

"Why," I considered, for the possibility of having money of my own to spend had never entered my head before, and was worth deliberation. "I'd buy you a knife, Dick, 'n' I—I guess I'd buy mother a silk dress, too, only," dubiously, "I'm afraid my mother wouldn't wear a silk dress. She would say it was 'stravagant'."

"A two-blade knife, Peg?"

"Yes."

"Rogers?"

"I guess."

"That 'ud be great. Can you walk that log, Peg?" for we had come to the creek.

"Course I can," indignantly.

"Take my hand?"

"No, I'll go myself."

"You're a 'brick! Hurry, though, for that fellow's making good time."

"Dick ran over on the log, and I followed, bravely trying to run like-wise, but wobbling as is the manner of girls crossing streams on logs."

"When I could raise my eyes from the narrow bridge which alone separated me from the shallow, dimpling water, I saw that a change had come over my bird. No longer golden; as it descended to the wood it was as dun-colored a creature of the air as the commonest hawk that might hover above a wood on any summer's day."

"A cloud, possibly, had passed over the face of the sun, or perhaps the sunlight was now striking the flapping wings at a different angle. I do not know. But I well remember the thrill of disappointment with which, with the passing of the gold, I saw our castle go tumbling down; the nest of golden eaglets; the little heap of green bills and silver quarters; above all, the double-bladed Rogers knife that was to rejoice Dick's heart. Even so, in later life, are our castles often shattered, and we seldom understand that the fallen stones go usually to build a foundation upon which more stable structures may be erected."

"Oh Dick!" I cried, "the bird!"

"Dick whirled round, for he had been watching me in smiling expectation that I should fall into the water."

"Pshaw!" he said, "It's only a hawk or something, after all! It must have been the way the sun was shining that made it look so!"

"Guess so," returned I, "'n' now you can't buy the silk dress, Dick, 'n' I can't buy your knife. Oh, Dick, I wish I could, ever so!"

"Never mind, Peg," sympathetically, "I feel just as if you'd given it to me, because I know you wanted to. See? 'N', Peg, when I grow up 'n' earn money I'll buy you the silk dress, sure. Now, Sis, cheer up. Let's go up, now we're this far"—

evidently seeing a necessity, from my rueful face, of changing the subject—" 'n' see where father got out the barn timber last winter. There must be a big hole in the bush up there, with the firewood 'n' all."

Nothing loath I plunged after Dick, through a "swale," from that into a thicket, thence into the more open wood, where the fence that marked the boundary between my father's farm and Dick's father's, might be more easily followed.

It was a very harmless-looking "snake" fence, made of honest gray rails, now showing some signs of age, weather-beaten into the dull silver with which Nature paints the glaring crudeness of the new wood, blotched here and there with a kindly brown lichen or patch of green moss, and mantled all over, as it crept up an incline nearer to the clearing, with the greenery of raspberry and thimbleberry bushes. Yet I looked upon it with a feeling akin to horror, almost as though it were a sort of live thing zigzagging itself, serpent-like, up the hill-face. For it was over this very fence that had arisen the feud which had "put between" the houses of Mallory and Carmichael.

Since that day, so long before, no Mallory save me, and no Carmichael save Dick, had ever set foot over the line fence which ran the full length of the "string" hundreds. The battle

had been fought before I was born, but I knew enough of it to look upon it as a catastrophe of past history. My father, as it fell out, had been in the right, and the slice of land claimed by Carmichael had been promptly transferred to the Mallory estate by the surveyor who was at last called in to settle the dispute, and who departed with a fat fee in his pocket and a sense of thanksgiving in his heart for line fences and quarrelling farmers in general. Henceforth, to my father Henry Carmichael was a scoundrel of the deepest dye, who would rob you of the butter on your bread while you looked round for the knife to spread it with. What Carmichael thought of my father was a light by no means hid beneath a bushel. "A damned hypocrite!" was his summing up of the whole question, expressed with the greatest nonchalance whenever an opportunity offered; whether my father were present or not, made little difference.

For my part, in my own way I hated as well as feared this enemy of my father's house. To me he was an ogre as terrible as any hobgoblin of the fairy books; and at any time the sight of his huge figure and rugged face, all covered with a curly beard, was enough to send me scurrying off with thumping heart. But what I lacked in love for Carmichael, I made up in affection for Dick. To me, in those early days, Dick was everything—brother, sister, playmate—for I was an only child, as was Dick, and I believe his liking for me was as deep and unselfish.

It seems strange now that the friendship between Dick and me was never interfered with. I suppose our parents thought there was little use of passing the feud on to the second generation. However that may have been, Dick and I were daily companions. To be sure, I never dared go near the house where the burly man might be, nor did Dick ever enter our home; but along the quiet country roads and through the fields we ran and clambered as pleased us, and no one said us nay. To others, the trill that came so often from the meadow field—three quavering notes, with a ripple following—was but the warble of the field-sparrow, but to me there was no mistaking the song of the sparrow, and I knew when Dick called. Happy was I then if no task prevented me from running off to join him in a free, wild ramble over hill or down valley.

But to return—for I am digressing—passing along close to the "snake" fence, with its brambly draperies, we came to the place in the wood whence the timber had been taken. Truly, as Dick had said, there was a "great hole in the bush" here. Bare stumps, with tops still yellow with newness, stood on every hand, with here and there the remains of a skidway, or a pile of cordwood drying for winter use; and everywhere flourished luxuriantly the strangely-formed crop of weeds that springs up wherever the forest has been laid low—great mulleins and willow herb, curious little flat burs, raspberry bushes and thistles, with traces, wherever a stump had been burned, of wood-sorrel and fireweed.

