

Hepsey Burke

A Sister to David Harum

By F. N. Westcott

Chapter 1—The Reverend Donald Maxwell, a city bred chap, 25 years old, handsome and well built, accepts his first charge. He arrives in the village of Durford, located in a mountainous region. The village of Durford is decadent, and while the young minister waits at the miserable little station for the bus which will take him to the village, he muses of the city and a girl he has left. He is finally met by Hepsey Burke, a remarkably large woman, whose hair is tinged with grey, and whose eyes twinkle with subtle humor. She is accompanied by her 14 year old son Nicholas and the junior warden of the church, Jonathan Jackson Hepsey Burke during the long drive to the village tells Rev. Maxwell that the parish has had a variety of parsons during the last six months, and warns him to use all his tact in dealing with the senior warden, Bascom, who is accustomed to running things in the parish. The party arrives at Hepsey Burke's home, which she announces she has named Thunder Cliff.

Chapter 2—While Maxwell is engaged in unpacking his trunks that afternoon he is visited in his chamber by Henry Burke, who gossips in a friendly way, telling him of his predecessor, a Rev. Whitmore, who, because he wore a cocked under his surplice was accused by the congregation of going without pants. Rev. Whitmore was also accused of practicing celibacy by Virginia Bascom, the daughter of the senior warden, who afterward admitted she did not know what celibacy was.

"Once Virginia got to climbin' her family tree, to find out where her ancestors came from. She thought that possibly they might be noblemen. But I guess there wasn't very much doin' up the tree until she got down to New York, and paid a man to tell her. She brought back an illuminated coat of arms with a lion rampant on top; but she was the same old Virginia still. What do I care about my ancestors? It doesn't make no difference to me. I'm just myself anyway, no matter how you figure; and I'm a lot more worried about where I'm goin' to, than where I came from. Virginia's got a book called 'Who's Who', that she's always studying. But the only thing that matters, it seems to me, is Who's What."

"I wonder she hasn't married," remarked Donald innocently.

"Ah, that's the trouble. She's like a thousand others without no special occupation in life. She's wastin' a lot of bottled up interest and sympathy on foolish things. If she'd married and had seven babies, they would have seen to it that she didn't make a fool of herself. However, it isn't her fault. She's volunteered to act as Deaconess to every unmarried parson we've had; and it's a miracle of wonders one of 'em didn't succumb; parsons are such—oh, do excuse me! I mean so injudicious on the subject of matrimony."

"But, Mrs. Burke, don't you think a clergyman ought to be a married man?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I ain't me that's been doin' the thinkin' along those lines, for most of the parsons we've had. I've been more of a first aid to the injured, in the matrimonial troubles of our parish, and the Lord only knows when love-making has got as far as actual injury to the parties engaged—well thinkin' ain't much use. But there's Ginity for example. She's been worryin' herself thin for the last five years, doin' matrimonial equations for the clergy. She's a firm believer in the virtue of patience, and if the Lord only keeps on sendin' us unmarried rectors, Ginity is goin' to have her day. It's just naturally bound to come. I ain't sure whether she's got a right to be still runnin' with the lambs or not, but that don't matter much—old maids will rush in where angels fear to tread."

Maxwell smiled. "Old maids and old bachelors, are pretty much alike. I know a few of the latter, that no woman on earth could make into regular human beings."

"Oh, yes; old bachelors aren't the nicest thing the Lord ever made. Most of 'em are mighty selfish critters, take 'em as they run; and a man that's never had a real great love in his life doesn't know what life is."

"That's quite true," Donald responded, with such warmth that Mrs. Burke glanced at him suspiciously, and changed her tune, as she continued: "Seems to me, a parson, or any other man, is very foolish to marry before he can support a wife comfortably and lay by something for a rainy day, though. The last rector had five babies and seventeen cents to feed 'em with. Yes, there were little olive branches on all four sides of the table, and under the table too. The Whitmores seemed to have their quiver full of 'em, as the psalmist says. Mrs. Whitmore used to say to me, 'The Lord will provide.'—just to keep her courage up, poor thing! Well, I suppose the Lord did provide; but I had to do a lot of bustlin', just the same. No, sir, if a parson marries, he better find a woman who has outgrown her short skirts. Young things

doin' to be martyrs with a good lookin' young parson, are a drug in the market. Better go slow." And Hepsey looked up at him significantly.

"Then you think it would be inadvisable to propose to Miss Virginia immediately, do you?" Donald asked, as if humbly seeking guidance.

"Well, there doesn't seem to be any immediate hurry about it. Now if you'll open the gate to Thunder Cliff, I'll be much obliged to you. If I don't get my mind on something less romantic than Virginia, we shall have to dine off airy fancies—and that won't suit Nickey, for one."

