

HEROES AND HEROES.

We give unstinted praise to the man Who is brave enough to die; But the man who struggles unflinchingly Against the currents of destiny, And bears the storm of adversity, We pass unnoticed by.

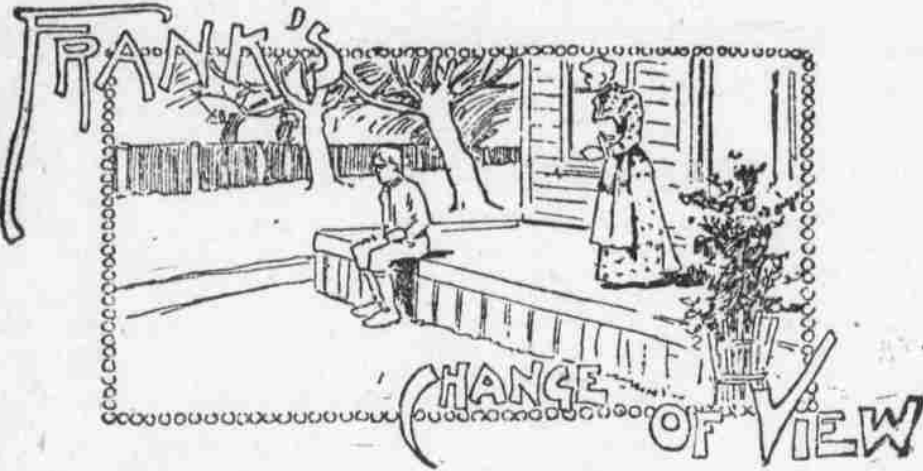
We've plaudits and tears for him who falls, Borne down in the shock of strife; But a word of cheer we neglect to say To him who plods on his dreary way And fights in silence from day to day The unseen battles of life.

There's courage, I grant, required to face Grim death on the gory field. There's also courage required to meet Life's gulf and sorrow; to brave defeat; To strive with evil and not retreat; To suffer and not to yield.

Some moments are there in every life When the spirit longs for rest; When the heart is filled with a bleak despair; When the weight of trouble, remorse and care Seems really greater than we can bear, And death were a welcome guest.

But we crush it down and we go our way To the duties that lie in wait. From day to day we renew the fight, To resist the wrong and to seek the right. To climb at last to the sun-crowned height And to triumph o'er time and fate.

And thus—for my heart goes out to them— My meed of praise I would give To those who struggle life's path along, The host of toil, who are patient, strong, The unrewarded, unnumbered throng, Who are brave enough to live. —Denver News.



“YOUR hair needs combing before you go to school,” said Mrs. Custer, as Frank was starting out of the door.

“Oh, it's good enough,” was the reply. “Who cares how a boy's hair looks?”

“But you care yourself?” “I'm not particular, that I know of,” and he was off the end of the porch before the mother could get in another word.

“Who cares?” he repeated as he ran on his way to school. “A boy doesn't want to be a milksop.” He did not define what he meant by the word milksop, but it was fair to presume that he intended to describe one who was careful of his personal appearance and did not allow his dirty hands or uncombed hair to worry him. In fact, Frank prided himself on being “manly”—in his way. He thought that it would make him so to talk loudly, to be boisterous and careless and to follow in the footsteps of certain men of the town who made a great deal of bluster in the course of their day's business dealings.

“Hello, Jim,” he called as he overtook a quiet and neat youth of his own age. “You seem to be mighty still to-day.”

“Nothing to yell about, that I know of.”

“Yell anyhow. There's a good right to yell.” Frank let loose a wild sort

world; of the influence of manliness and good nature; of the way he had started at the bottom round of the ladder and had risen to the top. Most of the boys listened with interest, Jim the most carefully of all. Frank was uneasy and eager to go out of the schoolhouse where the smaller boys were playing. He felt the impulses of spring, and though the day was raw and cold, disliked being inside the building.

He noticed that the stranger looked at him often, and that himself and Jim seemed to be the principal ones for whom the visitor was talking. Twice the interest taken in him made the boy straighten up, and then he relapsed into the old state of indifference.

