

NO NEED OF A FENCE

Uncle Dan'l Goodspeed and Deacon Bibbs had a downright quarrel recently and the whole village was dreadfully worked up about it. For a time it looked as if these two old men, who have been friends now, boy and man; going on sixty-two years, were never going to speak to each other again. It all came of a division fence between their farms.

Uncle Dan'l's grandboy Sam, the one that is sparking Lizzie North, the orphan girl down at Tim Bolton's new house—Sam had been for some time coaxing his gran'pa to spruce up the old place, and among other things has said that if Uncle Dan'l didn't build a new fence between the Goodspeed and the Bibbs meadows, why, he would do it himself. Of course Sam could not build a fence. He will own the whole farm someday, but just now he could not raise money enough to pay for digging the postholes; and you may be sure he would not dig them himself, for he has hardly done a lick of work since he got to training with the North girl. But the way he talked and talked about that old meadow fence, saying it was a shame and a disgrace, running right up to the base-line road as it did, and within sight, too, of the new fence lately built by Jabez Watson, whose boy is sort of purring around Lizzie North, trying to cut Sam out—all this talk of Sam's set Uncle Dan'l to thinking that may be he ought to build the new fence. So he went over to Deacon Bibbs's house and said:

"Tom, you ain't got no objection to my puttin' up a new fence along between our meadows, have you?"

The deacon sort of smiled like and said: "Waal, Danil, what on earth put that notion in your head?"

"Oh, nothin' petickler," said Uncle Dan'l, "only the old fence is about past patchin' up, and I thought, bein's how I've got my hay and barley in, I'd jest—"

"Waal, ain't this kind o' sudden? You aint never said nothin' about it before."

LOOKING AT THE FENCE.

The two old men walked along together down the road to look at the fence and talk the matter all over. On the way the deacon laid his hand on Uncle Dan'l's arm and, stopping him, said: "Danil, look at that there tree right from here. What does it mind you of?"

"Nothin' petickler, Tom."

"Don't you mind that old tree down by the creek back o' your pa's orchard—the one that—"

"Guess I do," said Uncle Dan'l; "the one where we had the fight that time."

"Yes, a' Aunt Tilda come down an' pulled me off'n you—"

"An' spanked you, too—"

"Yes, so she did. I was gettin' a leetle the best of you when she come, I guess, Dan'l."

"I dunno," said Uncle Dan'l; "I guess if I'd had my boots on when I kicked you in the stomick that time I'd a-winded you."

"But I was atop when Aunt Tilda come, you know."

"That's so; but there ain't no tellin' what'd a-happened if she hadn't a-come. I was a pretty husky boy, Tom."

"So you was, Dan'l, but I had you down."

"Yes, but I wa'n't a-whimperin' about it, was I?"

"No, you wa'n't. I don't guess either of us was much of the whimperin' sort."

"Waal, not very much that folks knowed of," said Uncle Dan'l, proudly.

When they reached the meadow fence Deacon Bibbs said:

"That's so; it is gettin' pretty rickety. But, Dan'l," he added after awhile, "it's a-goin' to cost some thing to build a new one. I should think—"

"I know it, Tom, I know it; but I've calculated on all that. Sammy, he's gittin' along now, you know, an' it sort o' makes him ashamed, an' bein's he's goin' to have the farm him-by, anyhow, I jest thought if you didn't have no objections I'd run up a new one now."

"Waal, I'll tell you, Danil; I'm a leetle pinched for money jest now, but—"

"What o' that?" said Uncle Dan'l. "Tain't goin' to cost you nothin'. I'm goin' to build it myself."

DISPUTE OVER THE COST.

"No, you ain't no such thing. Do you s'pose I'd let you build a fence along my meadow 'thout payin' my share for it?"

"Waal, there ain't no share about it. I want a new fence an' you don't want no new one. That's all there is to it; an' I'm a-goin' to pay fore'v'ry stick of it, 'cause I'm the one as wants it."

"No, you ain't goin' to pay for it, nuther," said the deacon. "If that 'ere fence goes up I pay for half of it."

"What's the use o' talkin' that way, Tom? I've got the money to do it with an' you aint; so what's the use o' talkin' about who's goin' to pay for it?"

