

Martha Butterworth's Thanks

She Found Cause For Them on That Thanksgiving Day

By CLARISSA MACKIE
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911

"Give thanks for what?" demanded Martha Butterworth fiercely.

"Being alive, of course, for one thing," retorted her roommate, old Mrs. Loyd.

"Alive!" sniffed Martha. "Everybody else in the world is alive as well as I be. I don't consider that any special act of Providence."

"You're sacrilegious, Martha," said Mrs. Loyd solemnly.

"I s'pose I be, I s'pose I be," said Martha drearily, and she stared from the window down at the frost pipped lawn of the old ladies' home.

Martha Butterworth hated the old ladies' home with a fervor that few of its inmates understood. Most of them were simple minded old women who had invested a little nest egg of savings in the institution to receive dividends of a lifelong home and decent burial.

They had been a congenial company until Martha Butterworth came into their midst. Many of them had known Mrs. Butterworth in her younger days. Then she had been quite a personage in the county, for her husband, Darius Butterworth, had been known as the richest farmer within a radius of twenty-five miles. But Darius had fallen a victim to the gold mine fever and awoke one morning to find himself the possessor of a big tin box full of worthless mining stock while even his farm had been mortgaged to its full value.

The horde of censorious relatives which immediately gathered at the Butterworth farm and clamored their disapproval of Darius' "crazy investments" proved to be too much for the patient, unbusinesslike Darius, who, dazed by the great misfortune that he had brought upon his wife as well as himself, promptly disappeared, taking the box of beautifully engraved stock certificates with him.

The closest search failed to reveal the whereabouts of the fugitive farmer, and the aforesaid relatives, still censorious, but in a more heartbroken sort of way, helped Darius' bewildered little wife to close up all the affairs that hungry creditors had not already pounced upon, and they agreed that Martha should live in turn with one and another of them until Darius should come back or something turned up.

The bread of dependence is bitter, and for five long years Martha Butterworth tasted gall and wormwood. Then she packed up her few belongings and took a position as housekeeper in the family of a man who had an invalid wife.

For five more years Martha looked for her husband's return, and then hope died in her breast with the ending of the tenth year of his absence.

Shortly after this a severe attack of rheumatism crippled Martha's busy feet and so she gave up her situation and, taking her small savings, did what her soul loathed to do—she became an inmate of the old ladies' home in the adjacent bustling little city.

She hated the home. She detested the simple minded, contented old women, who were well pleased with their lot. Not one of them had known as great prosperity as Martha Butterworth, and not one had suffered the pangs of fallen pride or endured the grief of uncertainty regarding a loved one's safety that she had, and, although one of them knew Martha Butterworth's story and in consequence all the others were soon possessed of it also—they could not understand her deep rooted bitterness of spirit, and they withdrew from her company and left her alone.

Old Mrs. Loyd, the woman who had known of Martha's affairs, also knew that Martha Butterworth had been a very brilliant pianist in her day. Before Martha had married Darius she had taught music, and after she was married she played for her husband's pleasure. For ten years her work hardened fingers had not touched piano keys—her own piano had gone in the auction sale that followed the general crash—and in spite of Mrs. Loyd's pleading that Martha enliven their long autumn evenings with "tunes" on the big square piano in the parlor of the home Martha had as steadfastly refused to touch it.

"Thankful indeed!" muttered Martha again after Mrs. Loyd had left the room. "I declare! Sometimes I think if I was a man I'd swear!"

She blushed after that remark and hid her thin face in her hands. "Everything's gone wrong!" she wailed softly. "To think after I had

saved \$500 that rheumatiz should catch me in the feet, only to leave the minute I got into this home! If I hadn't been so hasty I might have gone on working. I would soon have had money enough to set out and look for Darius, not that I expect he's alive now," she hastily added. She arose and paced her half of the square room. "I hate this old place—I hate this home!" she said between her clenched teeth.

Mrs. Loyd, who was now standing in the doorway, heard her and drew her mouth in sudden dismay. "I'd be

afraid to say that, Mrs. Butterworth. It's flying in the face of Providence to say such things. I've got a sister who is crazy to come here and stay, only she hasn't got \$500 to buy her way. If she was here with me we'd be perfectly happy, and you're growling because you have to stay here."

Martha stared at her. "Your sister wants to come here?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes. It's a nice, easy life, and we've always had to work dreadful hard. I'm afraid she will never have \$500 to come, though."

