

**ANOTHER HERO.**

There are heroes who are lauded for their daring on the field. There are heroes who on engines let their courage be revealed. There are heroes who rush boldly to save others in distress. There are heroes who give hungry little orphans happiness. But another merits mention as a hero—ring the bell. For the man who doesn't grumble when he isn't feeling well.

Let us give the heroes medals who go forth to dare and die in the crash and roar of battle, and whose names are being too. Let us honor them that nobly help the poor and weak and small. But he ought to have a statue, finely wrought and white and tall. Who refrains from boring others with his troubles, just for spite. Who works on without complaining when he isn't feeling right. —Chicago Record-Herald.

**HE READ HIS ANSWER.**

**A ROMANCE OF THE MOUNTAINS** By **Charles Sloan Reid**

PICTURED BY

IG-TIG-PIG-OO-EH!"

Nance Hooper was standing at the head of a little open ravine which wound away toward the foot of the mountains. There was a low rail fence across the head of the ravine, and against this fence Nance was leaning. A great mass of flowing brown hair reached far down below her waist, about which her homespun frock was tucked into a large roll, thus shortening her skirts, in order that she might move about more freely. Up to the right of the ravine was a little log cabin where she lived.

It was late in the afternoon, and as Nance called the hogs a great crowd of them came galloping up the hill to scamble over the apron of vegetables which Nance threw over the fence. From far down the ravine came the roar of the Tuckasee River as its waters tumbled over the ragged boulders that marked its bed. With her elbows on the fence and her chin resting in her hands, Nance lingered to listen to the roar of the river while she dreamed. Small clouds were gathering in the sky all around, and the young girl's eye watched them slowly change from one shape to another, forming to her mind the outlines of various animals and birds.

While Nance was thus lost in her dreaming and picture-making she suddenly felt an arm placed about her. Whirling around she found herself in the embrace of a tall young mountaineer, who held her firmly about the waist and was looking a world of tenderness down into her eyes.

"Oh, Zeb, how you scared me! Turn me loose this minute!" cried Nance, struggling to free herself. At the same time two bright tears came into her eyes.

"Won't you kiss me, Nance?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"No, I won't. You didn't have any business to scare me, that's what you didn't."

Zeb released her and stood back. For a moment neither of them spoke. Nance again stood holding the top rail of the fence, and was gazing away down the ravine. Zeb stood a few feet away, with his eyes turned toward the ground.

"Nance, I'm powerful sorry I scared you."

The girl did not reply. There was another long pause, after which Zeb spoke again.

"Did a big day's work yesterday and another one to-day, Nance. Put forty-five logs into the river, nearly all big ones."

He waited a moment, during which he cautiously raised his eyes to a level with the back of Nance's head.

"I-I got that strip of land paid for last Saturday; and—and I've got enough left to build a house on it, Nance."

Still no reply.

"Wages are better than they have been," he went on, "and I thought we might as well get married now. That's what I've come to see about, Nance. I think we've waited about long enough."

Silence still. Zeb sat down on an old stump near by and waited a long while. Finally he rose again and gazed up at the sky all around.

"From the looks of the sky the river'll be high enough to float logs in the morning," he said, thrusting his hands down into the pockets of his pantaloons and striving hard to clear a strange tuckiness from his voice.

"They're putting in machinery down at Dillsboro to start up a locust pin factory, Nance. Reckon I could get a good many locust blocks off of that piece of land I've bought."

Again Zeb's vision wandered toward Nance, but she still stood motionless by the fence, her long hair waving gently in the light breeze that was stirring. And the longer Zeb gazed upon the woman he loved the fuller grew his bosom, until he could no longer withstand the pressure; and his words were almost in the tone of a wail as he sank back upon the old stump:

"Oh, Nance, ain't you ever a'goin' to say anything?"

Nance continued as immovable as before. At last Zeb replaced his big hat upon his head and arose.

"I know what's the matter, Nance," he said. "I can see it all now. Pole Dorsey's been a-comin' to see you of late; and—yes—I can see it now. Nance, ain't you love me any more?"

Zeb doubted to steady his voice, which had grown a little husky.

"Nance," he continued, "I'd a-died for you any time, and I thought you would have loved me right on, Nance, right on. But now—I can't say any more. Good-by, Nance."

He turned and walked toward the road. But he had only gone a few steps when he turned and came back again, going close up to Nance, where she stopped a moment. Then he spoke:

"Before I go, Nance, would you tell me, fair and square, is it me or Pole?"