"Waal, I'm a-goin' to pay half of there aint a-goin' to be no new fence. I'm sot on that, Danil, an' you know when I'm sot I'm sot."

"So 'm I sot on that there's goin' to be a new fence an' that you aint a-goin' to pay a single, solitary red cent for it; an' when I'm sot I'm jest as sot as you be."

"Waal, we'll see," said the deacon.

"Waal, we will see," replied Uncle Dan'l.

They walked along down the line of the tottering fence and tried the decayed posts.

"A hog couldn't scratch hisself agin one of 'em 'thout pushin' the whole thing down," said Uncle Dan'l.

"There had ought to be a new fence, no mistake about that," said the deacon, "but I'm a-goin' to pay for half of it."

"No, you aint, nuther."

"Yes I be tuther."

"Tom, I never seen a stubborn'er man than you be."

"Then I guess you aint got no lookin'-glass over to your house."

"Yes, I have, too, but I never seen no man in it that'd try to keep folks from buildin' fences when they wanted to."

"Nobodies tryin' to keep folks from buildin' fences."

"Yes, you be, too; an' there aint no sense in the way you're actin'."

"I guess I've got as much sense as some o' my neighbors," said the deacon.

"Mebby you have an' then agin mebbly you hain't. You didn't have none to much sense that time you built your cowshed and swung the door in so's you couldn't open it 'till the cow got away from agin it."

THE BUCKETS IN THE WELL.

"Had as much as you did when you got eighty foot o' rope for a forty-four foot well, and when you got the two buckets tied on they was both at the bottom at once. Guess I wouldn't talk about sense after that."

"I didn't do that."

"Yes, you did, too; an' tried to lay it off on John Sperry, 'cause he sold you the rope."

"I didn't, nuther."

"You did, too; an' John Sperry told me an' Jabe Watson he didn't want to cut off but fifty foot, but you was that pig-headed you got mad 'cause he told you he'd sold more well-rope 'n you ever seen; an' he had, too."

"I didn't, nuther, git mad."

"Yes, you did, too; an' you're so mad now you're a-tremblin' all over like a durned ole fool."

"Look a-here, Tom Bibbs, I ain't a-goin' to stand an' talk with no man that comes down to swearin'—an' him pretendin' to be a Christian an' a deacon in the church too."

"I didn't swear, you got durned ole fool, you."

"You did, too, swear, and you jest done it agin, an' I don't want nothin' to do with no hypocritin' Christian that prays an' swears to once."

"You're a gosh durned ole hypocritin' Christian yourself, Dan Goodspeed, an' fer two cents I'd—"

The deacon drew back his arm.

"You jest do it once, Tom Bibbs," said Uncle Dan'l.

"Waal, I'll tell you right now, there aint goin' to be no new fence along my meadow, not while I'm alive to prevent it."

"An' I'll jest tell you, there's a-goin' to be a new fence right square where that un stands, an' I'd like to see you lift a finger to stop it, you old skinkin', you. I'll—"

This time Uncle Dan'l drew back his fist.

"Don't you haul back at me, you ole—"

Just then little Nancy Bibbs came running down the road bareheaded to tell her gran'pa there was a peddler wanted to see him at the house.

ALL OVER THE VILLAGE.

Before night nearly everybody in Tamarack had heard both sides of the story. Deacon Bibbs, as soon as the peddler left, went down to the store and told Mr. Sperry his side of it and fully substantiated the charge concerning the well-rope. A little later Uncle Dan'l told his side of it to four or five men at the blacksmith-shop and they all agreed that the deacon did hang his cowshed door to swing in. So pretty soon the story of the quarrel was in everybody's mouth.

Elder Gibson was away that day, and did not come home till late at night. The next morning, on his way to church, he met Tim Bolton, who told him all about it.

"My my," said the good old preacher, "this will never do. These dear old boys mustn't be permitted to pass a Sunday with anger in their hearts."

When the bell had ceased ringing Elder Gibson slowly arose in the pulpit and, wiping his spectacles, feebly announced:

"Let us all unite in singing the 712th hymn—"

hymn 712—omitting the second and fifth verses."

Then, adjusting his glasses, he read:

"Best be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

"We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear."

"When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart
And hope to meet again."

"From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity."

