

bune, Telegram and Free Press; Cosmopolitan American Boy, Grain Growers' Guide and various local papers from places where we have lived. I believe in taking lots of papers—and in reading them. If there were a choice of cutting down the papers or getting a new hat, I would turn the old hat inside out or upside down, and wear it another year rather than do that.

As we are away from church service, we put in a quiet Sunday reading the papers, with some music at the piano. If one is so inclined there is as good Sunday reading in the various papers as one could hear preached.

On Monday morning we get up very early, at six, in fact—"in the middle of the night," one little boy complains at sight of the lighted lamp—so as to get the children to school over three miles away. But they are soon wide awake and at their porridge, say good-bye and rattle off. Then Monday's rub begins, which is Monday's rub the world over, whether on a homestead or off it. Time flies only too fast with so much work, and it seems to be no time until the children are brought home hungry for supper, and full of descriptions of the beaver they saw on the ice, of the new school, the new teacher, the new Alberta book and the new playmates.

Tuesday, after the boys go to school, and the morning's work is done, we have an early dinner, the men intending to shift some store-pipes in the afternoon. Just as we finish dinner a Swedish bachelor neighbor comes in with a pair of nice ducks. We know that he is just for some, and has come for a talk. So we properly praise his offering, hang them up at the north end of the house, and I get some dinner for him, while the men go on with their work.

So he falls to my lot to entertain, and I know that he is just bursting with pent up talk, so I have only to be an attentive listener and exclaim at the right places. He is about twenty, but has the solemnity of a sage of eighty, and is given to narrative. Threshings at which he engaged for a while is just nicely over, and the events of it are still fresh in his mind. His solemn way and broken English are tremendously amusing. Our conversation is somewhat after this manner:

"Aren't we having lovely weather?"

"Yes, it didn't froze at all last night."

"You had a great fall for threshing."

"Yes, t'rashin' been pretty well dis fall. I made a little cash moneys, an' if I make trap some mush-rat, an' killteys an' weasel I been make a little more. At t'rashin' we has some fierce time. One ole jigger dere, married man he been, wit' a wife, an' a terrible drinker dere he were—he was some awful cranks. All the times he's gettin' up on his ears about some tings. Dis ole jiggers he gets on his ears one day with my bruder Oscar, for because Oscar gets on his ears at a boy 'bout nineteen year, 'at was drivin' one of his team. Dis boy's always havin' dis team jerkin' an' standin' up on dere hind tail. Dis ole jiggers, he says, 'you have been young some days yourself, you Oscar. Dis boy ain' got no fadders nor no mud-ders t' learns him.' And so on, from one narrative to another, the story itself being nothing, only the novelty of hearing how the English language can be twisted and yet convey a meaning.

We always entertain our neighbors of every nationality and tribe, and never lose anything by it, pleasing them and amusing and broadening ourselves.

I am a fair mimic, and entertained the family that evening, as I did some mending, with some of Pete's stories in his vernacular.

Wednesday promised to be humdrum enough, and we were bustling indoors and out at various kinds of work until the middle of the afternoon, when three weary acquaintances from farther down the valley, all carrying rifles, came, and, dropping into chairs, begged me to get them a cup of tea. They had been following a deer since daylight, had wounded it, but simply hadn't the strength to follow it up without something to eat; and they also wanted reinforcements in shape of "Jack," my husband. Of course, I hustled around, and had them at the

table in no time. The grandfather of this family spoke up, and said, "You don't suppose it's one of the Park deer that's got out, do you?"

"Wat," said one of the men who was from "Wash'n'ton," as he stowed away a piece of cold meat, it wasn't in the Park when we shot it, an' I reckon if we ain't too long with our feet under this 'ere table, that it won't git time t' git in again, eh Cal?"

"Naw," said Cal. "I 'low it won't git in no Park, less'n you reckon my ole woman's skillet a Dominyun Buff'lo Park."

"Jack" did not happen to be at home to enjoy the adventure, having gone away just before they came, but returned in time to enjoy a late supper off a quarter of venison, that we got for our cup of cold water, or rather hot tea and "fixings."

On Thursday nothing more eventful happened than venison stew with dumplings, which is not to be despised. I was busy all day, baking and cleaning, sewing and helping the boys with their lessons in the evening. So very busy were we, indoors and out, that we never noticed whether we were fifteen miles from town or right in it.

On Friday there was to be an auction sale of stock, farm implements and household effects several miles away. My husband did not want me to stay alone all day, and, as women often go to sales, I decided to go.

There was quite a number of women there, and they seemed greatly interested in proceedings, out amongst the stock and implements, inspecting them with the men. Many of these sales are veritable rummage sales, every one around bringing their superfluities to have them disposed of. For myself I was disposed to sit back and watch proceedings from the house.

I did come out and hear the bidding on the household effects, as this is more in my line. I am somewhat of a moralist, and the moral I drew from the men's bidding is, that men should never bid on household effects, as they do not know the values as well as the women, who have catalogue prices at their finger-ends.

I saw two men get a do-or-die glitter in their eyes, and fall to a bidding duel over a battered little rocker, that had cost, when spick and span and new, about \$1.75; and they hurled bids at each other, egged on by the wily auctioneer, until it was finally knocked down to the victor at \$4.

The women exasperated the auctioneer by starting everything at "ten cents," and went, possibly, at the opposite extreme to the men. Anyway the sale was finally over, and everybody took their various possessions and departed.

And this reminds me that the "Week on the Homestead" is over, a typical week, varying with the time of year. It may sound, in the reading, primitive and tame to some, but we are not degenerating mentally, are perfectly healthy, and are sure of ultimate gain financially. Perhaps it is the headiness of the air in this high altitude, but we are contented, and homesteading looks good to us.


Signor Mascagni and his wife wear most curious fobs on their watches which require constant explanation. The fobs are Italian silver pieces, each punctured with six round holes. In Signora Mascagni's these are hung with the five pearly first teeth of her little daughter, and upon her husband's coin are suspended those of one of their sons.

"Why not?" said Signora Mascagni through an interpreter. "They are very much dearer to me than any one's jewels."


The wood fire crackled and sparkled merrily in the big open grate in the cozy library.


"After all, home is the dearest spot on earth," remarked the young wife, with quiet satisfaction beaming in her eyes. "That's right, dear," emphatically replied her husband, who was engaged in auditing the Christmas bills.

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