THE ACADIAN
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The Acadian.

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THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXVII. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1907. NO. 13

THE ACADIAN.

ublished every FRIDAY morning by the Proprietors,

DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is $1 00 a year in dvance.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited

ADVERTISING RATES

$1 00 per square (2 inches) for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.

Reading notices ten cents per line first insertion, two and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

RULES

Copy for new advertisements will be received up to Thursday noon Copy for changes in contract advertisements must be in the office by Wednesday noon.

Advertisements in which the number of insertions is not specified will be continued and charged for until otherwise ordered.

This paper is mai ed regularly to subscribers until a definite order to discontinue is received and all arrears are paid in full.

Job Printing is executed at this office in the latest styles and at moderate prices.

All postmasters and news agents are authorized agents of the ACADIAN for the purpose of receiving subscriptions, but receipts for same are only given from the office of publication.

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.

W. MARSHALL BLACK, Mayor.
A. E. COLDWELL, Town Clerk.

OFFICE HOURS:
9.00 to 12.30 a. m.
1.30 to 3.00 p. m.
Close on Saturday at 12 o'clock

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

OFFICE HOURS, 8.00 a. m. to 8.30 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.25 a. m.
Express west close at 9.26 a. m
Express east close at 3.50 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.03 p. m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. L. D. Morse, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30., and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday o each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the door to welcome strangers.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. David Wright, Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7 30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH. — Rev. E. B. Moore, Pastor Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m., on Wednesdays.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH CHURCH, OF HORTON.—Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m. Evensong 7 15 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7 30 p. m. Special services in Advent, Lent, etc, by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

REV. R. F. DIXON, Rector.

Robert W Storrs, } Wardens.
H Troyte-Bullock }

ST. FRANCIS (Catholic)—Rev. Martin Carroll, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—Rev. A. Cohoon, D. D., Superintendent. Services: Sunday, Sunday-school at 2.30 p. m., Gospel service at 7.30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

MASONIC.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.

A. J. MCKENNA, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

ORPHEUS LODGE, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcomed.

H. M WATSON, Secretary

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m.

Dreaded Form Kidney Disease

l Brown, English River, Ont., or three years I suffered from bles, partaking of the nature the bladder, or gravel, and ich I endured can scarcely . I was unable to do any requently discharged blood. pent hundreds of dollars in I received no relief, and at that I would never be able in.

this condition I was advised Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I had no faith in them I detthem a fair trial. After using lt a decided change for the after taking five boxes I feel man. I am entirely out of ve no more discharge of blood. tly recommend Dr. Chase's r Pills to any fellow sufferer, erfully verify this statement riting me."

's Kidney-Liver Pills, one 25 cents a box, at all dealers, n, Bates & Co., Toronto.

and you will get on well; drink, you're done for!' Forty-four others were once neath a burning sun with and he alone survived. nted for his escape thus:— drink, that is the secret, an ally in the liquor in

ngering Cold.

OTHER TREATMENT BUT CURED BY CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.

ter I caught a very severe cold red for weeks,' says J Urquhyr, Ontario. 'My cough was d harsh. The local dealer recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remparanteed it, so I gave it a small bottle of it cured me. I mberlain's Cough Remedy to I have ever used.' This remale by Rand's Drug Store.

of filling sticky baking h water just turn them up over a pan of hot water on and in a short time they lly washed.

e stomach, Heart, or Kidney weak, then these organs always drug the Stomach, nor stimHeart or Kidneys. That is akeshift. Get a prescription druggists everywhere as Dr. estorative, The Restorative is pressly for those weak inside rengthen these nerves, build th Dr. Shoop's Restorative—liquid—and see how quickly come. Free sample test sent by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. h is surely worth this simple 7. Rand.

