

# The Idyl of Twin Fires

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

small luck, and the Papaver Orientalis, with which we had no luck at all. Not a seed came up, and not a seed ever has come up in our soil. We have had to beg plants from other people. Even as the gardener predicted, the tender little larkspur plants mysteriously died. We ringed them with stiff paper, we surrounded them with coal ashes, we even sprayed them with bordeaux and arsenate of lead. But they still were devoured at the roots or the tops, or mysteriously gave up the ghost with no apparent cause. We started with two hundred, and when autumn came we had just thirty left.

"Still," said Stella, cheerfully, "thirty will make quite a brave show."

"If they survive the winter," said I, gloomily. "I've not the patience to be a gardener."

"It is a good deal like reform," Stella replied. As the busy autumn days came upon us, Twin Fires took on a new aspect, and one to us greenhorns indescribably thrilling. In the first place, our field of corn rustled perpetually as we walked past it, and down in the greenish-golden lanes beneath we could see the orange gleam of pumpkins (I shall so spell the word lest it be mispronounced by the ignorant). Great ears of the Stowell's evergreen were ripe, for Mike's prediction about the early frost had not come true, and we ate the succulent food clean to the cob every day at dinner, besides selling many dozens of ears to the market. In the long light of afternoon, Stella loved to go along the path by the hayfield wall and then turn in amid the corn, losing sight at once of all the universe and wandering in a new world of rustling leaves. She felt, she said, just as Alice must have felt after she had eaten the cake; and once a rabbit bounded across her foot, to her unspeakable delight. She looked to see if he had dropped his gloves!

Then there was the potato field. We were eating our own new potatoes now. Often Stella dug them. "It seems so funny to go and dig up a potato," she declared. "I've always felt that potatoes just were. But to see the whole process of growth is quite another matter. Oh, John, it makes them so much nicer!"

"Especially when you are getting seventy-five cents a bushel for them," I laughed. The loaded tomato vines, too, with the red fruit hanging out from the wire frames and sending a pungent odor into the surrounding air, appealed to Stella endlessly. I used to see her now and then, as I glanced from the south room of a morning, eating a raw tomato like an apple, her head bent forward so that the juice would not spoil her dress.

And there were the apples! Already a red astrachan tree invited us on every trip to the brook, and other old trees were bearing fast-reddening fruit. I had wanted to set out more orchard, but we agreed that we could not afford it that year, if we were to build chicken houses against the spring, so I reluctantly gave up the idea. But our old trees, in spite of (or perhaps because of) my spring pruning, were doing fairly well. We had enough for baked apples and cream all winter, anyhow, Stella reckoned, smacking her lips at the thought.

Every day, on our way to the pool, one or the other of us took a hoe along and scraped a tree for five minutes, gradually getting the old bark off, and making a final preparation for a thorough spraying the next winter just so much easier. I used to prune a bit, too, in spare moments, so that by the end of the summer considerable renovation had been accomplished.

And now came the foxglove transplanting. According to the gardener's directions, we took two long rows where the early peas had stood (and where Mike had disobeyed my instructions to spade the vines under, that being a form of green manuring your old-time gardener will not see the value of, I have discovered), trenched them, put in manure and soil, and set out at least three hundred foxglove plants six inches apart. It was a cool, cloudy day, and they stood up as though nothing had happened. Then, as an experiment, we moved scores of tiny hollyhocks from the crowded seed-beds into their permanent position as a screen between the south kitchen windows and the sundial lawn, and as a border on the west side of the same lawn. They, too, were quite unaffected by the change.

Meanwhile, we ordered our bulbs—hyacinths, daffodils (which in our climate refuse to take the winds of March with beauty, cowardly waiting till May), a few crocuses, Narcissus poeticus, Empress narcissus, German iris, Japanese iris and Darwin tulips. We ordered the iris and tulips in named varieties.

"They have such nice names," said Stella, "especially the Japanese iris—Kimi-no-negumi, Shirataki, Momochiguma! The tulips are nice, too. Here is Ariadne and Kate Greenaway hobnobbing with Professor Rauwenhoff! What's the use of having plants that aren't named? We must show them as much respect as Antony and Cleopatra, or Epictetus and Luella!"