CHAPTER IV Milking

Betty, my love:
I can imagine that just about this time you have finished your dinner, and are enjoying your after-dinner coffee in the library with your father. I would give all that I possess, though heaven knows that is mighty little, to be with you and get you to talk to me and let me tell you all that has happened since I left you. But instead of that I am alone in my room with your picture on the table while I write, and it is the middle of the evening with us on the farm. I have a bright wood fire on the hearth, as it's a bit chilly tonight.

Today I have almost completed my first round of parish visits, and the experience has been a revelation to me of the mixture of pathetic narrowness, hardship, and self-denial of the people up here in the mountains. One minute I am all out of patience with their stupidity, and the next I am touched to the heart by their patience with unendurable conditions, and their generosity and kindness to each other. I hope to be able to adjust my mental equilibrium to the situation before long and to learn and understand them better: I find that a country parson must be a man of many accomplishments, and that I have to learn my profession all over again. Yesterday I called on a poor shriveled old woman who, I was told, was in trouble. When I asked her what I could do for her, she brightened up and informed me that her apple tree were full of worms! So there was nothing for it but to take off my coat and vest, roll up my sleeves, and burn out the worms. I must have destroyed about a bushel, more or less. It took most of the afternoon; but she was pleased, and appeared in church this morning for the first time in six years.

I have learned a lot about the rotation of crops, helped to dig a well, and attended a barn dance. I have eaten pickles by the score at teas given in my honor, rather than offend the hostess; and have had horrible nights in consequence. Every morning Nickey and I take the milk down to the creamery before breakfast. I am so tanned that you would hardly recognize me; and I must confess with shame that I am never more happy than when I am able to put on my soiled working clothes and do manual labor on the farm. I suppose it is the contrast to my former life, and the fact that it takes my thoughts away from the longing for you.

The men up here seem to think I know mighty little. It's very humiliating! But since they discovered that I am neither "ristocratic" nor "pious" they seem to be friendly enough. I often find myself wondering if much in the seminary wasn't a sheer waste of time, when I am brought up against the practical, commonplace, every-day life of these people. My friend Mrs. Burke has a fund of common sense and worldly wisdom which is worth more than any Ph.D. or S.T.D. represents, to help a man to meet the hard facts of life successfully; and she has been very nice and considerate in making suggestions to me—always wrapped up in humor all her own. I have found it practically impossible to get into touch with the farmers of the neighborhood without becoming more or less of a farmer myself, and learning by actual experience what the life is like. One man was so openly supercilious when he found out that I did not know how to milk, that Mrs. Burke, who is nothing if not practical, offered to show me.

I have acquired a suit of overalls, and a wide brimmed straw hat, and so attiring myself in the most orthodox fashion, Mrs. Burke and I went to the shed yesterday where Louise, the Jersey cow, abides, and I took my first lesson in milking. Mrs. Burke carefully explained to me the modus operandi I was to pursue; and so, taking the tin pail between my knees, I seated myself on the three legged stool by the side of Louise, and timidly began operations. She seemed to know by some bovine instinct that I was a tenderfoot; and although I followed Mrs. Burke's instructions to the letter, no milk put in its appearance. Mrs. Burke was highly amused at my perplexity. Finally she remarked:

"You've got to introduce yourself, and get Louise's confidence before she'll give down. She thinks that you are too familiar on a short acquaint-

ance. Now talk to her a bit and be friendly."

This was somewhat of a poser, as Louise and I really have not much in common, and I was at a loss where to begin. But something had to be done, and so I made a venture and remarked:

"Louise the wind is in the south; and if it doesn't change we shall certainly have rain within three days." This did not seem to have the desired effect. In fact she ignored my remark in the most contemptuous fashion. Then Mrs. Burke suggested:

"Get up and come around where she can see you. No lady wants to be talked to by a gentleman that's out of sight."

So I got up and went around by her head, fed her some clover, patted her on the neck, rubbed her nose and began a little mild, persuasive appeal:

"Louise, I am really a man of irrefragable character. I am a son of the Revolution; I held three scholarships in Harvard; and I graduated second in my class at the General Sem. Furthermore, I'm not at all accustomed to being snubbed by ladies. Can't you make up your mind to be obliging?"

Louise sniffed at me inquiringly, gazing at me with large eyed curiosity. Then as if in token that she had come to a favorable conclusion, she ran out her tongue and licked my hand. When I resumed operations, the milk poured into the pail, and Mrs. Burke was just congratulating me on my complete success, when, by some accident the stool slipped, and I fell over backwards, and the whole contents of the pail was poured on the ground. My! but wasn't I disgusted? I thought Mrs. Burke would never stop laughing at me but she was good enough not to allude to the loss of the milk!

Some day when we are married and you come up here, I will take you out and introduce you to Louise, and she will fall in love with you on the spot.

