



ONE O' THEM STILL, STUBBORN KIND.

"My-oh!" said Mrs. Ewens. "Here it's nine o'clock an' all them clo'es are a-switchin' out on that clo'es-line yet, an' that girl still out a-drivin' calves to pastur'! It didn't take me two mortal hours to drive calves to pastur' when I was a girl. I can't see where in the world she can have gone to."

"She went out on the back porch an' lifted her voice shrilly—'Mind-dee! Mind-dee!'—"

"Yes, mother."

A young girl came around the corner of the house. Both her hands were filled with great, golden buttercups.

Mrs. Ewens started. "Oh," she said, "there you are! Well, it's high time. I'd like to know what kept you two hours a-drivin' calves to pastur', miss?"

"I was gathering buttercups."

The girl went up the steps slowly. There was a flush on her face that spread gradually down to her throat. She was not pretty, but there was something in her blue eyes that attracted even strangers.

"Oh, you was a-gatherin' butacups, was you?" Mrs. Ewens' look was withering. "Well, how often have I told you to not go a-trollin' around wastin' your time; an' all them yesterday's clo'es out on that line yet?"

Mindwell went into the big kitchen. Her lips were trembling. She bunched her flowers hastily into an old blue pitcher. Then she tied a gingham apron around her slender waist, and going to the sink in one corner commenced washing dishes. Her mother followed her.

"Oh, now, look at you! Soakin' the soap all to pieces in the dish-water! Ain't I told you fifty times if I have once not to lay your soap in the dishpan an' pour hot water on it? What ails you?"

"Nothing, mother."

"Nothin', aigh? Your as stubborn's your father ust to be! Don't go to settin' your lips together that way when I ask you things. I had a plenty o' that in my day. That's the Ewens a-stickin' you. You didn't git any o' that from me. I ain't one o' them still, stubborn kids!"

She went to the door to shake her apron at a chicken that had stepped on her white porch, and was standing on one foot, watching her in amazement.

Mindwell lifted her head with an air of relief. The plate she was wiping slipped through her fingers and fell on the floor with a crash.

"Well, if I ever! Just look at your carelessness! If it ain't one o' my best blue chiny plates. One o' them the minister's wife give me! I never see your beat fer breakin' things." Mindwell gathered up the pieces with shaking fingers. The plates were dear to her. Her eyes filled with tears. Two or three crept out of her lashes.

"Oh, cry! said Mrs. Ewens contemptuously. "As if cryin' would put that plate back in my best chiny set! I wish you'd do your cryin' before you break up things insid' o' after! Mebbe that would do some good."

Mrs. Ewens stopped abruptly. With a change of countenance she leaned forward to look through the open door.

"Why, where on earth can that org'n be goin' to?" She moved along, step by step, to keep it in view.

"Mindy, who do you s'pose has got a new org'n?" Her tone was pleasant and confidential. Curiosity had put her finger to her lip.

"I don't know," said Mindwell. She was laying the pieces of china away tenderly.

"Why, if my name's Ewens, it's a-turbin' into 'Mis' Parmer's gate!' She closed the door partially. "I don't want she should ketch me watchin'. It's gone up to the door an' stopped, an' she's come out a-givin' orders. There's Tilley come out, too. Lanky thing! As if she'd ever learn playin'! Mindy!"

"Yes, mother."

"Do you hear what I'm a-sayin'? Where'd they git the money fer a new org'n? They owe a debt at the post-office store, and they ain't sold their potatoes yet. Where'd they git their money at?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mindwell wearily.

"You don't know? No, you never do know anything about your neighbors! All you ever know is to go a-gatherin' butacups or dandydines, with all them clo'es a-switchin' every which way fer Sunday! You ain't worth your keep lately, a-writin' stories fer magazines, an' nine out o' ten o' 'em the editors won't have."

The girl's face grew scarlet. A lump came into her throat, but she held it there silently. She took the clothes basket from the pantry and went out. Her lips were set together in the way her mother called stubborn.

