

The Contour Map.

By JAMES WEBER LINN.

A boy and a girl, each about seventeen years old, stood outside the main entrance of the Fairport High School. A tall, rather severe-looking young man emerged, blinked at them a moment through his glasses, then nodded courteously as he passed.

"Good evening, Mr. Wilson!" said the girl; but the boy, his young face hardening, did not acknowledge the teacher's salutation.

"Beast!" he muttered, when the other had passed on.

"Why, Will, what's the matter?"

"He's thrown me off the baseball team, Kitty; that's all." The voice was bitter.

"He hasn't!"

"He has, though."

"What for?"

"I'm below grade, he says. It's simple meanness. I hate geology, and he knows it—that's all. I've been late three or four times, and every time he has called on me before I got there, and marked me zero when I didn't answer. Then, of course, I've missed two field trips—his own fault for setting them on days when the team had a big game."

"And you can't pitch a week from Saturday against Wareham?"

Treloar shook his head. "If he'd give me a special examination I could pass it. But he won't. Says I've had as much chance as anybody, and my being an athlete, as he calls it, is no reason for giving me special favors. He's simply dirt-mean, Kitty, that's all."

"Kitty, troubled, protested: "You know how hard he has worked to make geology interesting the last two years, Will, and how much time he's given to field trips, and how the classes have enjoyed them. Last year we had a splendid time. I liked geology better than anything else. But I don't understand now—"

"I tell you," repeated Will, with pessimistic sincerity, "he hates me because I don't like it; because I don't care a cent about his confounded old rocks."

"But if you can't pitch," began Kitty.

"Latham must do it."

"Then we shall lose." Kitty's voice was tragic.

"Shouldn't wonder." Something of the girl's sympathy, however, reached the boy's angry heart.

"Never mind, Kitty; I'll bear up, I guess, and so will the team. Only—"

Treloar's eyes grew dark again—"I mean to get even with old Wilson somehow!"

There was plenty of discussion and plenty of disapproval in the high school over Mr. Wilson's action. Treloar was not only by far the best pitcher in the baseball squad; he was also one of the most popular boys in school. He had never before failed in his work, and the belief was general that he should be given another chance. But Mr. Wilson, not long out of college, and not yet the opportunist which most teachers sooner or later are driven to become, steadfastly refused to give Treloar a special examination. He taught physics also, but geology was his hobby, and Treloar's obvious and outspoken dislike of the work he toiled so hard and so enthusiastically to popularize had not endeared the boy to Wilson. So much was true. On the other hand, in conditioning Treloar, Wilson had been absolutely just; in fact, he was incapable of injustice. He had still to learn, however, the wisdom of mercy.

On the Friday following Treloar's talk with Kitty Burton, Mr. Wilson exhibited to the class in geology what he called a contour map. It was a clay modeling, in relief, of an interesting section of the neighborhood of Fairport to the south. It showed ravines, mounds, slopes, water-courses and watersheds, and by cross-sectioning indicated the underlying strata.

"This," he explained, "was made by one of my students last year. It is very good; good enough to be preserved as a model. I shall expect each member of the class, as a part of the final examination, to prepare a similar map." There was a groan from the class. Wilson, with a slight smile, continued: "It is not expected that your performances equal this one; but I shall keep it before you, that you may have the opportunity of studying it."

That afternoon, about half-past four, Will Treloar returned to the "science wing," as it was called, of the high school building. He wished to see Mr. Wilson. The Warehouse game, hardly a week off, was lost unless he could play; and he meant to make a last appeal for a special examination, although he had no hope of its being granted. He entered the physics room, but it was empty; passed on to the room reserved for geology, and found that empty also.

"Mr. Wilson!" he called. "O Mr. Wilson!" His voice echoed back to him from the specimen-lined walls, but there was no other answer. Somehow he felt additionally aggrieved by Wilson's absence. He opened the door into the hall beyond and looked out. Nobody there. From the west window of the geology room he could see the great vacant lot, a block away, where the team was practicing, and hear the shouts of the players. His anger against Wilson mounted as he watched and listened. A special examination was so small a thing to refuse! He knew he could pass it if he had a chance.