Cake.—One cup sugar, 1-2 , 1 cup sour milk, 1 tea, 2 cups flour, 1 cup raisins s. Salt and flavor with all pices.

sness and Constipation,

rs I was troubled with bilious-constipation, which made life for me My appetite failed me. usual force and vitality. Pepsin ns and carthartics only made rse. I do not know where I e been to-day had I not tried in's Stomach and Liver Tab Tablets relieve the ill feeling trengthen the digestive functing the system to do its work —MRS. ROSA POTTS, Birming These tablets are for sale by ug Store.

tire grain crop of Canada was nearly half a million

st Minister Recommends Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

e used Chamberlain's Cough n our home for seven years, and ays proved to be a reliable rem have found that it would do the manufacturers claim for it. ially good for croup and whoop-

REV. JAMES A. LEWIS Milaca, Minn., M. E. Church erlain s Cough Remedy is sold Drug Store.

little ammonia in the bean you put it to soak, and it ashed easily.

amberlain's

ugh Remedy

e Children's Favorite
—CURES—
ghs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.
remedy is famous for its cures over part of the civilized world. It can be depended upon. It contains no or other harmful drug and may be en confidently to a baby as to an adult 25 cts; Large Size, 50 cts.

lfville Real Estate Agency.

s wishing to buy or sell apply to
J. W. SELFRIDGE,
Man ger.
. April 27.

To Rent.

house on Prospect street. oms and bath. Fitted with rn conveniences and a very nt and pleasant location.
Apply to
M. GORMLEY.

Manitoba wheat contains more food value than any other. It makes the most wholesome, most nutritious Bread and Biscuits. But it contains so much Gluten (Nourishment) that the dough won't rise properly, and the bread is both heavy and gray.

That is the reason, too, why Manitoba wheat flour does not yield good pastry.

Ontario wheat does not give as nutritious bread as Manitoba wheat. But what it lacks in food properties, it equals by the tasty lightness of its Biscuits, Cake and Pastry. For Pastry, alone, Ontario flour is better than any other flour made of a single variety of wheat.

But there is no need to go to the expense of buying two flours.

Beaver Flour

is both a bread flour and a pastry flour. It is a blend of { Ontario Fall Wheat / Manitoba Spring Wheat } It contains just the right proportion of each to make the most nutritious Bread—the whitest Bread—and the lightest, most delicious Pastry of all kinds.

Beaver Flour also yields MORE Bread, etc., to the barrel, than any other.

No matter what other flour you are using, you are not getting the best results because you are not using the best flour.

Order a trial sack of Beaver Flour. The first baking will prove its quality.

At your Grocer's.

ONTARIO BLENDED FLOUR ASSOCIATION

Dealers—write for prices on all kinds of Feeds, Coarse Grains and Cereals. T. H. Taylor Co. Limited, Chatham, Ont.

69

ANY MERCHANT

who is not having a Brisk, Lively Tea Trade, should note the fact that merchants who make a leader of

MORSE'S TEAS

find their trade increasing daily.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.
GAS ADMINISTERED.

Dr. H. Lawrence,
DENTIST.
Wolfville, - - N. S.
Office in Herbin Block
Telephone No. 45

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT,
AYLESFORD, - N. S.

BUILDING PLANS.

Plans and specifications carefully prepared; estimates if required.
Apply to
GEO. A. PRAT,
Wolfville

Local Salesman Wanted

For Wolfville and adjoining country, to represent
"CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES."

Largest list of commercial and domestic varieties of fruits ever offerad, suitable for Nova Scotia planting. All the latest and improved Specialties both in Fruit and Ornamental stock.

A permanent situation for the right man; liberal inducements; pay weekly; reserved territory; free equipment
Write for particulars.

Stone & Wellington,
Fonthill Nurseries.
(Over 800 Acres.)
Toronto, Ontario.

NEW LIVERY STABLES
IN WOLFVILLE.

The subscribers having bought out the Livery business of J. L Franklin, have begun business on the premises formerly occupied by Edward Chase. Single and Double Teams furnished at short notice. Skilled drivers to all points of interest.

TRUCKING
of all kinds attended to promptly.

We solicit the public patronage, which shall always receive our best attention. Telephone 75.

LABOLT & SCHOFIELD.
Wolfville, April 19, 1905.—33

SCOTIA FARM DAIRY

J. Rufus Starr, Proprietor

BEST QUALITY MILK AND CREAM.

FRESH EGGS supplied early every morning by our teams.

Leave orders at Mrs. Hutchinson's, telephone exchange, or telephone No 13 at Port Williams 22

H. PINEO,
WOLFVILLE,
EXPERT OPTICIAN.

Devotes all his time and attention to the science and art of special fitting. Especially interested in difficult cases. Do not despair till you have tried him.
Correspondence invited. 18

$10 REWARD!

