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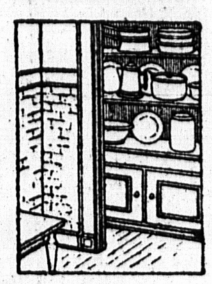

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After Ten Years

BY MARION RUBINCAN

THE NEWS SPREADS
Chapter 31

Millie's first feeling was disbelief.

"It isn't true, it isn't true you're talking nonsense,' she said.

Humphrey still had his defensive attitude.

"Well, you'll see how true it is!" He almost sounded threatening, Millie believed.

"Everything? Every cent?"

"Every cent--and bills to pay besides." He went oven and threw himself down in his favorite chair, and began feeling around on the floor for his felt house slippers. This was a daily ceremony, and proved what a creature of habit he was. Once Millie used to put the slippers there for him every afternoon. For many months now she had neglected that attention on purpose.

"But--what are we going to do?" And Millie sat down, because the strength ran out of her and her knees gave way.

"I don't know--where are my slippers?" Strangely enough, he was more concerned over the trifling misplacement of his slippers, than the loss of the money.

Perhaps this was natural enough. For weeks Humphrey had seen this coming and had made every effort he could to ward off the calamity. The events of the day were only the expected thing, it was news to Millie, but she wanted to forget it.

She wanted to know the details.

"But how did it happen? You've always had money--you've always made it. You never speculate, I can't believe it!"

"Well, you'll believe it fast enough when you find out we've got to sell the house--maybe get out, where are my slippers?" His voice was raised towards the end, he was fumbling in the bottom of a little closet in the wall where Millie usually kept housecoats, slippers and various other small belongings such as pipes. But his hands were trembling, his eyes not steady--no wonder he could not find what he was looking for.

Bridget, hearing the raised voice, decided "They're at it again," and moved by an amiable desire to find out what it was about this time, she went quietly into the [illegible] and stood there listening. [illegible] a good excuse in the [illegible] closet for it was time to [illegible] table.

[illegible] had found [illegible]

[illegible] Won't [illegible] be enough?"

[illegible] turned furiously.

"[illegible]'s all you think about!" A [illegible] dark red felt slipper waved in his hand as he turned on her excitedly. "You wonder whether you can go running off to Italy or not! You think about yourself--you always think about yourself first! No, of course, you can't go, I tell you I haven't a cent left. [illegible] debts and God knows how [illegible] them. You'll not only not [illegible] Italy, you'll rid of Bridget, you can't afford her, you'll move to a smaller house."

That was all Bridget heard. It was quite enough for her. With great presence of mind, she slipped out of the dining room, counting on the fact that the master and mistress were too excited to notice the squeaking hinges of the door into the kitchen.

Bridget had heard vaguely that Mrs. Braufeld needed a second ser- work was the rule, they were going to do things up in fine style--in a town where one general maid of all worn was the rule, they were going to have cook and parlormaid, too.

She presented herself, in a clean apron, within two minutes of the time she had stood in the dining room.

"I'm a foine cook when I've plenty of toime for me cookin'," she said in her own peculiar mixture of Irish, Scandinavian and American accents. "You'll not be sorry you took me ma'am. And I can announce dinner in foine style, I learned that that me last place."

To Mrs. Brautlfeld's weak but conscientious objection about taking her from a good mistress, she answered:

"Sure, they've goin' to foire me. They've lost every red cent, ma'am yes ma'am. And I've no doubt all poor Mrs. Parke's too, and now I wonder whatever would Miss Patty get to do in this town that would pay her a livin'?"

Mrs. Brautfeld meant to be kind and good, and even sympathetic. But only a little time before Mrs. Humphrey Buchanan had laughed when one guest at her tea party had insulted her and another snubbed her while eating her cakes and ices.

"Well, you'd better stay out your week," she said. "You can come Saturday afternoon."

