THE FOUR SUNBEAMS.

oved he t. away from the dim darkened room.

Cos at is to the heart of a flower that was and. And loved and caressed her until she was gind. And litted her write face again; For love brims come ant to the lowliest lot. And find. something sweet in the dreariest ad lightens all labor and pain.

And one where a little blind girl sat alone Not sharing the mirth of her playfel ows, shone On hands that were folded and rate, And blased the poor eyes that had never known ever would gaze on the heautiful light

At last, when the shalows of evening were fall-And the sun, their great father, his children

pleasure there, we fill to the fu'll our own measure." on softly they sank to their rest.

THE HEROIC COWARD.

Jim was a coward. He had always been a coward. In youngest toddling childhood he had been van uished. after languid, hostile demonst ation on his part, by a sitting hen. At school he fulfilled to the letter any act of humiliation his fellows proposed, even standing up to be knocked down by ten of his classmates, who threatened, with a keen sense of irony peculiar to boyhord, to "lick" him if he retused. A passing thunderstorm threw him into a shaking palsy of terror, and the sight of deep water caused a remarkable agitation of his knees. Yes, Jim was a coward, and his cousin, Molly Gaines, who



was the belle of the district, only laughed when Jim solemnly perpetrated his initial and only act of boasting. He had said: "To purtect yo' housh an' happ ness against every evil"-Jim's manner and speech, which was ordinarily unpolished and provincial, rose to the dignity of the casion—"I wuld give my wuthless life." She knew Jim had a ways been a coward, and it would be quite safe to predict he would always remain one if he lived. But Jim is dead, and the following is a brief and imperfect narration of the manner nch he elected to account for himself to the posterity of Dolby-

During the war Dolbyville, whose olitical importance consisted of a iding and two or three log shantles without special pretension to any architectural dissimilarity, was frequently passed and repassed by the troops of both armies. Jim was a native of Dollayville and lived with his father in one of the cottages. In another lived Molly Gaines with her mother. Jim's fathe was a patriotic southron of hot blood, and entere the list at first call; but Jim was timid, fearful of the smell of gunpowder, and refrained from active participation, preferring to suffer the approbrious epithet of "sneak." hich was liberally bestowed on him by the octogenarian postmaster of the next village, and the contempt of his fellow-man generally. Jim was not a philosopher and could not nlead in extenuation of his neutrality that the martial slaughter of his fellow was a crime that the artitrament of the sword was a survival of the most irrational of barbaric institutions, that the sacrifice of any human life was immoral. Jim was simply content with being a coward, accepting without speculation the obio uy which that condition in-Not even the taunts of Molly Gaines could rouse the insinct of battle in his s ul.

During the war Molly's mother was athered to her fathers, and was aried with the passing comment of the two remaining neighbors. Then deep voice in command. Jim toiled late and early at the few tle acres which afforded him and folly an unvaried livelihood of corn cake, awest potatoes and bacon; somesourcake and sweet potatoes bout the embellishment of broom, sicularly when a hungry foraging winchester, which was not his nged to Mollie's brother, who d also offered up his body on the bar of the cause and had left this as Mollie's safeguard against tie invasion of Yanks, woke

response to the woodland—Jim was response to bag a response to bag a response to the second to the second response to the second response

"Well, what did they say?" he seked, in his slow way, a ter waiting in vain for her to proceed. They said they was comin' back,"

he vouchsafed. "Who was they?" interrogated Jim, his face paling in apprehension of this threatened domicilary visit.

They was Mesby's men, I reckon," she replied. Our fellers, eh'" he said straightening up and leaning heavily on his

hoe handle. Come on back to the house, Molly. Don't be skeered. 1 reckon they wunt do nothin'."

Of the two it would have been manifest to the most casual eye that he was the more "skeered." but he sho lidered the hoe and accompanied his cousin to their shanty. which was distinguished from the others by a climbing rose running in scraggly luxuriance over the door.

