

"WOULD IT HAD BEEN MINE ENEMY."

Would it have been mine enemy,
Who came a secret way—
(Oh, but the door that waits a friend
Swings open to the day.
There stood no warder at my gate
To bid Love stand and stay.)

Would it have been mine enemy
In open fight and great—
('Gainst the beloved who goes armed
In strength inviolate
Or dreads best in his hands he bears
The craven blade of Hate?)

Would it have been mine enemy
Who mocked to see me low—
(Better all anger than this thought
Love left to sear me so—
My heart was naked to his hand—
His hand who gave the blow.)
—Theodosia Garrison, in The Century.

The Feud of the Scoured Pan
By GRACE JEWETT AUSTIN.

About two months before the cherry-tree limb broke down, Mrs. Watson leaned over the Reads' fence with a neighborly smile on her face.

"Have some passinps, Mrs. Read? Those down at the grocery are just dried-up sticks beside these. Jim complains a good deal that we haven't got a plot to raise garden-sass, but he always declares that raise a few passinps he must and will. These have had frost enough to get the good taste into 'em."

Mrs. Read turned slowly from the shining window, which she had just finished washing, and came to the fence.

"We've never been overly fond of passinps," she replied, with an extra careful "r." "but perhaps that is because ours came out of the grocery."

She took the rusty, dirt-encrusted pan which Mrs. Watson held out with a jovial smile and the remark, "Don't bother to wash that old pan. It's been my garden pan for years."

As Mrs. Read disappeared into the house, Mrs. Watson strolled back to her parsnip-bed, and looking down at the tiny feathery shoots, addressed to them her opinion of her neighbor: "She's stiff an' rowise neighborly, to my thinkin', but I mean to keep on. They've bought the house, and she's got a sickly husband and a cross baby, so I guess she needs some pleasant words, if she don't give any back again."

Now no one who saw Mrs. Read's kitchen would have judged that its mistress had the care of any invalid to divert her from household duties. The floor, in the old New England phrase, "was fit for the queen to eat off of," while shining range, gleaming faucets and snowy sink all spoke of painstaking labor. Into this realm of soap was carried, rather unwillingly, it must be confessed, Mrs. Watson's dirty parsnip pan. There was absolutely no place to put it, so holding her apron shelteringly beneath it, Mrs. Read went to the sitting-room for a newspaper, and returning, spread it over her snow-white table, and then was at liberty to lay her burden down.

"Humph! Such dirty folks do beat all! Before I'd offer anybody a pan like that I'd sit up nights to scrub it! There must be a quart of dirt on those parsnips, too." She rubbed and scrubbed them with a serious vigor that soon made a row of six shining white vegetables, fit for a county fair, on the table.

But there were other worlds to conquer! Did anything ever look so out of place in a spotless kitchen as that woful old pan? Mrs. Read stared at it doubtfully, then set her lips and crossed the Rubicon. Lye, sand soap, bristol brick, hard soap, soft soap, hot water in floods—how the elements raged in that little kitchen! At the end of an hour Mrs. Read drew a long breath.

"Now I call that a pan! It was brighter, maybe, when it was just out of the store, but it's a very respectable pan."

Toward evening she rapped at Mrs. Watson's back door, but getting no reply, came away, leaving the pan on the porch, thus giving her neighbor almost a battle challenge.

"What's that?" exclaimed Mrs. Watson, dramatically, the next morning, as she stepped out for her milk-bottle.

"Is that my pan? And she couldn't even hand it to me like a Christian, but had to tiptoe over and sneak it onto my back porch!" Here she was wronging Mrs. Read, who had really tapped at the back door, but no knowledge of this came to calm the angry woman.

"So she thought it was her bounden duty to clean up after me, did she? And all those good passinps wasted on her, too! Hope they'll choke her! Now maybe like as not she thought they were too dirty for her. If she's dared to dump 'em in her garbage-box I'll complain to the police; and I'm going straight to the alley this minute to see!"

Luckily that last straw was not added to Mrs. Watson's wrath, but all the forenoon her indignation was seething and bubbling, until the time when Mrs. Read stepped from her back door with a pan of potato peelings. Once again a hand holding a pan was thrust over the fence at her, but this time no cheery smile nor friendly word accompanied it.

"I think you'd just better have pan as well as passinps, since you've been so such pains in cleanin' it. When folks as good as tell me I'm a heathen to my face, I'm done with them, so there now!"

The pan fell on the Read side of the fence with a clang, but Mrs. Read had no reply to make for a moment.

