

Woman's Glance for Man

When you grudge, and let it show,
And may tell me nothing more,
You have told me, o'er and o'er,
All a woman needs to know.
When I show you that I care
(Meet your eyes and touch your hand,
I have made you understand
All a woman may or dare,
So, the ears of Friendship heard
So, 'twas seen of Friendship's eyes,
You are sad, I sympathize,
All without a single word.

The Feud of the Fergusons.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Star & Pub. Co.)
"There's a buggy comin' over the hill," announced Mrs. Ferguson. "Well, if I don't believe something's gone wrong with the gear!" She was peering eagerly through the sitting-room curtains of warm red chenille. "Come here, an' see, Leslie—your eyes are younger'n mine."
But the girl sitting listlessly by the little open stove did not stir nor speak. Her bright bit of knitting had fallen neglected on her lap. Upon it her slender brown hands lay clasped in the idleness of indifference.

"Seems like you don't take interest in nothin' since you been up to Cartville to visit," went on her mother irritably. She sent a sharp glance in the direction of her daughter. Then she turned again to the window. "Its broke or something," she enunciated with brisk recurrence of curiosity. "The man's comin' this way. He's leading the horse. He's comin' straight here!"

It was a comfortable, common little room that wherein mother and daughter sat. The rag carpet had mellowed to dull tones and tints so subdued as to suggest the wonderful weaves of the Orient. There was a glass lamp on the crocheted mat of green wool which ornamented the round walnut center table. The couple of wooden rockers had crazy-work cushions and headrests. On the shelf which did duty for a mantel was a clock, a china dog, and two frost-white glass vases decorated with scarlet roses. The yellow light of the winter afternoon came in between the chenille curtains, and gave to the oval cheek of the girl by the hearth an almost peach-like translucence. Except for that skin of childlike fairness and the lustrousness of her long gray eyes, Lesie Ferguson could hardly have been called a pretty girl. Her face in repose was sober—almost sombre. But when she was pleased, gay, animated she quite took the palm from the other girls in that part of the county. Just now her face reflected her mood, which was that of downright melancholy.

Mrs. Ferguson, still sentinel at the window, kept issuing bulletins. "He's got far as the rye patch now. First I thought 't was Ellis Dix, but it ain't. Ellis don't come here much since you got to puttin' on airs after gittin' back from Cartville. This one is taller'n Ellis—he's got a moustache too. He don't belong in these parts. You go to the back door, Lesie. I'm skeered of the wind in my face with the neutral I got. Find out where he's from. You can tell him where's the tool chest in the barn if he wants to fix his harness. There—he's knockin'!"

Mrs. Ferguson looked frowningly after the slow-moving form of her daughter.
"I wish I'd never let her go visitin' to Cartville!" she was muttering to herself in accents of annoyance. "Praps if I hadn't told her she shouldn't have had anything to say to that Rene Ferguson she'd never have thought of lookin' at him. Like as not 't was just the contrariness of a girl that made her take up with him. An' then, to come home and throw over Ellis Dix like he wasn't worth wipin' her shoes on—him with the likeliest bunch of steers of any man in the township! Sayin' she'd marry Rene—or no one. An' now moppin' away like the life was thrown after her. We've had trouble enough with them Fergusons of Cartville. If they was blood relations instead of only happenin' to be folks of the same name, their family and our'n couldn't have got on worse all these years we been dealin' up to Cartville!"

Lesie, opening the back door, saw silhouetted against the white expanse of the snowy prairies, a big, burly figure in great-coat and slouch hat.
"If you need the tool box," she began with perfunctory politeness, "you'll find it in the right-hand—"
She broke off with a little gasp—her heart plumping.

"Lesie!" said the stranger. "My girl—Lesie!"
Then the slim little form in the blue, gold-braided gown was swallowed up in the fervent grasp of two powerful, rough-coated arms.

"Oh, Rene!" Her voice was sweet-tremulous. "Oh, Rene—how dared you!"
He kissed the loving reproach on her lips to silence.

"For you!" he answered. "I've driven over from Cartville to see your father. I'm going to ask him for you. And if he refuses—" The masterful look that came into his blue eyes was a good thing to see.

