

night—and she's been pretty nervous lately. You wait here, and I'll see if I can get in myself."

In a few minutes they heard him slip the bolt in the front door, and then he came out to them with a very dimly burning lantern.

"Somehow or 'nother I can't make it seem at all natural, here," said Uncle Nathan, when they were on the ground. "Miles has been talking so interesting about that mining country that I'd no idee we'd come anywhere near so far, and I've let myself get turned 'round completely."

"No wonder, with the fog so thick you can't see your hand before your face," laughed Aunt Mary. "I was thinking there was a little more of a rise up to Ellen's front door," she added meditatively.

Miles uttered an exclamation. Something had just happened to the lantern and it had gone out just as the door was reached.

"Never mind," whispered Aunt Mary. "You jest lead the way and we'll follow."

So in the dark he conducted them to their room, where he presently brought them a lighted lamp and left them.

"Why, Nathan Caswell!" his wife cried, as she gazed about her. "Jest see what Ellen Torrey has done! She's gone and fixed this room up exactly as ours used to be."

"Why, so she has!" said Uncle Nathan. "That old chest of drawers—and the high-post bed—and the looking-glass; they be the very image of our'n."

"But the wall-paper, Nathan—and the chairs and straw matting! Ellen must have done it a-purpose. 'Twas dreadful kind of her, I think."

It seemed as if they couldn't gloat over it and exclaim over it enough. "We can putend for one night that we're in the old house, and it never burned down," Aunt Mary said.

"Feather bed, too," Uncle Nathan said, as he settled down into it with a sigh of content. "I s'pose them lard old mattresses are more healthy—Fannie says they be—but I'm blest if I ever could think they was comfortable."

A Sabbath quiet brooded over the house when they awoke in the morning. Outside they could hear the birds singing—chickadees, bluebirds, a robin, a nuthatch.

They talked for awhile in whispers, then Uncle Nathan said, "Dont you s'pose we could get up real still and slip out and over to the old place? Seems 'sif 'twould make it seem more like Sunday somehow."

"I don't see why we couldn't," Aunt Mary answered. "I wonder if we can see it from here."

She got up and went to look out of one of the front windows.

"Why!" She held the curtain farther aside and looked harder. "Whv. I can't make it seem—right. Why, 'the sun is rising over across the road in the west, or else I'm losing my mind!"

Uncle Nathan sprang out of bed and stared out over her shoulder. "It ain't the Torrey place," he said slowly. "Miles has been playing some

joke on us. If I didn't know it couldn't be, I should think—"

Nathan!"—as the sun burst forth—He went to a window on the other side.

"Mary—come quick!" he cried excitedly. "It's our elm tree, and our barn; the Torrey place is over there, and their house is gone!"

Aunt Mary sank into a chair. "What does it mean?" she asked weakly.

"I don't know," he answered, beginning to dress in feverish haste. "Hurry up and we'll go somewhere and find out."

They were both dressed, when a large piece of paper, half under the door, caught their attention. As Uncle Nathan's name appeared on it, he opened and read it.

"They moved the Torrey house over here and fitted it all up for us," said Uncle Nathan in an awed voice.

They looked at each other as if stunned for a moment, then Aunt Mary threw herself into Uncle Nathan's arms and they cried together.

He was first to recover. "How ridiculous for us to stand here a-weepin!" he said. "Come—let's explore."

Aunt Mary wiped her eyes and followed him out into the kitchen.

"Just like our old one, for all the world!" said Uncle Nathan. "And the woodbox full of kindlings, all ready to start a fire."

In a vase on the sitting-room table was a bunch of beautiful Easter lilies. Aunt Mary's eyes filled again as she bent over them. "We mustn't forget 'tis Easter, Nathan," she said.

"I guess there ain't no danger," he answered soberly. "I feel 'sif I understood how them two Marys and the disciples felt, better'n I ever did before, from knowing how I feel just to have our old home come to life again."

They went over the house together. "I see how 'twas," said Aunt Mary thoughtfully. "As long as the house itself was like the old one, they thought they'd make the rooms as near like as they could, and everybody helped. The grandfather clock must have come from Jed Washburn—you know his and our'n was just alike; the sitting-room carpet is the one Susan Wetherell had in her spare room—we bought 'em off the same piece; the paper is some Silas Crane had left on his hands when he failed up five years ago; Dr. Burrell gave that old desk—why! I can tell where 'most every single thing come from!"

They visited the pantry last. There, in the usual place, on the shelf in front of the window, was a pot of beans and a loaf of brownbread. While these were warming for breakfast, Uncle Nathan and Aunt Mary discovered their own old cow, Brindle, out in the barn.