THEY WERE ALL BROKE UP.

While the blessed old preacher was reading these stanzas the folks in the pews cast sidelong glances first at Uncle Dan'l, and then at Deacon

Bibbs, who sat one at one end and the other at the other end of the pew they had occupied together for forty odd years. Then everybody stood up and sang, as loud as he could— they all sang but Uncle Dan'l and Deacon Bibbs, who stood looking at the floor and feeling ashamed to have all the folks singing just to save their two souls. That was the way it seemed to them.

When the singing was over Elder Gibson held out his white, wrinkled hands, closed his eyes, and beseechingly prayed to the great and good Father in heaven to send His sweet grace and lead all His children into the ways of blessed love and brotherly affection. "And especially, oh Father," he said, "show Thy great mercy to such as may in the heat of passion swerve from the path of good-fellowship; and lead them, O Lord, to repentance of their folly and to forgiveness of heart."

Uncle Dan'l and Deacon Bibbs sat with their heads bowed upon the back of the pew in front of them, and as the prayer went on warning and warning and coming nearer and nearer to then they looked at each other under their arms and sidled along toward the middle of the pew. Then Uncle Dan'l took out his big red-and-yellow Sunday handkerchief and Deacon Bibbs drew the back of his rough old hand across his eyes. When Elder Gibson's mild voice softly said "Amen!" and Deacon Hodson's big voice loudly echoed back "—Amen!" the folks all raised their heads and saw Uncle Dan'l and Deacon Bibbs each with an arm around the other, both with their heads still bowed closely side by side. And when they rose their eyes were red and wet.

NO NEED OF A FENCE NOW.

"Amen! amen!" said Deacon Hobson. "God be praised!"

"Yes, God be praised!" said Elder Gibson, softly; and a low and sweetly murmured "Amen!" went through the congregation.

After the service the two old friends went hand in hand toward the pulpit. Elder Gibson met them and earnestly said: "God bless you both."

"He has blessed us, ain't He, Tom?" said Uncle Dan'l.

"Yes, Dan'l; an' I bless him for it."

"An' so do I, Tom." The two old men broke down and wept again and, smiling through their tears, embraced and kissed.

Outside the church they walked with their arms about each other toward home.

"We was a pair of old fools, wa'n't we, Tom," said Uncle Dan'l, finally.

"Yes, we was, an' we'll never do the like agin."

"Never, never."

"Plagued if we didn't come nigh fightin' agin just as we did when we was little barefoot boys," Uncle Dan'l said after a pause.

"An' there wouldn't a-been no Aunt Tildy to pull me off'n you this time," said the deacon.

"Waal, I guess you wouldn't a-been atop this time, Tom."

"Guess I would, Danil."

"I dunno 'bout that. Guess not."

Last Monday Uncle Dan'l and Deacon Bibbs went out together and tore down the old fence between the meadows. They say they are not going to put anything in its place; that they will pasture their stock together after this, and that they mean always to be so good friends they will never need any fence between them.—Willis B. Hawkins, in Chicago News.

Bread Made From Wood.

Science has already enabled man to extract fiery beverages and many other things of more or less value from wood, and it is now proposed to go a step further and produce bread from wood, says the Milling Record. In an address recently delivered in Heidelberg, Germany, by no less eminent an author than Victor Meyer, it is announced "that we may reasonably hope that chemistry will teach us to make the fiber of wood the source of food." What an enormous stock of food, then, would be found, if this becomes possible, in the wood of our forests, or even in grass and straw. The fiber of wood consists essentially of cellulose. Can this be made into starch? Starch is essentially the same percentage composition, but it differs very much in its properties, and the nature of its molecule is probably much more complex.

Cellulose is of little or no dietetic value, and it is not altered, like starch, in boiling water. It really gives glucose when treated with strong sulphuric acid, as is easily shown when cotton-wool, which is practically pure cellulose, is merely immersed in it. Starch gives the same product when boiled with weak acid. The author further quotes the researches of Hellriegel, which go to show beyond dispute that certain plants transform atmospheric nitrogen into albumen, and that his process can be improved by suitable treatment. The production, therefore, of corn-starch from cellulose, together with the enforced increase of albumen in plants, would, he adds, in reality signify the abolition of the bread question.

