

# The IDYL of TWIN FIRES

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## SYNOPSIS.

I grow tired of my work as a college instructor and buy a New England farm on sight. I inspect my farm and go to board at Bert Temple's. Bert helps me to hire a carpenter and a farmer. Hard Cider, the carpenter, estimates the repairs and changes necessary on the house. Mike commences plowing. I start to prune the orchard trees.

Now we hope the professor is going to come out in his true colors and not leave us longer in doubt as to why he bought his farm. He is into it deep enough for another day to determine his attitude.

## CHAPTER IV.

Humbled by a Drag Scraper. One of the advantages of being a bachelor when you are building or restoring a house is that you can spend most of your time in the garden. I am by nature a trusting soul, anyway (which no woman and possibly no wise man ever is where carpenters, builders and plumbers are concerned), and I trusted Hard Cider implicitly. He told me the plumbers were "doin' all right," and I believed him. That he himself was doing all right my own eyes told me, for he had by now reached the south rooms, removed the dividing partition, revealing the old, hand-hewn oak beam at the top, and was cutting a double door out in the center on either side of the great oak upright, toward my future sundial lawn. I stood in this new door, looking back at my twin fireplaces, with their plain-paneled old mantels.

"Mr. Howard," said I, "those mantels are about as plain as you could make 'em, and yet they are very handsome, somehow, dingy as they are."

"It's the lines," said Hard Cider. "Just the right lines. Lower 'em six inches, and whar'd they be?"

"Could you build me a bookcase, against the wall, just like them, from one to the other, and bring it out at right angles five feet into the room from the center, making it the back of a double settle?" I asked.

"I'm a carpenter," Hard replied laconically.

I took his pencil and sketched what I wanted on a clean board.

"Yer got too much curve on the base and arms o' them settles," he said judicially.

He took the pencil away from me, and made a quick, neat, accurate sketch of just what I instantly saw I did want.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Go ahead!" said I. "What did you ask me to draw it for in the first place?"

"Folks likes to think they hev their own ideas," he answered.

I turned away, through the new south door, into the May sunshine. The pergola was not commenced. In fact, I had decided not to build it till the following spring. Those beastly painters whom I had forgotten were going to eat up too much of my slender capital. Before me stretched the 250 feet of plowed slope which was to be my sundial lawn. At the end of it was my line of stakes, where the ramblers were to climb. Beyond that was the vegetable garden, newly harrowed and fertilized, where Mike and Joe were busily working, the one planting peas, the other setting out a row of beets. The horse was not in evidence. I could have him at last, to make my lawn! I ran around the house to the stable, put on the harness, hitched him to my new drag scraper, and drove him to the slope.

The ground here sloped down eastward toward the brook, and if I was to have a level lawn south of my house, I should have to remove at least two feet of soil from the western end and deposit it on the eastern end. I wisely decided to start close to the house. Hauling at the handles of the heavy scraper and yelling "Back up, there!" at the horse, I got the steel scoop into the ground at the line of my proposed grape arbor, tipped down the blade, and cried, "Giddup!" I hung to the reins as best I could, twisting them about my wrist, and the horse started obediently forward. The scoop did its work very nicely. In fact, it was quite full after we had gone six feet, and I had only to let the horse drag it the remaining 94 feet of the proposed width of the lawn, and empty it. As the scraper covered a furrow but two feet wide, that meant 125 furrows to scrape my entire lawn as planned, and at least twenty trips to the furrow.

I did some rapid multiplication, dropped the reins and moved toward my stakes. I saw that Joe and Mike were looking at me.

"I think," said I, with some dignity, as I began to pull the stakes up, "that this lawn will look better square. As it's a hundred feet broad, a hundred feet will be far enough to extend it from the house."

"Sure," said Mike, "the big road

scraper 'll be over here tomorrow, scrapin' the road, and it do be easier an' quicker to borrow that."

In some ways, I consider this remark of Mike's, under the circumstances, one of the most gentlemanly I ever heard! And I jumped at his suggestion.

"Mike," said I, "I'll admit this job is bigger than I thought. How can I borrow the road scraper?"

"Sure, ain't me frind Dan Morrissey one o' the selectmen?" said Mike. "and ain't he the road boss, and ain't he willin' to earn an extra penny for the town?"

"H'h," said I, "for the town! Well, I've got to have this lawn! You get your frind Dan in the morning. Just the same, I don't love the town so much that I want a 250-foot lawn."

Noon came and found me with aching arms and strained shoulder sockets. I had brought some lunch, to save the walk back to Mrs. Temple's, and I took it into my big south room to eat it. Hard was in there eating his. The plumbers were eating theirs in the new kitchen, already completed.

Hard, I found, had begun the bookcase, which was just the height of the mantels. He had been preparing the top molding with his universal plane when noon came, and the sweet shavings lay curled on the floor. I scuffed my feet in them, and even hung one from my ear, as children do, while Hard Cider regarded me scornfully.

