

**THE OUT-OF-DATE COUPLE.**

We are "so out of date," they say,  
Ned and I;  
We love in an old-fashioned way,  
Long since gone by.  
He says I am his helpmate true  
In everything;  
And I—well, I will own to you,  
He is my king.

We met in no romantic way  
"Twist 'glow and gloom";  
He wooed me on a winter day,  
And in—a room;  
Yet, through life's hours of stress and  
storm,  
When griefs befall,  
Love kept our small home corner warm,  
And all was well.

Ned thinks no woman like his wife—  
But let that pass;  
Perhaps we view the dual life  
Through roseate glass;  
Even if the prospects be not bright  
We hold it true  
The heaviest burdens may grow light  
When shared by two.

Upon the gilded scroll of fame,  
Emblazoned fair,  
I cannot hope to read the name  
I proudly bear.  
But, happy in their even flow,  
The years glide by;  
We are behind the times, we know—  
Ned and I.  
—Chambers' Journal.

**ELMER DUDGEON,  
TEACHER.**

When he first thought about teaching a country school the prime consideration was to get money enough to resume his study of the law. He had always been a good debater, and this young man shared the popular delusion that a ready speech was the first and last requirement of an advocate. The first two or three times he signed "Elmer Dudgeon, Teacher," in the weekly report book, he had smiled to think of himself in so common a calling. But now that the winter term was half over he had come to find other charms in the business than that of acquiring money. Like virtue, it brought an unexpected reward.

In the first place he found himself ranked pretty high by those plain country people. They looked up to his superior information, and made him a sort of arbiter in their disputes about life in the larger towns; for he had never lived in a city of less than 5,000 inhabitants in his life.

Secondly, there were novel entertainments. The spelling schools amused him and the country debates interested him. He really felt like improving the minds of these people. The Sunday night services in the little churches touched him with their evident sincerity and the rough eloquence of the preachers. He saw where they failed in rhetoric, and resolutely closed his ears to their assaults on grammar. But he recognized the force and directness of their sermons.

And there was a third reason why he came to like teaching country school. That was the presence of Ella Harrity in the neighborhood. She was not a pupil at the beginning of the term, but as soon as the butchering was done and the corn was husked she declared her intention of coming. She was a rather large, rather stout and altogether ruddy young woman, and she might have had half a dozen beaux at one time if she had cared to whistle them to her service.

There were other young women. Some as old as she was in the school; and they were not half bad, he confessed. But none of them was quite as enticing as Ella Harrity.

He really hoped she would not come to school, for he had taken her to a debate one night and wanted to take her again. And he encouraged himself in a virtuous conviction that it would be bad form for a teacher to "keep company" with one of his pupils.

When she did start to school he closed his eyes to the slow enticements of her buxom beauty and devoted himself very strictly to his work. That lasted a week. The beginning of the second he found himself thinking of her so much that he was afraid he was showing her some partiality. He gave her a good deal of attention, it was true, but he hoped none of the rest imagined he wouldn't do as much for them if they needed it. However, when he heard a rumor to the effect that someone told her that the report was out that it had been whispered that he was letting Ella Harrity run the school, his resolution was taken. He would have nothing further sentimental to do with the brunette belle.

And in order to give his resolution the needed reinforcement he expressed grave displeasure with the work of the entire class in grammar and declared the next time those pupils came up with so ill prepared a lesson he would "make them stand on the floor."

They came up next time with an even poorer lesson and he ranged them in line with their faces against the black-board and told them to stand there till they knew the difference between a verb infinitive and an adjective of place. He looked at the shaking of Ella's broad shoulders and wondered if it were laughter or sobs. However, it made little difference. They had seemed a little defiant and he was bound to punish these biggest pupils just the same as he would have punished the little ones. And he stubbornly refused to be sorry for the girl.

It was a seven days' wonder in the district. The teacher had made Ella Harrity and half a dozen other "big scholars stand on the floor." And in the glow of commendation which that bit of discipline brought him he allowed himself to be very good to the girl. One night she couldn't understand her physiology lesson and he told her to stay after school and he would explain it to her.

And she didn't think a word about physiology all the way home.

Just before Christmas some of the older pupils came to him and asked, with an ominous quality in their demeanor, if he were going to "treat" on the jolly holiday. He laughed and told them he "wasn't going to do anything else." And he didn't. When they took their places in the schoolroom Christmas morning he opened a big box he had smuggled into the building some-how and distributed candy and picture cards till every one was happy. Then he dismissed them and told them they might skate all day if they wanted to.

Punishing Ella Harrity had won all the parents in the district. "Treating" the school established him in the good graces of the younger population. And it was a rare day that did not bring him the assurance that he was the best teacher that had ever come to Collins' schoolhouse.

He went coon hunting one night and didn't get tired out with a twelve-mile tramp, and that won him friends among the active men—those too old to come to school, though he knew they needed it, and too young to be accounted heads of families. When he went to town Saturday afternoon he "wasn't afraid of his money," and that made a difference. He was a good skater, and he wasn't afraid of a "rassel" in the snow with anybody.

