



### "DIED LIKE A DUPONT."

How a Young Millionaire Gave Up His Life in Attempting to Prevent a Catastrophe.

"The Dynamite Worker" is the subject of Cleveland Moffett's "Danger and Daring" article in a recent St. Nicholas. Incidentally he tells how a member of the great powder-making firm of Duponts went to a hero's death when duty called him:

Let me conclude with the mention of a remarkable family of explosive-makers, the Duponts, of Wilmington, who for generations now have had practically the monopoly of the powder-making business, including dynamite and nitroglycerin. In this enterprise a great fortune has accumulated, so that the Duponts of to-day are very rich men, far beyond any need of working in the mills themselves, and have been for years. Yet work in the mills they do—all of them practically—and direct in detail all of the processes of manufacture, and face continually, day by day, in their own persons the same terrible dangers that the humblest mixer faces in his tasks.

There has grown in their hearts through the century a great pride of courage, like that of an officer who leads his men into battle—a pride far stronger than any longing for pleasure. And they cannot, if they would, leave these slow, grinding mills, where any day a spark may bring catastrophe and make the whole land shudder.

There came a day, for instance—this was a long time ago—when a swift flame swept through one of the mixing rooms, nearly empty of powder at the time, yet so permeated with the stuff in floor and walls that the building was burning fiercely in a few seconds. No man can say what started it, although it was believed that a heavy box, slid along the wooden floor, brought a flash out of the dry timbers.

At any rate, the flash came, and the blaze followed on it so swiftly that the building was wrapped in fire before the men inside could reach the door, and they presently burst out blazing themselves, for their clothing was sifted through with explosive dust. Indeed, it is always true in fires at powder-mills that the workmen are a serious menace to the buildings by reason of their own inflammability.

So the next thing was a plunge into the placid Brandywine, which winds across the yards between willow-hung banks. In went the men; in went young Alexis Dupont; and with a little hiss their flaming garments were extinguished. Then, as they struck out into the stream, they looked back and saw that the wind was carrying a shower of sparks from the burning building to the roof of a cutting-mill near by, where tons of powder lay. For one of the sparks to reach the



### DUPONT WORKED DESPERATELY.

finest powder-train would mean the blowing up of this mill, and it might be, the blowing up of another and another by concussion. All this young Dupont realized in a single glance. Here would be an awful disaster presently, and many lives imperiled, unless those falling firebrands could somehow be kept off that roof. To know this was to act. Millionaire or not, peril or not, it was his plain duty as a Dupont to fight those sparks; and, without a moment's wavering, he turned back and scrambled up the bank.

"Come on, boys!" he cried. "Start the bucket line." And a moment later he was climbing to the roof of the threatened mill. And there he did all that a brave man can do; he stamped out the falling embers; he dashed water again and again upon the kindling fire as the men passed up full buckets; and for a time he seemed to conquer. But presently the fire flamed hotter, the sparks came faster, and the water came not fast enough. He saw—he must have seen—that the struggle was hopeless, that the mill beneath him was doomed, that the explosion must come soon. They called on him to save himself. He shouted back an order that they pass up more water, and keep passing water.

The men below did their best, but it was a vain effort, for in those days the roofs of powder mills were made of pitch and cement—not of iron, as today—and by this time the fire had eaten its way nearly through. Alexis Dupont, working desperately, stood there with flames spreading all around him. It was plain to everyone that the minutes of his life were numbered. Again they shouted, and—

The explosion came like an execution, and out of the wreck of it they bore away his crushed and broken body. The last thing he knew was that he had played the game out fairly to the end—he died like a Dupont, said the men.

### TWO MASCOT MONKEYS.

Their Names Are Jennie and Chipper and They Belong to New York's Fire Department.

Probably the strangest mascots in the New York fire department are Jennie and Chipper, two lively monkeys, who pass a happy life in the hook and ladder house at No. 20 Mercer street. Jennie, the larger of the two, belongs to the mandrill species, and weighs 30 pounds. She is eight years old, but her companion, the Java monkey, Chipper, has seen only a year. The monkeys are kept in the back part of the building, near the strong, handsome horses that are such fleet runners. Jennie takes a special interest in the horses, and as each one is led back to be cleaned she seizes the halter and manages the horse quite skillfully, pulling him this way or that,



JENNIE AND CHIPPER.

as she sees it is necessary. If a horse gets restive and impatient Jennie scolds him in her funny, chattering way, while she clutches the halter like a vise. She is usually seated on the top of the radiator while holding the horse, and in the winter she will lie down on the radiator and sleep when it is so hot that a man cannot put his hand on it.

