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Frederick Winter's Home Coming

By HILDA RICHMOND.

PART II.

"Well, Nelly, I suppose I ought to be glad; but to tell the truth I'm not a bit. Billy may be the best man in the world, but I don't like to see you throwing away your talents here in the country. Since I've been here I've been thinking how successful you would be in town. You could get a position in one of the large stores, or after a little business training could be a stenographer or a bookkeeper.

"Now, Frederick, don't discourage Nellie," put in Mrs. Winter. "She is happy and satisfied out here, and that is all anybody needs. There are drawbacks in the city, Nellie, as well as everywhere. I think you have a delightful home here. I wish I could stay for months to rest up and do the things I want to do. Why, I have had time to read and think and rest in this short time; and those things are impossible in town."

"Of course I don't want to discourage her," said Frederick gloomily. "But I can't honestly say I'm glad."

Nellie laughed happily, and then she said: "But about buying the farm, Frederick? Don't you think you would like it for a summer home?"

"My dear Nellie, it takes money to buy and keep up a summer home. We do not even own the house where we live in the city. While I have a good place and a salary that is considered large, we are not able to save a penny. You see, in town things are so different. The children must have music lessons, and we must keep up in a social way, and all those things take money. I should be glad to own the old farm, but it is out of the question."

The next evening Nellie Barton was quietly married to the man of her choice and together they set out on a honeymoon journey, leaving Frederick Winter and his family in charge of the chores and the house plants and the old farmhouse.

"Are you lonely?" asked Frederick, coming in during the middle of the morning, after they had been there a week, to find his wife looking pensively out over the white fields. "I told you it would not be like the city."

"And I'm glad it isn't," said his wife heartily. "I was counting up the cost of the dinner I'm preparing. There are pumpkin pies, a loaf cake, baked beans, roast spareribs and three different vegetables. Counting the cost of everything very low I figure that it is worth at least several dollars, and I don't have to worry about the cost, either. The store closet and the cellar and the pantry are full of good things and Nellie told me to go ahead and use them. Why, Frederick, I haven't used an egg for cooking in weeks till I came here. I don't see why you say the country is such a terrible place in which to live."

"I've been thinking of that myself, dear," he said setting down the pails he had brought in. "I've thoroughly enjoyed this quiet morning feeding and watering the stock. The children are having the time of their lives, and I've been wondering why I was so crazy to go to the city. Here I am at thirty-three without a cent to my name and no roof over my head. I never was brought face to face with things as they are until I came out here where everything is so quiet. That Billy Richards looked prosperous the other night. He must have some money to go to Toronto on a wedding trip. Maybe if I had stayed here I could have had a farm too. The trouble with this farm was that my stepfather was old and he could not manage. I can see things in a different light now."

One evening after the snow melted, leaving the roads high and frozen, a big automobile drove to the farmhouse and Billy Richards asked them all to put on their wraps and go with him. "Nellie and I got home this morning and she wants you to come over," he explained. "She has supper about ready."

The Winters were almost speechless as they entered the transformed farmhouse. And well they might be for they could easily have imagined that they were in a well-to-do home in the city. Electric lights, furnace, piano, electric range in the kitchen, hot and cold water and a dozen other conveniences and luxuries spoke of prosperity.

"Well, Nellie, I take it all back. I'm glad you are married," said Frederick heartily. "I am more than pleased to see my sister so delightfully situated."

"And here I've been worrying about your having to leave such a delightful farmhouse," said Mrs. Winter in amazement. "Nellie, dear, you deserve it all and more besides."

"I haven't been living in the old farmhouse," said Nellie. "I played a little trick on you folks, and you must forgive me. I own another farm and have been living with my tenants for a number of years. I took a fancy to keep the old house just as it was, and I wanted to be married in it. I also wanted you to see the country at its worst, as some people consider it. I want you to have the old farm. Yes, you must listen to me, Frederick. You are to take it on long time and easy payments. I've been keeping track of you in town and I've known for a long time that you are only making a living. Out here you can do more and you will not have to fret and worry. Your children can have the same advantages that they would in town and Anna can take life easier. Billy is perfectly willing, and you must not say no until you think it over carefully."

"He must not say no at all," said Mrs. Winter decidedly. "We will take our little rainy-day fund, that no one knows of but me, and stock up with poultry. I am sure we can pay for the farm in time, and have a comfortable place to live in while we are doing it. I love the old farmhouse."

"So do I, and the children will be wild to live in the country," said Frederick. "Nellie, I can't thank you enough, I don't deserve it at all. All these years I've been congratulating myself that I was not slaving on the farm, while you have been getting rich there."

"Not rich, Frederick, but very well-to-to and very happy," corrected his sister. "And that is why I want to share my prosperity with my only relative. Farming is not a gold mine, but it is a very pleasant and profitable job."

