AIKENSIDE

BY

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

There was a strange light in the doctor's eye as he answered, half sadly: "No, Maddy, I am not what you call a Christian. I have not renounced the pomps and vanities yet."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," and Maddy's eyes expressed all the sorrow she professed to feel. "You ought to be, now you've got so old."

The doctor colored crimson, and stopping his horse under the dim shadow of a maple in a little hollow, he said:

"I'm not so very old, Maddy; only twenty-five—only ten years older than yourself; and Agnes' husband was more than twenty years her senior."

"Oh, oh! over twenty years—that's dreadful. She must be 'most glad he's dead. I would not marry a man more than five years older than I."

"Not if you loved him, and he loved you very, very dearly?" the doctor asked, his voice low and tender in its tone.

Wholly unsuspicious of the wild storm beating in his heart, Maddy untied her white sunbonnet, and, taking it in her lap, smoothed back her soft hair, saying, with a long breath: "Oh! I'm so hot," and then, as just thinking of his question, replied: "I shouldn't love him—I couldn't. Grandma is five years younger than grandpa, mother was five years younger than father, Mrs. Green is five years younger than Mr. Green, and, oh! so many. You are warm, too; ain't you?" and she turned her innocent eyes full upon the doctor. "I wonder why she married that old man? It is worse than if you were to marry Jessie."

"Money and position were the attractions, I imagine," the doctor said. "Agnes was poor, and esteemed it a great honor to be made Mrs. Remington."

"Poor, was she?" Maddy rejoined. "Then maybe Mr. Guy will some day marry a poor girl. Do you think he will?"

Again Lucy Atherstone trembled on the doctor's lips, but he did not speak of her—it was preposterous that Maddy should have any thoughts of Guy Remington, who was quite as old as himself, besides being engaged, and with this comforting assurance, the doctor turned his horse in the direction of the cottage, for Maddy was growing tired and needed to be at home.

Maddy would never forget that morning or the nice ride they'd had. She had enjoyed it so much, and she thanked him many times for his kindness. He was a very nice doctor, much better than she had imagined, she thought, as she went slowly to the house and entered the neat kitchen, where her grandmother sat shelling peas for dinner, and her grandfather in his leathern chair was whispering over his weekly paper.

"Did you meet a grand lady in a carriage?" grandma asked, as Maddy sat down beside her.

"Yes; and Dr. Holbrook said it was Mrs. Remington, from Aikenside, Mr. Guy's stepmother, and that she was more than twenty years younger than her husband—isn't it dreadful? I thought so; but the doctor didn't seem to," and in a perfectly artless manner Maddy repeated much of the conversation which had passed between the doctor and herself, appealing to her grandma to know if she had not taken the right side of the argument.

"Yes, child, you did," and grandma's hands lingered among the light green peas in her pan, as if she were thinking of an entirely foreign subject. "I know nothing about this Mrs. Remington, only that she stared a good deal at the house as she went by, even looking at us through a glass, and lifting her spotted veil after she got by. She may have been as happy as a queen with her man, but as a general thing these unequal matches don't work, and had better not be thought on. S'posin' you should think you was in love with somebody, and in a few years, when you got older, be sick of him. It might do him a sight of harm. That's what spoilt your poor greatuncle Joseph, who's been in the hospital at Worcester nine years."

"It was!" And Maddy's face was all aglow with interest. "Tell me about it."

"There is no great to tell, only he was many years younger than I. He's only forty-one now, and was thirteen years older than the girl he wanted. Joseph was smart and handsome, and a lawyer, and folks said a sight too good for the girl, whose folk were just nothing, but she had a pretty face, and her long curls bewitched him. She couldn't have been older than you when he first saw her, and she was only sixteen when they got engaged. Joseph's life was bound up in her; he worshiped the very air she breathed, and when she mittened him, it almost took his life. He was too old for her, and then right on top of that we heard after a little that she had married some big bug, I never knew who, plenty old enough to be her father. That settled it with Joseph; he went into a kind of melancholy, grew worse and worse, till we put him in the hospital, usin' his little property to pay the bill until it was all gone, and now he's on charity, you know, exceptin' what we do."