Her conscience did suggest an apology; but no, the disciple of cleanliness must stick to her colors. She came forward stiffly.

"I do not need your pan any more than I needed your parsnips, and I do not care to hear such language." She marched straight to the pan, tossed it over the fence, then went directly into the house, apparently unmindful that before the door was hardly closed the pan again sailed into her yard.

Then a pan farce certainly began. There were no more words between these two; but if no words went back and forth, the unlucky pan took flights enough. Mrs. Read would go out with her ashes, and spying the pan, would send it on a hasty journey. Mrs. Watson would come out to weed the famous parsnip-bed, and how the pan would spin back again!

Happily there were no children to take up the feud and throw the pan. The "cross baby" spent its time mostly in the house or on a sheltered porch away from the Watson side. The two husbands nodded good day to each other as usual; in fact, Mr. Watson, at least, found a joke in the traveled pan.

Slowly a hot June sun climbed higher one morning. Both husbands were at work, the Read baby was asleep, and both yards were in a state of neutrality, although the pan was on the Watson side. One lone cherry-tree grew in the Read yard, and to this Mrs. Read, with step-ladder and pail, now made her way, visions of preserves floating in her head. Up she climbed to the very top of the ladder, and picked till her head was dizzy in the hot spring sun. There were still finer cherries just above her, and with a good deal of hesitation she reached higher, found a limb for her foot to rest on, and left the friendly step-ladder entirely behind.

Now Mrs. Read was stout, and cherry limbs are brittle. There was not a moment of warning when crash! crash with one shrill scream Mrs. Read was landed, cherries and all, upon the ground in a dismal heap.

Mrs. Watson, who was cleaning house, heard the scream through her opened windows, and rushed to the scene. Out of her gate and in at her neighbor's was the journey of a moment.

Then a capable hand was removing the overturned step-ladder, brushing away the crushed cherries, and helping the dazed woman to her feet.

"Well, now, I do call you lucky! Not a bone broke, is there? But I guess you're shook up some. Now let me help you in onto the lounge, and you just rest a spell. Awful uncertain work to climb into cherry-trees."

"You're real good," murmured Mrs. Read, as Mrs. Watson steadied her shaking form into the house.

The blow must have affected her head a little, for she sank into a sound sleep, to be roused by the baby some hours later. When she went into the kitchen the first thing that met her eyes was the pan—battered from its many blows, but still able to be piled full of cherries.

Beside it was a paper, on which Mrs. Watson had scribbled:

"I've washed the pan and washed the cherries. I hope you won't be lame."

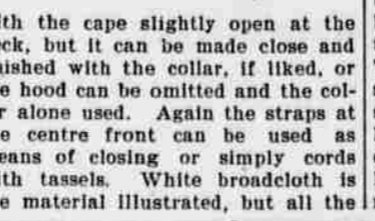
Mrs. Read stood and looked at the pan and cherries and message for some minutes. Then in her slow way she repeated the words of the morning:

"She's a real good woman!"

The great pan feud was ended.—Youth's Companion.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

New York City.—The simple circular cape is a wrap that is always in style, is always graceful and suits a great many occasions far better than any other sort. This one can be made adapted to the opera or general evening wear and to the street, as it is suited both to dark and light colors and materials of many sorts, also it can be varied in a number of ways. As illustrated there is a hood



with the cape slightly open at the neck, but it can be made close and finished with the collar, if liked, or the hood can be omitted and the collar alone used. Again the straps at the centre front can be used as means of closing or simply cords with tassels. White broadcloth is the material illustrated, but all the

There is a fitted lining, which can be used or omitted as liked, while the waist itself consists of fronts and the back. The back is tucked to give tapering lines to the figure and the fronts are laid in hems at their front edges and in a box pleat at each side thereof with tucks that extend to yoke depth beyond. The yoke portions are separate and are arranged over the whole and there are regulation shirt sleeves with a plain stock.

A Hemstitched Gaipe.
An easy and very quick way to make quite an elaborate gaipe yoke is to draw the thread sufficiently to form sixteenth of an inch wide stripes at inch and a half distances. Hemstitch both edges and embroider some pretty simple vine, or else featherstitch in vine effect on the parts between. The drawn lines can end at graduated distances to form the yoke as exactly as possible the size to show above the dress edge, and thus avoid any extra or wasted work.

Again the Waistcoat.
Waistcoat effects of all sorts are popular. They are made of cloth, velvet or silk, embroidered, braided or plain. Brass buttons, big or little, according to whim, finish some of the trimmest walking suits.