Suddenly his eyes fell upon a table in the corner, upon which lay the contour map which Mr. Wilson had exhibited that day. The table was of a kind not unusual—a square central portion, and two square wings, or leaves, of equal size, which could be folded down out of the way. Partly on one of these leaves lay the clay map. If, by accident or design, the catch of that leaf should jar loose, the map would slip and smash to pieces on the floor, "and serve old Wilson right if it did," thought Treloar. He looked at the map sullenly.

original, for which it has been substituted. And it has been done rapidly, too; if it has been modeled since Friday afternoon. Well, well! The instructor relapsed into a brown study. After a moment he pulled himself up to action.

"Don't say anything about this, Treloar. I want to make some inquiries. Just go over your story again, will you?"

The boy repeated it.

"And you say nobody saw you?"

"At least I didn't see any one, sir."

"Well, you may go. As to what's to be done—we'll settle that later. But remember—say nothing."

Treloar went out, dumfounded. Who had done this, and why? In of the main building he met Kitty Burton.

"Have you been seeing Mr. Wilson?" she asked.

"Yes."

"O Will—is he going to give you the examination?"

Treloar shook his head. "That's all off, Kitty."

The glow in her face faded. "Will, what's the matter?"

"I can't tell you, Kitty. But—I've been an awful fool. Wilson would have given me another chance, and I had to go and spoil it. I've acted like a mean little kid."

"Will—you don't mean—the map?"

"What!" he cried. "Kitty—I promised not to say a word. What do you know about it?"

"I went up to see Mr. Wilson Friday afternoon," she said. "I thought—I thought I saw you going out. And my map was on the floor, broken. I—I didn't know."

"Your map?" Will Treloar's exclamation was eloquent with amazement.

"Yes. Didn't you know it was one I did last year? Of course you didn't, though."

He could only stare. "Then it was you who made the new one?"

She nodded.

"You worked on it all day Saturday?" he cried, with a flash of insight. "That's where you were when I came over to see you—working on that map! Spent the whole day on it—half the night, too, probably. O Kitty!"

"Well, you see," she answered, nervously, "I'd done it before—and I had all the data—and I knew you hadn't meant to—and you'd be sorry—and we had to have you pitched for us!" she ended her complicated speech with a little laugh.

"It was you who went to Wilson and begged him to give me the special," he added. "I know it was—he said 'one of his best students last year.'"

One of the monitors came up and interrupted. "Kitty," she said, "I've been looking for you everywhere. Mr. Wilson wants to see you."

"I promised him I wouldn't say a word," said Treloar, remorsefully.

"You haven't," Kitty answered. "I said it all myself."

She found the instructor, without his glasses, awaiting her beside the contour map.

"Miss Burton," he said, abruptly, "can you tell me anything about this?"

"Yes, sir," she answered. She drew a long breath. "Friday I came in here—in the afternoon—and saw it was broken. I still had my notes and things from last year, and I had been so proud that you kept it, that—I hated to see it smashed. So I did another one. That's all."

"I see. When did you do it?"

"Saturday—and Saturday evening."

He examined the map again; then he turned suddenly upon her.

"You found no one here Friday when you came to see me?"

"No, sir; there was no one in the room."

"And you had no idea how the accident might have occurred?"

He looked at her sharply, and she flushed.

"The leaf of the table had fallen down; the map had been lying on it."

"Yes, yes. Treloar tells me," he said, slowly, "that he was also here on Friday afternoon. Never mind, Miss Burton. I shall ask no more questions. And I want to tell you that although some fault might be found with your judgment, I think that almost any one would be proud to have you for a friend."

She flushed again, but not unhappily, at something in his tone.

"Have you decided about Treloar's examination?" she said, boldly. He tapped the desk with his pencil.

"That is a matter wholly for Treloar to decide. I have offered to give him the examination. But—I may say—I don't believe he will accept the offer."

Nor did he; nor did he, therefore, pitch against Wareham. That was a disappointment to Kitty Burton; but she may have drawn some consolation from the facts that Will Treloar and Mr. Wilson became very good friends, and that Treloar never was conditioned again in his studies in Fairport.—Youth's Companion.

Savagery in Civilization.