Grandma had an object in telling this to Maddy, for she was not blind to the nature of the doctor's interest in her child, so she told the sad story of Uncle Joseph as a warning to Maddy. It made an impression on her, and all that afternoon she was thinking of the unfortunate man, whom she had seen but once, and that in his prison home, where she had been with her grandfather the only time she had ever ridden in the cars. He had taken her in his arms then, she remembered, and called her his little Sarah. That must have been the name of his treacherous betrothed. She would ask if it were not so, and she did.

"Yes, Sarah Morris, that was her name, and her face was handsome as a doll," grandma replied, and wondering if she was as beautiful as Jessie, or Jessie's mother, Maddy went back to her reveries of the poor maniac, whom Sarah Morris had wronged so cruelly.

CHAPTER IX.

It was very pleasant at Aikenside that afternoon, and the cool breeze blowing from the miniature fish pond in one corner of the grounds, came stealing into the handsome parlors, where Agnes Remington, in tasteful toilet, reclined languidly upon the crimson-hued sofa, bending her graceful head to suit the height of Jessie, who was twining some flowers among her curls, and appealing to Guy to know "if it was not pretty."

In his favorite seat in the pleasant bay window, opening into the garden, Guy was lounging, apparently reading a book, though his eyes did not move very rapidly down the page, for his thoughts were on some other object. When his pretty stepmother first came to Aikenside, three months before, he had been half sorry, for he knew just how his quiet would be disturbed, but as the weeks went by, and he became accustomed to Jessie's childish prattle and frolicsome ways, while even Agnes herself was not a bad picture for his handsome home, he began to feel how he should miss them when they were gone. Had she been more agreeable to him he would not have hesitated to offer her a home as long as she chose to remain, but, as it was, he felt that Lucy Atherstone would be much happier alone with him. Lucy, however, was not coming yet, and until she did come Agnes perhaps might stay. It certainly would be better for Jessie, who could have a teacher in the house, and it was upon these matters that he was reflecting.

As if divining his thoughts, Agnes said to him rather abruptly:

"Guy, Ellen Laurie writes me that they are all going to Saratoga for a time, and then to Newport, and she wishes I would join them. Do you think I can afford it?"

"Oh, yes, that's splendid, for I'll stay here while you are gone, and I like Aikenside so much better than Boston. Mamma can afford it, can't she, Guy?" Jessie exclaimed, dropping her flowers and springing upon her brother's knee.

Smoothing her bright hir and pinching her soft cheek, Guy replied:

"That means, I suppose, that I can afford it, don't it? but, puss, I was thinking just now about your staying here, where you really do improve."

Then turning to Agnes he made some inquiries as to the plans proposed by the Lauries, ascertaining that Agnes' plan was as follows: He should invite her to go with him to Saratoga, or Newport, or both, and that Jessie meantime at Aikenside, just as she wished.

Guy could not find much pleasure in escorting Agnes to a fashionable watering-place, but he decided to martyr himself and go to Saratoga. But who would care for Jessie? She must not be left wholly with the servants. A governess of some kind must be provided, and he was about speaking of this to Agnes, when the doctor was announced, and the conversation turned into another channel. Agnes Remington would not have confessed how much she was interested in Dr. Holbrook.

His arrival dissipated her sadness in a measure, and after greeting him with her usual expressions of welcome, she said, half playfully, half spitefully:

"By the way, doctor, who was that old lady, all bent up double in shawls and things, whom you were taking out for an airing?"

"That old lady, bent double and bundled up in shawls, was young Maddy Clyde, to whom I thought a ride might do good."

"Oh, yes; that patient about whom Jessie has gone mad. I am glad I have seen her."

There was numistakable irony in her voice now, and turning from her to Guy, the doctor said:

"The old man was telling me today of your kindness in saving the house from being sold. It was like you, Guy; and I wish I, too, had the means to be so generous, for they are so very poor."

"I'll tell you," said Jessie, who had stolen to the doctor's side, "You might give Maddy the doctor's bill. I remember how mamma cried, and said she never could pay papa's bill when it was sent in."

"Jessie!" said Agnes and Guy, simultaneously, while the doctor laughingly pulled one of her long, bright curls.

"Yes, I could do that. I'd thought of it, but they might not accept it, they are proud as well as poor."

