

LOVES THE HERO

Or, The Man with an Ideal. Written for This Paper.

BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.

CHAPTER I.
Marius Dulac had started out in life with an ideal. He was determined not to let the world force its ways upon him, as a valuable salesman force.

He was determined to think and act for himself, and not make choice until he had found what he was looking for. Especially was this true in matters of sentiment. He observed one's fate. There should be no fate powerful enough to coerce him. He knew exactly what he wanted. He had built his niche, and no matter how beautiful it might be the result of a handi-craft, no statue should be set within it unless it came up fully and completely to his ideal.

In his school days Dulac had wasted much valuable time writing poetry, when he should have been attending to his duties. His consequence was he had failed of promotion, and while every one expected to see him graduate at the head of his class and be assigned to the engineer corps, he merely managed to scrape through and get a second lieutenant in the infantry. He was a queer combination, this Dulac; although he was a young fellow of undoubted talent, he didn't seem to fit in any of the professions. He was too sentimental to be a soldier, too impracticable for civil life and without genius enough to make a first-class poet, although he insisted upon writing sonnets, and when not so engaged passed his time raising silkworms, utilizing his dexterity in the milberry leaves. It was hard to tell how such an odd mixture of sense and sensibility would turn out. The beginning was not over promising, for scarcely had Dulac donned his school straps, when he had made his theories. He had theories on everything concerning the probability of chances—he lost several thousand francs at card playing, and for a few days it was either pay up or beg. He went to a college, where he had theories on everything concerning the probability of chances—he lost several thousand francs at card playing, and for a few days it was either pay up or beg.

Marius followed the young girl with his eyes. Why should he give her a second thought? She was not his ideal. She was not the heavenly creature he had been searching for for so many years. She was too tall, too robust, too broad-shouldered, too red-checked. She set her feet on the ground like a self-reliant Minerva, rather than a timid, trembling Psyche, startled at the rustle of a leaf, or affrighted by the cry of a bird.

soldiers of his regiment—for, by the rules of honorable warfare, the German officer might have shot him down in his tracks—should attract considerable attention among the like-colored customers at St. Germain. On the promenade Marius saw many a sweet face turned upon him, and he felt the mysterious dynamic force of lustrous orbs of all colors fixed upon him, but he was too weak, too sick, too much out of life, to do anything more than merely note these sympathizing glances as one might note the motions of the surgeon's skilled hands as he dresses a wound that may be your last. But one day Marius thought he noticed a glance that went deeper into his soul than these ordinary ones. The eyes were large, dark and grandly lustrous, and the face which they illumined was framed by a striking abundance of brown hair. Her arm was thrust into that of a gentleman well along in years, whose luxuriant snow-white hair and calm, peaceful face made him quite as picturesque a figure as the young girl. In fact, they were a strangely beautiful couple, a picture of youth and old age, such as no human canvas ever held. Seated on a bench, Marius followed the young girl with his eyes for



MARIUS FOLLOWED THE YOUNG GIRL WITH HIS EYES.

a moment and then looked another way. He had forgotten her by the time he had reached his lodging.

CHAPTER II.
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But, although unwilling to admit it, Marius felt that the next look which that young girl gave him on the day following went still deeper than the first. He was troubled. He thought of returning to his regiment. How could he while still so weak, so helpless, No, he must face his arch-enemy, Fate! Escape was impossible, and on the third day he was presented to M. Daniel Daveluy and his daughter Claire, and the look of those two wonderful eyes went like a bolt of lightning through his mind. "Can it be possible," he asked himself, "that this fair child, so young, and, apparently, so guileless, is really trying her powers upon me? Oh, horrible, horrible!"

