



**3T** is only the great hearted who can be true friends; the mean, the cowardly, can never know what true friendship means.—Kingsley.

## Off the Track at Hilton

A Thanksgiving Story by Emma Rayner  
(Farm and Fire)

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

"I'll go and bring him home. If there's a lawyer in Boston, that boy's name shall be cleared. He shall be home for his usual Thanksgiving dinner yet. Why mother would break her heart if he didn't eat them cranberry tarts and pumpkin pies. The worst is I shall have to be away to-night; but I'll fix it so she doesn't suspect."

Was that a fear the darkness didn't? Certainly Elijah's roughened cheek was wet. His toil-worn hand trembled as he carefully folded the newspaper and tucked it away well out of sight in his pocket.

Half an hour can be a long time under some circumstances. It was just thirty minutes from the time Elijah sat down to supper until he stood with the door-knob in his hand. It was the longest thirty minutes of his life.

"I reckon I'll run over to Widow Tracy's and look at that sick cow," he said. "Seems awful unneighborly to leave a lone woman to tend a sick cow. You won't be real jonesome if I'm not back before morning?"

He carefully veiled the anxiety in the question. He need not have feared. Margaret's face visibly brightened.

"Not a bit. I should hate to have you unneighborly," she said. "Don't you try to come back to-night. There's sure to be something you can do."

Elijah drew a deep breath as he shut the door. The smile died from his lips. He did not need it now. It had done its work. It had been a hard fight, but he had not dashed the light out of mother's gladness.

"She never suspected a thing," he told himself, hurrying away into the darkness.

Inside that closed door a faded face fell into lines of pain. Margaret stood up nervously.

"To think he found a way out for me himself," she said. "And he did not suspect. He won't know I'm gone till to-morrow. I'll leave a note to tell him I was called away. And I'll put everything ready to his hand for dinner. Please God I shall be back by night—with Charlie."

The evening had closed in dark and stormy when Margaret stood on the wayside platform waiting for the train. The shrieking of the wind had struck on her heart at every step of the two miles she had walked. A glad heart can defy a storm, but a sad one hears sob in the morning night.

Each minute of waiting, peering into the darkness of that long steel track, stole away a little more of her hope. She had felt so sure when she started. Now—

What was that the paper said? He hinted at an elastic source of income? Back to her mind came Charlie's words when he last said good-bye.

"I'm getting richer than you know. Look out for a city millionaire when I come back one of these days."

"He couldn't do wrong for money," her sister heart whispered. But it ached the harder for the memory of those words.

In the handbag she carried she had been careful to put her cheque-book. There were three hundred dollars in

Everybody got out, Elijah with the rest. "Why, mother—father? Where are you going so early?"

"To Boston—to get you out of jail."

"Oh, Charlie! To think they dared to do it!"

The young, fresh face for a minute showed bewilderment. Then it broke into a laugh.

"Did that story come here? I met it in a dozen places in Boston."

"Look there!"

Elijah pushed the Hilton Courier into the young man's hand. It was doubled so that he had not far to look.

"I'll pitch into Editor Fairleigh for this," he said. "He isn't much to blame though, for getting Charlie Wynward of Hilton, New York, co-founded with Charlie Wynward of Hilton, New Hampshire. That New York Hilton is the plague of my life. Half my letters from the boys here have been sent there lately."

"And they didn't arrest you?"

"Mother's voice shook."

"I guess they didn't. I didn't need to steal two hundred dollars. I've made just this keeping the books of Boston firm in the evenings. Isn't that a pretty fair record?"

Elijah laid his hand on the young man's shoulder. The other arm was pinned to his side, predicting that Margaret's delicate face had grown very white.

"We'll set Fairleigh straight before the day's over," he said. "Let's get home now. Mother's tired."

The train they had come in, with engine reversed, was filling. The boarded it, all three together. As they stepped inside, sun just above the hills, shone out and sealed his gladness of a new day.—Farm and Fireside.

