

OST people have a spice of goodness in them. but not all try to cultivate it. - Leonard Heward. . . .

Old Hickory --- A Story of the War

HE two farms — Sunnybrae and without meeting either a vehicle or Maple Hollow—lay side by side soul afoot.

with the selfsame road winding From afar off he glimpsed the scio past their respective gates and the selfsame river flowing behind their lower pastures. There was, too, the same Canadian sky overhead, and the air that played about the gables of each old home was filled with the same birdsongs.

Yet, relatively the two households might have existed upon different hemispheres for all the interchanges of courtesies that ever took place.

The progenitors of the two families d been United Empire Loyalists, and therefore the history of each was the history of the noble patriot and hardy pioneer. The Hargraves, of Sunnybrae, and the Deanes of Maple Hollow, had fought side by side in the war of 1812, and in the living-room of each spacious farm-home were hung the swords that had helped to purchase a common freedom.

But although wars may come and wars may go, a line-fence dispute goes on for ever. So that in the year of grace 1914 only the barest civilities were exchanged between the members of the two households, the bitter feud of old Colonel Hargrave and Major Deane in 1830, having been handed down from father to son along with the prized heirlooms and dear traditions of a former day.

Once, when the members of the pre

sent generation of Hargraves and Deanes were frolicsome children, Deanes were frolicsome children, little Jimmy Hargrave and small Larry Deane had disobeyed parental injunctions and gone fishin' together. Freckle-faced Jimmy knew where the best butternuts orew, and to black-haired, saucy-eyed Larry he imparted this interesting information in return a few lessons in boatbuilding. They had spent one glorious afternoon, only marred somewhat at its close by a near-drowning, in which both lads participated.

They had been fished out of the river in a limp and unpromising condition, but on the following day, when it was apparent that neither of them was likely to suffer any ill-effects from the occurrence, the father of each boy took him out to the woodshed and applied the time-honored birch rod, supplemented by stern threats as to what would happen in case of further overtures between the Hargraves and the Deanes.

The early friendship thus nipped in the bud languished for years. Then suddenly, late in the afternoon August fourth, 1914, it was re-kindled. Larry Deane, wending his way home from the village with an astounding piece of news, was in no mood for picking and choosing his listeners. He was nearly bursting with it as it was, having walked two dusty miles

From afar off he glimpsed the scion of the house of Hargrave busy "stocking" grain in the upper field.

Larry, a fine, tall lad now, twenty-two past, was the same Larry of the cen-Leaping over the erous impulses. "snake" fence into the enemy's mea-dow, he plowed uphill, knee-deep dow, he plowed upint, and coming at length within hailing distance, he made a megaphone of his hands and shouted:

"Hey, Jim! Heard the latest?" Jimmy Hargrave turned with elaborate carelessness - he had seen the other coming three minutes sinceand lifting the pitchfork high, sent it careening into a "stook" nearby. Then he advanced toward Larry, with just enough dignity to uphold the Hargrave pride.

Well, no; I can't say as I have," he said.

They met at the corner of the old

td war on Germany

Then, taking off his "cow's breakfast" and pulling a red bandana out of his overall pocket, he mopped his "Hot work, stooking," he observ-

ed, gravely. "Did you hear what I said, Jim?"

"Aw, go chase yourself!"
"See here, then!" and Larry drew "See here, then!" and Larry drew a newspaper from his nocket. The two young men bent over it. When they looked up their eyes met, and neither pair shifted. The high cour-age of the old Loyalists still lived! Jimmy walked with Larry up to the old line-fence that separated the acres of Suprairs from the suparated the acres

of Sunnybrae from those of the Hol-

"When," began Jimmy, and then paused at the flash in the dark eyes of Larry

He followed the latter's angry From the top of the rise just beyond in the Deane domain, stood an old man grimly watching them. "Now for a row!" said Larry, bit-

"We're both of age. Can't we judge for ourselves a bit?" demanded Jim-my, also incensed.

my, also incensed.
"He'll stand there till I come, so good-bye, Jim." Larry leaped over the line of con-

"I was going to ask when we would be wanted?" observed Jimmy. "Right away."
"Then 'I'll go into the village to-morrow night. Meet me at Benson's store."

"I get yuh, Jim." Hargrave stood lost Timmy thought when the other had disap-peared. Where they had been standing there was a padlocked gate off a strip of land upon which rose a gigantic hickory tree. A companion gate faced upon the Deane field. Old Colonel Hargrave and the Major had

"Britain," said Larry, "has declar-war on Germany."

Jimmy stared at him a moment,
ben taking off his "Cow"s breakafter years of bickering, a disinterested neighbor had been called into the matter in the capacity of referee This individual had immediately called the game a "tie" and had fenced up the arboreal giant.

"The nuts," he declared, "are the finest in the county. I'll send a committee from the Methodist Church up here in October each year and we'll raffler em off and give the proceeds to charity."

But charity had never so benefited, for, as though she felt a deep sense of personal injury in being thus discriminated against and olated like an Indian cemetery Old Hickory bore no more nuts. Anxious urchins came in late summer and gazed up into her branches, seeking to make an ap-praisal of the probable harvest, only to depart, disappointed. Old Hickory, following the spirit of the age, had chosen a life of idle luxury. She had cast in her lot with those of her sisters—human and otherwise—who live only to themselves.

Jimmy's thoughts, however, were not of the tree. He was wondering what his mother would say when he told her that he was going to enlist.