"Mr. Markham has no one to care for but his wife and this Madeline, has he?" Agnes asked, and the doctor replied:

"I did not suppose so until a few days since, when I learned from a Mr. Green that Mrs. Markham's youngest and now only brother has been an inmate of an asylum for years; and that though they cannot pay his entire expenses, of course they do all they can toward providing him with comforts."

Agnes' cheek was very white, though her face was turned away. For a moment there was silence in the room, and then Guy told the doctor of what himself and Agnes were speaking when he arrived.

"I suppose it's of no use asking you to join us for a week or so."

"There was not," the doctor said. "His patients needed him, and he must stay at home."

"Doctor, how would this Maddy Clyde do to stay here with Jessie while we are gone, partly as companion and partly as her teacher?" was Guy's next question, which brought Mrs. Agnes at once from her reverie.

"Guy," she exclaimed, "are you crazy? That child Jessie's governess! No, indeed! I shall have a teacher from Boston—one whose manners and style are unexceptionable."

Guy had a will of his own, and few could provoke it into action as effectually as Agnes, who, in thus opposing him, was working directly against herself. Paying her no attention, except to bow in token that he heard, Guy asked Jessie her opinion.

"Oh, it will be splendid! Can she come to-morrow? I shan't care how long you are gone if I can have Maddy here, and the doctor will come up every day, will you, doctor?" and the soft eyes looked up pleadingly into the doctor's face.

"It is not settled that Maddy comes," the doctor replied, adding as an answer to Guy's question: "If Agnes could be willing, I do not think you could do better than to secure Miss Clyde's services. Two children will thus be made happy, for Maddy, as I have told you, thinks Aikenside must be a little lower only than Paradise. I will gladly open negotiations, if you say so."

"I'll ride down and let you know to-morrow," Guy said. "These domestic matters, where there is a difference of thinking, had better be discussed alone," and he turned good-humoredly toward Agnes, who knew it was useless to oppose him.

But oppose him she did that night, taking at first the high stand that sooner than have a country girl like Maddy Clyde associated daily with her daughter, she would give up Saratoga and stay at home. Guy was now as fully determined that Maddy Clyde should come to Aikenside as Agnes was that she should not. He knew, too, how to attain this end without further altercation.

"Very well," was his quiet reply, "you can remain at home if you choose, of course. I had intended taking you myself wherever you wished to go; and not only that, but I was about to ask how much was needed for the necessary additions to your wardrobe, but if you prefer remaining here to giving up a most unfounded prejudice against a girl who never harmed you, and whom Jessie already loves, you can do so," and Guy walked from the room, leaving Agnes first to cry, then to pout, then to think it all over, and finally to decide to go to Saratoga and Newport.

Accordingly, next morning as Guy was in his library reading his papers, she went tripping up to him, and folding her white hands upon his shoulder, said, very prettily:

"I was real cross last night, and let my foolish pride get the ascendency, but I have considered the matter, and am willing for this Miss Clyde to come, provided you still think it best. As I am Jessie's mother, it will be perfectly proper for me to hire and manage her," and as Guy acquiesced in this suggestion, she sat down at the writing desk, and commenced a very pleasantly worded note, in which Miss Clyde was informed that she had been recommended as a suitable person with whom to leave Jessie during the summer and a part of the autumn, and that she, Jessie's mother, wrote to ask if for the sum of one dollar per week she were at liberty to come to Aikenside as governess, or waiting maid.

"Or what?" Guy asked, as she read to him what she had written. "Maddy Clyde will not be waiting maid in this house, neither will she come for one dollar a week, as you propose. I hire her myself. I have taken a fancy to the girl. Commence again; substitute companion for waiting maid, and offering her three dollars per week instead of one."

As long as Guy paid the bill Agnes could not demur to the price, although remembering a time when she had taught a district school for one dollar per week and boarded around besides, she thought three dollars far too much. But Guy had commanded, and him she generally obeyed, so she wrote another note, which he approved, and sealing it up sent it down to the red cottage.

It was the doctor who carried Maddy's answer to Agnes, the doctor who made all the succeeding arrangements, deciding that Maddy would not be wholly strong until the very day fixed upon by Agnes for her departure for Saratoga. For this Guy was sorry. It would have been an easy matter for him to have ridden down to the cottage, and seen the girl in whom he was beginning to feel so much interest that in his last letter to Lucy he had mentioned her as about to become his sister's governess; but he did not care to see her there. It seemed to him that the surroundings of that slanting roofed house did not belong to her, and he would rather meet her in his own more luxurious home. But the doctor's word was law, and so, on the first day of August, he followed Agnes and her three huge traveling trunks to the carriage, and was driven from the house to which Maddy was coming that afternoon.