We also experimented with lilies—lemon lilies for the shady north side of the house, tigers for the border beyond the pool, and two or three of the expensive Myriophyllums, just to show that we, too, could go in for the exotic, like our neighbors on the big estates. When the bulbs came, in October, we looked at the boxes sadly.

"Whew!" said Stella, "you can't be lazy and have a garden, can you?"

"I don't work tomorrow, I guess."

said I. "Shall we ask Mike's Joe to help us?"

"Never!" said my wife. "We'll put these bulbs in ourselves. If I had any help, I should feel like the Eckstroms, which God forbid!"

So the next day at seven-thirty we began. We ringed the pool with German and Japanese iris, alternated for succession, and planted a few Japanese both below and above the pool, close to the brook. We set the Narcissus poeticus bulbs where, if they grew, the flowers could look at themselves in the mirror below the dam. The Empress narcissus we placed on both sides of the pool just beyond the iris. On each side of the bench we placed a bulb of our precious Myriophyllums, and put the tigers into the borders close to the shrubbery on both sides. The hyacinths went into the sundial beds, the Darwins into the beds at the base of the rose aqueduct, a few crocuses into the sundial lawn, and the daffodils here and there all over the place, where the fancy struck us and the ground invited.

"Now, I'm going to label everything, and put it on a map besides," cried Stella, "except the daffodils. I want to forget where they are. I want surprises in the spring. Oh, John, do you suppose they'll come up?"

"Yes, I suppose they will," I laughed, "some of them. But do you suppose we'll ever get the kinks out of our backs?"

"I'm willing to go doubled up all the rest of my life for a garden of daffodils all my own," she cried. And then my heart with pleasure thrills And dances with the daffodils— "It was very thoughtful of old Wordsworth, and the Shakespear, and Maseloff, and all the rest to write nice things about daffodils, wasn't it, John? I wonder if gardens would be so wonderful if it weren't for all their literary suggestions, and the lovely things they remind you of? Gardens have so much atmosphere! Oh, spring, spring, hurry and come!"

I forgot my lame back in her enthusiasm, and later, when the apples were gathered, the potatoes dug, the beets and carrots in the root cellar, our own sweet cider foamed in a glass pitcher on our table, and the first snow spits of December whistled across the fields, we put a little long manure over the irises and other bulbs, and pine boughs over the remaining perennials, and wrapped the ramblers in straw, with almost as much laughing tenderness as you would put a child to bed.

The cows were back in the stable, and Mike had revised his opinion of cork-asphalt floors when he realized work. We lived a busy life, with not an hour in the day idle, and few hours in the evening. We lived so full a life, indeed, that it was only by preserving an absolute routine for my own bread-winning labors, from 9 a. m. till one, that I was able to resist the siren call of farm and garden, and get my daily stint accomplished.

The preceding summer I had made about two hundred dollars out of my produce, which in my first naive enthusiasm pleased me greatly. But it was surely a poor return on my investment, reckoned merely in dollars and cents, and the second season showed a different result. Having two cows and a small family, I managed to dispose of my surplus milk and cream to a farmer who ran a milk route. This brought me in \$73 a year. As I further saved at least \$100 by not having to buy milk, and \$60 by Peter's efforts at the churn, and could reckon a further profit from manure and calves, my cows were worth between three hundred and four hundred dollars a year to me. Now that we had hens and chickens, we could reckon on another \$100 saved in egg and poultry bills. To this total I was able to add at the end of the summer more than five hundred dollars received from the sale of fruit and vegetables, not only to the market but to the hotels. I was the only person in Benford who had cultivated raspberries for sale, for instance, and the fact that I could deliver them absolutely fresh to the hotels was appreciated in so delicate a fruit. Stella and Peter were the pickers. I also supplied the alms with peas, cauliflowers and tomatoes, the ease of cleaning with a hose; the potatoes and apples and onions and beets and carrots for our family use were stored in barrels and bins in the cellar, or spread on shelves, or buried in sand. The vegetable garden was newly plowed, and manure spread on the hayfield. Antony and Cleopatra had been captured and brought into the dining room, where they were to spend the winter in a glass bowl. Epictetus and Luella and Gladys and Gaynor had all burrowed out of sight into the ground. The pageant of autumn on our hills was over, only an amethyst haze succeeding at sunset time. Wood fires sparkled in our twin hearths. The summer residents had departed. Our first Thanksgiving turkey had been eaten, though a great stone crock of Mrs. Pillig's incomparable mincemeat still yielded up its treasures for ambrosial pies.