M. Daveluy, a man about 65, was a rich manufacturer and inhabited a neighboring villa with his only child, Mlle. Claire, and, so far as the world knew, he was a widower. From the moment of introduction M. Daveluy had manifested a particular graciousness toward the interesting invalid. The old gentleman was fond of society, liked to see his salon crowded, and above all he took the keenest pleasure in giving his guests the best of everything. He was exquisitely ordered entertainments, and the wines served at them were of the finest growths. To the close observer there might have been apparent at times a slight suggestion of the conceit which his wife was, but it was very slight, and, take him all in all, he was a man of big heart and fine feeling. It was evident that he had conceived a real friendship for Marius, for invitation followed invitation for short intervals, and it was not long before Capt. Dulac began to feel quite at home in this quiet and refined interior, the walls of which were hung with so many genuine masterpieces of art, and whose artistic value was added by a nameless charm very comforting and soothing to the tired body and gloomy mind of Marius Dulac, who was really too ill to halt and question himself as to whether he should yield to the delightful fascination, or draw back to fit and continue to divide up his time as equally as possible among the different salons at St. Germain.

radiant, so full of resources, that at times Marius was almost ready to admit that she was beautiful. But not how could she be with that high color, that large mouth and its sensitive lips trembling with emotions as many as many minutes? True, Marius could not deny that her look was kindness, frankness, fidelity itself, and that at times there was a glittering gleam of that confidence that he had never seen in his ideal. As his strength came back to him, he found himself taking more and more pleasure in the society of this young girl, so unlike those he had met in garrison towns, so good and so natural, never giving up to poisoning, and having, as she claimed to have, a real love for the country, for nature, for outdoor life. The particular charm about her was that she thought, talked, and acted like a young girl brought up by a man for such was the case, and Marius from the start was delighted with the discovery that she had more of the "good fellow," used in his poetic sense, about her than that she had ever met. To become very dangerous to a man's peace of mind, particularly when that charm has a pair of very fine eyes and a head of hair—well, a head of hair that is so strikingly beautiful.

But, when cross-examined in the most relentless style, Marius was unable to detect the slightest trace of love in his feelings for Mlle. Daveluy. Imagine, then, the captain's surprise one day when an old lady, a friend of the family—a match-maker, as most old ladies are apt to be—gave him delicately and discreetly to understand that he had not been so successful with Mlle. Claire, and that, if he wanted to marry her, he had only to say the word.

"Captain," said the old lady, tapping his arm with her fan, with a bit of reproach, "you would do well to hold 'my dear Captain, think it over carefully. It's one chance in a million, my dear boy. Ah, you rogue, you military men are simply irresistible! And you know it!"

Marius Dulac was not, it must be confessed, an altogether undisciplined party. He was a Captain in the French army, as brave as he was handsome, with a cross of the Legion of Honor on his breast and some little income outside of his salary. But what matter all that, if you would not be able to reach the handsome sum of half a million francs, and would she not, on the death of her father, inherit four millions in addition, all earned in honorable industry by Daniel Daveluy, the owner of the famous iron works under the empire?

That evening, when Marius had closed his room door behind him and thrust himself in an easy chair, his first impulse was to reach out and lay his hand on the forehead of the young wife and a large fortune—brought so unexpectedly within his reach by that—that demon, fate, for such that mysterious thing, creature or spirit, whatever it might be, called by the name of chance, always destined to come to him to be. He detected it, whatever it was, and it seemed to him so cowardly to surrender to this invisible demon the moment it appeared. He hesitated, and his hesitation extended over several days. He would not bring himself to marry a girl in this cold-blooded, cut and dried way? How could he contract such a union, so lacking in sentiment, so devoid of romance, so commercial, so like the cutting of a string of beads, when every one pairs off with some one and the curtain is rung down, just as if they were choosing partners for a dance? The man with the ideal was not a whit nearer his goal than before. Where were his dreams of a celestial fate? Where were his beautiful theories of love for love and soul for soul? Like an honest fellow that he was, he was forced to admit that, no matter how deep he sent the plummet, he could find no bottom for Claire but a kindly feeling of friendship. He did not love her; how could he? She did not even approach his ideal. She was the very opposite.

But, after all, would he be justified in letting slip this chance of his life in bartering his happiness for an idea, a whim, a mere fancy? What right had he to look upon his dreams as anything but a pipe-dream? What right had he to refuse to believe that the world contained the woman he was looking for? Would it not be ridiculous, yes, preposterous, for him to sit and grow old waiting for the lightning to strike him?

