Modern Waterloo

It was a great disappointment to Peter Sturdy to find himself at the end of his college career a physical wreck from overstudy. He had planned great things for the future, and though filled with ambition he was glad to accept the post of district school teacher in one of the Western States. He hoped that a year spent in the pure air of that far country with the simple duties would restore him to his former good health. True, when he found the school numbered about 50 pupils in classes ranging from primer to graduation he was filled with some foreboding.

Certainly the report and rapid retreat of the former teacher were not encouraging, but old Mr Slocum had not come fresh from college with confidence in his own powers. In fact, anything that savored of difficulty rather attracted the younger man's nature, and the same dogged strength that had carried him through to gain his sheepskin would be with him in this venture, so he determined to win out, come what might.

It was now near the closing of the year and everything had gone smoothly since the first big storm, when he had shown his calm strength and reserve force in dealing with some of the larger boys bent on making mischief. But to-day he had to acknowledge to himself defeat, though to all outward appearances he had been victorious. The cause of all the trouble was still sitting at the rough desk at his request. She sat calm and absorbed while the others studied with that hushed air following excitement of any kind.

She looked the embodiment of health and youth a girl of perhaps 18 years. Her features were bold and perfectly chiselled and her skin was of that pure bronze tint found in windy localities. Her hair was soft and dark and she wore it loosely coiled at the back of her head. A few stray curls at the temples softened its otherwise strong lace—too strong for perfect feminine beauty. On account of her height, she occupied the last seat in the corner and was so far advanced in her studies that she constituted a class of her own. That afternoon Philip had asked her for her algebra lesson and she had replied that it was not ready.

"Then bring me what you have finished."

"I haven't any ready" was her continued reply.

"Don't you understand it?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Then what have you been doing?"

Silence followed and the girl made no attempt to explain. An expectant hush pervaded the whole room, all the pupils wondering what would happen. Philip waited, somehow he did not understand himself. He was not angry but a great wave of love and pity for the girl before him rose up in his heart. It seemed a critical moment, and he realized that the future discipline of the school hung on his conduct for the next few minutes. Hushing the pleading of his heart, he steeled his voice and said, "Miss Wallace will please remain after school."

It was with relief that Philip saw the hand of the clock near the hour of dismissal and soon the last eager foot had left the building. He sat at his desk correcting exercises while all the street country sounds called to him through the open windows. The girl was staring out of the window. Glancing at her, Philip saw her face was drawn and flushed. Gathering up his papers he left his desk and went slowly towards her. She neither moved eye nor muscle until he asked for the work. Silently she handed him the neatly-figured paper and he as silently looked it over and marked it correct.

"Miss Wallace, I don't think you realize how hard you made it for me to-day. Your example has a great influence on the other pupils, and I had hoped for your co-operation. Now will you please show me what you were doing this afternoon when you should have been working?"

"I should rather not," answered the girl, covering with her hand a block of paper in front of her.

"But I insist," he said gently but firmly, taking the paper from her. Turning it over he saw a finished pencil sketch of himself. He was very much surprised. It was a clever piece of work, and only an artist could have caught the expression of the proud face and portrayed the character of the man as this did. The girl's head drooped and the tear-laden eyelashes swept the burning cheeks. Slowly Philip drew his watch from his pocket and opening the back lid said very gently, "Helen, look."

Something in the tender vibrating voice made the girl turn her head. Incased in his watch was her own proud face.

The long-restrained tears now fell freely, but somehow they were not unhappy ones, for her smiling tear-stained face and ruffled hair were pressed close to his heart. "Am I quite forgiven?" she whispered archly, and in those words the proud nature of the woman surrendered to the nobler one of the man. For answer he turned the girl's face towards his own and kissed the quivering lips.

The shadows grew longer and the last lingering sunbeams flooded the rough walls of the old schoolhouse, brightening them with their soft glory. And the sombre twilight seemed to bring with it a benediction of quiet and peace to those two who went out together with their love to face the future.—ELEANOR M. LYNCH.

UNLUCKY FREIGHT.

Railroads Obliged to Pay Out Millions Every Year for Damages.

It is said that the amount paid out by the roads of the United States in 1907 for freight claims was $24,000,000. These claims originate from various causes, such as defective cars, careless employees and incorrect classification, but one agent says that on his road improper handling is responsible for about 22 per cent of money paid out for freight claims.