(To be continued.)

REAL ESTATE MAN'S DREAM.

Has Vision of Most Crowded Spot on Earth and Buys Only Vacant Lot.

"Speaking about the phenomenal value of real estate in the crowded parts of Manhattan Island," said the real estate man to a New York Sun writer, "I had a dream last night of a place where land was so valuable that made land here seem like acreage property.

"This place was on an isthmus between the two hemispheres, a narrow strip of land that was the most crowded spot on earth. There was just one street along through this isthmus, and all creation that passed from one hemisphere to the other had to pass along this thoroughfare.

"Sure, this was a place to do business, if there ever was one, and, by gracious, there was a vacant lot on the great isthmus thoroughfare, just one vacant lot, with a sign stuck up: 'For sale, to close an estate; inquire of So-and-So.'

"And, of course, I sort of saunters into the office indicated on the sign right away, and I says to the man there:

"'What are you asking for that lot down there at 22?' And he says:

"'A million dollars a square foot.'

"'How much is there of it? I asked him, and he says:

"'Seventy feet.' And I says:

"'Well, I'll take it,' just like that, because I knew it was a bargain; never'd been offered at that price in the world, I knew, except to close an estate, and the only wonder to me was that somebody hadn't snapped it up before I came along.

"So I bought the only vacant lot on the great isthmus thoroughfare and the man said he'd have the papers made out right away and I could drop in at 9 o'clock the next morning and pay the money and he'd hand over the deed; and then I went out and stood on the sidewalk and saw those wonderful multitudes of all the peoples of the earth passing in those amazing processions, crowds that made the people passing on Broadway and Fifth avenue, New York, seem like the lines of stragglers working their way out along to some county fair; and then I goes down to that vacant lot at 22, my lot, and stands there and sees 'em go by from therp, and pats myself on the back and says to myself:

"'Well, son, thank goodness you've finally hit up on something that you're going to make something on; large money.'

"And I was congratulating myself like that, watching the people go by, when all of a sudden it struck me that twenty-four hours was a pretty short time for me to raise $70,000,000 in, with me a good ways from home; for this was a cash sale, you understand, cash on delivery of the deed, and I knew perfectly well that I'd find a string of men waiting in the office in the morning, any one of them ready to snap this bargain if I wasn't there with the money, and I suppose I must have been worrying over how I was going to get the $70,000,000 together in that time that woke me up."

Just Possible.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," quoted the moralizer.

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and too much is more so."

Switzerland sells to the United States more than twice as much every year as it buys here.

THANKS FOR EARTH'S BOUNTIES.

Through the gray dawn in the meadows we heard the reapers singing—
The song of men who conquer and who know their triumph's earth;
The the bare blades of an army the keen, swift scythes went swinging,
And golden in their wake lay piled the goodly spoils of earth.

And I said: "Give thanks, O heart of mine, as conquerors may do
With sound of acclamation when the battling is through.
To Him who gave us strength and skill to force the stubborn soil,
For glory of the gaining and the triumphing of toil."

At full noon in the orchard we heard the maidens' laughter—
Bare-armed among the laden trees they pulled the branches low;
Home at twilight went the wains, with us to follow after,
Light of step and gay of voice, as merry children go.

And I said: "Give thanks, O Heart of mine, with very mirth for meed
To Him who gave us knowledge of the cunning of the seed,
For beauty of the growing and the joy of blossoming
And granting of the harvest from the promise of the Spring."

The praise of words for things of earth, O tender Heart of mine,
But never yet gave mouth of man meet thanks for gifts divine;
Nor mirth nor acclamation but to Him who granted love
The great, glad tears of gratitude and silences thereof.

—Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Weekly.

Thanksgiving at Lonesome Hollow

"Seems awfully forlorn to eat a Thanksgiving dinner all alone," said Milly soberly, looking over at the young fellow who sat mending a harness strap beside the blazing hearth. "I haven't the heart to get up a big dinner for just us two."

