

ENDING THE FBUD

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

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Late autumn had made the hill a riot of crimson and gold. At its base the alders and scrub oaks awayed flaming branches to the November breeze, while higher up the sugar maples showed masses of yellow in sharp contrast to the background of clear, blue sky. Busy woodpeckers flitted noisily among the branches, and high above them an occasional flock of geese went honking southward. At high noon the sun seemed poised directly above the summit of the hill and the shadows of the trees were scarcely more than black dots. A mellow warmth struck down to the very underbrush, and here and there in the open clusters of hardy gentians lifted their cups to catch the blue of the sky.

A winding path zigzagged up the eastern slope of the hill and another path performed similar feats of contortion along the western slope. Along the first path strode an old man, short, stout and carrying over his shoulder an ancient fowling piece. Along the second path shuffled an old man, tall, gaunt and similarly accoutered. At the open on the summit they met, glared at each other for a space, then leaned wearily on their fowling pieces, while each mopped his perspiring brow.

"Well, Joel," said the short one who had arrived by the eastern path, "I reckon we'll settle it up today."

"I reckon we will, Obediah," said he of the western path.

"The courts hain't done nothin' 'cept take our money," said Obediah, "an' we might go on this way till tarmination broke, an' I'm gittin' sort of sick of havin' my helters shot every time they stray across old Pine Hill."

"An' I ain't bankerin' to have my dogs pizen nor my sugar maples killed," put in Joel. "I guess I'm full as sick of it as you be."

"When my gran'paps set that stone down yonder," said Obediah, "he knew what he was doin' of, an' I guess he didn't cal'late to have any of his descendants take back water about it."

"Yes, he knew well enough what he was a-doin' of," drawled Joel. "He knew he was settin' of it fifty foot on to my gran'paps' land, an' I don't intend to make my gran'paps an' my daddy turn in their graves by givin' in to your gran'paps' swindlin'."

Obediah's face grew black. With an effort he controlled a retort which had risen to his lips, and for awhile there was silence. When presently he spoke it was in softened tones.

"Our gran'paps fit about it, Joel, an' our daddies fit about it, an' one time or 'nother they've been considerable many words an' blows about that stone. They's only me an' you left now, two lone old beeches, an' I guess the only way we'll ever settle it is the one we've agreed on."

Joel said nothing, but caressed the long fowling piece. He fingered nervously the lock, the breech, the trigger. He even scraped a tiny flake of rust

from the end of the barrel. Finally he raised his eyes.

"Back to back, thirty paces, then wheel an' fire, ain't it?" he said in a strange, hard voice.

"Jest so," said Obediah, his voice equally flinty.

Silence fell between them again, broken this time by Obediah.

"Guess I'll load up," he said simply. Sluffing the words, he unslung his powderhorn and began ramming home a generous charge. Opposite him Joel followed suit. There was no sound save the rustle of the yellow leaves above their heads and the rhythmic chug-chug of the ramrods against the gun barrels. When Obediah had finished he marched stiffly into the open and drew himself up, with the gun resting in the crook of his arm.

"I'm all ready, Joel," he said quietly. At once he felt Joel's back against his own.

"So be it," the latter said.

"All right, Joel. You count."

"No; you count, Obediah," said Joel.

Falling to come to an agreement on this point, they spun a coin for it, and the lot fell to Obediah. Again they took their places back to back in the open, and after many preliminary coughs Obediah began.

"All ready, Joel? All right, then. One." He caught his breath.

"Two." He felt something suspiciously like a shiver in Joel's back.

"Three." They started off, but before they had taken a dozen steps a mighty white-eye came from the bushes beside them, and at the same instant Obediah heard the deafening crash

of a partridge fall limp and ruffled at the other side of the open.

"I couldn't help it," Joel was explaining apologetically. "He riz almost at my feet, an' I jest natcherly had to shoot."

"You done well to fetch him," said Obediah. "Pretty heavy charge for short range," he added.

"Like to blow him to ribbons," said Joel, bending critically over the fallen bird. "I cal'late you'll have to wait till I load up again, Obediah," he said sheepishly.

Obediah was looking through the sunlit woods, and his imagination followed his eyes.

"I should like to fetch one more of them fellers myself," he said. "Reckon the woods is full of 'em. Pears like I can hear 'em now drummin' all round old Pine Hill."

Joel was reloading the gun. At the other's words he paused and for several seconds looked thoughtfully at the sky.

"Obediah," he said at length, "let's make an afternoon of it. Let's go pa'tridgin' just as if that was what we come for. Let's jest forget everything but pa'tridges till 5 o'clock. Then we'll come back here."

"Done," said Obediah.

All that afternoon two old men, one short and stout, the other tall and gaunt, stalked through the underbrush of the Pine Hill woods. All that afternoon the woods resounded to the boom of heavy fowling pieces and much cackling laughter, and many an unwary partridge fell victim to two old men who joked and capered like boys.

The shadows were lengthening when Joel pulled out an old silver watch and announced it was time for them to be getting back to the summit. They made the journey thither in silence. Arrived at the open, Obediah sank on a log and burst into deep guffaws of laughter.

"Tarnation!" he said, holding the inverted powderhorn over his hand. "I hain't got nary a charge left."