"I don't see how we can be any happier when we get to heaven than we be to get back here," Uncle Nathan said, two hours later, as he hid the doorway in the old familiar place under the corner of the doorstone.

Then with grateful hearts they walked along the road they had traveled so many times before, to meet their old neighbors and join them in the Easter service at the new chapel.

## The Choice

All the folks in our house had to tell one day In which one of all the rooms they like best to stay.

Mother chose the living room where we mostly sit;

Sister likes the parlor nights with the big lamp lit;

Granny said her ownty room's better'n all the rest;

Jack (he's always studying), likes the lib'ry best: I just love the attic where there's room to swine, Or roller-skate, or spin a top, or play 'most anything;

But when I asked my father, he laughed and said that he

Guessed he'd choose whatever place Mother chanced to be!

—Hannah G. Fernald.

## We Want Your Cream

### MR. FARMER:

We want your cream, and are prepared to pay cash for it as soon as it is tested—at Highest Prices.

Is this offer not better than making your own butter and trading it at the stores?

Don't delay. Write for particulars. It will pay you.

**CRESCENT CREAMERY CO. Limited**  
WINNIPEG.

## He bought her a 1900 Washer

One of Our Readers Tells How Her Husband Learned

### What Washday Means to a Woman.

Dear Editor:—Most men have no realization of what "washday" means to a woman. My husband is one of the best men that ever lived, but he laughed when I asked him one day to get me a 1900 Gravity Washer. I told him it would wash a tubful of clothes in six minutes. "Why, wife," said he, "a washing machine is a luxury, and, besides, there's no better exercise than rubbing clothes on a washboard. It's good for the back. I think we had better wait till we get the farm paid for before fooling away money on such new fangled things as washing machines."

That settled it. I gave up the idea and kept right on washing in the same old way. I confess I felt hurt, but I knew John had no notion how hard it was to do the washing for a family of five—three of them little tots.

Advertisement and found the following address:—

W. H. N. Bach, Manager.  
The 1900 Washer Co.  
337 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

That's all he said, but he lost no time in sending for their Free Washer Book. The book came in due time, and with it an offer to send the 1900 Gravity Washer on thirty days' free trial. My husband jumped at the chance to try the Washer without having to spend a cent. "We'll have four weeks' use of the Washer anyway, even if we don't decide to keep it," he said. So he told the company to send on the Washer.

It was sent promptly, all charges paid, and the 1900 Washer Company offered to let us pay for it in little easy payments. The next week I felt well enough to use it. It is the nicest Washer I ever saw, and it almost runs itself. Takes only six minutes to wash a tubful, and the garments come out spotlessly clean.

We were all delighted with the Washer, and wrote to the company that we would keep it and accept their easy payment terms of 50 cents a week. We paid for it without ever missing the money, and would not part with the Washer for five times its cost.

If women knew what a wonderful help the 1900 Gravity Washer is, not one would be without it. It saves work and worry and doctors' bills. Takes away all the dread of washing day. I feel like a different woman since I quit the use of the washboard. If any woman's husband objects to buying one of the labor-saving machines, let him do just one big washing by hand-rubbing on the old-fashioned washboard, and he will be only too glad to get you a 1900 Gravity Washer.

Anybody can get one on free trial by first writing for the Washer Book. Don't be talked into buying any other machine—there are many imitations, but none "just as good" as the 1900 Gravity Washer.

Excuse me for writing such a long letter, but I hope Mr. Editor, you will print it for the benefit of the women readers of your valuable paper. Sincerely yours,

MRS. J. H. SMITH.

The secret of the easy operation of the 1900 Washer is in the peculiar "S" shaped links, which no other washer can have; then it has no iron to come in contact with the clothes, and also has a removable tub, which is a great convenience.



John's Busy Days.

I am not very strong, and the washing, with all my other work, finally got the better of me. I had quite a sick spell, and after things had gone at sixes and sevens for nearly two weeks I suggested to John that he had better do the washing. We couldn't hire a girl for love or money, and the situation was desperate.

So one morning he started in. My! what a commotion there was in the kitchen. From my bedroom I occasionally caught glimpses of poor John struggling with that mountain of dirty clothes.

If ever a man had all the "exercise" he wanted, my husband was that man! Couldn't help feeling sorry for him and yet it made me laugh, for I remembered how he made fun of me when I hinted so strongly for a 1900 Gravity Washer. When he finally got the clothes done and on the line he was just about "all in."

That evening John came to my room and said kind of sheepishly: "What's the name of the firm that makes those Washers you were telling me about?" I looked up their ad-

