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"As the mountains that near at hand stand jagged and scarred in the far distance repose in their soft robes of purple haze, so the rough present fades into the past, soft, and sweet, and beautiful."

"Wishing you a happy New Year, and success in your department, which will also mean help for all subscribers to the 'Farmer's Advocate.'" PACIFIC.

Your letter carries with it an echo of some hard struggling, Pacific. But then, the people who have had no struggles at all seldom amount to very much. Struggles bear with them their own reward in making people stronger and more capable, and patient, and courageous. Nevertheless, it is true that, sometimes, the long fight seems too long and too hard, and one feels like just giving up in despair. The woman especially on the burdened farm is likely to grow discouraged. She feels so helpless to assist in raising the weight of debt, and yet she is as anxious about it as her husband, and she has as much cause to wish for its removal.

I have just been wondering if some of our members, among the girls and women, who have been successful in making money "their very own selves," would not like to write and tell us just how they did it, what their outlay was, how they began, how they progressed, and what was their net profit at different times. Only yesterday I heard of a young girl who cleared \$180 last year on poultry, and of a woman who earns her living by making pickles for a city firm. But I should like to have details about these things. I am sure these bits of practical experience would be interesting to all, and helpful to many. Even though the women who, like "Pacific," would like to help get rid of the debt, should only be able to clear a little, still that little will count, and the very fact of having something especial to be interested in will keep one's mind occupied and leave less time for worrying in. I am sure those who can give helpful hints along these lines will not withhold them. We do not wish simply to amuse in the Ingle Nook, we wish to help those who are most in need of help, in those things that cause most discomfort or unhappiness. We wish to be just as unselfish and kindly as ever we can.

Mrs. C. W. B. has asked for a recipe for chestnut stuffing for turkey. Her letter has been laid aside, with a score of others, which will be published in turn. In the meantime, I am glad to be able to give her the recipe, which is as follows:

CHESTNUT STUFFING FOR TURKEY.

Put three cups of the chestnuts into boiling water, and cook until tender. Then remove the shells and skins, and mash to a paste. Add one-quarter cup of butter, one-quarter cup of cream and a cup of cracker crumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Some recommend adding a little chopped pork (not too salty) to the stuffing. This is merely a matter of taste. An oyster filling, which perhaps Mrs. C. W. B. would like to try is made as follows: Put four tablespoons of butter in a saucepan. When hot, stir into it two cups of fine bread crumbs. Add some chopped parsley, and enough oyster liquor to moisten. Season, and mix with two dozen small raw oysters. DAME DURDEN.

"Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.

A mother was instructing her little son about being generous, and how much more comfort there was in giving than in receiving. Giving him some candy, she told him to divide it honorably with his sister. He wanted to know what she meant by honorably. "Why, give sister the larger portion." After a moment's thought he handed the package to his mamma, and said: "Give it to sister to divide honorably with me."

The Twins of Culleston Manor of 1685 and 1810.

Ned Halliday writes:

"Hallington, June, 1693.

"I can hardly believe that eight whole years have come and gone since that bitter-sweet time when Robin Garton and I were, by God's mercy, allowed to bring the two dear little nut-brown maidens of Culleston safely through the perils of that long, weary march from Taunton to their home upon the Quantocks. They have been eventful years to the nation, and eventful years to both master and man. I am now Squire of Hallington, in succession to my uncle, who passed peacefully away in extreme old age, unwitting of the stirring events passing around him, and sweet Dorothea is my dearly beloved, most-honored wife. Robin, our henchman—a title which serves to cover every possible form of service—has had the reward he so long and patiently waited for. He is now the proud husband of Nannie, who loved him even while she pretended to flout him, and who now considers that there was no hero like her Robin amongst the gallant lads of Somerset, all of whom fought with the first weapons which came to hand for what they believed to be a



St. Mary's Church, Taunton.

During the Monmouth Rebellion used as a watch tower, and its peal of bells as a messenger of triumph or defeat.

great and good cause, and we all still affirm that our cause was a good one, in spite of the terrible mistakes made by our leaders and the needless expenditure of blood and suffering. James II. has abdicated his throne, the battle of the Boyne has been fought, William III. and Mary, his wife, the daughter of James, reign jointly in his stead, and we have a fair assurance that the religious liberty for which so many laid down their lives, languished in jail, or suffered months, nay, in some cases, years of cruel slavery, will never again be denied us. The memory of that awful time must ever be to us as a hideous dream. We seldom speak of it amongst ourselves or when we meet at one another's homes. We cannot, for we all have suffered too sorely. There is hardly a spot within fifty miles of us left unmarked by the cruel vengeance of that human fiend, Judge Jeffreys, who spared neither man nor maid, who exulted in adding torture to torture, and gloated over the writhings of his victims, making the final release of those who had the means to meet his extortionate demands a matter of purchase. The revenues of Culleston have been sorely taxed to insure the remission of the sentence upon the Squire, and to buy back from slavery in the Barbadoes his