There was no answer.

"Never mind, then; I know that you just hate to tell me that you don't love me any more, and I won't make you. Once more, Nance, good-by."

He stealthily lifted a wisp of her long hair and fervently pressed it to his lips, then walked rapidly away. Nance heard the sound of his footsteps growing fainter and fainter as he ascended the hard road which turned over the hill just above the cabin. Finally

hears, "I didn't mean it, you know I didn't! Oh, why did you go away?" Zeb caught her in his arms and for a few moments there was sweet silence.

"Nance," said Zeb, at last, "I never could think of loving anybody but you. But when I came back to look after that gold mine I didn't expect to find such a jewel as this waiting for me. It appears like I am mighty rich all of a sudden."

"Ain't half as rich as I am now, Zeb, for I've got you back again," and, reaching up, she took his rough cheeks between her palms and kissed him under his big mustache.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Source of Radium.**

Radium exists in combination with lead and chalk and silica and iron and various other things that must be got rid of one by one in a series of reactions and operations that are complicated and costly, says Cleveland Moffat, in McClure's Magazine. For days the powder must simmer over a slow fire with water and soda, then it must be decanted into big barrels, where a sort of mud settles; then this mud must be washed and re-washed, and finally put back on the fire to simmer again with carbonate of soda. Then comes more decanting and the settling of this, followed by treatment with hydrochloric acid, which gives a colorless liquid, containing small quantities of radium.

To isolate these small quantities from the rest is now the chemist's object, which is attained in a series of reactions and crystallizations that finally leave the precious chloride of radium in a small quantity of a liquid. In each crystallization the valuable part remains chiefly in the crystals, which become progressively richer in radium and smaller in bulk, until finally you have the product of six weeks' manipulation there at the bottom of a porcelain dish, no bigger than a saucer, some twenty-five grams of white crystals, and these at so low an intensity (about 2000) that the greater part will be refined away by M. Curie himself, as we have seen, in succeeding crystallizations, and at the end there will be only a few centigrams (at 1,500,000,000,000) what would cover the point of a knife blade, to show for a ton or so of granite powder and months of hard work.

**Gladstone's Strength of Will.**

A remarkable illustration of Gladstone's strength of will is given in Mr. Justin McCarthy's "More Memories of Gladstone," contributed to Louis Wain's Annual for 1903.

It was just after Gladstone's operation for cancer. The doctor told him that his eyes must be kept closely bandaged for some time, in order to prevent the admission of light in the delicate organs. Gladstone asked why a man could not close his eyes, and keep them closed for any period of time, if such a course were necessary for their restoration to healthful condition. He was told that it was not likely any man could have the nerve and the strength of mind to keep his eyes firmly closed for long hours after hours, without a chance of his forgetting for a moment the obligation that was on him, or yielding to the mental temptation to test his sight. Gladstone, however, assured the medical man that he could keep his eyes closed as long as it might be necessary, and that he did not like the idea of having to submit to the bandaging process. So he was allowed to have his way, and during all the required time he kept his eyes firmly closed, and only opened them when assured by the proper authority that the darkening injunction had been removed.

This was in its peculiar way another illustration of that strength of will, guided by conscience, which Gladstone had shown at so many a great crisis in his life.—Scottish American.

**Jap Progressiveness.**

The Japanese always want the latest "tip" of science; they are all for progress. It is interesting to note that they have established communication across the Bay of Korea by wireless telegraphy, sending messages from Chennulpo to Chefoo, a distance of 270 miles.

Of course, the messages are not very elaborate, and we can imagine some simple signals being arranged beforehand, and the Japanese would know for certain that there was no danger of their news being intercepted in any way by the Russians.

For the rough purposes of war it can quite be believed that the Japanese, with their extreme curiosity as to what is new, have rigged up in a few ships instruments capable of taking in signals with the assistance of some of their skilled civilian telegraphists on board.

Ashore the army will run their field telegraphs, at which they are adepts, and aboard the navy will use despatch boats, flags and flashing signals. The Japanese flashing lamp is peculiarly powerful—in fact, better than anything we have in the British navy.—London Telegraph.