There they come back now, the same fellers-five of 'em'" she cried. as they reach of the door. Jim's face lost its last trace of color, but he pulled her inside and shot the bolt. "What we going to do, Jim?" she

asked, retreating to the fireplace and fingering her apron nervousiy. Jim apparently did not hear. He was shaking cartridges into the cylinder of his Winchester, and muttering



to himself as in an act of incantation. "Hey, the e" came the words, accompanie" by a loud bounding on the door. 'Open up'"

For answer went the sharp crack of Jim's Winchester, which was follewed by a howl of pain, some ple-thoric curses, and sound of footsteps in rapid retreat. Jim went to the window, and raising the sash high enough to admit passage of his rifle barrel, again spoke with decisive leaden emphas s: and when the smoke cleared from before the pane beheld one of the retreating party of five stretched at length in the potato patch, while another limped panfull, in the rear of the surviving quartette. They became lost to view in the brush, and Jim waited. Presently from the rear of the house came the deep-throated summons:

"You cowardly sucker in there, come out and fight like a man: If you don't we'll burn the shanty, an' you an the wal with it. I've hear? Give you jest three minutes!"

There was no window or opening in the rear of the shanty; the logs were thick, and Jim could wurn no leaden death messenger to this challenge. He was in a trap. He sho k two more cart idges into his Winchester and looked at Molly.

"Oh, Jim, don't go." she pleaded, that were bent on her from beneath Jim's frowsy slouch hat, "I ain't ered to burn.

'To purtect yo' honah an' happiness against every evil I would give my wuthless life," came from Jim's blanched lips

She found no laughter in her soul now at these grotesquely sententious words, which broke in husky monotone on her hearing like a prayer.

"Well, what do you say in there,



"I SAID-I WOULD GIVE-MY-WUTHLES LIFE -AN' I DONE IT."

patient admonition through the logs of the shanty. Jim became sublime. His stature

grew Promethean. His head struck the stars. The moment of his appointed heroism had come.

'I'm comin' out," he called, shoving back the bolt. 'He's comin', boys. Fall back a little an' give him a show," said t e

"Jim, don't. Please, Jim!" she pleaded, catching his arm. He

brushed her off gently. "They're four to one," she urged. "Don't

"Bolt the door be ind me." he said slowly, as he passed out.
She cowered back in the room and ing for it to begin. and when it bet e hammer of his rice and turned the corner. Then four carbines barked with one voice, and Mollie feit a weight fall against the side wall of the house. Then came the sharp, clear utterance of a Win-chester, then again, again, still again. One carbins answered, then the hush of asture fell upon the afternoon and a thrush in the maple at the house door trilled out a fragment of song.

The frightened girl heard a feeble rapping at the door, and in the arof her anxiety, which moved her terror, she drew the best and flung it wide. we say the knees, which had ai-

right hand the trusty Winchester. Bleeding, shattered, he crawled to her feet like a faithful old dog. He raised to her again the grave inquiry of his gray eyes in which the light of a passing exaltation o his spirit triumphed over the shadow of the death which already darkened them, and his lips moved in the contortion of a smile that broke into a halting. articulate murmur:

"I said-that-to purtect yo' honah an' happiness against every evil-1 would give-my-wuthless life-an' I done it."

Thus Jim, in the crimson glory of "wuthless" life's blood, passed to the judgment reserved to him

from the beginning of things. The song bird shivered out hi sweet fragment of Heaven, the dead perfume of the climbing rose filled the oom, and the setting sun flooding through the narrow door wrapped the still tgure of Jim in the ri h splendor of a god. -Blue and Gray.

Men Have "Funny Ways" Too. The little peculiarities of women are a truitful topic with some masculine writers. They continually run int print with such questions as: Why does a woman always want to know if her hat is on stra ght? Why does she keep you waiting ten minutes after she's de lared she's ail ready? Why does she this, that and the other? Here's a counter blast from a woman writer in the New York Journal: When does a man always have lengthened and often profane interviews with his collar button? It looks like an inoffensive sort of an article to an outsider. Why does he rush through his dressing and throw everything all over the room, because he's in such a hurryhe 'knows he'll be late"-and then spend a good five minutes filling and ful with tools the capense need not lighting his pipe? Why does he be great. The ex erior of a connever put together and fold up a venient and cheap form of evaporanewspaper? Why when a pretty tor is shown in Fig. 1. This is large girl praises another man's "harm. enough to evaporate 100 bushels of ing manner," does he say the girl is raspberries every twenty four hours. handsome and popular young actors twenty-two feet long. The sides and are "sticks?" Why can be never, by roof may be simply boarded up and any possibility, find anything he is down, or finished as elaborately as sent to look for in closet or drawer? desired. Why is his neadache or toothache so much worse than anybody else's ever

