As Ever.

ON THE WAY.

We are moving to the country and
our brand new bungalow;
We've finished with the packing and
are ready now to go.
We've taken the canary and the parrot and the cat,
And we're all of us delighted to be
done with that old flat!

We have left the city racket and the
turmoil and the heat,
And we're glad to say adieu to both
the building and the street.
The van man's gone before us and
we're speeding on our way;
We'll eat our humble supper at the
bungalow today!

LATER.

We have been here most a fortnight
in this God-forsaken spot!
The roads are something awful, and,
my eye, but ain't it hot!
There's hardly any water and there
isn't any gas;
The dooryard's full of mortar, but
there's not a blade of grass.

We haven't any neighbors and we're
broiling in the glare,
And the silence is so awful that it's
more than we can bear.
The parrot's most unhappy, and so
likewise is the cat,
And we're all of us just pining for
the old, delightful flat!

—L. S. Waterhouse, in New York Sun.

Nathan Thorpe's Examination

BY F. E. ROBBINS.

When he applied for the Swamp Hollow school Nathan Thorpe was barely seventeen years old, but he was large and strong for his age, and having attended the academy for nearly two terms, he considered himself well qualified to begin his career as a teacher.

His father thought differently, and tried to dissuade him from the undertaking. "You don't know enough to teach school, my son," Mr. Thorpe declared, bluntly.

"I don't believe it takes a great deal of knowledge to teach the Swamp Hollow school," said Nathan.

"Maybe not, Nathan, maybe not," replied his father, significantly. "But still it must take some."

But Nathan was not to be discouraged, and one pleasant Saturday, late in the autumn, he walked four miles across the fields and through the woods over into the town of Farmingdale to the house of one Mr. Millett, who was the agent of the Swamp Hollow school district.

"No, I haven't hired any master for the winter school yet," Mr. Millett admitted, when Nathan had stated the purpose of his errand. "But you're pretty young, ain't ye? I shouldn't set ye over twenty at the outside," he suggested, squinting his eye in his accustomed manner when inspecting live stock.

"Howsomever," he went on, after Nathan had modestly owned to the correctness of this conjecture, "I d'know as that need to bar you out. The deestrict voted not to pay over ten dollars a month, and board the master round, and as I told 'em at the meeting, you can't expect much at that figure. I d'know but I'd as soon risk it with a young chap just beginning as I would with an old feller that was willing to work for that price.

"I know you come of a good stock, and judging by your looks, you ought to be able to handle the school. No very big boys to go, anyway. But there is one thing may bother you—you've got to have your certificate, you know, before you can begin the school. Maybe you don't know Jeff Daggett, our school supervisor? This is his first year, and he kind of feels his importance, I guess.

"Jeff isn't much account in most respects—lives 'long of his father, old Cap'n Daggett, and is just as much under the old man's thumb as he was before he was one and twenty. But he's got learning, and they do say that you have to pass an awful tough examination before Jeff will give you a certificate. I don't mind telling you that you're the fourth chap that's been after the school, and I said to 'em all that I'd hire 'em if they could get a certificate, and I haven't seen nary one of 'em since. But maybe you'll have better luck, seeing as you've been to Walnut Hill Academy. You can go right up and see Jeff this afternoon, and if you get your certificate, I'll h're you straight off. You might as well come back this way, anyhow, and let me know how you come out."

Nathan murmured his thanks for this conditional engagement, but as he shook the farmer's hand he felt by no means sure that he should look upon his honest face again.

After a walk of a mile or so, Nathan had no difficulty in finding the white house, with the tall tree in the front yard, that had been described to him, or in finding the supervisor of schools, who was in the barn, with his father, engaged in husking corn.

Mr. Daggett was an undersized man, with stooping shoulders and a very short chin. At first glance he appeared almost insignificant, especially in comparison with his father, who was tall and erect, with bristling gray hair and deep-set eyes, that looked out almost fiercely from under shaggy brows.

But when the little man had learned the reason for Nathan's call, his eyes brightened, and he straightened up into an attitude of dignity befitting his office.

"Very well," he said, rising from the milking-stool on which he had been sitting, "if you will step into the house I will proceed to examine you."

But here the old captain interposed, in a tone of command that fairly startled the visitor.

"You don't need to go into the house. You can just as well stay right where you are and keep on with your husking while you're putting the young feller through his paces. Get him another stool, and let him sit down, and then fire away with your questions. He can take some shingles out of that bunch by the door to do his figurin' on. I'm tired of being left to work alone while you are in the house taking your time examinin'!"

The supervisor looked a little annoyed, but he finally acquiesced in this program. Nathan, on his part, was rather pleased with this turn of the affair. It seemed to him that an examination conducted in a barn and without books or paper could not be a very formidable matter.