**Child's Pathetic Plea.**

Pathetic was the plea put forward by a little girl named Capewell at Henley, England, in answer to the charge of having stolen a dress piece, valued at \$1. "I took it to buy bread for the poor little children who had nothing to eat," she said, and it was then stated that, without parents, there was a family of five helpless children without a penny to keep them, and that in the few weeks since her father's death the plucky girl had struggled to provide for them. The magistrate was deeply moved, and said he would not regard the girl as a thief. He would give her every possible practical assistance, and dismissed the charge.

**He "Well" Deserved It.**

A little while ago the newly elected Mayor of a provincial town was about to make his first journey in that capacity through the place. The townspeople had arranged that from an arch of flowers, under which he was to pass a floral crown should hang, surmounted by the words, "He well deserves it." But the wind blew away the crown, and when the pompous Mayor passed under the arch, to the great joy of those who had voted against him, only a rope with a noose at the end of it dangled there, with "He well deserves it" standing out in bold relief above.—London T. A.

**AGRICULTURAL.**

**Raising Squabs.**

To raise squabs successfully a house that will be free from dampness and rats is needed, for if rats once get a squab it is almost impossible to keep them out of your house. It is best to have two or more nests for each pair, for some pairs breed very fast, and if there are not enough nests they will fight instead of breeding. It pays to keep your house clean and free from lice.

**Feeding Little Chickens.**

There is greater danger of over-feeding than under-feeding little chickens. A chick, like a baby, comes into the world with its digestive organs both empty and weak, hence it is necessary that it be fed with the greatest care, and not too much. By following this plan it will be seen that the digestive organs will be able to dissolve and absorb the food that goes into them in a satisfactory manner. A newly hatched chick is a very insignificant creature, if its size and present condition alone be considered. The true fancier, however, will look beyond the lays of the downy coat and will strive to assist the chick in its efforts to attain full maturity as a healthful specimen of its kind, and the critical part of the chick's life, after it leaves the shell, is the first ten days. If it starts off all right and passes the ten-day mark it is all right, provided sudden changes are not made in its food. On his subject we hope to publish the views of some of the most practical and successful poultry raisers in the future, for these are they who know whereof they speak.—Green's Fruit Grower.

**Care of Farm Tools.**

The following illustration shows a box which may be readily made at home and in which may be kept many things now without a proper and regular place. While the illustration shows a box of considerable size one of smaller dimensions may be used if desired, and it can be made on the same plan. No instructions for making are necessary for the cut shows plainly how it is put together. Several dry goods boxes would answer well for the purpose. The drawers may be used for holding blankets, curtains and robes, and the shelves or compartments for brushes or small tools. If desired a lid may be placed over the opening at the top of the large box, to keep out the dust, and this commodious space be utilized for anything desired. If care is taken in putting this contrivance together it would be practically rat proof and could be used for seeds if one wished. There are a dozen uses

**Low-Headed Apple Trees.**

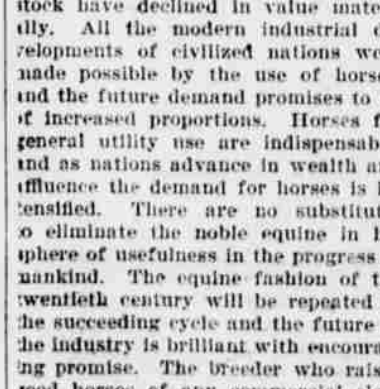
Green's Fruit Grower proposes to continue talking about low headed "fruit trees of all kinds, and particularly about low headed apple trees. The lay is passed when intelligent fruit growers can be found training their apple trees so high that it requires a scissor to get high enough to gather the fruit. Think for a moment of the difference between gathering the fruit of the tree whose branches almost rest upon the earth, and the gathering of fruit where the first branches are from ten to twenty feet high and the top branches thirty to forty feet high. Nearly double the amount of apples can be picked by one man in a day from the low headed trees than can be picked from the high headed trees. Then consider the danger in picking from those very high trees, and the time spent in going up and down the ladders and in moving tall, heavy ladders around. The ordinary planter used to head his apple trees at about five feet from the ground at planting. In future years he kept cutting away the lower branches, constantly raising the head of the tree. My advice is to start the heads of apple trees not higher than four feet from the ground, and keeping the head low.