"And she wanted me to vote for her for the club!" Mrs. Brautfeld remarked to her husband that evening "She'll not be president of anything now. Are you going to Joe's? Tell the boys, it's all right. I told Mrs. Thompson this afternoon??"

Cora was saying to Maude over the phone:

"I hear that Patty is looking for a job, he must have been hit hard. No, I haven't asked Millie herself--someone said they were going to leave town, and Jim says he must own thousands. Awful! Yes, I wish she hadn't been so snippy lately--she's gotten half the town down on her. Yes, of course, I must call, it's my duty--do you think she'll sell her furniture? I'd like that marble top table--"

MRS. PARKE
Chapter 32

Meantime, serenely thinking that as yet no one knew what had happened, Humphrey, Millie and Patty and Mrs. Parke were holding a family conclave.

At first, when Millie realized that everything was gone, and that her cherished trip abroad had to be given up, she indulged in a long and comforting cry.

Humphrey, at first on the defensive when he told the news, nervously read to defend himself against the accusations he was sure were coming, now softened at the sight of Millie's extreme dejection. He patted her shoulder, and tried to get an arm around her, as she crouched down in the big armchair.

"Never mind we have each other!" he said once, moved to a sentimental statement by the continued sight of her tears. It was romantic phrase, he had read it somewhere.

"That's the worst of it!" Millie burst out. "Now I'll never get away from here, even for a time."

Humphrey was too hurt for anger. He said nothing for a long time, while Millie wiped her eyes, and violently blew a very red and shiny nose.

"You don't seem to consider me much," he said finally. "At least people will be sorry for you. They'll think you're an innocent victim. They'll say I was seven kinds of a fool to go in on that scheme--I'm sorry, Milllie."

"It's all right,' Millie answered, accepting his apology, and perhaps realizing all the shame and sorrow he felt and was too awkward to express.

"You can't get away from me, if you mean by that taking a long trip," he said after a time. "But if you want to get out of this town, we can do that--- I'll have to take a job somewhere, we can go anywhere you'd like."

This was a ray of comfort.

"What shall we do?" Millie asked.

"God knows," he answered, sinking into a chair. "I haven't thought that far. The next thing to do is to tell your mother. I might as well go and get it over now--no, I think I could stand it better after supper. Let's eat."

Millie attempted to carry off her red eyes at dinner by assuming a great air of dignity and telling Bridget to make her tea for her headache.

But these pretenses availed little in awing Bridget She was a willing and good-natured servant, but there was something in her tone when she spoke and the way she settled her shoulders when walking from the room, that made Millie feel little and inferior--and Millie was not overly sensitive.

At the end of the meal, Bridget announced calmly that she was leaving Humphrey cut short her explanations

"That means everyone knows," he said gloomily. "Phone over and ask mother and Patty to come here."

They came--Mrs. Parke in a [illegible] shawl with fringe which gave her an oddly frivolous appearance. She was a very small woman with hair so gray it was impossible to tell what color it had been. Millie looked like her, Patty resembled her father's family and bore scarcely a trace of her mother's features or coloring.

Mrs. Parke had dry hair that ran into crisp litle curls, shrewd little dark eyes surrounded by fine wrinkles, and a thin nose. Once she had been very pretty, with a tongue and a wit as sharp as her nose. But, as is so often the case, he wit turned to sarcasm, and with advancing age, the sarcasm became less witty and more hurtful. Now it had settled down into habitual lamentation and complaint.

She had an uncanny ability to see another person's faults. And as the human race is full of faults, and the faults are apt to be more spectacular than the virtues, Mrs. Parke had gained a reputation for great keenness and insight into character. "I always said so," she was apt to remark grimly, when some previously perfect person was held up for public criticism.

So now she was torn between two emotions. One was genuine grief and terror over the loss of Humphrey's little fortune, the other an unconscious feeling of satisfaction over the discovery of a great flaw in her son-in-law.

"Poor Millie, whatever will you do?" she began. "Of course, I've some money--you can always live with me."

