



THANK GOD every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day, which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you a hundred virtues which the idle never know.
—Charles Kingsley.

Actual Testimony

An American War Story

IT was a cloudless day on the brow of Point Lookout. The time was midsummer, the place the long veranda of "The Inn," overlooking the city of Chattanooga. Below, the landscape, cut into parts by the murky river, which wound sinuously in and out among the fields and forests, presented—so great was the altitude of the mountain—a picture in miniature.

The veranda was thronged with summer idlers, for the most part young men and women of the south, in light summer clothing and yachting caps. The talk had been general in the group of young people at one corner of the veranda, near the great ballroom, whence came the lively strains of the orchestra, until it was broken by an angry word from a handsome young southerner, Charles Maynell, to Newell Farley, a young man from Boston.

Maynell had risen, and stood white and furious, his hands on the back of his chair, glaring at the young Bostonian, who had not risen, but sat calm and self-possessed, as if waiting for the passion of his antagonist to cool off. This seemed only to add fuel to the angry flames raging in the breast of Maynell, for he leaned forward and said:

"I want to say here, sir, in the presence of these gentlemen and ladies, that what you have just said about the condition of the southern soldiers during the war, is deliberately false. You are a liar. You are no gentleman."

Farley flushed impatiently, glanced round at the group of southern faces, but no one was looking at him—not even Mary Barrett, the Richmond girl, who had so completely captured his affections that he had not been able to return to his duty as reporter on a Boston daily, though he had been called home a week ago. He noticed that the insult just passed had brought a look of pain to her face, but she had not raised her eyes to either Maynell or himself. Perhaps it was her way of showing that what had occurred was unbecoming conduct in gentlemen in the presence of ladies.

"I am sorry if I have given offence," began Farley, "but I believe what I have stated is in accordance with historical facts."

The southerners were surprised. Could it be possible that a man with the reputation Newell Farley had, as a leading Harvard man, and member of the best clubs in Boston, could calmly submit to being called a liar, and make no show of resentment?

Edgar Barrett, Mary Barrett's brother, who was scarcely out of his teens, and full of traditions about his

ancestors who had fallen in duels, wondered most, and was resolved that his sister should cut Farley at once. "Huh," he said to himself, "the fellow is a coward, after all that has been said in his favor. If he had



Still another view of the home of Mrs. D. J. McClure, Peel County, Ontario, described and further illustrated in the June 3rd issue of this paper. This farm home won third prize in a dairy farms competition held in the vicinity of Toronto during 1907. Sold comfort and much enjoyment for young and old are to be had in such charming surroundings as here shown.

only risen and invited Maynell down on the rocks, and then and there deliberately punched his head, he might have preserved his right to social recognition in the south; but—

"I say, again, that you are a liar." It was Maynell's angry voice that disturbed Edgar's reflections. "And since you sit there, and take what I have said, you have shown yourself to be a coward."

Maynell came around behind the others to Newell's chair. "I wonder," he said, sneeringly, "if you will resent anything. Take that," and he struck the Bostonian on the cheek with his gloves.

"Don't, don't," cried Mary Barrett, rising and holding up her hands between the two.

"Yes, I can take that from you, for you are so angry you do not know what you are doing," Farley had risen, and as he spoke, he leaned back against one of the pillars of the veranda, and looked at Maynell, coolly. "I can take it because I am opposed to settling a dispute by resorting to blows. I used to do that sort of thing in college; but I have grown above it."

Maynell made no other reply than to snap his fingers contemptuously, and turn away. The group was strangely silent. Farley laughed lightly, and resumed his seat. "He'll get over it, when he has time to reflect over what I have said."

"He'll never forget that you allow-

ed him to strike you," said Edgar Barrett. "A Southerner can't understand that." And taking his sister by the arm, he led her into the ballroom. This seemed to break up the group, for the couples which composed it wandered off in different directions, leaving the Bostonian alone. He was beginning to think that he would never understand Southerners. It had been the greatest effort of his life to keep from hurling Maynell over the railing of the veranda on to the rocks below, simply because Mary Barrett's gentle face and protesting eyes were on him. And now—why it looked as if she herself were about to turn against him. Surely she would not let that little snipe of a boasting brother influence her, when—yes, he could not be mistaken—she had shown a preference for him. Only the night before, when he had told her he should have to go back to Boston soon, her face had worn such a sad, pensive look, and only the fact that he had not spoken to Major Barrett about his intentions, had prevented him from telling her how completely meeting her had changed the current of his existence. Farley's face became troubled. Why, now he remembered that Major Barrett had himself served as the second to a friend in a duel, which had, fortunately, not resulted in bloodshed, but would have done so, if one

a slow smile dawned in her eye and spread over her face.

"I am afraid I am intruding," I said, "but the truth is, I must speak to you; I did not want to wait longer."

"I am sure you are welcome," she said softly.

"That little thing that happened just now has been worrying me," I said, drawing nearer to her.

"I seems to me that perhaps those people think that I have acted the coward and in not resenting Maynell's insult by striking him, or something like that."

"I don't think we ought to talk about it," said Mary. "I can't see what I have to do about it."

"May I ask if—if your people (southern people differ from us in so many things) would think I ought to have resented Maynell's blow otherwise than I did?"

"I can't say," said the girl. "It is not for me to judge what they would think about it. Men have their ways of looking at such things."

He stared at her steadily for a moment. Then when her eyes sought her book, he said:

"Did you want me to—to strike him, when he struck me?"

She hesitated for a moment, then said, looking into his eyes frankly, "I did, and I didn't. I didn't want to have trouble between you two there, but I am sorry that some people will think that you lacked courage. Let it pass; I would not think any more about it."

(To be continued)

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