"But—Rene! Father has gone to Iowa. And even when he is at home he has nothing to say if mother's around."

"But he's been keeping up the feud between the families all these years, an'—"
No—no! Its been mother. Father has only fired the bullets she made. If you can once get mother to favor you—hush, here she is!"

name, ain't it, Tom Sands? Hiram, he went to Chicago with cattle. He says for you to make yourself to home till he gets back. The house is took keer of by old Betay Lynch. She ain't much account. You better stop right here till the boss is home. Got your buggy out of kilter, didn't you? Lesie, you pint out the barn to him. We'll have supper soon—I can get some spice cake stirred up an' the pork fried. You set the table, Lesie!" And she bustled off into the buttry.

Lesie looked at her lover. Her face was lovely in its sudden illumination. Her eyes were sparkling. She put up an imperious little hand and laid it on Rene's lips.

"Don't say one word!" she whispered. "Its luck—all sheer good luck! Now's your chance if—"
The dancing eyes flashed at him a smile of tender coquetry—"if you want me!" she concluded. "Yes—mother, I'm coming. That is the barn Mr.—Sands!"

If ever an intriguing lobbyist laid deep and intricate plans; if ever an insinuating suitor paid serious sate to the parent of his adored; if ever a bold and ardent lover determined to win by strategem and hold in pride the one woman he loved, the wiles of these were trivial compared to those of Lesie Ferguson's adorer.

"That young man," said the deluded hostess when her guest had gone to his repose in the little slant roofed bed-room upstairs, "is the best judge of spice cake I ever see! Did you hear



"Come here and see Lesie."

him praise it? And he said he never et such pickles—which is sayin' the truth—if I did make 'em! He knows my family too, and how high my father held his head when he drove his own covered carriage as well as a buggy. What was the matter with you? You didn't have a word to fling to him?"

Lesie looked up with a weary little pout. "Why should I? I supposed it was Ellis Dix that you—"
"Ellis Dix!" echoed Mrs. Ferguson with an unabashed change of opinion. "What is Ellis Dix to a man that will likely come in for all Hiram Sands' property—let alone a man that knows a lady an' the best of cookin' in the county when he sees 'em?"

To this triumphant argument Lesie ventured no reply.

That night a snow storm set in—a memorable snow storm that lasted three days. Then it was indeed, that Mrs. Ferguson learned how valuable an acquisition was her temporary lodger. It was he who got the kitchen fire lighted before there was a glimmer of gray at the window pane. He too, cared for the stock, and dug paths, and mended the roof where it leaked, and brought water, and made himself adaptive, agreeable, and altogether delightful. Not the least of his charm for the elder woman lay in the fact that he listened with sympathetic if silent interest to her laments as to the affection of her daughter for a man upon whom she—Mrs. Ferguson, had "never laid eyes."

"The trouble between our families? Indeed, it dates so far back I can't tell you just how it begun. But anyhow, the old man of the Cartville branch cheated my husband's grandfather out of some land. An' here's that girl of mine havin' ears an' eyes for no one since she met Rene Ferguson. What's the matter with you now?" For Lesie, white and frightened-looking stood in the doorway.

"It's Mr. Sands," she faltered. "I saw him driving into the yard."
Mrs. Ferguson jumped up. "I'll be sorry to have you go over to your uncle, Tom!" she cried. "I hope you'll come over real often to see Lesie an' me!"

The young man rose also. "He isn't my uncle. I have never heard of Hiram Sands. I came here for—for Lesie!" Lesie colored a delicious pink. She summoned all her bravery. She went and stood beside her lover. "You like Rene, mother," she said.

The pleasant kitchen with its tins glistening like silver in the freshline, went round and round. Mrs. Ferguson stared blankly at the two confronting her. "Rene," she said at length. "Rene Ferguson!"

"Yes, mother. You know he didn't say he was Tom Sands. You said so, and I—I made him pretend. He—Rene—thinks a heap of you already, mother!"

"You've been mighty good to me!" cried the young fellow gratefully.
The mother-in-law he longed to claim was silent. Rene tried again. "If only Mr. Ferguson were at home now, he might persuade you—"
"Persuade me! Dave Ferguson! He wouldn't think of tryin' to! I'd settle matters right now if—if 't wasn't for the feud."

