

# The Idyl of Twin Fires

By  
**WALTER  
RICHARD  
EATON**

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.  
SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I**—I grow tired of my work as a college instructor and buy a New England farm on sight.

**CHAPTER II**—I inspect my farm and go to board at Bert Temple's. Bert helps me to hire a carpenter and a farmer.

**CHAPTER III**—Hard Cider, the carpenter, estimates the repairs and changes necessary on the house. Mike commences plowing. I start to prune the orchard trees.

**CHAPTER IV**—Hard Cider builds book-cases around the twin fireplaces. Mrs. Temple hires Mrs. Pillig for me as a housekeeper.

**CHAPTER V**—Stella Goodwin, a New York girl, comes as a boarder to the Temple's. I try to avoid her, but meet her in the pines at twilight and together we listen to the singing of the hermit thrush. I show her the twin fireplaces.

**CHAPTER VI**—Stella helps me with the flower garden around the house. We build a Roman arch for a rose trellis.

**CHAPTER VII**—We pick the paint for the rooms in the house. We listen for the thrush again, but he does not sing.

**CHAPTER VIII**—We arrange my books in the cases and build twin fires in the fireplaces. At evening we go to the pines and hear the hermit thrush again.

**CHAPTER IX**—On Memorial day we build a bird bath. I come upon Stella wading in the brook. We listen for the thrush again, but he does not sing.

**CHAPTER X**—Mrs. Pillig, Peter and Buster, the pup, arrive. I eat my first meal in my home at Twin Fires.

**CHAPTER XI**—Standing among the pines, and with the thrush singing to us, I kiss Stella. I keep a resolution but feel like a fool. Stella goes back to New York.

(Continued from last week)

## CHAPTER XII.

### I Go to New York.

I shall not here recount the events on the farm during the weeks which followed Miss Stella's departure. They did not particularly interest me. My whole psychological make-up had been violently shaken, the centers of attention had been shifted, and I was constantly struggling for a readjustment which did not come. The post office appealed to me more than the peas, and I labored harder over my photographs of the sundial beds than over the beds themselves. I sent for a ray filter and a wide-angle lens, spending hours in experiment and covering a plank in front of the south door with printing frames.

I had written to her the day after she had departed, but no reply came for a week, and then only a brief little note, telling me it was hot in town and conveying her regards to the roses. I, too, waited a week—though it was hard—and then answered, sending some photographs, one of them a snapshot of a bird on the edge of the bath, one of them of Buster sitting on his hind legs. Again she answered briefly, merrily, conveying her especial regards to Buster, but ending with a plaintive little postscript about the heat.

A few days later a box came addressed to Buster in my care. I opened it in Buster's presence, indeed literally beneath his nose. On top was a small package, tied with blue ribbon, and labeled "For Buster." It proved to be a dog biscuit, which the recipient at once took to the hearth and began upon. Beneath this was a note, which I opened with eager fingers.

Darling Buster: Your waggish epistle received and contents noted. The limits of the canine intelligence are probably responsible for your mistake in assigning the term glumness to what you observe in Master John, when it is really lack of occupation. You see, dear Buster, he has got Twin Fires so far under way that he doesn't work at it all the time, so he ought to be at his writing of stories, made up of big dictionary words which are defining or inventing for him down here in a very hot, dirty, dusty, smelly town. Tell him that's all the trouble. He has a reaction from his first farming enthusiasm, and doesn't realize that the thing to do is to go to work on the new line, his line. For it is his line, you know, Buster.

Underneath this you'll find something to give him, with my best wishes for sunshine on the dear garden. I'd kiss you, Buster, only dogs are terribly germey.

STELLA.

P. S.—That is a nice pool, isn't it?

I sat on the floor with the letter in my lap, smiling happily over it. Then I took the last package out of the box. It was heavy, evidently metal. Removing the papers, I held in my hand an old bronze sundial plate, a round one to fit my column, and upon it, freshly engraved, the ancient motto:

**HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS.**

My first thought was of its cost. She couldn't afford it, the silly, generous girl! She'd bought it, doubtless, at one of those expensive New York antique shops, and then taken it to an engraver's, for further expense. I ought not to accept it. Yet how could I refuse? I couldn't. I hugged it to my heart, and fairly ran to the dial post, Buster at my heels. Yes, I had no longer any doubts. I wanted her. I should always want her. Twin Fires was in-

complete, I was incomplete, life was incomplete, without her.

