

The IDYL of TWIN FIELDS

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

SYNOPSIS.

I grow tired of my work as a college instructor and buy a new England farm on sight. I inspect my corn and garden, and board at Bert Temple's. Bert helps me as a carpenter and a farmer. Hard, older, the carpenter, estimates the repairs and changes necessary on the house.

How would you like to start in to work such a place as this? Mike had saddled himself with having no more knowledge of farming than he had? Will he know how and where to take hold?

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Fine again!" cried I. "A long room with two fireplaces, and a double-faced bookcase coming out at right angles between them, with two settles below it, one for each fireplace! Better than I'd dreamed!"

"Satisfied," said Hard. "My front doorway had once been a thing of beauty, with two little panel windows at the sides, and above all, on the outside, a heavy, hand-carved broken pediment, like the top of a Governor Winthrop highway. Hard looked at it with admiration gleaming in his eyes. 'I'd rather restore this than the rest of the job,' he said, and his ugly, rum-soaked little face positively shone with enthusiasm.

"Go ahead," said I. "Only I want the steps of brick, widely spaced, with a lot of cement showing between them, going to terrace it here in front, too—a grass terrace for ten feet out."

"That's right, that's right!" he exclaimed. "Now I'll go order the lumber and bring 'er the estimate tomorrow."

"Seems to me the usual proceeding would be the other way around!" I gaped.

"Well, yer want me ter do the job, don't yer? Or don't yer?" he said brusquely.

"Of course, of course!" I amended hastily. "Go ahead."

Hard climbed into a broken-down wagon, and disappeared. "Don't you worry," said Bert. "I'll see he treats yer right."

"It isn't that," I said sadly. "It's that I've just remembered I forgot to include any painters' bills in my own estimate."

Bert looked at me in a kind of speechless pity for a moment, then he said slowly: "Well, I'll be awitized! Wait till I tell maw! An' her always sticks up fer a college education!"

"Just for that, I'll show you!" cried I. "I never trimmed an apple tree in my life, but I'm going to work on this orchard, and I'm going to save it, all myself. It will be better than yours in three years."

"Go to it," laughed Bert. "Come back fer dinner, though. Neww I'll drive over ter the depot an' get yer freight. They telephoned this mornin' it had come."

"Good!" I cried. "You might bring me a bag of cement, too, and a gallon of carbolic acid."

"Ye ain't tired o' life so soon, be yer?"

"No," said I. "But I'm going to show you rubes how to treat an orchard."

Bert went off laughing, and presently I saw him driving toward town with his heavy wagon. I walked up to the plateau field to greet Mike. As I crept the ridge the field lay before me, the great, lone pine standing sentinel at the farther side, and half of it was fruit, young green, and half rich, shining brown.

"She plows tough, sor," said Mike, as the panting horses paused for breath. "But she'll harrer down good. Be the seed perfaters come yit?"

"Bert has gone for them," said I. "Let me hold the plow once."

"It ain't so axy as it looks," said Mike.

"Well, yer want me to do the job, don't yer?"

"No," said I. "But I'm going to show you rubes how to treat an orchard."

Bert went off laughing, and presently I saw him driving toward town with his heavy wagon. I walked up to the plateau field to greet Mike. As I crept the ridge the field lay before me, the great, lone pine standing sentinel at the farther side, and half of it was fruit, young green, and half rich, shining brown.

"She plows tough, sor," said Mike, as the panting horses paused for breath. "But she'll harrer down good. Be the seed perfaters come yit?"

"Bert has gone for them," said I. "Let me hold the plow once."

"It ain't so axy as it looks," said Mike.

"Well, yer want me to do the job, don't yer?"

"No," said I. "But I'm going to show you rubes how to treat an orchard."

Bert went off laughing, and presently I saw him driving toward town with his heavy wagon. I walked up to the plateau field to greet Mike. As I crept the ridge the field lay before me, the great, lone pine standing sentinel at the farther side, and half of it was fruit, young green, and half rich, shining brown.

As I had planned to put my garden coddles along the south wall of the kitchen, I decided to make my temporary seedbeds there. Mike assented to the plan as a good one, and I had him dump me a load of manure right in the garden, spaded up the soil mixed in the garden earth and dressing, and then worked and reworked it with a rake, and finally with my hands.