"I don't see what else we can do. No neighbors to invite except old Pete Sprat, and he wouldn't come. We might send him something by way of being neighborly."

"And be turned away for our pains," the woman laughed.

"You can't even go out on the 'highways and hedges' and gather in stragglers like the ancient host of Bible fame. Maybe it is just as well not to have all the work of getting up a Thanksgiving dinner, for it seems to me that you look tired, Milly. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Jim; I guess I need a little outing. I'll take a run across the Hollow and be back before supper."

Milly put on her cloak and went out into the crisp autumn afternoon. The woods were bare except for a few torch-like flames of red which marked the presence of an occasional gum tree. The sky was clear, cold and pallid, tinged with a greenish glow where the dark forests rimmed the far horizon. Not a sign of human habitation was visible, and not a sound broke the vast stillness save the steady tap-tap of a woodpecker. The loneliness oppressed Milly strangely. For two years she had endured it in cheerful silence, working patiently at whatever her hand found to do in the rough little shack which had gradually assumed a cozy, homelike appearance. They had left the busy, grinding East in quest of health for her young husband, who was slowly regaining his lost strength and vigor in the bracing climate of Colorado, which alone kept Milly's heart light and hopeful, but in spite of that joyful face she could not dispel a shiver of loneliness when she thought of the long, dreary winter before them.

"I'm getting morbid simply for the want of a little company," she said, as she walked down the untraveled road in the face of the crisp north wind. "That will never do won you, Milly Bennet. For Jim's sake you mustn't give way to such foolishness."

Suddenly Milly's ear caught the sound of chopping which seemed to come from the Hollow beyond the divide. She turned and made her way easily through the leafless thicket, walking briskly over the hill and down the opposite descent until she distinctly heard voices. Further on, at the edge of a natural clearing, she came upon a party of travelers camped beside a newly kindled fire, where a lean, gaunt appearing fellow busied himself with preparations for the evening meal. They were eight in all, a rough, unkempt lot in leathern jackets and rusty boots. Beside the cook lay a bag of flour, a rasher of bacon and two jugs stopped with corncobs.

Milly stopped abruptly when she found herself observed by the curious eyes of eight strangers, then changed her mind and crossed the icy little brook and made her way toward the fire.

A big, black-whiskered man dropped his armful of horse feed and looked at her piercingly. "Lost?" he asked brusquely.

"No. I live two miles up the divide. I happened to hear you chopping and stopped out of curiosity."

The man's insistant gaze annoyed her, but the forlorn, gaunt appearance of the little group incited a little throb of pity and made her think gratefully of her own cozy, cheerful little shack, with Jim waiting for her beside the glowing hearth.

"I suppose you are simply camping here for the night," she ventured, looking about at the meager comforts of the camp.

"Well, no," answered the black-browed man, who impressed her at once as being spokesman of the party. "We came down to prospect a bit. There's talk of gold in this claim, and if it's worth our while we may set up for a week or two."

"Oh, then you'll be here over Thanksgiving, won't you? I'd like to have you all take dinner with us to-morrow."

The man looked at his fellows with a curious smile, half questioning, half credulous. "It's rather unexpected," he remarked humorously.

"Oh, we're all neighbors out here, you know," Milly explained cordially. "My husband would be very glad to have you with us. We are from the East, and we're used to having company for Thanksgiving."

"Your husband is a prospector, too, I take it?"

"Oh, no. He came out here for his health two years ago, when he was all run down with overwork. We expect to stay here until he's quite well."

"We didn't notice any houses as we passed along. Where do you live?"

"Two miles below here, on the Sunrise road, not on the trail. Will you come over to-morrow?"

"Well, being as you're so kind as to take the trouble to invite us we'll be glad to accept your hospitality, and thank you."

"Very well. I shall expect you promptly at 12. There are eight of you, aren't there? I want you all, remember. Now, I'll go, for the walk is rather long. You cross the hill and go straight south till you reach the Sunrise wagon road, which will take you directly to our shack, going west. Good-night."

Milly returned in great good spirits. Jim looked dubious at first, but he was loth to damp the ardor of his good little helpmeet by voicing his doubts as to the wisdom of inviting eight strangers to their home.

"You don't mind, do you, Jim?" Milly asked, anxiously.

