

A HERO.

The book slipped to the floor and Honoria Keller sat back in her chair with a gentle yawn.

"That woman was a hero," she said aloud. "The kind I'd like to be. I never wanted to be anything else as much as to be a hero. Dear, dear, that's what I used to lie under the trees and dream about, while other girls dreamed about lovers. To do something splendid and brave—think of that! Heigho!"

She crossed the room and surveyed her small, trim figure in the mirror, with a queer defiance in her face. "Oh, it's you again, is it?" she cried. "It's always you, always! Never somebody tall and fine and hero-ish. You'd make a pretty hero, wouldn't you? Did you think heroes were cut out five feet tall in their shoes?—And had round baby faces and dimples? Dimples!"

She turned away and paced restlessly up and down the bright little room. The gentle purring of the sleeping children stole out to her faintly through the half-open door. Once, when she failed to hear it, she stopped in her walk to listen anxiously. Heavy feet tramped by, now and then, in the corridors, but the step she was waiting for did not come.

"He's late again," she said aloud, in the fashion of lonely women. "He was late yesterday and day before, and day before that—world without end." A sudden bitterness distorted her sweet face. Home! What kind of parody on the word was this pair of little rooms in a great noisy hotel? Was there the slightest resemblance to a home about them? They were bright with gaslight and pretty with the bits of womanly touches her wistful fingers had given them. She had wrestled the horror of hotel rooms from them against heavy odds. And how the children had helped! Jed's horse, over there in the corner, Nell's sorry doll on the couch, the Tiny One's rubber dogs and cats everywhere—bless them, how they helped!

Honoria Keller had been married eight years and she had never had a home. From one hotel or boarding-house to another they had drifted restlessly. The children had been born in hotels—that was Honoria's greatest grief. It seemed like doing the children a great wrong. When Harry laughed at her the hurt deepened and widened. It was all Harry's doings, anyway. When they had money enough, he said, in his easy way, they would have a home. Time enough.

Suddenly the woman pacing the bright little room uttered a sharp sound of pain. The old wound would not bear opening. She hurried to her usual refuge, the children in their beds. Their little flushed, peaceful faces always calmed her. "You don't lay it up, do you?" the mother sobbed softly. "You know mother wanted to give you a home to be born in—Jed, Nell, Tiny One! You don't lay it up?"

For a little while she sat beside them, in the darkened room, touching their little cheeks in turn, with the soft mother kisses that never waken. Then, comforted, she went back again to the light. But the evening wore on, dragged on, without the sound of familiar steps outside the door. Somewhere a clock chimed 10, then 11, then 12. "It was 12 last night," she said and waited. Then 1 o'clock rang out in clear note. "It was 1 the day before yesterday," Honoria said.

They had parted in bitter anger in the morning, but that was too familiar a thing to count. Lately the partings had all been angry or coolly indifferent. When had they kissed each other good-bye in the morning? Honoria caught her breath in sharp distress. "At home we would—it would be different if we had a home!" she cried out a little wildly. "How can we love each other this way, without a home?"

The great house settled into quiet. Somewhere, a great way off, doors shut with a final clang, and loud keys cracked in their locks. "He will not come to-night," Honoria said. But she waited until morning. She had waited that way before, and in the morning Harry had come. This time it was different. In the morning a messenger boy brought her a note from him. "Have gone away. You will not be sorry. It has been in the wind some time. I should like to have kissed the children good-bye. Harry."

How long it was she sat there with the brief little note in her hands, before frightened imperative little fingers tugged and pulled her back to semi-consciousness. Honoria Keller never knew. The weight on her heart did not lift or ease. It seemed to crush and choke her. The queer, metallic voice that answered the children's wondering questions was not her voice. She did not wonder it terrified the Tiny One. "You isn't like mamma—I 'ants papa!" he wailed.