"I'm going to have great times in this room!" I exclaimed. "Books between the fireplaces, books along the walls, just a few pictures, including my Hiroshiges, over the mantels, my desk by the west window, and out there the green garden! A man ought to write something pretty good in this room, eh?"

Hard looked at me with narrowed eyes. "I don't know nothin' about writin'," he said, "but it 'pears to me a feller could write most anywhar provided he had somethin' ter say."

Whereupon Hard concluded by biting into a large piece of prune pie.

The Yankee temperament is occasionally depressing! I went outdoors again, eating my doughnuts as I walked, and strolled into the vegetable garden to survey the staked rows which denoted beets and peas. Then I went down the slope into my little stand of pines, into the cool hush of them, and unconsciously my brain relaxed in the bath of their peace, and



Mrs. Temple Was Beaming When I Came Down From My Bath.

for ten minutes I lay on the needles, neither asleep nor awake, just blissfully vacant. Then I returned to my scooping, marvelously restored.

I scooped and spread and raked until six o'clock, when, palm-sore and weary, I drank a great dipperful of water from my copper pump in the kitchen, took a last look at Hard's bookcase, and tramped up the dusty road to supper.

Mrs. Temple was beaming when I came down from my bath.

"Well," said she, "in the first place, I've got you the housekeeper I want."

"By which I infer that she's the one I want, too?" I asked.

"Of course," said Mrs. Temple, on whom irony had no effect. "She's Mrs. Pillig, from Slab City, and she's an artist in pies. Pillig ain't dead, worse luck, but he's whar he won't trouble you. I guess Peter won't trouble you none, neither. He's a nice boy, and he'll be awful handy round the place."

"Peter Pillig!" I exclaimed. "There ain't no such animal! If there is, Dickens was his grandfather. How old is Peter?"

"Peter's eleven," Mrs. Bert replied. "He's real nice and bright. His mother's brought him up fine. Anyhow, she was a Corliss."

"But, eugenically speaking, Peter may have a predisposition to follow in father's footsteps, which I infer led toward the little green swinging doors," I protested.

"Speakin' U. S. A., tommyrot!" said Mrs. Temple. "Anyhow, it's the door o' the drugstore in this town. They sell more'n sody water down to Danforth's."

"What am I to pay the author of Peter and the pies?" I asked.

"Well, seein' how you keep Peter, as it were, and Mrs. Pillig calculates she can rent her house up to Slab City, she's goin' to come to you for twenty dollars a month. She's wuth it, too. You'll have the best kept and cleanest house in Benford."

I rose from the table solemnly. "Mrs. Temple," said I, "I accept Mrs. Pillig, Peter and the pies at these terms, but only on one condition: She is never to clean my study!"

"Why?" asked Mrs. Temple. "Because," said I, "you can never tell where an orderly woman will put things."

Bert chuckled as he filled his pipe. Mrs. Temple grinned herself. I was about to make a triumphant exit, when these words from Mrs. Temple's lips arrested me:

"Bert," she said, "did you clean the buggy today? You know you gotter go over ter the deopot tomorrow an' git that boarder."

"That what?" I cried.

Mrs. Bert's eyes half closed with a purely feminine delight. "Oh, ain't I told you?" she said innocently. "We're goin' ter hev another boarder, a young lady. From New York, too. Her health's broke down, she says, only that's not the way she said it, and somehow she heard of us. We ain't never taken many boarders, but I guess our name's in that old railroad advertisin' book. I wouldn't hev took her, only I thought maybe you wuz kind o' lonesome here with jest us."

"Mrs. Temple," said I, "your solicitude quite overwhelms me. Comfort me with petticoats! Good Lord! And an amemic, too! I'll bet she has nerves! When can Mrs. Pillig come to me, woman?"

Mrs. Bert's eyes closed still farther. "Oh, your house ain't near ready yet," she said. "Why, the painters ain't even began."

I fled to my chamber and hauled forth a manuscript. A female boarder! "Hang Mrs. Temple!" I muttered, reading a whole paragraph of manuscript without taking in a word of it.

## CHAPTER V.

## The Hermit Sings.

The next morning I demanded that Mrs. Temple again put me up some lunch. "For," said I, "I'm going to postpone meeting this broken-down wreck of a perhaps once proud female as long as possible."

"Maybe when you see her drive by you'll be sorry," Mrs. Bert smiled.

"I shall be working on the south side of the house," I retorted.

I had not been long at my place. Indeed, I had scarcely finished watering my seedbed and carting out my daily stint of two barrowloads of slash from the orchard, when I heard the road scraper rattling over the bridge by the brook. Mike came from the vegetable garden and met his "frind Morrissey," to whom I was ceremoniously presented.