My most difficult task is my Senior Warden—and it looks as if he would not make friends, do what I will to "qualify" according to his own expressed notions of what a country parson should be. But I rather suspect that he likes to keep the scepter in his own hands, while the clergy do his bidding. But that won't do for me.

So you see the life up here is interesting from its very novelty, though I do get horribly lonesome, sometimes. If I had not pledged myself to the Bishop to stay and work the parish together into something like an organization, I am afraid I should be tempted to cut and run—back to you, sweetheart.

And there was a post script: "I've not said half enough of how much Mrs. Burke's wisdom has taught and helped me. She is a shrewd observer of human motives, and I expect she has had a struggle to keep the sweetness of her nature at the top. She is, naturally, a capable, dominating character; and often I watch how she forces herself to let persuasiveness take precedence of combatsiveness. Her acquired philosophy as applied to herself and others, is summed up in a saying she let drop the other day, modified to suit her needs: 'More flies are caught with molasses than with vinegar—but keep some vinegar by you!' Verb. Sap!"

(To be continued.)

Upon the Threshold.

Once more we stand with half-reluctant feet
Upon the threshold of another year;
That line where past and present seem to meet
In stronger contrast than they do elsewhere.

Look back a moment—does the prospect please,
Or does the weary heart but sigh
regret?

Can Recollection smile, or ill at ease
With what is past, wish only to forget?

Say—canst thou smile when memory's
lingering gaze
Once more recalls the dying year
to sight?
Wouldst thou live o'er again those
changing days,
Or bid them fade forever into night?

A solemn question—and the faltering
heart
Scarce dares say "Yes," yet will not
quite say "No";
For joy and sadness both have played
their part
In making up the tale of "long ago."

Here Memory sees the golden sunlight
gleam
Across the path of life and shine
awhile;
And now the picture changes like a
dream,
And sorrow dims the eyes and kills
the smile.

So—it has gone—where all has gone
The moaning wind has sung the
dead year's dirge;
Time's waves roll on against the
rumbling shore,
And sink the worn-out bark beneath
the surge.

Here ends the checkered page of
prose and verse—
Of shapely words and lines writ all
awry.

There they must stand for better or
for worse;
So shut the book, and bid the year
good-bye!
—G. E. in Chambers's Journal.



THE YEAR'S END.

Full happy is the man who comes at last

Into the safe completion of his year;
Weathered the perils of his spring,
that blast

How many blossoms promising and
dear!

And of his summer, with dread pas-
sions fraught,

That oft, like fire through the ripen-
ing corn,

Blight all with mocking death and
leaving distraught

Loves ones to mourn the ruined
waste forlorn.

But now, though autumn gave but
harvest slight,

Oh, grateful is he to the powers
above

For winter's sunshine, and the length-
ened night

By hearth-side genial with the
warmth of love,

Through silvered days of vistas gold
and green

Contentedly he glides away, serene.



TABLE CENTREPIECE.

A very lifelike turkey with plumage
spread and one foot held poised holds
in his beak a number of narrow red
ribbons, each tied in a jaunty bow
about the neck of smaller turkeys
which he drives in front of him.

The heads of these papier-mache
fowls may be detached and the
turkeys filled with small candles. As
a centerpiece for the dinner table they
are very good, particularly when
children are included among the
guests.

Arranged in the centre of the table,
with a tiny fence built around them,
or a barrier of small branches of
holly, they are excellent. After the
dinner they may be given as favors
to the guests.

Place cards similarly decorated
with turkeys are also shown in the
shops for New Year's dinners.

Better Way to Use Coal
Experiments at Vancouver seem to
show that it pays to crush coal that
is to be used for blast furnaces, or in
other places where intense heat is re-
quired.

JUST GOT OVER A COLD?

Look out for kidney troubles and
backache. Colds overtax the kidneys
and often leave them weak. For weak
kidneys—well, read the following
statement:

W. D. Addison, Justice of the peace,
Water St., S. Marine City, Mich.,
says: "For a long time I was a suf-
ferer from kidney disease. The trou-
ble usually came on after I caught
cold. I had lumbago and rheumatic
pains in my back. At night I was
restless and in the morning, my back
was lame and sore. The passages of
the kidney secretions were too fre-
quent and often accompanied by pain.
I used different medicines, but wasn't
benefitted until I took Doan's Kidney
Pills. They gave me relief.

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't
simply ask for a kidney remedy—get
Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that
Justice Addison had. Foster-Milburn
Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

NO PEACE

of mind or of body when you are fight-
ing every day and hour because you
feel all wrong. We produce a real
medicine, not a sugar and honey mix-
ture, but a genuine vegetable prescrip-
tion that has a grasp and punch in it
that surprises you. It is not pleasant
to take, nor hard to take. About 50
years ago, mind you—FIFTY YEARS
AGO—a doctor presented certain
medicine with such good effects that
he carefully studied its action during
several years, finally developing this
formula which he pronounced right.
When the old doctor died, his son, also
a doctor, continued to send the medi-
cine to people in all parts of the United
States, even to foreign countries. The
medicine has never before been
advertised except by the person telling
another of its value, and it has been
sold constantly all these years.