At six I stopped work, amazed to find the plot of a story in my head. Heaven knows how it got there, but there it was, almost as full-statured as Minerva when she sprang from the head of Jove, though considerably less glacial. I even had the opening sentence all ready framed—to me always the most difficult point of story or essay, except the closing sentence. Nor did this tale appear to be one I had incubated in the past, and which now popped up above the "threshold" from my subconsciousness. It was a brand-new plot, a perfect stranger to me. The phenomenon interested me almost as much as the plot. The tale grew even clearer as I took my bath, and haunted me during supper, so that I was peremptory in my replies to poor Mrs. Pillig and refused to aid Peter that evening with his geography.

"Tomorrow," said I, vaguely, going into my study and locking the door. I worked all that evening, got up at midnight to forage for a glass of milk and a fresh supply of oil for my lamp, and returned to my desk to work till four, when the sun astonished me. The story was done. Instead of going to bed, I went down in the cool of the young morning, when only the birds were astray, and took my bath in Stella's pool. Then I went to the dew-drenched pea vines and began to pick peas.

Here Mike found me, with nearly half a bushel gathered, when he appeared early to pick for market.

"It's the early bird gets the peas," said I.

"It is shurely," he laughed. "You might say you had a telephone call to get up—only these ain't telephones."

"Mike!" I cried, "a pun before breakfast!"

"Shure, I've had me breakfast," said he.

Which reminded me that I hadn't. I went in the house to get it, reading over and correcting my manuscript as I ate. After breakfast I put on respectable clothes, tucked the manuscript in my pocket, and mounted the seat of my farm wagon, beside Mike.

Behind us were almost two bushels of peas and several bunches of tall, juicy, red rhubarb stalks from the old hills we found on the place. Mike had greatly enriched the soil, and grown the plants in barrels.

"Well, I'm a real farmer now," said I.

"Ye are, shurely," Mike replied. "Them's good peas, if they was planted late."

We drove past the golf links and the summer hotel, to the market, where I was already known, I found, and greeted by name as I entered.

"I'll buy anything you'll sell me," said the proprietor, "and be glad to get it. Funny thing about this town, the way folks won't take the trouble to sell what they raise. Most of the big summer estates have their own gardens, of course, but there's nearly a hundred families that don't, and four boarding houses, and the hotels. Why the hotels send to New York for vegetables—if you can beat that! Guess all the farmers with any gumption have gone to the cities."

"Well," said I, "I'm not farming for my health, which has always been good. I've got more than a bushel of peas out there."

"Peas?" cried the market man.

"Why, I have more demands for peas than I can fill. The folks who could sell me peas won't plant 'em 'cause it's too much trouble or expense to provide the brush. I'll give you eight cents a quart for peas today."

"This is too easy," I whispered to Mike, as we went out to get the baskets.

I sold my rhubarb, also, and came away with a little book in which there was entered to my credit \$4.16 for peas and \$1.66 for rhubarb. I put the book proudly in my pocket, for it represented my first earnings from the farm, and, mounting the farm wagon again, told Mike to drive me to the hotel.

As we pulled up before the veranda, the line of old ladies in rockers focused their eyes upon us.

"Shure," whispered Mike, "they look like they was hung out to dry!"

I went up the steps and into the office, where the hotel proprietor snarvelly greeted me, asked after my health, and inquired how my "estate" was getting on.

"You mean my farm," said I.

He smiled politely, but not without a skepticism which annoyed me. I hastened from him, and left my manuscript with the stenographer, who had arrived for the summer.

"I'll call for the copy tomorrow noon," said I. Then I went to the telegraph booth and sent a day letter to Stella.

"Buster sending me to thank you," it read. "Send me Hotel Belmont six tomorrow. Sold over a bushel of peas today. Prepare to celebrate."

"Mike," said I, returning to the cart, "drop me at the golf club. Tell Mrs. Pillig not to expect me to lunch."

It was ten o'clock when we arrived at the entrance to the club. I jumped out and Mike drove on. The professional took my name, and promised to hand it to the proper authorities as a candidate. Then I paid the fee for the day, borrowed some clubs from him, and we set out. I had not touched a club since the winter set in. How good the driver felt in my hand! How sweetly the ball flew from the club (as the golf ball advertisements phrase it), on the first attempt! I sprang down the course in pursuit, elated to see that I had driven even with the pro. Alas! my second shot was not like unto it! His second spun neatly up on the green and came to rest. Mine went off my mangle like a cannonball, and overshot into the road. My third went ten feet. But it was glorious. Why shouldn't a

farmer play golf? Why shouldn't a golfer run a farm? Why shouldn't either write stories? Heavens, what a lot of pleasant things there are to do in the world. I thought to myself, as I finally reached the green and sank my put. Poor Stella, sweltering over a dictionary in New York! Soon she'd be here, too. She should learn to play golf, she should dig flower beds, she should wade in a brook. I flubbed my second drive.

