

THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL.

The sunbeam loved the moonbeam
And followed her low and high.
And the moonbeam fled and hid her head
She was so shy, so shy.

JOHN JACKSON'S ARCADY.

There was so much to say and to
tell that neither of them tried to talk,
but only sat there holding hands, like
two children who had wandered for a
long time through a wood and now
came upon each other with unimaginable
happiness in an accidental glade.

"I've always loved you," she murmured.
"Just before I go to sleep
every night, I've always been able to
see your face. Why didn't you come
back?"

When he awoke it was eleven
o'clock, and he drew himself a cool
bath, splashing around in it with
much of the exultation of the night
before.

The meeting was at four, but it was
nearly five when he dismounted from
the sweltering train and walked to-
ward the Civic Club hall.

"I don't know what you mean?" he demanded.
She began to cry and hid her eyes
behind her hand because some people
were passing along the road.

to him; and yet he fought blindly
against it as he felt his own mood of
ecstasy slipping away. For twenty
hours he had recaptured the power of
seeing things through a mist of hope

"Why, yes. The fact is I promised
to make a speech."
"Is that so? Speak on some city
problem I suppose."
"No; the fact is—the words, forming
in his mind to a senseless rhythm,
pushed themselves out—"I'm going to
speak on What Have I Got Out of
Life."

The only vacant chair was half be-
hind a pillar in a far corner of the
hall, but he welcomed its privacy with
relief; and settling himself, looked
curiously around him.

"Perhaps I wouldn't have said what
I've said," went on the booming voice,
"were he here today. But if all the
young men in this city came up to me
and asked me 'What is being hono-
rable?' I'd answer them, 'Go up to that
man and look into his eyes.' They're
not happy eyes. I've often sat and
looked at him and wondered what
went on back of them that made those
eyes so sad.

strange when I saw him yesterday;
perhaps he gave in at last under the
strain of trying to do many things for
many men. Perhaps this meeting
we're holding here comes a little too
late now. But we'll all do better for
having said our say about him."

"Mrs. Ralston," he called, and sat
down.
A woman rose from the line of
chairs and came forward to the edge
of the stage and began to speak in a
quiet voice. She told a story about a
man whom—so it seemed to John
Jackson—his father had once, but
whose actions repeated here seemed
utterly unreal, like something that
had happened in a dream. It appeared
that every year many hundreds of
babies in the city owed their lives to
something this man had done five
years before; he had put a mortgage
upon his own house to assure the chil-
dren's hospital on the edge of town.

"I've been with him twenty years.
That's a long time. Neither of us has
gray hair when I walked into his of-
fice one day just fired from somewhere
and asked him for a job. Since then
I can't tell you, gentlemen, I can't tell
you what his presence in this city
meant to me. When he told me
yesterday, suddenly, that he was
going away, I thought to myself that
I didn't want to go on living. That man
makes everything in the world seem
all right. If you knew how we felt
around the office—" He paused and
shook his head wordlessly. "Why,
there's three of us there—the janitor
and one of the other clerks and me—
that have sons named after John
Jackson. Yes, sir. Because none of
us could think of anything better than
for a boy to have his name or that
example before him through life. He
would he tell me? Not a chance. He
wouldn't even know what it was all
about. Why—he sank his voice to a
hushed whisper—"he'd just look at you
in a puzzled way and say, 'What did
you wish that that on the poor kid
for?'"

He broke off, for there was a sud-
den and shocking interruption. An ep-
idemic of head turning had broken out
and was spreading rapidly from one
corner of the hall until it had affected
the whole assemblage. Some one had
discovered John Jackson behind the
post in the corner, and first an exclamation
and then a growing murmur
that mounted to a cheer swept over
the auditorium.

been asked to—tell you what I
have got out of life—"

At six o'clock, when he walked up
his street alone, the air was already
cool with evening. Approaching his
house, he raised his head and saw
that some one was sitting on the out-
er doorstep, resting his face in his
hands. When John Jackson came up
the walk, the caller—he was a young
man with dark, frightened eyes—saw
him and sprang to his feet.
"Father," he said quickly, "I got
your telegram, but—I came home."
John Jackson looked at him and
nodded.
"The house was locked," said the
young man in an uneasy way.
"I've got the key."

1,458 Try for State Scholarship.
In the State scholarship examina-
tion held in 332 high schools of the
State on May 2nd there were 1,458
candidates. Every county in the
State was represented in the examina-
tions. Allegheny county with 176
competitors had the largest number.
That county is entitled to six scholar-
ships, one for each Senatorial district.
Philadelphia county, which ranked
second with 92 candidates, is entitled
to eight while Luzerne county with 61
candidates is entitled to two scholar-
ships.

Pennsylvania to Test the Old Oaken
Bucket.
Analysis of drinking water along
state highways, as a precautionary
move to protect motorists, has been
started by the Pennsylvania State
Health Department.

FARM NOTES.

—One of man's friends is one of the
ground beetles known as Calosoma
sycophanta, says Nature Magazine of
Washington. It is a glittering green
and gold beetle with a head and thor-
ax of deep purple. It was imported
from Europe among other natural en-
emies of the gypsy moth and brown-
tail moth. Both adults and young of
the Calosoma beetles are extremely
voracious and feed on other insects,
especially the caterpillars of moths.