"Another feature contributing very largely to the amounts we pay out for loss and damage," said the claim agent, "is defective cars. Our rules say that each agent must inspect the cars. Now the term inspection covers a multitude of features. It does not mean that the running gear of the car only is to be inspected but it means that we want to satisfy ourselves that the body of the car and the roof of the car are tight enough to carry the load without damage by water.

"I have in my mind a certain agent at a flour loading station whom I found on top of a box car, and in response to my inquiry as to what he was doing up there he advised me he was examining the roof—and I want to say that agent has been promoted because he was the proper link in the chain. I have in mind a claim presented for damage to flour by water where the agent declared positively that the inspection had been properly made, but the defects in that roof apparent at the terminal point indicated old breaks and that the car was not fit for flour loading. This he may have considered a small matter, but it cost the company $2 75."

Foreign "Coppers."

London patrolmen carry no clubs. Attached to the middle of the belt behind is a dark lantern. The cuffs of their coats have vertical stripes, blue and white signifying rank and distinguished service. During the frequent showers and rains they wear little waterproof capes. Their silent regulation of street traffic by hand signals is a realization of perfection.

In Paris the ordinary patrolmen wear blue caps and coats and in summer white duck trousers. They carry short swords, rather as an emblem of authority, but in extreme danger use the flat side as a club.

In a downpour of rain the Paris policeman hangs his cap on a hook in the back of his belt and draws over his head the hood of a short blue cape of heavy cloth.

This hooded cape is called a capochon and in its longer form, reaching to the knees, is used by civilians as well in cold or rainy weather. Accordingly at such times the streets of Paris seem to be alive with cowled monks.

Recently the London plan for controlling vehicles has come into vogue successfully on the Paris boulevards. The policemen detailed for such duty wear white gloves and signal with white clubs.

German policemen wear helmets and have a distinctly martial air.—Travel Magazine.

Filtered Water Kills Gold Fish.

"The goldfish business is booming in this section," said a Tioga pet dealer the other day. "Sales have doubled in the last month. When the rush first started I wondered what the reason was so I asked some purchasers. All of them said that their fish had mysteriously died. I couldn't figure out how it was that so many fish died all over the same neighborhood at the same time.

"Finally I hit upon an explanation, which I have since verified. It is this: Goldfish cannot live in the new filtered water as well as in the raw river water. When the pure water was turned on the fish simply starved to death. The life was not in the water. Fish food purchased in stores is generally given irregularly, and thus the great number of deaths in filtered water neighborhoods." — Philadelphia Record.

He Almost Remembered It.

Donald had returned from a visit to the country, and was full of reminiscences of persons and things that had interested him. "I met a boy, mama," he said, "that had the queerest name I ever heard. He said his folks found it in the Old Testament. It was—it was—let me see—yes, it was Father William, or William Father, I've forgotten just now which. But it was one or the other."

"But, Donald," said his mother, "there is no such name as Father William or William Father in the Old Testament."

"Are you sure, mama?"

"I certainly am, dear. I have read it through several times. William is a comparatively modern name. It isn't anywhere in the Bible."

"Well, but—oh, I remember now!" exclaimed Donald. It was Bildad!"

Not Much Public Land Left.

Of the public land, some 375,000,000 acres, or one-sixth of the original territory, remain—but nearly every acre is too arid for settlement on the original plan. Of state land the amount is limited, save swamp and overflow tracts that can hardly be settled by individual effort.

Over 75,000,000 acres of wet lands might be reclaimed to form homes for 10,000,000 people, while 40,000,000 or 50,000,000 acres of arid lands might be irrigated to sustain as many more, but this cannot be done by individual or family pioneering, and must be done, if at all, either at collective cost in the public interest or by corporate enterprise for personal interest. No longer is Uncle Sam "rich enough to give us all a farm;" his princely possession of a century past is already given.—American Review of Reviews.

DANCE OF BUTTERFLY

Up the mountain toiled a figure, age-bent and weary. Nyssa knew it for Peracles, courier of the king, who had the yesternorn brought such gladsome tidings. And now—fearsomely she rushed to meet him. "Why comest thou? Is—" the question trailed away. But his first words seemingly irrelevant. "My daughter, have any seen thee dance save Cadmus and me?"

