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THE END OF THE FEUD

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

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The Longwoods had just moved to Glendale after generations of residence in Lexington. When Miss Mathilde found out that they were there and not only going to live in the same town with herself, but as close neighbors, she began to bustle about and make hospitable preparations for receiving them in her own home.

Twenty years ago, when Mathilde Westley was a girl in her teens, she, too, with her mother, father, sisters and brother, had lived in Lexington, and the Longwoods and Westleys were like twin families. But one by one the parents and sisters had passed away, leaving Miss Mathilde and her brother sole survivors. After a few years of dreary lingering in the old home they had drifted to Glendale, where Jake Westley had built up a flourishing little mercantile business.

A little later had come also the Peabodys and pitched their tent just across the street from the Westleys' pretty, rose sheathed cottage. But for this circumstance Miss Mathilde might have been contented, even fairly happy. Her life was full of congenial, healthy tasks which she performed with as much cheerfulness as she did thoroughness, each day standing forth as its own bright monument of reward.

If only there had never been a Russell Peabody! Every day for fourteen years she had been forced to see him three times, four, sometimes five, as he passed in and out of the gate across the way going back and forth to his work.

For just a little while many years ago the sun of happiness had shone upon Miss Mathilde's life. It was in the days when she was a Vassar girl and he a student at Harvard. They had met, fallen desperately in love, exchanged vows and rings, only to find on their return from college that a bitter feud had existed between the Westleys and the Peabodys for scores of years back. That marked the end of Mathilde Westley's brief love dream,

A LOOK OF SURPRISE CAME INTO HIS FACE AT SIGHT OF THE MAID.

and Russell Peabody settled down as an old bachelor almost before he was a man. Thus the years drifted.

This morning Miss Mathilde was busy with her dust cloth, interrupting herself every little while in the cleaning to run back to the kitchen and glance at the preserves sizzling in a big copper kettle. The new maid was tending them, and Miss Mathilde, after stirring them vigorously for a moment and pronouncing them done, pushed back the little damp ringlet that insisted upon escaping from the soft knot on top of her dainty head, while a sudden look of inspiration glowed in her face. She took a deep old fashioned dish out of the cupboard and filled it with the fragrant steaming preserves.

"Put on a fresh white apron right away, Kitty, and take this over to the little brown house on the other corner, where the Longwoods live. Tell them that Miss Mathilde sent it—for 'Auld Lang Syne.' Can you remember that?" Then she added to herself:

"They've just moved in, and I know they haven't got everything fixed up yet, so the peaches will come in handy."

Now, there were two little brown houses across the way, and each of them stood on a corner. Also Kitty was a new maid, and it was not unnatural that she should have selected the wrong place. Miss Mathilde was so deeply engrossed in the bottling process that she did not even look up as the girl went out of the gate.

Russell Peabody by some peculiar circumstance sat in his study looking over the contents of an old cabinet drawer he had not opened for many years. He held in his hand a faded knot of pink ribbon—one that she had worn that night of their betrothal—and his face was less ruddy than its wont as he recalled the sweet memories of their short lived happiness and the bitter thoughts of all the drab years that followed.

The sharp peal of the doorbell brought him to his feet. All of them were gone for the summer; not even a servant was in the house, and he answered the ring himself.

A look of surprise came into his face at sight of the trim strange maid, but he took the dish from her hands with a smile of appreciation. Probably some neighborly friend of the family, pitying his bachelorhood, had sent it over.

"From Miss Westley—Miss Mathilde, sir—for the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne,'" she said. A moment later Kitty was out of the gate, and Russell Peabody stood staring into the space through which she had disappeared, and as he stared a radiant hope awoke in his eyes. For one second he knew what is termed "mad, delirious bliss." What if she had meant that there was no past—that she wanted him again as he used to be—at her side; that she cared, even as he had, more and more through all the lonely years that had divided them? Was she clearing the road for him at last, the road for which he longed, but lacked the courage to take?

After awhile he closed the door and went back into his study. With trembling hands he gathered up all his treasures and locked them back in the cabinet—all but the faded knot of ribbon. This he wrapped carefully in a piece of paper and wrote across the back of it:

"Will you wear it this evening for 'Auld Lang Syne?'"

Afterward he went out in the street and stopped a boy who was coming along with some papers. He gave him the package, thrust a half dollar into his hand and pointed the way to Miss Mathilde's cottage.

The day hung heavy on Russell Peabody's hands. Would she wear the pink ribbon, or was her overture of the morning simply an act of neighborly kindness? When night came, he dressed himself more carefully than he had done for a score of years. He discarded the usual black tie for one of less sober hue and flicked imaginary specks of dust from his broadcloth lapels at least a dozen times. He looked at himself a bit uncertainly in the glass; but, after all, forty-three was not so very old, and time had traced no unflattering lines on his keen, good looking face.

At 8 o'clock he left the house and walked rapidly, without looking up, till he came to Miss Mathilde's gate. The high fence was tangled in clematis, and he did not see her at all till his hand rested on the latch. She was dressed all over in white. With a white rose nestling at her throat—above a faded knot of pink ribbon.