Like most of her tribe, Jennie is full of mischief, so she is kept fastened to the wall by a long, heavy, double chain. Strong as this chain is, however, she breaks it sometimes, and then she rummages all over the premises, especially down cellar. She has learned that there are cans of condensed milk and food down there which the men keep for their meals, so she always visits that place first, and works havoc. Then she goes upstairs and eats up all the soap she can find in the sink, and if she comes across any bananas she will break them into sections, which she stows away in a pouchlike arrangement under her chin inside her mouth. Sometimes she disposes of as many as five in this way. This fruit she saves for future use.

It is a great grief to Jennie that Chipper, who is a quiet, gentle monkey, should be allowed to go out alone. A block away there is a large factory, where the people who work come down to the street every noon to eat their luncheon. Regularly at that hour Chipper walks around to get some tidbits from their friends. All the children know her, and it is quite safe for her to go alone, as they would not allow anyone to steal her. The other day Jennie became so jealous at luncheon time that she managed to break her chain, and when discovered a few minutes later she was walking gravely toward the factory, carrying her chain on one arm and Chipper seated like a baby on the other.

Frank Murphy has charge of the pets, and whenever he goes near the monkeys they will give every evidence of delight, and put their arms around his neck in the most affectionate way.

"Those monkeys know every word we say," said Mr. Murphy, as he threw Chipper lightly over to Jennie, who was trying hard to get possession of the smaller monkey, whom she loves to pet. "Jennie plans a lot of things, and whenever I see her looking carefully and attentively at every link in her chain I know she has got some scheme in mind, and is planning to break the chain. A few days ago she managed to wrench the whole top off of that large radiator. She never allows any tips to remain on the gas fixtures if she can help it, and she loosens all the handles which turn on the gas. A short time ago she took the tip off a fixture near her and then turned on the gas, as she had seen the men do. When she smelled the gas she put her mouth over the tube to breathe it in. We found her lying insensible on the floor, but we managed to bring her to."

It is not possible to leave any gas turned low near Jennie, for she likes to slap at it with her paw until the small light goes out. Another pet sport of hers is to wrench the handles off the doors, and she is so fond of breaking windows that those near her have been boarded in. Slamming the door is another pleasure, for she can easily turn the handle and open a door herself. During the hottest days she likes to sit in the sink and let the water from the faucet pour over her, and she is also an expert swimmer when she gets into deep water.

Chipper has funny tricks, too, although she is so much younger. Chipper's special trick is to go to fires. The other day when the big 85-foot ladder was dashing out to a fire Chipper was discovered calmly seated on the top. It was too late to take her off, and Chipper went to the fire. While the firemen were at work she stayed with the driver, and on the return trip she seemed to wear an expression of great satisfaction. Since then she has decided to attend fires whenever things at home get monotonous.—N. Y. Tribune.

Unique Street in China. One of the streets in Canton, China, is occupied entirely by druggists and dentists. The name of this thoroughfare is quite appropriate—Phyak street.



### A WIDOW'S TRIBUTE.

Male Tragedy Carved in Granite and Set Up in a St. Charles (Mo.) Cemetery.

Conventional tombstone design has been knocked sideways by a bereaved Missouri widow. The poor woman had been deprived of her husband by the sudden action of one of the famous native mules, which, resenting some act on the man's part, delivered an uppercut with telling effect.

This is the subject illustrated in bas-relief on the stone, the time immediately after the kick; and the stone stands at the head of a grave in a small town—St. Charles—not far from St. Louis. The stone itself is of a common form—a straight shaft of white granite, resting upon a base of brown stone, and surmounted by a beveled cap, on which stands something that looks much like a haystack (probably it is—the man in whose memory it was erected having been a farmer).

But the bas-relief is the point of interest. It is 18 inches in diameter. In the background stands an innocent looking, mild appearing animal, that might be a lamb were it not for the lack of wool and the presence of a monstrous head and abnormally large ears. A rope is about the neck of the mule; the other end of the rope is held by a maid of peculiar architecture, who stands with one hand grasping her apron and with great astonishment shown on her face.

The cause of the astonishment, says the New York Herald, is lying in the foreground. It is a man, who apparently is held in the air by resting on an elbow. He wears a pained expression. What is first mistaken for a bird's nest is on close inspection found to be a hat.