Beautiful Rich Brown.
Of course brown isn't becoming to us all, but when the beautiful, rich brown dress materials, hats, etc., get here they will be hard to resist. There are copper shades among them that are simply exquisite.

A Stylish Hat.
One of the stylish hats having a much wider brim at the back than in front has an arrangement of ribbon loops beneath the wide back brim, some of the longer ones hanging to a point between the shoulders. This is an exceedingly pretty effect for evening.

Blouse or Shirt Waist.
The tailored shirt waist is one of the standbys of the wardrobe that is always in demand no matter how many more fancy blouses may or may not be added to the list. This one is among the latest and most desirable and is equally well adapted to linen, to cotton, to silk and to wool waistings, while it can be made either with or without the yoke. As illustrated, however, the material is white linen with trimming of pearl buttons, the effect being one of exceeding smartness as well as daintiness. The yoke is eminently attractive in effect and is very generally becoming, but as all the pleats extend to the shoulders it is optional. Taffeta and flannel are both useful so made and buttons can also be as simple or as handsome as one may like, while the model suits the entire dress and the separate waist equally well, so that it really fills a great many needs.



The Farm

Wooden Troughs for Poultry.
Wooden troughs are best to hold drinking water for fowls in winter, as it does not freeze as readily as in other vessels.

Mulching.
In mulching fruit trees be careful not to make resorts for the mice. To avoid the disaster of girdled stems raise a slight mound of earth about the tree, beat it smooth with the back of the spade, and keep the mulch at least a foot or two away. Another mistake is in making these mounds of chunks of turf or sod, the grass of which, with the crevices between, offers a strong invitation for the mice to enter. The earth used for such mounds should be in a pulverized state, and then be beaten smooth and compact.—New York Witness.

To Protect Trees From Mice.
A writer for the Rural New Yorker says: "Two years ago I lost a great many trees by mice. Last fall we wrapped the trees with tar paper, and not a tree was touched. And the paper seems to be as good as ever and good for several years yet. I take a roll of paper and cut it in two pieces, making two rolls of it. One of these, a ball of twine and a pair of shears or a sharp knife are taken by each man, and strips the desired length are cut at each tree; these are wrapped around the tree close to the ground and tied at top and bottom. One roll of paper will cover a good many trees, making the cost very small, and if care is taken to cut the strips long enough to lap over well and allow for the tree growing, they will last for several years."

Carrots For Horses.
It is not alone nor chiefly the nutrition in carrots that makes them valuable feed for horses and other stock in winter. They have an admirable effect in keeping the bowels open, loosening the bile, and thus promoting healthful circulation of the blood. A stalled horse kept on dry feed through the winter becomes bilious, just as human beings do who lead sedentary lives. We have not got into the habit of dosing horses for biliousness, nor need we. A mess of carrots daily, with half the usual amount of grain, will keep a horse in better working order than oats without the roots. In most places carrots can be bought by the quantity at about half the price of oats, and pay the grower well at that.—Weekly Witness.

"Weathered" Farm Implements.
It is full time that mowing machines, harvesters and other horse implements which cost money to buy should be left in the field to obtain the benefit of the fall and winter weather. Plows and harrows will, of course, be needed yet, and these will be kept under cover for awhile, but can be left out later after the fall plowing has ceased. This practice of fall weathering of implements is quite general in many farming sections, and is encouraged from year to year by a large class of farmers. It insures thorough weathering of the wood and produces in the metal parts of the machinery a fine brown color, called by some scuffer rust. The greatest satisfaction from this practice, it seems, is derived by the implement sellers as a class.

There is a spirit of economy, too, in this "weathering" as wooden buildings in which to house the implements cost money and at the same time the odd moments needed to construct them can better be utilized by the farmer in sitting around the stove in the village store telling stories or commiserating with a neighbor whose wife has scolded him for not purchasing her a sewing machine.—Our Funny Man, in the Indiana Farmer.

Farm Beekeeping.
There are two best ways of handling bees for box honey. In the first place you must not be afraid. If you can control yourself you can control the bees; if you don't behave they will drive you out.

In the spring there are the queen, twenty thousand to fifty thousand workers and from a pint to a quart of drones or male bees in each hive. Put on twenty-four boxes; when they fill these they are apt to swarm; this will spoil the crop of honey. If you can, remove the cause of the swarming fever. Take out four frames in the centre of the hive, and put in four empty ones. Another way is to let them swarm once and cut out the remaining queen cells.

From six hives not swarming four hundred pounds of honey were gathered. From eleven allowed to swarm once only two hundred pounds were harvested.