As we are under considerable expense in repairing street lights that are maliciously broken, we offer the above reward for information that will lead to the conviction of the guilty parties.

Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

ACADIA ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

Fred H. Christie
PAINTER
....AND....
PAPER HANGER.

Best Attention Given to Work Entrusted to Us.

Orders left at the store of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

HOME-MADE MEDICINE

Said to Relieve Kidney Trouble and Rheumatism

One ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion;
One ounce Compound Salatone;
Four ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla;

Mixed and taken in teaspoonful doses after meals and at bedtime, is stated by a prominent physician to give most excellent results in kidney or urinary afflictions, and also in rheumatism and sciatica. The mixture opens the clogged pores of the kidneys, thus assisting them in their work of filtering all waste and poisonous matter from the blood, and expels these in the urine. To allow this poisonous matter to remain means that it will settle in the muscular tissues or joints, and cause the untold misery known as rheumatism.

The mixture is composed of harmless vegetable ingredients which can be purchased at any good drug store, and mixed at home.

Anyone suffering from any of these afflictions will no doubt be pleased to learn of so simple and highly recommended remedy.

FREEMAN'S NURSERY

LETTUCE!
Bedding Out Plants of All Kinds.
Rose, Carnations, and Other Cut Flowers.
FUNERAL DESIGNS
and Bridal Bouquets made up at short notice.
Telephone 32.

The Sea.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 'tis and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides.
Each smoother pebble and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore;
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

—THOREAU.

HEPHZIBAH.

CHARLOTTE SEDGWICK.

There were four girls in the old Drew homestead, there where the prim village street meets the careless country road with a gentle inclination, four girls and not one boy—which was lucky for the boy, the father of the four insisted. For himself, Dr. Drew said, he did not mind; he could worry through somehow. He had been brought up in a family of boys, with no sisters, and he believed in the law of compensation. Retribution, he called it on one occasion.

'Well, anyhow,' Pauline flung back on one of the occasions, 'girls are a great saving. You ought to be grateful to us for not being boys. You'd have to send us to college, you know'

'And don't I know that I have to send you?' he retorted. 'Now stay right where you are,' he added, in alarm

But Polly the studious had swooped and alighted on the back of his chair.

'College?' she cried, 'Do you mean it, father? Are you going to send us to college?'

'If I come out of this alive?' he gasped between her hugs. 'Here, keep off!' as Katherine and Virginia each appropriated a knee and began to bounce up and down. 'Oh, come along, Hephzibah, don't mind me!' he finished, hopelessly.

Hephzibah's head, with its smooth braids and crisp ribbons, was bending over a book and a sheet of paper on the table. The lamplight showed a tired, puzzled little face. She did not look up, but her busy pencil paused a momest, as if holding down a figure that might escape. 'I'm not glad about going to college,' she said. 'I'd rather not. It would be worse than this awful square root,' and the pencil plodded on again.

'I wish you'd let me help you, Polly pleaded. 'Square root is fun when you know how.'

Hephzibah shook her head. 'Thank you, Poliy, but I must get this one alone, Miss Thorne said.'

'I'd rather go to boarding school,' Katherine returned to the subject. 'College girls are frumps.' She was examining her dainty finger-nails with approval.

'They aren't, either!' cried Polly, hotly. 'You know only two, and they were frumps before they went to college.'

'Boarding schools are silly,' Virginia began. 'I—'

'I decline to be the seat of war!' Doctor Drew exclaimed, suddenly rising to the full measure of his six feet one and scattering girls in confusion. 'Fight it out ladies. I'm going to form an alliance with a peaceable power,' and he dropped down on the sofa beside his wife.

Mrs. Drew smiled at Katherine. 'I don't exactly know what frumps are, honey,' she drawled, 'but I reckon Polly is right; they are born, not made.

But pretty Katherine shook her head. 'I'd rather have one year of a perfectly stunning boarding-school than four of any college in the country,' she maintained.

'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay,' the docter grinned. 'All right, Lady Kate, only I will choose your 'perfectly stunning boarding-school,' if you don't mind.'

