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HIRAM TEN SMITH, HOUSEKEEPER

He was a farmer—Hiram Ten Smith—same as all the other Smiths of Brown township; and other Smiths there were in plenty. In fact, the assessor said he believed that about every other family he came to were Smiths, and I don't think he stretched the facts a great deal.

Hiram's name was just plain Hiram Smith, but he declared that there were nine other Hirams in the township, and so, as he was the tenth, he wrote his name Hiram Ten, so that people would know which one he was. A prosperous farmer was Hiram Ten, as most of the other Smiths were, though none of them made money quite so fast as he did.

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The Smiths had one child, a little boy, not quite two years old. They kept no help except a hired hand on the farm, and so on her busy days Mrs. Smith had more household work to attend to than one woman could well do; but no matter how the work crowded her, she never complained.

"What does this mean, Mandy? Where's the dinner? Here it's 12 o'clock and no dinner on the table!" said Mr. Smith one day at noon, as he came hurrying to the house.

"Yes, I know, Hiram, and I'll have it ready in a few minutes."

"It seems to me, Manda, you ought to have your meals on time. Been out visiting? You ought to remember this is hay, and Joe and I have no time to wait for meals."

"Hiram, if you think I've been idle just look out in the yard at the line full of clothes. You seem to forget that this is Monday."

"I know Joe and I have a big afternoon's work with hauling in the hay that's down, and mowing a lot more. This is splendid hay weather and we can't afford to waste any time."

"Dinner's ready now," said Mrs. Smith, as she rang a handbell for Joe, the hired man.

Mr. Smith did not mean to be cross to his wife, and she usually tried to overlook his outbreaks; but this time he had said a little too much for her patience. She put the baby in his high chair and placed him at the table, but did not sit down herself. The two men ate their dinner hurriedly, and when they had finished, Mr. Smith told Joe to go and hitch up the team at once.

"Now, Manda," he said, turning in the door, "I hope you'll have supper promptly at five o'clock. We've lost time enough for one day."

"Hiram, you used to cook, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes, and I can get a meal yet quicker than most women. I used to do all the cooking when we boys went out camping and hunting. But why do you ask?"

"Well, I used to help on father's farm, and can now, and load hay. So tomorrow I want to exchange work with you. You stay here and do the housekeeping and I'll do a full day's work in your place out in the field."

"All right, that's a bargain. I've got some tinkering work I'd like to do, and that way I'll have time to do it. It won't take me long to get the meals. I'll have them on time, too."

Hiram Ten chuckled as he went out through the yard. He told Joe of the arrangement with his wife, and said he should rush the work the next day, and that he guessed Manda'd have the spunk taken out of her by dinner time.

The next morning they rose at five o'clock, as usual, and Manda got the breakfast. At six Joe had hitched up the horses, and was waiting for her to go with him for a load of hay while she gave Hiram some instruction about the work in the house.

"The cream is in the churn, ready, and when the butter comes, you must take it out in the bowl, and not let it stand in the buttermilk," she said, "You must listen for that baby, too. When he wakes up he always calls, and if you don't hurry up to him he may fall out of bed. His clothes are all here on his high chair ready to put on; and you mustn't forget to give him his breakfast."

"Well, Manda, don't I know that much? Baby and I'll get along all right."

"Theham for dinner is in the smoke house, and you know where to find the potatoes and apples."

"Yes, yes, go on, and don't keep Joe waiting."

"I must tell you about the bread first. It will soon be ready to work into loaves. It will make four loaves and a pan of light rolls for dinner. Be sure and keep the front door locked if you leave the house."

"Just go on and load that hay."

system," he said. "They do too much trotting around without accomplishing anything. The first thing in this case is to wash up the dishes."

The dishes were soon gathered up but then he discovered there was no hot water.

"Well, while the water is heating, I'll do the churning," he said to himself.

Mrs. Smith had not told him that he must leave the churn in the cellar where it was cool; so he brought it up to the kitchen and began to operate the dash vigorously. But he had not churned long when he thought of the bread.

"Yes, it has raised to the top of the bowl, and must be worked into loaves. Guess I'd better do that at once. Let me see; the butter I was to make into four rolls, but what was it she said about, wonder if I'm Here are three pans; wonder if I'm to use all of them. Gracious, but I do hate to put my hands into that dough! Rather curry a horse any day! How the stuff does stick! I hope nobody'll come till I get this job off my hands."

He turned and looked over his shoulder, half expecting some one to appear in the door. Suddenly, in the midst of his kneading he heard a noise.

"What's that, I wonder," he exclaimed. "Oh, the baby! He has fallen out of bed!"

Hiram Ten had no time to clean the dough off his hands, for he was afraid that the baby would tumble downstairs. He rushed up to the baby's room, and found him rolling and kicking on the floor, and crying for his mamma. Hiram gathered the little fellow up, never thinking of his doughy hands until he had carried him down to the kitchen and set him in his high chair.