"And now," said Stella, "I'm going to find out at last what a country winter is like!"

"And your friends are pitying you down in town," said I. "Don't you want to go back to them till spring?"

Stella looked at the iris, she looked out over the bare garden and the plowed fields to the dun hillsides, she listened a moment to the whistle of the bleak December wind, she looked at me. In her eyes I read her answer.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

Horas Non Numero Nisi Serenas. But this story is, after all, an idyl, and the idyl is drawing to its close. Even as the Old Three Decker carried tired people to the Islands of the Blest,

my little tale can only end with "and they lived happy ever after."

That second summer at Twin Fires, of course, showed us many things they to be done. Neither Rome nor the humblest garden was ever built in a day. Our ramblers did their duty well, but the grape arbor and the pergola would not be covered properly in a season. There were holes in the flower beds to be filled by annuals, and mistakes made in succession, so that July found us with many patches destitute of any bloom. Out in the vegetable area there were first cutworms and then drought and potato blight to be contended with. In our ignorance we neglected to watch the hollyhocks for red rust till suddenly whole plants began to die, and we had to spray madly with bordeaux and pull off a great heap of infected leaves, to save any blooms at all. There were clearings to be made in the pines for ferny spots, and constant work to be done about the pool to keep the wild bushes from coming back. There were chickens to be looked after now, also, and new responsibilities in the village for both of us. We had neither attempted nor desired to avoid our full share of civic toes. Thus the farm was actually paying me in cash or saving at least a thousand dollars a year—indeed, much more, since we had no fruit nor vegetable bills the year through, Mrs. Pillig being an artist in preserving what would not keep in the cellar. But we will call it a thousand dollars, and let the rest go as interest on the investment represented by seeds and implements. To offset this, I paid Mike \$600 a year, and employed his son Joe at \$1.75 a day for twenty weeks. This left me a profit of about two hundred dollars on my first full season at Twin Fires, which paid my taxes and bought my coal. Out of my salary, then, came no rent, no bills for butter, eggs, milk, poultry nor vegetables. I had to pay Mrs. Pillig her \$20 a month therefrom. I had to pay the upkeep of the place, and grocery and meat bills (the latter being comparatively small in summer). But with the great item of rent eliminated, and my farm help paying for itself, it was astonishing to me to contemplate what a beautiful, comfortable home we were able to afford on an income which in New York would keep us in an upper West side apartment. We had thirty acres of beautiful land, we had a brook, a pine grove, an orchard, a not too formal garden, a lovely house, in which we were slowly assembling mahogany furniture which fitted it. We had summer society as sophisticated as we cared to mix with, and winter society to which we could give gladly of our own stores of knowledge or enthusiasm and find joy in the giving. We had health as never before, and air and sunshine and a world of beauty all about us to the far, blue wall of hills.

Above all, we had the perpetual incentive of gardening to keep our eyes toward the future. A true garden, like a life well lived, is forever becoming, forever in process, forever leading on toward new goals. Life, indeed, goes hand in hand with your garden, and never a fair thought but you write it in flowers, never a beautiful picture but you paint it if you can, and with the striving learn patience, and with the half accomplishment the "divine unrest."

HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS

reads the ancient motto on our dial plate, and as I look back on the years of Twin Fires' genesis, or forward into the future, the hours that are not sunny are indeed not marked for me. I am writing now at a table beneath the pergola. The floor is of brick, laid (somewhat irregularly) by Stella and me, for we still are poor, as the Eckstroms would reckon poverty, and none of what Mrs. Deland has called "the grim inhibitions of wealth" prevents us from doing whatever we can with our own hands, and finding therein a double satisfaction. Over my head rustle the thick vines—a wistaria among them, which may or may not survive another winter.