In her mind she saw the two families united---something she had always secretly longed for. She saw them living under one roof where her word was law. Before, in any family matter, it was Humphrey, not she, who decided the thing. She had to do as he told her. They were always perfectly friendly, of course-- only Humphrey was "boss". Now:

"You'll have to live with me," Humphrey announced grimly. "For you money went in with mine, and that's gone too. You told me to invest in anything paying good returns--this thing promised to be absolutely---"

"Mine gone too!" Mrs. Parke rose from her chair, a little, bent figure that suddenly seemed to town. "Mine---all gone?"

PATTY TO THE RESCUE
Chapter 33

In the end it was Patty who took charge of things. Somehow, it is often that way. Millie, the older woman, whose straight dark hair and not very attractive dark eyes gave her a serious appearance, was really the shallow and incompetent one. Mrs. Parke, for all her sharp and shrewd expression, had no business judgment and before this catastrophe was perfectly helpless.

But Patty, of the type usually considered frivolous because of her fluffy waving gold hair and her large blue eyes, sat down at the little living room table, found a blank piece of paper, took a pencil from Humphrey's vest pocket while he was helplessly looking around for "something to write with"--and it was Patty who worked out their financial position.

"How much has gone?" she asked, pencil poised above the paper, calm and suddenly competent.

"Everything"- Humphrey said. He had been repeating this all evening.

"But--that's so vague," Patty protested gently. "Do you know in actual figures? What did you put into the investment?"

"All my money, that's what he did!" Mrs. Parke found an opportunity to say viciously. "I gave it to him to invest in something safe, not to gamble with!"

"Do you think I deliberately took a chance---do you think I wanted to lose it? Didn't I put all my money too?" Humphrey cried, driven to rudeness and desperation, as he always was by nagging.

"It's those cheap magazines stories!" Mrs. Parke cried, tearful but triumphant, having found at last the excuse and the reason for the safe and sane Humphrey's financial aberration. "They're full of stories about poor men gambling and making huge fortunes, that's what they are. They're a corrupting influence!"

She pulled her shawl more tightly around her narrow shoulders, as she always did when she was sure she had delivered an unanswerable argument. Some people--most people, expand when triumphant. Mrs. Parke contracted.

Humphrey could only give forth a wordless answer that sounded like a snort.

"You women!" he managed at last. "What do you know about business?"

"Doesn't seem to me that you know such a lot yourself!" And Mrts. Parke strained the silk shawl still most tightly around her shouders.

Unquestionably she was the victor in this verbal war. In such a domestic exchange of dagger thrusts the most ruthless always wins. Mrs. Parke spared no one.

All this went on to a double accompaniment--an occasional sob from Millie, who saw the end of everything with the spreading of the news in the town, who saw that dresses would have to be made over and dyed and put through one pitiful disguise after another to make them seem new season after season, who saw the end of her trip to Italy, who saw a future of cooking and dishwashing and Humphrey growing fatter and poorer every day---and the sound of al ot of copper and silver coins which Humphrey nervously played with in his pocket as he walked back and forth across the room.

Patty moved restlessly in her chair until she found an opening to bring them back to the subject again.

"Let't work out how much was lost," she said.

This quieted things for the time. Humphrey lowered his voice to normal and began mentioning sums drawn from the bank, bonds sold, accrued interest, loans called invested. Mrs. Parke's money, in, until he had the complete sum which had been in mortgages, was also added up. The two other women kept quiet, fascinated by learning the whole extent of the catastrophe.

It was added up at last---a respectable number of thousands of dollars. Humphrey tried to explain to Patty, the only one who seemed to keep an impersonal and calm manner, why this timber speculation had seemed so secure. Humphrey had invested before and cleaned up, as he called it, "a fair return."

