

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., February 15, 1929.

AFTERWARD.

There's never a storm so wild
But after it follows a calm;
There's never a hurt so great
But somewhere's provided a balm;
There's never a night so dark
But after it follows the dawn.

There's never a shadow falls
But after it follows the light;
There's never a sorrow comes
But after it comes delight.

There's never a sky so great
But after it follows the blue;
There's never a false friend found
But later you'll find a true.

There's never a heart that breaks
But after a while it will heal;
There's never a moan of pain
But after a laughter peal.

There's never a sin so black
But forgiveness is found at last;
There's never a weary day
But sometime 'twill be past;
There's never a night so dark
But dawn will come at last.

—Selected.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

Everybody in the mountains called him "Settlin' Johnny." He was a short, stocky little old man, with tanned cheeks and bright blue eyes that usually had a smile in them, unless he was settling some momentous question. Then his eyes were clouded and cast down.

As he came along the mountain road that morning, the eyes did not smile. Something was troubling "Settlin' Johnny," and he saw only the road with its deep rut where the wheels of a cart had cut into the soft clay. So intent was he on solving a problem that he did not see a tall, straight young man leap over the razor-back fence and come swinging down the road toward him.

"Well, well, if it isn't 'Settlin' Johnny!'"

The old man stopped, and looked up quickly. Then his eyes began to smile, and his face beamed with pleasure.

"Bat Tanner! Heard you were home, Bat. It's good for old eyes to see you agin." "Settlin' Johnny" took the young man's hands in his, and pressed them with a quick firm grip.

"Yes, I'm back, Johnny," said Tanner, pleased with the greeting; "and it's good to be here. It's a fine thing to see the world, but there isn't a place on earth that can beat the Carolina mountains; don't forget that." "Settlin' Johnny."

The old man nodded.

"Reckon you're right about that. Bat. I'll bet, though, you showed those fellows over in France how to do some shooting. Didn't any of them beat you, I'll wager."

Bat Tanner threw back his head, and laughed.

"Reckon I hit most everything I aimed at, Johnny. That's over now, though, and it's time to fix up the old place. Going to start running that line between our land and the Watsons', and settle the thing once for all."

The smile faded from the old man's face, and his eyes grew troubled. Bat Tanner saw, and hastened to change the subject.

"Been doing any settlin' while I was away, Johnny?"

"Settlin' Johnny" nodded, but his eyes did not lose their worried look.

"Yes, a little. Julie Fair and Tom Breckenridge had a spat, and swore all was over between them; but I talked them out of it, and they're going to get married next month. And Bill Peters and his wife couldn't get along; she said Bill spent too much time at the store nights and she was going to leave him, and I settled that all right. And—say, Bat, when did you say you were going to run that line?"

"Oh, I don't know, in about a week. I reckon. Why Johnny?"

The old man shifted uneasily.

"Bill Watson is home, too," he said. "He didn't get over on account of that leg he hurt when the tree fell on him. He was in camp here, though, teaching them how to shoot. Reckon if they did as he told them, there wasn't many bullets wasted. Bill's a first-class shot, Bat."

Bat Tanner's face grew dark and his eyes snapped as he straightened.

"Bill Watson and I will have a shooting match mighty soon," he said "when I get running that line, and one of us won't shoot any more when it's over. We're the last of the family, and it's about time the feud was settled."

The old man put his hand on Tanner's arm, and looked up wistfully into his face.

"Will you do me a favor, Bat?" he asked. "Do a favor for an old man who won't be around here much longer?"

"Why, of course, Johnny. What is it?"

"Settlin' Johnny" smiled again.

"I never did have a real chance to talk to anyone who has been in the war," he said. "I ain't heard a good war story since old man Lawson died. Remember the one he used to tell about shooting his own cow one night thinking it was a Yankee spy?"

road again, and he began slowly to climb the hill. At the top he took a narrow lane to the left, which he followed for half a mile.

At the sight of a two-story, hewn-hog house where a young tousle-headed man was fixing a hinge on a door, "Settlin' Johnny" stopped and whistled shrilly.