"You don't know. Maybe Providence will open a way for her," said Martha Butterworth, suddenly losing her bitterness. "I know of somebody who is tired of it and wants to leave."

"You mean you?" cried Mrs. Loyd.

Martha nodded. "If I do, your sister can have my membership."

"Oh, oh," cried Mrs. Loyd delightedly, "that is good of you, Martha Butterworth. If you don't change your mind Hannah will spend the best Thanksgiving she ever had!"

"I shan't change my mind," said Martha decidedly. "You can write and tell her she can have my half of the room on Thanksgiving day. Don't cry about it, Mrs. Loyd—and, no, I don't want you to thank me. It's not because I'm kind hearted, for I'm not. I'm dreadful bitter. I do it gladly because I want to go away from here."

Those are the words that Martha Butterworth spoke, but even as she uttered them she felt a tremor of fear for the future. In leaving the detested home she was throwing away the last defense between her frail body and—the pothouse, for it might be that in the end now.

On Thanksgiving day there was to be a feast in the long dining room downstairs, and the housekeeper, Mrs. Green, had prepared all the good old fashioned viands that go to make up the traditional Thanksgiving dinner. In the morning there was a delicious odor of browning turkey, and all the inmates of the home gathered in the sitting room and discussed other Thanksgiving dinners that they had partaken of under happier and more favorable auspices.

Even Martha Butterworth seemed to have forgotten her sorrow, for she had put on her best black silk dress with a purple bow at the throat, and her brown hair was fluffed prettily over her ears. Her cheeks were flushed, and she actually laughed several times during the meal, and she felt better for it.

After the long dinner was over the old ladies gathered in the stiff splendor of the parlor, where a great fire had been kindled on the hearth, and they told stories and jokes, and there were much laughter and funmaking. Then Mrs. Green asked Martha Butterworth to play something for them.

To everybody's surprise Martha went to the piano without a word and sitting down before it played one thing after another until each old lady had had her favorite piece played or her favorite song sung. At last Martha's fingers strayed into a melody that she had not dared remember for ten years. It was her husband, Darius', favorite song and one she had played for him times without number. Now her voice was somewhat broken, but it was still penetratingly sweet, and it pierced through the walls of the home, and a man passing dejectedly along the sidewalk heard it, stopped short and listened, and when the sound of the piano died away he mounted the steps of the home and rang the bell.

Mrs. Green, the matron, came into the parlor again and looked strangely, doubtfully, at Martha Butterworth, who was still at the piano.

"Somebody wants to see you, Mrs. Butterworth," she said meaningly.

"Some one to see me?" Martha was surprised for most of the censorious relatives were dead or had long since removed to other states, and she had few friends. She walked down the long room, her small figure erect and her head held with the proud poise that marked her in spite of all the grief that should have laid it low.

A man was waiting in the dining room—a tall, white haired, pale faced man, well dressed and prosperous looking. He looked once at Martha and held out his arms. Martha stared at him with unbelieving eyes, for it was her husband, Darius Butterworth. In another instant she was in his arms and Darius was telling his story.

One of the women relatives had scolded Darius well that day when ruin fell upon him, and she had told him that the best thing he could do was to take himself away where he couldn't do any more harm, to his wife's interests or happiness. Of course the relative was sorry after-

ward, but then it was too late, for poor Darius had taken his worthless mining stock and departed for the west, where for years he struggled for a living, while he patiently investigated every mine until at last he found one that really held out a prospect of paying dividends to its trusting stockholders. That was the beginning of the fortune that Darius had piled up from several of his so called "worthless certificates." When he had regained the fortune he had lost he went back to his old home only to find that his wife had disappeared after five years, and while it was known that she had entered a home somewhere she had taken no one into her confidence. Darius had been wandering disconsolately through the street that Thanksgiving night when he had recognized his wife's voice singing.

"And I believe that I didn't have a thing to be thankful for," said Martha remorsefully.

"This'll be the happiest Thanksgiving my sister Hannah ever had," confided old Mrs. Loyd to the women about the hearth fire. "Martha Butterworth's going to leave, and Hannah's going to take her place."

The Tactful Lady.