It is no time to say that man cannot, in civilized society, be guilty of cannibalism. I tell you there are more cannibals in New York than in the isles of the Pacific; and if to-day you were suddenly to take away the support that comes from eating men, there would be thousands and thousands of empty maws to-morrow in that city.—Henry Ward Beecher.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



THE MERMAMMY'S LULLABY.

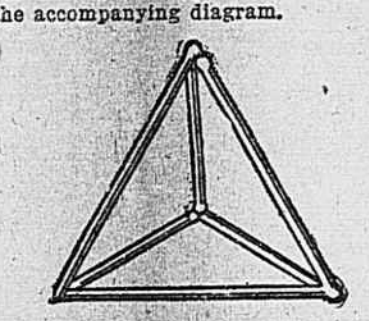
Swish, swish, my little fish;
Rest each silvery wee fin
Now the daylight's growing dim.
Swish, swish, my darling fish;
Do not quiver, do not fear,
Your mermammy's floating near.
Cannot find our cosy nook.

CAN'T TAKE OFF FEET.

Harry one day climbed up in a parlor chair in order to reach something he wanted. "Don't get up in that chair with your feet, Harry," exclaimed his mother. "I just have to, mamma," replied the little fellow. "I can't take my feet off."—Chicago News.

MATCH PUZZLE.

How to Make Four Triangles Out of Six Sticks.



Three of the six matches are laid on the table in the form of a triangle, and the other three are placed on end, meeting at a common point above. Thus you have the four triangles required.

A MASQUERADE.

I thought you would like to hear about a masquerade which I attended. It was held in the City Hall. There were a great many pretty dresses and some extremely funny ones. There were clowns of all descriptions, people disguised as Red Riding Hood, Spaniards and popples. The popples, which I took great interest in, had dark green dresses, with long strips of green crepe paper, and large red hats with green stems on top of the crowns, which were also green. Afterward all the popples had their pictures taken by flashlight.—Eileen Tate, in the New York Tribune.

TALE OF A SQUIRREL.

Dolly was sitting on the laundry window sill watching Hulda dampening the clothes. "O, Hulda," cried she, suddenly, looking out into the back yard, "look at the funny pussy cat!"

"Pussy cat, my darling," sniffed Hulda; "sure, that's no cat; it's a rat. I'm thinking, or maybe a weasel," and, as the small gray animal stopped scurrying along the fence, and sitting up straight, curling its fluffy tail over its back like a plume, she and Dolly cried in one breath, "It's a squirrel, it's a squirrel!"

"A squirrel in a city back yard!" cried mother dropping her egg beater and coming to the window; "it must have escaped from some boy or other."

"O, mother," cried Dolly, "may I catch him, and may I keep him?"

"Please say yes, mother!"

"Yes," laughed mother. "If you caught him! But I fear he won't be caught, and also, does not seem inclined to be kept; but," she added, "suppose you get some nuts—the chestnuts and hickories we found in the woods yesterday—out on the window sill and see whether he'll come for them."

So Dolly opened the laundry window and set the nuts on the sill; and they all went back into the kitchen where mother went on with her cooking, and Hulda washed the lunch dishes, while Dolly kept as still as a mouse watching the squirrel.

As soon as the little creature caught sight of the nuts he ran down the fence and scampered a few paces, where he crouched a few moments, his thickly whiskered little nose wrinkling and quivering, his beady black eyes searching for possible danger; then he pounced on two or three nuts, stowed them away in his side pockets, and dashed off with them to the grass plot. Here he ran from clothes pole to clothes pole, evidently taking them for some peculiar kind of city tree, finally selecting one of the four for his own particular one, at the foot of which he hurriedly scratched a hole in which he deposited his booty, carefully covered it, and rushed back for a new supply. He kept this up—to Dolly's delight—until the nuts were all buried, where he painstakingly went over his cache, scrapping, patting and smoothing the ground until no one would have guessed it had ever been disturbed. He then stopped work and, after thoroughly "washing his face" and fluffing his tail, proceeded to amuse himself. From pole to pole he gambled, climbing first one, then the other, and enjoying the view therefrom until Dolly grew tired of watching him and turned to the dolls instead, wheeling Sophonisbe Ann up and down the back yard walk and seeing Hulda take down the wash line, in which proceeding Master Squirrel also seemed much interested. He mounted his own clothes pole—the one above his little cache—to the round ball on top, where he sat straight on end, following

Household Matters.