At the whistle the young man turned, then dropped his hammer and nails, and walked with a slight limp to meet the old man.

"Settlin' Johnny," as sure as I'm alive! Reckoned you'd settled everything around here, and had gone over the other side to fix up things. How are you, anyway, 'Settlin' Johnny?" Johnny's eyes twinkled.

"Fine, Bill Watson. No, I ain't settled quite everything in these parts yet, so I didn't go over. I'm mighty glad to see you, Bill. Heard you'd got back; so I thought I'd wander up and take a look at you. Aiming to stay now, I reckon."

"Yes, got to look after things now. I'll start running the line between our place and Bat Tanner's next week. It's about time we got that settled."

"Settlin' Johnny's" heart leaped and pounded so hard that he felt sure Watson could hear it, but he tried to appear calm.

"Bat's home," he said. "Saw him about an hour ago. Lookin' fine; reckon didn't many bullets he shot get wasted. Bat's a great shot, Bill."

Watson's eyes grew hard.

"Yes, and I'm going to give him a chance to see if he can beat me. All the trouble was over that line, you know, Johnny. We must settle it once for all. Bat will probably be around when I'm running the line, and we'll see who can draw first."

"Settlin' Johnny" did not seem to hear; his eyes were eager, and he took a step forward.

"Bill, he said, 'do me a favor, will yer? Do an old man a favor?'"

Watson looked amused. "Why, of course, Johnny; what is it?"

"I ain't heard a war story in a long time," said Johnny quickly. "Not since old Abe Jackson died. Remember the one he used to tell about going out in the back yard one night and seeing some of his clothes his wife had put out on the line to air, and had forgotten to take in? Abe thought that the Yankees had come, and he went in, and got his gun, and pumped his clothes full of birdshot."

"I sure do, Johnny; and you want me to tell you a story as good as that?"

"Settlin' Johnny's" face was pleading.

"I'm gettin' old," he said, "and I reckon I won't be around much longer; but I'd like to hear first-hand something about the Great War. If you could, Bill—if you could only come over to my shack, say tomorrow night, and tell me something about it, I'd be much obliged. Come say, about half past seven; don't get through my supper and cleaning the dishes much before that. Come tomorrow night, will yer, Bill?"

Watson's face softened as he looked at the old man. Yes, it was true that he wouldn't be with them much longer. He would do what he could to please him.

"Sure, I'll come, Johnny. Be there at seven thirty on the dot. In the meantime I'll think up some good stories."

"Thanks."

"Settlin' Johnny" took Watson's hand, and gripped it. Then without another word he turned, and went slowly down the road. Usually on his walks he saw everything—the sky, the trees, the birds, and the flowers, all of which he called his friends, but today his eyes were fixed straight before him. For a mile he stumbled along, looking only at the ground. Then he stopped, and raised his eyes to the sky.

"God," he said earnestly, "those boys are too good to kill each other. Help me to settle the feud before they shoot. I've just got to settle it, but I don't know how. Help me, God."

Then "Settlin' Johnny" turned into the path that led to the shack he called home.

The Watson-Tanner feud was only a few years old. It started over the boundary line between the two properties. The Tanner land on the north was separated from the Watson property by a hundred-acre lot. The line of this lot and the Watson land had long been a subject of controversy between the owners. The Tanner purchased the lot, and without waiting for the legal unraveling of the tangle drove his own posts for the line. This brought a protest from Watson and a demand that the posts be removed. Tanner refused, and began to string his fence.

So one day Watson, his rifle leaning conveniently near against a tree, with two of his men, began to tear down the wire fence.

The news spread fast, and before the work of destruction was far advanced Tanner appeared with three armed men. There was a rapid volley of words that accomplished nothing except to fan into a blaze the passions of the two men. The rifles of Watson and Tanner banged at the same instant. It was a muggy, lowering day in mid-summer, and for a minute smoke obscured the scene. When it cleared, Watson and Tanner were stretched upon the ground—dead—a hundred feet from each other.

