

THE VALLEY OF HALMOON.

By Susan L. Harlacher.
Loved valley with your fertile fields,
And springs of water cold,
Your fruit and grain rich harvests yield,
And hills hold health untold.

WHEN DAD CAME HOME.

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Mrs. Priestley put down the cup of coffee at her son's elbow, and stood hesitatingly beside his chair.

She drew back a little then, frightened by the expression of her son's eyes. Her still rounded face lost some of its color, and she seemed to shrink in her plain, ugly calico dress.

At the door he stopped and turned around. "He's not coming here," he said, the very lack of inflection making his tone menacing.

"It's the only place he's got, Jim!" she pleaded. "I know it's yours now, but where else can he go? You wouldn't turn your own father out in the street, would you? He was a good father to you for fifteen years, Jimmie."

The painful tears of old age came into her dim eyes, and she fumbled in the bosom of her dress for a handkerchief. Her son watched her irritably, with the unreasoning anger we feel at the way we have wounded.

"Just forget about it, mother," he said, not unkindly. "He spoiled your life and mine, and he isn't worth worrying about. He can't come here, that's settled. Now just don't think about it any more."

his mind a seething whirlpool of shame and pride, walked alone, savagely brooding, brushing past women with babies and men with baskets, shouldering the loafers aside, ruthlessly deaf to the men who called to him.

When he finally met Molly she was not alone. Two or three girls were with her, and just behind them, keeping up a running fire of compliments and small talk, were as many young men. Molly looked at Jim as he approached.

"Good evening, Mr. Priestley," she said. "I'm glad to see you. How are you? How are the boys? How are the girls?"

It was two hours later when Jim, after standing sullenly with a crowd in the poolroom down the street, came back through the market-place. The streets were less crowded now; the late buyers had gone home with their baskets; the sleepy babies were tucked away in their beds; the butchers after twenty hours of work, had shut up their stands and gone away.

Jim didn't run. He stepped quietly through an open door into the darkened market-house, which was just closing for the night, went through it and out into the deserted street beyond, took a detour through alleys familiar from childhood, and so made his way home.

For a while he stood there, the cold night air blowing in on him, the deadly languor of reaction creeping over him. Across the narrow strip of hall he could hear his mother moving about, as if he had awakened her. He brushed back his damp hair and tried to steady his voice.

He went to his own room and lighted the lamp. Then he blew it out again suddenly. They would be after him soon, and he might want to get away—might, because from the chaos of his mind he had not been able to evoke a plan for the future.

He sat by the window, leaning out, watching the street to see if he were pursued, not knowing or caring that it was raining, and that he was wet and cold. He could remember, sitting there in the dark, every incident of his father's arrest ten years ago—that crowd of neighbors that gathered at the door; his mother's sobs; his father's bowed white head and hopeless face.

Through all the turmoil in his mind, one thing was clear—he would never go to the living death of the penitentiary. The six chambers of the revolver were six sure roads of escape.

After a time the rain slackened, and the man across the street sat down on a doorstep, an umbrella over his head. Jim watched him steadily. He grew cramped in his constrained position; his knees ached when he tried to straighten them and his eyes burned from peering through the darkness.

Below, through the thin flooring, he could hear his mother walking. A sudden shame for this new trouble he had brought on her came over him. He who had been so self-righteous, who that very night had refused to give his convict father a home—he was a murderer!

When he looked out again the man across the street had gone. It was dark now—a cold, wet dawn, gray and cheerless. Here and there the chimneys of the houses around began to show faint blue lines of smoke, in preparation for the early breakfast of the neighborhood.

He heard his mother go stiffly downstairs, heard the shutters open, and the rush and yell of his setter as it dashed into the little yard after a night in the kitchen. Then there were voices. He picked up the revolver and held it clumsily, his fingers stiff with cold; but no one came up the stairs, and he relaxed again.

The trunks and boxes around him were taking shape now. He saw things he had not seen for years. There was the quaint high chair, battered with the heels of lusty babies. He could remember his youngest brother, dead long ago, sitting in it.

There was the old squirrel-cage, rusty now, and over in a corner, still showing traces of its gorgeous paint of years before, was the red wagon his father had painstakingly made for him from a wooden box. The tongue was gone, and one clumsy wheel lay forlornly in the wagon-bed; but Jim could see, with the distinctness that long-past events sometimes assume, his father's head, gray even then, bent over the uncouth wagon, painting it with unaccustomed fingers and letting a name on the side. The name was quite clear still—the "Jim Dandy."

St. Patrick's Day.
March 17th is celebrated by Irishmen of all creeds and denominations as the birthday of their patron saint, Patrick. The first of the month is one that has a dispute between two factions, one claiming that the patron saint was born on the eighth, the other that he came to this world on the ninth of March.

The Most and Best.
The importance of economy has been impressed on our minds in recent years. We want to know that we are getting the most and saving our money, no matter what we spend it for.

The Statue of Sherman.
This is the soldier brave enough to tell, The glory dazed world that war is hell, Lover of peace he looks beyond the strife, And rides through hell to save his country's life.

EARTH'S RICHEST RUBY MINES

Center of World's Store of Precious Stones Is Known to Be Located in Upper Burma.

The world's ruby center is Mogok, in Upper Burma, some 70 miles north of Mandalay. Here are the great ruby mines, one of Burma's most valuable monopolies, says the London Weekly Telegraph.

