

THE END OF THE FEUD

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

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 clean-

ing 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 away 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 it was 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 undulating 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 traveling 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 traveling 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.

Americans' Odd Craze.

Some Americans have an odd craze for believing that the rightful heirs of British peerages are Americans "kept out of their own." One of these queer people asks me whether Jimmie, the heiress of the Macdougall line of Earls of Tobermory, was not really a daughter of Queen Mary? Was not James VI. a son of fat old Lady Reres, not of Queen Mary? The present Duke of Tobermory is descended from the fifth son of the earl of 1715. But what became of the fourth son? The peerages say that he died young without offspring. But did he not "escape to America," and is he not the Thomas Robertson who married a fair colonist in 1730, and is not a certain Robert Thompson the son of this Thomas Robertson, and are not his descendants earls of Tobermory and kings of Scotland? Will I not get at the family papers, now kept in Melrose abbey, and clear the matter up? The names I here alter, but all this tissue of nonsense is solemnly laid before my reluctant eyes in the hope that some possible J. P. Robertson is Duke of Tobermory.—

CRESOLINE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

A simple and effective remedy for SORE THROATS AND COUGHS. They combine the germicidal value of Cresoline with the soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice. Your druggist or from us, 106 in stamps. Lemas, Mass Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal, 402

Women in Our Hospitals

Appalling Increase in the Number of Operations Performed Each year—How women May Avoid them.



Going through the hospitals in our large cities one is surprised to find such a large proportion of the patients lying on those snow-white beds women and girls, either awaiting or recovering from serious operations.

Why should this be the case? Simply because they have neglected themselves. Female troubles are certainly on the increase among the women of this country—they creep upon them unawares, but every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warning in that bearing-down feeling, pain at left or right of the abdomen, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of the back, dizziness, flatulency, displacements of the organs or irregularities. All of these symptoms are indications of an unhealthy condition of the female organs, and if not heeded the penalty has to be paid by a dangerous operation. When these symptoms manifest themselves, do not drag along until you are obliged to go to the hospital and submit to an operation—but remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved thousands of women from surgical operations.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful periods, weakness, displacement or ulceration of the organs, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, bloating (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, they could remember there is one tried and true remedy.

Mrs. Fred Seydel, 412 N. 54th Street, West Philadelphia, Pa., writes: Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

Some Calculations.

[Philadelphia Bulletin.] One man in 200 is over six feet. One in 100 women carries life insurance. One man succeeds in business to eight who go bankrupt. There is one sudden death among women to eight among men. One cold is taken out of doors where nine are taken indoors. One in each 1,000 couples live to celebrate the golden wedding.

Grouchy.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.] Dad is beating carpets. Mother's scrubbing floors. Sister's raking up the yard. Jim is painting doors. Everybody's grouchy. And mad enough to kill. For all the family's eating Off a window sill!

One on the Judge.

In an Irish Court recently an old man was called into the witness box, and, being 16-firm and just a little blind, he went too far in more than one sense. Instead of going up stairs that led to the box, he mounted those that led to the bench. Said the judge, good humoredly: "Is it a judge you want to be, my good man?" "Ah, sure, your honor," was the reply. "I'm an out-of-man now, and mebbe it's all I'm fit for." The judge had no ready retort.

THE CRICK IN THE BACK.—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," sings the poet. But what about the touch of rheumatism and lumbago, which is so common now? There is no poetry in that touch, for it renders life miserable. Yet how delighted is the sense of relief when an application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil drives pain away. There is nothing equals it.

County Judge's Criminal Court.

Wm. Benfield, a sailor, who claimed Trenton as his home, and who was committed for trial for attempted house-breaking last week, was before Judge MacWatt here yesterday. County Crown Attorney Julius P. Bucke conducted the case for the crown. After several witnesses had been heard the prisoner was discharged, there being no evidence to show that defendant was guilty of the charge against him.

Port Arthur, May 2.—The Huronic was the first steamer to open navigation arriving at 2.45 in port to-day, and was saluted by all the boats in the harbor.

Tudhope Carriages



It's a mighty comfortable feeling to know that the carriage you buy is a Tudhope.

Because you get the Tudhope guarantee. And the Tudhope guarantee is backed by a firm that has been making carriages in Canada since 1855.

Let us show you the new season's styles in

TUDHOPE CARRIAGES.

JNO. MCKERCHER, Wafford

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden little nerve trouble that is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help. If you would have strong hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
T. B. TAYLOR.

DR. AGNEW

WITH THE FORESIGHT OF A PROPHET, BY THE AID OF THAT GREATEST OF KNOWN TREATMENTS—"DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART"—IS LEADING THOUSANDS OUT OF "EGYPTIAN BONDAGE," OUT OF ILL-HEALTH AND UNTOLD SUFFERING TO THE "PROMISED LAND" OF PERFECT HEALTH

DOES YOUR HEART ACHE?

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART WILL STOP THE PAIN

Is there palpitation—Is there fluttering—Is your breath short—Is it hard to find your pulse sometimes—Do you have smothering spells—Do your feet and ankles swell—Do you have fainting turns—Do you have nightmare—Do you have pain in the left side, shoulder or arm—Ever experience great hunger and exhaustion—Do you have chilly sensations? Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has saved thousands of sufferers, and it can help and cure you; but you cannot afford to toy with heart troubles, so if you have any of the heart symptoms to-day then to-day is the day to put yourself in touch with a remedy—this great heart treatment that never fails.

"I was under treatment," says Mr. A. Lavers, of Collingwood, Ont., "with some of the best physicians in London (England) for what they diagnosed as incurable heart trouble. I suffered agonies through pain about my heart, fainting spells, palpitation and exhaustion. As a crowning man grasps at a straw I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. The first bottle relieved me greatly; two bottles took away all traces of my heart trouble."

DR. AGNEW'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS cure all liver ills—10 cents.
DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER a sure cure for catarrh.
SOLD BY T. B. TAYLOR & SONS.