"Not a bit. If it pleases you let's have them by all means."

"You should have seen them! Great, gaunt, hungry looking fellows who probably haven't had a good dinner for a year. I do believe Providence sent me across their path expressly to give them a treat."

"I hope we have enough stuff on hand," said cautious Jim. "It will take heaps to satisfy eight hungry men, you know."

"Of course we have plenty. We'll kill both turkeys and I'll make four pies instead of one, and two boiled puddings besides. We'll have potatoes and turnips and the canned corn I put up myself, and as much cider as they can drink. For dessert we'll have real good coffee and iced cake. Oh, we'll have enough, you may be sure. Jim, you must rig up a table big enough to seat them all."

They worked till bedtime that night, peeling apples, seeding raisins and picking the turkeys. The next morning Milly rose long before dawn and set about her baking and brewing, while Jim put up a big deal table that stretched almost the length of the room, and by noon it was set with all the luscious viands of an eastern Thanksgiving dinner, set with homely platters and dishes to be sure, but not rougher in appearance than the men who finally seated themselves about the steaming board. Jim beamed hospitably from his place at the head of the table and tried dutifully to "act as if the company belonged there," as Milly had said. The big black-whiskered fellow whom the others addressed as Blaisedale had the place of honor because he seemed to be the leader of the gang by natural selection, as the rest all deferred to him. He watched Milly with a curious intentness which brought a flush to her cheek and made her slightly uncomfortable.

"You're mighty comfortably fixed for these diggings," said he presently, looking about the walls with their homely prints and ornaments.

"Yes, we are rather comfortable, thanks to Milly's ingenuity," Jim answered, with a glow of affectionate pride.

"You're lucky to be able to afford such luxuries, for all those fancy fixings are luxuries in Colorado," Blaisedale remarked significantly.

"Yes, I count myself one of the luckiest men in the world. I owe everything to Milly, even my life. I was a poor law student when we were married, and when my health broke down she simply took all the responsibility into her own hands. It was her money that enabled me to come here. It's her bit of money that we're living on now. All that she has in the world is in the little bank at Sunrise, where she goes once a month to draw the necessary sum for our provisions. But now that I've got to work we're making our way along without much help from the bank. I tell you I hated to use that money bad enough, but if it hadn't been for that the Lord only knows what would have become of me."

Milly blushed deeply and becomingly. "Why, it doesn't amount to that," said she, with a snap of her brown fingers. "All the money in the world would be worthless to me if I didn't have Jim."

"I've heard a saying about a 'good wife being a treasure.'" Blaisedale remarked. "Your wife proves the truth of it."

The dinner was a great success. Blaisedale, who seemed to exert a mysterious influence over his fellows, grew very talkative and entertaining. He told stories of queer places and queerer people which savored of familiarity with lawlessness and lawbreakers, but which kept Jim breathlessly interested until the eight strange guests made their adieus. When the company had filed out of the little cabin door Blaisedale, who was last to go, turned at the threshold and held out his hand to Milly.

"You remind me of some one I once knew," he said, simply, "and for her sake I'd like to shake hands with you. Thank you for your hospitality. You won't regret your kindness, by the way."

"Queer fellow, that one," Jim remarked, as he watched the gang recede down the wintry road. "You may be sure he has a strange history behind him."

That night when Jim and Milly sat talking beside their cheerful hearth, a scrap of white paper crept mysteriously under the door. Jim rose hurriedly and threw back the door, but no one was in sight, and not a sound broke the deep stillness of the icy night.

Milly read the note over his shoulder, and this is what it said:

"Some curious whim prompts me to tell you that it was our intention to break into and rifle the little eggshell bank at Sunrise before quitting these diggings, but for the sake of Milly's "bit of money" it shall go unharmed. Thanking you for a pleasant hour. BLAISEDALE."

—New York Times.

Preparing the Turkey.

At eight pounds a turkey begins to put on fat, therefore get a fowl that weighs ten or twelve pounds. A twelve-pounder should be sufficient for a family of six who are turkey hungry.

Select a clean-looking, plump, wholesome bird, with no scales on its legs and with tender skin. Avoid a bird that looks blue and disconsolate.

A turkey should be killed and dressed at least two days before cooking.