But in this he was mistaken. Supervisor Daggett needed no book. He knew his Weld and Quackenbos's Grammar from cover to cover, fine print and all; and not only was he familiar with all the knotty problems in Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, but, as he often boasted, he could make up sums right out of his head.

For nearly two hours the inquisition lasted, and through it all poor Nathan was conscious that he was faring badly. He knew that there were plenty of questions that he could answer, but somehow these seemed to be just the ones that did not get asked. Then the supervisor's knowing smile at the numerous mistakes was very disconcerting, although perhaps not more so than the sniffs and grunts from old Captain Daggett as the examination wore on.

At last the ordeal was over, and the supervisor announced his decision.

"I'm afraid I can't conscientiously give you a certificate," he said. "We want to elevate the standard of our schools, and I maintain that the only way to do it is to employ more highly educated teachers. But you mustn't be discouraged. When I was your age I couldn't do any better than you have, but I kept studying, and now you see where I am!"

Nathan rose from his milking-stool, glad to be released on any terms. His legs were cramped, and the perspiration stood in drops on his forehead.

"I wonder if you would give me a drink of water before I go?" he asked.

"Sartin! Sartin!" cried the old captain, jumping up and leading the way out of the barn to the well in front of the house.

"That's fine water," observed Nathan, gratefully, after quenching his thirst.

The captain's face brightened. "It's the best water in town by all odds!" he asserted, vigorously. "I dug that well myself just fifty-two years ago this fall, and it's never run dry from that day to this. How deep do you suppose it is? Well, I can tell you. It's just twenty-one feet deep.

"But here is something that I don't know, nor anybody else," he continued, pointing to the elm under which they were standing, "and that is the height of this tree.

"But I'd give a good deal to know. I set out that tree sixty-two years ago, when I was a youngster. It was just my height then—five foot two. We've both grown since that day. I know how much I have; I'm just six feet when I stand up straight. But how much has the tree grown? That's the question that I wish somebody could answer. I'm too old to climb the tree myself. I did get Jeff started up one day. He had a clothes-line tied to his waist and a pole in his hand, and he was going to climb as far as he could and measure with the pole the rest of the way. But he met with a mishap and came near breaking his neck, and he never dared to try again. I guess I shall die without ever knowing how tall that tree is," he concluded, mournfully.

"I think that I could measure it for you, Captain Daggett," said Nathan, with a twinkle in his eye.

"You could?" said the captain, doubtfully. "Well, you do look like a withy little chap. If you want to try, I'll get you the clothes-line and the pole, and I'll give you something handsome if you do it."

"All I want is that two-foot rule," said Nathan, glancing at the pocket in the old man's overalls. "Oh, yes, and another shingle. I'll get that from the barn."

"Now, captain," he began, briskly, "just take your hat off, please, and stand stock-still out here in the sunshine."

This order the old gentleman obeyed without a word, but with a look of mystification on his face that deepened as Nathan, beginning at the captain's feet, measured off a short distance on the ground.

"That will do for you," said Nathan, as he ran to the base of the tree and began to measure again.

This time his course with the rule took him across the level front yard and even into the field beyond the road.

"What on earth is the boy up to?" asked Mr. Jefferson Daggett, who, suspecting that something of interest was going on, had come out of the barn.

"I don't know what he is doing, but maybe he does," replied his father. "He's figuring now," he added, nodding toward Nathan, who had seated himself upon the ground, and was busily engaged with pencil and shingle.

"I've got it!" exclaimed the boy, presently. "Here it is, all worked out in simple proportion. Twenty-two and a half feet, that's the length of your shadow, is to two hundred and eighty-five feet, length of the tree's shadow, as six feet, your height is to the height of the tree. Multiply the second and third terms together and divide by the first, and you get the answer—seventy-six feet. That is the height of your tree, captain."

"Well, I snum!" cried the old man, as he seized the shingle on which were Nathan's figures and brought it to focus under his spectacles. "I believe you've done it! And here is Jeff Daggett, rising forty years old, and setting up for a learned man, and drawing pay from the town for being supervisor of schools, and never once thought of doing it that way.

"That 'ere is a sensibler sum," he roared, turning on his son in wrath, "than you ever gave out in all your jaw-cracking examinations! And you wouldn't give the young feller a certificate! You give him a certificate, or I'll—" he paused for an adequate threat—"I'll tell this round all over town!"

Whether the threat had anything to do with it or not, it is certain that the supervisor did reconsider his decision.

"Come to think it all over," he said, "I rather guess that, by studying up, you can keep ahead of the scholars in that district. You're pretty good in arithmetic, anyway, and if you get stuck any time, you can come to me and I'll help you out."

