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spelled with a capital. She had tried to awaken the same interest in her family; but while they were proud of her, they remained sadly content with the simple, humdrum life, which included no literary or artistic aspirations.

Amelia, sitting under the apple-trees, shook her head dolefully as she thought of some of her endeavors and their subsequent failures. The very Christmas before she had given her mother a prettily bound book of essays, which was warmly received. It now occupied a proud position on the center-table, its leaves uncut.

Her gift to her father had been a photograph of a Botticelli Madonna. Mr. Hackett thanked his daughter with what heartiness he could summon, and confided to his wife that it seemed "kind of heathenish and unnatural into the bargain." As for him, he "didn't want any prettier picture than that," waving his hand toward the window-framed view of rolling meadow-lands and upland pastures, all adrift with snow and flecked by the shadows of the swiftly passing clouds. No, Amelia's family were certainly not desirous of culture.

"But," thought Amelia, "their ideas must be broadened by the fair!"

The annual fair had always been held in a distant part of the county, too far away to be even considered by the Hacketts. This year several counties united, and were holding at Plimpton, fifteen miles away, the greatest exhibition ever given in that part of the state. Besides all the accompaniments of the usual county fair, it offered educational features in the shape of lectures, practical demonstrations, concerts and an "unexcelled display of a rare and valuable loan collection of art treasures," to quote the hand-bill.

Amelia, in spite of former failures, conscientiously set to work to make her family's visit to the fair as profitable as possible. That night at the supper-table she produced a number of neatly written slips of paper.

"Method is as useful in pleasure as in work," she announced, in her most pedagogical manner. "I have gone carefully over the program for to-morrow and picked out the features advisable for each. On father's slip I have put picture-gallery, concert, lecture on the ancient Greeks, stereopticon exhibition of famous statues. Mother, picture-gallery and concert in the forenoon. In the afternoon there is to be a meeting of the Federation of Clubs, with a lecture on sociology by the state president. Ellen, picture-gallery, taking notes of pictures liked and why, concert. Willard and Robert, collection of rare coins and stamps; debate; 'War or Arbitration'; portrait-gallery of famous men. Susie and Milly, exhibit of art needlework, concert, stereopticon. Totty, day in kindergarten.

"I think if you follow these," continued Amelia, with pardonable pride, "you will find that you can accomplish more than if you wandered aimlessly about."

The Hacketts received the slips of paper in silence. Somehow, they could hardly tell why, there was something depressing about them.

Amelia had a glorious day at the fair. By a judicious economy of time she got in far more, even, than she had planned. As she hurried eagerly from place to place she saw nothing of her family. "Queer!" she thought. "I should think I would run across them somewhere."

When the Hacketts got home that night they were too tired for utterance; but the next morning, at the breakfast-table, there was certainly no excuse for their studied silence.

Finally Amelia broke the ice. "It was a feast!" she sighed. "I can live for a year on it. Did Totty enjoy the kindergarten?"

Totty's mouth was full of bread and butter, but she murmured something which sounded like "merry-go-round."

Mrs. Hackett looked a trifle embarrassed. "Well, now, 'Melie,'" she said, "to tell the truth, Totty didn't get much of it. You see, she cried so when I tried to leave her; and then there were so many things for her to see, it did seem a shame to coop her up all day."

Amelia made no comment. "Did you see some beautiful embroidery?" she asked the twins.

"Yes, sister," answered Milly. "It was very nice, but we liked the merry-go-round better, and the crystal maze was lovely."

"Punch and Judy was great!" broke in Bobby. "But I liked sarsaparilla soda and the shooting-gallery best. I got six drinks out of 'em."

Amelia's blue eyes opened wide but she said nothing. Totty, who had swallowed her mouthful, puckered up her little red lips and breathed out a bit of a tune. Willard grinned. "Whistling Rufus," he said.

Amelia looked puzzled. "Did you hear that at the concert, Totty?"

"Yeth," lisped the little one. "Funny darky man!"

Amelia's expression became severe, but she turned to her mother with a foreboding sigh. "The concert was fine, wasn't it?"