The Power of the Press.

"I don't want that young fellow to come round here any more," her father gave out decisively.

"All right, father. He is only a newspaper reporter, and—"

"A reporter! Oh, well, in that case I don't think it's any use. In the first place, it wouldn't do any good, and we'd only be having him coming down the chimney or through the window, so I guess we had better yield gracefully."

And the evening after she told him it was pleasure to them both to acknowledge the great power of the press.

A WIFE FOR AN HOUR.

"I'm not much on love tales," said Plunkett, as he took his seat by the side of his 'old 'oman,' as he calls her; "for I never had no foolishness when I was a courtin', and I can prove that by the old 'oman herself."

"I warn't so easy got as you'd make out," spoke up the wife of Plunkett, as she ran a knitting needle back of her ear and laid the unfinished sock on her lap.

"I'll tell you," resumed the old man, as a smile played over his face, "she was kind o' independent like in our courtin' days, and I begin ter think once that she warn't gwine ter have me at all, and I got tired foolin' with her, for there was another girl in the settlement that I knowed would have me at the drop o' a hat, and I had just about made up my mind that I warn't a gwine to wear narry nother pair o' shoes out runnin' after girls 'fore I got married, and so one Sunday as I went home with the old 'oman here from singin' she seed I was a little braver than common before we got outen sight o' the meetin' house, and she begin to kind o' pout like, and I 'lowed, I did. 'Now I want this thing settled."

"She didn't say nothin', and we just walked along the road silent, and I seed the foot-log in front about two hundred yards off, and I thought ter myself, 'Now, 'ssoon's I git across that foot-log I'll make her 'pint the day, or I'll know the reason why.'"

When we got ter the foot-log I took her hand ter help her across, and I no sooner got a hold o' her hand than all my brave feelings were gone, and I begin ter tell her about how much I thought o' her, and was jest a humble 's a dog. She seed she had me; and pretty soon she jerked her hand away and begin ter pout agin, and we walked along 's silent 's a graveyard for about a quarter o' a mile; but every once and awhile I could see her cut her eye from under her bonnet at me, and I begin ter decide that she was kind o' makin' fun o' me, and I got braver than she had ever seed me up ter that time, and I 'lowed:

"Mary, you see yonder big pine tree alongside o' the road?"

"Yes, Bob," said she.

"Well, Mary," said I, "if you don't say you'll marry me 'fore we pass that tree I'll never fool with you agin."

"She didn't say a word, and we walked along some little piece, and I was studyin' all the time about somethin' ter say ter her, but my throat choked up and I couldn't say a word till I caught her smilin', and then I 'lowed:

"If you don't want ter say nothin' you can jest give me your hand and I will take that 's 'yes,' but if we pass that tree I'm gone and gone forever."

"She seed I was in earnest, but she didn't let on, and we walked along side by side till we got pretty close ter the tree, and I thinks I ter myself, 'I'm a goner,' and I begin ter think about the other girl."

"We had gone along till we were in ten steps o' the big tree, and I had give it up, when all o'a sudden I seed Mary pull her bonnet down and look the other way from me, and then I know'd I was a goner, for 't warn't more 'n three steps ter the tree; but jest then she begin ter jab her hand out in front o' me quick, and nervously holdin' her bonnet over her face with the other hand, and looking the other way. I stopped for I know'd what she meant, and I took hold o' that hand and I held it till she looked around at me, and then I pushed her bonnet back and she looked up at me I stooped and kissed her. We've been married now goin' on fifty-three years, and I have never been sorry and I hope she has not."

"You don't waste much time tellin' me o' your love these days, though," said the old lady as she took the knitting needle from behind her ear and resumed her knitting.

"But what I was goin' ter tell you about," said Plunkett, without taking notice of his wife's remark, "was the 'oman that you seed pass along the road awhile ago."

"When the war broke out that was as pretty and rosy-cheeked girl as you ever seed, and she had more larnin' than any other girl in these parts. She was the daughter o' a fine old widow lady and had four brothers. She was jest passin' through her courtin' days when Georgia seceded, and 't was narrated around that she and John Wilmot was gwine ter be married soon."

"The war broke out and the weddin' day was put off two months, for John 'fined one' o' the first companies that went ter Virginia, and they did not want ter marry till the war was over."