From an artistic standpoint this most remarkable thing about this



STORY TOLD IN STONE.

work is the perspective. One is not sure whether the mule is amusing himself by jumping upon the man or has retired to his corner at the call of time. The position and length of the mule's legs would lead one to believe it to be a copy of the famous animals that plow on hillsides until the legs on one side are shorter than those on the other.

Thus, in the cold marble, is told how this brave man met his death. Whether the widow intended to honor the man or the mule cannot be stated.

When the monument was completed the children of the dead man objected to its erection and asked the assistance of the people in control of the cemetery to prevent the artistic widow from carrying out her plan. The authorities declared that such a monstrosity should not decorate the burying grounds, and informed the widow that unless she would bring dire punishment on herself the monument must never "enter the gate" of the sacred place.

And it did not. She tore a panel of the fence and had it taken in and set up without using the gate. There it stands, by the side of a more modest and conventional headstone erected by the less artistic children.

The Power of Forgetting. Some things are better forgotten than remembered. The habit of overlooking family jars, of failing to see the sour look, and not hearing the harsh word, and setting aside forever the disagreement is a habit that makes for family peace. It is throwing the stones in the path out of one's way. Life is short at best and we should make it a rule to grasp only the pleasant things and count only days of sunshine. Each one of us has a pet failing. In weariness and at times when not on guard out comes the impatient reply, or the spiteful word which a moment after we feel that we would give anything in our possession could we but recall it. Unforeseen and unguarded impulses may be at the root of your neighbor's peculiarities. Be patient and forget.—Chicago Post.

Where Pepper Is Useful. A tablespoonful of black pepper put in the washing water is a favorite method of some housekeepers for preserving the color of buff, gray, or khaki-colored stuffs.

### MISS KATE GORDON.

New Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's National Suffrage Association.

The new corresponding secretary of the Woman's National Suffrage Association, succeeding Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, who held the office for 18 years, is Miss Kate Gordon, a young southern woman of remarkable cleverness and executive ability. Miss Gordon comes from New Orleans, where she conducted the most unique political campaign on record.

Under the new constitution of Louisiana women have limited suffrage, and tax-paying women have a right to vote on all subjects affecting taxation. A year ago when the progressive element of New Orleans decided that the city must be sewered and drained, and that to do that it would be necessary



MISS KATE GORDON. (Corresponding Secretary National Suffrage Association.)

for the citizens to vote a \$7,000,000 tax, it was found that the women voters held the balance of power, and that in order to carry the measure the women would have to vote solidly for it.

This was an appalling situation. Women are no more fond of paying taxes than men. Besides it was the first time a Louisiana woman had ever voted at all, and most of them thought a ballot was a boomerang that was liable to fly back and annihilate them.

In this emergency Miss Gordon came to the front as a woman leader. She called a mass meeting of the women, picked out such as could talk intelligently in public, and organized a campaign of education. Committees went from one end of the city to the other, holding parlor meetings in every neighborhood, where they preached the gospel of sanitation. They sat up and wrestled of nights with every tax-paying woman, and taught her to fill out a ballot, and the result was that on election day it was found that the women's vote had been cast as a unit for sewerage and drainage.

In recognition of her services Miss Gordon was presented with a superb medal by the "Progressive Union," an organization composed of the leading business and professional men of New Orleans.

### HARD WOOD FLOORS.

Keeping Them Clean Is Not Hard Work, Provided One Knows How to Go About It.

Floors that have been finished in shellac should be kept clean, says the National Builder, by thoroughly brushing off the dust with a soft hair or feather brush, or by wiping with a cloth of soft texture. If the cloth is slightly moist the dust will adhere to it more readily, but wipe with a dry cloth afterward. If any dirt that will not wipe off with a moist cloth should be deposited on the floor, wash it off thoroughly with clean (not hot) water, using soap if necessary, which also cleans off with water as quickly as possible and wipe dry.

When the face of the floor begins to look worn and shabby, after cleansing off the dirt and wiping dry, if water has been used, rub the surface all over nicely with a mixture two-thirds turpentine and one-third raw linseed oil. To do this saturate a soft cloth of any kind, with the mixture, wring it out half-dry and rub the floor with it evenly. Do not use the oil so freely as to leave it standing on the surface to catch dust. To prevent this wipe off with a clean, dry cloth. After the shellac is worn down to the surface of the wood, sandpaper it all over evenly with a No. 1 sandpaper and give it another coat of shellac, after which continue to keep as before.

Floors finished in plain oil only should be kept in the same manner as above, more soap and water being required, and more frequent rubbing with the mixture of turpentine and linseed oil spoken of above.