The scraper was a large affair with flat-tired iron wheels and a blade eight feet long. The way that eight-foot blade, with four horses hauling it, peeled off the old furrows and brought the top soil down from the high side to the low made my poor efforts with the scoop look puny enough. The lawn was shaping up so fast that I began once more to grow expansive.

"It really won't be square," thought I, "because my pergola will cut off twelve feet of the length, and if I have flower beds by the roses they'll cut off some more. I guess those roses ought to be one hundred and twelve feet from the house."

I threw down my shovel, went over to the row of stakes, and moved them south again, twenty-five feet, having added thirteen feet as I walked; then I called out to "frind Morrissey" to bring his scraper.

A day fooled away leveling off a place for a sun-dial lawn! Evidently the esthetic side of tilling the soil appeals to this gentleman-farmer. But why does he object to Mrs. Temple taking in a female boarder?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HAS FUN JUST LIKE GUARDSMEN

Rafferty's Commander Says He Will Have to Make Example of Him.

## PRIVATE GETS GREAT IDEA

Sergeant Finds Him Bombarding Juarez All Alone—Story Stops Reports of Skirmishes with Snipers by Militiamen.

El Paso, Tex.—During one very brisk week after the Guardsmen had become accustomed to the border climate, there were endless reports of skirmishes across the Rio Grande with Mexican snipers.

Volley after volley of perfectly good ammunition was sent whistling into Carranzista territory. It was something to write home about, but eventually it wore on the nerves of the regulars. The regular officers complained about their sleep being broken and merely smiled when asked for official reports of the skirmishing.

The regular enlisted men took it in a different mood. The regular soldier has peculiar views of the militia, anyway. In the end—

Well, Private Rafferty's commanding officer says he'll have to make an example of Private Rafferty.

Private Rafferty, in the guardhouse, sheepishly pleads guilty, but points to extenuating circumstances.

### Keep Eye on Rafferty.

Private Rafferty is one of the best soldiers in his regiment. Occasionally on a pay day he will go a bit wide. At such times the sergeant he reveres and reviles keeps a sharp eye on Rafferty.

This time the sergeant's keen eye was otherwise engaged. He had been ordered to teach a squad of militiamen the intricacies of the army rifle. So Private Rafferty was unwatched. He had a gloomy little time of it by himself in an out-of-the-way cantina. Anyone who knew Private Rafferty would have known that he was possessed of a despondent mood. But no one who knew him saw him.

That evening Private Rafferty went back to camp with the light of an original idea in his eye. That was characteristic of him after a "mood." No one saw him as he left camp just after dark. If they had, he would not have left. There would, at least, have been some comment on his peculiar equipment. Private Rafferty was accoutred with seven bandoliers, crammed with cartridges. Under each arm was tucked a rifle.

An hour later came the brisk sound of rifle fire, vaguely from the direction of a bridge overlooking Juarez a quarter of a mile away. An hour later, also, excited Carranzista officers were telephoning General Bell's headquarters in El Paso and asking if war had started. This report, incidentally, has been quietly smothered.

The commanding officer of the camp near the bridge hastily summoned his most trusted sergeant.

"For heaven's sake, find out what that shooting is!" he ordered. "I suppose it's those qualified militiamen playing soldier again."

### Wanted Some Fun, Too.

The sergeant started for the sound of the firing. It was going quite briskly as he reached the bridge. On the ground lay an intent figure with seven bandoliers at his side. One was empty.

One rifle was engaged in potting at the lights of Juarez. The other lay handily by the side of the marksman. "What the—?" demanded the sergeant. "Rafferty, you blinkety-blank dash, what's the matter with you?"

Rafferty ceased firing and started to arise. Then he flung himself on the ground.

## MISS ROBERTA WILLARD



Miss Willard is a daughter of Col. and Mrs. Joseph H. Willard of New York. She is popularly reported to be the prettiest girl in the summer colony at Newport. Her sister, Miss Natalia Willard, is also summering at Newport and was recently rescued from drowning by P. A. B. Widener, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Widener of Philadelphia.

## OUTSIDE A GERMAN DUGOUT IN FRANCE



Photograph taken by the Canadian official photographer of a view outside a German dugout on the western front. A soldier, evidently dead or seriously wounded, can be seen near the entrance.

## HAS STOLEN MEXICAN SHIELD

Bears Coat of Arms and Disappeared on the Night Madero Abdicated.

Douglas, Ariz.—A rawhide shield, bearing the embossed national emblem of Mexico, stolen from the hall of ambassadors of Mexico City the night Francisco I. Madero was seized by his officers and forced to abdicate the presidency of the republic, is in the possession of Ives G. Lelivier, Mexican consul here. He has written the Carranza government for authority to keep it.

The shield was taken by a customs officer from a Mexican who was trying to get across the international line at Nogales, Sonora.