"You're taking your eye off," said the pro.

"I'm taking my mind off," said I. "Give me a stroke a hole from here, for double the price of the round, or quits?"

"You're on," said he.

I stung him, too! I felt so elated that I went back to the hotel for an elaborate luncheon, and returned for eighteen holes more. The feats a man can perform the first day after he has had no sleep are astonishing. The second day it is different. In fact, I be-



"You Mean My Farm," I said.

gan to get groggy about the tenth hole that afternoon, so that the pro got back his losses, as in a burst of bravado I had offered to double the morning bet. He came back with an unholly 68 that afternoon, confounding him! They always do when the bet is big enough, which is really why they are called professionals.

That night I slept ten hours, worked over my manuscripts most of the next morning, packed a load of them in my suitcase, and after an early dinner got Peter to drive me to the train, for his school had now closed.

"Peter," said I at the station, "your job is to take care of your mother, and keep the kindlings split, and drive to market for Mike when he needs you. Also to water the lawn and flower beds with the spray nozzle! If I find you've used the heavy stream, I'll—I'll—I'll sell Buster!"

That amiable creature tried to climb aboard the train with me, and Peter had to haul him off by the tail. My last sight of Bentford was a yellow dog squirming and barking in a small boy's arms.

The train was hot and stuffy. It grew hotter and stuffier as we came out of the mountains into the Connecticut lowlands, and we were all sweetering in the Pullman by the time New York was reached. As I stepped out of the Grand Central station into Forty-second street my ears were assaulted by the unaccustomed din, my nose by the pungent odor of the city streets, my eyes smarted in a dust whirl. But my heart was pounding with joy and expectation as I hurried across the street.

I climbed the broad steps to the lobby of the hotel, and scarcely had my feet reached the top than I saw a familiar figure rise from a chair. I ran toward her, waving off the boy who rushed to grab my bag. A second later her hand was in mine, her eyes upon my eyes.

"It—it was nice of Buster to send you," she said.

"You look so white, so tired," I answered. "Where is all your tan?"

"Melted," she laughed. "Have you business in town? It's awfully hot here, you poor man."

"Yes," said I, "I have business here, very important business. But first some supper and a spree. I've got 'most two bushels of peas to spend!"

We had a gay supper, and then took a cab, left my grip at my college club, where I had long maintained a non-resident membership, and drove thence to Broadway.

"How like Bentford Main street!" I laughed, as we emerged from Forty-fourth street into the blaze of grotesque electric signs, which have a kind of bizarre beauty, none the less.

"Where shall we go?"

"There's a revival of 'Patience' at the Casino," she suggested, "and there are the Ziegfeld Follies—"

"Not the Follies," I answered. "I'm neither a drummer nor a rural Sunday-school superintendent. Gilbert and Sullivan sounds good, and I've never heard 'Patience.'"

We found our places in the Casino just as the curtain was going up, and I saw "Patience" for the first time. I was glad it was for the first time, because she was with me, to share my delight. As incomparable tune after tune floated out to us the absurdest of absurd words, her eyes twinkled into mine, and our shoulders leaned together, and finally, between the seats,

I squeezed her fingers with unrestrained delight.

"Nice Gilbert and Sullivan," she whispered.

"It's a masterpiece; it's a masterpiece!" I whispered back. "It's as perfect in its way as—as your sundial! Oh, I'm so glad you are with me!"

"Is it worth coming 'way to New York for?"

"Under the conditions, around the world for," said I.

She colored rosy, and looked back at the stage.

After the performance she would not let me get a cab. "You're not that many peas on the place," she said. So we walked downtown to her lodgings, through the hot, dusty, half-deserted streets, into the older section of the city below Fourteenth street. I said little, save to answer her volley of eager questions about the farm. At the steps of an ancient house near Washington square she paused.

"Here is where I live," she said. "I've had a lovely evening. Shall I see you again before you go back?"

I smiled, took the latchkey from her hand, opened the door, and stepped behind her, to her evident surprise, into the large, silent, musty-smelling hall. She darted a quick look about, but I ignored it, taking her hand and leading her quickly into the parlor, where, by the faint light from the hall, I could see an array of mid-Victorian plush. The house was silent. Still holding her hand, I drew her to me.

"I am not going back—alone," I whispered. "You are going with me. Stella, I cannot live without you. Twin Fires is crying for its mistress. You are going back, too, away from the heat and dust and the town, into a house where the sweet air wanders, into the pines where the hermit sings and the pool is thirstier for your feet!"

