

The Life of TWIN FIRES

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

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SYNOPSIS.

I grow tired of my work as a college instructor and buy a New England farm on sight. I inspect my farm and go to the trouble of remodeling it. I hire a carpenter and a farmer. Hard labor is necessary on the farm. Alice commences plowing. I start to prune the orchard trees. Hard older buildings come around the twin fireplaces. Mrs. Pringle hires Mrs. Phillis for me as a housekeeper, and announces the coming of a new boarder from New York, a sick young woman who needs the country air. A discover that Stella and I make a delightful companion and believe she ought not to return to the hot and dusty city for a long time. I rescue her hard play. Together we dedicate "Twin Fires" to the memory of the old man and enjoy a delightful trip. Mrs. Phillis, my housekeeper, arrives with her son Peter and his dog Buster.

John Upton is touched by the wondrous spell of spring flowers and birds, the gurgle of the little stream, and of Stella Goodwin. He doesn't know whether or not he loves her. Doubts assail him mightily—the freedom of bachelorhood seems good to him, but so does the girl. How he takes a quiet walk in the woods and how he comes almost to a decision is told in this installment—in a manner specially recommended to sweethearts.

CHAPTER XI.

A Pagan Thrush.

All that next June day I worked in my garden, in a dream, my hands performing their tasks mechanically. I ran the wheel hoe between the rows of newly planted raspberries and blackberries, to mulch the soil, without consciousness of the future trial which was supposed to delight me.

My mind was not on the task. Over and over I was asking the question, "Do I love her? What permanence is there in spring passion? My heart is a thrush song, for a girl who caresses the sympathies by her native delight in the novelty of country life! How much of my feeling for her is emotion and how much is sympathy, even pity?"

Over and over I turned these questions, while my hands worked mechanically. And over and over, too, I will be honest and admit, the selfish calculations of bachelor habits imposed their opposition to the thought of union. I had bought the farm to be my own lord and master; here I was at work, to create masterpieces of literature, to plan gardens, to play golf to smoke all over the house, to talk at night and sleep all day if I so desired, to wear soft silks and never dress for dinner, to maintain my own habits, my own individuality, undisturbed. It had been so pleasant, so tinglingly pleasant, for a day, a week—the presence of the girl in the garden, in the house, the rustle of her skirt, the sound of her fingers on the keys—would she always be pleasant? What if one wished to escape from it, and there were no escape? Passions pall; life, work, ambitions, the need of solitude for creation, the individual soul, the desire to escape from it, and there were no escape? Passions pall; life, work, ambitions, the need of solitude for creation, the individual soul, the desire to escape from it, and there were no escape?

"All of which my brush seizes and gazes into the brook, that I am not sure of myself. And if I am not sure of myself, do I really love her? And if I am not sure of that, I must wait."

That resolution, the first definite thing my mind had laid hold on, came to me as the sun was sinking toward the west. I went to the brook, changed my clothes, and hastened up the road to meet her, curiously eager for a man in doubt.

She was coming out of the door as I crossed the bit of lawn, dressed not in the working clothes which she had worn on our gardening days, but all in white, with a lavender ribbon at her throat. She smiled at me brightly and ran the steps.

"Go to New York—but see Twin Fires first," she laughed. "I'm all ready for the tour."

I had not quite expected so much lightness of heart from her, and I was a little plumped, perhaps, as I answered, "You don't seem very sorry that you are seeing it for the last time."

She smiled into my face. "All pleasant things have to end," she said, "so why be glum about it?"

"Do they have to end?" I said. "In my experience, always," she nodded.

I was silent. My resolution, which I sometimes had wavered a little when I came through the doorway, was fixed again as the light banter in her tone was done. I walked down the road, and went first around the house to take a look at the garden, and then rose to the twin fireplaces. The young grass was already a frail green from the house to the road; the flowers around the white sunset nestle, while not yet in bloom, showed a mass of low foliage, the asters, just about trying to

climb, with the aid of strings, to the bird bath (which I had forgotten to fill), and the rose trellis, colored green by the painters before they departed, was even now hidden slightly at the base by the vines of the new roses.