Thus our young friend was able to return to Mr. Millett bearing a document that went to show that Nathan Thorpe, being a person of good character, and of a temper and disposition suited to the instruction of youth, and having passed a satisfactory examination in the studies recognized by law to be taught in the common schools of the State of Maine, was authorized to teach the school in the Swamp Hollow District, so called.

Mr. Millett seemed a little surprised, and so did Mr. Thorpe, Senior, when he learned of his son's success. But to neither of them did Nathan relate any of the particulars of his examination.

This was in accordance with the request of Supervisor Daggett.

"It really ain't worth mentioning," he whispered as he handed Nathan his certificate, "and yet it might give some folks a handle when I come up for supervisor another spring."

Nathan promised not to tell, which promise he kept for many years. But after the lapse of more than a generation, it can do no harm if the story now leaks out.—From Youth's Companion.

IN EXTREME HOT WEATHER

Fish, Birds and Animals All Suffer by the Heat Just as Men Do.

"Humans," said a nature lover "are by no means the only sufferers from intense summer heat; there are plenty of lower creatures that suffer.

"Fish, for instance, are oppressed by the heat just as men are, and if they can't find shelter from it they may be killed by it. In shallow fresh water ponds fish sometimes die by the hundred, killed by the excessive heat of the water, warmed beyond their endurance by the beating sun.

"In streams fish seek the shady stretches and the deep places and the spring holes where they can keep cool, and in salt water fish go away from the shallow overheated water close to shore and seek the cooler depths.

"Birds suffer in the same way, oppressed by extreme heat, and how they do welcome a chance to get cool! Look at the sparrows in the city's streets when the sprinkling cart goes by leaving in the hollows of the pavement little pools of water that will serve them for bathing places. How eagerly the sparrow seeks this bath, and it will bathe, if it gets the chance, a dozen times a day.

"It is just the same with domestic fowls. Extreme hot weather distresses them greatly; at such a time you can see chickens with their beaks open and fairly panting with the heat, and then they want plenty of water.

"Cows? Of course. On the very hot days they seek the trees if there are any in the pasture lot, to stand in the shade of them, and then if they are bothered by flies the cows seek shaded pools or brooks to stand in them in water up to their bellies or deeper to escape the flies and for cooling refreshment. How horses and dogs suffer with intense heat everybody knows.—New York Sun.

Southern Chivalry.

The leisurely chivalry of the old South lingers, declares the Chicago Post. In Florida one branch of the State Legislature has passed a bill requiring that when an automobile meets any other kind of vehicle "the chauffeur shall stop, turn out to one side, and if a lady or child be driving the team the chauffeur shall get out and help same by with their horses, mules, oxen or whatnot."

Household Notes

MAYONNAISE OF FLOUNDER.

Put some fillets of flounder into boiling water with a little salt and lemon juice, and cook till tender, then drain thoroughly. When cold, put them in the center of some chopped lettuce, cover with mayonnaise sauce and garnish with slices of tomatoes and hard cooked eggs.—New York Press.

CHICKEN WITH RICE.

As tasty a dish as one could wish is fried chicken with rice and fried Spanish sweet peppers. To prepare the peppers, drain them from the can, cut them in two and fry them in butter. Put a border of hot boiled rice around the platter, the chicken in the centre and the peppers dotted around on the rice. Fried green peppers are also tasty with the chicken and rice. Or stuffed and baked green peppers may be employed.—American Cultivator.

BEET AND CAULIFLOWER SALAD.

Take some thin slices of cooked beets, some cold cooked potatoes, some cold cooked cauliflower, and a little chopped parsley. Pour over the following dressing and add salt and pepper to taste. Put one level teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful anchovy sauce, one tablespoonful of milk or cream, and one dessertspoonful of vinegar. Mix the mustard with the anchovy, then add, the milk, and lastly the vinegar. Tomatoes are equally good served in the same way.—New York Press.

RICE AND PLUMS.

Two cupfuls of milk, two ounces of rice, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Put the milk into a saucepan on the fire, and when it boils add the rice, well washed, sprinkling it into the boiling milk. Add the sugar and vanilla. The mixture should be just thick enough to pour into a wet mold. Leave it in the mold till cold, then loosen round the edge, shake gently, and turn it on to a pretty dish. Arrange some nicely stewed plums round the rice, adding also the sirup from the fruit.—New York Press.

BOILED SALMON.

Choose a piece from the middle of the fish. Place it in a fish kettle of boiling water, to which a tablespoonful of salt has been allowed to each quart of water.

Placing the fish in the water lowers the temperature to below the boiling point, and this lower temperature the water should be kept while the fish is being cooked.

Allow eight minutes for each pound of fish, and an extra eight minutes besides. If the piece is very large and thick, a quarter of an hour should be allowed in addition to the regulation eight minutes per pound.

Remove the scum before lifting out the fish from the water.