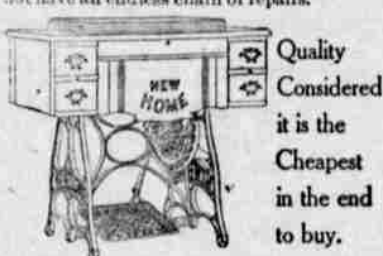
Shortly after Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, R. A., was knighted he and Lady Alma-Tadema gave an "at home" at St. John's wood. Everybody present was congratulating them, and one lady was very profuse. "Oh, dear Sir Laurence," she said, "I am awfully glad to hear of the honor you have received. I suppose now that you are knighted you will give up painting and live like a gentleman."

NEW THE SEWING MACHINE OF QUALITY.

NOT SOLD UNDER ANY OTHER NAME.

WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME.

If you purchase the NEW HOME you will have a life asset at the price you pay, and will not have an endless chain of repairs.



If you want a sewing machine, write for our latest catalogue before you purchase.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co., Orange, Mass.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Charles William Leonard, has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County executor of the estate of William Henry Ireland, deceased, and has qualified.

All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present them duly verified, with the proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice to the said executor at his residence in the City of Independence, in Polk County, State of Oregon.

Dated and first published November 17th, 1911.

CHARLES WILLIAM LEONARD,

Executor aforesaid.

OSCAR HAYTER, Attorney.

ADMINISTRATORS SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Samuel H. Peterson, deceased, by virtue of an order of the Hon. County Court of Polk County, Oregon, duly made and entered of record therein on the 11th day of November, 1911, authorizing, empowering and directing me to sell the following described real estate, to-wit:

Beginning at a point 590 feet South and 200 feet East of the Northwest corner of Out Lot No. 12 in the town of Monmouth, Polk County, Oregon; thence running South 184 feet, thence West 75 feet, thence North 184 feet, thence East 75 feet, to place of beginning, at private sale, I will on or after the 16th day of December, 1911, offer for sale and will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, subject to confirmation by said Court the above described real property, belonging to the estate of the said Samuel H. Peterson, deceased.

Sealed bids should be sent to the undersigned at Suver, Oregon. All bids to be opened at 1 o'clock p. m. on December 16, 1911.

GROVE A. PETERSON, Administrator of the estate of Samuel H. Peterson, deceased.

Sibley & Eakin, Atty's for estate.

CALIFORNIA

is famous the world over

For its splendid hostleries, its varied attractions, its fine beaches, hot springs and pleasure resorts—All these can be reached with ease by the



"Road of a Thousand Wonders." Route of Shasta Limited.

Excursion Tickets Costing \$55.00

Portland to Los Angeles and Return

On sale daily, good six months with stop-overs going or returning. Corresponding low fares from other Oregon points. Call on our agents for

Handsomely Illustrated Literature

Describing San Francisco, Oakland, Stanford University, Lick Observatory, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Passa Robles, Hot Springs, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Long Beach, San Diego, The Old Spanish Missions, Yosemite National Park and Big Trees, and other places of interest in the Golden State; or write to

JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

THE EVENING TELEGRAM

Can be secured by mail the entire year of 1912

FOR \$3.50

During the Bargain Period Ending December 20th

Balance of this Year FREE

To new subscribers

Who Hand us their \$3.50 Now.

Subscribe at the Herald Office

The Evening Telegram and Monmouth Herald both for \$4.25 During the Bargain Day Period.

First National Bank

Monmouth, Oregon

Successor to Polk County Bank

Paid Capital, - - - \$30,000.00
Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$13,000.00

J. B. V. BUTLER, President; IRA C. POWELL, Vice Pres. and Cashier; W. E. SMITH, Assistant Cashier.

Transacts a General Banking Business

DIRECTORS:

I. M. SIMPSON, F. S. POWELL, J. B. STUMP, J. B. V. BUTLER, IRA C. POWELL.

O. A. C. Short Courses

Begin January 3, Continue FOUR WEEKS

YOU ARE INVITED

1tw till 12-31

Every citizen of Oregon is cordially invited to attend the short courses of the Oregon Agricultural College, beginning January 3. Eleven distinctive courses will be offered in Agricultural, Mechanic Arts, Domestic Science and Art, Commerce, Forestry and Music. Every course is designed to HELP the student in his daily work. Make this a pleasant and profitable winter outing. No tuition. Reasonable accommodations. For beautiful illustrated bulletin, address,

H. M. TENNANT, Registrar, Corvallis, Ore.

FARMER'S BUSINESS COURSE BY CORRESPONDENCE