"I'm sorry I didn't stick to it years ago, but there's no use crying over spilled milk," said Frederick. "I'm glad for the chance to get some more milk, and perhaps some cream, too. Anyhow, we'll see. But, Nellie, there's one thing sure, I'll never pity you any more for being tied to a humdrum existence. That's one lesson farming has taught me and it will stick to me forever and ever."

(The End.)

TORPEDOED SEVEN TIMES.

Ancient Mariner of England Has a Proud Record.

Wm. Jessop, of Hull, (England), who is over 70 years of age and holds the record of having been torpedoed seven times, told the Lord Mayor of Hull, at a sailors' gathering, that although he had only recently demobilized, he was now considered too old for the merchant service.

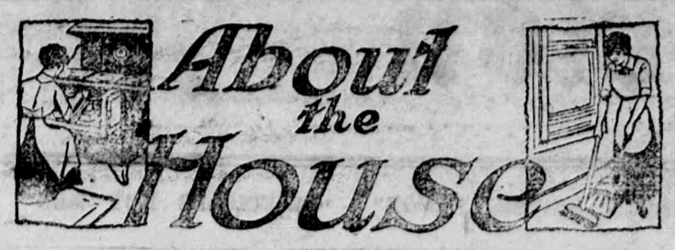
"I have never been frightened of either mine or submarine," he said, although I have seen some dreadful things in this torpedoing business which I do not care to speak about. When you have been torpedoed once, twice, three, and more times you begin to get used to it; that is the experience of seamen generally who have gone through it."

He Fooled His Friends.

When the United States troops drove the Germans out of the St. Mihiel salient the job was done so quickly and cleverly that a lot of booty fell into their hands. There was one private at Thiaucourt who took a chance, but he could not resist the temptation. When his mates first saw him they were uncertain whether he was the Kaiser or the Crown Prince as they rushed forward to make the capture. He was riding a German officer's horse, he had on a German officer's helmet, and on his chest was pinned the iron cross, all left by German officers in their rush to safety. The squad of Americans bent upon making an important capture were tremendously disgusted to find that it was only Private Jones of the infantry.

Copper in Manitoba.

The copper discoveries of Manitoba are rapidly assuming considerable magnitude. Prof. Wallace, Commissioner for Northern Manitoba, states that, in one copper mine, as yet undeveloped, 20,000,000 tons of ore averaging $8.75 a ton in value have been blocked out. He estimates that, when railway facilities are available, this area will provide employment for 1,000 men for about fifteen years.



Preserving Eggs With Water-Glass.

When the housewife finds an overabundance of eggs from a prolific poultry yard in the summer months, and the cold-storage speculator is capitalizing the opportunity, she too can make provision for the proverbial rainy day. The abundance of eggs in June, July and August, and the consequent cheapening of price, suggest the use of the water-glass method to preserve the eggs.

Select fresh eggs that are clean, but not washed. Use infertile eggs if possible. Take nine quarts of water that has been boiled and cooled, and add one quart of water-glass (sodium silicate). Place the mixture in a five-gallon crock or jar. This amount of liquid will preserve fifteen dozen eggs. For larger amounts, mix the solution in the same proportion. Clean the crock thoroughly before using.

Place the eggs in the solution. If the poultry yard has not supplied an adequate quantity of eggs for immediate use, they may be added from time to time. See that at least two inches of the solution covers the eggs at all times. Place the crock or jar in a cool, dry place, well covered to prevent evaporation. Waxpaper placed on and tied around the top of the jar will serve the desired end.

As a substitute for water-glass, this method has proved good: Dissolve two or three pounds of unslaked lime in five gallons of water that has previously been boiled and allowed to cool. Let the mixture stand until the lime settles and the liquid is clear. Place clean, fresh eggs in an earthenware crock or jar and pour the clear lime-water into the vessel until the eggs are covered.

Earthenware crocks are good containers. They must be clean and sound. Scald them and let them cool completely before use. A crock holding six gallons will accommodate 18 dozens of eggs and about 22 pints of solution. Crocks that are too large are not desirable, since they increase the liability of breaking some of the eggs and spoiling the entire lot.

It must be remembered that the eggs on the bottom crack first and that those in the bottom of the crocks are the last to be removed for use. Eggs can be put up in smaller crocks, and the eggs put in the crock first should be used first. Inspect the crock from time to time and replace with cool boiled water any water that has evaporated.

When the eggs are to be used, remove them, as desired, rinse in clean, cold water and use immediately.

Eggs preserved in water-glass can be used for soft boiling or poaching up to November. Before boiling such eggs take a needle and prick a tiny hole in the large end of the shelf to keep them from cracking. The eggs are satisfactory for frying until about December. From that time until the end of the usual storage period—that is, until March—they can be used for omelettes, scrambled eggs, custards, cakes and general cookery.

As the eggs age, the white becomes thinner and harder to beat. The yolk membrane becomes more delicate and it is correspondingly difficult to separate the whites from the yolks. Sometimes the white of the egg is tinged pink after very long keeping in water-glass. This is due, probably, to a little iron which is in the water-glass, but which does not injure the egg for food purposes.