It is June again. I know that a path now wanders up the brook almost to the road, amid the wild tangle, and ends suddenly in the most unexpected nook beneath a willow tree, where irises fringe a second tiny pool. I know that the path still wanders the other way into the pines—pines larger now and more murmurous of the sea—past beds of ferns and a lone cardinal flower that will bloom in a shaft of sunlight. Somewhere down that path my wife is wandering, and she is not alone. A little form (at least she says it has form!) sleeps beside her, while she sits, perhaps, with a book, or more likely with sewing in her busy fingers, or more likely still with hands that stray toward the sleeping child and ears that listen to the seashell murmur of the pines whispering secrets of the future. Is he to be a Napoleon or a Pasteur? No less a genius, surely, the prophetic pines whisper to the listening mother!

My own pen halts in its progress and the ink dries on the point. And hark, from the pines a tiny cry! Can he want his father?

THE END.

He Saved Time. An English weaver who had spent two or three years in America was paying a visit to the old mill to see some of his former workmates. One of them said to him: "I hear it's all hustle and bustle in America. In fact, you haven't time to eat."

"Hustle and bustle," said the visitor. "Why, when I left here I spent my name 'Merrill,' but now I spell it 'Merrell!'"

"How's that?" asked his friend. "Because," replied the Americanized one, "I haven't time to dot the 't's'—Exchange."

## COVENTRY

H. J. Frasier is ill with asthma. Miss Mabel Ware has returned from Berlin, N. H. Carl Noyes has returned to his work in Sherbrooke. Ralph Kelley has moved his family to Brownington. Mrs. Leonora Ware is visiting friends in St. Johnsbury. Ralph West is moving his family to New Hampshire. The Needle-book club met with Mrs. H. W. Wilder, today. George Lawson is attending the agricultural school in Lyndon. Mr. Hauver of West Derby has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Lemuel Lathe. Mrs. Leon Litchfield and children have returned to their home in Middlebury. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thayer have gone to housekeeping in L. J. Elliot's house. Miss Marion Hamilton of Newport spent the week-end at H. C. Cleveland's. New millinery will be on exhibition in A. D. Thurber's store the last of this week. Miss Muriel Wells is working in Dr. Hamilton's office while Miss Ila Tenney takes her vacation. Mrs. Laura Brooks is moving into the Wheeler house at Orleans. We are sorry to have Mrs. Brooks move away. L. A. Smith and family have been visiting their daughter, Effie, in Woodstock, N. H., making the trip in their auto.

Little Alton and Arland Noyes have come to make the home with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Ware. Monday evening in the M. E. church Rev. W. J. Atkinson of Derry, N. H., gave an interesting talk on Sunday school work. Miss Muriel Day of Rochester, N. Y., gave a very interesting talk on home mission work in the M. E. church Sunday evening. The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will have a chicken pie supper on Friday evening in the vestry of the Congregational church. A program will also be given.

Nothing daunted by the vote taken in March the ladies of the W. C. T. U. have been energetically pursuing their work during the summer months and are determined to uphold the good name of Orleans county. Indeed they have much to encourage them for 'tis rumored that even the chickens are to co-operate by entering the temperance work through the chicken-pie supper route Friday evening in the vestry of the Congregational church. Following the annual chicken-pie supper a program will be given consisting of musical selections and an address by the Rev. O. J. Anderson of Derry. With part of the proceeds the ladies are planning to place the "Crusader" in every home where there are children. A good attendance and a pleasant time is expected.

The Coventry Lecture Course committee having completed their first canvass of the town report that already over 100 course tickets have been sold. The committee request that those who plan to secure course tickets should do so at once. All ticket holders are expected to be on hand at the town hall Thursday, Oct. 5th at 8:30 p. m., to choose their seats for the course, personally or by proxy. The first entertainment of the lecture course will be given in the town hall Tuesday, Oct. 10th by the Venetian Trio. Frank Bradbury of the Trio has been known since a lad as "the Boy Wonder" and has pleased a large audience with his wonderful ability as a musician and impersonator. The other members of the Trio are Miss Margaret Elgee and Miss Helen Andrews, both talented musicians and are sure to please any audience by their clever monologues, stories and humorous sketches.