"This is a purty mess," muttered Hiram Ten. "If I haven't smeared that pesky dough all over the baby's nightdress and on my own clothes!"

The baby's tears were soon dried, and he sat and curiously watched his father until he had put the loaves into the pans.

It was now half-past eight, and the baby must have his breakfast. Hiram did not know what he ought to do next, but decided that he had better finish his churning. In half an hour this task was done.

"I guess, before I take the butter out, I'd better put the bread into the oven, if I'm to have it ready for an early dinner."

After putting the bread into the stove, he discovered that the fire was out. It did not take him long to build a roaring fire, and in a short time the stove was red-hot.

"I'll have my bread in good time for dinner, and the butter is churned," he said to himself presently. "Now I have two hours to get my dinner, and while it's cooking I can wash up the breakfast dishes. Wonder I didn't think of that at first. But before I do anything else, I guess I'd better take that doughy night-dress off the baby and put on his clothes. How's this baby?" he said, taking the child on his knee.

"Do you wear all these clothes at once? It seems to me here's enough for two little chaps like you. Wonder which goes on first. Here's this thing without sleeves—guess we'll try that first. And what's this? Can't tell which is top or bottom. Guess if I put your arms in the sleeves it'll come out all right. Here's one with straps; they surely must go over the shoulders; we'll put this on last. Now, sweetheart," he said, surveying the youngster, "you're dressed—but, somehow, you don't look just right. Here's a cookie for baby to eat while I go out and get the meat for dinner." Hiram added, placing the child on the floor.

With knife and meat-saw in hand, Hiram started for the smoke-house, while the baby made straight for

the churn. He—the baby—had examined the outside, but just now wondered what was inside. All of a sudden Hiram heard a resounding noise, and then cries from the kitchen, where he found baby and the churn rolling on the floor. Luckily, the baby was not hurt, but he had found out what was in the churn.

"What will Manda say?" Hiram thought, ruefully, after he had spent half an hour trying to mop up the buttermilk. "Here it's after eleven o'clock, and dinner not begun yet. It seems to me there's a queer smell in here—as if something were burning."

Then he picked up the baby, dripping with buttermilk, and set him in the high chair, saying: "You may sit there awhile, so you'll be out of mischief."

Turning around, he sniffed the air uneasily.

"There surely is something burning, for the house is full of smoke," he said, "and it seems to come from the stove. Maybe I'd better look at the bread. Manda said it would be done for dinner, and I'll take it right out, so it'll have time to cool off."

What ails our cook now? When he opened the oven door, he stood staring as if he saw a ghost. There was no bread, but the bottom of the oven was covered with a layer of oven-burned as black as coal. As he stood glaring at the oven, Mrs. Smith and Joe walked into the kitchen.

"Why, Hiram, what is it? What do you see?" Mrs. Smith cried. "You look frightened. And here's my sweet baby perched in his high chair like a little prisoner," she added, turning her back toward her husband, so that he would not see that she was laughing.

"What's that dog got?" asked Joe as the big Newfoundland came up on the porch dragging something. "It looks like a ham. By George! it is a ham, and he got it out of the smoke-house, too! Somebody's gone and left the door open."

That was too much for Hiram Ten Smith. He rushed at the dog and grabbed the ham. Then he came back into the house with a very determined look.

"Manda," he began—but just then he slipped on a piece of the soft butter which he had failed to wipe up, and would have landed on the floor had not Joe caught him.

"I say, Manda," he continued, when he had regained his balance, "you may get the dinner."

Saying this, he hurried from the house to the barn, and in a few minutes, to their surprise, they saw him driving down the road at a brisk trot. In less than an hour he came back, with a woman by his side in the buggy.

"Here, Manda," he called, on reaching the gate, "here is Tillie White. I've hired her for a year. She's to help you with the housework, and Joe and I'll look after the farm."

Bevley Court of Revision and Council Proceedings

Minutes of meeting held May 31st, 1902. All the members present.

Appeals: W. J. Alton, assessed too high, reduced \$100; John Faulkner, assessed too high, confirmed; F. C. Fielding, assessed too high, confirmed; John A. Richmond, assessed too high, confirmed; Patrick Fitzgerald, assessed too high, reduced \$200; David Barry, assessed too high, reduced \$175; McDougal, Branch & Austin, assessed too high for Cameron Island, reduced \$1000; F. Kemp, for Arthur Deacon, assessed too high, Eagle Point, reduced \$100; Rev. A. J. Terrill, assessed too high reduced \$50.

There being no further appeals, it was moved by Mr. Peel, seconded by Mr. Bowins, that the assessment roll as revised and corrected be confirmed.—Carried.