"Mathilde!" A vivid light leaped to his face, illumining it.

She answered by a quick flash of her eyes, and he, reading love's language in them, held out his arms.

She went to him with a little something between a sob and a laugh, and he kissed her softly under the twinkling November stars.

Whose Was It?

In a certain Denver church one Sunday a bright new half dollar was noticed in the aisle by a woman in one of the pews. She was wondering how she'd get it, and in glancing around to see if her discovery had been noticed she saw a woman directly behind her looking at the coin. The first woman feared the second would "beat her to it," so she put her hand over her mouth and whispered:

"How shall I get that half dollar I just dropped?"

"You didn't drop that. I dropped it," replied the other.

The women were both wondering how to get the half dollar when a man came along with the contribution box. As he offered her the box a woman across the aisle from the other two said to him:

"I just dropped a half dollar on the floor. Would you be so kind as to hand it to me?"

The man picked it up and gave it to her. The other two women, although they are neighbors, haven't spoken to each other since.—Denver Post.

Land Crabs of the West Indies.

In the West Indies is found a species of land crab which lives a considerable distance from water, but once a year migrates to the seashore in order to spawn. As soon as the crab reaches the beach it eagerly goes to the edge of the water and lets the waves roll over its body to wash off the spawn. The eggs are hatched under the sand, and soon after millions of the newborn crabs are seen quitting the shore and slowly travelling up the mountains. The yearly migrations of the old crabs are among the wonders of animal life. In going down the crabs of a large region seem to select a certain rendezvous, and there they gather in countless numbers. The procession, which is commonly divided into battalions, with the strongest in front, sets forward with the precision of an army. In travelling they turn neither to the right nor left. Even if they meet a house they will try to scale it. The night is their chief time of traveling, but if it rains by day they improve that occasion.

When the West Was Unknown.

"Between the Missouri and the Pacific," said a member of congress, "save a strip of culturable prairie not above 200 or 300 miles wide, the region is waste and sterile, no better than the desert of Sahara and quite as dangerous to cross." The author of these words was Edward Bates of Missouri, whom Horace Greeley long afterward boomed for the presidency in the New York Tribune and in the Chicago Republican convention of 1860, and who became attorney general in Lincoln's cabinet. This was in the session of congress of 1829. As late as 1843 McDuffie of South Carolina in a speech in the senate, which was applauded by many persons in and out of that chamber, declared that for agricultural purposes he would "not give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory" west of the Rocky mountains. — Putnam's Monthly.

FARM AND GARDEN

NATIVE DRUG PLANT.

The Valuable Cascara Sagrada Is Rapidly Disappearing.

An examination of the official list of crude drugs of plant origin develops the fact that a large proportion of the species represented is found growing in the United States. Many of them are weeds, often classed as noxious by the farmers; others are simply wild plants of the fields and forests of different parts of the country.

The domestication and cultivation of those valuable wild plants that are

CASCARA SAGRADA.

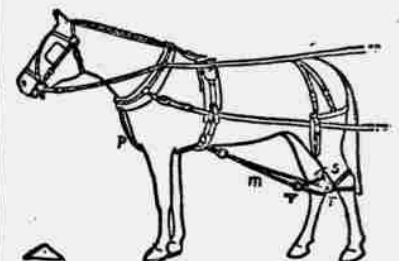
most seriously threatened have appeared a necessity to the government bureau of plant industry if the products are not to disappear from the materia medica. One of the most interesting among a number of plants recently reported upon is Cascara sagrada. Dr. True of the bureau mentioned says that the cultivation of the Cascara sagrada tree (Rhamnus purshianus) has been made a subject of study for about two years. The tree producing this useful bark, known as Cascara sagrada, is a native of the upper Pacific coast region, where it chooses moist situations in the mountains. This usually small tree grows readily from seed sown in rich wood soil and makes a fair growth the first year. It is under observation both at Washington and at Ebenezer, S. C. In both places it seems thus far to do well. Professor C. S. Sargent of Harvard university states that at the Arnold arboretum, near Boston, the tree maintains an existence for some years after transplanting, but eventually dies. So far both the seedlings grown at Washington and the transplanted trees sent in from the Pacific coast have made a good growth and look well. It is very desirable that the cultivation of this tree on an experimental scale should be taken up in the country to which it is native. The demand for this bark is great not only in America, but to an increasing degree in foreign lands, and since the amount of available material wherewith to supply this demand is decreasing rapidly and considerable time is required to grow trees large enough to peel it is apparent that in the not very distant future a shortage is inevitable.

Warm Quarters For Hogs.

Hogs need warm, comfortable quarters in cold weather more than horses or cattle because their hair is coarser and thinner, says a writer in Ohio Farmer. Our best breeds of hogs have very little hair. The higher their improvement for pork production has been carried the thinner has become the covering of their bodies. Animals that were designed to endure the rigors of winter without shelter are covered with a coat of warm, thick wool or hair. The wild hog has long, thick hair, with a finer furry covering under it next the skin. The man who has his horses clipped must keep them blanketed even in the stable during cold weather. The men who keep the hogs which have had their thick coating of hair bred off must have warm pens for keeping them comfortable in wintry weather.