"An' I got jest half a one," chuckled Joel, turning the black grains from his own horn into his hands. "Obediah," he went on gently, "I don't believe our gran'paps ever thought we'd carry it so far."

Obediah rose and placed a hand on Joel's shoulder.

"The trouble with our gran'paps," he announced slowly, "was that they never went pa'tridgin' together."

A Fall Diagnosis.

A lady patient entered the consulting room of a physician. The doctor felt her pulse, looked at her tongue and said, "Madam, you should eat less and take more out of door exercise."

The advice seemed to be too common for the lady, and she resolved to consult a notorious quack.

"The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for your rare disease," said the quack, "is in the physiological defects of the membranous system. The obtuseness of the splenic abductor causes the cartilaginous compressor to coagulate into the diaphragm and thus depresses the diaphragm under the flandango. Now, if the disease was caused by the vocation of the electricity from the appendages the tympanum would dissolve the spiritual sinetum and the ossificator would ferment in the olfactory, thus becoming identical with the pigmentum. Now, as this is not the case, in order to produce your disease the spinal rotundum must diverge to a point on the elliptical spero. But, as I said before, in order to produce this disease, the ligamentum teres must subtend over the gigiturum to a degree sufficient to dislodge the stercorolatum."

The lady replied: "Yes, doctor, you describe my case exactly. I'd like you to treat me."

King James on Sunday Games.

What will the modern objectors to reasonable recreation on Sundays find more stirring than King James' "Book of Sports" published in 1618, wherein he laments the attempts of churchly fanatics to repress amusements on the first day of the week and says, "Our pleasure likewise is that after the end of divine service our good people be not disturbed, letted or discouraged from any lawful recreation, such as dancing (either men or women), archery for men, leaping, vaulting or any other such harmless recreations, nor from having of May games, Whitsun ales and Morris dances, and the setting up to Maypoles and other sports therewith used, so as the same be had in due and convenient time without impediment or neglect of divine service." And this, be it remembered, is from the man whom the translators of the authorized version of our Bible described as the "sun in his strength," as one who was "searched with so many singular and extraordinary graces as to be the wonder of the world in this latter age for happiness and true felicity."

--London Telegraph.

Products Which Time Matures.

Wines and spirits can only mature by considerable lapse of time in the process of manufacture. The period varies with different brands and qualities. Some red wines, for instance, cannot be said to be ripe for use until they have been kept for fully ten years, while the minimum age at which whiskey is ready for the open market is five years. For somewhat similar reasons and because it requires elaborate drying tobacco takes a very long time in arriving at good condition.

Leather is another article which must undergo a long course of preparation for the market, though modern improvements have shortened the period. For some descriptions of skins so much as six months is still needed to complete the process. Olive oil also needs long and careful preparation to bring it to perfection. At Gallipoli it is often kept for seven years to undergo the ripening process.

BEAR ADMIRAL COTTON'S COFFIN.

Between the Merrimac and the Monitor. He was on the Onizda at the battle of Mobile Bay.

During the war with Spain Admiral Cotton, then a captain, commanded the auxiliary cruiser Harvard and at the battle of Santiago received thirty-two Spanish officers and 107 men from the ship, where they had taken refuge from the sinking ship.

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A RULER'S TROUBLES

SULTAN OF TURKEY, WHO LEADS THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

Abdul Hamid Kept Busy by the Visit of Uncle Sam's War Ships and the Uprising in Macedonia--Rear Admiral Cotton.

The visit of Rear Admiral Cotton to Beirut with the cruisers Brooklyn and San Francisco and the gunboat Machias for the purpose of investigating the murderous attack on Vice Consul William C. Magelssen will probably be sufficiently prolonged to enable Minister Leishman to press a definite settlement of a number of matters on which agreements were reached with the Turkish authorities last year.

It is felt in diplomatic circles that a demonstration of naval powers in Turkish waters at this time will be an eminently good thing for the dignity of the United States, the effect being the display to the sultan of the necessity for controlling his subjects when they are inclined to deeds against the officers and citizens of this nation.

Beirut, on whose coast Admiral Cotton's ships are assembled, has long been a province of Syria and stretches along the Mediterranean coast from Jebel-el-Akra, south of the Droutes, to the Nahr Zerka, south of Mount Carmel, and extends from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. The chief town of the province, Beirut, the seat of the



American consulate and where Magelssen was attacked, is the most important seaport in Syria. It is situated on the south side of St. George's bay, at the foot of Lebanon. Since the pacification of Lebanon, after the massacre of the Christians in 1860, the city of Beirut has greatly increased in extent and has become the center of the transit trade of Syria.

The revolution in Macedonia, which has been brewing for several years, has now assumed proportions of great magnitude, and a general insurrection has been proclaimed. Sarafoff, the Macedonian leader, claims that the revolutionary forces total about 15,000 men.

Rear Admiral Charles Stanhope Cotton, who commands the American squadron now in Syrian waters, is a native of Milwaukee and entered the Naval academy in 1858. In May, 1861, he was detailed for active duty in the civil war. He served on the St. Lawrence when she captured the Petrel and was on the Minnesota in the memorable action which ended in the battle

between the Merrimac and the Monitor. He was on the Onizda at the battle of Mobile Bay.

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