"But there isn't any feud now! I'm only afraid," with a long sigh, "Lesie will never be as good cook as her mother!" The mother meditated—then smiled.

"Guess I'll stir up some of that spice cake for supper," she said.

A clock is wound up to make it run, but a business is wound up to stop it.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Carets for Horses and Cattle.

Carets are almost indispensable for horses and cattle where no ensilage is used. An excellent plan to have them convenient is to take them from the pits, if stored outside, and place them in bins in the collar, filling in with dry oats or bran. Sliced with a root cutter and sprinkled with bran they are considered a delicacy by all kinds of live stock.

Cross-Fertilization of Flowers.

The blossoms of the magnolia, that handsome shrubby tree, that is sometimes seen even in our Northern parks, afford a house of entertainment and asylum to the beetles, which are the principal insects attracted by them. Creeping into the heart of a newly opened flower they find shelter beneath the inner petals that form a vault above them and a warmth that may be felt by the finger, and abundant food, consequently they tarry long in these comfortable quarters, lingering until the "pandling petals" turn them out to carry the pollen, with which they have been thoroughly dusted during their entertainment by younger flowers. Thus they (the beetles) regularly cross-fertilize the flowers, and prove again the wonderful way in which nature provides for the perpetuation and perfection of species.

Whole Corn in the Silo.

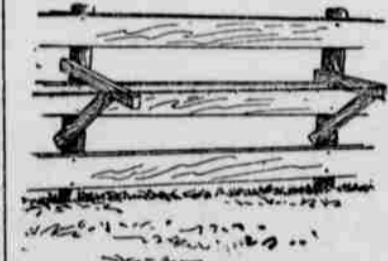
It is claimed that when the ensilage corn is good enough to yield from seventy to ninety bushels of ears to the acre that is as much corn as needs to be fed with it, and the grain ration should be bran, middlings or oats. When it is less than this, cornmeal should be added. But something depends upon the dry fodder used with it. With corn stover or timothy may use more of the gluten or middlings than when clover hay is used. With clover hay to furnish protein more corn may be used to supply the carbonaceous or heating food, while timothy and corn stover lack the protein that is found in the middlings, bran or gluten meal. If the barn is cold or the cattle are much out of doors, more corn is required to keep up the heat in the system and prevent it consuming its own fat or the butter fat.

Chicken Fattening.

Bulletin sixty-four, of the Maine station, contains an account of experiments in fattening chickens for market and the egg record of the breeding pens for 1899. The result of the fattening experiments show larger total and individual gains and cheaper flesh production in the case of chickens with partial liberty. The custom commonly practiced by English and French chicken fatteners of confining the birds in small coops was found more troublesome and less profitable than maintaining them in small flocks with restricted runs.

The age at which fattening begins is very important. Chickens twenty weeks old gained one and a half pounds in three weeks, while chickens twenty-five weeks old gained less than one pound in the same length of time. It required eight pounds of grain mixture to produce a pound of gain in live weight with the older birds, and less than six pounds in the case of the younger birds.

Helping Out a Weak Fence.
Board and other fences often become so weakened by age that the cattle are constantly breaking through. A single strand of barbed wire will do much to protect such a fence if it is



STRENGTHENING A WEAK FENCE.

applied in the proper place—not at the top or bottom, for then the break can be made above or below it. Nail brackets inside the fence at the middle of the post every few rods, or at every stake, and stretch the wire from the ends, as shown in the cut. An animal can hardly touch the fence without getting hurt, and when once it has felt the bars it keeps at a respectable distance.—New England Homestead.

Root Rot of Apple Trees.

Root rot is a name given by fruit growers to a root disease which on account of its depredations in certain parts of the West has attracted a great deal of attention during the last few years. This disease may be recognized both by its effect upon the trees, the leaves of an affected tree shriveling and the tree dying rapidly, and also by the appearance of the roots themselves. The roots are covered by a white layer of the fungus meclium and also black strands, which latter are very characteristic. The exact fungus which causes this disease is not known and on all the affected roots I have found several fungi present. I suspect that possibly this fungus when determined will prove to be the same as a fungus very common in both Europe and America, the Agaricus melleus or honey mushroom. This fungus is a facultative parasite particularly prevalent on the roots of the pine as a parasite and on white oak stumps as a saprophyte. I think it improbable that local applications of fungicidal salts (copper sulphate, etc.) will prove beneficial for this disease, owing to the fact that these salts combine with elements in the soil, forming insoluble and hence nonfungicidal compounds.