From that day black hate descended upon the two households; and the sons, Bat and Bill, swore early vengeance. But suddenly the war draft laid its hand upon the two young men, and for two years they were separated. Bat Tanner overseas, and Watson in a Southern camp.

Upon their return the feud fires again flamed.

"Settlin' Johnny" in his shack of a home on the mountain was troubled. Upon the screen of memory he saw pictures of the past scenes that he knew would be re-enacted if Bat Tanner attempted to run the boundary line again. Neither he nor Watson would give in; of that Johnny was sure; and unless something was

done to prevent it the feud again would claim two victims.

For a long time "Settlin' Johnny" sat thinking; then, without having come to any conclusion, he rose, and began slowly to undress.

"I've got to find a way," he told himself resolutely as he climbed into bed. "Those boys mustn't kill each other if I have to stop them with my own body."

The next morning "Settlin' Johnny" started for the Tanner farm. Bat and his men were in the fields, and Johnny roamed through the old house without meeting any one. Soon, satisfied with the result of his visit, the old man started toward the Watson place.

There, too, he found the house deserted, and within ten minutes he was on his way again to the town.

All the afternoon "Settlin' Johnny" sat upon the steps of the village store, his usually smiling face grave and drawn. The few people who passed smiled as they saw the old man looking fixedly at the ground.

"Wonder what 'Settlin' Johnny' is trying to settle now," they said.

Then suddenly, just as the hills began to throw their dark shadows across the fields, Johnny sprang to his feet with a shout of triumph.

"Hang it," he cried as he started in a little loping run down the road, why didn't I think of that before?"

When he reached his shack, "Settlin' Johnny" searched with feverish haste until he found a spade; then with the same loping gait he ran to the pasture back of the house, and began to dig eagerly.

It was nearly seven o'clock before "Settlin' Johnny" had eaten his supper, washed the dishes, and was ready to receive his expected visitors. Out of honor to the occasion he had put on the one white shirt that he possessed, and which he had never worn before except to a funeral; he always attended every funeral in the town.

As he sat in a rickety rocking-chair and waited, the mind of "Settlin' Johnny" was in a tumult. He wondered whether he planned would go through, whether he had at last hit upon a way to settle the feud, and if not, what would happen. Then he braced himself, he would not admit the possibility of failure; this would be the crowning act of his life, after which he could die happy.

He started nervously as he thought he heard footsteps; but it was only the pounding of his heart, which was beating wildly. So loud did it beat that "Settlin' Johnny" put his hand upon it, then took it away quickly and looked at the whiteness of the shirt to see whether he had left a mark.

At last he heard the crackle of the ash-covered path and knew that Bat Tanner had arrived. "Settlin' Johnny" rose, and went slowly to the door, his heart again beating loudly.

"Hello, Bat; see you're on time; didn't forget the old man, did you?"

Bat Tanner laughed his care-free laugh, glanced at his wrist-watch.

"Used to being on time, Johnny, and never to forget anything. That's the way you get when you're in the army. Good training, Johnny."

"Settlin' Johnny" nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Now, Bat, sit down and tell me about over there."

"Settlin' Johnny" sat down in his rickety chair and Bat upon an old settee. Between them on a table was a smoky kerosene lamp whose dim light drew weird shadows upon the rough-hewn walls. As Bat talked, "Settlin' Johnny" listened in almost breathless silence, breathless because he knew that soon there would be another visitor, the result of whose coming he could not accurately foretell.

Then came the crackle of the path again; but this time it was slow, and the step was dragging. Bat stopped talking, and looked at the door.

"Some one coming," he said.

"Settlin' Johnny's" heart leaped once more, and he felt sure that Bat must hear its pounding.

"Yes," he assented, "seems like there's some one coming."

Neither man spoke, and the step came nearer. Then "Settlin' Johnny" gathered courage.

"Reckon it's Bill Watson," he said, not daring to look directly at Bat. "Sounds like his step, doesn't it?"

"Bill Watson! What's he doing here?"

Before Johnny could answer the door was pushed open, and Watson came in.