Cost of Civilizing Africa. of which so much has been said, is evidently going to be carried out amid a constant sputter of little wars. Even the reaceful partitioners are falling foul of each other by accident, for want of frontie s marked as clearly on the surface of the continent as they are upon the maps at home. The mistake French troops made in British territory on meeting the gray eyes full of gravity Christmas Eve. British police have, it is alleged, repeated on French soil. And the strong tribes already in possion are not going to be ousted or crushed without a struggle. On January 12, two days after a French column had calmly appropriated Timbuctoo, its commander and a detachment which had gone reconnoitering with him were simply wiped out by the Tuaregs. The serious disaster which Fodi Silah inflicted upon British troops on the Gambia on February 22 is another proof that, despite all treaties and international precautions, the slave trade me ins to die hard. Fifteen men killed and forty wounded, with the loss of artillery and the repulse of a gun-boat, make up a heavy bill for a single raid. Yet whatever it costs to wipe Africa clean of slavery, it is the amends civilization is bound to make. That Morocco has at last yielded to the ultimatum of the Spanish court is accepted as a sign of the close of the Melilla difficulty. The flames of religious war are happily not to be

at the same time not cing his own

funny ways?

rekindled there. - Review of Reviews. Feminine Measurement.

Ten thousand women having been measured by scientific authority, it is discovered that English women a e the tallest, the Americans next, and the French last. American women, however, had the greatest weight, which will surprise a good many, while the English came second, and the French again last. The savants who made inquiry into these delicate matters did not regard the age of the ladies, nor did they measre their waists. Singularly enough, Amer cans are said to have the largest waists and the parrowest chests, while women of the Latin races have precisely the reverse. The Viennese ladies and women of the lower classes are pro erbial "facers," but the pulling of the corset string does not seem to impair their health, or in any way affect their appearance, beyond givcovered her face with her hands, wait- ing them figures renowned it song and story. A superb pair of sh ul-ders, the deep-bosomed beauty of the peasant girl and a tapering waist associated with youth and refinement are characteristics or the women of European centers. It will be conce ed by statistics that these women live quite as long as Ame ican women, whose average shape represents no such specific charm of outline -

All ivery ernaments can, be whit-ened if cerefully brushed with snap and water, rinsed in ptain water, al-lowed to drain a little, and then placed, for as long a time as re uired, in the can and air. The sun has a possillar bleaching property with re-

REALBURALREADING

WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DE PARTMENT.

Method of Constructing a Special Buildin ; in Which to Evaporate Fruit A Po-tate Planter That Can Be Made for 81-Cart for Blops.

A Home-Made Fruit Evaporater The process of evaporation is the cheapest known method of preserving indefinitely, for luture use or fo market, such fruits as raspberries, blackberries, cherries, apricots, piums, or apples, says the Orange Judd Farmer. In a season of plenty, it enables one to preserve in a condensed and readily available form, fruit which would otherwise be sold at a low price, or allowed to decay. Some excellent forms of evaporators are upon the market, and may be obtained ready to set up for immediate use However, when several acres of berries are to be evaporated, or fruit is evaporated for other parties, it is test to put up a building especially



PIO. 1 .-- EXTENIOR VIEW OF EVAPORATOR for the purpose, and to a person skillsoft?" Why does he declare that The building is eight feet wide and

If possible, locate the fruit drying house upon a sidehill. Build the was? Why is it always his liver that foundation wall at the end farthest does not work, instead of the Welsh from the hill nearly five feet high. rarebit and mince pie that have Make the side walls two feet thick worked? Why will he go out after a which will give the enclosure a diamrain without overshoes and then eter of four feet. For a building of preach about the vanity of women? this size a common box cast-iron Why does it rain too hard to go to stove, one foot square and two and church, but not to hard to go to a a half feet long will, with dry wood dinner or theater or club on any suc- for fuel. furnish all the heat necesceeding stormy day? Why does he sary, but it requires almost constant suppose, when he notes women's attention, and the heat will not be "funny ways," that women are not unifor.s. Hence, if possible, put in one of the low-down, anthracite coal base-burners.