Some experience has been secured in Europe by horticulturists and foresters in combating fungi of a similar nature. Two different methods are followed: in the first, a ditch is dug around the infected area, thus forming a barrier through which the fungus cannot pass. This treatment is preventative solely, the aim being to confine it within certain limits. The other is by ditching the affected ground all over with long parallel ditches one or two feet apart. In these ditches brush and wood are piled and burned, thus destroying the fungus in the soil. I hope to find some variety of apple whose roots are resistant to this fungus. If such can be found, it may be that the best way of combating this disease will be by double working. Scions from the resistant varieties can then be root grafted on seedlings in the ordinary manner. After these scions have taken root, any variety desired may be either budded or grafted above ground.—Professor Herman Von Schrenk, in American Agriculturist.

A Barnyard With Storage Space Above.
The shaded part of the accompanying cut (Fig. 1) shows an addition to an old barn that gives a covered space for the storage of manure and a run



FIG. 1—AN ADDITION TO AN OLD BARN.

under cover for cattle in winter, providing also a large amount of storage room above for hay or other fodder. This addition is built upon the end of the barn that contains the cattle quarters, bringing these adjacent to the covered barnyard. A basement barnyard is shown in Figure 2.

A covered barnyard of this sort at

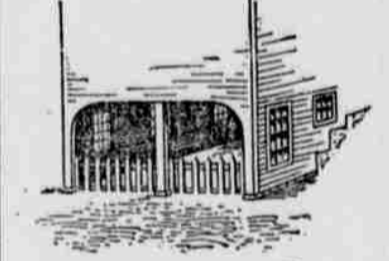


FIG. 2—A BASEMENT BARNYARD.

suma expense can be had by those who have basements under their barns, or who have barns so located that they can be raised and basements thus secured. The side toward the south can then be left open, insuring a warm place for cattle to get the air, and a place for the storage of manure where it will not lose any of its valuable qualities. The manure can be spread over the basement floor daily—a little straw or other litter thrown over it, when the cattle will keep it packed tightly down. The idea is illustrated in Figure 2.—New York Tribune.

Preparations For the Garden Season.

That the farmer's garden is as a rule too much neglected will, I think, be generally conceded. And yet I believe there is a growing interest in this direction, and perhaps such as are enough interested to begin thus early in the year to consider the needs and requirements for the coming gardening season may welcome a few suggestions.

First, let every reader who has not already done so, send for several of the leading seedmen's catalogs, nearly all of which may be had for the asking, or at least may be secured for a nominal sum, and make a selection of such seeds, both in flowers and vegetables, as will be needed for the season's use. Order the seeds early, as by so doing the chances are better of receiving exactly what is ordered; and if any errors do occur there is time to make corrections; so that when the gardening season opens, you have on hand just those seeds, bulbs, etc., that are wanted for your garden, and the planting of early vegetables is much more likely to be attended to properly than where this work has been neglected until they are wanted for immediate use.

If the garden has not already received a bountiful supply of stable manure, there is no better time than this to make such application; and if put on now, unless too coarse and strawy, it will work down and into the soil deeply during the spring rains, and be in much better condition for appropriation by the growing plants than if neglected until the ground is settled in spring.

It is an excellent plan, too, to see to it now, while the year's supply of fuel is being provided for, as it is on most farms at this season, that an ample supply of bean poles, brush for peas, etc., is drawn and delivered for the garden; and this can be done, by a little forethought now, without any, or with scarcely any, real additional labor, and will be found a valuable saving of time in the busy season, while, if it is put off until then, it is too apt to be neglected entirely.

