

## TWO DECORATION DAYS AND THE TIME BETWEEN

BY KATE M. CLEARY



MARK!  
That high, clear, vibrant note, striking through the silence like a sword of sound!

"There!" cried Jack Harrowsby. "They're starting up. That's Kipperton's wife. He's going to play 'Columbia'."

"No," decided old McClelland. "He's just a-tuin' up. I don't remember to have ever seen so many folks comin' into town. Jest look at that Kansas hill, an' along by the railroad track. Like as not they'll be full fifteen hundred at the grove."

"Sure! They've got the flag strung across the street. It's gittin' wore."

"It oughtn't to. It ain't out but Decoration day an' Fourth of July. But the winds is hard on it."

It was a fair day—a fine day. A day fit for the flag to float high, for music to resound, for prayers to arise, for the loyal living to honor the valiant dead. A day of blue and gold—of soft breezes that claimed no kinship with fierce midsummer winds. Rain had fallen in the night, and even yet upon the roadside grass it glittered, a delicate, brilliant web, fine as lace upon a lady's gown.

"There's John Barriston gittin' out of his old buggy," commented Harrowsby. "I wonder he ain't ashamed to own such a lookin' trap, with all the money he's got."

"Yes, an' here comes Thorn's carriage from the other way. Thorn's the only farmer around here that keeps one. I don't say he ain't right to git some comfort out'n his life."

The Thorn surrey rolled down the street. On the front seat sat a heavily built, Auburn bearded man. Beside him was a white-bosomed boy. On the back seat was a pleasant faced woman, and beside her a slender young girl, white-clad from her head to her feet.

Mr. McClelland shook his head. "They spend too much. They'll wind up in the poor house!"

"Oh, I guess not," laughed Harrowsby. "Any one who picks up Ed Thorn for a fool is goin' to drop him mighty quick. He can afford to spend some. Of course Barriston is wuth as much again."

"Don't look like it!" clicked out the undertaker.

It didn't look like it. One would never have imagined the gaunt old creature, fumbling over his broken rope harness at the side of his ramshackle vehicle, the possessor of more worldly wealth than the prosperous appearing man driving by at ease with his handsome family. One likeness, however, in common they had. Both wore the army blue.

"They're both good haters," went on the speaker. "Them two men come to this country pretty soon after we did. One of 'em must be here nigh on to thirty years, an' they've never spoke a word to each other in all that time. From the same town back East, I've heard, an' fit in the war together—same regiment—same company!"

Mr. McClelland nodded. "I remember. Thorns come several years after. An' to think of them two entin' the same dinner, an' drivin' to the same funerals, walkin' in the same Fourth of July procession, or like now in this here Memorial day parade—even havin' the same politics, an' never as much as a civil word between 'em. I wonder what caused it."

the heroes of a great conflict hung in State.

For the women of the Relief Corps, who had marched up the street in the rear of the men, had begged the little town of its glowing pennies, its heavy headed snowballs, its pungent southern-wood, and starchy syringes, and red hober-suckles, and the first white, scented catalpa branches to do honor to the occasion. And here again, side by side, were the two men, who, fast fettered by a childhood and youth of friendship, had gone forth to war together.

The services were over at last, and the crowd in the church poured out into the sunshine. Again life and drum made martial music. The brief journey to the cemetery was begun. It was here, after the stiff wreaths and crosses which the women had brought from the church were duly distributed and speeches made by some of the old soldiers, that John Barriston first caught a glimpse of the young man who had come late into church. He stared in astonishment—strode towards him.

"What has brought you back?" he demanded.

"A row," replied his son. "I'd a fight with one of the fellows at college. I was in the right, but I did him up a bit worse than I meant to. I thought I'd better come home until it blew over."

The old man choked with rage.

"And it's for this—for this—I've toiled for you, and slaved for you, and all but starved myself for you. How—?" he was choking in his wrath—"how dare you?"

"I dare a good deal—sometimes."