The single hive is as good as any. I cover with chaff for the winter, having no success in wintering in the cellar.

If bees were kept strong, as a usual thing, they would not be troubled with moths. If, however, the pest did creep in, they should be scraped out.

The mixed or hybrid bee is most generally kept at the present day. The queen cell can be told because it is fifty times the size of that of the worker; 2500 bees will fill a quart measure.

If not sufficient honey has been made for the bees to eat, the supply can be supplemented by sugar syrup. As bees will go out in winter when it is warm enough, place tin over the

opening, leaving space enough for the bees to pass, but not for mice to get at them.

White clover makes the best honey. Golden rod is an excellent wintering honey. A good hive of bees is worth from \$6 to \$7, and should contain from six to eight quarts of bees.—S. P. Roberts, Penobscot County, Me.

Cows Paid For the Farm.
Example is better than precept, it is said. I am quite sure it is more effective, and I expect much from it. I have a factory, the patrons of which are all trying to excel each other in the quantity and the quality of the milk they send to it. I use the Babcock test in this factory, and to its use I attribute the great improvement in the quantity and in the quality of the milk which has taken place since I first adopted it.

About six years ago, a farmer moved from a rented farm on to one in the district where this factory is situated. When he was on the first farm he thought he was doing exceedingly well if he drew from the factory \$35 a month. After he had been sending his milk to our factory for about a couple of months, he came to me and said, "Mr. Eager, I want you to lend me some money."

I said, "Very well; do you mind telling me what you want it for?" He replied, "I want to buy some cows. I see the other patrons taking three or four cans of milk to the factory every morning, and there I am with my one can and that not always full. I can't stand the sight any longer; I am going to catch up with those fellows—that is, if you will lend me the money to buy cows."

I was very glad to do so.

As I have already said, that farmer before he moved was content to receive from the factory \$35 a month; in two years from the time he first came to me he was drawing over \$100. He enlarged his herd; he improved it, and to get the best results from the test, he sent his milk to the factory in a condition such as he had never sent it before. At the end of six years he had a farm of his own.—William Eager, Morrisburg, Ont., in American Cultivator.

Packing Poultry.
Every bird should be thoroughly cooled before packing for shipment. It takes longer to entirely remove the animal heat than the uninitiated would believe, but if it is not done thoroughly the stock is very likely to spoil in the package. Much loss is caused by negligence at this point. Never let the dressed stock freeze, unless it is to be retained for some time and sold as frozen stuff. Thawing injures the quality and decay soon follows. Birds shipped without ice should be entirely dry before packing.

Careful grading of stock designed for the open market is very important. A few scrawny or badly torn birds will often spoil the appearance of a shipment which would otherwise be excellent, and a lower price must be accepted. Keep the inferior stock separate from that which is desirable. Each grade will sell to better advantage if kept separate from the rest.

Inspect each bird carefully before packing. Wash the feet; remove the clotted blood from the mouth, and wash the head. Sew up any bad tears in the skin, using fine white thread for this purpose. A curved needle is more convenient for this work than a straight one.

Birds which have a dark or dingy appearance can often be greatly brightened by washing in a strong suds made of some good soap or washing powder. Water fowl in particular can be much improved by special cleaning. An ordinary hand brush is convenient to use for this purpose.

Packages for dressed poultry vary greatly, but should meet two requirements. They must be neat and clean and small enough to permit easy handling. For delivery to retail customers pasteboard boxes of sufficient size to hold a single bird, or one pair, are desirable. The birds should be wrapped in clean paper, preferably waxed paper, before being placed in the box. Retail egg customers, whose supplies are shipped by express, may be served with dressed poultry by using an egg case built like the standard case, one end being used for eggs and the other fitted with a metal box in which to place the birds. In warm weather sufficient ice may be included to insure arrival in good condition.

Barrels of various sizes are popular packages, especially when ice must be used. Pack them with alternate layers of ice and birds, the bottom and top layers being invariably ice. Upon the top place a good-sized piece of ice, which will melt, causing the ice water to continuously trickle down through the layers of birds beneath. Cover the top with a piece of burlap, fasten this by means of a hoop. Cases may be filled with ice and dressed poultry in the same manner, and in some respects are preferable to barrels. Burlap tops should be used on cases of iced stock, as well as on iron barrels, as all packages so covered will be kept right side up.—F. H. Stoneburn, Storrs, Conn., in Cultivator.

It is said that 14,000 victims of the opium habit have been cured within a few weeks in the Malay States by the use of a plant recently discovered in Selangor.