Katherine was to finish her high-school course in June, and during the rest of the winter her father read much boarding-school literature. At last he decided on a school which seemed to realize both his own and oldest daughter's somewhat different ideals.

Of course it was expensive. Things that suited Katherine usually were found to be expensive.

The doctor sighed a little as he realized what the demand upon his purse would be. He had a large practice, but it took a great deal of money just to keep things going, with the big place, the horses, the servants. And his little Southern wife was what her capable neighbors called 'a poor manager.'

In fact she never tried to manage anything. The servants managed the house, and the doctor managed the finances, if earning the money and cheerfully paying the bills can be termed management. But it was all in a life-time, and his life-insurance was big.

So Katherine had two years of boarding-school, returning for each vacation a little daintier, a little prettier, and a little less satisfied with simple village living. And then it was Virginia's turn.

But Virginia's tilted her classic nose at boarding-schools, and shrugged her graceful shoulders at colleges. She must sudy art. So her father sent her to a school of desigh. He really could not have it on his conscience to let her paint pictures he said; there were too many poor ones in the world already.

Virginia had a talent and she worked hard. The promised two years stretched to three and then to four. She won several prizes and sold an occasional design. Finally, with three other girls she opened a studio, which the doctor's checks helped to support.

In the meantime Katherine had married, with much fuss and flourish; Polly had gone away to college, and Hephzibah, with her skirts let down and her braids tied up, was toiling through the high school. Katherine and Virginia had finished the high school course in the prescribed four years, phenomenal Polly in three years, but Hephzibah needed five.

Little Hephzibah was slow. Yet somehow, to the tired doctor, there was something wonderfully sweet and satisfying about this youngest and quietest of his daughters. 'Bless her dear eyes, she's restful!' he exclaimed once.

That her sisters should be Katherine and Virginie and Pauline, while she was plain Hephzibah, had never, until her first day in school, stirred the faintest question in the mind of Hephzibah Drew. And if it had, she would have answered it as she answered the fact that Katherine's hair was yellow and curly while her own locks were pale and straight. One's name belonged, that was all.

But that first morning in school, long ago, temporarily upset her faith in the necessity of things as they are. She came prattling home with questioning in her soul, and on her face the look of tears deferred. Her mother was asleep in a hammock at the end of the veranda, but Hephzibah was not looking for her mother. To the Drew children a mother was a frail, beautiful being, to be loved, admired and waited on, but never to be bothered. So she crossed the veranda on tiptoe and ran down the hall to her father's office.

Her father sat at his desk, writing. 'Well, chicken, how did school go?' he greeted her.

She brushed the question aside. When tears are coming, words should be used sparingly; they strain the flood-gates. He must come with her to the minister's while she got another name. Hephzibah was a funny name. They had laughed, and—the flood-gates broke.

'Great Scott!' the doctor muttered, gathering the quivering little form up into his arms. 'See here, baby, don't you know that the nicest names in the world are those that belong to the nicest people?' He carried her across the hall into the library. 'Your name is beautiful to me because it belonged to a beautiful woman once—up there in the picture you know.

Hephzibah knew. She loved the portrait of Grandmother Drew above the fireplace. She always 'chose' it when they were playing their little game, and she meant to have curls like that when she grew up, with a blue ribbon twisted in them, just like that.

'I wonder if you won't look like my mother when you're a young lady,' the doctor considered. Hephzibah smiled moistly.

'You have her dark eyes,' he went on, finding a tiny handkerchief in a tiny pocket and making dabs at the wet cheeks. 'Yes and her—that is, light hair. I think you ought to keep her name, don't you?'

She nodded doubtfully. 'But I wish her name was Lily Belle. Lily Belle McGinnis is such a beautiful name. The tears started again.

'Dr. Drew caught a Bible from the table,

'And look, chicken,' he said, 'your name is in here, but Lily Bell's isn't, nor Katherine's, nor Kirginia's, nor Polly's.'

'That is what your name means, dear. Isn't it beautiful? It means—' The Doctor hesitated: he was not much of a preacher. 'It means that you make us glad, you know. Let's not go to the minister's. Let's just keep Hephzibah, and make it come true. Shall we?'