An inte lor view of the evaporator The pea eful p rtition of Africa, is given in Fig. . The evaporator chutes are built directly over the furnace room, and their size should correspond to the size of the sie es or trays, the largest of which are four feet square. When these a e uniformly covered with a bushel of berries each, it requires considerable strength to bandle them quickly, as the little drop doors should not remain open longer than is absolutely necessary, lest too much heat escape. The drop doors, n, are five inches wide, and each space will admit two are hinged is one and a half inches

> Two chutes are shown in the sketch. Often three are erected side The wire for a four-foot by side. square sieve of the best galvanized



material, costs about 75 cents. comes in rolls of different widths. A long box about one foot deep will prove convenient to throw the evaporated fruit into direct from the eled into hags, boxes, or other receptacles This room should be well lighted, and racks may be placed along the walls for holding picking trays, baskets and other things when in use

Homemade Petato Planter

J. N. Frye in the Ohio Farmer describes a potato planter which is very simple, and yet does its work completely. It consists of a frame supported on machine wheels, which can be bought for price of old iron. Wheels with a r m of cogs are pre-

The shoe is made of quarter-inch steel, eight inches wide at heel and tapering off narrower, and is cut or bent something the shape of a corn planter shoe or boe. The rear should be spread apart (the two being first



NOMENADE POTATO PLANTED

potato to pass through to the ground. This shoe is supported by four braces riveted to the shoe and bolted on opte sides of the frame, thus allow

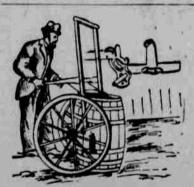
The driver sits on the box, should hold at least one bashel. The box is raised above the axle, thus allowing room for the driver's feet, and makes it easier dropping. The marker is ad ustah, and can be changed to either side without get-

ting off. The plan for getting the potatoes the proper distance apart is quite simple also. A short piece of fence wire with a ring bent on each end is bent down over the rim of the cogwheel: a bolt is placed through the rings and between two cogs, then the p put on tight. The number of ilts needed will depend upon the tance apart that you wish to Lant. Now fasten a spring on the frame so that it will touch these bolts, and the dropper is told just when to drop Anyone who can handle tools fairly well can build

The Importance of Thinning Crops.

I am satisfied that but lew farmers now the importance of thinning. They seem to think nothing needs thinning but corn. One bought some aspherries of me and said: "Come look at my vines and tell me what is the matter with them; they are a good kind but won't bear." Ilooked and saw at once I said: "How many stalks have you in each hill?"
He laughed and said about forty. I "What is the use of carrying your brains around with you if you don't use them?" There are ten strawberry plants whe e there should be one as a rule. One good, thrifty, well-formed blackberry or raspberry stalk is worth a dozen over-crowded, thriftless, limbless ones. I once planted a big potato whole to get big potatoes, and got a big hill rull of little potatoes. It would have been all the same if I had planted a big ear of corn whole in a hill and expected big corn. Potatoes should be thinned to one or two eyes before planting. Few farmers do it. To thin my crop as I ought has taken more perve than anything I have undertaken on the farm. - W. I. Anderson in Farm and Home.

Some time ago a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker told about his barrel on wheels, which he used for carrying swill and slops from the kitchen door. As a barrel cart aftords a universally needed conven-



CART FOR CARRYING SLOPS.

ience, the journal mentioned gave an illustrated description of an arrangen ent made in the West:

As will be seen, the books can be placed on any barrel. All the operator has to do is to back up his wheels ventence in hauling heavy barrels.

The Boy on the Farm.

If you don't know how to keep the boy on the farm, try the plan of giving him an interest in the business. If he doesn't like the hard work and drudgery of general farming, make for him a specialty. Give him a fair, honest chan e. Buy a do en strawberry plants of the best varieties, as Buback, Leader, Swindle, and others, have the boy make a rich bed, set the plants, cultivate between the rows, keep the runners off the first year, pick the fruit and market it You will be surprised at his awakened interest in the farm if there is any fa mer in him. It this plan is impracticable, give him a chance at the poultry business by buying a half-dozen pullets, and a cockerel of one of our advertisers. See that the son builds suitable poultry quarters that may be easily enlarged as his interest increases. The joultry industry is the equal of any branch of spec alty farming; you sieves, from which it is readily shov- cannot afford to sneer at it. - If the son's interest warrants it, send him to the agricultural college of your State. You will have then started him on the right road. If there is the intorn farmer in him he will there see and learn enough to whet his appetite with a desire to know all there is to be khown cencerning farming. You will then have done your whole duty. If the son doesn't like farming under such conditions it is hardly likely his interest can be aroused in other ways and he should be al-

lowed to work out his own salvation.

HALF a teaspoonful of sugar scattered over a d ing fire is better than kerosene, and has no element of dan-

THERE IS no reason why every farmer should not keep bees. Honey costs nothing, and is a valuable proouct, considering the price it usually brings in comparison with the small expense incurred in its production.