There came a day in late autumn when two young men, lithe and straight, keen-eyed and brown of face, looking very trig and capable in the King's khaki, said good-bye to their respective parents, and joining each other at the little woodland path that curved up over the hill, marched away together down the old grey road

Elizabeth Hargrave, scorning tears, rolled up her sleeves and turned to the weekly washing, for it was a Monday morning. She was a sternforday morning. Sad was a steri-faced woman, strong of limb and Scottish to the marrow of her bones. "Goodness knows, I'll have enough to do now!". She thought. "Our only hoy—an' Pa not well this fall, an' the girls havin' to keep at school an' all. As if there weren't lots of other families with three an' four grown sons, that it must be ours to go! But when she went out to hang the

snowy clothes on the line under the apple tree, she stole a clance across the bare meadowland to where the old gables of Maple Hollow shone red in the morning sunlight.

"I wonder if she took it hard," said Elizabeth to herself. At almost the same time, Mary Jane Deane was standing in the doorway of the cooknouse, looking up the rise toward Sunnybrae. There were traces of grief on her proud, gentle face. Her lips were still trembling and now and then she would lift a corner of her blue-checked apron and wipe away a tear. Mary Tane came of Irish ac-cestry and had not such perfect co-trol of the emotions as had her neighbor, up on the hill.

"They'll miss their lad sore," said to her husband, who was standing below her on the "stoop."
"They will that," replied Larg,

lads growin' up." Mary Jane we on. "But it don't seem to make udifference, Larry. I—I jest cut "Whiteb"

"Whisht, whisht," interposed La "Whisht, whisht," interposed here the elder, gently, as a sob breat from his wife. "Mebbe we won't have to spare him. He's Irish, lass, at the Irish have a way of comin' of the Irish have a way of comin' or o' the thickest fights with flyin' or ors. Mark my words, ye'll hear be fore spring of an O'Donohue or Flynn or an O'Leary that'll be earns the Victoria Cross!"

(Concluded next week)

Farm Work vs. House Work LD Peter Gimbel's wife was sick, but Peter thought it was a trick, a lame excuse, her tasks to shirk; and yet her as easy work. Suppose she had to plow, and hoe, and outlivate, and reap and mow? I'll bet she'd sing a different until determine work all done by noos, then seek the hammock, drop the screen, and

work all done by noon, then sees the read the latest magazine.

Next day it fell to Peter's lot to be the Johnny on the spot. He umbled out at peep of day, and got the breakfast under way. He burnt the toast and scorched the stew, the steak was like a rubber shoe, the coffee muddy, just a mite, the bread and butter was all right. And Peter said, in language terse: "It might have been a blamed And Peter said, in language terse: And Peter said, in language terse:

And Peter said, in language terse: "It might have been a blamed sight worse."

He wand the dishes, wiped them, too, and accidentally dropped a few. wand the dishes, wiped them, too, and accidentally dropped a few. When the same the same the same the same the milk, then filled a dish for dog and cat, flung down the pan, and grabbed his hat, and fed and watered eighty hens (protesting loudly in their pens). Then tied an apron round his waist—the mantel clock suggesting haste—and pared potatoes, turnips, too, and sundry things to ranke a stew. He dumped them all into a pot, and soon the mess was piping hot, and as he mopped his furrowed brow, he said: "If we the table now; if's twelve o'clock, as I'm a sinner, and time to blow the horn for dinner."

Said Peter, as the clock struck one: "There's stacks of dishes to be done." The clock struck two and with a frown he saw the bread sponge running down. He grabbed the pail as down it poured, and dumped it on the molding cared some more." With flour he tried the paste to smother; it stuck to Peter like a brother.

I know the good wife would have laughed, as Peter worked like one gone daft; how the work of well would have laughed, as Peter worked like one gone daft; the past of the

to all or the again.

Absorbed in work, the hours flew by, and supper time drew nigh.
Absorbed in work, the hours flew by, and supper time drew nigh.
Again he trotted out his stew, cut bread, put on the tea to brew, and
groamed aloud as setting sum found half a dozen tasks undone.
Said Peter, as the night grew chill: "I plumb forgot the
Said Peter, as the night grew chill: "Ge while! Tem mortal tired as
to fill. Well, let them go; it's late. Gee while! Tem mortal tired as

When Peter finally crawled to bed, strange thoughts cavorted through his head. He saw in vivid retrospect his former notions sad-ly wrecked, and said: "It's true as stars and sun that woman's work is never done."—W. G. Rodgers, in Farm and Home.

*From "Eastern Farm and Home."

****** The Up

November

Travel T Lessons Learn

ONE fact w was the people in whate Their organ famous on our were carried wit tains and acros too expensive as so there are nor nacle, all the fa of hide. The a ping of a pin m end of the build representation was so realistic to believe there Two hu people sang, to of the open-air Diego Exposition time and tone m

The beehive w of their building

While visiting homes, a photog left shortly befor ary to Paris. missionaries ov whole world. E expected to spen oung manhood Such is their ze their belief With every chi

sed every night of our young peoper were a church-h ould always be One day one o of July particula other date. W plained that jus re beginning t ite of alkali a ague of locusts rayer. God sent om Salt Lake, w Looking at t stening to the cere was her f An afternoon wa rful Ogden Can le opportunity Mormon, tried ir viewpoint, ews, he showed

the Scriptures th thought came ople could do as "Search the sc hey are they whi ohn 5:3.—I. H. N .

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particularly the trees are makes his nest rhaps a wood-pe year before, b us character, an acy one of the se-birds, he doe te it. He is us s, or empty jars modation

food habits rely beneficial. live upon animal mination of 88