FARM AND DAIRY



"Object Matrimony By ANNETTE CHADBOURNE SYMMES (Continued from last week)

OU Martin Greenleaf?" she queried. "I'm Daisy Mon-

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"Y queried. "I'm Daisy Mon-tresor, that you got a letfrom week ter or at Bixby a The troupe has been at Bixby Corners, but I managed to get off for this trip, and I thought, being so near, I'd come and see the farm and you, and find out if there wasn't a chance of our being muthally suited, eh? But of course it's too early to speak of that, so forget that I said it. This your family? There's quite a lot of 'em."

Martin was completely dismayed. He gazed at her ultramodish imita tion velvet suit, imitation marabout tion velvet sur, imitation management boa and muff, willow-plumed picture hat, with the violently sellow tresses beneath it, and the foolish little velvet boots on her feet. Painted, powdver boots on her reet. Fainted, powd-ered, shewing plainly the marks of the burlesque stage, she was a most incongruous figure in the plain, clean farmhouse with these honest folk.

The girl plucked at Martin's sleeve

"Introduce me!" she commanded in "stage whisper. "Miss Daisy Mon-tresor of the 'Merry-Merry Burles-quers.' Land, but you're slow !" Martin achieved the introduction

and Dolores came forward and in a constrained voice invited Miss Montresor to remove her wraps and have supper.

'Sure, Mike!" replied Daisy. ily. "Gee, but I've got a fierce hun-gor! Say, this place looks pretty near all right! Is that tea strong? I can't bear weak tea!"

She drew a chair up to the dis-mantled tea-table, and commenced helping herself to food, while Dolores went to the kitchen for the "strong tea" the new guest had ordered Martin followed her. "What

"What we going to do?" he asked miserably, as he approached her, while she pour ed boiling water upon the tea leaves in the teapot.

Dolores raised her eyes, sparkling with indignation. "Go away from me! I hate you!" she whispered fiercely.

CHAPTER IV

ENTER MATODORA.

Miss Daisy Montressor took her time over her tea. She first demanded toast and sent back the fried potatoes because they were not suffic-iently browned. But in time her appetite gave out, and she rose with an air of languid repletion and moved air of innguia repietion and moved towards the parlor, where Martin was trying to explain to Mrs. Jones that Miss Montressor's coming was unex-pected to himself as to other mem-bers of the family.

Dolores cleared the table with swift, vicious movements. Her eyes blazd, and there was a red spot high on each cheek. She had just poured out the dish water when a knock was heard, and she went to the door to find standing upon the threshold a figure which almost filled it from side to side

"Is dis Mr. Martin Greenleaf's?"

was ready for the night. When all was done, she approach-ed Dolores confidentially and whis-pered: "Do you mind if I smokes out inquired a voice. "My hebbenly Lord ! Induired a voice. "My hebbenly Lord! Isn't I t'ankful to strike dry land at last! I'se hoofed it clear f'om de station at Bixby, t'ree miles, an' I'se 'bout dead, 'deed I is!''

Dolores grasped the arm of the stranger and pulled her into the ligh: The features were those of negress, and the color was a sort of chocolate brown! Martin, who had been surprised by the knock and had started to answer it, stood transfixed in the parlor doorway, and to him the newcomer appealed. "Is you, Mr. Greenleaf? Here's a



One Youth Rendering Appreciated Assistance to Another

This sturdy youngster, growing up in the finest of surroundings for child devel opment, is the 16 months' old son of one of Our Folks, J. G. Korry, Lanark Co.

leiter your cousin, Miss Letty, sent you by me. She told me as how you was needin' a woman, an' I t'ought I would like de country once more. would like de country once more. I was done raised on a farm myse⁴f, way down Souf, so I says, 'I'll go, if he wants.' An' she said you'd want me right off, seen' you was so hard up fo'a woman so I jes' started right out. An' here I is. I asked 'em if 'wwas far at the starting and dev see. out. An' here I is I asked 'em if 'twas far, at the station, an' dey say, 'Oh, no, 'bout a mile an' a half,' but it's de longest mile an' a half dis chile eber seed."

Marrin took the proffered letter, and found that it was indeed from his cousin, whom he had neglected to notify of his success in securing Dolores, though he had written her that he needed someone, and asked her to see what she could do for him. It said that if he were already sup-plied with a girl, the bearer would like exceedingly well to secure a place somewhere else in the neigh-borhood. If possible, and requested Martin took the proffered letter. borhood, if possible, and requested Martin to try to help her to a situa-tion. Matadora White, so the letter stated, was an excellent cook, but had tired of city life and would appreciate a country berth.