Waxed floors can be cleaned by washing off thoroughly with turpentine and benzine, after which they can be re waxed if desired.

Floors finished in "hard oil" should be kept like floors finished with shellac.

A maple floor for a kitchen that has not been finished in wax or oil is best taken care of by being scrubbed or rubbed with any of the scouring preparations now in the market for that purpose.

Big American Elk Horns. Gen. Charles W. Darling, of Utica, N. Y., is the possessor of a pair of elk horns that measure nine feet and three inches from tip to tip across the skull, and they have a spread of 33 1/2 inches. The beam lengths are 55 and 56 1/2 inches, and of the ten prongs the longest are 18 and 17 inches. The only larger pair known are 12 feet from tip to tip. They are in Germany.

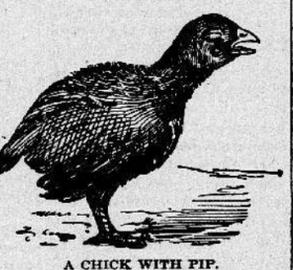
Here's an Inflexible Rule. Never add flour to a liquid. Add the liquid to the flour.



### CHICKENS WITH PIP.

Unless They Are Treated Without Delay the Worm That Causes the Trouble Kills Them.

Herewith we illustrate a chicken with the gapes—popularly called the "pip." Many a farmer sees his chicks acting as indicated in the illustration and imagine that the food is not right. The food is changed, but the trouble is not obviated. The difficulty is the presence of the gape worm, a little red worm with a V-shaped terminus. This V is formed by the juncture of the male and female worms. We give this much for identification purposes. The worms inhabit the tracheae. Sometimes they can be removed by a feather and some claim to remove them with drops of turpentine. Others have failed in all the things they have tried. Without doubt prevention is the factor that should receive the most attention.



A CHICK WITH PIP.

When the chicks show the symptoms indicated, have all the young chicks put at once on board floors where they cannot get at the dirt. The angle worm and dirt in which the angle worm is found are the sources of contagion. After the chicks are mature they are not injured by the gapes, as apparently the linings to their tracheae are too firm to permit of the worms attaching themselves.—Farmers' Review.

### STRICTLY FRESH EGGS.

They Certainly Should Find a Ready Market Whenever Perfect Food Is in Demand.

There are various articles of food which can be produced hundreds of miles away from the place of consumption, and which suffer no injury or deterioration from transit; but others are perishable in their nature, and even when not actually perishable do not retain the quality which is their characteristic, nor are they absolutely fresh. In these days of rapid transit, of refrigerators, etc., a great deal has been done to minimize the difficulty indicated, but distance must always be an important factor in this class of food.

Eggs are included in the list of perishable articles, but consumers do not realize that to obtain an egg in its very best state and while its nutritive value is greatest it must be absolutely fresh—not more than two or three days old; and yet multitudes of those who by reason of their ability to pay for good quality ought to create a demand for the best are content to be put off with eggs in which, to say the least, the first indication of decomposition can be traced. For really fresh eggs it is essential that a price be paid which is remunerative to the producer. Some producers do not feed their hens during the greater part of the year, but allow them to find their own sustenance. If eggs were not perishable articles our farmers could not hope to secure the highest prices. Consumers, therefore, should realize the fact and be willing to pay a reasonable price for absolutely fresh eggs. When once they understand how superior these are to those not fresh they will do so. If consumers will insist upon having the best (which some do), and be willing to pay fair prices for it, they will obtain an article of food superior to anything that can be used, considering the various modes in which eggs can be used and their high nutritive value.—Farm and Fireside.

### A WORD ABOUT QUEENS.

Longevity of Bees Is a Subject Which Apiculturists Can No Longer Afford to Ignore.

Says Dr. C. C. Miller in Gleanings in Bee-Culture: "Longevity in bees is coming to the front. Assuming that in harvest time a worker lives six weeks, and goes afield when 16 days old, if its life were prolonged a week it could store 27 per cent more. If one queen lives twice as long as another, will not her workers live at least a little longer? Is it not possible that, by proper selection continuously exercised, we might add that week to the life of the worker? If we could add a sixth to the summer life, that ought to add a sixth to its winter life. In that case, a bee born October 1, which now lives till April 1, would live till May 1—quite a help in the wintering problem. Another thing: We can tell better what a queen is by two or three seasons' work than we can by a single season's work. The one that shows herself best for three seasons is a safe one to breed from. I have queens born in 1897 that are among the best—of them, I think, the very best I have." While this is true, the average queen, I think, would better be discarded in two years by a young one, remarks the editor of the Bee Journal.