**Horses in Demand.**

The outlook for the horse industry was never before more promising. With the progress of national development has manifested increased demand for horses. So pronounced has been the enlarged use of horses for the past five years that domestic consumption has nearly exhausted the supply. The surplus is so light that prices have remained nominally stationary, while other classes of live stock have declined in value materially. All the modern industrial developments of civilized nations were made possible by the use of horses, and the future demand promises to be of increased proportions. Horses for general utility use are indispensable, and as nations advance in wealth and influence the demand for horses is intensified. There are no substitutes to eliminate the noble equine in his sphere of usefulness in the progress of mankind. The equine fashion of the twentieth century will be repeated in the succeeding cycle and the future of the industry is brilliant with encouraging omens. The breeder who raises good horses of any commercial class assured of a stable and remunerative market for his animals and has every encouragement to intelligently exploit the industry.—Drovers' Journal.

**Shoveling Board.**

A good serviceable shoveling board to be attached to the farm wagon for scooping corn, potatoes, etc., is made as follows: For a wagon box twenty-four or twenty-six inches deep make four board thirty inches high and just as wide as the outside measure of the box. On each side nail a piece of good tough plank six inches wide at the bottom and tapering to a point at the top; make these pieces two inches above the projection at the bottom. Two inches from the bottom of these boards and even with the bottom of the shoveling boards saw a notch three inches deep from back side of the board and split out to the bottom; next nail a 2x4 under the back end of the wagon box allowing half of it to project behind the box for shoveling board to rest on; also make it long enough to project three inches beyond the sides of the box for notches in the side pieces of shoveling board to hook over. Now get two old top props off of an old buggy top (if you have none you can get them of almost any black-



smith for almost nothing) and put on as in illustration. When end gate is up the long part of the prop should be bent down so it will not come open; bending this rod throws the elbow in direct line with the other hinges which will hold end gates up. Bolt brace on to the outside of the wagon box and mortise a hole through the floor of shoveling board on each side against the side pieces; make hole about half an inch wide and two inches up and down. Now bore a small hole through the edge board through centre of mortise and into the edge of the bottom board and drive bolt in. In dumping

**New Saccharin Plant.**

The new saccharin plant discovered in South America contains a considerable quantity of saccharin matter, is not fermentable, and is unusually sweet. The plant is herbaceous, growing to a height of eight to twelve inches, and its scientific name is Euphorbia rebandum. It is expected to prove of much industrial value. It was discovered by the director of the agricultural institute at Asuncion, and his experiments indicate that the sugar yielded is from twenty to thirty times as sweet as ordinary cane or beet sugar.

corn, lower board, pull out at bottom, and put on top of wagon box. The hinged joints allow it to go up easily. —C. E. Richardson, in The Poultryist.

**Pure Breed Cows.**

The cow that occupies a stall two years and gives only one-half as much milk or butter as would a first-class animal, is more costly than a cow raised from a calf, for she will not only have occupied the stall for a year without profit, but also entailed an expense of perhaps fifty dollars in her purchase. If the dairymen would consider that by breeding their own stock they could save expenses and secure larger profits they would no longer fill their stalls with unprofitable cows. A calculation will demonstrate that it is not profitable to buy cows, instead of raising good stock. It must be a good common cow that will give thirty pounds (about fifteen quarts) of milk daily, but the grade or pure breeds have been to yield more than double such quantities. If, in the period of seven years, a pure-bred cow is produced on the farm, she may require but three years for growth before coming in, while a purchased cow, being ready in the beginning, gives milk during a much longer time, but from the time the pure-bred cow comes in, though occupying the stall much less time than the native, she will yield a larger quantity of milk on the average, or, to put it plainer, she will give more milk in four years than the native will in six, while her value will be much more. If the period is extended to ten years the difference will be still greater, and it may be added that the pure-bred cow will also give a larger quantity of milk in proportion to food consumed.—Philadelphia Record.

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**Turnovers and Collars.**

Many of the new hand-wrought collars are not turnovers at all, but merely supplementary collars with abled or pointed fronts. These are usually curved at the top in front, and are worn flat over a foundation or dress collar, or without any support. Some of these are made in heavy linen with raised embroidery in white, and these have body enough to hold them up in shape, but the finer ones need some support. The tabs upon many of these flat collars reach almost

**And Now For Panniers.**

Panniers will be very much in evidence on the frocks of to-morrow, a charming example being a toilet of white chiffon, the skirt draped with lace, forming panniers, which fall in graceful cascades on each side of the train.