two gallant sons, and those who survived from the troop of horse they led to Sedgmoor. Both my Dolly and Bettina almost worked their pretty fingers to the bone in adding to the fund which had to be raised before the last victim could be landed at the port of Bristol. They obtained material for the costly embroideries worn at court, and from daydawn to nightfall, they, and the village maidens whom they had instructed in the art, and whose brothers and lovers were toiling under the tropical sun in the plantation fields of Barbadoes, plied their needles, and sent package after package to the kindly merchants in London who obtained a sale for the same. Oh! they were happy maidens when they put the final stitches into the gorgeous fabrics which the carrier was to convey for the last time from the Manor. Their eyes had, indeed, often been blinded by tears as they toiled, but each stitch had been as a step towards freedom for those they loved, so the tears they shed were not all tears of sorrow. Indeed, between times, Bettina, whose natural humor no calamity could wholly quench, would cause ripples of laughter over some of the incidents of our escape from Taunton. She would flick with her finger at the gold thread and silken cord with which she worked, saying, 'Oh, give me a dress of gray homespun, and for a coif, the homeliest of woollen stuffs that the Taunton mills can make! Why, one yard's measure of such braveries as these, one inch of gold chain, with even so much as a locket of hair at its end, and we should never have got safely back to Culleston. I am glad the good people at Court want to wear what we are so glad to sell to them, but I, for one, crave none of them.' And yet, judging by this and by that, it seemeth more than likely that it will be Bettina who will yet be the Court lady and have to wear the braveries she scorned, but which will, nevertheless, become her so well; whilst my dear Dorothea will be just the Lady Bountiful of Hallington Regis and the queen of all our hearts, and 'I desire no other kingdom' is what she daily assures us."

ABOUT SOME DROPPED THREADS.

There have, necessarily, been threads dropped and links missing in my story, for the old records were very incomplete, and certainly not written for publication, but every wall at Culleston, either by broken shield, indented helmet, bent musket or crooked pike, has its history, and the answers given to the eager questionings of the Dolly and Bettie of 1810 as to the original of one or other of the old portraits in the gallery sufficed to fill up most of the gaps. "Is it true," asked Dolly, with eyes aflame, "that the Lady Mary Culleston, who smiles upon us from the left-hand corner of the east wall, was once the very maid of honor who accepted £200 in gold paid to her for the redemption of Dorothea and Bettina?" "Yes, indeed, she did, and yet, in spite of it, she became a Culleston, and married the Roger Culleston who had already been shipped to the plantations. It came about in this way, whilst she was on the point of indignantly spurning the offer of a share in what she rightly considered, though she dared not call them so, the 'unholy spoils of conquest,' a pitiful letter reached her from the two little maidens of Culleston. It ran thus: 'Dear Lady Mary, please choose Dorry and me for your rebels, and do get another maid of honor to ask for Letitia Lamorne. We have got all the money together for the three, and then we ask you of your tender hearts to send it all back to us again, that we may rescue our brothers from their cruel fate in the Islands. A safe hand takes this to you, and will return us your answer. For the love of God, do not say us nay.' Nor did she, and when, in the national upheavals which so soon followed upon the suppression of the Monmouth Rebellion, Lady Mary and

her friend sought sanctuary at Culleston, who can wonder that what had begun so tragically should have had so happy an ending? Nor was anyone surprised that Hugh Culleston and the almost saintly Letitia should be drawn towards one another. Small wonder that her picture, inscribed as 'Mistress Culleston, wife of Hugh,' looks so exceptionally sad. She had tasted, more than any of them, the very bitterness of death, for her reprieve had only come as she was about to be led out to execution. Her father, a leading nonconformist preacher, had fallen in the thick of the fight on Sedgmoor, and she had seen her beloved schoolmistress languish and die by her side, of the jail fever, which had already carried off scores of the prisoners in the dungeons or improvised prisons of Taunton Tower.

The Lamornes and Cullestons had more than once intermarried since those eventful days, but it was ever a mystery to the twins of 1810 why their great-aunt, Rebecca, should, to the end of her life, have continued to place obstacles in the way of their frequent intercourse. They decided, however, that it must have been on personal grounds only, and with those there was no need that they should concern themselves. So, when her second cousin, Basil, sought out dark-eyed Dolly, and would have none but her for his wife, and when masterful Tom Culleston told Mollie that he always considered her proffered kiss under the mistletoe on Christmas Eve as good as a promise that she would marry him when she was grown up, it all came about as Nurse Dibble had prophesied and hoped, for she lived to see one of her nurslings reigning as the chateleine of Culleston Manor, and the other, the wife of one who, though starting with only the portion of a younger son, successfully carved his way, through honorable service, to a position of rank and influence during the reign of William IV., the bluff, honest, but somewhat timorous and vacillating sailor king, the immediate predecessor of Queen Victoria the Good.

BY WAY OF POSTSCRIPT.

I have had tokens from time to time from our readers in the big Northwest that, when I have mentioned places or incidents of travel in Gloucestershire or Devon, or other elsewheres in the home land, I have spoken of spots still dear to their hearts as ground sacred to them by early memories or still existing ties. I wonder if there may not be some from my own native country of Somersetshire who may recall where even now stand the ruined watch-towers on the Quantocks, and the Coombs, and the bluffs of the other ranges which still sentinel the Vale of Taunton Deane. If so, they will probably proudly point to our picture of the magnificent old Tower of St. Mary's at the top of Hammet street, or to that of the archway leading to historic Castle Green, and say, "I remember them well, and some of my forebears were amongst those gallant lads who, with 'For faith and freedom' as their watchword, lay down their lives at Keynsham or Sedgmoor." H. A. B.

A reader of the "Farmer's Advocate," writing from near Newbury, Berkshire, England, says: "The 'Farmer's Advocate' is much appreciated in our little village, especially the Home Magazine department. If I delay in forwarding it to my son in Australia, he always writes, 'No "Farmer's Advocate" this mail!'"

The Country Gentleman of London has given a prize for the following New Irish bull.

"Arrah, Pat! have you seen Mike lately?"

"Yis, begorra, I did: I was going along the street yisterday, and I thought I saw him on the other side, and he thought he saw me—but, bedad! when we got near to each other it was neither of us!"