For a moment no one spoke; then "Settlin' Johnny" took a step forward.

"Come in, Bill," he said; and his voice was weak and shaky. "Glad to see you. Here's Bat Tanner. Thought maybe you boys hadn't met since you both got back, and would like to compare notes; so I asked you up here tonight. Sit right down and—"

The voice of "Settlin' Johnny" trailed into nothingness at the look in Bill Watson's eyes. It was the same look he had seen there when young Bill had heard that his father lay upon the boundary line with a bullet through his heart. "Settlin' Johnny" quailed, then he was galvanized into new life.

"I've got to settle this thing," he cried. "You can't go on like this; you can't—"

hands and promise never to fight again."

The eyes of the two men met, and for a minute neither moved. Then slowly, very slowly, the hand of Bat Tanner went out to be met by that of Bill Watson's.

"We promise," they said together, "never to fight again."

Then a surprising thing happened. "Settlin' Johnny," who was supposed to have been shot through the heart, with a great splotch of red glowing on his shirt-front, leaped to his feet, and began to dance around the cabin.

"Hooray," he shouted excitedly. "I've done it! I've settled the feud. Hooray!"

"But Johnny," cried Tanner as soon as he could recover from his amazement, "you're dying, you mustn't—"

Johnny stopped his dance, and began to grin.

"No, I ain't dying, Bat Tanner, and I ain't going to die for a long time yet; I can feel it in my bones. Now I'll tell you what happened; and Settlin' Johnny" drew a small box from the table-drawer, and handed it to Bat. "Open it," he said, "and tell me what's in it."

"Bullets," answered Bat as he took off the cover.

Johnny's grin grew broader.

"Yes," he said, bullets, but not lead. I made them myself this winter out of paper, and colored them. When I asked you two boys to come here tonight, I didn't have an idea what I was going to do. I reckon, though you would both bring your shootin' irons; so this morning I went to both of your houses while you were in the fields, found your old pistols, took out the bullets, and put the paper ones in."

"But you might have known," interrupted Watson, "that after—"

"Yes," said "Settlin' Johnny" slowly, "it was the afterwards that I was afraid of. I sat on the steps of Bill Peter's store all the afternoon trying to think of a way. I just had to make you think I was hurt. Then it came to me all of a sudden that the bloomin' in the old pasture was gettin' mighty ripe and juicy about this time. I went down there, and dug up a piece, and put in under my shirt. When you fired and I tumbled down, I squeezed it, and the red came."

"Settlin' Johnny" stopped. There was a look in Bat Tanner's eyes that he did not like.

"So you fooled us, 'Settlin' Johnny," said Bat quietly.

"Settlin' Johnny" looked into the cold gray eyes, and shivered.

"Boys," he said in a shaky voice, "what you said goes, doesn't it? even if I did fool you. When a Tanner and Watson shake hands and make a promise, they never have gone back on it. You won't, will you, boys?"

Neither man answered. "Settlin' Johnny's" face grew white.

"I know I done wrong," he went on plaintively. "I hadn't ought to have played a trick on you. I ought to have left the bullets in, and when you fired stepped between you just the same. I'm nothing but a puttering old man, always trying to settle things, and always making mistakes. But I kind of wanted to live a little while and see you boys happy; that's why I done it. 'I—"

The old man stopped, and turned away. Then Bat Tanner stepped forward and put his arm around "Settlin' Johnny's" shoulders.

"Settlin' Johnny," he said, "don't worry. You've done a great thing tonight; you've settled the feud. What we said goes, doesn't it, Bill?"

"It sure does," said Watson. "Shake on it again, Bat."

"Settlin' Johnny" sank into his chair, weak from excitement; but his eyes shone as the two men again gripped hands.

"Go home, boys," he said, "and let me get to bed. I'm all in, can't stand this sort of thing like I could fifty years ago. Go home, boys, and God bless you."

As the two men started for the door, "Settlin' Johnny" struggled to his feet and followed them. The arm of Bat Tanner was around the shoulders of Bill Watson; the reconciliation was complete. "Settlin' Johnny" stood watching and smiling as they went down the path and into the road, where a turn hid them from view.

