



SUSAN'S BUTTERFLY.

Blue-Eyed Susan lived on the edge of a deep forest that was so thick and gloomy and black that even in the middle of the brightest day of all the bright days of the year there was nothing except twilight to be seen in it. So what it was on the darkest days you can imagine.

Blue-Eyed Susan often longed to go into the forest and see what might be hidden in it; but her father and brothers, who were hunters to the king, warned her that it was full of monsters and witches and evil spirits, and that not even the deer would go into it far.

However, Blue-Eyed Susan, although she dared not go in, still walked along its margin every day and peered, half frightened and half curious, into the mysterious green darkness.

One day when she was thus strolling along she saw a strange thing hanging to a tree. It was black and silken and as big as she was herself. At first she thought that it was a bag with some precious things in it. But when she approached she discovered that it was not a bag, but something else.

Of course Blue-Eyed Susan was familiar with all sorts of things that are found in the woods and fields, so she saw immediately that this great bag was nothing except a cocoon—but such a great cocoon as was never seen in the world before.

She examined it for a long while, and then ran home to tell her father and brothers all about it. They went with her, and when they saw the vast cocoon they were for hurrying their spears into it at once. "For," said they, "there can be no doubt that this enormous cocoon is the cocoon of a dragon or other terrible monster that dwells in the woods."

"No, no!" cried Blue-Eyed Susan. "I don't believe that dragons grow in cocoons. I am sure that some dear, beautiful butterfly is hidden in that, and imagine what a sin it would be if you were to destroy it!"

"Well, all right," said the old hunters, who could refuse his daughter nothing. "We will let it hang there and see what comes of it."

Blue-Eyed Susan was so interested in the cocoon that she went to see it every day. Once, when the winds blew it and threatened to tear it down, she built a shelter for it of twigs. And once when the sun threatened to burn it up she made a thatched roof of moist grasses for it.

She was fortunate enough to be present on the day when the cocoon began to burst. She was not a bit afraid of what might come out, for she was sure that only beautiful things were born in cocoons. So she was not surprised at all when she saw a wonderful butterfly creep out—a butterfly with wings big enough to cover Susan, and with colors so splendid that it shone as if all the gems of the deepest earth had been rained on it.

The great butterfly, rocking from side to side in the air like a ship, fluttered softly around her head, brushed her face with its silken wings, and then flew away into the forest.

Blue-Eyed Susan was sorry to see it go, and for weeks thereafter she watched eagerly to see if it would not reappear. But it did not.

One day when she was standing near the dark entrance to the forest she heard a voice calling—calling far in the wood. The voice was too far distant for Susan to be able to understand the words, but she could tell from the manner that it was somebody who was lost in the forest calling for help.

At first she thought that she would run home and get her father and brothers. But she noticed that the voice was getting farther and farther away each time it called, so she knew that by the time she returned with help the lost person would be far in the middle of the forest where he could not be found.

Then she called out with all her might, but her voice was too weak. So she plunged into the secret wilderness to try and approach the lost person closely enough to make him hear. But by the time she had achieved this, Blue-Eyed Susan was lost herself.

However, she had found the lost person and it turned out to be no other than the king himself. He had followed in pursuit of a black bear, and, without noticing it, he had been led into the wild forest.

You may imagine if the king was glad to see Blue-Eyed Susan. And Susan, you may be sure, was glad enough to think that it was the king whom she had come to help.

But king can't find their way out of magic forests any more than common persons can. And Blue-Eyed Susan and the king stumbled and scrambled and tore through briars and thorns, and fell in and out of deep holes and slipped over mossy rocks in vain. The more they tried the less path they did find.

Just when they were going to give it up and sit down in the forest to die, a large butterfly floated down from the tops of the trees. It came fearlessly toward Susan, and she saw that it was the very same butterfly that had come out of the mighty cocoon.

It rooked itself for a moment on its glorious wings. Then it began to flutter away slowly.

Susan and the king looked after it sadly. They were surprised to see the butterfly return, float up and down once more in front of Susan, and then flutter away slowly as before.