Flowers and Chickens.

Chickens and flower gardens have long been considered an impossible combination, but for several years I have been able to combine the two in a more profitable manner.

The yard where I keep my coops of hens with baby chickens has little or no shade. Having a few dahlia roots that I do not need in my flower garden I planted a row in this chicken yard twelve years ago. This soil was very rich, the plants made rapid growth and the baby chicks did not disturb them. Each time I gave the fowls fresh water I threw the stale water from the chickens' drinking receptacles on the plants. This added nothing to my work.

The growing chickens were kept in this yard all summer and always sought the shade of the dahlias during the heat of the day. As the blooms faded I picked them off and threw them on the ground where the chicks devoured them greedily. Since dahlia tubers are used for food in certain localities I knew the blooms could not harm the fowls; in fact, I believe they are nourishing and beneficial.

The next year I increased my dahlia planting, saving all of the tubers the first fall and buying some new ones in the spring. The result is that this chicken yard that formerly had been far from attractive is now one of the show places on the premises; passersby stop to look at it. So many stopped and asked for bouquets that I put out a sign during the summer: "Fresh Eggs and Flowers, 25 cents a dozen."

Part of the money made from the sale of the flowers two years ago was used to buy eggs from blooded poultry, and choice varieties of dahlias. Last year I sold every blossom from the new varieties of dahlias, which were of immense size and had exquisite coloring.

This whole chicken yard is annually a forest of flowers. The tubers are dug each fall and stored the same as potatoes. I no longer keep all of the more common varieties for planting; these are stored separately and fed to the laying hens throughout the winter. As the chickens grow they eat some of the lower branches of the dahlias, but their scratching in no way disturbs the plants, for they become sturdy long before the chicks grow strong enough to harm them.

SOME FAMOUS WELCOMES

GREAT BRITAIN GREETS HER RETURNING WARRIORS

Scenes in London and Other Cities When Soldiers Arrived From Wars of Past Twenty Years.

The informal, but none the less enthusiastic welcome given to the Scots Guards on their return from the front recently, will doubtless be repeated in the near future on many similar occasions, says a London magazine.

The Britons are keen to greet their returning heroes after this fashion. Nor will they be denied.

When, for instance, the Brigade of Guards returned to London after Omdurman in November, 1898, the public gave them such a welcome as took the authorities completely by surprise.

Their coming had been little heralded in advance, and no attempt had been made officially to receive them. Nevertheless the citizens of London cheered themselves hoarse all along the line of route taken by the khaki-clad columns, which in places were hardly able to force a way for themselves through the densely-packed throngs.

Much the same thing, too, happened when the C.I.V.'s returned from South Africa two years later. In this case, however, the authorities, warned by their previous experience, made laborate preparations to keep a passage clear for the soldiers.

Welcomed by 2,000,000.

Vain effort! So great was the enthusiasm of the welcoming crowds in the Strand and Fleet street that many of the companies had almost literally to fight their way through, and were consequently somewhat late for the banquet prepared in their honor by the city fathers at the Guildhall.

Yet another historic homecoming of the kind was that in which Lord Wolseley figured in October 1882, when he led his victorious troops, fresh from their triumphs in Egypt, through London to Whitehall. On this occasion the streets were superbly decorated, and over two million people, it was estimated, were present to do honor to the heroes of Tel-el-Kebir.

Eight thousand excursion trains were run to London from all parts of the country in May, 1856, laden with people desirous of being present at the homecoming of the troops who had fought in the Crimean War. The scenes in the streets on May 26th, when the regiments marched to St. James' Park, where they were reviewed and prsonally thanked by Queen Victoria, were unprecendented, while at night the whole metropolis was a blaze of illuminations and fireworks, the first rocket being sent up by the Queen herself from the roof of Buckingham Palace.

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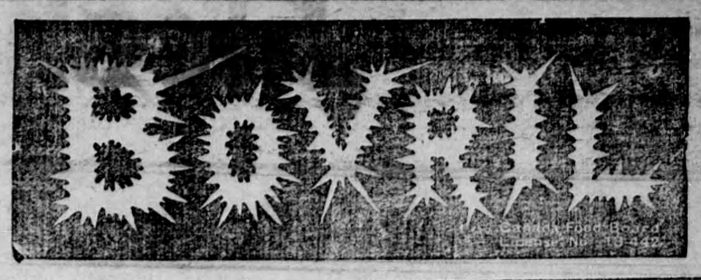

April.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now bourgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail,
On winding stream or distant sea.

Where now the seaman pipes, or dives
In yonder gleaming green, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives.

From land to land, and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

—Alfred Tennyson (In Memoriam).

Hunger listens to no reason.

The farmer who moves to town to take it easy will get so tired doing nothing that the days will seem lots longer to him than they did on the farm.

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