There was another consideration, too. Marius was a soldier, and his future had little promise in it, for it was safe to predict that there would be no more war for many a year. Poor Dulac had had his luck—war, when, rapid in prison life was about to commence again for Dulac—surely which was particularly distasteful to him, with its officers' messes, its cheap chop-house sauces, with the cafe with its long short intervals, and it was not long before Capt. Dulac began to feel quite at home in this quiet and refined interior, the walls of which were hung with so many genuine masterpieces of art, and whose artistic value was added by a nameless charm very comforting and soothing to the tired body and gloomy mind of Marius Dulac, who was really too ill to halt and question himself as to whether he should yield to the delightful fascination, or draw back to fit and continue to divide up his time as equally as possible among the different salons at St. Germain.

ing would make me happier than to see you become Claire's husband, for I'm confident that we should get on well together. But, first of all, before even speaking of my demand, for my daughter's hand, I must trust you with a secret, I am not a widower. For fifteen years I've lived apart from my wife, but there has been no decree of separation. In the first place, I have a son, and I have a daughter. My wife's course must have been of the most reprehensible when I tell you that she has made absolutely no claim to direct or supervise the education of our child. But I, my dear Marius, I, too, committed a terrible mistake. The first fault was mine. It was to marry, when I was more than 40 years of age, a young girl, a mere child of aristocratic parentage, and whom my own culture, my own refined manners—

Marius made a gesture of dissent. "Nay, my dear boy, don't interrupt me," said Daveluy. "I know whereof I speak. In those days I had not even seen you. I had not even met with the world. Adele's every instinct, her every impulse, must have been ruffled by the ruder fiber of my nature. Well, it is all over now. Mme. Daveluy, who must now be at least about 30, is now, my dear Marius, in Lyons, her native city, and she keeps up a regular correspondence with Claire, and during the two months in spring, which she passes in Paris, she sees her child every two or three days. She loves Claire tenderly, I feel that, and whatever I may have to reproach her with, I must admit her goodness of heart. Therefore, my dear Marius, I've resolved not to give Claire in marriage without her mother's consent, and now that you are in a position to act under standingly, take a few days to think the matter over. It's possible that what you have just heard may lead you to modify your intentions, but you yourself are the best judge of that. I will write to Mme. Daveluy notified to come to Paris. You may have an interview with her, and if she is satisfied with you, as I am sure she will, the marriage may take place at once."

Marius was deeply touched by this rugged honesty, this bit of fine feeling. It gave him an opportunity not only to think the thing over, but also to write to Lyons, where he had a trustworthy friend living. Full particulars were soon forthcoming. For ten years Mme. Daveluy had lived a life of the most perfect seclusion, although she was still a very handsome woman, and had by her irreproachable conduct made the world forget the sole but terrible mistake of her youth. When scarcely 16, she had been given in marriage to Daniel Daveluy, by a mercenary mother, and after eighteen months of strife and bickering she had eloped with a young music teacher and composer, and gone to live in Florence, where, five years later, the man had died of consumption. Thereupon, she



"THE FIRST FAULT WAS MINE."

had returned to Lyons and taken up her abode with an old aunt, and so absolutely unassailable had been her new life that even the most malicious tongues had gradually ceased to wag against her.

After learning all these facts, Marius Daveluy never just it would be on his part to visit upon Claire's head the consequences of her mother's crime, especially as this scandal was now so old as to have passed people's minds. Accordingly, he informed M. Daveluy and he had soon no reason why he should relinquish his demand for Claire's hand, and a few days later he was notified that Mme. Daveluy had renounced Paris, where, in a house belonging to one of the sisterhoods, she would be glad to meet him.

It was one of those rare September days that Marius arrived in Paris—a day with an atmosphere so calm, so pure and so balmy, as hang over one's head like an amber-colored canopy, the walked forth to meet the guest which Mme. Daveluy was stopping. Strange to say, all thoughts of his marriage with Claire faded from his mind as he sauntered along. An almost mysterious calm took possession of his soul. He was no longer battling with himself as to whether he ought or ought not to take this all important step. It seemed one of the most delightful moments of his life, and he gave himself up fully and heartily to the enjoyment of the delicious feeling of contentment which the glorious atmosphere poured into his very soul.