"I never shall forget how proud we all were o' John when he came back ter the settlement, all dressed up in gray uniform, ter bid us goodbye."

"I seed that young girl when she sauntered off down ter the big gate so's she would not be before the crowd when she told John goodbye. They both looked fine as they walked off down the road talkin', John leadin' his horse along. I watched 'em as they stopped and talked jest before he mounted to leave. It warn't long till I seed John on his horse loopin' up the road, and the girl stood and watched him till he

passed over the hill, and then she come on back ter the house. She tried ter smile, but I could see the tears, and I thought it foolish ter cry, for the war would be over in sixty days and then everything would be all right."

"Pretty soon her brother took a notion ter go ter the war, and he went ter the same company's John. There was a big fight soon after he got there, and everybody gathered at the postoffice ter hear from their friends."

"A letter came for that girl; it was from her sweetheart, John was safe, but the brother had been killed. That was the first blow o' the war that fell upon this settlement. John brought the brother home ter be buried, and his return in a few days made the second parting, which was far more serious than the first."

"The young girl didn't try ter hide her tears this time; she jest let the tears flow."

"Tears got to be mighty common in the south."

"You could meet wimen and children in the big road any day cryin' and wringin' their hands, and the grievin' hasn't stopped yet, 's is verified by that sad-faced woman."

"Well," resumed the old man after a pause, "all that girl's brothers went ter the war before it was over, and they were all killed. She begun ter lade, and her old mother passed away under the grief."

"The war kept on, and the only thing she had ter give her comfort was a letter now and then from her sweetheart, John had never been hurt, and it was her hope that he would not be."

"After awhile John got a furlough and came home. It was a sad meeting between the lovers, and it was a joyful one, too."

"In a few days I went over to see this young couple married. They had waited long enough for the war ter close, and it looked like 't was not goin' ter do it, so it was arranged and the neighbors gathered in ter the weddin'."

"There was no display at weddin's them days."

"The bride wore homespun that she had wove herself and the groom wore jeans."

"The ceremony was performed and the crowd had jest got through shakin' hands with the young couple and had sort o' settled down, when in rushed an ole nigger and 'lowed that the yankees were comin'. The men had ter get away. The groom o' an hour had ter flee and leave the bride to be taken a prisoner by old Sherman's men."

"This made the third and last partin'."

"John was cut off from his home and from his young wife. He made his way back to Virginia and was killed on the very day that he 'fined his command."

"That 'oman has never smiled from that day ter this, and people that do not know her think that she is crabbed and mean; but it's grief, the fruit of a cruel war."—Atlanta Constitution.

Embarrassing.

Children sometimes tell the truth at the most inopportune moments, much to the discomfort of their elders, writes a correspondent, who relates that a lady of her acquaintance, whose home was charmingly managed, had two roguish, irrepressible boys.

One afternoon this lady had company. She was particularly anxious to produce a favorable impression and took great pains for this purpose. She prepared an elaborate supper.

The guests and family were gathered about the tea table, when one of the boys surprised his mother by exclaiming during a lull in the conversation, "Tell you what, ma, we don't have such a supper's this very often, do we?"

There was a momentary pause; the hostess blushed, and then said with a laugh: "No, Johnnie, this is a company supper." The reply and the little laugh prevented any feeling of awkwardness.

After supper the company retired to the parlor, where the lamps were lighted, and here that artless boy fired another shot at his mother's weak armor.

"Oh, ma!" he cried, "you've borrowed Aunt Sally's new lamps, ain't you?"

If annoyed the mother did not betray it, but making a smiling grimace to her guests, she said: "It's no use trying to shine in borrowed plumes with my boys."—Youth's Companion.

A Horse Attacked by a Lion.

The other morning as Luther Evans, went to the field for his team on the Barber Darling place, near Soquel, he discovered that an animal which he supposed was a dog, was worrying one of his horses. As he drove nearer he saw that the animal was not a dog, but an exceedingly lively specimen of the California lion, which was making a vicious attack upon the horse, biting and scratching it with lionine ferocity. The horse was making the best defense possible, rearing and kicking, and was aided by his mate, but the lion was very evidently getting the best of the fight and would soon have secured an equine breakfast. As young Evans, who was on horseback, rode up, the lion crouched on the ground for a moment and ran to the woods. The horse had been badly bitten on the flanks, neck and belly and was nearly exhausted from loss of blood, but under proper treatment is expected to recover.—Santa Cruz Surf.