Order of revision was then declared closed at 2 p.m.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

Council meeting was then opened, the revee in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

Moved by Mr. Bowins, seconded by Mr. Lytle, that the rebate claims of 15 cents per rod for putting up wire fences on the public highways—Geo. E. Laidlaw 60 rods, James S. Black 13 1/2 rods, Edward Lytle 49 rods and W. G. Peel 87 rods—be accepted, and all claimants for putting up wire fences be paid at the last meeting of the council on the 15th of December.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Bowins, seconded by Mr. Benson, that Mr. Lytle examine bridge on lake shore road and have it repaired, and Mr. Peel examine Stone bridge on 4th con. and have a rail put on if necessary.—Carried.

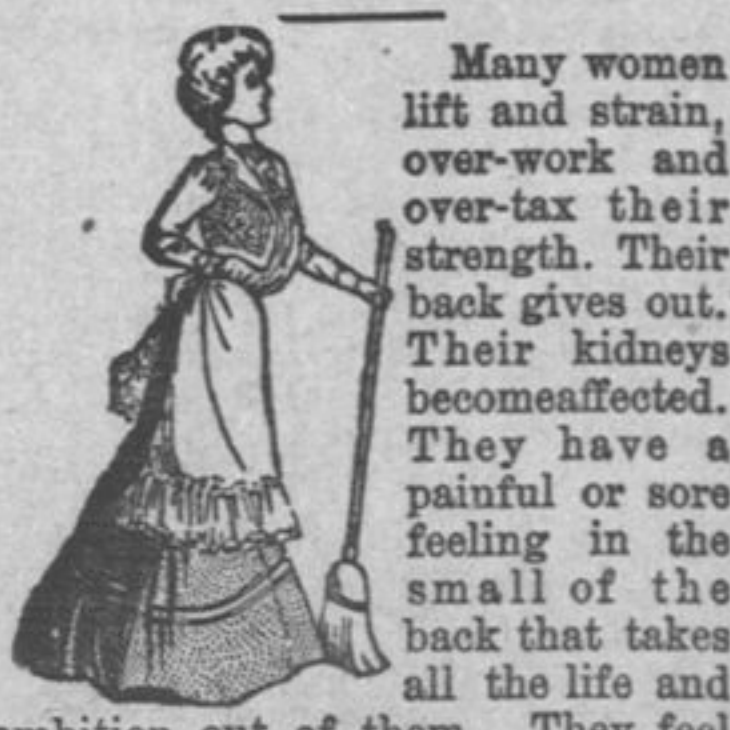
Moved by Mr. Peel, seconded by Mr. Lytle, that \$18 be expended on Cameron road and the G.T. railway statute labor tax, Mr. John Bowins to be commissioner; \$15 on 3rd gr. line, Wm. Peel commissioner; \$10 on base line between Mathewson's corner and Cobocook, John Bowins commissioner; \$10 on base line in front of lot 1, con. 3, Wm. Richmond commissioner; \$10 on boundary of Laxton between 4th and 5th con., providing Laxton give an equal sum, the revee commissioner; that 7 cents per load be paid Dalyn Bros. and Coulter for drawing stones on 4th con.; that \$10 be granted to repair the Victoria road south of the canal providing Eldon gives an equal amount, Albert H. Lytle, commissioner; that \$15 be expended on sidewalks in Cobocook, William Waffle commissioner.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Benson, seconded by Mr. Bowins, that Albert H. Lytle be pathmaster in place of Alfred Everson, and that Albert Alton be pathmaster in place of Archie McLane, Everson and McLane having resigned.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Bowins, seconded by Mr. Lytle, that the following accounts be paid: George Lytle, for printing, \$5.50; the Municipal World subscriptions and stationery, \$7.72.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Peel, seconded by Mr. Benson, that this meeting adjourn to meet at Cobocook on the 15th of August next. ALFRED TAYLOR, Clerk.

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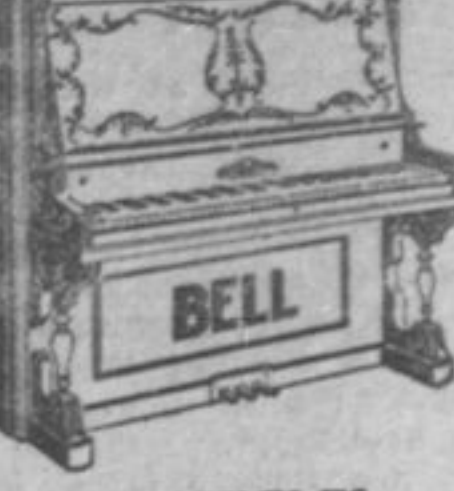
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Ar. Rochester (cor. N. St. Paul and Main-sts.) — 3:30 p.m.

NORTH BOUND

Lv. Rochester (cor. N. St. Paul and Main-sts.) — 8:30 a.m.
Lv. Summerville, N.Y. (Port of Rochester) — 11:30 a.m.
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