

# The Twin Farms

*A Little Story  
of To-day by  
Margaret Cecil Carroll*







**H**ERE'S a letter from your home town, Beth," cried a girl's young fresh voice and a letter thrown through the window fell on the table close to Beth Andrews, who seemed deeply interested in a book that lay open before her.

Beth Andrews and Irene Parker were cousins and were considered the prettiest and most lovable of all the students in the Rochester Young Ladies' Seminary.

Beth Andrews was from the South. She had been left an orphan six years ago. Not entirely without means however, and had been taken north by her aunt and sent to school with her Cousin Irene.

Beth glanced at the postmark on the letter, it was from Georgia, but the handwriting was unknown to her:



The only letters she received now from Georgia were from old Judge Brown who sent twice a year the rent due her from her farm.

She opened the letter, it read:

Dear Miss Andrews:

I have bought the twin farm opposite yours in Chester Township.

If you would care to sell your farm I will give a good figure, considering the barns, fences and the house itself are in poor condition.

Yours very respectfully,

Calhoun Davis.

Beth sat in deep thought while her Aunt and Cousin, who had entered, read the letter.

"It's strange about the barns, fences and the house being in poor condition," said Mrs. Parker.

"You forget that lots of things happen in six years."

"Maybe it would be best to sell, Beth dear, then you would never need to return South", said Irene.

Beth smiled,—“You know all my people were born in that old homestead. It is full

of memories near and dear to me. I could not sell it,—No, Never—and I think I have made up my mind as to my duty and I shall do it.” “I shall miss you both so much but it is my duty, Duty to my people of the South.”

“Why child, you are not thinking of—

“Yes. I am. I am going back to Georgia. I am going to reclaim and build up my farm and live there and work there,” said Beth.

“But Beth, listen to reason.”

“Thanks to you, Auntie Parker, I am a good cook and can bake—I have good health and I am not afraid of work. My mind is made up, I am going to reclaim my farm.”

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None who saw the noon train roll into the little station at Chester recognized the young lady who alighted. She looked different somehow. Maybe it was style, maybe it was beauty, but whatever it was,—a sudden hush of admiration fell on all the by-standers.

Her eyes seemed to light up at the sight of familiar landmarks and as she





passed the post-office she bowed and smiled to old Judge Brown and held out her hand, saying,—

“Don’t you know me Judge?”

The old judge was plainly non-plussed—  
“I surely don’t remember you,” he stammered  
“Might I ask your name?”

“I’m Beth Andrews.”

“Well I’ll be durned,” said the Judge.

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Calhoun Davis owned the new eight cylinder automobile that stood in front of the postoffice.

He was a farmer by choice, had graduated from an agricultural college after the regular varsity education. He had bought the twin farm to the Andrews place and it was he who had written asking Beth to sell. His new fangled ideas about farming caused some discussion at first but those who criticised had soon to admit that he got better crops and more of them than any man in the country. He was quite young and straight as an arrow, bronzed and wholesome looking.

His popularity was plainly on the

increase and there was talk of sending him to Congress.

He had seen Beth when she spoke to old Judge Brown and his eyes still followed her as she drove away in the direction of her farm.



“Who is she? Judge,” he asked.

“Cal., that little lady is Beth Andrews.”

Without another word Calhoun jumped into his auto and started for home.

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The next six weeks were busy ones at the Andrews farm. Carpenters and painters were working to make it match the model farm of Calhoun's.

Beth wasn't afraid of work and with the help of Mammy Judy, the old homestead was gradually assuming a look of cleanliness and comfort. Calhoun, of course, was helping his new neighbor all he could, and this evening he had been invited to stay to tea.

Through the window he could see Beth with her sleeves rolled up making biscuits, and he wondered if she could bake.

She certainly could. The biscuits, cake and crullers were the best he had ever eaten. He was loud in his praise.



“Oh it is only a little secret of mine that makes them better,” said Beth.

“By the way, my pigs and chickens are all well again and they won’t have a chance to get sick soon again, neither will my cows and horses, but that is part of the secret too.”

“By the way, I doctored your black horse this morning when you were in town. Your man came over to get me. I see he is all right again,” said Beth.

“Mammy Judy is over her rheumatism and Tom has quit complaining about indigestion and lumbago, and yes those two colored boys, one got in the wasps’ nest and the other in the poison ivy, I cured both of them too. Oh, it has been my busy day.”

“But you a doctor?” “Beth, I can scarcely believe it.”

“No, I’m not a doctor,” said Beth, laughing at his amazement.

“We’re such good neighbors that I am going to tell you my secret,” she said, as she brought a small cardboard carton from the kitchen. “This, she resumed is the secret

that has cured all the ills I spoke of. This made the biscuits, the cake and the crullers you praised so highly." "See! it is the great Arm & Hammer Soda, over 99 per cent pure and over 52 per cent carbonic acid gas. I studied all about it in school. My aunt where I lived always used it. It does all kinds of wonders. The corn beef you said was so tender was really very tough but I added a little of the soda and—presto—it became tender. I saved fuel in cooking the vegetables the same way. I used it in washing the table cloth and napkins, it makes them whiter. The silver was polished with it and the glassware too. Why I use it in all my fine cleaning. I don't know what I would do without my Arm & Hammer Soda. It just seems to do good the whole day through. From the milk cans in the morning to mosquito bites at night."

Beth was radiant as she spoke of the Arm & Hammer Soda.

"Beth, I am sick too," said Cal looking into her eyes.

"To hide her confusion, she quickly turned the pages of the free Arm & Hammer



recipe book which she had brought in from the kitchen.

“Here it is on page 29, put a little soda in your glass of water.”

Is it hiccoughs or heartburn? “It will cure both,” laughed Beth.

“Heartburn?” “Yes, that’s it,” said Cal. “I am heartsick for you Beth, sweetheart. I love you. Will you be my wife?”

“Oh! Cal dear, we—we have only known each other for six weeks,” whispered blushing Beth.

And still holding the Arm & Hammer Soda box close to her, she was swept into his arms while he kissed her again and again.

“Cal dearest,”

“Beth sweetheart,”

“The Arm & Hammer Soda has just performed another miracle. It has given me the man—I loved—from the first time—I saw him.”