For a minute longer "Settlin' Johnny" looked out into the night. The moonlight was very bright, brighter than he had ever seen it before, he thought. From a tree on the mountain-side above an owl hooted twice. A fox darted swiftly across the path, and crashed into the bushes. Silence.

Still smiling, "Settlin' Johnny" turned back into the room; but the smile faded as he caught sight in a broken mirror of the big red splotch on his shirt.

"Hang it!" he cried. "Now I've gone and spoiled the only decent shirt I ever had. What'll I do when there's a funeral? There ain't nothing on earth that will take out a bloodroot stain."

Nevertheless, that night "Settlin' Johnny" slept the sweet sleep of peace.—From the Reformatory Record.

Snow Plow Gets Right of Way.

"Watch for snow plows on the highway and don't interfere with them," is the warning sounded by Equipment Engineer C. A. Eichelberger of the Pennsylvania department of highways to automobile drivers.

Due to flying snow, he pointed out, the view of snow plow operators is often obscured and their attention is mainly directed toward driving the truck or tractor. Efficient plowing requires that machines be kept moving at a steady speed.

Drivers on the highway after a snowstorm are urged to keep a lookout for plows and arrange to meet them at a spot where the snow is light. Much difficulty has been experienced, Eichelberger declared, by drivers overtaking a plow and attempting to pass, plunging into heavy snow ahead, where they stall and block the road.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the works of the world.—Ruskin.

ENTERTAINING ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The hostess who needs the spur of special occasions to give her ideas for entertaining has her last chance this month on next Friday.

It used to be something of a burden to prepare favors for special holidays, but now fascinating things can be picked up at small cost and one can get up a delightful affair in honor of Washington's birthday at short notice.

With the telephone handy the question of summoning the guests is easily settled, or you might mail tonight some of the patriotic postals stamped with flags or pictures of George Washington, asking the guests to come to an informal Colonial supper at 7 o'clock Friday evening.

These postals should be inclosed in envelopes, or, if preferred, note paper with a flag on one corner or edged, with a border of red, white and blue quarter-inch stripes can be used instead. A box of water colors will quickly transform ordinary white paper.

Naturally your first interest will center in the supper table. The coloring for this may be the blue or buff of Colonial days, or what will be easier to arrange, red, white and blue.

If the former is chosen fill an old-fashioned blue bowl with hyacinths, the blue varieties and the palest yellow you can find; a deep cream will be better than an actual yellow.

From the edges of this bowl trail alternate blue buff ribbons to each plate, ending in pretty Colonial favors. These might be small candy boxes on which stand miniature beaux and belles, the former dressed in the cocked hats and blue and buff uniform of the Revolution, or else in the knee breeches, frilled shirts and powdered wigs of gala attire; the latter in the rich brocades, high powdered hair and beauty patches in which our great-grandmothers delighted.

These boxes can be bought rather reasonably, but could easily be made by covering any small round or square box with stripes of blue and buff paper and pasting on the lid small china dolls dressed in Revolutionary costume. Almost any history gives pictures of such costumes, which the ingenious girl can copy, either in paper or bits of silk.

If possible, have old silver or glass tall candlesticks which to be truly Colonial go unshaded. To carry out the color effect make shades of buff paper with portraits of George and Martha Washington in the center. Cut these pictures from magazines or fancy cards and border them, as well as the top and bottom of the shade, with a broad band of blue paper.

For place cards trace the silhouette of Martha Washington bordering the card with an outer line of blue and an inner one of yellow. Similar cards with a head of George Washington can be used for the women.

Attractive entree dishes in paper come in the form of Colonial cocked hats, and if one wishes to go to the expense fancy ices can be ordered of Colonial figures. Or the ice cream can be served in meringue shells tied with blue and buff ribbon.

The average hostess will decide for the red, white and blue coloring. For this, an effective centerpiece would be an artificial tree thickly tied with red cherries, also artificial. The cherries might also be fastened to a small green foliage plant if one not particular about incongruity.

