

# The IDYL of TWIN FIRES

## WALTER PRICHARD EATON

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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 to the house. Mike commences plowing. I start to prune the orchard trees.

scraper 'll be over here tomorrow, scrapin' the road, and it do be easier an' quicker to borry 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 selkennit?" said Mike, "and isn't he the road boss, and ain't he willin' to earn an extra penny for-for the town?"

"H'h," said I; "for the town! Well, I've got to have this lawn! You get your friend Dan in the morning. They sell more's sody water down to Danforth's."

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

"Well, seemin' how you keep Peter, as it were, and Mrs. Pilling calc'lates 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 Bentford."

I rose from the table solemnly. "Mrs. Temple," said I, "I accept Mrs. Pilling, Peter and the ples 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 triumphant exit, when these words from Mrs. Temple's lips arrested me:

"I'm goin' 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 he had somethin' ter say."

"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

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 scraping, 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. Pilling, from Slab City, and she's an artist in pies. Pilling 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 awf' hand round the place."

"Peter Pilling!" I exclaimed. "There ain't no such animal! If there is, Dickens was his grandfather. How does he object to Mrs. Temple taking in a female boarder?"

"He's Peter?"

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. Any one who knew Private Rafferty would have known that he was possessed of a despondent mood. But no one who knew him saw him.

"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 advertiser's 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 soldtude quite overwhelms me. Comfort me with petticoats! Good Lord! And an amnic, too! I'll bet she has nerves! When can Mrs. Pilling come to me, when she's wuth it?"

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 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."

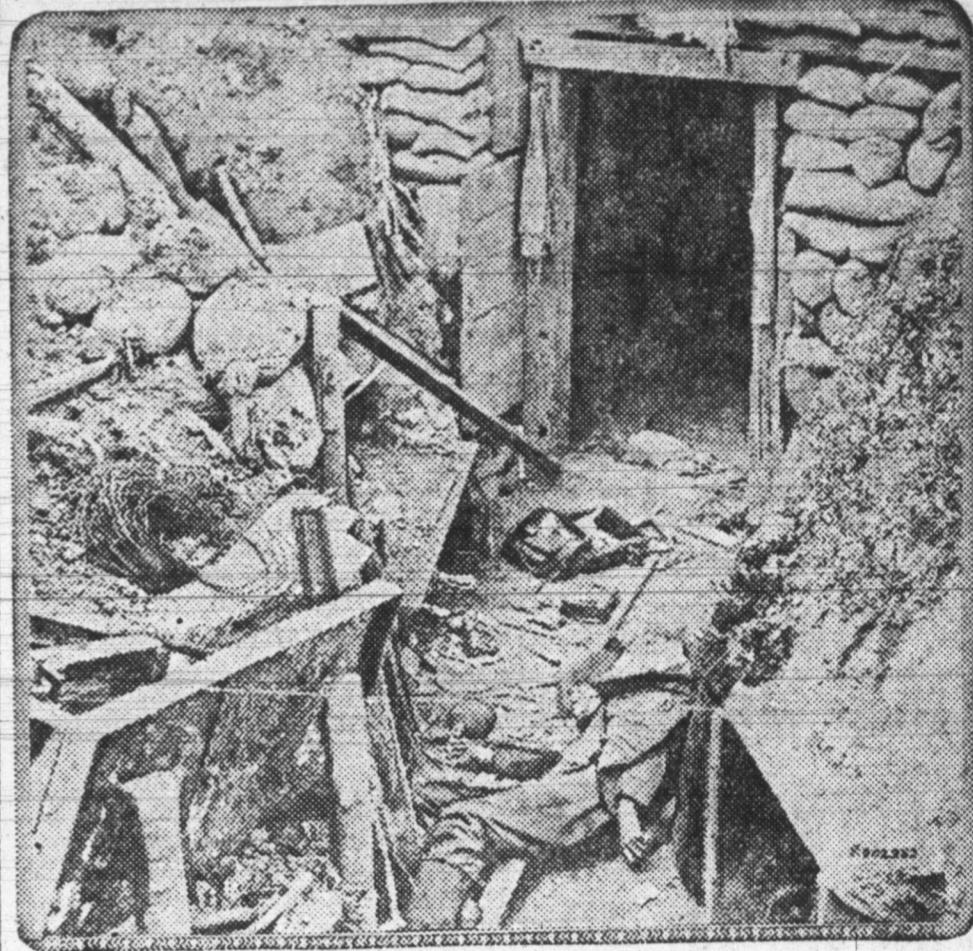
I threw down my shovel, went over to the row of stakes, and moved them south again, twenty-five feet, having added thirteen feet as I walked; then I called out to "frind Morrissey" to bring his scraper.

"Of course," said Mrs. Temple, on whom irony had no effect. "She's Mrs. Pilling, from Slab City, and she's an artist in pies. Pilling 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 awf' hand round the place."

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## 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 Ab-dicated.

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 Carranzista 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.

## 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 Isleia 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 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.

## 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.

## 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 Demertea, also in jail on a murder charge, gave Margaroli a hair cut. Margaroli did not object.