Just then a girl brushed by them. Her gown caught on the point of a stone. She stumbled. Involuntarily Mark Barriston extended his hand to aid her. She shot him a swift glance. In that look was recognition and a certain startled, pleased surprise. Then she had passed on, and Mark Barriston stood hat in hand staring after her.

"Do you know who that is?"

"It's Edward Thorn's daughter," said John Barriston slowly. The hoarse voice shook over the words. "You must never hold word with him or his, or—?" He lifted his great rough hand to the dazzling sky, with a mighty oath, "or else you go your way, penniless and poor, save for my curse!"

"That's unfair!" flamed Mark Barriston. The old man's blood spoke then. "It's unjust! You read the Bible—and you hate your brother. Tell me why?"

But the passion of his father had spent itself for the time. He looked suddenly gray and stricken. He turned and walked unsteadily away to where the close, sharp spikes of an iron railing kept jealous guard over the narrow mound it enclosed. All other boundaries in that sunny little city were of wood, but these John Barriston had deemed too frail to keep the world apart from her—the one woman of his love, whose life had been a brief and unsuspected tragedy.

"Poor father!" the young fellow, looking after the lean old figure—seeing the gnarled fingers clutched hard around the iron spike on top of the railing, felt a fierce ache in his throat. He turned—went away.

When Mark Barriston—straight as a Norway spruce and good to look upon—striding home in the sunset light, came upon the wrecked carriage of Edward Thorn, he was hardly surprised—only most absurdly elated. Obviously, he could not pass on. He might not take the wholly disinterested credit accruing to the stray Samaritan, but mere courtesy demanded that aid be offered. And since Mark Barriston had been away at college he had learned a lesson which prairie people are slow to appreciate—that while kindness, however gruff and sullen, is good, courteous kindness is infinitely to be preferred. And so he uncovered to the ladies in the carriage with a grace that was pleasing as novel to the farmer folk, and offered his services. And when he had gone to the nearest farm house for rope, and had helped to splice the pole, and all was once more in readiness for the homeward drive, he would have turned away but that Edward Thorn, putting out his hand with a word of thanks, detained him.

"Thank you much, Mr.—Mr.—you are a stranger hereabouts, I judge?"

"My name is Mark Barriston."

"Perhaps," dryly: "but a man must work with his head or his hands. It isn't every one who gets the chance to choose."

The following day Mark Barriston unpacked his books and set himself to study furiously. But how might one study books when day by day nature turned over a fresher and still more enchanting page of her own limitless volume? But, it was not wholly the charms of nature which made Mark Barriston change his mind about accepting a temporary residence on the farm in the North belonging to his father. It was quite casually he learned that this farm which his father had but lately purchased was near another belonging to and occupied by Edward Thorn.

He told himself he would not attempt to see Della, but it must be admitted it was a little difficult to avoid doing so when he was obliged to pass her home every time he went to or returned from town. The romance was an innocent one, and as sweet as it was innocent. Rambles along the creek—a search for the latest flowers—the steady clasp of a hand in abrupt descent or ascent—the discovery of mutual tastes—snatches of song—the flutter of her sash ribbon against his hand—silences embarrassing but delicious, and—that was all.

Only Edward Thorn used to remark to his wife that really that girl was growing too pretty to be useful, and the man on John Barriston's north farm averred he "never seen that kind of a farmer afore."

It was he who blunderingly precipitated the climax of the situation. He had ridden over to John Barriston's relative to a shipment of cattle.

"You'd better go through to Chicago with the stock, Dan," his master said. "My son can attend to things until you get back."

"He can, if he takes time enough from pickin' posies with Della Thorn."

"What?" screamed John Barriston. "What?"

"I didn't think, sir! Dan had shambled up aghast. 'I forgot the bad blood atween—'"

"Saddle my horse—quick! This minute! Quick!"

Five minutes later he was riding north at breakneck speed.