"Wonder can it want to show us

the way out of the forest?" said Blue-Eyed Susan.

"Let us see," said the king. So they followed it and, sure enough, it led them straight out of the forest and right to the king's palace.

Susan bowed to the king in front of his palace and tried to leave him.

"No, indeed," said the king. "You saved my life and I wish you to live in the palace henceforth. I will send for your father and brothers and then, my dearest Blue-Eyed Susan, I want you to marry me if you will."

So they were married. And at the wedding feast a mighty butterfly floated through one of the windows. It flew straight to Blue-Eyed Susan and shook its wings over her till she was all covered with the reallest kind of real sapphires and rubies and emeralds and diamonds.

Then all at once the butterfly vanished and a beautiful fairy princess appeared in its place.

"You saved my life," she said to Blue-Eyed Susan, "when you begged your father and brothers not to hurt their spears into the cocoon. I was put into it by enchantment, but now the spell is broken, and in gratitude to you I shall make the black forest safe for all."

And that is just what she did. Blue-Eyed Susan and the king built a hunting lodge in the middle of the forest, and if you ever happen to go that way, just turn to the left when you see three giant oak trees. Follow a gravelly path with a brook by its side till you reach a sign that says "Automobiles and peddlers not admitted." Ring the bell there and mention this paper, and the king and his Blue-Eyed Susan will come to meet you, and make you stay over night, and entertain you with ginger ale and marshmallows and chocolate cream drops.—Pittsburg Leader.

Coupon Collector's Runabout.
Edward E. Lee of Baltimore, manager of a well known wickerware house, is a fiend after coupon collecting.

He had been collecting all kinds of tags and coupons bearing premiums for some time, when he one day noticed an advertisement of a New Jersey firm that upon receipt of fifteen of their tags they would forward one chance for a series of prizes, the first prize being a horse and a runabout.

Mr. Lee began industriously to get all the tags he could find until he had the requisite number, which he forwarded. A few days later he was notified that he had won the first prize. Immediately following this letter came a tiny rocking horse.

He sat down and wrote a sarcastic letter to the firm: "I beg to acknowledge receipt of the horse, he wrote, 'but you failed to enclose the runabout.'"

In an early mail he received this letter: "Dear Sir—We have your letter acknowledging receipt of the horse. As for the runabout, go chase yourself. Yours truly, Lippincott's Magazine."

Minute Measurements.
Because the balance wheels of watches expand and contract with changes of temperature, they run slower or faster, according to circumstances. By making them of different kinds of metals having different degrees of expansion with increase of temperature, the effect of the changes on the running of watches may be almost entirely eliminated. But in dealing with such a problem it is necessary to know the expansibility of the metal employed. A means of measuring it is furnished by an instrument called a dilatometer, in which a system of delicate levers, or a chain of gear wheels magnifies the motion of a pointer over a graduated scale hundreds of times. At a meeting of the Physical Society in London lately a dilatometer was exhibited which had a magnification of 1,500 times, so that the change in the length of a piece of steel caused by a single degree of rise or fall of temperature was clearly measured by it.

Gerrymander.
Gerrymander is a word meaning to divide a state into districts for the choice of representatives in such a way as to give the political party in power an advantage over the other, even though the latter have a majority of votes in the state. The term originated in Massachusetts in 1812, when the democratic-republicans so arranged the senatorial districts as to control most of them, and thus secure the election of a U. S. Senator. The word is derived from Elbridge Gerry, who was governor of the state at the time, and approved of the apportionment. It is said that one of the senatorial districts was so distorted in shape as to resemble a salamander, whereupon the federalists called it a "gerrymander," from the governor's name.

The Eye of the Submarine.
The periscope, which is the eye of a submerged boat, such as the underwater torpedo craft now being built by nearly all the leading maritime powers, is a combination of lenses and reflectors which throw upon a small screen of ground glass, at the bottom of a tube leading down into the vessel, a view of whatever would come within the range of a human eye where the periscope is fixed, which is usually about three feet above the water. This covers the sea quite well for a distance of three miles, and to get a view in any other direction than straight ahead the tube at the end of which the periscope is fixed can be turned, at the will of the officer in charge.