Mrs. Ewens sat down by the table.

"Mercy!" she said, leaning her cheek on her thin knuckles. "The look in that girl's face scares me sometimes. I wish I hadn't twitted her about the stories, but she does rile a body so. If she'd talk back I'd git over my mad sooner, but she won't. I wish I hadn't said that. Land knows I'm proud enough when the editors do take one o' her stories, an' go carryin' it around showin' it to the neighbors. I'd ort to be ashamed. An' I am. Well, I'll make a peach cobbler fer dinner, with some nutmeg dip; she's awful fond o' that."

Mindwell gathered the clothes from the line and carried them to the porch.

"You'd best sprinkle 'em out there in the cool, Mindy," said her mother in a conciliatory tone. "You can use the bench. I'm making a peach cobbler an' some nutmeg dip on the table."

The girl turned her head and looked away to the mountains. Her eyes blurred with sudden tears at the unexpectedly kind tone. Below the hill on which they lived the deep blue waters of Puget Sound ebbed to the ocean. In the golden distance Seattle sat upon her sloping hills, her towers and spires aflame in the morning light, and all her windows shining like brass. On all sides the heavily-timbered hills swelled upward, folded in purple haze, to the chains of noble snow mountains that reach around Puget Sound, glistening like pearls.

"There comes Mis' Cav'niss," observed Mrs. Ewens. "She comes ever so often, rain or shine. What's she got on her head? A new spring sundown? Well, she's a-pushin' the season."

Mrs. Ewens moved stiffly to the edge of the porch.

"Why, Mis' Cav'niss!" she exclaimed. "You ain't been here fer an age. Come right in."

"No, I can't stop," Mrs. Cav'niss laughed; little wrinkles ran up each side of her thin nose. "The postmaster asked me if I was coming up by here to bring a letter fer Mindy, and, of course, I said yes."

Mindwell turned eagerly and took the letter. "Oh," she said, "I'm so much obliged, Mrs. Cav'niss."

After Mrs. Cav'niss had turned away Mindwell sat down on a stool and tore the letter open with trembling fingers. She grew pale as she read.

It was a long letter. She read it through twice, her lips moving as she read it the second time and a blur thickening over her eyes. Then she flung her arms down on the bench and her head upon them, and burst into a very passion of sobbing.

"Why—whatever!" said Mrs. Ewens solemnly. "I never see you take on that way. Where's your story at? Did you go an' fergit to put in stamps?"

She waited awhile, watching the girl impatiently.

"Why don't you answer me?" she cried. "Where's your tongue gone to all of a sudden, aigh?"

"Oh, mother!" Mindwell jumped up and ran to her mother. She threw her arms around the withered throat and kissed the hard old cheek. "Oh, mother, it's from the editor of that Boston magazine. He's taken the story and sent me thirty dollars, mother! And he says I have great talent, but that I need education and experience that I can't get here. And if I can afford it he wants me to go to Boston and study. He'll give me work on his magazine to pay my expenses—but there are the traveling expenses and the private tutor—"

"Tutor! What do you want of a tutor? Didn't you learn all they could teach you at the destrict school?"

Mrs. Ewens went into the kitchen and got down stiffly on one knee before the oven to look at the cobbler, and Mindwell followed her.

"We can afford it, can't we? I'll go 'tourist' and take my lunch. I'll study so hard, mother."

"What do you want to study fer? If your education wa'n't good they wouldn't take your stories, I reckon."

"It might be better, mother. I need experience too—and I can't get it here."

"Well, I got a plenty of it," said Mrs. Ewens, with unconscious pathos, "an' I've lived here most all my life."

