

down on the stool and poking the fire with a stick.

"Must it be an old one?" said I laughing.

"Of course; they said so."

"And what am I to put into it?"

"Some flour and some milk. But, by George! I've forgot all about it. I was wondering all the way across the field why they called the yeast milk-emptyings, and that put the way to make it quite out of my head. But never mind, 'tis only ten o'clock by my watch—I have nothing to do—I will go again."

He went—would I had been there to hear the colloquy between him and Mrs. Joe! He described it something to this effect:

MRS. JOE.—"Well, stranger, what do you want now?"

TOM.—"I have forgotten the way you told me to make the bread."

MRS. JOE.—"I never told you how to make bread. I guess you are a fool. People have to raise bread before they can bake it. Pray, who sent you to make game of me? I guess, somebody as wise as yourself."

TOM.—"The lady, at whose house I am staying."

MRS. JOE.—"Lady! I can tell you that we have no ladies here. So the woman that lives in the old log shanty don't know how to make bread. A clever wife that! Are you her husband?"

Tom shook his head.

"Her brother?"

Another shake.

"Her son—do you hear?" going close up to him.

TOM.—"Mistress, I'm not deaf, and who or what I am is nothing to you. Will you oblige me by telling me how to make the *milk-emptyings*?"

MRS. JOE.—"*Milk-emptyings*! So you expect me to answer your questions, when you don't choose to answer mine. Get you gone! I'll tell you nothing about it."

TOM.—"Thank you for your civility. Is the old woman, who lives in the little shanty near the apple-trees, more obliging?"

MRS. JOE.—"That's my husband's mother. You may try. I guess she'll give you an answer;" and, slamming the door in his face, the virago retired into her den.

"And what did you do then?" said I.

"Oh! went of course. The door was open and I reconnoitred the premises before I ventured in. I liked the phiz of the old woman, although it was sharp and inquisitive, a deal better than that of her daughter-in-law. She was busy shelling

cobs of Indian corn into a barrel. I rapped at the door and she told me to come in, and in I stepped. She asked me if I wanted her, and I told her my errand, at which she laughed heartily.

"You are from the old country, I guess, or you would know how to make milk-emptyings. Now I always prefer bran-emptyings; it makes the best bread; the milk I opine tends to give it a sourish taste, and the bran is the least trouble."

"Then let us have the bran by all means," said I. "How do you make it?"

"Oh, I put a double handful of bran into a small iron pot or kettle—but a jug will do—and a tea-spoonfull of salt; but mind that you don't kill it with salt, for if you do it won't rise. I then add as much warm water at blood heat as will mix it into a stiff batter. I then put the jug into a pot of warm water by the fire side, and keep it at the same heat until it rises, which it generally will do if you attend to it, in two or three hours. When the bran cracks at the top and you see white bubbles rising through it, you may strain it into your flour and lay your bread. It makes good bread."

"My good woman," said I, "I am greatly obliged to you; but we have no bran; can you give me a small quantity?"

"I never give anything," said she. "You Englishers, who come out with stacks of money, can afford to buy."

"Sell me a small quantity?"

"I guess I will," says she; but edging quite close up to me, and fixing her sharp eyes upon me, she said, "You must be very rich to buy bran."

"Oh! very rich!"

"How do you get your money?"

"I don't steal it."

"Perhaps not. I guess you'll soon let others do that for you if you don't take care. Are the people you live with related to you?"

"I could hardly help laughing in her face," said Tom; "but I answered in the negative."

"And do they keep you for nothing?" continued the old gossip; "or do you work for your meat?"

"I do neither; they are my friends. Have you that bran ready?"

The old dame went to a binn and measured out a quart of bran into my jug. "What am I to pay you?"

"A york shilling," quoth she.

"Is there any difference between a york shilling and an English shilling?" said I, wishing to try if she were as honest as the rest.

"I guess not. Is there not a place in England called York?" The old creature leered up into