Ah, the joy of working earth with your naked hands, making a ready plan! The ladies I had seen in their gardens always wore gloves. Even my mother, I recalled, in the little garden, had always worn gloves. Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

Surely, thought I, they miss something—the cool, moist feel of the loam, the very sensations of the seeds they re-sow. At four o'clock I had my bed ready, and I got my seed packets, sorted them in a tin tobacco box, and began to sow the seeds. The directions which I found with scrupulous care always said, "Press the earth

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By F. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 18.

THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER.

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 16:16-40. GOLDEN TEXT.—Believe on the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house.—Acts 16:31.

Dean Vaughn has said of this lesson that it is "one of the epitomes of the whole history of the gospel." The time was A. D. 50 or 62 and the place was Philippi, an important city, as before suggested.

I. The Damsel Delivered of Demons (vv. 16-18). On their way to the prison, the disciples met this maid who "had a spirit, a Python." Greek soothsayers were supposed to be inspired by Apollo, who killed a great snake at Mt. Parnassus and let it to be. The girl was probably possessed of hysteria and thus spoke strange words, and her condition brought much profit to her masters, who professed to interpret her words. This evidence of evil possession was a sympathetic response in Paul's heart. "Her misery and degradation were a symbol of the transfiguration of vices."

Stalker. Her cry after Paul was perhaps that they were the slaves of some god, even as she was the slave of Apollo. The Gaius (vv. 19-24) and the other jailers were of the same language. Paul did not at once stop her (v. 18), perhaps to avoid a controversy, but his deliberation made more profound the final deliverance wrought. Worn out at last with her cries, but failing to credit himself, Paul spoke the name of Power which had foretold just such acts (Mk. 16:17; Lk. 9:1; Lk. 10:17).

II. The Disciples in Prison (vv. 24-26). Of no further commercial value, the slave drivers sought revenge by inciting a mob to attack Paul and his companions. So today the liquor interests would seek remuneration for the loss of the "business," and anathematize their opponents, while the underworld tries to overthrow all who seek to restrain them. Paul and Silas were accused of "troubling" the city, for the tests had been interfered with. It, indeed, went hand in hand with them to be unjustly set upon and finally, through the connivance of the spineless authorities, to be incarcerated in a filthy dungeon.

III. Deliverance and Salvation (vv. 25-35). Christ before Pilate was accused of sedition, and these flogged disciples were likewise innocent sufferers. (1) Prayer and praise (vv. 25). Note the circumstances—darkness, torn and bleeding, aching backs and a morrow filled with blackness. There was no sleep for the disciples at that midnight hour, but often strength is better gained in prayer than sleep.

IV. The jailer's conversion (vv. 35-40). The jailer was a man of some character, for he was not a trifling nor a maliciously indifferent man who appealed to Paul. He was brought face to face with two holy men, with God and with eternity.

Those to whom he came knew the facts, had faith, and could meet the emergencies of life with confidence.

V. The Humbled Magistrates (vv. 33-40). The jailer evidenced joy, hospitality and a changed home, which news must have reached the magistrates. Their early command was to "let these fellows go." Paul here rises to his full dignity. Beaten, perched, condemned without trial and verdict, does not allow them to cover their crime and blunder by stealth.

The magistrates were liable to loss of position, goods, and even life, and hence willingly did all that Paul required.

Thus the imprisonment turned out to the honor of the apostle and the glory of God.

Nor did Paul hasten at all in leaving the city.

After recovering strength to travel and encouraging the members of the infant church they departed, taking Timothy (17:14) with them.

Thus God gloriously delivered those who labored amidst sore trials, and there was established in Philippi a church which was dear to Paul and which was especially kind to Paul, and to which is directed one of his most tender epistles.

You Can't Drink and Make Good

Modern Business Sets Pace Too Fast For Drinking Man's Mind to Keep Up. He Is Not in the Running.

Science proves by delicate instruments of precision that a drinking man thinks, sees, hears and acts only one-seventh as quickly as the man who does not drink.

3 to 5 Days Absence

from your business is all that is required to eliminate all alcoholic poison from your system—put you just where you were before taking your first drink. The Neal Treatment guarantees forever all craving and appetite for intoxicating liquor.

The Neal Treatment is to a drinking man what a high class surgeon is to a man with appendicitis. You go forth from the Neal Institute free from the curse of drink—a new man.

Full information sent in plain sealed envelope.