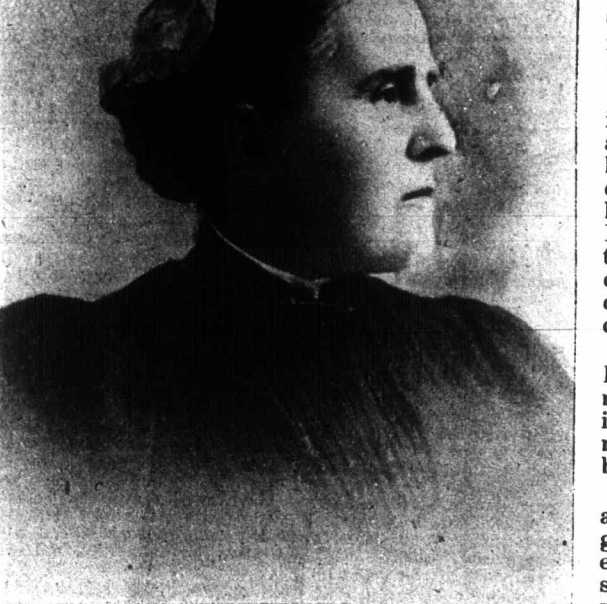
She got up slowly and stood looking at the girl. Her face was gray as ashes.

"Do you want I should give you money to go an' leave me in my old age an' my ploorisy? You can have it and go—if you're in earnest."

"Oh!" It was a cry of pain. "It's only for a year. Think what it means! Mother, if you had your life to live over, and got a chance to get a good education—"

She stopped. Her mother's face had quivered—that stony old face that never betrayed emotion! None knew so well as they who have no education what it is to go through life without it.

Mrs. Ewens went into the pantry and shut the door. In trivial, everyday affairs she was a small-minded, nagging woman; in large affairs she now proved herself great. Her hard life had taught her bitter self-control when it came to



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real sorrow. She had not had time for the luxury of grief.

When she came out of the pantry her face settled into its usual lines. She took the cobbler from the oven.

"Mindy," she said, "you can have the money. I'd just as soon you'd go. You had best git them clo'es sprinkled. This cobbler's all done."

It was a month later. Mindwell hurried along the little path to the station. Her trunk had gone by boat to Seattle, where she was to get her ticket to Boston.

Her mother had said good-bye without any emotion. Tears had sprung to Mindwell's eyes, but the old woman had said only, "Now don't go to actin' the dunes."

But how very old and gray she had looked! And how bent! Mindwell had never noticed it before. The ache of it was in her heart now. She saw the long, lonely year stretching drearily before her mother.

The train was an hour late. She walked on the little platform. The ache sank deeper. She could not get it out of her heart. A sob came into her throat.

"I'll run back and kiss her again," she whispered.

Mrs. Ewens was sitting by the kitchen table. Her head was bowed upon her arms. The hearth was unbrushed. The dishes were piled, unwashed, in the sink.

Mindwell came softly to the door and stood there.

"Oh, Lord, Lord," her mother was saying. "I ain't never prayed any, so I order be ashamed to now, when I'm in such trouble. I'll must talk to somebody. Lord, and there's nobody to bother now but you. You'll forgive me if it ain't right. My old heart's broke. My only child has gone an' left me. I don't blame her. I've been cross an' ugly, and I've nagged at her. I've struggled agin my temper. A body never gits any credit fer the times they conquer their temper, but they git a plenty o' blame fer the times it conquers them. But you know, I loved her. Lord, an' how proud I was o' her. I had to work in other people's kitchens when I was a girl; an' since I've got her I've slaved an' saved, so she'd never have to do that. A whole year, Lord! An' me so old, an' sick so much with the ploorisy—"

Mindwell slipped away, shaken to the soul. She went around the house and sat down on the front steps. She leaned her face within her hands and sat there for a long, long time. At last she stood up slowly, trembling. Her face was white. Her eyes went to the silent, lonely mountains. A moment longer the struggle lasted. Then something that was beautiful shone in the girl's face. The exaltation of one who has conquered came into her eyes.

When the train came Mrs. Ewens went to the door and sickled her hand above her dim eyes to get a last glimpse of her girl. Her face was quivering.

At that moment Mindwell stepped upon the porch. Her mother started.