All Was Not Real.

They sat anxiously awaiting the rise of the curtain, says the New York Press. The play was one of those melodramas that cause the hair to stand on its hind legs and stay there. Finally the music died away and the curtain rolled softly and smoothly up. The scene showed a winter scene, a woman dying hungry in a snow-drift.

"Oh this is terrible!" sighed the young lady.

"It is warmer on the stage than 'tis here," said the young man, "and at the present moment the supes are arranging a summer scene on the back of the stage, with beautiful paper roses growing out of shaggy doormats painted green to look like grass."

"But she seems to be starving."

"She isn't, though. That actress lives at the Fifth Avenue hotel; one can see that she is stout and suffering from indigestion. She isn't hungry, and if she is she can send for cheese and beer between the acts."

"I can't help feeling sorry for the poor woman lost in the snow."

"Snow?" said the young man, smilingly. "That's not snow. It is note paper. The man who is above conducting the snow-storm isn't spreading it enough. It doesn't fill on the poor woman so that she can die properly. It all goes to one side of her now without touching her as she wrings her hands with the bit-ter cold. That snow-storm isn't two feet wide."

But his companion kept on worrying as though she was looking at real anguish and suffering.

And the next day she related it to some of her friends—what she had suffered—and then assured them that she had never before had such a splendid time in all her life.

He Couldn't Save the Cream.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

There was a ludicrous episode at the ladies' reception at the University Club some weeks ago. The members of the club, being in the main still young and gallant, were devoted in their attentions to the fair guests, and to assist in their comfort performed even menial duties.

Among the hardest workers was John Ledyard Lincoln, the young attorney. During the serving up of the luncheon, seeing one of the waiters slowly cutting slices of cream from a large butter, he impatiently seized the carving knife to accelerate the work. Not knowing that in order to cut the cream it is necessary to dip the knife blade into boiling water, he whacked away with an air of ponderous knowledge. A moment later he was in the predicament of the inexperienced carver with a tough turkey, but, like a true hero, refused to surrender. The block of cream rolled, twisted and squirmed, the knife glanced off harmlessly and John Ledyard Lincoln grey red in the face. After a desperate struggle, at last he gave in conquered and turned over the shapeless block to the grinning waiter, who assumed the carving process with a triumphant air.

But John Ledyard Lincoln learned something he did not know before—a fact that may seem strange to his friends.

An Inventor's Predicament.

Mr. Eugene Fitch, of Iowa, invented a typewriter some time ago and he is now in London introducing it. He sent the Prince of Wales one of the machines and his royal highness took it into his head to learn the art. He has become so fascinated with the fad that he has ordered a dozen of machines for use by his secretaries. This has, of course, set the nobility all agog, for the price is a sort of bell weather, leading the way whither thousands are ready to follow. Our friend Fitch is in a terrible pickle, for he has more orders than he can fill in a year, and he is so pestered by visitors who want to see the machine which "is royal 'ighness" as condescended to patronize" that he is going over to the continent for rest.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Pleasures of a Parachutist.

The lady parachutist who was nearly drowned at the Welsh Harp, Herndon, has secured her advertise-ment, though she must have gruged the price she had to pay for it. That price was to lie for some moments, that must have counted as hours, helpless under the waters of the lake, while the machine to which she was fastened floated outspread on the surface, without a moment to show what was passing beneath. The balloon had disappeared in the mist, and the parachute with it, till the latter came fluttering down in the wrong place, with the lady attached. She was dragged out insensible, but she is alive to tell the tale of her gruesome adventure, and no doubt to risk a repetition of it in subsequent descents.—London News.

No Improvement.

An old lady who witnessed a production of "The Merchant of Venice" many years ago went again recently to see the story of Shylock enacted upon the stage. Upon her return home she was asked how she liked it. "Waal," said she, "Venice seemed to have been spruced up some since the first time I saw it, but Shylock's just the same mean, ordinary thing he was forty years ago."—Harper's Magazine.