"There," said I, pointing to it, "is the child of your brain, your aqueduct of roses, which you refuse to see in blossom."

"The child of my hands, too; don't forget that!" she laughed.

"Of our hands," I corrected.

"The ghost of Rome in roses," she said, half to herself. "It will be very lovely another year, when the vines have covered it."

"And it will be then, I trust," said I, "rather less like the rose of beauty on the brow of chaos."

The lawn will look like a lawn by then, and possibly I shall have achieved a sundial plate."

"Possibly you will," said she, with a mischievous twinkle. "And possibly you'll have remembered to fill your bird bath."

"She turned abruptly into the house and emerged with a pith of water, wiping over the front, now grass to the bath, which she filled to the brim, pouring the remainder upon the vines at the base."

"My last activity shall be for the birds," she smiled, as she came back with the pither. "As if in gratitude, a bird came winging out of the orchard behind her, and dipped his breast and bill in the water."

"The darling!" I heard her exclaim, under her breath.

We took the pither inside, and I saw her glance at the flowers in the vase. "I ought to get you some fresh ones," she said.

"No," I answered. "Those shall stay a long while, in memory of the good lady. Now I will show you my house. You have never seen my house above the first story."

"It isn't proper," she laughed. "I shouldn't be even here, in the south room."

"But you have been here many times."

Again she laughed. "Stupid! But Mrs. Phillis wasn't here then."

"Oh!" said I, a light dawning on my masculine stupidity. "I begin to realize the paradoxes of propriety. And now I see at last why I shouldn't have asked you to pick the paint for the dining room—when I did."

Her eyes narrowed, and she looked into my face with sudden gravity. "I wonder if you understand?" she asked.

"I do," I said, as she turned away.

"Do you want to run along to the turn by the road and wait?" The eyes still said no.

"No," she said, as she slipped.

"Really?" I asked.

"Really, yes. I won't have a chance to feel fresh, never, maybe."

"Then of course I'll go ahead," I stepped over the brook, out of sight. A moment later I heard a soft splashing of the water, and a voice called, "I'm only six now. Oh, it's such fun—and so cold!"

I made no reply. In the fancy I could see her white feet in the water, her face tipped up in the shadows, her eyes gleaming with delight. How sweet she was, how desirable! I stood lost in a rosy reverie, when suddenly I felt her beside me, and turned to meet her smile.

"How you like the brook?" I said.

"How I love it," she exclaimed. "Don't think me silly, but it really says secret things to me."

"Such secrets as the stream told to Romeo?" I asked.

She looked away. "I said secret things," she answered.

We moved on, around the bend by the road where the little picture of far hills and the view, and back into the dusk of the thicket, pine. At the second crossing of the brook, I took her hand to steady her over the slippery stones, and when we were across, the mood and memories of the place had their way with us, and our hands did not unclasp. We walked on so together to the spot where we first had met, and where first the thrush had comeled for us his old friend.

We stopped and listened, but there was no sound save the whisper of the pines.

"The pines sound like soft midnight surf on the shore," she whispered.

"I want the thrush," I whispered.

"I want the thrush," she whispered.

"Yes," she said, raising her eyes to mine, "oh, yes!"

Do you think that John is about to make an unconditional surrender of bachelorhood and go over to the "dear enemy," body and soul?

"The bedclothes aren't tucked in right!" she said.

"I know it," I answered sadly. "I know it," I answered sadly. "I know it," I answered sadly.

Mrs. Phillis is better on pills."



Established Styles in Silk Coats.

No one need concern herself to look after the most ways of making up the useful coat of taffeta. Styles were established in this class of garments early, and have persisted throughout the season. These coats are ample, loose-fitting and finished with ruffles, usually to the exclusion of any other ornamentation.