Although she had been critically ill for more than a week, the whole community was shocked and saddened to learn of the death of Mrs. Gladys Noyes Sunday evening, Sept. 24, in the hospital at Sherbrooke. Mrs. Noyes was born in this town twenty-three years ago last March and was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Ware. She was united in marriage to Carl C. Noyes five years ago, Sept. 20th. They lived on the Noyes farm in the eastern part of the town for some time, but over two years ago moved to Sherbrooke where they have since resided. Gladys was quiet and unassuming in her ways, an affectionate daughter, wife and mother, and was beloved by all who knew her. Much sympathy is felt for the parents and husband in their deep sorrow. Three little boys are left motherless, Alton, Arland and a babe two weeks old. The funeral was held in the M. E. church Wednesday afternoon, Rev. L. E. Taylor officiating, assisted by Rev. C. C. Clair. By request Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Thurber sang a duet, "Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break." The bearers were Frank and Ira Day, Will Thurber and Walter Cleveland. Among those from out of town to attend the funeral were, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Shepard of Albany, Mrs. George Wright of St. Johnsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Herrick of Newport Center, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Cleveland of Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur True, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Hancock, Mrs. C. F. Putney and daughter, Mrs. Vera Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Richard of Newport, Mrs. L. G. Green of Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes and an aunt of St. Albans, Mrs. Hanson and son, Mr. West Derby, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Dow, Mrs. Josie Woods and Mrs. Rosier of Newport. The church was filled to overflowing and the abundance of flowers testified to the love and esteem of all for the deceased. Flowers were sent from the following: Wreath, Mrs. E. D. Thurber of Sherbrooke; pillow from the Sherbrooke boys; Broken Circle, Carl Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Ware; Crescent, M. E. Sunday school; spray of Easter lilies, Needle-book club; basket of flowers, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hancock; basket of flowers, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Thurber and Mrs. and Mrs. W. R. Thurber; bouquet, Mrs. E. I. Bryant; and a host of other friends contributed flowers.

Card of Thanks—We wish to thank all our relatives, friends and neighbors both in and out of town, for the help, kindness and sympathy shown us during the illness, death and burial of our beloved wife, and daughter. May the

## Heavenly Father richly reward you.

Carl C. Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Ware. (Intended for last week) A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Rush Patrick Friday. Roy Shippee and Albert Wilder are attending school in Orleans. W. E. Cleveland has returned from his visit in Springfield, Mass. Vester Cleveland is entertaining his mother, Mrs. Cleveland, of Coaticook. Mrs. Clara Branch and son from St. Johnsbury spent the week-end at H. C. Cleveland's. J. G. Gorham and family have moved to Barton. We are very sorry to lose them from our community. Rev. E. B. Harris and Mrs. A. M. Best of Holland visited old friends in town last week. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Clark of Lowell, Mass., have been visiting their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hancock. Israel Trudeau is putting a new cement foundation under his house. Henry Smith of Newport is doing the work.

Miss Mildred Greenwood of Hardwick was a week-end guest at the home of her aunt, Mrs. H. C. Cleveland. Miss Greenwood expects to go to Cuba as governess in a Cuban family. G. E. Thurber, who has been spending a few days visiting his mother and brothers, was called to his home in Boston Monday evening by the illness of his little daughter. Harry Thayer and Lottie Elliot were married Sept. 19 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Elliott, Rev. C. C. Clair officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Thayer are popular young people and their friends extend congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Ware returned Monday from Sherbrooke, where they were called by the illness and death of their daughter, Mrs. Carl C. Noyes. Their son-in-law, Carl Noyes, accompanied them. The family have the deepest sympathy of the whole community in their great sorrow. Friday evening the pupils of the grammar school were entertained by their teacher, Miss Douglass, at J. J. Labelle's. A corn roast, a marshmallow toast and games were in order. A huge bonfire which had been built was touched off at 7:30 and served its purpose, despite the threatenings of the weatherman, and a good time was enjoyed by all.