This time he had trusted a friend he had known for years---who had since disappeared. He had not trubled to find out the exact location of the timber country--and he didn't know that the land was government owned and the cutting of trees was of course impossible. Years before, an obscure congressman had put through a bill to make this special place a park, as yet it was quite inaccessible and the only road was a bad one. As a matter of fact,few people knew this was public land.

"Those are---liabilities, isn't that the word?" Patty asked, ignoring the fresh outburst of weeping from Millie as the total sum was announced. "But your usual business always paid. Can't we get along on that?"

"I can't even afford to pay my stenographer," Hmphrey said.

"I'll be your stenographer," Patty answered cheerfully.

VAGUE PLANS
Chapter 34

"A perfect disgrace, I call it!" Maude announced indignantly over the telephone to Cora. "She's going into his office, just as an ordinary everyday worker --now, what good is her collegt education and her grand year of travel and her fine way of talking and all the books she's read? She might at least be librarian, or something like that, a lady's job, not just--"

Cora interrupted this indignant flow of talk with a practical objection.

"We only need two librarians, and Miss Mills and Mrs. Reynolds are perfectly satisfactory," she said.

"Well, of course, but anyway, just to go to an ofifce, like any common, uneducated girl---"

"But if there aren't any better jobs open just yet," Cora went on. "Maybe she can get something better later, I think it's fine of her."

"Well yes, of course I do too," Maude sounded less enthusiastic in her praise than in her indignation, though really she was very warm hearted and admired Patty going out as an ordinary office worker.

"It won't make any difference to me--their losing their money," Cora explained, her meaning clear enough if her words were not.

"Nor to me. Do you suppose Mrs. Werner will drop Millie now?" Maude rattled on.

This afforded a delightful subject for speculation.

"I don't know--do you suppose she will?" Cora took it up. "You know Millie never has been any nicer to her than she could help. Wait a minute, I've got some biscuits in the oven and I smell them burning--"

The subject was taken up after the biscuits had been safely removed from the heat.

But meantime Patty had spent the evening before still moving restlessly in her chair at the occasional verbal passages between Millie and her mother and Humphrey, going over with Humphrey the assets still left the family.

"Let's see what we can save out of things," she said with an attempt at cheerfulness. "Humphrey how about your car, how much would that bring?"

There was fresh weeping at this from Millie. Cars were too common in Wissakeagan to be held as any great luxury--everyone had a car, it was no distinction to own one. But it was lack of distinction, not to say social disgrace, not to own one.

"The car too!" Millie cried. "Can't we even keep that?"

"Jim David might give me $1 500 for it, its nearly new," Humphrey speculated.

Patty put down $1,500 on another side of the slip of paper before her. Humphrey, having support and encouragement, had gone back to his normal tone of voice now and had, mentally and physically, gathered himself together.

"What's $1,500! Let's keep the car," Millie begged, thinking in some way that by running things apparently as usual, she might keep up an appearance of prosperity before the town people. Vaguely, she hoped to cover up what she termed the disgrace of losing one's money.

Humphrey started for the door.

"Come into my den, Patty," he said. "I can't think with all these women around.'

And, with the door shut against their disturbing influence, he and Patty went quietly over lists of figures. With Bridget employed elsewhere, so much was saved, the car brought so much, an order he was filling for lumber so much more, a contract he expected, if it went through, would help. Mrs. Parke would have to sell her house, that would bring in still more and pay part of a debt owed.

"For economy, we'll all live here," Patty suggested. "Then mother can sell her house. You said the McConnells will take it if you make the price cheap enough--"

"Can sell anything if it's cheap enough," Humphrey said, beginning to grow cheerful under the quiet and stimulating influence of the girl. "It's a shame to let it go, but if it helps--mother will hate it here."

"Never mind, there's plenty of room and three of us to do the work," said Patty. "Now, with me in the office, you save $10 on the stenographer. I can soon learn typewriting--"

They had a schedule of expenses finally, and the outlook, while it might be called gray, at least was not black.