A good recipe for the stuffing requires two cups of soft bread crumbs with two large tablespoonfuls of melted butter; mix thoroughly and season with salt, pepper, a little chopped parsley and a drop or two of onion juice—it is a good plan to rub the dish in which the dressing is mixed with a cut onion—and half a cup of finely cut celery. Put in the frying pan and cook till slightly brown. Oysters, if added, must be washed, coarsely cut, and browned with the crumbs. A cup of broken English walnut meats which have stood one minute in boiling water is a good addition to the first rule.

The first thing done to the turkey after it is stuffed is to rub it well with melted butter; then dust it generously with salt and pepper, and dredge with flour.

Put about two inches of water in the dripping pan, lay the fowl breast down in this. There is a wire frame that fits in the pan and holds the bird in place. Baste frequently; every fifteen minutes at least. Keep a good, even heat, and allow fifteen minutes to the pound for a young turk and twenty for an old one.

Half an hour before the bird is done turn over, so that the breast may brown.

Put him on your largest platter, fringed first with blanched celery leaves, surround him with the sweet potato made into balls, and lay an olive between each ball. Then you may send him to table with conscious pride in his good looks.

As a matter of fact, however, a hen turkey is supposed to be the tenderest and best flavored.

Thanksgiving Games.

An interesting contest is for each person at the Thanksgiving feast to tell the story of some historical personage or event connected with New England colonial history, and require the others to name the person or place. A prize may be given for the largest number of correct answers. There is no end of material for such stories. The names of Massasoit, Roger Williams, Miles Standish, King Philip, John Winthrop, Judge Sewell and others are at once in mind.

The hostess should warn her guests that they may read up a little on colonial history, and thus be prepared to contribute their quota.

Or, she may write a little story of the early coming of the Pilgrims, leaving blanks for the guests to supply the names. Thus:

"A colony of (pilgrims) consisting of (101) persons arrived from (England) and landed (December 21) at a place we now call (Forefathers' Rock). They began the first settlement in (New England), calling it (Plymouth); and so on. These may be mimeographed, leaving the part in parentheses blank, and the guests be asked to fill them in. A little prize for the most correctly filled paper may be given.

Whatever games are played should include the whole family and should be significant of the day.

Nuts, apples, popcorn and cider should be served in the evening.

The Gamin's Thanksgiving Dinner.

The gamin sat there at the board
That groaned with things to eat,
Around him was a goodly hoard
Of bread and cakes and meat,
And as he viewed it all with grins
He said: "I wisht dat I wuz twins."

He ate with growing appetite
And fed upon that store,
He put much food away from sight,
Then looked the table o'er,
And then with sundry sighs and grins
He said: "I wisht dat I wuz twins."

The viands vanished like a dream,
The turkey soon was gone,
But then came cake and rich ice cream
And he ate on and on,
And still he wore those greedy grins
And said: "I wisht dat I wuz twins."

On nuts and fruit he also fed,
And pie and candy, too,
He gloated on the sumptuous spread
That loomed before his view,
And fumed and sighed between his grins:
"Gee whiz, I wisht dat I wuz twins."

But by and by he had to stop,
For he could hold no more,
His knife and fork he had to drop
And then began to roar,
For all at once he lost his grins
And groaned: "I'm glad I ain't no twins."

—Chicago Chronicle.

And Thou, Brutus!

Mother Gobbler—What are you swearing for, Brutus?

Brutus—Well, I just heard a man say he wanted a good turkey, and I want him to understand that I'm as tough as they make 'em.

Thanksgiving Time.

Colonel Kaintuck—Rastus, you old rascal, how did you come by that turkey?

Uncle Rastus—Dat am jes' de trubble; couldn't git by dat turkey nohow, Cunnel.

The Negative Blessing.

Now, on this day of gratitude
And thanks expressed, let's surely not
Forget, with others, to include,
Some thanks for things we haven't got.

HIS FORTUNE.

MERITS OF THE COMBINE.

Comparison Made With Old Method of Harvesting.

A Spokane man wrote to the Washington State Experment station staff, Pullman, recently, inquiring relative to the growing and cutting of wheat, the and flour-making content of the berry as affected by soil, climate and methods of cutting. Professor R. W. Thatcher, director of the station, answered the inquiries as follows:

1. Does the wheat lose any of the essential elements for good flour by standing until ripe enough to cut and thresh at one operation.