"He has gone away—you will not be sorry," repeated Honoria stolidly. "It has been in the wind some time. He was sorry not to kiss the child—" She caught her breath as the row of scared little faces imprinted itself on her staring retinas. A sudden wave of keen, pitiless consciousness swept over like a flood. It was all so plain now! The kindly mist had lifted from her mind. That day somehow lived itself out, and then the next. Somehow, for

the children, Honoria lived. The throb and smart of her hurt were all she realized at first. Small things made no impression on her mind. Years afterward she wondered whether on those first days the sun had shone, or it had rained. It was a chance remark she overheard that aroused her from her lethargy. Someone outside in the corridor made the remark to someone else.

"The woman in that room there—No. 21—'s been deserted," the strange voice said in what was meant for an undertone. "Yes, sir, deserted! Sounds like a novel, don't it? An' the children's there too, all right. Just lit out an' left 'em, as I'm a sinner!" "As he's a sinner!" growled the other voice indignantly. "It's brutes do things like that. They ain't men."

There was sympathy in both rough voices, but Honoria did not heed. The words, not the tones, burnt into her brain. Was that it? Was Harry a brute? Dear Lord in Heaven, was she deserted?" "No! Harry would not do that!" she cried in anguish. "He went away—we were angry with each other. He thought I would not be sorry. Not sorry!" She sprang to the floor and paced to and fro, till the frightened children crept away by themselves.

But the days that went by grew into weeks, and he did not come. And at last the kind-hearted proprietor was driven to take the step he had been dreading. He went up to No. 21 one evening and knocked gently.

"Come in," a weary voice said. "Ah—good evening, Mrs. Keller, good evening," he said nervously. "I—that is, I've—er—called on a terribly embarrassing errand. I've put it off and put it off, hoping he—that is, Mr. Keller—would show up again. I want you to believe it was an awful jolt for me to come up here to-night and say it, but, Mrs. Keller—that is—" He caught out his handkerchief and mopped his face. "There's a bill against your husband for three months' board," he blurted out desperately.

Honoria sat looking at him steadily, letting this new disgrace filter into her brain. She did not flinch before it. "You mean," she said quietly, after a minute or two, "that Harry—that my husband owes you a good deal of money for our board, his and mine and the children?"

"Yes, that is—er—a modicum, a modicum." "And that we must go away at once? Of course I see that. But—but—" for the first time her sweet voice broke, "but I have no money to pay the bill. Wait! please don't say a word. Please go away and let me think. I must think. You will give me time to think."

But how to think? Honoria wrestled all night with her problem. One thing was definitely clear. She must pay the bill before she went away. A way, a way,—oh, to find a way! What was to come afterward did not matter yet. This mountain must be climbed first.

The next morning she noticed a sign posted below over the laundry windows. "Wanted: a first-class woman to do fine ironing. Fancy pay for fancy work. Apply within."

"Grandmother used to tell me I ironed her caps beautifully," Honoria said, a sudden resolve in her mind. "But perhaps—now—I'm not a first-class woman," she added with a pitiful little smile. But she applied for the work and got it. She and the children took a cheaper room in one of the attics and she went resolutely to work to earn the money to pay the bill. That the work was terribly taxing to her slender strength did not deter her. And little by little she saved the money. Afterward she wondered: now she only worked. The night the sun she was saving had grown to the needful dimensions, her poor sore heart was almost light. On the way up to her attic she overheard someone calling her a hero. It sent her straight to her blurry little mirror. "You don't look it!" she said to the worn, shabby little figure before her, but she smiled a little and nodded to it, friendly-wise. "You were always wanting to be one, and I suppose this was the best you could do."

That was the night Harry came back. He was terribly thin and wan. "Dear," he said, after the long explanation was over, "how could you think I would desert you like that?"

"I didn't," she answered simply. "And I didn't," he said, as if he had not said it already a dozen times. "There was no time to write a longer note that night, when the Head made up his mind at last to send me about his business in such a hurry. And then,—he shuddered—"then the smash on the train and the nothingness—nothingness—nothingness."

"Oh, hush!" she shuddered. "And when I came out of it," he persisted, "I couldn't remember. I only remembered to-day, Honoria."

"Only to-day, dear," she cried joyfully. "But, Harry, to-day is now! And to-morrow—do you know what we are going to do to-morrow?"

"Yes,—wait, let me say it! To-morrow we're going somewhere—home, Honoria."