Detroit Neal Institute
Grand 2322, 231 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

TO RUPTURED PEOPLE

Each day you wear one of our trusses your confidence increases. You learn to know that you can depend upon it, and you are surprised and delighted to find that you can do work which you found impossible when wearing other trusses.

Every Truss Guaranteed.

REISDORF TRUSS CO.
211 Woodward Ave. 4th Floor
Detroit, Mich.
HOURS: 9:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.

KODAKERS!

WE DEVELOP ANY SIZE

Roll Film
Pack Film
24-hour-out-of-town mail order service

MAKALEY'S
Bookstore, 78 Library Ave., Detroit

Country ministers will hold a conference at Michigan Agricultural college July 11-22 to consider problems of rural leadership in connection with the college summer school. Subjects to be taken up include agriculture, rural education, health, economic problems, and the church.

HUNDREDS

of Office Positions Open

IN DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

We can qualify you to hold one of these splendid positions in from 30 to 90 days. We teach Simplified Shorthand in 70 days. Typewriting in 18 lessons. Bookkeeping in 20 lessons. Dupocopying, Operating, English, Spelling, Arithmetic. Positions secured all graduates. Day and Evening Classes. Over 5000 of our students come from the small towns and villages outside of Detroit. Small weekly payments.

Garvin Institute

751-753-755 Woodward Avenue,

Detroit, Michigan

Your Old Hat Made New

Men's and Ladies' Panamas, Straw, and Felt Hats can be cleaned and re-blocked so they look like new.

Mills and Weber

"PRACTICAL HATTERS"

Cor. Grand River and Washington Blvd., Detroit

Time to Get Into New Clothes: Here's the Place to Buy Them.

Come in here for the new suit or overcoat. We'll show you the latest styles and best values you ever saw. It's a pleasure to do business when we know that every time we get a man into a BALLANTINE garment we've done him a real service.

We make suits and overcoats from \$25.00 to \$50.00.

All our garments made in our own shops and we give you a try-on the same day you order. When in Detroit come in and see us.

The Ballantine Co., Tailors
219 WOODWARD AVE.
2nd Floor Annis Park Bldg.

SEND FOR SAMPLES

The Best Showing of

SILKS

In the city for your money. Taffetas, Crepe-De-Chenes, Gros-De-Londres, and Silk Failles at 30% less than elsewhere.

UNITED SILK CO.

Near Woodward, 17 JOHN R STREET, Detroit, Michigan

Why Pay \$25.00 FOR YOUR SUITS?

We Make a Specialty of All Wool

\$10.00

Suits and Top Coats

A suit good enough for any man—perfect style and fit guaranteed absolutely to hold their shape.

You've heard so many men say: "I wouldn't wear a Ten Dollar Suit" and you can rest assured the man who says that has never worn one.

Let us convince you of the honest value we offer for \$10.00.

ESTABLISHED IN 1900

16 years of value giving should mean much to you when you come to Detroit to buy your summer suit. Our policy is absolute satisfaction or money refunded.

J. & C. Ten Dollar Clothing House

105 Michigan Ave.,

Detroit, Mich.



And Pumped Water on My Hands and Head.

down firmly with a board." I was working with a flat man's trowel. I got up and found a board. I was half so easy to work with, but I was taking no chances!

Mike and Joe were unbiting the horse from the harrow. I dashed. The great, brown slope of the vegetable garden, lying away from the house toward the ring of southern hills, was ready for planting. There was my farm, these would come my profits—if profits there should be.

Just at that moment the little string of soaked seedbed behind me was made important. It stood for the color back with which I was going to paint. The fragrant elements out of which it should create about my dwelling a dream of gardens.

"After all," I thought, "a country place is but half real without its garden, even though it be primarily a farm, and the richness of country life is but half fulfilled unless we become painters with shrub and tree and flower. I cannot draw, nor sing, nor play. Perhaps I cannot even write. But surely I can express myself in color, in color and landscape charm, and not be any the worse for it."

"Well, I'm a house painter," said I. "I shall be a farmer; I shall be a gardener—an artist in flower. I shall make my house lovely with it. I shall be a rich, full life. Surely I am a happy, a fortunate man!"

I put the watering pot back in the shed, crossed the road to the old wooden pump by the barn on a sudden impulse, and pumped water on my hands and head, for I was hot. Mike stood in the barn door and laughed.

"What are yer doin' that for?" he asked.

I stood up and shook the water from my face and hair. "Just to be a little cooler," I laughed.