The thrifty farmer will, of course, see to it that all garden tools are looked after in advance, and needed repairs made upon them, or, where necessary, that they are replaced by new ones. The sash for hot-beds and cold frames, where these are used, should also be carefully looked after, and many other little details will suggest themselves to those interested in this line of work which it is unnecessary to call attention to, except in a general way.—E. J. Brownell, in The Country Gentleman.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—The fancy shirt waist with low, round collar opening over a chemisette, makes a marked feature of the season's styles. The exceedingly attractive example illus-



FANCY SHIRT WAIST.

trated can be made from a variety of materials, both cotton and silk. The former are better unlined, but silk calls for a fitted foundation if the best results are to be obtained. The original is made from Korea crepe in soft pink, with collar and tie of soft satin edged with lace applique, and chemisette of white mousseline de soie.

The foundation lining is cut with fronts and backs only. On it are arranged the plain back and the tucked fronts. The chemisette is made full and attached permanently to the right front lining or to front under collar if lining is omitted and hooked into place at the left. The sleeves are in bishop style with cuffs of lace that match the stock collar.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size three and a quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-

house gowns. Royal blue, pink, pale blue, old rose, several grays, roseada or mignonette green, tan, violet cream, navy blue and black is the range of colors.

Traveling Capes.
Traveling and country capes are of three-quarter lengths, the shoulders covered with triple capes, shaped bertha arrangements or a species of broad hood, which is, however, purely of the ornamental type. The storm collar was at its best but an ugly and awkward accessory, and the new collars, although still high, are half turned over and form a frame for the neck, instead of holding it like a vise.

Taste in Selecting Tinsels.
"All is not gold that glitters," and this should be remembered in the selecting of tinsels. Do not swathe yourself in those of a cheap quality, for gold to be seen at its best must be softened with exquisite lace and chiffon.

Fabrics For Evening Gowns.
Chiffon, tulle and point d'esprit, elaborated with ruches, tucks, plaited flounces, lace flowers and some pompadour ribbon for the waistband, are the popular fabrics for evening gowns for young ladies.

Black and White Effects.
Black and black and white effects are to be quite as dominant as ever in the spring fashions and certainly nothing can be much more useful or appropriate for a greater variety of purposes.

Feature of New Bodices.
Surplice folded effects are the feature of some of the new bodices, with a lace chemisette filling in the V space at the neck.

Child's House Sacque.
Every mother knows the advantages to be found in a simple little sacque that can be slipped on when mornings are cool, or the little one is not quite well. The pretty little May Manton model shown is simplicity itself, yet



A POPULAR ETON JACKET.

two inches wide or two yards forty-four inches wide will be required. With one-half yard for collar, three-quarter yard for chemisette and three-eighth yard for stock and cuffs.

Eton Jacket With Blouse Vest.
The Eton in all its forms is a pronounced favorite of the season. The smart little May Manton model illustrated in the large engraving belongs to the belted variety, and is exceedingly fashionable as well as generally becoming. The original is made of castor colored broadcloth with vest of white and trimming of panne, and makes part of a costume, but all suiting materials are appropriate and the same design is adapted to separate wraps of cloth or silk.

The back is smooth and fits snugly and is joined to the fronts by under-arm gores. The fronts are fitted snugly to the darts, but beyond that point are elongated to form short stoles and fall free. The narrow vest is stitched to the fronts at the dart-line, included in the neck and shoulder seam and blouses slightly over the belt. The belt that is worn around the waist passes under the stoles and is attached only to the vest. At the neck is a Kaiser collar that is faced to match the waistcoat. The sleeves in regular coat style fit snugly and are slightly bell-shaped at the wrists.

To make this Eton for a woman of medium size three and three-quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two yards forty-four inches wide or one and five-eighth yards fifty inches wide will be required, with five-eighth yard for vest.

Double Width Nun's Veiling.
Thin woolen fabrics are finding ready sale. They are in demand by the business-like woman, who wishes to have her summer's wardrobe well in hand before that season of languor overtakes her. Bareges, veilings, chailles, albatross and "Japan," crepes de Paris, batistes and sheer cashmeres are among the goods shown. Double-width nun's veiling can be had in all the desirable colors for street and



CHILD'S HOUSE SACQUE.

years of age one and three-quarters of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required, or one quarter yards fifty inches wide