Martin looked up at the brown broad face. There was humor and kindliness there, and his heart warmed to the negress.

ed to the negress. "Don't you worry, Mrs. White," he said heartily. "We'll see about get-ting you a place to-morrow, though as you see I already have a housekeeper. You shall have some supper, into the hallway to look through the door. Eaisy sat at the cabinet or-gan, pumping away at the pedals for dear life and singing "Everybody loves a Chicken," at the top of her lungs Mrs. Ince. a photoenaded lungs. Mrs. Jones, a photograph album in her lap, listened grimly, and Aunt Lovey wore an expression of puzzled endurance.

one-piece gown, in which she looked

ike mothing so much as a fat toad, and capably helped till the kitchen

here? I knows it ain't stylish, but I does love my pipe, an' 'if it don't

"If you shut the door, nobody will care," said Dolores, and before she left the room she saw Matadora hump-ed into the straight backed rocker,

puffing away at a short-stemmed clay pipe, the picture of contentment.

As Dolores entered the sitting room she heard the voice of Miss Daisy

trouble no one

Martin was living up to the advice of the old lady who said her favorite text of Scripture was "Grin and bear it." He was visibly grinning and it." He was visibly grinning and bearing it, and if Dolores' heart had not been so sore, she would have pitied him. But remembering what she had thought him, and contrasting it with what he seemed to be, her face with what he seemed to be, her face took on a bitter look, and she urred away disgusted, as Daisy, undisturb-ed by lack of applause, struck up, "When the Midi-night Choo-choo Leaves for Alabama." "Hol' on dah, honey." said a voice at Dolore" elbow, and evidently ad-dressed to Daisy, "dat ain't de way to sing dat dar song?" he stool, and Dated elisidatellityon Manadod.

"Is this your cook?" she asked haughtily of Martin. "and do cou al-low your servants in the parlor with your guest?" "Hol' on dar." repeated Matadora,

"mebbe I jest as much guest as you be! Ain't I, Mas'r Greenleaf?" she appealed to Martin. "Quite as much so," said Martin

appeared to startin. "Quite as much so," said Martin brinz such consequences with it with emphasis. "I place no compul- "I'm sorry I spoke as I did, 'lar-sion upon anybody." he went on, tin," she said softly, laying a land

"and if the presence of this lady offensive to any of you, you are liberty to withdraw. She has conhere on business, where the rest of you have come without invitation you have come without invitation, and she shall be treated as your equal while she stays here." Daisy whirled upon the stool, and

slipping away from the organ, scated herself in offended state on the other side of the room. Matadora waddled to the organ and seated herself upon the stool. Her brown pudgy p moved over the keys in a simple cession of chords, and then a voice, all velvet soft and honey sweet, began the song which Daisy had been shrilling and carried it on to the end. holding the autience spell-bound by the per-formance. Even Daisy forgot her sulks and cried eagerly at the end: "Say, that's all right! You oughter to in vaudeville !"

Matadora beamed benignantly and responded to a chorus of urgins more coon sonos, plantation ditties and other old-time music.

"Yas, I done learned to play jes" 'nuf to accomplish myself." she explained, and she was generous enough to give them a very good concert.

Had it not been for Matadora's ocalizing, it is hard to say just what evening would have brought Mrs. Jones was bridling and forth swelling with indignation at the intrusion of Daisy upon the domain which she had plainly decided to secure for herself, and Daisy was futhese women who had spoiled her plans for the annexation of Martin and his property. It was not until Matadora had sung herself out, and the strangely assorted party had been conducted to the various rooms provided for them, that Martin deter-minedly cornered the elastic Dolores in the kitchen, and penning her in between the sink and the cook store. forced her to listen to the words he had been burning to say all the crening.

"Dolores! I can't think what you must suppose I am, but I hadn't any idea that this would happen when I wrote that advertisement. I was at my wit's end for a housekeeper, and was ready to try most anything

"Well, you seem to have got 'most

"I never read those womens ters. I didn't know they were coming and if I had, I'd have locked the doors and hung out a smallpox flag! never dreamed women would 801

"Well, now you see they will, and I can't say I pity you much! Any man that'll answer matrimonial ad-vertisements deserves just what is coming to him!"

"I suppose he does, but just the same, it's kind of tough for ignorance to be enlightened in quite such a hard way !"

"Experience keeps a dear school, but-you know who-will learn in no other

"Oh. Dolores! I deserve everything you've said and implied, except the blame of having intention of things working out like this! I had been m happy here with you, and I'd hoped -that some day you'd-marry me-mavbe. I love you, fool as I am, and as I richly deserve to be called. And maybe. hoped you'd love me. too-" His voice trailed off in broken ac

His voice trailed off in broken ac-cents and his whole appearance ras so abjectly miserable that Dolores could not help pitying him. She cald see that he was telling the cast truth. She had often wondered at his child-like innocence of the vay of the world, and after all it was hard, as he said, for ignorance to

on his arm. help knowing agencies wer couldn't real hay wouldn't them. But I and I'm sorry haven't but j going to get i day? There that goes the Martin gro never though ever get over "I guess it three-ring c but it can't to just make t till they ca It is beyond

man nature looking up sol red girlish lij friendlines be something one is a youn; the possessor quite keep or hurried moven tin, a despera and she and had reac But Martin's thrill of the l en. was as a ties are prove Dolores' left rose, when in ed in the gla glowing face (Contin