I heard in the stillness a strange sob, and suddenly her head was on my breast and her tears were flowing. My arms closed about her.

Presently she lifted her face, and our lips met. She put up her hands and held my face within them. "So that was what the thrush said, after all," she whispered, with a hint of a happy smile.

"To me, yes," said I. "I didn't dream it was to you. Was it to you?"

"That you'll never know," she answered, "and you'll always be too stupid to guess."

"Stupid! You called me that once before about the painters. Why were you angry about choosing the dining-room paint?"

She grew suddenly wistful. "I'll tell you that," she said. "It was—it was because you let a third person into our little drama of Twin Fires. I—I was a fool, maybe. But I was playing out a kind—a kind of dream of home building. Two can play such a dream, if they don't speak of it. But not three. Then it becomes—it becomes, well, matter-of-fact, and people talk, and the bloom goes, and—you hurt me a little, that's all."

I could not reply for a moment. What man can before the wistful sweetness of a woman's secret moods? I could only kiss her hair. Finally words came. "The dream shall be reality now," I said, "and you and I together will make Twin Fires the loveliest spot in all the hills. Tomorrow we'll buy a stair carpet, and—lots of things—together."

"Still with the pea money?" she gurgled, her gayety coming back. "No, sir; I've some money, too. Not much, but a little to take the place of the wedding presents I've no relatives to give me. I want to help furnish Twin Fires." She laid her fingers on my protesting lips. "I shall, anyway," she added. "We are two lone orphans, you and I, but we have each other, and all that is mine is yours, all—all—all!"

Suddenly she threw her arms about my neck, and I was silent in the mystery of her passion.

(To be continued.)

## CALEDONIA COUNTY.

The Caledonia County fair held at St. Johnsbury last week was not as largely attended this year as usual, owing it is thought to the paralysis scare and the prohibition of children under 16 from entering the grounds.

The W. A. Wright Garage Inc., of St. Johnsbury, has filed articles of incorporation in the office of the secretary of state, with a capital stock of \$10,000. The home office will be in St. Johnsbury, and a branch office in Montpelier. The subscribers are: W. A. Wright, St. Johnsbury; J. B. Manley, Brattleboro; G. W. Caldwell, L. P. Leach and L. J. Harvey, St. Johnsbury.

The Rev. Paul D. Moody, pastor of the South Congregational church of St. Johnsbury, has accepted an appointment by Governor Gates as chaplain of the First Vermont regiment, now at Eagle Pass, Texas, to fill the vacancy caused by the return of President John M. Thomas to Middlebury college. A three-months leave of absence has been granted Dr. Moody from his pastorate here.

## WEST BURKE

Mrs. Mary Smith is visiting in Holland.

Miss Lilla Roundy has returned to her school in Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. Lilla Walter has been spending a few days with friends in Walden.

Miss Ida Farmer of Buffalo, N. Y., visited at Mrs. Spencer's last week.

Mrs. Louise Stoddard has been visiting in Enosburg Falls and Newport.

Miss Celia Spencer returned to her school in Waltham, Mass., Thursday.

Professor and Mrs. Orcutt of Woodsville, N. H., were in town last week.

Claude Roundy is at home from St. Johnsbury on a three weeks' vacation.

The Ladies' Aid society will serve a harvest dinner at the vestry Thursday.

The Woman's club will meet at the home of Mrs. Bell Howland Saturday afternoon.

C. A. Smith has moved to Hardwick, where he has been in business for some time.

Mrs. S. E. Leach and Mrs. W. G. Anger spent Sunday with relatives in Bellows Falls.

Mrs. H. A. Fowler and little daughter of Charleston, N. H., are visiting friends in town.

David King of Newark has rented Mrs. Cahill's tenement and will move there for the winter.

Mrs. Louise Stoddard was called to Cambridge, Mass., Saturday by the death of her sister-in-law.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wellington, who have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. Ellen Densmore, returned to their home in Minneapolis this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Densmore have rented the Adrian Cheney tenement, and Mr. Densmore will assist his brother in the store for a while.

Mrs. D. Q. Woodruff of Centerville and E. Dunklee of Waltham, Mass., were the guests of Mrs. Ida Powers, Mrs. Cynthia Aldrich and Mrs. Emma Way over Sunday.

Arthur Way has four acres of corn which averages a height of ten feet, while many stalks measure twelve, which we believe is a better showing than most farmers in this section can give.