What is it good for?
We have letters from many states
telling of lasting results in deep-seated
cases of Liver Trouble, Bad Blood,
Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism, Ec-
zema, Kidney Ailments, Gall Stones,
even Insanity. If you are suffering
from some such sickness and want to
know about a genuine, time-tested
medicine of merit, send your name and
address; we will tell you many inter-
esting facts about DOCTOR MUL-
HOLLAND'S ALTERATIVE. Delivered
anywhere.

8 oz. bottle, \$2 (1 month's supply).
3 bottles, \$5 (3 months' supply).
The Mulholland Medicine Company
Toledo, Ohio

KAR-A-VAN COFFEE

25c--30c--35c--40c the Pound All Grades 100% Pure

MUSIC OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Write or Call on
H. J. VOTTELER & SON
Arcade Music Store
37 Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio



The L. Beckmann Co. Announce Their Removal

We desire to announce the opening of our new store at No. 323 St. Clair street,
between Adams and Madison, and our removal from Adams street, where we have
been located for the past 35 years.

To meet the demands and properly serve our ever increasing clientele we have
spent many months in planning and consummating our new store, and we are sure
you will agree with us that it is the finest in the middle west.

Our optician Mr. Emil H. Minke, and our optometrist, Mr. Morgan C. Davies,
both men of highest standing in their professions, will give you the efficient and
courteous treatment to which you are entitled, in the proper adjusting of glasses
and the examination of the eyes.

You are cordially invited to inspect our new quarters any time. If your
glasses need adjusting or any attention, take advantage of this service which we
offer without charge to everyone.

The L. Beckmann Co.

Established 1874.

"Optical Authorities of Toledo for 42 Years"

Optometrists and Manufacturing Opticians

323 St. Clair Street, Toledo, Ohio

Between Adams and Madison.

Everybody's Want Column

Please Mention This Paper in Re-
plying to "Ads."

FOR SALE 80 ACRES of land, Pike township,
Fulton County, Ohio. Write Arthur Tur-
ner, Morenci, Mich.

FOR SALE BARBER SHOP, complete. Three
pool tables in connection. Small town, no
competition. Five hundred handles this
snap. W. E. Miller, Cohoctah, Mich.

FOR SALE OR TRADE FOR FARM,
three story brick block. Bargain for
quick action. Clear title. Address
Miller, Cohoctah, Mich.

MICHIGAN FRUIT FARM FOR SALE,
128 acres, on Dixie Highway, in
night Lake Michigan. 15 acres fruit.
Elegant bldgs. Address Box J, Co-
hoctah, Mich.

AGENTS—DR. SNYDER'S Remedial Soap,
Toilet prescriptions, extracts and food pro-
ducts beat everything for agents' profits.
Write T. H. Snyder & Co., Dept. P. P., Cin-
cinnati, Ohio.

EASY MONEY—Send us names and addresses
of those who wish to buy automobiles. You
get check for \$25.00 on every sale made. Get
busy, send in the names now. New York
Supply Co., 510 West 136 St., New York City,
N. Y.

FARMS—If you want one or have one
for sale, or if you have poultry or
stock for sale, send 50c cash for 24
word notice in best list weekly papers
in Ohio and Michigan. The results
are sure. Address Farm Lists, 117
Erie St., Toledo, Ohio.

INVESTMENT FOR RURAL FOLKS

A POSTAL GETS DETAILS

This is purely a Northwestern Ohio
proposition. Co-operative, get in on
the ground floor. No risk, profits
average 20 per cent. Farmers espe-
cially asked to write. No obligation
by getting details. Send the postal
NOW to

W. J. BOERGER
Toledo, Ohio
315 East Broadway

Mail Us Your Films Kodak Finishing A Specialty Not A Side Line

We give out-of-town orders im-
mediate personal attention. Our
prices will suit you—our service
delight you.

Price List Free on Request

Kodaks, Films, Supplies

Photo-craft Shop

501 1/2 Madison Ave., Toledo, O.
Northern Nat'l Bank Bldg.

PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS Etc.
OWEN, OWEN & CRAMPTON
922-926 Nicholas Bldg. Both Phones

COLLECTIONS
made everywhere. Quick and surpris-
ing results at moderate cost. Send us
your accounts. No collection, no charge.
WILHELM MERCHANT AGENCY, 211
Ketsinger Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

HEMSTITCHING 8c Yard

PLAITING AND BUTTONS

Mail Orders Returned Same Day as Received

THE MODEL SHOP

920 Jefferson Ave.
TOLEDO, OHIO