Alsation Cheese.

Take two small Neuchatel cheeses and one small onion chopped fine, two tablespoons of sweet cream, salt and pepper to taste. Stir all together to a creamy paste, then stir the onion into it. Spread thin crackers of any sort and serve for luncheon. If preferred, a little appetizing sauce can be added.—New York World.

Oysters in Grape Fruit.

Cut grape fruit so as to form a handle basket. Scrape out the pulp and clip edges into points with scissors. Place eight small oysters in each basket and cover them with a sauce made of equal portions of lemon juice, grated horseradish, tomato catsup and speck mustard. Place on shaved ice on plate and serve.—New York World.

Fricassee of Chicken.

Clean the chickens and cut in neat pieces. Heat a mixture of lard and butter in the frying pan and fry the pieces of chicken, dredged with flour, to a rich brown. Now place the chicken in the cooker saucepan, adding one quart tomatoes, one pint boiling water, one small onion minced and a little bunch parsley. Cook fifteen minutes, seasoning with salt and pepper, then put into the cooker and cook for ten to eight hours according to the age of the chicken. Serve with rice. If preferred rice may be added and cooked with the stew. The latter should be very moist. If rice is not used the gravy may be thickened with browned flour and the fricassee served on baking powder biscuit split or on toast.—New Haven Register.

Irish Stew.

Cut about two pounds of mutton from the neck or ribs into neat pieces and put them into an iron saucepan with about half a cup hot water. As this boils away brown the meat in its own fat, together with four small onions sliced. Season with salt and pepper, then add three pints boiling water, put in the regular cooker saucepan, bring to a boil and put in the cooker. Let remain there about four hours, two hours before serving remove, half to the boiling pot, add a half cupful of celery, turnip and carrot cut in even slices. Cook ten minutes, add two cupfuls potatoes sliced, then return to the cooker for an hour and a half or two hours. Take up and thicken with flour to the desired consistency and ribbons of green or parsley minced fine, cook a moment, season to taste and serve.—New Haven Register.

Scotch Short Bread.

A real Scotch recipe for its making is this: Put two pounds of butter in a basin, warm and beat to a cream with a wooden spoon. Add slowly a pound and a quarter of fine granulated or sifted crushed loaf sugar, stirring well to obtain a white appearance. Add a little grated yellow rind of lemon and a small quantity of milk with flour to make a short paste, taking pains not to have it too stiff. Divide into pieces, roll out about a quarter of an inch in thickness, forming them square or oval as desired. They should be about the size of a breakfast plate. Pinch the edges all around with the fingers, dock the surface with a biscuit comb, sprinkle a few caraway seeds on top and bake in a moderate oven. Some cooks dredge them with sugar before baking; in about twenty minutes dredge again, then bake ten minutes longer.—New York Telegram.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A little salt thrown into water will hasten the boiling process.
If the pastry is slow in browning a little sugar on the oven shelf will expedite matters.
Sugared tea does not stain; therefore people who like unsweetened tea will do well to put one lump of sugar in the teapot.
Put your onions into water and peel them while under it, and you will not "weep" as you do when peeling the usual way.
If curtains are allowed to dry before being starched, they will remain clean quite a month longer.
Cornmeal and salt sprinkled on the carpet before sweeping brightens the colors and lays the dust.
Cold pies may be warmed by wringing a cloth out of cold water and spreading on pie before placing in oven. It will not blister.
When burning refuse in the stove, add a handful of salt. It will prevent the unpleasant odor.
Butter the kettle in which cereals are to be cooked to prevent them from sticking to the pan.
Ink stains may be removed by rubbing with soap and covered with water to which half a cup of kerosene has been added and boiled. This will need repeating before all ink stains disappear.
When dusting put a tablespoonful of kerosene on the cloth. It will absorb the dust, give the woodwork and furniture a beautiful gloss, and at the same time remove all dirt.
A few drops of kerosene on a cloth used for wiping windows will remove all dust and dirt.
When anything is spilled on it, range, sprinkle a little salt on it. This will cause it to quit smoking and make it come off easily when cleaning the stove.
When washing windows, put about a half cup of common coal oil in as much water and see how much easier it is.
After frying doughnuts, fry a few slices of potato in the lard and this will make it clear so as to be fit for other use.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

The Maine Central Railroad is trying out new electric headlights. The current is supplied from a small steam turbine-driven generator mounted on the top of the boiler.