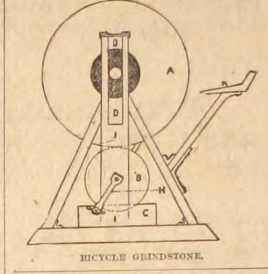
(TO BE CONTINUED.)
A Celestial Clock.
Mr. Wynn Molesworth has invented and constructed a very ingenious "celestial clock." The entire face of the clock rotates under a wire bar, representing the equatorial horizon, and is regulated to perform one revolution in twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, four seconds, this being the time in which the earth turns once upon its axis. The apparent annual motion of sun, moon, and planets in the opposite direction is effected by movable pins, while the north and south polar stars, that do not move, are set for the sun, revolve simultaneously with the rest by a separate movement. Thus may be seen the entire heavens, with sun, moon, planets, and constellations in their actual places, ever rising and setting, as they rise and set in the heavens.—Fall Mail Budget.
Don't Cut Their Bangs.
Chinese women devote very little superfluous time to hair dressing. Their tresses are arranged once a month, and they sleep with their heads in boxes.

REAL RURAL READING

WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DEPARTMENT.

Grindstone That Does Away With the Small Boy—Good Farms and Good Farmers—Case of Food—Weevil in World's Fair Grain.

A Bicycle Grindstone.
The accompanying cut shows how a grindstone may be easily and cheaply set up on any farm and in a manner so as to dispense with the small boy as a motive power. Two solid triangular pieces of framework should be made, in each of which is a strong upright piece, 1 D with a grindstone rests. Between the triangles should be placed a pan C, to



BIKE GRINDSTONE.

hold water. A wheel B is hung between the grindstone A and the water pan C. The wheel should be of iron and the tire as wide as the stone and the pan kept filled with water so as to just touch the tire of the wheel. The wheel also has pedals, H, on the outside of the ar-angles so the grinder as he sits in the old mowing machine seat, K, which is fastened to the triangle, turns the small wheel by means of the pedals. The small wheel is kept wet enough to moisten the grindstone just about as much as is needed. The grindstone rests wholly upon the wheel and as its axis is kept within the slotted upright, it can move freely and easily. As the wheel wears away it gradually drops in the slot.—Farm and Home.

The Care of Food.

It is a very common practice to put away food that comes from the store in the brown paper in which the dealer wraps it. While this may be convenient, it certainly is open to serious objection on the score of health and cleanliness. Most of the cheap papers are made from materials hardly up to the standard of the housekeeper's ideas of neatness, and, although a certain degree of heat is employed in their preparation, it is by no means sufficient to destroy all of the disease germs with which the raw material may be filled. When it is taken into consideration that waste paper of all sorts and those used for all purposes are gathered up and worked over into new paper to wrap our food in, it behoves the housewife who cares for the health of her family to see to it that articles of food remain in contact with such wrappings the very shortest possible time. It is not unusual to see meat, butter, cheese, and other extremely susceptible articles put away in the very cheapest, commonest brown paper, a practice which is usually discontinued for which as soon as a realizing sense of the objectionable material is borne in upon the mind. Immediately upon the receipt of soft groceries or fruits they should be put into earthenware dishes, and under no circumstances should they be allowed to remain in the papers in which they were delivered. It is useless to expect that a better class of paper will be employed, and so we may as well make up our minds to guard against trouble by shifting all articles of food to some dish that is absolutely free from contaminating elements.—New York Ledger.

Good Farms and Good Farmers.

The first essential of good farming is a good farm, says the American Agriculturist, and a good farmer is pretty certain to have a good farm. That close observation and sound practical judgment enable us to succeed in farming will require its possession to select a good farm. If a good farmer by any chance accident—inheriting for instance—comes into possession of an irreclaimably poor farm, he will not keep it long. He will not waste his energies in an attempt to make money from a poor farm. What kind of a farm would extremes: selecting neither a light sandy or gravelly soil, nor a stiff heavy clay. Especially would he avoid a cold wet, shallow soil with an impervious hard subsoil. A very light soil will not support large paying crops without too much delay for manures. A stiff clay soil is too much subjected to climatic conditions. When the season is just right, neither too wet nor too dry, it may be cultivated well and produce large crops, but in a very wet or very dry season it is pretty sure to baile all the efforts of the farmer, and result in failure. Draining such soils, both toward ameliorating soil, but even then there are too many days in the year when they are unutilized, and it is very difficult to a complete necessary work in the proper season for plant growth.

Shelf for Stock.