When it was over the boys went home together.

“Awful old fogey,” suggested Frank. “I liked him,” put in Jim. “He told us a lot of things that ought to help us.”

“Maybe so, but what is the use of having him come here to show us how to act?”

Jim did not argue the matter, and Frank had forgotten it all, when that evening he was going downtown to spend a little time with the boys. As he passed Jim's home Jim's mother came to the door.

“Frank,” she called. “I wish you would take this overcoat to Jim. He went off without it, and as it is getting

“The president is going to put three boys in the general offices to become clerks and work their way up in the world. He wants to take two from this town, because he was born here, but I guess he will take only one—Jim.”

Frank had not heard anything about it and was surprised that such fortune was to come to his friend.

But another surprise was in store. A little farther down the street two men came alongside. In the dusk he could barely recognize them—his teacher and the president. The former called to him, though Frank was hurrying away: “James, see here.”

Frank halted a little, feeling ashamed of his false position, yet expecting that he would be recognized properly when they came nearer.

“The matter has been decided,” the professor went on, “and you may be prepared to go to the city on Monday. Mr. Harris has decided to take only you from this city. He liked one other boy in the class, but was afraid that he lacked neatness and attention.” Frank thought of his frousy hair and disrespectful attitude in the schoolroom that afternoon with keen regret.

“I like to see a boy clean and manly,” put in the stranger, “and you have proved yourself all right. No one can succeed at a railroad office who does not pay attention to these things. The time to commence is while you are young. You have done right to remember it.”

How Frank wanted to get away. At the first store he turned from his companions and entered. The men went on, and then he sought Jim.

“Here's your coat,” he said, handing over the big garment. “Your mother sent it to you. So you are going to the city?”

“Why, the teacher said something about it this afternoon. Maybe you will go, too. He talked as if there were to be two.”

“No, I shall not go—they don't want me”—and Frank swallowed a big lump in his throat.

“Where is the comb, mother?” asked Frank a few mornings after.

“Why do you want it? I thought you said it did not matter how a boy looked,” replied Mrs. Custer, with a smile.

“Well, I thought I'd clean up a little. It won't hurt, anyway,” replied Frank, shame-facedly. He disliked to admit that he had changed his views. He had learned one of the lessons of a boy's life. It was rather expensive for him, perhaps, but it would not be forgotten.—Charles M. Harger, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

The Age of Peacocks.

Writing of the age of peacocks, a correspondent of Country Life says in regard to a bird once owned by Lady Warwick: “It will not be forgotten, at least by our elder readers, that the late Lord Beaconsfield was as fond of peacocks as of primroses, and loved to see them showing off their gorgeous plumage under the beeches at Hugelenden. Once upon a time this identical bird belonged to the author of ‘Lothair,’ and it is more than thirty years since he was sent as a present to Lady Warwick's father-in-law. Quite an old bird, you say, and yet judged by the peacock standard he has not quite attained middle age yet. There is another at the castle that by comparison might be called the Ancient of Days. A very old servant of the family remembers in his youth this peacock as a mature bird and, what is stranger still, his father, who died a very old man, also remembered the peacock as having been a vigorous bird in his childhood. The age is thus established as being over a century, but by how much there are no authentic records to prove.”

Earl Li the Richest Man.

Li Hung Chang was called the richest man in the world. This assertion is easier made than proved, for nobody knows how rich he was. His fortune may certainly be counted by millions of dollars, but how many millions is purely conjectural. It is enough to say that he was very wealthy, and he accumulated nearly the whole of his fortune by taking advantage of his opportunities and making opportunities during his long service as Viceroy of Nanking and Pe-Chi-Li.

One way in which Li for many years made an enormous sum of money was to use thousands of soldiers in his own private enterprise without paying them a cent for their labor. In the course of time he purchased extensive estates in the rice growing regions, and raised more bushels of rice every year than the bonanza farmers of North Dakota used to raise of wheat. He got his labor for nothing, and his great crop of rice was almost clear profit. He simply turned his soldiers loose in the rice fields and they had to be content with the rations and the miserable pittance paid to them by the Government.—New York Tribune.