"Yes, dear, yes," replied Mrs. Hackett. "It was grand, I dare say, but I didn't hear

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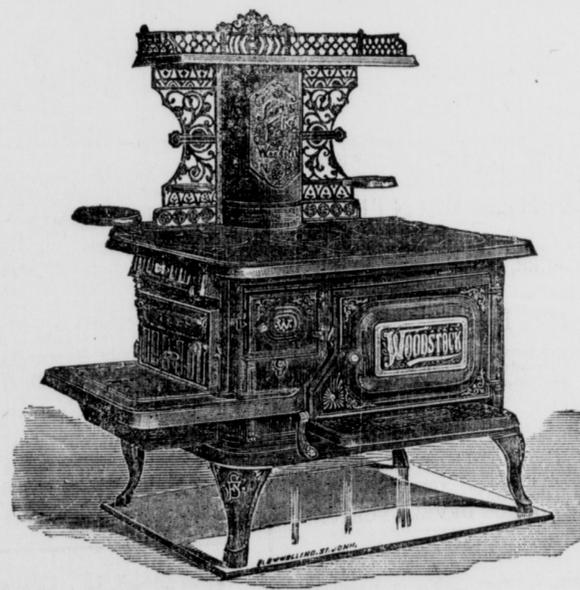
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THE BROADENING OF THE HACKETTS.

"Guess you're right, 'Melie,'" said Mr. Hackett, laying down his knife and fork, preparatory to a long draft of fragrant coffee; "but I don't see how I can manage it, no ways, this year. I've got my last instalment to pay on the meadow lot next week, and it will take every cent I can spare. We'll have to put off being improved till another time."

Amelia straightened up with an air of conscious capability, which brought a faint tinge of pink into her usually pale cheeks. The children gazed at her respectfully, all but Bobby, who was naturally irreverent and who secretly held all school teachers cheap, not even excepting his own sister.

"I will see to the expense, father," she replied. "The school board pays my way and I am going with the Farmington teachers by train. You can drive over in the three-seater, and that will save car fares. Then mother can put up a lunch, so that all the cost will be admission tickets, and I have saved enough to pay for those. It does seem like too great an opportunity to be neglected."

"Well, then, dear heart, so it does!" responded Mrs. Hackett, taking Totty's plump fist out of the mug in which it was rapturously churning the milk. "It's real smart of you to lay by all that, and never a word. I'm proud of you, 'Melie!'"

Amelia's flush deepened into rose-red. It was pleasant to have her efforts appreciated. She did not begrudge the money. It never should be said that she instructed other people's children, and neglected her own family's intellectual welfare. Nevertheless, her salary as village school-teacher was meager, and this had been a little in the nature of a sacrifice.

"I suppose we can leave Totty at Letty Rich's for the day," continued Mrs. Hackett. The prospect of filling a big lunch-basket which would be equal to the demands of the hungry Hacketts, and of caring for a restless family during hours of sightseeing, did not just then appear to her. But her life being built, like that of most mothers, on the plan of self-forgetfulness, she said nothing of the kind.

"There is to be a model kindergarten for children," answered her daughter. "I should like Totty to have the advantage of it."

"Well, if we're going to take a day off," remarked Mr. Hackett, pushing his chair away from the table, "I guess we've got to do a bit of hustling now. Robert, you can go to the onions, and if they aren't done better than the beet bed you loafed over yesterday, not a step will you go tomorrow."

It was vacation-time, and when Amelia had dutifully helped her mother with the morning's work, she wandered out-of-doors to the edge of the orchard slope and sat down on the soft grass. The world spread out before her, broad and beautiful, but it was the world of the country, and Amelia's soul longed for more.

Weston was a lonely little village, apparently overlooked by anything which hinted of progress. Even the railroad made a detour, as if to ignore it, and established the nearest station at Farmington, four miles away.

It was at the Farmington Academy that Amelia had been roused to long for Culture—that elusive ideal always, in her mind, to be

much of it. You see, the children were so restless I had to come out."

"What did you think of the club lecture?" continued Amelia.

"Well, now, 'Melie, I don't see just how it happened, but after I'd sampled all the jams and looked at the quilts I was fair beat out, and I just set down and watched the folks, so I didn't get round to the lecture. There were some real handsome quilts, daughter."