### Stamped Articles

I have a large variety of designs stamped on best quality of Irish Linen, Needleweave and Nainsook. I will give free lessons on all work bought at my store.

**MISS COLBURNE**  
The Gift Shop  
Barton, Vermont

### Let Us Fix You Up For the Hunting Season

See our big stock of Shot Guns, Rifles; Revolvers, Ammunition, Gun Covers, Cartridge Belts, Knives, Axes, Compasses, Gun Oil, Whistles, Cleaning Rods, etc.

Let us show you our new Lantern, the best yet, it costs a dollar and is worth it.

## H. T. SEAVER

The HARDWARE MAN  
Barton, Vermont

WHERE Economy plus Style is Found

# GILMAN'S

WHERE Fashion Reigns Supreme

### The Favored New Fall Coats and Suits

Every express each day brings new additions to our already large line of Wearing Apparel. Coats and suits in the smartest styles of the heavy warm materials, the new rich colorings, with and without fur trimmings and finely tailored upon correct lines. The new Bolivia Cloth, the stylish Broadcloth, elegant Wool Velours, the attractive Plush and the Motor Mixtures all combined to make a rare collection of wearables at wonderfully low prices. **\$15.00 to \$75.00**

These must be seen and tried on before a mirror to reflect the surprising values.

### Dress Goods and Silks

The line of Wool Dress Goods includes the season's best offerings, the subdued Stripes, the closely blended Plaids, the best mixtures and wide range of plain colors. Coatings in liberal supply of styles and prices. Fancy Silks in stripes and plaids. Satins in shades suitable for street, afternoon or evening wear, Chiffons, Crepe de Chine, Georgettes in combinations suitable for over-drapes or waists. Velvets, Corduroys and all Pile Fabrics are shown in great favor as the season advances. This department offers some splendid values and a choice range of colors and styles from which to choose.

### Waists

By comments heard we are convinced that our line of waists is larger and superior in style, quality and price to any in this section. New "Fern Seal Pac" Muslins, Fancy Silks, Georgette Crepes, Crepe de Chine in black, white and flesh, varied styles, all sizes. **Prices \$1.00 to \$10.00**

### Fall Hosiery and Underwear

Practically all our early orders for hosiery and underwear have been delivered and we are ready to supply your many requirements. The line is very comprehensive and we will not speak of it in detail but feel sure we have the styles you may want. Call and see.

### Millinery Department

The busiest place in the store. The summer hats are being called in and every one is in a rush for a new fall style. We are prepared for this rush and can show you the latest models in Felts, Velours and Plushes and can execute your orders with promptness. Millinery show-room on second floor.

### Basement Specials for Friday and Saturday

19 Suits carried over from last year, good sizes and colors. Easily made over to smaller sizes or misses. Former value \$15 to \$22.50.	To close \$3.95
17 Coats Ladies' and Misses', sizes from last year's stock, assorted styles and color, former values \$12 to \$25.	To close \$3.95
13 Coats Ladies' and Misses', best sizes, good warm garments but not the very latest styles. Former value \$12.50 to \$25.	To close \$5.95
5 doz. stripe cotton Petticoats, a good value for 50 cts.	To close 25c each
1 lot fancy Glassware and Crockery, former price 10 to 25 cts.	To close 7c each
1 lot kitchen Tinware, many different articles, values up to 25 cts.	To close 9c

1 lot House Dresses, Gingham and Percalés, varied sizes and styles, were \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50. **To close 59c, 69c, 98c, \$1.39**

3 doz. Blue Check Gingham Aprons, worth 29c. **Special at 19c**

Souvenir Dishes, large variety, prices were 15 to 25 cts. **2 lots to close 5 and 9c**

Castile Soap, long bar, 10c size **To close 5c**

Many other Specials not mentioned but of equal value will be displayed in Basement for Friday and Saturday.

## The Gilman Store

NEWPORT, VERMONT