

Sundays. And it was all his own fault."

"Mrs. Rogers!"
"It was; you know it was. And I could not buy a yard of calico or get a pair of shoes mended without hearing of our loss. When the market reports showed turkey high, he figured how much we had lost. When the price was low, he calculated how little we should get for the few left. He even told the deacon that he could not subscribe to the church this year because his wife had poisoned the turkeys."

"That was only a joke, Maria."
"And then he took the eighteen to market and sold them for thirty-four dollars and twenty-five cents, and fooled the money all away in fifteen minutes. He said he laid it on the post office desk and when he went back for it, it was gone. Just as likely he lent it to some confidence man."

"No, I didn't. I lost it as I said I did. And I was dead sorry for it, Maria," he added meekly; "for I meant to spend it all on you."

"Fudge!"
"I think he did, madam," I interposed. "He told me beforehand about the dress and rocker he was going to buy."

Mrs. Rogers looked somewhat mollified. "Well, I am satisfied, anyway. I can get along without those things so long as it has made him stop his turkey talk. I am glad he lost the money. It serves him right."

Just then Rogers remembered important business in another part of the town, and he was no sooner gone than his wife stepped up to me with the ghost of a wink, and said:

"Will you do me a little favor?"
I assented, of course.

"The fact is," she went on. "I found the money in the lining of his overcoat the next day, and I want him to have it without knowing how it came. If he should find out I should never hear the last about that hole in his pocket, and the turkeys would break loose again, like as not."

She handed me a packet.
"Will you please copy the letter and mail it to him with the money in a day or two?"

I hardly relished the commission, but felt bound by my promise. This was the letter, which was mailed in due course, and probably closed the incident effectively:

"Mr. J. Rogers.
"Dear Sir,—We are sorry to learn that you were unfortunate enough to lose a sum of money that you received for the sale of your wife's turkeys. We understand from common report that you had accidentally poisoned some of them earlier in the season, and that your family is in great distress on account of your misadventures. For their sakes we enclose, as a charitable contribution, the enclosed sum of thirty-four dollars, as we do not like to see the innocent suffer from the incompetency of others. We hope it will be a lesson to you. You need not inquire the names of your benefactors, as we do not let our left hands know what our right hands doeth.—Yours, etc., X. Y. Z."

"P.S.—Be sure and buy your wife a new dress, bonnet, and rocker, for she needs them bad enough."

Alice.

By Elizabeth Forman, Alberta.

ALICE West sat on the door step of the little frame shack, on the Canadian prairies, that for two years had been her home.

She was lonely, heart-sick, discouraged.

For three weeks she had been alone on the homestead, with a cow, some chickens, a pony, and a dog.

Only once in all that time had she seen a human being. That was when the emigrant wagon had stopped at the well for water.

At first she had tried to be very brave and say that she did not mind it. She loved the wild flowers that grew in such profusion on the prairies. She loved the croaking of frogs and the quacking of ducks in the pond close by. She loved the timid antelope that sometimes came close, only to flee at the first sign of life. She loved the blue outline of the mountains on the western horizon, and she loved to watch the curious ranch cattle that would come and circle around the tiny fence that kept them away from the shack. Great wild-eyed fellows they were, with long ugly horns and sleek, fat bodies.

But as the days wore on she began to long for something more than these, for human companionship and human sympathy.

She had grown home-sick, although she told herself bitterly, home had never been very much to wish to go back to, for her mother had died in her infancy, and a step-mother had soon come to take her place. Then, from time to time, other sons and daughters had arrived, and, excepting as a maid of all work, Alice had always felt that she was needed but little in the home—still, it was home, and her father was kind.

From the time that she was a very little girl she had desired to become a nurse. She entered a hospital, but after four months of strenuous work her health began to fail.

Traces of the malady from which her mother had died began to appear, and the doctors earnestly advised her to give it up.

With a heavy heart she returned to her home; then she met Phillip West. She had known him but a short time when he began to make love to her; he wished to marry her.

Alice had known so little of love or kindness in her life, that Phillip had easily won his point.

They were married, and, like many others, were very happy for a short time, then Alice was conscious of a change, and her woman's intuition soon showed her the reason.

She had poured upon her husband the love that might have been given to mother, father, brothers, sisters, had her life been a different one. He was her all, while to him she was only a small part of life.

In a way of his own he did love her, but, nevertheless, he began to forget and neglect her shamefully.

Alice was very proud, so, whatever she felt, she kept to herself, not even allowing her closest friends to see or even suspect that she was suffering.

What the end might have been it is hard to say, but just at that time the land was seized with a money panic, and Phillip, with hundreds of others, was thrown out of employment. The bank in which he had worked for many years had failed.

To Alice this meant only an opportunity to win Phillip back to herself.

She had read much of Western Canada—that land of "the last frontier," and she begged Phillip to go there and begin anew.

They sold their new home and their furniture, and with what money they could get together, some of which Alice had inherited from her mother, they went to Canada and took a homestead.

Homesteading in Canada retains many of the hardships that our forefathers faced in years gone by, and Phillip and Alice soon realized this, yet they "stayed with it," and in various ways the first two years were spent.

At the end of that time their money was almost gone, and they were in debt besides, for living is high and homesteads do not pay—at first.

So Phillip went to Calgary to look for work, leaving Alice alone until such

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