'Yes,' Hephzibah decided. 'I like Hephzibah better than Lily Belle. I think I do,' she added. And she marked the place in her own little Bible with a blue ribbon like the one in Grandmother Drew's hair.

Hephzibah was nineteen when her graduation day came at last. She had won no honors, but the old-fashioned doctor was just as proud of her as he had been of his family valedictorians of other years. That evening, when they were all together on the veranda, he told Poily that he supposed Hephzibah would be going back to college with her in the autumn.

Hephzibah was sitting on the top step, with her head resting against her father's knee. She was too tired to take much part in the conversation. Her eyes, when they were not closed, were watching the fireflies flashing in the thin river mist down in the meadows.

'I don't want to go back with Polly,' she said, without moving. 'But please let's wait, dad. I'm too tired too talk about it to-night.

For answer, he took her in his arms and bore her straight up the stairs to her own room, where he put her carefully down in the big chair by the window.

'Now, my sweet girl graduate,' he said, opening her bed with practised hands, 'It's all sails for slumberland, and bon voyage.' He lighted the candles on the dressing-table and drew down the shades. 'I guess you're all ship-shape,' he decided, looking the room over.

'Ay, ay, sir!' she laughed. 'But, O dad,' as he started for the door, 'would you mind—that is. I think—promise you won't laugh!' she finished, fingering her long string of pink corals, her graduation gift.

He held up his hand. 'Hope to die,' he solemnly affirmed.

'I know I should sleep better if you'd take those things away.' She indicated the school-books on the table, and desk, and window-sill.

The doctor understood. 'Of course you would,' he said, gathering the disquieting books up in one big armfull. 'They're enough to give a wooden Indian the nightmares. I'll lose 'em somewhere. Good-night!'

Hephzibah sprang to kiss him. 'Dad, you're so—so comfortable!' she cried.

Nobody mentioned College again for a week, by the doctor's orders. And then one morning, when his phaeton appeared at the door, Doctor Drew found a small person, all in white from her hat to her shoes, seated therein.

'You have a permanent look,' he observed, lifting his hat as he came down the steps. 'I infer that you are out for a drive.'

'Correct,' said the small person. 'Hop in.' The doctor hopped.

'Now,' Hephzibah announced, as they swung out into the street, 'I am going to say things to you, and you must not talk back.'

'All right,' he agreed. 'Only just wait until I've made a few calls in town first. I'm going out to the Hollow then, and you'll have plenty of time for your monologue.

'Fire away,' he invited, an hour later turning the horse's head down the river road. 'Whew, but it's hot!' He took off his hat and put it in her lap.

'Your hair is a lot whiter than it was a year ago,' Hephzibah remarked.

'Well, I'm a year older than I was a year ago,' he exclaimed. 'Did you ask me to come driving with you to make remarks about my personal appearance, Miss Drew?

'Dad,' she said, irrelevantly; 'why did you mortgage the house?'

Doctor Drew jumped. 'How did you know that?' he demanded. 'I didn't even tell your mother what papers she was signing.'

'Oh, a little bird!' Hephzibah teased. 'But why did you do it, dad?'

'Had to, chicken. It's been costing a good deal to keep Virginia in New York and Polly in college. Then there was Katherine's wedding last year. But don't you worry, little one. Virginia is helping herself now, and Polly has only one more year. She's possessed to teach as soon as she's finished college, you know. That mortgage will soon be disappearing like dew in the sunshine. And if anything should--My life-insurance is pretty big; it would keep you all going.'

A sob caught in Hephzibah's throat, but she loosened its clutch with a laugh.

'As if a life-insurance could make up for you!' she cried. 'You can't love life-insurances, or bother them, or take them driving. A life-insurance couldn't make all your sick people well. Now look here, Doctor Drew, and this is what I came driving to say, I'm not going to college, and I am going to stay at home and keep that life-insurance from the door.

'But—' he began.

'You're talking back,' she reproved him. 'Listen to me.' If I wanted to go away to school it would be different. But I don't. I hate the very sight of a text-book. I've grubbed at the tiresome things for years, and even a bookworm turns, dad.'

'But—' the doctor tried again.