May—"Yes, Jack and I are engaged. Do you know our first meeting was quite romantic. I was walking down the street one rainy afternoon, when he stepped up and offered me his umbrella." Ethel—"I see. He was caught in the rain."

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

THE FARM REPAIR SHOP.

I often wonder how I used to get along without a repair shop, writes Mr. J. F. Thomas. The building need not be expensive but tight and warm. One end should be rigged up for blacksmithing. Build a hearth of stone and ordinary clay mortar, with a good-sized flue, about nine bricks to the round. An opening should be left at the proper place for the admission of a 5 or 6-in stove pipe. Procure a blower or bellows, an anvil, a drill press, a vise, some dies and taps, 1/4 to 1/2 in. for cutting thread, a hammer, tongs and two or three sizes of heading tools. Steel punches for hot iron are also necessary, but these can be made.

After some experience, many other tools can be made that come handy. Much of the equipment mentioned can often be gotten second-hand from machinists or blacksmiths. Collect all kinds of scrap iron, bolts, old horseshoes, etc., from about the farm. Much useful iron may often be gotten for a trifle at public sales. Old horseshoes welded together and worked out are very useful for making nails, rivets, links for chains, etc. I have been using for several years a heavy farm chain made entirely from old horseshoes. As to the actual work in this line, many valuable hints may be gotten from a good-natured blacksmith. One may need instruction particularly on the working and tempering of steel. For a time the novice may be discouraged by his seeming awkwardness, but after he gets the set of his hammer and the hang of his tongs, some experience in welding, etc., there will be little repairing that need be taken away from the farm.

Put in the other end of the building a bench or table. Provide a cross-cut hand-saw, nine teeth to the inch, a square, a smoothing, a jack and a fore plane, a brace with at least seven bits differing in size 1/4 inch, three or four sizes of chisels, a drawing knife, miter square and a hand ax or bench hatchet. A supply of different sized nails and wood screws. This will equip the wood-working end of the shop for all ordinary repairing. Many new implements can be made and ironed complete later. Now get or make a sewing or sadler's horse, procure some needles, wax and thread, harness rivets, etc. Put up a stove, fix up the harness and gather the plows, harrows and other implements that need repairs.

OUR COMPETITORS.

The odds that Canada has to compete with in dairy products have become such as to leave no room for uncertain speculation or waste of time. Her position near the head of the procession can be maintained only by unceasing vigilance. Her competitors are yearly becoming more numerous, and the demands of the markets more exacting. England, the Mecca of the world's dairymen, is being studied like a book, her every demand receives instant attention, and when her demands are not sufficiently exacting, her willing caterers are ready with suggestions which are no sooner made than complied with. The race for first place is a hot one and the competitors are powerful. At present there is a party of seventeen Russian gentlemen on a tour of inspection of Great Britain's markets for agricultural products. The sending of this commission is part of the programme of M. de Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, and the expenses of the trip are being defrayed by the Government. An English exchange referring to this commission says:—"They evinced the greatest interest in learning how the butter from Australia, Canada, Denmark, and other countries is imported into this country. No detail, however small, was allowed to escape unnoticed, for it is their desire to learn all they can about the wants of British consumers, and the customs of British markets."

Russia has decided to sell her own products to the markets of the world," said one of the Russian gentlemen. "Germany and Denmark have a long time been the middlemen for the trade of Russia in England, but all that must stop. Such commissions as this one are to be sent abroad until we discover what is wanted and how to send it, and then Russia will take care of her own trade."

Denmark sends four times as much butter to England as does Russia, but at least one-half of it comes from Russia to Denmark before being sent over here. It is our object to do away with the middlemen altogether."

FEEDING CORN FODDER.