**Use Last Season's Coat.**

The woman with a limited bank account is rejoicing in the possibility of cutting down her skirt coat into the

**Handy Barn Box.**

To which the box could be put and as the expense of it is largely in labor there is no reason why such a box could not be in every farm barn. If every farm contained a tool-house, in which every tool was kept in its place when not in use, there would be a great saving of time during the busy season. It often happens that the value of the time lost in seeking some tool not in its place is greater than the cost of the tool. Much of the loss of time and exposure of tools is due to lack of some suitable place for storage. It costs but little to build a toolhouse, as it need not be proof against heat or cold, the main point being a good roof, so as to protect the tools and implements from dampness.

**Fowlry Notes.**

To treat fowls for health is better than to dose them for disease. Season soft food with salt. It sharpens appetite and aids digestion. A handful of sunflower seed now and then adds luster to the plumage. Hens will pay well for table scraps. It is wasteful to feed them to mongrel dogs and cats. Litter in which there is tough, wiry hay is not safe to put on the scratching floor. If eaten it causes crop-bound conditions. An active breed is less liable to become overfat than the larger sized, sluggish fowls, hence should be treated accordingly. It is a mistake to wait until hens are lousy before using insect powder. Constant prevention is the only safe method to pursue. To renew the vitality of a flock it is not necessary to cross-breed and make them mongrels. Better get males of a different strain or family of the same variety. Save the droppings; they are valuable for fertilizing purposes and will come in handy in the spring. Store them in a dry place in boxes or barrels. There is no better fertilizer when properly used. Dirty windows in the poultry house prevent the fowls from getting the full benefit of the sun's rays and make the house cheerless and uncomfortable. It is a good plan to place the dust-bath where the sun can shine directly into it during some part of the day. Clean the windows and let a little sunshine in.

**Misses' Blouse.**

This pretty and stylish blouse is adapted both to the gown and to wear with the odd skirt and to the entire range of reasonable fabrics. The model, however, is made of pale blue mercerized chambray and is worn with belt and tie of blue ribbon. The plain back with the tucked fronts is much liked and the sleeves are the favorite ones that are snug above and full below the elbows. The waist consists of fronts and back, the former being tucked at the shoulders and finished with a regulation box pleat. The sleeves are cut in one piece each and are gathered into straight cuffs. The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-half yards twenty-one or twenty-two inches wide, or one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide.

**Misses' Blouse on Short Waist.**

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**Demis-toilette gowns with semi-high corsages** are those usually worn at theatres or small dinners. These this season are made in various shades of mousseline de soie, crepe de chine, or in any of the new filmy materials for evening wear. One particularly charming was carried out in black chiffon over a foundation of ivory satin. The bodice was artistically draped, schu fashion, with long ends falling down in front and at the back. The waist line was defined by a jeweled girde, which tastefully held in the fullness there. The sleeves were of the variety known as angel shaped, and the neck was filled in with needle-point lace. The skirt, closely gathered into the waist, flared out below into large saucers.



**Timely Fashion Hint.**  
New York City.—Nile green crepe, combined with cream Venetian lace and bands of peau de cygne, are the materials chosen for this really charming Spring Tailor Modes.

There are some pretty ideas to be found in the spring tailored suit. The short skirt is at its best when pleated. Some of the models show yokes on skirts again. A walking costume in a mixed red and black wool has the skirt, with the exception of a narrow front apron, laid in wide side pleats with a spreading box pleat in the back. The blouse coat crosses front and back in surplus fashion and fastens with large black cloth buttons. There is a pointed yoke of black cloth, embroidered with black braid and narrow wristbands of the same.



**FANCY WAIST.**  
May Manton waist that is adapted both to the odd blouse and the gown. The shirtings in the fronts and sleeves give the necessary broad line, and the tiny vest that forms part of the yoke is both smart and quite generally becoming.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-half yards twenty-one inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, with two and five-eighths yards of all over lace.

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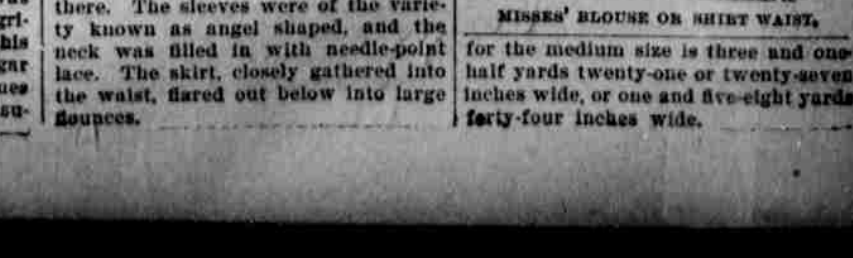
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