A DAIRY writer says you had better begin dair, ing with two cows and a strong desire to thoroughly learn the business than with ten cows and a confident feeling that you can suc-

An apple grower thinks that in etting an orchard we should get uch apples as are best suited to our oil and climate, and are in demand a the markete, and not fill our rehards with only such as suit our THE PANTHEON AT PARIS,

The Pantheon, or Republican Valhalla, as it has been called, where President Carnot's remains we e laid sunday, stands on St. Genevieve's Mount, in the Latin quarter, the highest point in Paris, with the exception, perhaps, of the hill of Monamartre. The first building Monemartre. The first building that occupied this mount was a church, built by order of Clovis, the first of the Merovingian Kings, and dedicated to St Peter an ISt Paul A religous community being afterward attached thereto, it became a celebrated abbey, where St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, was buried in 512. The present edince, which is a reproduction of the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, was this dropper. It will cost not to ex-ceed \$2. Charlest by the great Architect Southot. The first stone was laid, at the suggestion of Mme. de Pompadour, by Louis XV on September 6, 1764. The cost of the outlding was defrayed by a lottery. During the revolution the church was secularized and devoted to the same purpose as at present. It was afterward re-Genevieve, but on May 24, 1885, it was again secularized and placed, as a national monument, under the control of the minister of fine arts. The plan of the building is a

Greek cross. The portico, to which a flight of 11 steps, occupying the whole breadth, gives access, presents a front of six outer fluted Corinthian columns, 60 feet in hight. These, with 16 internal column-, support a triangular pediment 129 feet in breadth and 22 in hight

On entering the splendid building the visitor is irresistibly impelled to take off his hat, for, despite the absence of the altar, and even of seats the place seems to retain something of its whilem oder of sanctity. Attention is speedily attracted from the imposing proportions of the building to the frescoes, which are some of the finest examples of modern art in the world. All the figures in these frescoes are life-size. Equally interesting are the vaults, which extend under the building in an immense series. In the center are two concentric circular passages, which thunder a triple echo to the slightest

sound. During the Commune in 1871 the Pantheon and all the quarter were within an ace of being blown up. The Place du Pantheon, on account of its elevated situation, was occupied by the Communists and transformed into the most formidable stronghold on the left bank of the Seine. Numerous barricades were constructed in the Eue Sou, ot and all the other streets leading up to the Luilding. These thoroughfares were torn up and the paving and cobblestones utilized for the construction of the obstacles, which were further strengthened by the iron railings which surrounded the church beams, carts, and everywhere else that the

insurgents could lay hands upon. Desperate men took possession of the surrounding houses, and camped and held high tevel in the Pantheon, in the convenient vaults of which tons of gunpowder were stored. It was resolved to sell the position dearly, and, if the worst came to the orst to fire the stock blow themselves and their assailants to kingdom come, or to whatever other place they happened to be carried by the force of the explosion. But one fine night the red legs scaled the badly guarden fortifications and spread over the city with such rapidity that the best-laid plans of the Communists were frustrated and the Pantheon, with other splendid monuments-notably the Louvre Museum, with its p iceless contentswhich it had been their intention to destroy, was happly saved.

Monotony of Aspect.

Many of the Chinese villages are constructed of mud, though a good quality of brick may be had for those who can afford it. The houses have no outside windows and but one opening, which is the door. The openings for light are upon inner courts or back yards, and are without glass. The eaves are made to project, so as to keep out the rain, an i in doing so. exclude much light as well. Blinds made of slats are sometimes used, and thin, light paper pasted over the slats serves to keep out some of the cold air and let in a little light. The houses are invariably one story high, and at the bottom of this custom is a superstition that high hous s would interfere with the spirits of the air bringing disaster upon the house or village. A Chinese village has nothing in common with those of this country; there are no gardens or lawns: the houses are compact, huddled together, and present from a distance the aspect of a mere dead wall. One peculiar aspect of Chinese cities and villages is the absence of all steepies, spiles or pinnacles of any kind. While Mohammedau countries have the mosque, with its nashing domes and graceful minarets. and European and American centres of population are marked by lofty towers and spires. China is almost absolutely without any of those striking ar hitectural points. The result is great monotony and duliness of as-

Six Attempts on the Queen's Life. Not less than six attempts have been made on the life of Queen Victoria. On May 30, 1842, by John Francis; on May 29, 1850, by Robert Pate; on May 1s, 1849, by Hamilton; evidently a dangerous month for the Queen. Earlier in her reign, June 10, 1240, by Edward Oxford: on July 2, 1842, by Bean; and later, on Februnry 29, 1872, by Arthur C'Lon