Sir Isaac Newton experimented with the thermometer but his scale was not accepted. He also proposed to use "linseed" oil instead of alcohol, melting snow and the heat of the human body to be the extremes of heat and cold.

Some observations of Mr. C. J. Stuart at Montreal suggests that wireless telegraphy may be affected by the aurora borealis. Mr. Stuart describes three occasions, when the aurora was present, or in the brilliant weather associated with aurora, when his apparatus received dispatches over abnormal ranges of from 700 to 1000 miles, the ordinary range being only 250 miles. Singularly, the apparatus apparently affected by the aurora could receive but not transmit signals while the influence lasted.

A little apparatus of great utility is the "Unilens" telescope lately produced by London opticians. It is simply a convex lens mounted in a metal ring having a projecting screw at one side, the lens being two and one-half inches in diameter and having a focal length of six feet. The instrument serves as a very good field glass. In use it can be held in the hand at arm's length or screwed to the end of a stick, and at maximum efficiency—about six feet from the eye—it magnifies four diameters. It is especially recommended for observing birds and plants. It is not intended as an astronomical telescope, but shows eight stars in the Pleiades where the unaided eye usually sees six.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

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WANTED—Active, energetic men to represent us. Profitable positions. Hustlers make big money. Cash weekly advances. Complete outfit. Write immediately for our liberal offer. W. T. HOOP & CO., OLD DOMINION SUBSIDIARIES, Mention This Paper, RICHMOND, VA.

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WANTED—Lady agents in all parts of the United States to sell and sell "Black Croc Stockings" to wearers. Good commission. Address, BLACK CROC STOCKING CO., NEWTON, N. C.

FREE SHEET MUSIC

ANYONE sending us names of five persons who will play the Piano, we will send them Post-Paid Free, copy of latest Song or Two-Step. SOUTHERN MUSIC CO., Post Office Box 30, Richmond, Va.

A collar button was found in an Oklahoma man's appendix, showing the futility of searching under the bureau instead of calling a surgeon.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

FOUND THE CAUSE.

After Six Years of Misery and Wrong Treatment.

John A. Enders, of Robertson Avenue, Pen Argyll, Pa., suffered for six years with stinging pain in the back, violent headaches and dizzy spells, and was assured by a specialist that his kidneys were all right, though these secretions showed a reddish, brick-dust sediment. Not satisfied, Mr. Enders started using Doan's Kidney Pills. "The kidneys began to act more regularly," he says, "and in a short time I passed a few gravel stones. I felt better right away, and since then have had no kidney trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The fellow who trusts to luck in getting there, usually has to walk home. So 16, '09.

A Severe Case of Eczema.

Garland, N. C.

Mr. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., Dear Sir—Last winter my mother had eczema all over her. Could not rest day or night for the stinging, burning, itching. She tried various kinds of salves and ointments but they did her no good at all. She happened to see Tetterine advertised. We ordered one box and tried it on her arm. It did her so much good we showed it to our doctor. He immediately ordered one-half dozen. She used it as directed twice a day. It did her so much good we ordered one dozen more. After using it several weeks she was completely cured. I can certainly recommend Tetterine as it is a sure cure for eczema. I really believe it saved my mother's life. Miss Minnie Cromartie.

Tetterine cures Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm, Greasy Itch, Itching, Piles, Itchy Sore Head, Pimples, Boils, Rough Scaly Patches on the Face, Old Itching Sores, Dandruff, Itchy Scalp, Eruptions, Corns, Chilblains, and every form of Skin Disease. Tetterine, the Tetterine Soap & Your Druggist, or mail from the manufacturer, The Shuptrine Co., Savannah, Ga.

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Success Magazine.