My corn shocks are of average size and when husked are tied at the top with binder twine, writes Mr. W. F. Smith. When ready to house two men pull the bottoms together with a rope and tie with same twine. The shocks are rolled on a hay frame up a wide ladder which drags behind. This fall I shall try the silage wagon. I think two men can lift a shock upon such a wagon. These shocks are placed in the barn with a horse hay fork, and while still tied, they are lifted by hand with the same fork to the cutter platform, which is as high above the upper floor as I could make it. The cutter is run by a one-horse

level tread power on the ground, the room for the fodder, and all things to be cut, adjoins the one having the floor and the cutter platform, and is one story. The steel track for horse fork runs full length of this room and over the cutter platform. Beneath the blades of my cutter, which has a down stroke, is a cylinder which grinds, chews or masticates the fodder after it is cut. My stock eat it without waste. They are eating it now, and they are by no means starved to it. For bedding in stall, sty and coop it is superior. The heart of the whole matter is the masticator. It is not a splitter, a shredder, nor a slicer.

PLAN WELL.

In planning a home for yourself or your farm animals, let us suggest giving the matter most thought to convenience. Foresee the daily steps that must be taken and the extra time unnecessarily steps will require. Time is not only money on the farm as in the shop or behind the counter, but the saving of one's self is important. The cares of many a housewife are doubled by inconveniently planned homes, and many a man wastes valuable time in feeding and caring for his stock because of inconveniently planned barns, sheds and yards. Home is like a book, whose pages are made up of the days of our lives. When the volume is completed it tells the story of our life work—whether our daily plans have made it a failure, a partial or complete success.

GLASS IN POULTRY HOUSES.

Scientific men claim that glass in poultry houses makes them warmer in winter both by night and day. The theory they advance is that the light waves are so short that they will pass into the house through the glass, but are there changed into heat waves which are too long to again escape through the glass. They say that thus it is easier for the heat to get into the house than to get out of it again. This being true it is advisable to give the poultry houses an abundance of light.

A FEW STATISTICS.

There was a grim-looking, middle-aged woman sitting by herself in the railway waiting-room the other day, when a man with a pencil and note-book in hand sat down beside her and quietly observed:—

"Madam, I am gathering statistics and I trust you will cheerfully answer a few questions."

The woman looked at him doubtfully and somewhat indignantly, and closed her lips more than firmly.

"It is asserted," continued the man, as he moistened his pencil with his tongue, "that the crime of wife-beating is on the increase. You are a woman?"

"Yes, sir," she snapped. "And probably a wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. I'll not detain you long. Of course I shall not use your name in any information you may give me. My statistics will go to headquarters, and there be compiled under a general head. Each county will be taken by itself, and in this county I hope to show that wife-beating as a crime is scarcely known to the law."

"And what do you want of me?" she demanded.

"You are a wife, madam. You have a husband. Now, then, it is a delicate question to ask, but does that husband—does he—"

"Does he what, sir?"

"He may come home out of sorts with the world at large, madam."

"Yes."

"He may not have any family cat or dog to kick."

"No."

"And therefore, ma'am, he may vent his spite on you. He may, in brief, haul off—"

"And box my ears, do you mean?"

"That's it, ma'am—that's it. What I am after is statistics, you know. If he does this—"

"I'll just give you a few statistics," said the woman, as she rose up. "I've been married three times. The first two husbands never thought of laying their hands on me, but the last one boxed my ears three weeks ago."

"Ah! he did?"

"He did, sir, and the statistics show that he went out of a window head first, over a fence first, and that he didn't stop turning hand-springs and cartwheels and somersaults for a week."

"My dear madam, I—I—"

"Look at that, sir!" she continued, as she touched the end of his nose with her fist. "And I wear a No. 7 shoe, and if it's statistics you're after I'll give you—"

But he was gone, and she sat down and breathed hard, and looked red in the face, and said to the passengers around her:—

"If he'd waited about ten seconds longer I'd have given him statistics on how many men are annually crippled for life by tryin' to be smart."

"COPPERS, SIR."

A schoolmaster in a village school was giving the children a Bible lesson, the subject being the healing of the lame man, as recorded in Acts, Chapter III. After reading the verse containing Peter's assertion, "Silver and gold have I none, etc.," the master asked, with the idea of finding out if the children were grasping the reason of the healing; "Now, what had Peter got, then?"

A number of hands went up, and on being pointed to a bright-eyed girl of seven answered quickly: "Coppers, sir."

MADE FORTUNES BY DEEDS

PLUCK MORE PROFITABLE THAN HARD WORK.