Wondering, the girl made answer, "No, Peracles, since Cadmus wished it not."

"It is well," responded the old man looking back at the empty road. "Little one," his voice bore firmly, "Cadmus comes not down that road to-day. Within the distant city he lies a prisoner, calumned by the foul untruths of one he trusted and thrown into the dungeon on the eve of his honorable discharge as a soldier of the king. To-morrow at sunset," the courier shuddered, he had loved these children as his own, "he is condemned to be shot, unless—" he paused, "thou canst save him."

"I, Peracles!" thrilled Nyssa. "I?"—the unspoken resolution blazed in her face.

"There will be a great feast to-morrow at which all of the king's maidens will dance. Come thou also. I will procure thee entrance into the palace, and if it be that thou pleasest the king, then mayst thou perchance intercede for thy lover."

"— to dance—is that all?" faltered Nyssa.

"All!" the old courier turned away. Well he knew that the like of her beauty was equalled not at the court of Athens, though the king made it ever his aim to secure the fairest. But it was the only chance; the gods would guard her, their own.

In the brightness of the next day's noon, a black-robed, hooded figure met Peracles by the palace wall. "All is well," he assured her, gently, and in silence unmolested they trod the marble terraces past countless sentries till they came at length to a small lodge.

It was with a curious exhilaration that Nyssa mounted the grand stairway of the inner court, a quickening of the pulses that robbed her errand of ghastly portent. Above she saw gay groups in many-colored raiment, flower-decked and jewel hung, the king's dancing girls, and she hastened her steps to join them. Amidst the boisterous banter, she glided unnoticed to the far end of the hall where hung a canopied dais. But a moment had passed when a fanfare of trumpets announced the sovereign's approach, and accompanied by a magnificent suite, he was escorted to the throne.

Nyssa could bear concealment no longer. Doffing her black mantle, she slipped forth and bent low before the king in a courtesy of such exquisite grace that a murmur of admiration arose. Twice again she repeated the reverence, then slowly, neither bidden nor refused, commenced to dance, her little arched feet, shorn of their travelling sandals, making no sound on the mosaic floor. In the chaste simplicity of her white robe, unadorned, save for the entwining gold of long unbound tresses, her radiant perfection of youth and beauty thrilled all. But as she danced a new emotion gripped the spectators. Was it fear?

As if in answer to these thoughts, through an embrasure high in the stuccoed wall, a golden butterfly fluttered. Far beyond their reach it flitted its vagrant course, idle, unseeking. But Nyssa had seen, and knew! In Athens an ancient legend held that on whomever should rest a golden butterfly in its flight, that person was sacred to the gods.

An instant the dancer flung slim arms upward in mute supplication, then as the butterfly, she became its likened shadow. Back and forth, here, there, she darted, now genuflecting as the beautiful winged creature drooped downward, now leaping lightly as it sought the dome. In ecstatic abandon she skipped the far length of hall, and veering, capriced as among visionary flowers. By what intuitive sense knew she its course, none might say; surely the gods directed her steps. But suddenly the butterfly fluttered, came lower, lower and quiveringly poised. Nyssa, who had dropped to her knees, swaying her slender body to each lightest motion, in that instant collapsed in a crumpled heap. With a piteous little cry, her tiny, trembling hands shot out, and the butterfly, straightly descending, touched thereon, then passed to the whiteness of her robe, where, a golden glowing gem, it remained immobile.

A great breath went up, a great sigh, as if in the surcease of that suspense the watchers too knew peace.

The king's voice was gentle, for it spoke through unaccustomed tears. "What wouldst thou?" he asked.

"Sire, the life of Cadmus, whom I love," answered Nyssa simply.

Staggeringly she approached, and would have knelt in lowly supplicance, but his own hand stayed her. In a few words she gave the story, her dilating eyes fixed upon the slow-tinting patch of sky that filled a niche in the western wall.

"There is need for haste," said the king. At his summons, Peracles entered. Briefly commanding him with the release of Cadmus, the king unclasped from among his decorations a priceless pearl, and fastened it at Nyssa's heart.

"Greater," he said, "was thy gift," and in new-found faith, he reverently bowed his head.—ADELAIDE MORRIS.

A CHAFING DISH SUPPER.

Easily Made, Serves Five or Six, and Costs Only $2.35.