Clifford and Dorothy Cheney of St. Johnsbury were in town with relatives last week, and Mrs. W. E. Cheney was here over Sunday, paying a final visit, before going to Bennington to reside, where Mr. Cheney has a position.

## SHEFFIELD

Mrs. Mabel Player is sick.

The Grange fair has been postponed for a time.

Harlow Eastman has moved into the Woodman house.

Harry Williams sold seven cows last week for \$90 each.

Doris Jones has returned to her music studies in Boston.

Mrs. Horner has gone to St. Johnsbury for a few days' visit.

Eunie Simpson and Bernice Simpson visited in Irasburg Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Bennett was baptised at the M. E. church on Sunday.

Earla Simpson has been entertaining a friend, Mr. Dwinell, for a few days.

Mrs. Heger of Newport has been visiting at Herman Sheldon's the past week.

Mrs. Joe Montminy will have a social at her home Sept. 22, afternoon and evening.

Sumner Eastman and family enjoyed a visit from Mr. Beedle's family of Newport Sunday.

Alice Davis in company with Lydia Brown visited in St. Johnsbury the last of the week.

Etta Blair of New Haven, Conn., has been visiting her sister, Mrs. James McDowell, and her relatives here.

Mrs. Simpson and son of Boston, a former pastor's wife of this place, has been visiting at Oliver Dwyer's and other friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Berry and Alga and Fatima Gilman visited in Irasburg the last of the week in company with John Eggleston.

George Roberts has sold his store business to A. J. Giffin. He is undecided where he will locate at present. All are sorry to have him go but best wishes go with him.

## SUTTON

The Sutton Grange has decided not to have a fair this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Coburn spent Sunday at L. M. Berry's.

Mrs. Lilla Libbey visited her friend, Miss Sadie Blake, recently.

Bert Green and H. J. Bradbury have each bought an automobile.

Miss Maud Sias of East Burke visited relatives in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Chesley spent Sunday at his father's home in Sheffield.

Miss Gladys Masure, who has been at Franconia this summer, has returned home.

Stephen Higgins of Lowell, Mass., was a visitor at Dana LaClair's over Sunday.

Miss Beth Switzer visited her cousin, Mrs. Charlie Newell, in Sheffield last week.

Miss Hester Stiles and Mr. Tappin of North Woodstock, N. H., visited at C. E. Coburn's one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Heath and Adolphus Goeoe from Barre were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Aldrich, last week.

## SUTTON NORTH RIDGE.

Miss Charlotte McFarlin is visiting in East Burke.

Mrs. Mattie Sias has been visiting friends on the Ridge.

Mrs. Grant has been entertaining guests from Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Ash and daughters of Lyndon have been visiting his sister, Mrs. George McFarlin.

Ernest Buck has returned from Cambridge where he has been employed for several months.

The service at the schoolhouse Sunday was well attended and Rev. Upton gave an interesting talk on "Shirking Responsibility."

Tuesday evening of last week about 40 friends gathered at the home of E. E. Grant to celebrate the 14th anniversary of their marriage.

Miss Louise Fairbanks returned Saturday from Barre, where she had been helping her sister, who has just opened a millinery store there.

# Did your Mainspring Break?

This sort of weather is a very strenuous test on watch springs. Being made of the finest quality Swiss Steel, they are very sensitive to changes of temperature.

Extreme heat or cold often causes them to snap. They are more sensitive to electrical storms than any other kind of springs.

We have many different kinds and sizes of watch springs of finest quality, just the kind of a spring you would have put in your watch if you sent it to the factory for repair. We guarantee it for one year.

## C. L. & E. L. HUTCHINS

Near Passenger Station,

BARTON, VT.

# About this Time

we are reminded that it is time to get ready for cold weather.

Time to look up the stove question, if it's a new one, call in and see what we can do for you; if the old one needs repairs it is time to have them ordered.

Lots of repairing to do in the Fall, we can supply you with Window Glass, Nails, Hinges, Barn Door Rollers, etc.

# H. T. SEAVER

The HARDWARE MAN

Barton,

Vermont

# A Woman's Problem

How to Feel Well During Middle Life Told by Three Women Who Learned from Experience.

The Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Read these letters:—



Philadelphia, Pa.—"I started the Change of Life five years ago. I always had a headache and backache with bearing down pains and I would have heat flashes very bad at times with dizzy spells and nervous feelings. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel like a new person and am in better health and no more troubled with the aches and pains I had before I took your wonderful remedy. I recommend it to my friends for I cannot praise it enough."—MRS. MARGARET GRASSMAN, 759 N. Ringgold St., Philadelphia, Pa.

