



**"GLADSTONE ON HIMSELF."**

[Can this be what the *Mail* meant by the heading it put over the G.O.M.'s autobiographical remarks the other day.]

**SUSANNAH IN TOWN.**

III.

I 'VE had a experience with a gas stove an' a city kitchen, an' I'm clean tuckered out. It aint that I don't know considerable of kitchens, but kitchens on the farm don't belong to the same set no how. You see it's this way. Sister Mary's hired girl is havin' holidays, an' we was kind of campin' out, an' me helpin' Mary red up the table an' sich, an' the washin' was goin' out to be done, an' we was gettin' on pretty nice. But last Monday word come from over in the States that Mrs. Muggs, that Mary was goin' to visit in September, wished she could fix and come right off on account of a weddin' that was sprung on her for September. Says Mary "I can't go." But I jest up and told her to go right on, an' I'd keep house fur Tom till the girl come back. Tom he was sot fur her to go too. "Me and Aunt Susannah'll manage fine," says he, "when we want a square meal I'll take her down to a resturant." So Mary fixed to get ready to go, and before getting her trunk packed, she showed me all about the "gas rings," as she calls 'em. They set right on a table, and go when you unwind 'em and set a match to 'em. They look as if they'd be a comfort, but land sakes, fur a day or two I'd ruther have burned pine in the old cook-stove at the farm and bring every armful of wood in to the wood-box myself. The first day I come down to get breakfast, Tom was readin' his paper by the settin' room window, an' I lit a match and unwound the tap-thing, but it never puffed and got little blue heads all around at all. I tried two matches an' then I called Tom and told him somethin' was wrong with that gas contrivance. He jest reached up an' turned on the tap at the brass thing, an' I never let on that I'd been expectin' it to go without any gas. It cooks pretty fine, an' is as quiet over it as a broodin' hen, but it's dreadful deceitful. Now you'd think things wouldn't get hot—plates an' tea kettle handles and the knife what you stir the fried potatoes with, but there's five reasons on my left-hand-(bein' as I'm

a left-handed body) why these last few days I keep a holder handy. City kitchens look easy to work in, but they're puttery little things mostly. I like a good bench out under the cherry trees, where I can sun the pails and pans and lean my dish pan up with the dish cloth hung over the edge. And then those little sinks—they aint big enough for any good. Before Mary got her gas fixin's I used to be forever scaldin' mp hands turnin' on the wrong tap for cold water. Now one's cold water and the other's colder—that's all the difference.

They get their milk in bottles here—jest one big one an' a little one—an' I declare it bothers one to make it do. It don't seem right not to have a pailful anyway. We always had more'n that—even ef the cows was shrinking—and the butter comes in little rolls, jest so many a week, an' Mary warned me about that butter. She has to be very careful, Mary has, John Snider didn't leave anything beyond his insurance and his debts, an' Tom's cost considerable to get eddicated.

I tried Mary's carpet-sweeper one day—never handled one before—an' I couldn't run it straight. It picked up a hairpin, two shoe-buttons and a salt-spoon jest running over my room and the dining-room, but it missed a good many crumbs and banged into the chairs pretty reckless. Tom was writing in the library (that's what they call their settin' room), an' he come out an' said he guessed the sweepin' machine must be out of order an' maybe I'd find a broom handier. He's got fine feelin's, that boy—takes after our side.

But fur all the new ways of doin' the same old things, we're gettin' on. I can make toast on the gas toaster now, an' Tom hasn't said anythin' more of goin' down town fur meals.

"Go it Auntie," says he, when I go flyin' around the house, an' remember he goes on dreadful solemn, "that this runs right in with your higher eddication." I'm tryin' to believe him, an' thinkin' a spell of women's rights an' wrongs while I'm peelin' the apples fur sass an' doin' fur that blessed nevy of mine that's so good to his old Aunty.

SUSANNAH.

**FAMOUS ENOUGH TO BE HONEST.**

JINKS (*on the rail*).—"I was talking with an eminent physician, in the smoker."

MRS. JINKS.—"What is his name?"

"He didn't mention it, and I did not like to ask."

"Then why do you think he is an eminent physician?"

"I asked him what was the best cure for consumption, and he said he didn't know."



**THE FOURTH OF JULY.**

As Lt.-Col. Denison hopes soon to see it.