

fort and the housekeeping rather better than my inexperienced little sister could do."

"I've been getting on first rate," Aminta hastily informed Dorinda. "Why can't you let me alone? I like to work around the house, and I hate to teach school."

"Please don't make it necessary for me to go over the ground any more," urged Dorinda, unmoved by the plea. "You will have to start this morning in order to get to Pin Oak before night, and you would better run right home and pack your grip."

Bravely Aminta continued to fight for liberty, but the battle was too unequal. Against Dorinda's long established dominance, the younger sister's blind rebellion beat like ripples against a rock; nerve-shaken, weary and utterly routed, she left the elder in possession of the field, and sadly prepared for her trip to Pin Oak township. Mrs. Loveday gave her a kindly kiss and word of comfort at parting, feeling slightly dazed, herself, by the sudden revolution in her household. Her amazement had gathered something of discomposure by the time her son reached home, late in the afternoon.

"She's just hustled Minto off like a cyclone," she told him, in their brief talk on the porch, "and she's gone slap-dab at the work like a house afire. She's a tearing good housekeeper—there's no doubt about that, but her energy is upsetting to a body's nerves. She's been digging into every corner from attic to cellar, and she's just naturally spied out every thin place there is anywhere."

"Whee-u!" whistled Squire Evan. "So we're having an epidemic of housekeepers, are we? And little Aminta's gone!"

Mrs. Loveday's maid, Hannah, upon her return to Orchard Hill found the house in the highest state of order, and the pantry well provisioned with substantial and dainties. Mrs. Loveday, nevertheless, watched the retirement of her late aid-de-camp with a spice of satisfaction. "I feel tired," she confided to Hannah, "trying to live up to Miss Dorinda's perfection. She has domestic science down to a mighty fine point, but somehow, I can't consider fine housekeeping the end of everything—seems to me it ought to be more a means to other things."

A shadow fell upon her motherly face, as she sat pondering in her rocker by the window. "I hope Evan has forgotten that advice I gave him once," she rambled on, to herself. "I'm sort of uneasy; Dorinda took lots of pains to please him, and she's a top-notch cook; and I don't believe he saw the hard seams in her disposition as plainly as I did. Aminta would be much the more agreeable as a daughter-in-law, in my opinion."

Aminta secured her school in Pin Oak township, and, as weeks passed on with no report of failure, Dorinda's satisfaction waxed great. "All she needs is some one to keep her at it," she complacently reflected, "and she'll do very well." It was, therefore, a trifle disconcerting when the younger sister appeared at her home one russet-hued day in late October, without previous notice of her coming. Dorinda did not attempt to conceal her dissatisfaction. "I suppose it was too much to hope for that you could keep a school a whole term," she said, with some tartness, "but I was counting on your keeping it until Thanksgiving, any way. What was the trouble, this time?"

"I didn't fail, this time," Minto assured her, cheerily, tossing off her little brown hat. "I—I—resigned."

"Resigned! And for goodness' sake, what did you do that for? I suppose you haven't forgotten that there is a mortgage on this place—"

"Oh, that'll be all right—Squire Evan said so," Aminta assured her, glowing all of a sudden like a rose. "In fact, he's the one who advised me to resign my school now. He—wants me to marry him, and, of course, I will; he's the splendi— And Mrs. Loveday is as dear as she can be; you don't know how I did love to make tea for her. And, Dorinda, you'll never have to worry any more about the interest money, nor anything—"

Aminta stopped suddenly; Dorinda had walked into the kitchen and shut the door with a bang.—American Cookery.

## The Awakening.

BY ELI WHEELER.

It was a scorching hot afternoon in July. Ralph and John, two sons of John Brown Sr., were busy loading hay and storing it in the barn, when they casually noticed a large touring car emerge from a cloud of dust and halt at neighbor Green's door, where after a few short minutes stay it turned about and went whirling back towards the city again. They wondered what was the car's errand, but unconcernedly dismissed it from their minds in their present strenuous efforts to get a well-cured field of hay into the barn before nightfall.

After supper that night while they were sitting about the kitchen discussing the work of the day and planning for the morrow's labor, Silas Weatherby, a neighbor farmer, called in with the startling news that Tom Green, neighbor Green's only child, had paid the supreme sacrifice "Somewhere in France", which explained the auto's swift trip in the afternoon.

Ralph in particular was dazed, stupified, to think that Tom Green, his chum at school, dear to him as a brother, should have fallen a victim to the German tyrants. That Tom really was dead! Only twenty-three years old with a promising life ahead of him instantly blotted out by the bursting of a high explosive shell dropped almost at his feet. Gone! and for what?

Ralph pondered over the question that night. He could not sleep. The great war had never seemed very near to him before. All he knew or cared about it had been that farm produce was fetching remarkable prices and that with a year or two more of such prosperity father would be able to buy a car, and then they could indulge in some of the luxuries of the idle rich.

But dear old Tom's death rudely awakened him. Tom had enlisted a year ago, had left his old father and mother to manage best they could the splendid one-hundred acre farm, all alone. He had bravely given up mother, father, home, wealth and ease, for what? Duty, and possible death, and now "Somewhere in France" his body was lying. Was his reward worth the price. Ralph could not but admit to himself yes! A thousand times yes! To fight and die for one's country, liberty and the freedom of succeeding generations. What could be greater glory?

Then unconsciously he began to compare his own part in this great cruel war with Tom's unlimited sacrifice. What had he done? What was he doing? Surely he was helping produce grain, fodder, meats, etc., all of which were as urgently needed to help win the war as were soldiers with bayonets at the battle-front.

Still the wee small voice within kept saying, "Could not John and father manage the farm without you by possibly a little extra effort on their part, and a change in the rotation of crops another year, leaving more in pasture and grass land, thus minimizing labor needed? and you, Ralph, should you not offer yourself for service? Your brother John is physically unfit for a soldier and your father is past the age limit, but you are a healthy strong young man of twenty-one. Why should you not go?" And Ralph, unable to longer lie in bed thinking such thoughts, arose, dressed and went out in the cool night air to fight the battle out alone with his Maker.

It was not a case of afraid to enlist or of which would be the more profitable, but what was his duty to his God and Country? And the answer came to all his reasonings. Go! So that night out under the old Canadian maples, he made a pledge that if he was spared another twenty-four hours he would enlist. Once more at peace with his conscience, he went back to bed and to sleep.

Next morning after breakfast, just as they were preparing to start for the hay field, Ralph announced his intentions of going to the city and enlisting that very forenoon. Mother father and brother were thunderstruck at his present decision of intending to go away over there in France, a target to the Hun sharp-shooters, when only the other day he had been planning on the great times they would all have next fall when they purchased the much talked of auto.

Ralph kindly but firmly stated reasons why he thought it his duty to go, and they could not but admit he was right

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