

you rest your bucket on his ground under the pump? Uncle Silas, you can have all the water that flows from the pump, but how are you going to get any unless Uncle Hiram gives you leave? You will have to settle this question amicably between yourselves, or else one of you will have to sell out to the other.

For some seconds Silas and Hiram eyed each other angrily over the top of the pump. Then the wrath of both turned upon the would-be pacifier, who, with the rashness of youth, had told them the unwelcome truth.

'Humph! I always thought you were demented, Stephen Folsom!' exclaimed Hiram gruffly. 'Seems as if being a Romanist made you see things different.' The young man checked the hasty reply that rose to his lips. He was sorry for the discomfiture of his old friends; yet he congratulated himself that he had not been forced to announce the triumph of either in this their first real quarrel.

'Being a Romanist, as you call it, Uncle Hiram, has nothing to do with surveying, unless to make me more eager to be just and accurate,' he answered forbearingly. 'But I will admit it is my moral-theodolite, and an unerring one too—'

'I'm not attacking your convictions, boy,' interposed Silas, regretting his brother's illiberality. 'All I say is, you don't know your profession.'

Thus was Stephen offered up as a sacrifice to his mother's ambition to enact the role of peacemaker. In vain, nevertheless, did the Menpennys have the lot again surveyed. The result was the same. Hiram could not legally take the water he pumped without the consent of Silas, and Silas could not pump any water unless with Hiram's permission.

'Durned if I ever give in! I'll draw water from the river first!' Silas announced to Sarah.

'By Jonah, I will never ask a favor of Silas!' Hiram declared to Satilda.

So during the remainder of the autumn, all the water used by the two households was brought in casks from the Connecticut River, a mile away; and the brothers avoided both the pump and each other.

When winter came, and the roads were rough and broken, the problem grew more difficult. One dull morning, when the ground was covered with snow and the air filled with a drizzling sleet, Hiram stole out to the pump.

'It is too early for Silas to be around,' he muttered to himself. 'And who will be the wiser if I pump a bucketful of water? The river's frozen over again and the neighbors are getting tired of letting us draw from their wells.'

As he approached the old trysting-place, however, the spot where he and his brother had been wont to discuss family matters, the town gossip, and the affairs of the nation, he perceived that some one else had come out surreptitiously—like himself.

At the pump stood Silas, working the long wooden handle up and down vigorously, and so engrossed in his nefarious occupation as to be oblivious of everything besides. His coat was powdered with snow, his fur cap was pulled down over his ears, and the ends of his trousers were stuffed into his high-topped raw-hide boots.

Hiram was about to cry out to him in angry protest; but as he continued to gaze at the familiar figure, his heart smote him. Silas had aged much during the last few months; there was no shutting one's eyes to the fact. He was less hale, and the fringe of white hair that showed beneath his cap was thinner. He was more round-shouldered too, and as he lifted his filled buckets, it was as though he felt them heavy. Hiram decided quietly to make his way back to the house. But he had delayed too long. His brother turned, and the two old men found themselves confronting each other, and only a few steps apart.

Silas started, thereby spilling some of the precious water from the buckets. For a moment he looked shamefaced enough, like an urchin caught in mischief. Then, suddenly realising the situation and that Hiram was likewise an intentional trespasser, he stared blankly before him, wheeled around, and started homeward.

It was the climax. Hiram swung his own frost-covered buckets defiantly. But pleasant memories crowded upon him. The evenings had been long, and dull since visiting between the two houses had ceased. A man's wife, whatever else she may do for his comfort, can not be expected to smoke a sociable pipe by the hearth with him. Moreover, Hiram's conscience pricked sharply. If Silas had been obstinate, was not he himself as stubborn as a mule?

'This cannot go on for ever,' he resolved there and then. 'And I s'pose the one who began the quarrel ought to speak first.'

He stepped forward.

'Silas!'

At the call, Silas turned again, and the brothers were once more face to face.

Hiram's voice was husky with emotion.

'Silas,' he said, 'Pears to me that we've been the durned idiots, 'stead of them young surveyors from the city.'

A similar thought had shaped itself in the mind of Silas. It was only what his wife Sarah had been telling him for weeks, sometimes clinching her argument with:

'And Myra Folsom says such hard feelings aren't Christian.'

Hiram's present generosity cut him as though he had been stung by a lash from a whip. In the beginning, had not he, Silas, been the offender? Had he not been too stiff-necked to bend his pride?

'Pears you are about right, Hiram,' he replied, grasping his brother's outstretched hand. 'I reckon it is meant that in this world folks must depend a little on one another. There is no one so independent that he can go it quite alone. I'm sorry I started the quarrel—yes, I did; but we will not get so arguing over it again, for it is settled now.'

'Yes, it is settled now; and we're a heap wiser than we were, since we know that we both were wrong,' agreed Hiram, as, clapping Silas on the shoulder, he broke into a happy laugh, which brought a boyish smile to the seamed face of his brother. Yet the eyes of the old men were misty.

Their quarrel and reconciliation formed a landmark in the social history of the neighborhood, whose material prosperity continued. Few in the little New England village realised, however, the broader progress it attained in the breaking down of many of its Puritanical prejudices and some of its narrowness through the gentle influence of Myra Folsom, the daughter of whose worldly success Fair-Meadow was so proud—its transplanted rose, whose heart, all white and golden, but gave forth added sweetness with the passing years.—'Ave Maria.'

Of the thirty-six Australian Senators eleven are Catholics.

Miss Marie Narelle sang at the St. Patrick's Night Concert in Melbourne, and was enthusiastically received. She had previously given a successful season of four nights in the Melbourne Town Hall.

The 'Age,' commenting on the Victorian elections, says that the sectarian agitation was fruitful in at least spurring the electors, 'but that it failed to achieve its purpose. This, indeed, may be said to be one of the features of the contests. In every case but one where a sectarian candidate challenged a seat on the Education question he was defeated.'

St. Mary's Convent, Lismore, was formally opened a few Sundays ago by his Lordship Bishop Doyle in the presence of upwards of 3000 persons. Bishop Doyle said they had met that day to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, and to open the handsome new convent for the Presentation Nuns. A collection realised upwards of £500. The new building is a three-storey one, and has also a basement. It covers a plot of ground 100ft. square, and cost over £10,000.

Victor Emmanuel has his hobby. As the Prince of Wales has devoted himself to philately, so the King of Italy has given much of his spare time to the collecting of coins. His Majesty's collection of the coins of his own country alone amounts to over 50,000 specimens, with a catalogue of nearly 35,000 slips. He is a member of the Numismatic Society of London, and has received the society's gold medal in recognition of his distinguished services to the pursuit.

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