'I'm talking,' said Hephzibah, severely. 'If I had a talent I should want to cultivate it, I suppose. But I can't play, I can't draw, I can't teach. I don't even seem to have a talent for being 'finished' like Katherine.'

'But—' her father interposed, still hopeful.

'Dad,' she coaxed, 'has every woman got to study? Can't some of us just stay at home and be comfortable and happy? Three brilliant daughters ought to be enough far any man.'

'But a cultivated woman—' Doctor Drew had reached the last ditch.

'I'll have my diploma framed for you to look at when you feel an attack like that coming on,' Hehhzibah promised. 'How long since you took a vacation, dad?'

'You veer like a weathercock,' he dodged.

'How long?' she persisted.

'I've forgotten,' he replied.

'Because you have never had one to remember,' Hephzibah explained. 'Anyway, not since I came to live at your house. Now I'll tell you, we'll just stay at home two or three years, until the mortgage is paid and we're rolling in wealth, and then we'll take the money it would have cost to send me to college and go to Europe with it, you and mother and I. Travelling is as cultivating as colleges. Say yes, dad, please.'

He turned to her, his face glowing like a boy's. 'Have it your own way,' he said. 'Here's my farmhouse. I may be gone half an hour. Better run round a bit; it will rest you. I'll tie Molly.'

When he came back he found the carriage filled with daisies. 'Do you expect me to ride the horse?' he asked.

Hephzibah stooped and lifted her flowers. 'He shall tuck his toesies under my posies, so he shall,' she said. 'There! Now I'll tell you the rest of my plan.'

'Great Scott, a serial story!' Doctor Drew gasped.

'Yes, and this number begins with a confession. Hold tight, or you'll fall out. I would rather study a cook book than—than anything, and I'm—'

'Unnatural child!' he groaned. 'You'll bring my gray hairs—'

'And I'm going to learn to cook,' she went on. 'Aunt Melie is going to teach me. When I broke it to her she said, Laws, chile, I ain't gwine have you messin' roun' my kitchen. Clare out!'. But I told her she just must. Nobody could cook as she did, and she might get married any day, and then what would we do?'

'Aunt Melie married!' Doctor Drew roared. 'She's the ugliest old— Oh, help!'

'She's going to teach me to do the marketing, too,' Hephzibah continued, 'and I'm going to plan all the meals. Aunt Melie's a perfect cook, but she doesn't understand food values. She gives us peas and beans at the same meal, and rice and marcaroni.'

'Food values?' her father murmured.

'And Miss Lang is going to teach me how to mend as nicely as she does. Then she needn't come any more. That will save a dollar and a half every week. She won't miss the money, for several people are trying to get her. And I just love to sew.'

'Anything else?'

'Only this. Annie's to be married in the fall, you know, and I don't see the use of taking such an expensive maid again. You pay Annie sixteen dollars a month and Aunt Melie's niece will come for eight. She is only sixteen, and quite untrained, but she is bright and strong, and I'm sure I could train her. And now that I am out of school I can do some of the things that Annie has always done, like dusting the parlors and waiting on mother. You'll let me try it, won't you, dad? Mother is willing.'

'And Aunt Melie,' he supplemented. 'I guess I haven't much of a show. My veto could be over-ruled by a two-thirds majority. Let's see. You are going to run the house, and do the cooking and the mending and the marketing, train Jennie, perform some of Annie's tasks, and— Why, I guess I'll let James go! You can just as well hoe the garden and take care of the horses, can't you?'

'He's only teasing us, Molly,' declared Hephzipah to the steady old horse.

'Seriously,' the doctor objected 'you can't undertake all that an once. Learn to do the marketing this summer, and leave the rest until we've brought the roses back into your cheeks. Then we'll talk about Miss Lang and Jennie.'

'But I want to cook,' Hephzibah pleaded.

'All right, two lessons a week,' he compromised. 'We don't want to encourage Aunt Melie to run away and get married.'

They were driving into the big cool barn, and Hephzibah gathered up her daisies. Doctor Drew sprang from the phaeton and turned to lift her out. For a moment he held her fast.

'Thank God, I can keep one daughter!' he said, his voice grown husky. 'Child, child, do you remember what your name means? 'My delight is in her.' There, run along, or James will catch us spooning.'

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