A menu for a chafing dish supper which is certain to be acceptable to persons in general and the principal dish of which is not so well known as to pall on the appetite is described in the Circle Magazine, with the observing information added that the expense will be small.

The items of the menu are Spanish chicken, two kinds of sandwiches, stuffed olives, salted peanuts, fruit and coffee. Everything but the chicken and the coffee is entirely prepared in advance and even the chicken receives its preliminary treatment.

For a party of six the cost was found to be as follows: one five pound fowl at sixteen cents a pound, eighty cents; a loaf of whole wheat and a loaf of New England bread ten cents; two quarts of raw peanuts, twenty cents; a large bottle of stuffed olives forty cents; half pound of coffee, sixteen cents; pint of cream, twenty cents; two sweet peppers, five cents; one tomato, five cents; half pound of butter, eighteen cents; fruit (Mandarin oranges, white grapes and fig bananas), seventy-five cents. Total $2.89.

For the Spanish chicken select a fowl as tender as possible because there will be more breast meat and the flavor will be richer. Cut up as for fricassee, wash, then cover with cold water and bring to the boiling point.

Add several stalks of celery, season with salt and pepper and simmer until very tender, then let the chicken cool in the broth. When cold, skim off the fat, take out chicken—the broth may be used for the family lunch—remove the skin and bones and cut in small pieces the white meat also the meat from the upper joints of the legs.

Pour boiling water over the sweet peppers, which have been cut in halves and the stalk and seeds removed, rub off the outer skin with a rough towel. Skin the tomato in similar fashion, peel a small silver skin onion.

At table put a tablespoonful of butter in the blazer and stir the vegetables in this until hot, then pour in and heat a cupful of cream, and two of all the disco chicken, which being already cooked only requires thorough warming. Moisten half a teaspoonful of arrowroot with a little cold cream and thicken the dish with this. Cover and let get very hot, then pour over small rounds of buttered toast trimmed to fit the ramekins.

The Evolution of Clothes.

The appearance of civilized man, his hands and head protruding from cylinders of cloth, as a turtle's from beneath his carapace, imbues the savage breast with curiosity, envy and fear. "You lived, sir, in the Victorian age—a period essentially cylindrical," says a tailor to the hero of Mr. Wells' "When the Sleeper Wakes." Nevertheless, all those unmeaning cylinders and rolls of superfluous cloth we carry upon our backs once had some meaning. For instance, the two buttons and the rudimentary tails of the morning coat, and the vestigal tails of the sack coat, are reminders of the time when the long tails were looped up to enable the wearer to ride without sitting upon his clothes. Similarly the buttons upon the sleeves originated with the time when the coat and shirt formed one garment, whose sleeves were tucked up when the wearer "got busy." Men's clothing buttons over from left to right, women's from right to left.

Hard Working French Schoolboys.

French children are often on their way to school a little after seven o'clock in the morning. If they have concluded their lessons by nine o'clock in the evening it is only by dint of great application.

Young men studying for the higher professions have appointments at five o'clock in the morning in summer time; otherwise they cannot accomplish the mountain of work that lies before them. In all branches of art the labor of the tyro is immense. At the Conservatoire the strenuous life is carried to a point which provokes the astonishment even of laborious German students.

Overwork.

Overwork seldom kills anybody but farmers' wives. The few men in the world who drive themselves into overwork thrive on it and write their names on the roll of fame because of it. When the world says that a man has broken down from overwork it tells a polite falsehood, usually. People break down from overworry, overhurry, overdrinking, oversmoking, overeating and overfoolishness of many other kinds, but seldom from overworking. The energy needed to do an ordinary man's daily work is insignificant alongside the energy he devotes to secondary things.—Newark (N. J.) News.

A Case of Urgent Need.

It was in the hotel of a Western mining town that the New England guest, registering in the office, heard a succession of loud yells. "What in the world is that—a murder going on up-stairs?" he demanded.

"No," said the clerk, as he slammed the book and lounged toward the stairs. "It's the spring bed up in Number Five. That tenderfoot up there don't get the hang of it, and every few days he gets one o' the spiral springs screwed into him like a shirt-stud. I guess I'll have to go up, if there ain't anything more I can do for you for a few minutes."

Farm Machinery.

The farmers of this country buy annually over $100,000,000 worth of farm machinery.