!"
À prin reply to this salutation. Disapproval writ large on the farm-wife's dushed face.
"Hello, Cornella!"

Lessanded start, notable for its bud

approval-wert large on the farm-wire approval-wert large on the farm-wire glushed face.

"Hello, Cornella I" A pretended start, notable for its bad acting, "Oh, is It you, Mrs. DeJong I Sun's in my eyes. I couldn't thuk if Winners eyes, bostile, cold, peering: Five o'clock. Six. The boy climbed over the wheel, filled a tin pail with water at it arenthouse well. They are and drank as they rode along, for there was no time to lose.

The boy's had started out bravey enough in the heat of the day, sitting up very straight beside his mother, calling to the horses, shrioking and waving his arms at, chickens that few squawking across the road. Now he began to droop.

"Sleeny, Sobie!"

"Sleeny, Sobie!"

"Sleeny, Sobie!"

"Sleeny, Sobie!"

"Sleeny, Sobie!"

"Sleeny, Sobie!

"Sleeny, Sobie!"

"Sleeny, Sobie!

"A mediow soname of a cowhed, thorses hoofs clopping in belind them, a wigoon passing in a cloud of dist, a cardous headward glance, or a greeting exchanged.

"One of the Ooms boys, or Jakob Hoonstan, "You're never going to marked, Mis Pedone"; Staring with chinabine eyes at her load.

"Yos, I, m. M. Hoonstann,"

to the seat, yawned, smacked his lips, and be a seat of the seat o



wagon, Mis' Dolong: Um Gottes: "Yes. It wasn't bad, The boy slept the night through. I slept, too, quite a little."
"Why you didn't come here? Why-"

"Why you didn't come here? Why.""
At the look in Sellmis face he knew
hen. "For nothing you and the boy
could Seep here.
"I knew that? That's why."
"Don't tall: damb, Mrs. DeJong.
Half this time the room is twacant. You
and the hay clust us well—two you
tests, time, and pay me when you got
it. But anyway you don't come in
re-lar with the load, do you? That
int for womans."
"There's no one! to do it for me, except Jan. And he's worze than noholy, Just through September and
October. After that, maybe—"He
topic trailed off. It is hard to be
hopeful at three in the morning, before
breatfasts.

had busied himself vastly assisting her in her few pitiful sales; had plucked

THE FRIENDLINESS