Mark chanced to meet Della at the abandoned bridge down by the walnut grove, when his father came tearing along. But when that father dropped from his sweating horse, so shaken was he by passion—so racked by rage—he could not utter one syllable.

"What—what is the matter?" Della turned appealingly to Mark. She had never been told of the enmity between the houses.

"Never mind—now. Go home," he said in the tone of authority no man dare use except to one woman, and she that one to whom he is most madly enslaved, most willingly subservient—she who holds his life in her fingers as one may hold a rose.

"Stop!" cried John Barriston. He burst out into a storm of abuse of his son—her father—herself! There was no stemming the tide of his fury. It came down in a sweeping flood—a partially incoherent fury, it is true, but none the less overwhelming—resistless. Once Mark strove to speak—held out his hands. Suddenly he turned—twice out his hands to the girl. He had never spoken one word of love to her. He spoke none now. But there was that in his eyes which no woman needs words to interpret—a look that was at once a surrender and a demand.

The old man saw the gesture—saw the look. A silence fell upon him. Indeed, there was no sound betwixt earth and sky just then save his heavy breathing.

Mark put his arm around Della, drew her to him. And he faced his father, not irreverently, but fearlessly.

"She has done you no wrong, father!" he cried, "she—nor I. You said you would curse me. If you must—curse us! We can bear it better for sharing it!"

before the old Grand Army Hall merge in a close, black phalanx. He could see the farm wagons piling down, as he had seen them often before. He even fancied he could hear Kipperton tuning up his lute to a bystander to be cared for until the drum "was made to go like she ought." A sense of serenity came over him as he looked down and away, one hand gripping the iron railing.

Mark Barriston, turning his team into the livery barn, looked around at sound of his name to find Edward Thorn at his elbow.

"How's your father? Where is he?"

"Up there." He motioned towards the hillside.

Thorn turned past the hotel, the lumber yard, and the little lumber office. Around the sweep by the railroad track, across the lines, up the hill opposite—on he went. Through the gateway on the right—and across the worn path to where by the quadrangular iron railing a man sat with bowed head.

"Jack!"

It was the old name that leaped to his lips. The other looked up.

"Ned!" He rose trembling to his feet. "Let's talk it over, Jack. I never meant to do so. I thought she—she might not wish it. But I think she'd rather we would, than that our children—yours and mine—should suffer."

"Yours and mine?" Then the old Barriston vindictiveness came back in all its strength.

"Mine shall not suffer. Why should I care for yours? You know what you did, Edward Thorn. Played fast and loose with the woman you loved—the woman I loved!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Edward Thorn.

"I'll tell you then." He was trembling still, but his grip on the railing helped to support him. "The day we marched forth to fight you told me Annie Lester had promised to be your wife when you came back. You know how I loved her—"

"Loved her—then?" Thorn's voice was a husky whisper. "No—no—"

Barriston stared at him a moment. Then he went on.

"That's all right. It doesn't really matter what you say now. But you know how you acted down there in Virginia. The disgraceful scrapes you got into—the dishonor you brought not only upon your own name, but upon that of the woman who has been rash enough to promise to marry you!"

"Yes," Thorn said slowly. "Yes, I did all you say—more. I was young. I'm not arguing this in extenuation. But—"

He paused, fumbling in his breast pocket, and extracting one yellow slip from a package. "I wish you'd look at this. It was after I had got this that I— Hold on! Have you finished?"

"Not quite. Then you went home—you remember? I staid away. I couldn't go back and see Annie and you—"

"Well, what then?"

## HOUSE FOR PIGEONS.

FLOCKS SHOULD HAVE A HOME OF THEIR OWN.

A Large Number of the Birds May Be Kept in One House if It Is Arranged in the Proper Manner—Cats Their Foe.

Cats are too fond of pigeons to be permitted to get anywhere near them, and in the arrangement of a house for these birds care is to be taken that these animals cannot disturb them. For a small flock a small house may be made round or with eight sides, and with three or four floors. Each side will have a door for the pigeons to enter, and this house is set on a pole firmly placed in the ground and eight feet high or so, and having two cross bars safely fitted to it so that a ladder may be used to get up to the house. This will do for a dozen birds.