Its seizure by the customs officials ended a search of three years, beginning the night it was stolen after it had been cut by the bullets which flew from the pistols of officers and orderlies in a melee which started in the hall of ambassadors when Madero stood under the shield and protested against the treasury.

The rawhide hung on the wall in the days of Diaz, and President Huerta valued it so much that he commissioned detectives in an effort to find it.

## SEEK SUBSTITUTE FOR HAND

Anonymous Donor Offers \$10,000 to Paris Society of Surgeons for Best Apparatus.

London.—The Lancet learns from the Societe Nationale de Chirurgie de Paris that an anonymous donor has offered to the society a prize of \$10,000 to be handed over to the maker of the mechanical apparatus which best supplies the place of the hand. The conditions are laid down as follows:

"All competitors must belong to allied or neutral nations. They are to present to the society mutilated men who have been using their apparatus for at least six months. The Societe de Chirurgie will experiment with each apparatus on mutilated men for the length of time it thinks fit. The apparatus rewarded is to remain the property of its inventor. The competition will be closed two years after the end of the war."

MM. Faure, Kirmisson, Quenu, Riefel and Rochard form the committee selected by the society to deal with the competition, and those wishing to compete should send the apparatus and description to the secretary general of the Societe Nationale de Chirurgie, 12 Rue de Seine, Paris.

Heat Joke on Two Men

General Fight Threatened When Trick Is Explained by the Town Marshal.

Hammond, Mo.—When H. S. Petrie met Fred Schmal, both business men of Lowell, on the street Petrie remarked that the weather was the hottest in his memory. Schmal said he thought the day was the coolest in several weeks.

Petrie warmed up immediately—said he had just come from his store, where the thermometer registered 118 degrees.

Schmal, cool and calm, replied that he had just read his thermometer and it registered 70 degrees, and he would stake a small amount that it was as nearly accurate as any in town. Petrie almost exploded.

Friends of each man got into the argument and a general fight was threatened until Marshal Duckworth explained that he held a match under Petrie's thermometer and had treated the Schmal thermometer to an ice bath.

Law Gives Him Hair Cut

It Was Done in Jail Despite the Objections of Italian's Attorneys.

Nevada City.—Despite objections of his attorneys, Giovanni Margaroli has had his hair cut at the county jail. Margaroli has been in jail, charged with murder, since December 18, and during that time his hair had become long and unkempt. He intends to plead insanity, and his attorneys wished him to look the part.

His attorneys talked of getting out an injunction, but examination of the law develops the sheriff had a right to cut the prisoner's hair.

Accordingly, Fred Demerteau, also in jail on a murder charge, gave Margaroli a hair cut. Margaroli did not object.

## DOG WITH A WOODEN LEG

San Francisco Police Magistrate Holds That It Cannot Be a Vicious Animal.

San Francisco.—When is a vicious dog not a vicious dog? When it has a wooden leg.

This definition was handed down from the bench by Police Judge Sullivan in the case of S. E. Kramer, who was accused by William Heistman, a neighbor, with allowing a vicious dog to run at large in the vicinity of the Kramer home.

Kramer's dog is an Airedale. Heistman owns a bulldog which because of its tendency to chew up Kramer's animal, wears a muzzle. Soon after the muzzle was applied the Airedale took advantage of the situation—he hopped over on his wooden leg and chewed a little on the bulldog, just by way of revenge. Judge Sullivan was touched by the tale of the wooden leg. He dismissed Kramer on the latter's promise that should his Airedale show signs at any time of becoming ferocious he would unstrap the pegleg and render the dog helpless.

## POPGUN SAVES THE CREAM

A Kansas Woman Bluffs a Robber of Ice Boxes With Child's Toy.

Kansas City.—A child's popgun recently saved the breakfast cream and butter for Mrs. Frank Eberle and her three children at their home, No. 310 East Thirty-fourth street.

Mrs. Eberle was awakened at three o'clock one morning by a noise on the back porch of the Isleta apartments. From the window she saw a man rob the ice box of a neighbor. She went to the front of the apartment to tell the neighbor, who did not hear her call, and when she came back the robber was emptying the ice box at her door. Mrs. Eberle found the popgun and went to the window.

"Drop those things or get shot," she commanded as she "cocked" the popgun.

The robber let fall the things and ran. Mrs. Eberle dropped the popgun and screamed.

Mrs. Eberle has a real revolver now, sent her by her husband, who is in Joplin.

Pipe Starts Fire.

Monticello, Ind.—A pipe partly extinguished, which he left in a pocket of his coat, started a fire which almost suffocated Neal Johnson when he was asleep. Johnson awoke at midnight one night and found his room full of smoke. Unable to get downstairs because of the smoke, and almost overcome, he jumped from a second-story window. He suffered a broken rib in the fall. Furniture in two rooms was damaged.