"I didn't see them," remarked Amelia, coldly.

"They were elegant," went on Mrs. Hackett. "I'm going to start in on one of the biscuit patterns. And the drawn rugs! Laud, they were splendid!"

Amelia turned to Ellen. "You must let me see your notes on the picture," she said.

Ellen squirmed uneasily. "I didn't exactly take notes," she admitted. "Soon as I got there Henry Much came up and asked me to go round with him. Somehow we didn't have time for the pictures. I looked over the catalogue coming home, though, and marked the prettiest names."

Amelia tried once more. "Did you see that copy of Paul Potter's bull, father?"

"Well, there," answered Mr. Hackett, "I didn't! But that didn't count so long as I saw the real critter. Handsome, too! Didn't know he belonged to Mr. Potter. Thought the name was Stevens. We can match the show in pigs, though, can't we, Willard?"

The next time Amelia went to Farmington she called on a former teacher of hers. "It's no use," she said, dismally, relating the story of the fair. "It seems as if they didn't want to be broadened. It was just money wasted!"

Miss Stimson laughed. "You haven't learned all life's lessons yet, Amelia. As for its being money wasted, they all had a good time and saw the things they were interested in, and that's a good deal in this world."

Provisional Programme for the Annual Meeting of The Farmers' and Dairy-men's Association of New Brunswick at Fredericton, January 25th, 26th, and 27th, 1904.

WEDNESDAY, 25, 8 p. m.—President's Opening Address; Address of Welcome, Mayor Palmer; Reply, Vice President Dow; Address, Hon. L. P. Farris; Report of committee on Agricultural Education; Discussion.

THURSDAY, 26, 9 a. m.—Exhibit of grain of various grades. 10 a. m.—Address, F. W. Broderick upon Improvement of Seed. 10.30 a. m.—Discussion. 11 a. m. Address The Preparation of the Soil, R. Robertson (a) For Grain Crops. (b) For Root Crops. (c) For Seed to Grass. Discussion. 2 p. m.

(1) How shall New Brunswick Farmers produce more and better beef, Introduced by W. S. Tompkins, Meductic, J. F. Tweeddale, M. P. P. Authurette, and B. M. Fawcett, Sackville. Discussion. (2) Essential to success in Dairy Farming, R. Robertson, Experimental Farm, Nappan, N. S. Discussion. 8 p. m.—Education to fit our Boys and Girls for Farm Life in New Brunswick. Opening Address, Geo. E. Baxter, Andover. Address, Dr. J. R. Inch, Chief Superintendent Education. A Lesson in Nature Study, Taught by Prof. J. Brittain. The Value of a Consolidated School, Mr. Wetmore. General Discussion.

FRIDAY, 27th, 9 a. m.—Report of Nominating Committee. Election of Officers. (1) The manufacture and Marketing of Dairy Products, Harvey Mitchell, N. S. Dow. Discussion. (2) Address, How we may Economically increase the Fertility of the Land, Prof. F. T. Shutt. Discussion. 2 p. m. Commercial Apple Growing for New Brunswick. (1) The Growing and Marketing of Apples, Alex. McNeill. (2) Experience and results from New Brunswick Orchards, J. C. Gilman, S. L. Peters, J. W. Clark, F. J. Purdy.

Our Insect Pests and Fungus Diseases, and how to combat them, W. S. Blair.

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"Passive Resistance day" was observed in London recently by the opponents of the education law who have refused to pay the tax for the support of schools in which the religious instruction is given under the auspices of the state church. The non-conformists are determined to continue their agitation for the repeal of the law which obliges them to contribute to the support of schools originally founded to propagate the principles of the Church of England, and still under the control of the church authorities. They are not deterred from their opposition to the education law by the consideration that success in securing its repeal would be partially followed by a system of education and the discontinuance of religious instruction in the common schools. Passive resisters have the support of Americans who are accustomed to religious education, and indeed are opposed to sectarian religious instruction in the public schools.

"Your wife has been boasting that she can bake bread," said Marryat. "Can she really?"
"Oh, yes," replied Newlied, "she can bake bread, I suppose, but she can't bake dough and make bread of it."—Philadelphia Press.