"Millie will hate me now," Humphrey said, his fat face against his fat hand, his shoulders bent a little as he leaned on the desk. "She used to have her car, and her new dresses and clubs and things to amuse her. Now she'll be poor--"

"I think it will make her feel better," Patty said with an attempt at cheer which she did not entirely feel. "Sometimes it takes misfortune to soften a woman. I think she'll be softer, she's always had things her way--"

MOVING IN
Chapter 35

As Millie had once remarked, when Humphrey makes up his mind, things happen."

It this case things began happening almost at once. Patty and Mrs. Parke went home. Mrs. Parke to sit in Patty's room talking and occasionally weeping over the dreadful fact that most of their money was lost, until the hall clock below struck two warning bells.

Millie and Humphrey did not think of sleep for hours. Millie was inclined to sulk, but Humphrey deliberately took no notice of this attitude. Sulking was no new mood to him, with Millie--and Patty had suggested that perhaps a little misfortune would be good for her. Humphrey hoped so--he was determined to believe so.

"I'm half starved," he began manlike thinking of food as an excuse for cheerfulness and a little diversion to the otherwise sodden gloom of the evening. "Don't you thing you could rustle up a few eats somewhere?"

"Eats! Food! That's all you can think of" came scornfully from the rednosed bundle in the arm chair.

"Well, it's most midnight and I didn't eat much supper--excuse me, I mean dinner," Humphrey answered, propitiating his wife by conforming to her new name for the evening meal.

"Dinner, supper, I don't suppose it makes any difference what we call it now," she accented the "now". "We'll be lucky if we have any thing to eat at all."

"Oh, it won't be that bad. Now come on, let's have some eggs and coffee. I'll cut the bread."

He moved off to the kitchen, keeping up his cheer with his determination. Millie stuffed her wet handkerchief into her belt, and pulled herself out of the chair to follow him. Perhaps she did notice that his back bent unusually far as he walked and that while cutting terribly thick slices of soggy fresh white brad, he grew absent minded now and then, and cut up the whole loaf before she came along to stop him.

Wissakeagan made coffee whenever it had an excuse, and sometimes when it had not. Humphrey could drink three cups, hot and strong, at an evening party, and sleep none the worse for it. Millie theoretically disapproved of this "countrified" habit --though her skin showed a shallow tinge that might easily show she disapproved and partook at the same time.

But the hot food and drink were what they needed now. Even Millie drew up the corners of her mouth a little. Her eyelids were red and swollen, her brown eyes somehow were lost sight of behind them.

"Goes to the spot, this does," Humphrey said, wondering whether he dared get up the last tempting bit of egg with his crust of bread, a habit always tolerated in the privacy of his home before Millie "got new fangled ideas."

Millie looked so softened and crushed and dampened by the evening's news that he decided his lapse from good manners would pass unnoticed. He ate the very late bit of bread and egg, and pulled out his pencil marked slip.

"Look here, it's not so worse," he began, his slang showing that he was feeling better. "We can manage fine. Now, Patty thinks that if we sell mother's house and the car, and cut down on expense we can manage. Bridget is leaving anyway, and if mother finds another job for Bessie--"

"You know how much work she can do, and Patty was never trained for housework," Millie objected

"Well, but you see, Patty thinks if we all live over here, there's be three of you women to manage the house--"

"Your own family, don't you want them?"

"Well, you'll be glad to have Patty around anyway, I notice you always cheer up when she comes over!" Millie could have bitten her tongue till it bled for that remark, but it came out.

She wasn't jealous of Patty, or was she? What did she care whether Humphrey liked Patty as well, or better, than he liked her? She did not care for him! And she sincerely loved her young sister. But Humphrey was answering:.

"Now you mention it, I always do! It's nice to see someone now and then that hasn't a grouch on all the time."