CARE OF THE NAILS.
Simple Means by Which They May be Well Kept.

To go regularly to a manicure is expensive, but with little time and by simple means it is possible to do much toward improving the nails. The skin at the base is inclined to grow over them, but that can be easily prevented. Fill a basin with nice hot, soapy water, and soak your hands in this for at least ten minutes. By that time the skin will be soft, and with a blunt stick of orange wood (obtainable as any chemist's) can be pressed gently back into its proper position, so that the pretty half moons at the base of the nail can be seen in all their glory.

But remember that too great pressure or ungentle treatment of any kind will probably result in a crop of these little white spots that are so disfiguring.

After pressing back the skin and thoroughly drying the hands, take half a lemon and keep digging your fingers into this until the nails are saturated with the juice. There is nothing like it for improving and beautifying them.

Wipe off the lemon with a soft rag, roll a corner of your towel up into a hard pad, and with this give the nails a brisk rub to restore the polish.

This treatment once a week and a careful pushing back of the skin every time the hands are washed will soon bring about a marvelous improvement in the appearance of the nails. To polish, rub briskly on the palm of the other hand.—St. Louis Republic.

Use of the Pepper Mill.

A pepper mill is a piece of silver not often seen on tables nowadays. English housekeepers, however, still use the pepper mill, and American silvermiths sometimes keep it to meet the demands of old-fashioned families who prefer to grind their own pepper rather than risk the chance of adulteration. The pepper mill dates back to the time when pepper was a scarce commodity, and was always ground at the table from the pepper cone. Pepper was so valuable in those days that rents were often paid in pepper cones, and the high prices they brought were among the incentives that induced explorers to brave the dangers of the unknown deep. If a short passage could be discovered to the Indies it was agreed by all that a wealth of pepper could be easily brought to Europe. Ground pepper is extensively adulterated to-day, and to those who are fastidious and care to take the slight trouble of grinding the pepper cones themselves a pepper mill is a convenient little utensil.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSE-WIFE.

Sub all rusty places on iron with kerosene oil.

Wicker seats and backs of chairs are easily cleaned with salt and water. Varnished woodwork can be easily cleaned and brightened with crude oil.

Any brickwork rinsed off with ammonia and water and then carefully dried will be wonderfully brightened by the process.

A few drops of alcohol rubbed on the inside of lamp chimneys will remove all trace of greasy smoke when water alone is of no avail.

Shirtwaist Suit of Burlington.
One can have an entire wardrobe of shirt waist dresses and be considered well dressed.

This model of brown Burlington is particularly attractive. The full skirt has a double box plait down the front and shaped over the hips with fine



tucks. On the stylish jacket the box plaits are also employed, and a deep collar is trimmed with heavy coffee color insertion. A frill of lace matching the insertion finishes the sleeves. Brown wood buttons are used on skirt and jacket and the high grade is shot brown kid.

Lime in the Cellar.
For the sake of general healthfulness set one or two boxes of unslaked lime in the cellar in some out-of-the-way corner. It is an invaluable aid in drying out the cellar in the spring just after the regular cleaning.

For Cleaning Paint.
Use only hot water with a little ammonia added for cleaning paint. Ordinary kitchen soaps wear off the paint and do not clean it so quickly and thoroughly as ammonia. Use a good sand soap on obstinate places.

A 40¢ key hung outside a house in Sweden is a sign the family is not at home.

The Vassar college griddle is ten feet by eight and its capacity is set down at 500 cakes at a single fry.

22 WORDS A MINUTE.
Remarkable Speed Record on a Typewriter.

In a dark room, where he could see nothing but the outline of his machine, with a stop watch held on him and six witnesses present, John A. Shields of Ottawa, Kan., clattered off 223 words on a typewriter in a minute, thus making a new world's record and demonstrating his right to be hailed as the champion. Charles McGurrah has for several years held the world's record at 213 words a minute.