No Rush Expected.

It has been decided that all prisoners sentenced to the Missouri State Penitentiary must be vaccinated before admittance, but it is believed that the new ruling will have no effect upon the number of applicants. — Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

Telegraph Statistics.

France has a population of 38,517,975; 79,443 miles of line, 400,530 miles of wire; 12,560 officers; 70,269 employees; sends 42,490,048 messages per year; has 96 persons to each mile of wire; 0.01 mile of wire to each person. For Great Britain the corresponding figures are: 40,276,570; 43,507; 308,486; 10,816; 152,942; 90,087; 720; 130; 0.0076. For the United States the figures are: 75,997,637; 222,587; 1,118,086; 25,609; not reported; 79,696,227; 491; 0.0147. The United States has two-thirds as many miles of wire as all the principal countries of Europe and sends about 24 per cent of all the messages dispatched. Each person in the United States has 0.0147 miles of wire to use, while in thickly populated England he has 0.0076; Belgium, 0.0081; Denmark, 0.0041; France, 0.0104, and in Russia only 0.0014.

Populations in Cities.

In Rhode Island 81.2 per cent of the population in 1900 lived in cities or towns of 8,000 inhabitants or more, while this element also constitutes 76 per cent of the population in Massachusetts, 68.5 per cent in New York, 61.2 per cent in New Jersey and 53.2 per cent in Connecticut.

Even the red-headed man hates to get bald. So. 52.

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\$5 to \$10 DAILY handling National Automobile Window Cleaner; sells at night. Sayer-Carey Bldg. Co., Room 18, Hubbert Block, Cincinnati, O.

Mitchell's Eye Salve advertisement with eye illustration and price of 25c.

Home Study advertisement for Drake-Bridge School, Room 550, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Wanted at Once! advertisement for Columbia Business College, Columbia, S. C.

W. C. Holmes improved Farm Level advertisement for Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga.

Dropsy advertisement for McIlhenny's Tabasco, Gold Medal at Buffalo Exposition.

McIlhenny's Tabasco advertisement.

Piso's Cure for Consumption advertisement.

Winchester advertisement for “New Rival” Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.

Startling Facts advertisement for Dr. Boykin's Worm Killer.

\$2000.00 per day given away advertisement for R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



“HE TURNED FROM HIS COMPANIONS.”

of a whoop that echoed along the street.

“Don't do that—Mrs. Harper is very ill. It might disturb her.”

“She can't hear me—this is the public highway, anyway.” Another loud cry was given and Frank swaggered a little as though he thought he had done something smart.

That blustering day was a very long one for Frank. He fidgeted in his seat and the teacher had several times to reprove him. Finally it ended and he was about to leave the room, when there came from the teacher's desk a request that he remain a few minutes after the others had gone.

He found that he was not to stay alone. In the party of boys that remained was Jim.

“I want to have you meet the representative of one of the largest railroads in the nation,” said the teacher. “He is a friend of boys and is always glad to see and talk with them.”

A courtly stranger came into the room. He was visiting in the neighborhood and had asked to be allowed to have a talk with the older boys of the school. He talked to them of the seeds of the successful man in the

quite cold I am afraid he ought to have it.”

She brought out a wide-caped coat that, when Frank had thrown it over his shoulders, almost covered him from view. It was gray and had become known as the peculiar garment of the owner, being the only one in the town of the kind. Frank laughed as he enveloped himself in the ample folds and went whistling down the street.

“Good disguise, this,” he thought, and wondered if any one would take him for Jim.

A thin old horse was standing in the road nibbling at the just-appearing grass. Picking up a stick he threw it at the animal and shouted at the top of his voice. The horse went off at a pitiful hobbling gait to escape its tormentor.

“Strange that Jim Colson should do that,” he heard some one behind him say. In the gathering dusk it was not easy to determine who it was.

“Yes, he is such a gentleman,” came the reply. “I believe there is a great future for that boy.”

“He is to be one of the new railroad apprentices, I heard this afternoon.” “What is that?”