Few are aware that weight for weight, a ruby is more valuable than a diamond. It is estimated that one color of pigeon's blood, weighing five carats, will sell for ten times the value of a diamond of the same weight.

As the "byon," or earth containing the coveted gems, is taken from the ground it is placed in a great revolving tub. Here it is screened and all loose earth removed by water. The residue is then tipped on the sorting table.

SAVES WASTAGE OF LIGHT

Device That Automatically Turns Off Power Has Been Found to Be of Real Value.

One of the considerable sources of fuel waste is the unnecessary burning of electric lights. A large percentage of lights are used chiefly for limited periods, as for instance in cloak rooms.

An invention designed to remedy this condition is the work of J. E. Lewis of New York. By pushing a button the light is turned on and glows for a predetermined period—say, five or ten minutes—and then is automatically cut off.

Marine Fireflies.
The bay of Toyama, Japan, is the scene of a peculiar phenomenon that occurs each year in April and May. The cause of it is an almost limitless swarm of cuttlefish that shine like glow-worms.

The fish are tiny, says a writer in the Boston Transcript, and when they meet with anything objectionable they emit a wonderful display of phosphorescence. Every spring the coasters of Toyama swarm with these little creatures, and fishermen go out with special nets to catch them.

Precious Salt.
What is known as "radium" is a radium salt, usually either radium bromide or radium chloride, sometimes radium sulphate. Tiny grains of these salts are extremely precious and are usually sealed up in little glass bulbs.

Log 20,000 Years Old.
Not so long ago a workman, 81 feet below the surface of Broadway, near Pine street, in New York city, found a piece of cedar wood that certainly presented a remarkable discovery. The wood was uncovered in excavating for the foundation of a big office building.

Benefit From "Melting Pot."
The Alhambra, that exquisite Moorish palace at Granada, which our own Washington Irving so graphically describes, is still a silent witness to the beauty and skill of Moorish architects and sculptors.

Selfishly Interested.
The only kind of optimism we dislike is the fellow who points out the silver lining in the cloudy in order to avoid lending us an umbrella.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.
Small draughts of philosophy lead to alcohol, but larger ones lead back to God.

Now that milder weather will soon be with us, low shoes and clocked stockings will be worn. Not a few girls are clocking their own stockings, not in open-work fashion, of course, but by a bit of sketchy hand embroidery.

Kiddies are taking great delight in the rag dolls which inventive mothers are fashioning from old under-vests. The dolls are cuddly and washable, so what more could either wee kiddie or mother want?

Another interesting sweater model for the late spring and early summer is fashioned of alternate crosswise bands, about two inches wide, of Shetland wool and silk in contrasting colors, and knitted.

Silk and wool is a favorite combination for the new sweaters. A silk jersey model, one of the long coat fashion, is quite below the knees, is deeply sailor collared and cuffed with Angora wool, and there is a bottom band of the wool about 15 inches in depth.

Sweaters for the spring show ever so many new details. One, for example, shows wee pockets on the sleeves. It is of light blue silk jersey, is fastened upon the side under the sailor collar and the arm, and has a knee reaching peplum with two short wide pockets, one above the other on either side, and the pockets upon the sleeves are also in groups of two and are placed below the elbow.

The newest handbags are beaded, 'tis true, but not solidly beaded as of yore. Rather, a bag of fabric, say silk, is sketchedly beaded in outline design, usually floral. Not long since I saw a bag of midnight blue taffeta with a wild rose design simply outlined with cut steel beads.

The square-neck blouse is an early spring arrival. One of white georgette recently seen was embroidered in pale blue woad.

Blouses of white satin, cut on decidedly fitted or basque lines, are another novelty just introduced. Wrist-length fitted sleeves and panel fronts are features of these fitted blouses.

FARM NOTES.

To make hog production most profitable, pasture should be provided whenever possible. The earlier in the year green feed can be supplied the better.

Temporary pastures, such as the cereals, are best utilized in the early spring, and forage crops such as corn, soy beans, cow peas and, in the South, velvet beans, furnish fall grazing.

Permanent pastures require a minimum of attention and care. They make the cheapest forage, as it is not necessary to plow and replant each year. If not too heavily grazed they may be carried over from one season to the next and increase in value each year.

Although pasture reduces the amount of grain needed to bring pigs to a profitable weight and prepare them for market, it does not furnish a complete food. A sufficient quantity of roughage can not be consumed and digested to supply all the nutrients required for rapid growth.

This will bring pigs to a marketable weight early in the finishing period, then, reduces the time of feeding, the risk, interest on investment, and produces a higher condition with a finer and more palatable meat and fat.

Sweet clover is an excellent pasturing crop for hogs. The animals may be turned on the field the first year after sowing the crop, as soon as the plants have made a six-inch growth. From this time until late fall an abundance of forage is produced, as pasturing induces the plants to send out many tender, succulent branches.

Hogs do not relish grasses except when the leaves are young and tender. Hence it is necessary, for the best results, to keep permanent pastures well stocked. It is usually advisable to have some other stock in the pastures with the hogs to eat the coarser plants.

The carrying capacity of the various supplementary forage crops varies widely, according to the growth of the crop. As a rule it is safe to graze them at the rate of ten to fifteen 100-pound shoats to the acre. A greater number will shorten the grazing period, and fewer animals will lengthen it.