Around the base of this tree stack toy hatchets, tied in red, white and blue ribbon. Or the centerpiece can be bordered with hatchets cut from red paper with the handles overlapping and the heads on the outside.

Fringed strips of red, white and blue paper, which can be bought by the roll, can be festooned from the chandelier to each corner of the table to end in candlesticks made to represent a tree trunk.

Cut candlesticks from a stiff newspaper roll, covered with brown paper, and tie to it by red, white and blue ribbon a red paper hatchet and a cluster of cherries.

Serve the nuts and candies in paper boxes covered with frills of tricolor tissue paper, or they can be served in the boxes that represent drums, decorated in the national colors with gilt cord strings.

The cherry place cards can be easily painted at home. For favors at each plate have shield-shaped candy boxes covered with red, white and blue satin or paper, or at the men's plates might be short trunks of trestled with cherries and a hatchet to match the candlesticks, while for the women could be fans, each stick ending in a flag or oval flap of the tricolor.

Serve oysters, with a tiny flag erect in the cracked ice in the center of each plate; tomato soup in cups, blue ones if possible, with whipped cream on top of it and the handle of each cup tied with red, white and blue ribbon. Creamed white fish in paper cases frilled in red, white and blue.

For the main course have either chicken or nicely breaded veal cutlet served with a border of rice and tomato sauce on a blue platter. Pass cranberries and potato balls.

The salad can be of shrimps and hearts of lettuce, served in a blue bowl.

For ices have vanilla ice cream, decorated with candied violets and red and white mint drops.

After supper, if cards are played, decorate each table with flags or small artificial cherry trees, and give for prizes some of the many trifles appropriate to the day.

An interesting contest would be to have a green tree or plant to which the guests, blindfolded, tie artificial cherries. The two fastening on the most cherries win the prizes.

FARM NOTES.

—Birds are our greatest garden friends. Shrubs and trees which attract them may be selected for planting on the home grounds. Bird houses and bird baths that are ornamental as well as useful can be provided for the feathered friends.

—The rolls are open now for the sixth Keystone Ton Litter Club. Enroll in this swine improvement project and grow a few litters to weigh a ton each in 180 days of feeding. The profitable way of producing pork is to feed out pigs for market in six months.

—Are your garden tools in good condition? This is the time of the year to repair and sharpen them. Are you using the best labor-saving tools? There is a large assortment from which to choose. There is a tool for every need, which makes gardening a pleasure.

—Cows are markets for farm crops. You set the price you get for your crops, for the price depends upon the quality of your cows and the proper balancing of their feed. Balance your home-grown feeds with purchased protein in cottonseed or oil meals if you want highest possible prices for hay, silage, and grain crops.

—Hens need water. It is an essential part of the ration, poultry specialists of the Pennsylvania State College say. A shortage of water causes a decrease in the number and size of eggs. Chickens do not like ice cold water and will drink more if the chill is removed. Heated drinking fountains usually are good investments.

—With cows as with automobiles, it isn't the first cost, it's the upkeep. For proof of that statement rural economists at the Ohio State university offer records kept for five years by twenty Medina county dairymen, their herds totaling 183 cows. The net cost, not subtracting the credit of \$9.05 for manure and \$6.83 for a calf, averages \$208.35.

Feed is the big item. It totals, including a charge for pasture, \$107.92. The grain and other concentrates necessary to keep a cow in production throughout the year cost an average of \$50.14. The roughage including the silage, hay, stover, pasture, cost \$57.78.

Labor, the next biggest item, costs an average of \$43.36 per cow. The other costs to make up the gross cost of \$208.35, include straw bedding, taxes, insurance, depreciation, etc.

In order to let her owner break even at prevailing milk prices, this average cow should produce at least 7,000 pounds of milk a year. The average cow among the 183 Medina county cows just about did, producing 7,386 pounds of milk a year, worth about \$197.21, giving her owner a profit of not quite \$5.

The cows that make for profit, the economists point out, are those that produce at least nine or ten thousand pounds of milk a year.</