For the slight outlay required nothing proves more convenient in the summer wardrobe than these enveloping coats of silk. Nearly always a plain or a changeable taffeta is the choice of the wearer for making them, but certain stripes and plaids are available that are used for special designs. One of these is of fine blue taffeta striped with bars of black and white. It is cut straight, but drawn

in at the waist line across the back under a belt of the material. It has thin, full sleeves, finished with ample cuffs of black velvet. The rather low neck supports a wide frill which forms a cape. There is a standing ruff of black velvet across the back and shoulders, ending in long cash and at the front. They cross on the bust and fasten at each side on the ends of the belt.

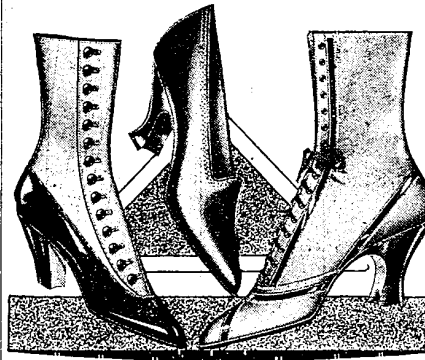
"The model shown in the picture is of blue and tan changeable taffeta and leaves nothing to be desired in style or beauty. It is made with a long yoke extended into panels at the front, and finished with full ruckings of the silk along the edges and about the cuffs. Its uses are many and its becomingness unquestioned."

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Style Demanded in Footwear.

So much more vivacity characterizes women's clothes today than in other days, that no one is surprised at new developments. Manufacturers of shoes and hose have kept up with the pace set by those who make the modes in dress, and the result is a new and women demand style in their footwear. Whatever eccentric fancy of the designer works out in slightly shoes or hose is sure of a welcome.

But the conservative and the not forgotten entirely and whether shoes are sedate, or supple, they are made on the clearest lines and with the most exquisite perfection of finish. They are marvels of graceful contour, be they of the sturdy varieties for sports or walking or of the dainty kinds for dancing or dancing. Three models are shown in the picture above. One of them, at the left of the picture, is made with a cloth top and patent leather ramp and is shown in several colors. Light kid uppers make another variety in the same kind of shoe and it has been a favorite in brown with the leather in bronze or black gray, and it has been most popular in champagne and in white. Machine stitching and cut-out work answer the purpose of its modest design, and moderately high French heels finish off this masterpiece of good style.

A shrewd laced boot is made of light kid banded with narrow strips of black patent leather. The length of the shoe is broken by the direction of the bands. Shoes of this kind are liked with pastime suits, sports suits

and the various valuable street suits which have helped so much in making this a summer of stylish clothes.

Pink Blouses Rule.

The pale pink blouse seems to maintain its hold upon a woman's fancy, and in spite of the scores of new models in bisque, cream and pale blue, three pink blouses are sold to every one in another shade. There is something peculiarly feminine and appealing about a delicate pink blouse and well does woman realize its becomingness. The only trouble about these dainty blouses is their proclivity to "wash out," and a good washable white, or a dirty yellowish white that is by no means bluish or cream. The handy woman knows what to do about this; she keeps on hand a supply of ordinary rose-colored crepe paper, tears it into a few scraps and "pink" the rinsing water for her blouse. The delicate tint will wash out again, to be sure but it is simply a matter to "pink" the rinsing water each time the blouse is laundered. This may offer a hint to the woman who fancies a pale pink tint, also in crepe de chine undergarments or who has a pair of white silk stockings that she would like to turn pale pink for use with a pink evening gown.

Flowers on Headgear.

Field flowers, a perfect riot of them, including fuzzy yellow dandelions, prim little buttercups, wheat in the natural colors, besides dainty little mountain flowers, formed a wreath around a large sun shield. It was quaint, most attractive and decidedly novel, for the flowers were so natural it was difficult to believe they were not real.

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WESTERN CANADA

Co-Operative Creameries Show Tremendous Increase in Butter Production.