"Wheat does not lose any of its constituents by standing until it is thoroughly ripe. It does, however, manufacture and store up a somewhat larger proportion of starch than if cut when in the dough, resulting in a slightly softer wheat with a larger proportion of starch and a smaller proportion of gluten. The difference in this respect is rather small, however."

2. Are the berries as plump when cut by a combined machine as when the grain is harvested by a binder or header, and threshed after standing in the shock, or having been stacked? We are informed that the wheat buyers and millers make a difference between grain harvested with the combined machine and that cut with the binder or header.

"The berries are plumper than when cut by the binder and left standing in the shock, for the same reason; that is, a greater production of starch fills the berries plumper."

3. Do the berries lost their color when left growing until ripe enough to cut with a combined machine?

"The color of the berry is not changed materially until after the grain is dead ripe, after which it may be bleached out to a varying extent, depending upon the length of time and the climatic conditions."

4. Is all the wheat in one sack of an even grade when harvested with the combined machine?

"The wheat in a single sack of grain harvested by a combined machine is not necessarily of an even grade. Since the machine is run up or down hill, it may cut and run into the sack wheat growing under quite different conditions. This, however, is equally true of any other method of harvesting. It is well known that grain from the top of a clay point is different from that of a north hill slope, and both of these are different from that of a south hill slope, or upon a flat. I do not think any method of harvesting will secure absolutely the uniformity you suggest."

5. Is there more wheat lost during the operation of the combined machine than through harvesting and threshing by the old method? If so, how much?

"We have no information which would make it possible for us to state definitely whether there is more or less wheat lost during the operation of a combined machine, than by harvesting and threshing by the old method. We are aware of the objection that has been raised in California to the use of a combined machine, but do not think it is a 'great' objection, as has been stated.

"There is no question but that the grain cut with a combined machine is slightly lower in proportion of gluten which it will show. The yield per acre is certainly a little later, if the grain is allowed to become ripe. I am personally of the opinion that the most serious objection to the combined machine is in the distribution over the field of the threshed out weed seeds."

DEVELOP NEW WATER POWER

Elma Electric Comprny Will Utilize Cloquallum Creek.

Chehalis county, Wash., abounds in some of the finest water power in the state. The Upper Satsop river, the Wishkah river, and numerous other streams flowing into Grays harbor afford magnificent oportunities for the development of water power for commercial purposes. Scarcely a move has yet been made to secure any of these water power sites. The Elma Light & Power company is among the first to take advantage of the opportunities afforded and now has a large force of men at work on the Cloquallum creek, three miles northeast of Elma, constructing a large dam to store water and will install one of the latest model water wheels.

The water can be backed up for several miles without doing any damage and power enough can be derived to give light and power to the town of Elma for years to come. The company has a franchise from the town of Elma for furnishing light to the town. Its present plant has been in operation for three years.

The power has been obtained from stream, but the cost of wood and coal has become so high that the company decided to install a water power plant. The saving in fuel and operating expenses will be about $200 a month.

Chili Sauce.

Peel and chop together two dozen tomatoes and six small onions with two seeded red peppers. Stir in four tablespoonfuls of salt, a cup of granulated sugar, three teaspoonfuls each of ground cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and a teaspoonful of ground ginger. Put into a kettle with two quarts of vinegar and boil for three hours. Set aside until cool before bottling.

Test for Eggs.

To know if an egg is fresh, place it in a basin of cold water. If it remains at the bottom, it is all right; if it floats at all, it is of rather doubtful freshness; if it floats gayly on the surface, you may be certain it is quite bad.

Metal Teapots Kept Sweet.

Metal teapots, if disused for some time, give a musty flavor to the tea when next used. This may be prevented by placing a lump of sugar in the teapot before putting away.

Turtle Soup.

Chop the coarse parts of the cleaned turtle meat with the bones, cover with four quarts of cold water, add a bunch of sweet herbs, two sliced onions, pepper and salt to taste. Stew very slowly for four hours, strain and stir in the other parts of the turtle meat with the fat—both of which should have been covered with two quarts of water and allowed to simmer for an hour. Thicken all with browned flour, after putting them together, and simmer for an hour. Add forcement balls and the juice of a lemon. Stir well and serve.