

ANOTHER HERO.

Let me tell you of a hero who has never marched away.

With gay flags above him flying, to be fearless in the fray.

At the corner by the alley, where the wind howled all the day.

Sat a pale boy at a window while his mother sewed away.

And he held a bunch of raisins and a wishbone that was bare.

Tasting still the tender white meat that had hung so lately there.

I have told you of my hero; men may never give him fame.

But I think he has a tablet up in heaven, just the same.

-S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

ON THE ISLAND.

By S. Rhett Roman.

THE water rippled in small waves, broke into a narrow line of foam, ran up a short way on the wide grey beach, then slid back into the ocean, to begin again its monotonous back-and-forth movement until, the tide turning, the waves would swell into breakers and thunder and roll on the hard sand.

A young woman, who seemed more suited to Trouville or Bar Harbor than to this wild, solitary spot, sat on the upturned keel of a boat, shipwrecked and buried in the shingle, just beyond the reach of the tides, half a century ago, and whose dimensions could not be guessed at, by the small portion still visible above the shifting, heavy white sand, and looked seaward musingly.

Marjorie Stanford pushed back the straw hat which had been shading her face, and let the setting sun shine full upon her, and the sea breeze blow at will among the light strands of curling bronze-brown hair escaped from the comb which held their rich masses in place on the shapely head, held as as a deer does when startled.

Marjorie's father, old and decrepit but not feeble, clings to her with a tenacious, exacting affection which demands her presence day and night.

Beautiful, but graver, with a spiritualized expression not hers in the days of her social triumphs, Marjorie's many cares and occupations make hers a busy life indeed.

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A slow flush spread over Marjorie's face as she read—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Couldn't Be Bought. It happened in the south—not the new south, but the old south, where they lived in the same old way, relates the Brooklyn Eagle.

The enterprising yankee thought he saw some "opportunities."

"This looks like good land," he commented.

"It is," replied the native, carelessly.

"But the people here don't make the most of it."

lines, and for your own gratification?"

The sun slanting from the west must have sent a message to the sea gulls, for rising suddenly, and shaking the salt brine from their long pinions, they went swiftly seaward until they were swallowed up in the blues and greys of sky and water.

"Not being human, they may be good companions," Marjorie mused.

"He may be so absorbed in the pleasing occupation of catching fish, that she may be relieved of his company most of the time, and she may find much pleasure in looking after the children. Perhaps they are a newly-married couple, they seem so fond of each other. He evidently can't do without her—for the time being. Very shortly, en changera, unless they are quite different from us. Come, Turk, let us have a stroll and see if we can be good company for each other."

A big Newfoundland, who had been lying on the sand, got up majestically paced by her side, while they strolled down the beach, and the evening light faded.

When it was quite dark they turned into a road, built high and firm with beaten shells, which ran towards a clump of wind-swept trees quite a distance back from the coast line of the island.

They sheltered, or rather surrounded a large, rambling, weather-beaten house, evidently inhabited, for lights streamed out from the open doors and windows, into the mild spring air. On its deep veranda sat an elderly gentleman in an armchair, clearly a confirmed invalid, whose thin, clear-cut features bore just enough resemblance to the contour of Marjorie's face, to proclaim him her father.

But it was a querulous and an evil face, one from which all kindness—if there had ever been any—and intellectuality, were gone, extinguished and worn out by constant suffering and years of ill-health, which peered out at Marjorie.

"Late, as usual. Your society manners, I presume. You forgot I was waiting and it is past tea time," he said, with snarling emphasis, as she came up the steps.

"Late! Oh, no. There's quite half an hour yet before tea. I was walking on the beach with Turk," she answered, pleasantly.

Throwing her hat on the hall table, Marjorie went indoors to see about those ever-recurring, small duties, the prelude of the last dull meal of each day, cheerless occupations which brought neither pleasure nor a peaceful peace to those on the island.

What had brought Marjorie there? A curious, persistent thought, that whether he liked it or not, she, his daughter, would be a querulous recluse, passing more morose years, who had sent her off, first to school, then to her aunt, seeming glad to be rid of a responsibility which was solely his, after the death of her mother, long years ago.