To Handle a Vicious Hog.

An easy way for one man to handle a large, vicious hog is by means of a five-eighths inch rope ten feet long, says a writer in Indiana Farmer. Cut off three feet and tie a loop in each end, as shown in the cut. Now tie the remaining seven feet to the center of the short rope midway between the loops. Pass the loops over hind feet of hog; then draw long rope between front feet and over nose, then back again over short rope; pull forward over nose and back again as before and tie. With this arrangement the hog is in complete control.



ROPE DEVICE.

Winter Pruning.

Pruning can be done at any time, at the convenience of the owner, in the winter. Good judgment is needed in this work or the injury may overbalance the benefits from it.

Card the Cows.

Farmers will find it profitable to card their cows regularly. The cattle enjoy it, and it does them good when confined in the stable during a long winter.

CORN ROOT WORM.

Readily Controlled by Following Crop Rotation.

The beetle may be readily distinguished from the southern corn root worm by its color, which is nearly uniform, pale, but usually distinctly grass green or greenish yellow. It is about the same size as the striped cucumber beetle, one-fifth of an inch long or a little more. It is a little more slender and less pear shaped. The larvae when fully mature attain lengths of only four-tenths of an inch.

It occurs from Nova Scotia to Kansas and Nebraska, but injurious occurrences are limited to Illinois, where it is most troublesome; Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Ohio and Missouri. Corn is the only known host plant of the larvae. The beetles show a disposition to feed on a variety of plants, but are more choice of the southern species. They are naturally pollen feeders, are partial to the blossoms of thistle, sunflower and golden rod and are seldom found on cucurbits. Probably they do some damage to corn by eating the pollen and gnawing the silk and tassels, thus preventing cross fertilization and causing a partial blasting of ears.

The species is said to be single brooded. The beetles occur normally in the field until November and in open winter have been noted abroad as late as the middle of December. Eggs so far as known are deposited in cornfields late in the season and hatch the following spring. Larvae have been seen in central Illinois the second week in June, and the beetles have been reported in southeastern Iowa toward the end of June. Eight or nine weeks is required for a generation to mature.

The eggs hatch from about May 15 to July 15 or a little later. Eggs are deposited in the earth in more or less scattered clusters of three to ten at a depth of one to six inches, all being placed about the roots in a space of a few inches around each hill, the larvae feeding on the roots, which they mine. They seem able to travel from one root to another. Pupation takes place underground. When the beetles begin to issue, toward the latter part of August, they are first noticeably abundant on thistle blossoms and afterward on other plants blooming at this season.

This species is readily controlled simply by following crop rotation. Since the insect as far as observed feeds in its larval condition only on corn, the planting of infested land to any other crop leads to the starvation of the young when they hatch in the spring. This is no mere inference, but has been tested time and again. In Illinois it is ordinarily safe to plant corn in fields or meadows in which the beetle has been observed in great abundance on clover and various weeds in late October the previous year. One other measure, to be recommended as a general farm practice, consists in the maintenance of the fertility of the soil by the use of manures and other fertilizers. Although this does not diminish attack, it sometimes enables the plants to withstand injury.—F. H. Chittenden, United States Department of Agriculture.

CURING A KICKER.

Harness Arrangement to Restrain a Horse.

An arrangement such as shown in the cut has been suggested as effective to cure a horse which kicks in harness. A heavy strap (P) is attached to the

KICKING PREVENTED.

collar and extends back under the surcingle, where it is attached to a heavy ring.

Through this ring is passed a rope or strap (M), which is attached to straps on the hind hocks at S. This is made loose enough so that the animal may walk comfortably, but too tight to allow the animal to kick. After wearing this harness awhile the horse will cease to try to kick in harness and may be driven without difficulty.—Farm and Home.

Hog Cholera.

For fourteen years we lived in a sandy portion of northern Nebraska. At that time we all confidently congratulated ourselves on the fact that hog cholera would never gain much headway on that kind of soil. All the time we lived there we never lost a hog with cholera. This year reports from there indicate the loss of a large per cent of the crop raised, with the disease still unchecked. It seems, after all, that hog cholera is no respecter of soil or climate. No farmer had better brag on his herd having been free from the disease or the first thing he knows he will lose about nine-tenths of them.—H. H. in Iowa Homestead.

Apple Boxes.

This is my third season in what may be termed experimenting with boxes for shipping apples. Have shipped to commission houses in Pittsburg, Cleveland and other points, and without exception the fruit in boxes has netted 20 per cent more than when shipped in barrels and from 20 to 35 per cent more than when sold to local dealers. The box used is made up of 12 by 14 inch elm head and one-half inch No. 2 pine, the length (inside) sixteen inches. Three boxes cost less than one barrel.—E. H. B. in Farm and Fireside.

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