Nevertheless, the nakedness of the spot, in contrast with the surrounding forest, aroused my sympathy. At one moment it appeared like a neglected cemetery, each stump a tombstone marking the spot where a giant had fallen; at another, each severed trunk, bleeding still, as it were, from the stroke of the axe, seemed crying out against the hand of the tyrant, man. But Dick was troubled by no such tender emotions. The might of the arm that had felled the monarchs of the wood appealed to him more than the fall of the monarchs themselves.

"Isn't it grand to be able to throw down big trees like these, Peg?" he said, admiringly. "Father cut them all himself early last winter. He's the best timber man in the country. Jack Hall said so. 'n' he knows. It's great to be a strong man, Peg, and when I'm a man I mean to go into the bush 'n' make

father just hop to keep up to me. Father 'd like no better fun."

As he spoke, the lad drew himself up to his full height unconsciously, and there came upon his face a look which I had never seen there before. It was a look that I did not understand, and yet even then there drifted across my childish mind a hazy idea that soon Dick should have outgrown me and become a man, who would, most likely, drift out of my life and take to quarrelling over line fences and things. I hoped he wouldn't wear a bushy beard like his father's, but didn't dare to mention it. The next moment Dick was climbing up a slanting trunk, like a monkey, and was a boy again. Reaching the top, he looked about.

"Why, Peg," he said, "I didn't know you folk took out timber last winter, too?"

"We didn't."

"But you must have. There are new stumps right over the fence from father's. Come till we see."

Another minute brought us to the spot, and there, sure enough, were the newly-cut tree trunks, several of them on the Mallory side of the fence.

"I guess we have," said I, dwelling on the "we," with a swelling sense of importance. "I guess father must have cut down these trees when I didn't know. My father isn't big like yours, but he's just ever so strong, as strong as—as—"

"Methusalem," prompted Dick.

I nodded, then wondered what Dick found in my doing so worth laughing at.

But the shadows in the wood were beginning to lengthen. It was time to go home, and I made up my mind to lose no time in asking my father if he, too, were intending to "put up" a new barn, an event of great importance in our neighborhood, and one which, if carried out on our farm, could not fail, in my estimation, at least, to invest the Mallorys with an importance equal to that with which the prospective Jamieson and Carmichael "raisings"—for there were to be two raisings in our vicinity this season—had surrounded the Jamiesons and the Carmichaels.

(To be continued.)

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About the House.

SOME SEASONABLE RECIPES.

As you may still have some green tomatoes left over, try making some green tomato jam. A very little eaten with buttered toast is nice for breakfast. To every pound of fruit allow $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of preserving sugar and one lemon. Peel the lemon thinly, then cut off the pith, and slice the inside of the lemon, removing the pips. Slice the tomatoes, and put them with the lemon and sugar into a preserving pan, and boil till the tomatoes are quite transparent, and the jam a good consistency. Then put it into jam pots, and cover in the usual way.

Stewed Celery.—After the celery is well washed, cut into half-inch lengths. Cover with salted boiling water, and stew until tender. Drain off the water, and put the celery into a saucepan with a cup of scalding milk, stew for a minute more, then thicken the mixture with a teaspoonful of butter and one of flour rubbed smooth. Stir to a smooth white sauce, season with salt and white pepper, and serve.

Sour-cream Griddle Cakes.—Stir $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda into a cup of thick sour cream until foamy throughout. Pass through a sieve together $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 level teaspoon baking powder. Beat an egg; add the cream and stir into the flour mixture. Bake at once on a hot griddle.

Sour-cream Biscuits (from Boston Cooking School).—Sift together 2 cups pastry flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 level teaspoons baking powder. With the tips of the fingers work one or two tablespoons shortening into the flour, then stir the whole to a dough with a generous cup of sour cream, into which $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of soda has been stirred. Turn onto a board lightly dredged with flour, shape about, then pat and roll lightly into a thick sheet. Cut into biscuits, and bake 15 or 20 minutes in a rather hot oven.

THE GERM OF THE BULLETINS.

PREPARATION OF VEGETABLES FOR THE TABLE.

(Condensed from Farmers' Bulletin No. 256, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.)

Green plants are made up of water, starch, and some nitrogenous material (protein), sugar, gum, crude fiber, and other carbohydrate and mineral matter. The fruit and seeds of some plants are rich in fat, but the plant itself rarely contains any appreciable amount of this constituent. The green coloring is due to chlorophyll; when this is bleached out, some plants are more delicate, hence the reason for bleaching celery and endive which are to be made into salads.

Vegetable foods may be divided into a few general classes—cereals, legumes, tubers, roots and bulbs, herbaceous or green vegetables, and vegetable fruits and flowers. The cereals, which include the grains, are the most valuable; but in this bulletin rice and corn are the only cereals considered.

Rice is largely composed of starch, and has very little nitrogenous, fatty and mineral matter. When used as a vegetable, therefore, it is very properly served with foods rich in the constituents which it lacks. Corn also has a high percentage of starch, but contains more nutritious matter than rice. It, also, like all starchy foods, may be served with foods rich in nitrogenous and fatty matter to form a well-balanced diet.

The legumes belong to the pulse family, whose edible representatives are beans, peas, cowpeas and lentils. All of these contain, on an average, 25 per cent. nitrogenous matter, over 50 per cent. starch, and about 10 per cent. cellulose, fatty matter, and mineral matter. They are, when ripe, very nutritious, and, when cooked with some added fat, may, to some extent, replace meat. The unripe legumes are not as nutritious as the dried seed, but are more delicate, and apparently more easily digested.

Among tubers, potatoes are the most used. They contain a large percentage of water, a fair percentage of starch, a very small percentage of sugar, nitrogenous and fatty matter, and about one per cent. of mineral matter to which this vegetable owes its antiscorbutic properties. The sweet potato is rich in starch and sugar, is wholesome and