There were letters on the table. She read:

"Dear Marje—When am I to expect you back? It is simply absurd, your hurrying yourself alive in this barbaric way. Nor does William want you. I know him of old. He was always selfish and self-centered. Never gave a thought to anybody but himself. He is accustomed to Ann Dawson's care of him, and she knows his whims and crochets, and they both would be better pleased without you, I feel convinced."

"As for your sacrificing yourself, and shutting up yourself on that dismal island just to see that William's milk gruel is all right, and to let him sneer and growl at you, it is sheer Quixotic nonsense! You will grow thin and pale and old, and William will not even be grateful. I tell you I know him, child. We were brought up together, and a leopard does not change his spots, remember."

"The danger is, he may get used to seeing you around the house and refuse to consent to your leaving later on. He is as capricious as he is despot. As it is, he doesn't care just now whether you leave him or not, and I know Ann Dawson would like you out of her way. So for heaven's sake pack your trunks and join me at once. Before going abroad we can spend a week or two in Canada. I know some one who is inconceivable at your sudden flight just at present. But you are well acquainted with 'more monde,' and you know how many consoling drop up when the sufferer owns a few millions. Already Jeanne Carston thinks she is in your shoes. This century is too busy and overcrowded with play and pleasure as well as work to let people think much and long over any one thing or person. Write or wire me when to expect you. Now, for the heaven's sake, Marjorie, be sensible and come at once. Lovingly,

"FANNIE CARSTON."

"We will do our shopping in Paris."

Marjorie put it down with a smile and a sigh and took up another, whose strong, firm handwriting disclosed its masculine authorship. It read:

"You can have no conception of how much you are missed. If you had you would care at least a trifle for those you left so abruptly to shut yourself up on that horrible island. Your aunt has described it to me. If you are determined to remain there, I will run down to see you. Unless you positively object you may see me at any time should I learn that you have made up your mind to remain there. I am not writing what I think or feel, only what I propose doing. Faithfully,

"ANDREW PERRINGTON."

folded the letter and slipped it in its envelope.

And while sitting at table with her father, and listening to his querulous complaints, and usual abuse of his manager, who was "a d—m fool and knew nothing about Sea Island," so he declared, although the continuous successful results obtained from the fields stretching far back inland seemed to prove the contrary, Marjorie's thoughts were occupied with several queer conundrums.

Then again, being of better service, and quite undesired, why did she permit in cutting herself off from the enjoyable life she was accustomed to, and lead that of an anchorite, on this solitary sea girt island? Looking critically at her father, he seemed to be pathetically worn, and even in his grim snarling humor there was a suffering which appealed to her powerfully.

Marjorie was discovering strange and unsuspected depths to her nature, one she had hitherto thought quite absorbed in her idle, pleasurable life, in cotillions and chiffons.

Marjorie stopped, to caress Turk, and glancing up found William Stanford's eyes fixed on her with a look she had not seen there before.

Marjorie's smile back had in it the charm so few could resist, and although her father rose and went slowly out of the room without speaking, she felt as if the horrible solitude surrounding her was broken.

"My poor darling, you must go without me this year," she wrote her aunt. "It may be that I am not wanted here, but I can make his life more tolerable, even against his will, and I will try the venture. The sea view is gorgeous, Turk and I luxuriate in the surf, and I am making quite a number of friends—among the sea gulls. Remember me when you are in the Paris shops. Elise has my measurements, you remember. The day may come when I will emerge from these solitudes and fly back to the dearest aunt in the world. Fondly,

"MARJORIE."

And Marjorie also answered the other letter.

"No, I cannot possibly go back to my dear, joyous life of pleasure and freedom, nor must you come here. Later you will be glad I am unkind and unappreciative to-day. It is quite solitary, but the sea and the winds are my friends, and the waves sing grand anthems, and I am always busy. Don't try to remember and you will soon forget. Yours, with most pleasant recollections,

"MARJORIE STANFORD."

The days and the weeks passed. Then months and years.

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Brooder for a few chicks. This can be done by making a cheap brooder, just large enough for one brood of chicks. For this purpose a cracker box may be used. Nail a door of the front end and nail some strips crosswise inside, and about four inches up from the bottom. On these a slatted frame should be placed extending about half the length of the box. On the frame a square tin tank about five inches high and about as long and wide as the frame should rest. A rimmed hole should be made in the top of the tank and a large cork used to fit the hole. A cloth curtain should hang from the front edge of the cross strips to the floor of the box, as shown in the illustration.

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