How a Boy Obtained His Aunt's Good Will and Fortune.—A Plucky Deed.

Mrs. Ernest Williams, a wealthy Yorkshire widow, could not bear the sight of her nephew, a boy named Francis Livingstone. The reason was that, as he grew from childhood, his features became exactly like those of his father, Mrs. Williams' brother-in-law, a man who had brought disgrace and ruin on his wife and family. The boy, who was a quiet, hard-working, clever youth, was miserable at his

AUNT'S EVIDENT DISLIKE.

At last, at the age of sixteen, he discovered the reason. He thought over it for some time, and then made up his mind to a desperate step. Instead of coming home as usual from school at the end of the summer term of 1898, he wrote to his aunt, asking that he might be allowed to go abroad for a time to study German. She gave her permission promptly, and sent him money to do so.

Mrs. Williams did not see her nephew again until Christmas, and then she got the greatest shock of her life. She did not recognize him until he spoke. Eyes, nose, jaw—all his features were changed. All the unfortunate likeness to his father had disappeared. Then he told her that he had induced a German surgeon to operate on his face. The muscles controlling the eyelids had been cut a little, so that his eyes opened more widely; his upper-lip had been shortened by cutting a piece from the jaw; and his nose and ears and chin altered in shape by

TIGHTLY-FITTING FRAMES.

When his aunt died a year ago she left all she possessed to her 'dearly beloved nephew Francis Livingstone.'

Mr. John Magee, once British vice-consul at San Jose, in Guatemala, reaped an immense fortune by a plucky deed. During a revolution twenty-five years ago the commandant sent Mr. Magee a rude message to appear before him. Magee kicked the messenger off the veranda. The dictator thereupon sent and had the British representative dragged before him, and ordered him to apologize for not coming before. Magee faced the roomful of armed men with quiet dignity, and told them in plain terms what would happen if they did not apologize for their insult to Britain. Whereupon the commandant triced him up and gave him 50 lashes. Magee took his punishment without wincing, though he fainted at the end.

Needless to say, Britain put her foot down very abruptly. One thousand dollars a lash was the price exacted, and so scared was Barrios, the President, that he gave the consul the privilege of building a pier and collecting tolls. When Mr. Magee died a year ago his estate was valued at a million.

"KING OF VALOUR"

is the name Madrid has given to Tancredo Lopez. Apprentice to a shoemaker four years ago, he is now getting \$200 apiece for five bull fights a week, which makes his yearly income a trifle over \$50,000. Dressed in white, he stands in the centre of the arena, while the savage black Andalusian bull charges furiously at him with lowered horns. Everybody expects to see him hurled, a mangled corpse, into the air. Instead, the bull invariably turns off, and passes him. It is said that he does not know what fear is, and that this property gives him his extraordinary power over even the bravest beast that lives.

George Bristow, the platinum millionaire, who died a few months ago in Paris, started out in 1873 with a prospecting party of four men across the Mojave Desert to look for gold. The heat was fearful, dust-storms constant, water scarce. There was no sign of precious metal, and all but Bristow

BECAME DISCOURAGED.

One day they came to a terrific gorge, running north and south as far as the eye could see. There was no way of crossing it. Bristow's companions insisted on turning back. Bristow was left alone, with very little food, on the edge of the chasm. He set to work to find a place where descent was possible. A day of hard walking, and at nightfall he came to a break in the wall. After a climb down two thousand feet of almost sheer precipice, he reached the stream which ran at the bottom. There he camped. Next day he found the lode of gold and platinum which has since made his name famous.

When he attempted to reascend the gorge walls, he found the task impossible. He was forced to travel down the river to its mouth. His adventures were endless. Forced to swim rapids, battered on rocks, living on mosses and crayfish, he never despaired, and arrived safely, three weeks later, at Merritt, at the mouth of the stream. Bristow's estate was valued at his death at \$13,500,000.

Mrs. De Plain—"My husband never leaves me for an hour without kissing me." Neighborly Callee—"I can readily believe it. Everybody says your husband is the most considerate, unselfish, self-sacrificing man in the world."