He was about to elaborate on this interesting side of the conversation. Then he remembered that Millie had put up with a lot that evening, so he changed his tone, and began again--

"You'll like it, it's be company around the house when I'm at the office. Mother can have that blue room, and Patty the one with the roses on the paper, mother can bring over her furniture for her room, so she'll feel at home--"

He went on, planning thoughtful little details to make these two women comfortable. He was responsible for their sudden poverty, he was now trying to arrange for their comfort. Millie sat silent.

All next day, suit cases of clothes kept coming over, and special pieces of furniture, and rugs-Mrs. Parke's treasures. Millie was so busy she forgot to lament. It was not until the next night that Humphrey dared tell her Patty was at work in his office.

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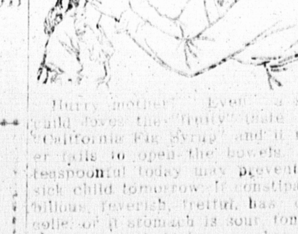

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"	26	Burns Concert.	
"	27	Burns Concert.	
Feb.	2	Dance and Conversazione.	
"	9	Scotland's Part in Empire-building	Rev. J. F. Denny
"	16	Modern Citizenship	Mr. K. J. Martin, K.C.
"	23	The First Scottish Settlers	Mr. A. J. McAdam
Mar.	9	Scottish Wit and Humor	Rev. G. C. Taylor
"	16	Canada's Banking System	Mr. C. Lomer Miles
"	23	The Stuff Canadians Are Made of	Rev. Wm. V. McDonald
"	30	When New Scotland Was Acadia	Hon. Justice Arsenault
Apl.	6	Parliaments and Parliamentarians I remember	Mr. J. E. B. McCready
"	13	Modern Medical Views on Alcohol	Dr. J. C. Houston
"	20	A Musical Evening Arranged by	Prof. and Mrs. Duncan

With the exception of the Burns' Concert, all the entertainments take place in the Club Room, Richmond St., on Thursday evenings beginning at 8 o'clock. Admission to the lectures free and all cordially invited.

AUCTION SALE

There will be sold by public auction at Millcove on Monday the 9th day of January at the hour of twelve o'clock noon the farm of the late Philip Hughes, consisting of two hundred and twenty acres fronting on Winter River and being one of the best farms in that section of the country and especially adapted for potato growing. Forty acres of this land is covered with the best quality of lumber and the remainder is clear and well watered. There is also a cultivated cranberry patch which has yielded as much as one hundred barrels in one year. There will also be sold at the same time and place, 1 cart horse 14 years old; 1 driving mare, 6 years old; 1 driving horse 5 years old; 1 cart colt coming 2 years old; 3 milk cows; 2 milking now, one to freshen in January; 1 milch cow due to freshen in spring; (all under 8 years of age and all choice grade ayrshires) 1 pure bred short horn bull calf; 1 heifer coming 3 years old; 1 heifer coming 2 years old; 1 brood sow; 7 fall pigs; 50 hens, Rhode Island Reds; binder; disc seeder, mower, gang plow; disc harrow; 2 single plows; scuffler; spring tooth harrow; spike harrow; cultivator; hay rake; potato digger; 5 h. p. Magnet Empire thrasher and cleaner; rotary sawing outfit; 35 feet 8 inch rubber belting; Chatham Grain Separator; Dixon Fanning Mill, Grain Crusher, Fairbanks scales; Pulper; Magnet Cream Separator; 1 hay fork; 100 feet ½ inch cable; 2 carts and wheels; truck; truck waggon; express waggon; driving waggon; driving sleigh; box sleigh; 2 wood sleighs; 1 set driving harness; 2 sets heavy harness; 1 saddle; 500 bushels potatoes; quantity hay and straw; oats; wheat and buckwheat. Also household furniture including parlor, bedroom, hall, dining room and kitchen furniture; also many other articles too numerous to mention. Terms at sale. If day i sstormy sale will take place on the first fine day following. For further particulars apply on the premises to

J. A. MACDONALD
Auctioneer

MRS. PHILIP HUGHES