Place the salmon on a large dish garnished with a few slices of cucumber, and squeeze over the fish the juice of half a lemon.

Serve with the following sauce: Blend two tablespoonfuls of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour in a saucepan over the fire, add one cupful of cold water, seasoning of white pepper and salt.

Stir till boiling then add two heaping tablespoonfuls of capers and a teaspoonful of vinegar. Serve hot.—New York Press.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Don't make the mistake and wait until the special fruit season is almost gone and then pay double the regular price for it.

Don't be of the opinion that overripe fruit makes the best preserves or jellies.

Don't use anything but the best of materials for the best of results.

Don't use granulated sugar for spiced fruits. Use light brown only.

Don't allow preserves to stand after they are cold. Put melted paraffin on the cover with lids, wash off every trace of stickiness and place in a cool and dark place for future use.

Borax water is used instead of starch for the slight stiffening necessary for the daintier neckwear.

Not every cook knows that the flat, disagreeable taste of cornstarch when used as a filling or custard can be disguised by adding a small bit of butter to the thickened milk.

To take out wagon grease, which is of two kinds, that made from coal tar may be removed from cloth by an application of petroleum; the other, made from animal fat, responds to a sponging with ether.

Housekeepers, whose natural wood kitchen tables have become rough by continual scrubbing with a brush, may be glad to know that a lemon, cut in half and rubbed over the surface will remove the stains and keep surface. Use plenty of hot water in them- white without roughening the rinsing.

Southern housekeepers cook rice with the cover off, believing that aids in keeping the kernels separate. Rice should always be cooked in plenty of water, which should be rapidly boiling when the rice is dropped in.

Don't use a steel knife to pare with. Use a silver one. This applies to fruit only.

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Foxy German Emperor.

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL.

The Kaiser, finding himself isolated as the result of French and British diplomacy, debarred on every hand from territorial expansion in Europe, had dreamed of a commercial empire in Asia. But Wilhelm is the kind of a man who prefers to see things with his own eyes, and that is why, in the spring of 1897, he set out on his spectacular tour of the Near East. He rode through Palestine in a theatrical uniform made for the occasion, with a great cavalcade behind him. At Jerusalem he laid the cornerstone of a German church; at Haifa he addressed a great assemblage of German colonists; from Damascus he carried away with him the priceless furnishings of the palace which he occupied, loaned, for the occasion, by the neighboring pashas; at Ba'albek a peculiarly hideous tablet was placed in the Temple of Venus to mark his visit, and so he came to Stamboul, where Abdul-Hamid, his friend and brother, awaited him.

Imagine, if you can, a more queerly assorted pair. The Sultan, crafty, cautious, timid, patient; the Kaiser, bombastic, blatant, hot-headed, domineering. This meeting of the monarchs was as curious as any in modern history—the one a ruler in spite of his physical cowardice, and the shrewdest diplomat in Europe; the other a sort of footlight king. Humble, patient, and furtive, the Master of Turkey listened, while the War Lord thundered. Always he dilated on his great idea, the Drang nach Osten—that onsweep to the East of German imperialism. This strangely mated pair, these masters of East and West, made a compact that the one would abstain from intervening in Crete and would use his influence to obtain the withdrawal of the international soldiery from the island, and that the other would give him, in payment, a right-of-way for his railroad across Turkey-in-Asia. And so they arranged it between them, the bilious, sallow-faced, silent little man with his eternal cigarette, and the stoutish, aggressive, domineering Teuton who puffed intermittently at a black cigar. . . . The Sultan had, indeed, bartered a kingdom for the Kaiser's friendship. To the German concessionnaires was given the exclusive right to cultivate the land within this railway zone — 18,600 square miles in all, and every foot of it, to all intents and purposes, German soil—to work the mines and the forests within this radius; to grow wheat, tobacco and cotton; to colonize, and to navigate the streams, not to mention various subsidiary rights. The concession admits, moreover, of the concessionnaires' utilizing all waters along the route for electric purposes; and such power will eventually be used, it is planned, for lighting their towns and running their factories.—Everybody's.

Drumming of the Snipe.

One of the most remarkable of bird sounds is the so-called drumming of the snipe. The noise is difficult to describe and is often compared to bleating. The snipe, in fact, has been called the bleater. Tennyson used the word hum, speaking of "The swamp where hums the snipe."

It is now generally agreed that the noise is made by the vibration of the tail feathers. A writer, however, carefully watching the snipe during the flights in which it makes this remarkable noise is convinced that the wing assist in its production. This seems exceedingly probable, since the wings are seen to be in actual vibration during its emission.—Country Life.

The great importance X-ray and radium already play in the treatment of disease is shown by the appearance in Germany of a "Handbuch der Roentgentherapie," by O. Nemnich, which has nearly a thousand pages.

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