A very cheap and warm shelter may be made by setting posts firmly in the ground and covering with a roof of poles or logs. Over this lay a covering of straw or coarse hay. Cover this with a few poles or boards to hold the straw in position. Set what posts you want outside of the

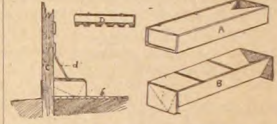
the first ones. Wire a few poles to each set, filling in the spaces with straw firmly crowded into position. By having a set at one side the result will be a warm room as can be made from boards and straw in a barn basement. For shedding rain properly, make one side three or four feet higher than the other, or make it level, putting a load of straw on top in the form of a pyramid to shed the rain. While this and other forms of temporary shelter are cheap and require no direct outlay for material, yet rather than follow up their construction year after year a permanent structure of wood should be erected. This should be built in a substantial manner, making the foundations solid, and nailing each piece firmly in position. The roof should not be less than a quarter pitch, and, if possible, obtain all boards a year in advance that they may become properly seasoned.

To Kill Hog Lice.

We hear a good deal about lice on poultry and ticks on sheep, but there is rarely any mention of the parasites on hogs. As such these animals are tormented equally with the others by little insects which feed on them freely. These parasites, which are doing their best to render our fattening ration of no avail, are easily destroyed by the ever-useful kerosene emulsion. When a dip in the mixture is not a practicable, a spraying machine can be used with good effect. The kerosene emulsion is made by boiling a pound of soap, hard or soft, in a gallon of boiling water. Then add to this two quarts of kerosene, and the lather of the soap will cause the oil to mix so that it will not again separate. Kerosene emulsion may be made with milk instead of with soapsuds, but the best place to apply milk to hogs is on the inside. For destroying vermin the soap lather emulsion with kerosene is quite as good, and perhaps better, as the soap helps to clean away any scurf from the skin.

Convenient Pig Trough.

When a pig comes to a trough for feed or slop he generally comes in a hurry, and is content with plunging his snout into it, but must thrust his forefeet into it also. If these are covered with mud and filth, as very often they are, this is mixed with the feed or slop, and certainly cannot



DEVICES FOR KEEPING FEED TROUGH CLEAN.

be very conducive to the health of the animal. It would be much better, if this should be prevented, and the animal compelled to keep his dirty feet out of his dish. It should be borne in mind that the pig's neck is short, and that he cannot reach very far, and, therefore, his trough must neither be high, wide, nor deep, and it should be so placed that the bottom is on a level with his feet. Some good forms of troughs are shown in the illustrations from the American Agriculturist.

A General Purpose Cow.

A good many farmers are coming to believe that there is a general purpose farm cow, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary. By a general purpose cow is meant, of course, one which is good for butter and milk, and which is sufficiently well bred to improve her good characteristics on her progeny. She may be of any one of several breeds, but it is a great mistake to suppose that she may be of no breed at all, for then she would not possess any ideal farm cow should have a large frame so that her male calves should be valuable heaves. She should be well pedigreed, so that the heifer calves would have a promise to become as good milkers and butter-makers as herself. She should be handled for dairy purposes for a number of years before she is put to produce, so as to prove her tendency toward a long period of milking. There are many farms upon which such a cow would prove of greater value than one handled especially for milk or butter.—Philadelphia Equiner.

Building Up a Flock.

On a farm one of the cheapest as well as one of the best ways of building up a flock of sheep is to select the ewes and breed to full blood ram of a good breed—one that is best adapted to your locality and industry. Keep selecting the best ewes, selecting a new ram every two years in order to infuse new blood. There is five times as much profit in mutton as in the fleece. A sheep may be fed for one-seventh of the food that an ox requires, and will make a growth of nearly three quarters of a pound a day for the first 25 weeks of its life, when it becomes excellent mutton. For 600 days a day. Such sheep will net 6 cents a pound at the farm, but such sheep, too, having a large carcass, will have a large fleece in proportion.

Yield of Potatoes.

The average yield of potatoes in this country is about fifty bushels per acre, yet in competitive trials as many as 900 bushels per acre have been grown, proportionately, on an experimental plot. This was done with careful and judicious use of fertilizers. It is true that it would be difficult for any farmer to produce 900 bushels on an acre of land, but the low average indicates that something better can be done with such a crop.