"For pity's sake!" she exclaimed. Her face changed. "Did you go an' git left?"

"No, mother, I didn't get left, but I'm not going."

"You ain't a-goin'!" She spoke harshly, ashamed of her display of emotion. "Why ain't you a-goin'?"

"I've changed my mind." The exaltation was still in her eyes. "I've been thinking, mother. I guess if there's anything in me we'll find it out right here just as well as in Boston. And if there isn't, there's no use wasting my time going to Boston. Maybe I'll get some education here that I couldn't get there, anyhow."

"My-oh! I never see your beat! You'r just like your father, a-changin' like a weather-sign, fer all you're one o' them still, stubborn kids! Well, if you ain't a-goin', hurry on your old clo'es. It's high time them calves was drivin' to pastur'!"

Twenty minutes later Mindwell was following the calves down the path through the fir.

"Maybe the world won't think as much of me as it would if I had a fine education," she said, setting her lips together, "but I guess I'll think more of myself."—*The Ladies Home Journal.*

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES,—

At the present time all attention is centered on England, where, in a few days, will be celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty the Queen, whose sixty years' reign, the longest of any English sovereign, has covered a period of progress and prosperity unequalled in the annals of history. No other sixty years has seen such advance in science, such marvellous development in education, such wonderful inventions, and such universal progress in all that pertains to the growth of humanity.

We treat the wonders of to-day lightly because we are accustomed to them, but that makes them none the less wonderful.

Think of the countless millions who have died without ever hearing of such things as cablegrams, telephones, telegraph lines, trolley cars, ocean steamships, or any of the thousand and one marvellously ingenious inventions with which most of us are familiar and regard as necessities.

How our forefathers would have scouted the idea that a machine which would fly through the air like a bird could be made; how they would have laughed at the prophecy that a time would come when a man could sit comfortably in his own home and talk to a friend hundreds of miles away! It is not the fact that the Queen has reigned longer than any other British sovereign that makes the coming Jubilee remarkable, but the fact that it has compassed such a wonderful period of human development.

Already countless numbers have set sail for England to witness the grand and impressive ceremonies which will be held on the 22nd of June, and in London preparations are being made for the most magnificent royal spectacle that has ever been witnessed.

It is said that the service will be held in the open air, on the west steps of St. Paul's Cathedral; that grand and imposing structure forming a picturesque background. Immediately in front will be seated the venerable lady who for sixty long years has ruled over millions.

Surrounding her will be representatives of Church and State and the nobility of England. From all parts of the British Empire the men most prominent in public affairs will assemble on this momentous day to pay their tribute of loyalty and devotion to our beloved Queen, while foreign nations will also honor her by the presence of appointed representatives of high rank. Loyal subjects will congregate from all parts of the United Kingdom to participate in a nation's felicitations to her who so long has ruled beneficently and well. The scene around St. Paul's will be unparalleled in effectiveness, and can neither be very well imagined nor described.

How the hearts of the multitude will beat when the grand song of thanksgiving ascends to heaven and our loved and venerable Sovereign will bow her head in lowly reverence, acknowledging the personal and national blessings vouchsafed her during her long reign. What rousing cheers will rend the air as the procession passes through the gorgeously decorated streets, lined with soldiers, and military and naval officers, mounted on horses gaily caparisoned. Perhaps the most touching scene of all will be in Hyde Parke, where thousands of children are to assemble to do Her Majesty honor.

You can easily imagine how her eyes will grow moist at this spectacle, and her kind and motherly heart beat in unison with theirs, as with cordial graciousness she receives their youthful homage. At the close of this memorable day our earnest wish will animate all hearts, that our gracious Queen may long be spared to rule with the same wisdom and beneficence which has hitherto characterized her reign.

MINNIE MAY.

Ranks First.

Lynd, Minnesota, May, 1897.

To the Editor FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

SIR, I consider your paper to be one of the best agricultural papers published.

O. C. GREGG,
Supt. Minnesota State Farmers' Institute.