For larger flocks a house may be made on the top of a barn, and if the barn has a cupola on top of it, this is the very thing. Twenty, or even forty pigeons may be kept in such a place, but it will be necessary to have a trap door at the bottom which must be carefully closed every time the house is left, after having been visited.

But larger flocks may have to be provided for, and a small flock will soon become a large one, for although these birds have only two young ones in the nest, yet they will nest several times in the year, and the young ones soon go to keeping house for themselves.

A large number of pigeons may be kept in one house if it is arranged in a proper manner. And pigeons if left to themselves will soon bring their owner into trouble, for they are apt to go on to neighbors' newly sown fields, and gather up the seed with much industry. This, however, is easily prevented, for these birds love to stay about their home, and if they are regularly fed they will not wander away after food. But if it is thought that the home fields may be injured by the birds, it may be said that where pigeons have had full opportunity to run over wheat or oat fields or peas, of which they are extremely fond, yet the seed they eat is well spent on them, for as a rule the thinning of the seed will increase the crop, so that the yield at harvest time is often much larger than it would have been but for the pigeons thinning out the seed. If the pigeon house is kept at the barn, or on it, the birds will not wander away to the fields, unless to one quite close to them. A house large enough for a hundred pigeons is shown in the drawings, both the outside and inside of it. The house is ten by eight feet and the walls are eight feet high. The arrangement of the inside is shown in figure 2. The nest boxes are placed

on shelves fastened to the sides of the house, and a roosting platform is made in front of the shelves. The shelves are supported by props, and the little doors on the outside open on to them. There is a box in the house in which food is kept for use in stormy weather when the birds do not wish to go out.

To get a good view of the inside of the house, bend one hand so as to make a short tube to look through, and use one eye only, shutting the other. This makes the perspective very plain, and shows just how the house would look if one were in it.

Of course these birds, like all others, must be kept very clean, and the house should be swept and sanded twice a week. It will be the least trouble to do it every day, when a few minutes will suffice to do the work. The floor should be sanded after every sweeping, and the nests should be dusted with a mixture of sand and fine gravel, wood ashes and sulphur. There will be no trouble with vermin if thorough cleanliness is observed and above all things the sweepings of the house should be disposed of safely in the barnyard or away from the house, for there is nothing more likely to harbor lice or fleas and supply a breeding-place for them, than the sweepings of the house.

The nest boxes are each four feet long, nine inches wide, six inches high in the front, and ten inches in the rear. They are divided by partitions into five apartments, each having a separate entrance, which is four and a half inches high, and three wide. The picture shows only one side of the house, the other side is fitted in precisely the same way, and the ends may be occupied by nests as the stock increases. The two sides will hold fifty nests, and if the

ends of the house and the house and fifty pigeons may be kept in one house of this size.

Pigeons should be fed every day if they are expected to stay in the home. If not fed they will fly long distances, staying away from their part of the day, and do little trouble and quite a small profit in rearing them, for there is always a demand for them in try markets and at the country and boarding houses, as they are enjoyed, quite a little money made as well. But we must not neglect the right attention is given. This includes regular feeding. The right kind of food, clean in the house, and free from cats and winged enemies.

A CUBAN BEAUTY

Senora Alreia is Rich, Charismatic and a White Senora Rosa Alreia is the probably the most beautiful in Cuba. She is the Queen of Cuba society. "Cuba Libre" Democrat from her hand to the tip of her crusted slipper. And she is the only woman in Havana covering an area of acres under perfect cultivation to coffee growing. Her may be imagined, is wearing the Cuban Spanish war like was idle, most of her life having gone to her country. patriotic heartily paid wages—all for the good of her country's cause. This charming lives in a magnificent manero, a pretty little suburban villa. Her drawing room is for their splendor and some and officers of the army and with one another for her yet she is heart whole, and

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