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## Variety Lightens Work

Inez de Jarnatt Cooper

The idea is prevalent that women hate housework, and much is being said and written to confirm it, but a matter of fact, most women do not. Some have got into the habit of complaining because they have mistaken themselves for the overworked women to whom sympathetic words are directed. Ask the next housewives you meet what work they prefer, and seven of them will say housework.

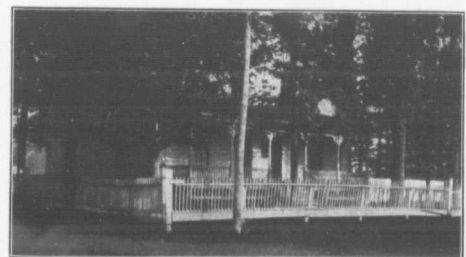
To be sure there are women who do not like to do any kind of work and these of course hate housework. They are of the stripe who taught on term for their wedding clothes—dressed it—who, as unmarried women, worked—and shirked—in an office, and when at home, because employment a day, were waited on and footed by mother, brother, and sister.

### TIRE OF MONOTONY

There are times when women tire of their housework just as the most industrious men do of their work, but it is the monotony of which he tires. Let her get a new kitchen cabinet or some other novelty or labor saver and her interest will be renewed and her courage renewed.

Sometimes it is a change that the housewife wants and really needs and for this reason she should not be too conservative about having innovations made now and then in her home innovations.—New England Homestead.

When storing choice seeds saturate a cloth with spirits of turpentine and place it in the bottom of a fruit jar. Pack the seeds in the jar and cover with another cloth wet with turpentine. Cover tightly with tape. When needed, the seeds will be perfectly conditioned and free from other insects which destroy seeds in this manner kept from hatching.



A Pleasant Farm Home in a Province Down by the Sea

One of the many attractive and comfortable farm homes in the near neighborhood of Truro, N.S., is that of Davidson Hill, here illustrated. Frame houses such as this are the rule in Nova Scotia. In fact, in all of Colchester county we only know of but one brick farm house. Mr. Hill's speciality is dairying, with a strong leaning towards Holstein cattle.

the bank, egg-money, all her own. If Messrs. Flint & Co. would not let him come home any other way, they could have it all.

Hark! That was the rumble of the train. It was stopping at Greenwood Station above. She drew nearer the steel rails and waited nervously.

Greenwood Station was barely a mile across fields from Widow Tracy's farm. Farmer Wyward had just time to look at the sick cow and get there to catch the train. He swung on to the last coach and dropped wearily into a seat. It was not the run across the fields that had tired him. It was the weight that lay on his heart.

He drew out the Hilton Courier and read the fateful item through again. Naturally, when the train slowed up he did not see the little, slim figure that climbed the steps on the first coach and disappeared.

"Hilton!"

Elijah drew back in his seat. He was not anxious to be recognized! acquaintances to-night. He had never seen so many people around the station as seemed as if all Hilton had turned out.

Ah, that explained it!

"Freight train off the track. Three cars wrecked. Line may be cleared in a few hours. If not, passengers will be transferred to the train from Boston that will come early in the morning."

Somebody had left a lighted lantern on a pile of planks by the side of the track. It showed Elijah a sheltered nook in their midst. It did more. It showed to a little woman sitting back in that nook a man's face. She drew her breath with a gasp. Father—here! How old and worn he looked. Could it be—

Then she saw a paper sticking out of a coat pocket and understood.

"Father!"

That one sobbing, pining word told him why mother was waiting at Hilton for the train.

"I thought you didn't know," he said. "I'm going to Boston to bring him home."

"So am I."

By the light of the lantern they looked into each other's eyes. Then Margaret's hand stole into Elijah's. His fingers closed firmly over it. One arm went around her. And thus they sat waiting for daylight and the Boston train.

The day had dawned, and in the distance sounded the whistle of the train from Boston. Elijah and Margaret stood up stiffly.

"We'll be getting down the track ready," Elijah said.

But they were not half-way there when the first passenger from Boston came along. His legs were young and swift. He had not sat all night fighting a great pain.

"Charlie! It's Charlie!"