There were more than 2138 distinct muscular actions, taking the expansion and contraction of the muscles as separate movements, during the 62 seconds. The carriage crossed the machine 13 times, or once every 4.23 seconds.

It requires six or seven seconds for an experienced stenographer to run the carriage 72 spaces, taking the letters s, l, and Shields wrote a connected paragraph.

Shields is 19, but looks younger. He graduated from a business school two years ago, and has since been employed principally by one of the typewriter companies.

I do not see that I have done anything so wonderful. What brought my attention to my speed was a challenge I received. I went into training for a week or so. I then learned that I was passing the 200 a minute mark. When I got ready for the contest the challenger refused to write.

"Determined not to be outdone I invited some friends to witness the demonstration and made a first record of 218 words. I again tried my speed, and made the record in the presence of six witnesses. They made affidavit that I had done the work in one minute, and since then my challenger has kept quiet."

"The main principle underlying the record is practice. I have sat before the machine and hammered out letter after letter, line upon line, and I have run over and over that key board until far into the night. This unceasing work I consider the secret of my success. I do not believe that there is any other speed secret."

"Of course I have methods of practicing that are my own. I have some methods of fingering that I obtained from no one else. I have my own idea as to the kind of material one should use when practicing for speed, and I might say here that it is not writing one 72-space sentence over and over."

For two weeks after Mr. Shields had made his record of 218 he was regarded as a prodigy. Since his second record he has been regarded differently.

One of the faculty of Ottawa university said that he was hypnotized or he could never have written that many words in a minute. Those who know him best agree that this is the case, but add that he hypnotized himself by hard work.—New York Herald.

England's Oldest Clock.
Peterborough Cathedral has the oldest working clock in England. It was erected about 1320, and is probably the work of a monastic clock-maker. It is the only one now known that is wound up over an old wooden wheel. This wheel is about twelve feet in circumference, and the galvanized cable, about 300 feet in length supports a leaden weight of three cwt., which has to be wound up daily. The clock chamber is in the northwest tower, some 120 feet high, where the sunlight has not penetrated for hundreds of years, and the winding is done by the light of a candle. The gong is the great tenor bell of the cathedral, which weighs thirty-two cwt., and it is struck hourly by an eighty-pound hammer. The gong and the striking parts of the clock are some yards apart, communication being by a slender wire. The clock has no dial. The time is shown on the main wheel of the escapement which goes round once in two hours.

First Daguerreotype in America.
It is, perhaps, not generally known that the earliest practical information as to Daguerre's process of catching and holding the figure of his camera obscura came to America through Prof. S. F. B. Morse.

Prof. Morse tells of constructing the first daguerreotype apparatus made in the United States from drawings furnished by Daguerre. "My first effort," Prof. Morse writes, "was on a small plate of silvered copper procured at a hardware store, and defective as the plate was, I obtained a good representation of the Church of the Messiah, then on Broadway, from a back window of the New York City University. This I believe to have been the first daguerreotype made in America."—Literary Bulletin.

Quick Mail Service.
The Italian postal authorities have examined a scheme submitted by an engineer for the establishment of an electric postal service. It is proposed to transmit letters in aluminum boxes, traveling along overhead wires at the rate of 400 kilometres an hour. A letter could thus be sent from Rome to Naples in twenty-five minutes and from Rome to Paris in five hours.

Why They Call It.
"Why do they call it Palm Room?" asked the least little thing from the chorus. "The palms are not particularly conspicuous?"

"The waiters, kid, the waiters of different degrees," replied the Minceur. "They simply all have, as you will notice later."—London Sporting Times.



He lived, on the slope of Pedrotagallaga, in the depths of the forest, far from the habitations of man. To protect himself from prowling wild beasts he had built his hut in the top of a leafy, moss-covered tree. Many years before he had owned a large piece of land, which yielded him his daily bread. One fine day, however, a British merchant bought his property as an addition to a tea plantation, and paid the purchase money in sparkling new rupees.