### BUMBLE-FOOT IN HENS.

An Affection That Often Leads to Serious Consequences, If Not Properly Treated.

This disease is in very many cases caused by carelessness. Flying down from high roosts to a floor which is always more or less covered by small gravel stones results in bruises that are precisely like what are usually called "stone-galls." The flesh of the foot being very tough, pus cannot escape, so if not attended to it must congeal, and an ungainly, troublesome foot be the result. The fowl goes lame and careless of its comfort; in nine cases out of ten, the poultryman fails to investigate in time to prevent serious trouble. When discovered before the pus congeals, lance the swelling at the rear of the foot, and the pressure upon it in walking will press the pus out and there will be a much smaller callous than if allowed to settle down of its own accord.

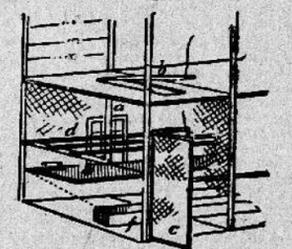
Some cases are treated by making an incision in front and rear of foot, and those on shank by opening at top and bottom, and by the use of a syringe and a solution of carbolic acid, of one part of acid to ten parts of water, cleanse them thoroughly, when they heal satisfactorily. When not aware of the trouble until the pus is congealed, it is almost impossible to press it out unless some portion of the layers of the foot are removed with it, which would be worse for the fowl than to use a strong liniment to take out the soreness and let inflammation settle down into a corn.

When swellings are on the shank or knee joints, which are generally the result of rheumatism or gout, the fowl may as well go to the block, for it is a doubtful policy to breed from such a specimen. Where a fowl is to be doctored, use a strong liniment, and bind the shanks and joints in leaves or bulbs of the skunk cabbage and give internally one drop each morning of Fowler's solution of arsenic for a month, or bromide of potassium three grains per day, until the trouble is cured. Bumble-foot may be prevented in a great degree by providing low roosts and keeping the floor of the fowl-house covered three inches deep with loamy sand, which costs less than to doctor fowls for want of it.—I. K. Felch, in Farm and Home.

### MODEL POULTRY HOUSE.

Its Interior Arrangement Is as Nearly Perfect as Long Experience Can Make It.

The new poultry house is a balloon frame of 2x4 joist. It is 18 feet wide and sheathed with inch boards tightly fitted together, then papered and sided tightly. The inside is filled to top of sills with fine stone, covered with dirt. The house is divided into 12-foot pens the length of the building, with wire partitions between. There is one large window (a) each side of every 12 foot pen, two feet from the sills. The pens are ten feet



INSIDE OF MODEL HOUSE.

high. There is a tight floor overhead thickly covered with sawdust. Through the floor is a ventilating trap door (b) 1x12 feet in each pen, with a rope and pulley attachment permitting the ventilating trap door to be operated from the hallway on one side of the building. The inside building is of sheathing, stuffed solid with sawdust and chaff. There is a self-shutting screen door (c) in each pen. The roosts (d) are 2x4, set in notches and hung by four one-half-inch round irons. The roosts are all painted with coal tar and are removable. Under the roosts is a large shelf (e) hinged so as to let down a long narrow box (f) for holding the droppings.—E. C. Bloodgood, in Farm and Home.

### The Poultry House Floor.

A poultry raiser advises building the poultry house floor of dirt. He says that cement floors cause bumble-foot and that board floors are little better. We think that the gentleman has paid too little attention to the height of his roosts. There is no need of having the roosts so high that every time a fowl flies down it will result in bruising the feet. Board floors and cement floors are certainly advisable in many cases, and if the roosts are low there need be no damage from bumble-foot. The writer of this has used a board floor for years, with roosts only 18 inches above it. No case of bumble-foot ever materialized. Moreover, it is entirely feasible to keep the floor covered, with dirt, dust or chaff.—Farmers' Review.

### New Way of Keeping Eggs.

A new method of preserving eggs is being tried. Fresh laid eggs are carefully opened and the contents of the shell put into glass jars which are closed after the air has been drawn out. The jars are put into cold-storage and sold to the bakers in large cities, who are glad to be rid of the shells; at the same time this enables both seller and buyer to tell at a glance whether the package is good or not. Special care must be given to their packing, for one bad egg will quickly spoil the whole jar. This like bottled milk, will only have a limited sale in our large cities.