The Dairy Commissioner, at first annual convention of Saskatchewan Dairymen's association, reviewed progress of 1915 which shows a great increase in the butter production of the co-operative creameries amounting to 1,500,000 lbs. He also said the improvement in quality is shown by the preference accorded Saskatchewan butter in outside markets. Shipments out of the province for the year totaled 52 carloads.

According to bulletin just issued by the Manitoba department of agriculture the dairy industry had a very successful year in 1915. There was an increase of over 1,000,000 lbs. of creamery butter produced, as against the previous year, about 200,000 lbs. Increase in dairy butter and over 25,000 lbs. increase in the cheese output. The increase of the total value of milk and milk products was over \$427,000. The production of dairy butter for Manitoba during the year was 4,150,444 lbs. or it brought an average price of 23c per lb., of creamery butter 5,870,667 lbs. were produced which commanded 20c per lb. on the average; cheese production was 720,725 lbs. which sold at an average price of 15c—the total value of these three products is given as \$2,700,038. In addition to which the milk produced is valued at \$923,650 and the cream at \$158,327, the average price of the milk being reckoned at 21c per lb. and of sweet cream at 32c per lb. butter-fat. In connection with the dairy industry it is interesting to note that almost the most important factor in the dairy industry is the milk of the 1915 production amounted to 190,132 tons. The biggest cultivated fodder crop is timothy which for last season produced 130,577 tons and the next most popular crop was clover with 45,815 tons; of alfalfa and clover there were produced some 38,000 tons. The number of cattle in the province is given as 631,005, which is an increase of 130,000 over the previous year.

The fact that the Red Deer, Alberta, cheese factory is handling four times as much milk this season as last winter shows the growing improvement in the dairy industry. On Feb. 14, it was announced the factory had just shipped two tons of cheese for Calgary market.

Cardston, Alberta, creamery in 1915 put out a season's work of 274c per lb. for butter fat and had a profit remaining over all expenses of \$5,584. The creamery during season distributed among farmers \$61,117 and manufactured 250,000 lbs. butter and 15,000 lbs. cheese. Average price realized for butter was 23c cents.

The development of the dairy industry of Northern Alberta is well indicated by the growth of a prominent dairy business here, which in 1915 produced 2,525,000 lbs. butter, an increase of 100,000 lbs. over the previous year. This product has found a market in all parts of Canada and this year will enter the export trade. Advertisement.

Future Will Witness Wider Application of Principle Which Has Already Done So Much.

Prophecy is a double-edged tool with a peculiar facility for injuring the user, but the activity of the present leads one to predict that each succeeding year will bring us nearer to the state in which the research work of the country will be national in both scope and effort.

The federal government and the states have long and are conducting research of immense value to agriculture, the foundation of industry; but the future indicates a more general application of this principle—an active national interest in industrial research, and this will serve as a healthy subsidy for American manufacturers.

Research has enabled our industry to make rapid strides. The recognition of this fact has occasioned a recent awakening to the need of greater facilities for financing the scientific development and extension of industry and commerce and of promoting industrial research.

Dandelions Will Be Popular.

Dandelions will yet become popular as an article of diet with the people. They have always been so abundant that they have not been appreciated. Many eastern canning establishments are advertising for dandelions to can. They are about to be put on the market, as a staple article of food, to be had at any time of the year. If they are so good for factories to can, they are also good for the home gardener to can. Our schools are now teaching the science of canning, which will be a help in making the dandelions more available. One of the advantages in favor of this vegetable is that it is extremely hardy. It grows as far north as the shores of the Arctic ocean. Some of the seed houses carry dandelion seeds. Anyone, however, can gather his own seed, and it would prove interesting to experiment along the line of raising dandelions from native seed on very rich ground and under garden conditions.

Ceramics.

Blank—He thinks ceramics is a foolish hobby.

Blank—Yet I've seen him deep in his cups many and many a time.—Town Topics.