What was Mahindo to do? Should he go and live as a rich man? Should he venture into one of the black iron snakes of the Europeans and be carried off, or board one of their floating houses and go far, far away to the place where the sun rises; and where the most beautiful countries of the earth must be? No, he dared not do it! He had a wife, a son and a daughter whom he could not desert. The weeks passed in half blissful, half uneasy hesitation. For fear of losing the money, he finally buried it in the forest, under a tree, which he marked.

Soon afterward he was taken ill. Some time passed before his recovery, but as soon as his strength permitted, he dragged himself to the place where he had hidden his treasure. He did not find it. Several trees had been felled, and the one with the mark on it lay on the ground among the others. To his despair he did not know where to look for his treasure.

He nearly lost his reason through grief and rage. His son died at this time of typhoid; he also lost his wife, but he did not care. His soul was full of misery and sorrow, but it was all on account of the lost rupees. At last he fled from people and their malicious joy, and went to live at Pedrotagallaga.

He had lived there for years with his daughter Sarawamu. They led a miserable, joyless existence on spring water and wild fruit. He roamed the forest for hours at a time searching for his lost treasure, and paid no attention to Sarawamu. His only thought was his misfortune, and he did not notice how beautiful his daughter grew, how her eyes glowed like the tropic sun, how slender and supple she was, and how her skin shone like a warm opal.

Others saw it, however. Laborers from the coffee and tea plantations, roaming about in the forest, discovered the beautiful girl, and without many preliminaries, several of them asked the father to give her to them in marriage; but Mahindo invariably answered, "My child will not marry until I find the money, but then we'll have a fine wedding."

"They would curse him for a fool and go away," Sarawamu smiled. She did not care for any man. The life in the woods, among bracken and rhododendron, pleased her. At last, however, her time came. An intrepid elephant hunter saw the beautiful wild thing, and she was caught by the sparkling eyes of the youth, as surely as the birds by his snare. When he spoke to her father he at once received the same answer as the rest.

Tizu smiled. "Mahindo, don't be a fool," he said. "Give me your daughter, and come with us to the valley among the people. Leave the rupees to the evil spirits and let us live!"

But Mahindo was obstinate. "Then the money must be found; old man. By the head of Buddha, why don't you seek help from others when your own wisdom is not sufficient? In the village there is a wizard of a good reputation, by the name of Loano. Go to him."

Mahindo liked the idea, and departed with Sarawamu for the village. Loano was a short, thickset man, with projecting eyes and matted beard and hair.

The wizard shook some powder into a brass dish, and soon a blue smoke enveloped him. He mumbled incantations, took a palm leaf and an iron style, and began to dance. At last he fell to the ground in convulsions, while his hand was scratching with the pen on the leaf. Rising, he said, "Here are the mysterious words. What will you give for them?"

Mahindo turned pale; he had no money. Seeing how the wizard's eyes hung on the girl, he shouted: "I promise you my daughter, if you will have her; but give me the leaf!"

The wizard smiled contentedly, and handed him the leaf, saying, "Before next moon I expect my pay—money out of your treasure, or the girl."

Outside the hut, Mahindo devoured the writing on the leaf.

"Let him tie the skin of a golden snake about his right foot, and go to the forest where his money is hidden. The spirit of the snake will steal into its old home, and with a light pressure lead him to the place where the treasure lies buried. If the pressure ceases, let him stop and begin to dig."

From that day Mahindo spent his days in hunting for a golden snakeskin, but in vain. Tired to death and ill, he came home one evening and was unable to climb the tree. Thus Tizu found him.

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"Bring me a golden snakeskin, and Sarawamu will be yours." Mahindo called out to the young man.

Tizu had learned with consternation the agreement with Loano; but this promise gave him new courage, and he went out to hunt for snakes. All in vain. When, a few days before the new moon, he came to see Sarawamu, he was in despair.

But Sarawamu smiled, and took from a hollow tree an object which

she held up to him. "This is the skin of a golden snake," she said. "Tie it about your right foot, and go to the forest where your money is hidden. The spirit of the snake will lead you to it."

He did as she said, and with a light pressure led him to the place where the treasure lies buried. If the pressure ceases, let him stop and begin to dig.

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