It was added gratification that Jim Tucker had quit calling at the Harrity home since Ella started to school. Elmer could scarcely be insensible to the hints which indicated that he was a successful rival. Jim had made remarks on the matter which, of course, reached the ears of the teacher; and the teacher announced without hesitation that he would stand Jim Tucker on his head some day.

Popularity made the teacher combative, and he lost no opportunity to propagate trouble. He grew to dislike Jim more and more as that ponderous young man passed unresented successive inexpressed but well understood challenges. Furthermore, his relations with Ella Harrity had advanced to that stage when he considered himself rather better than anyone else in the world. That is a sure sign that a man has established himself firmly in the good graces of one woman.

Just after New Year's there was a fine fall of snow, and Elmer Dudgeon interested the young fellows of the neighborhood whose fathers had horses and sleighs, and they all took an extended and delightful sleigh ride. He was rather ostentatiously careful that Jim Tucker was not included in the

cook the oysters, and they were assigned the task. The young fellows carried the dishes, the girls borrowed from the neighbors, and about thirty people gathered in the big rooms of the farmhouse on the Saturday evening when the event of the season was to occur.

They sat around against the wall through the first hour, much embarrassed as a rule, and the general eye followed the teacher, whose easy carriage proved him "used to company." Some of the other youths tried to talk, but they confined themselves to covert allusions, jokes on each other and remarks about the weather. Ella Harrity was gay in a new brown dress, with a lace collar and real furs, which she declined to lay aside for a long time, alleging the rooms were chilly. But when she had been properly admired by everybody she said she didn't care if she did catch cold, and tossed the wrap aside.

Presently the most officious of the young women summoned the rest to the dining-room, and in the absence of formality which followed an occupation they all understood, the spirits of the party rose perceptibly.

Someone asked if Jim Tucker wasn't coming, and somebody else replied, with a giggling glance at the teacher, that he guessed Jim wasn't. And the teacher's eyes twinkled with delight at the discomfiture of his rival. For he was having a very good time. He insisted on helping the girls "set the table," and was chased all over the dining-room. He invaded the kitchen and offered mock assistance, and was threatened with scolding. He moved about the place in a very atmosphere of adulation. And he paused, with a premonition of something unwelcome, when he heard a sturdy rap of knuckles on the outer door.

It was Jim Tucker, who expressed surprise to find all the young people gathered, announced that he had come over to see "Old Man Collins," and passed—palpably triumphant—into the sitting-room where the old farmer and his wife were toasting their feet at the fire. Elmer Dudgeon was not just the hero he had fancied himself. He knew Jim's coming was in the nature of a challenge, and he would be expected to do something. However, the excuse was a perfectly reasonable one, and he must not appear too dictatorial.

Supper was announced, and the company gathered about the long tables. Ella Harrity and two of the others volunteered as waiters, and conversation

supper cost?" he thundered. "I'll pay the whole bill."

"They were second-hand oysters," said Dudgeon, steadily, though he knew a conflict was coming; "but the cooking made them pretty good."

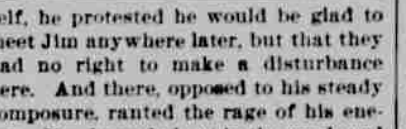
But Jim declined to be caught in such a trap. He walked straight up to the school-teacher, and thrust some money in his face.

"You ain't so rich as you think," he declared, very much excited, and very much desirous of such a calm as he saw on the face of his antagonist. "Other people's got money. And you ain't so smart as you think you are—with your good clothes, and your struck-up ways. I'm just as good a man as you are."

"This is no place to argue a question like that," protested the teacher, never moving, never raising his voice from the steady, even tone.

"Then come outside, and settle it." Jim Tucker threw all restraint to the wind, and started to the door.

All the guests, with old Squire Collins and his wife, hurried into the room. There was great excitement. Dudgeon had skillfully thrown the blame for the uproar upon the countryman. For him-



AND THEY THEY WALKED TO HER HOME TOGETHER.

self, he protested he would be glad to meet Jim anywhere later, but that they had no right to make a disturbance here. And there, opposed to his steady composure, ranted the rage of his enemy. Jim danced about in the yard, and clapped his palms together, tore off his coat with unnecessary violence, and buried his hat on the ground as if it had been burning him. He was wild with the desire to fight.

Up to this time everything had gone on just as Dudgeon wanted it to go. Ella Harrity stood beside and encouraged him in what she called his "gentlemanly" behavior. But just here a change appeared. Half a dozen young men, known to be partisans of Tucker, clambered over the fence and lurched across the yard. They had been waiting. The teacher, as well as the rest, understood the significance of their presence.

"You brought your sluggers along, did you?" he asked, suddenly warning. The women were more impudent than before, beseeching him not to pay any attention. The men were only mildly restraining. They wanted to see a fight. Dudgeon looked toward old Squire Collins. Out of regard for that veteran he would have passed the provocation, even then. But Collins himself had been a youth in his day and he apart energetically on the ground and declared himself:

"You boys ain't no business comin' around here looking for a row, and I don't see how the teacher kin help you in and trown' the whole pack and boodle of you."

In half a minute Elmer Dudgeon and Jim Tucker were tangled all up in the most informal of conflicts. Tucker's friends were the more numerous and the more inclined to assist their leader. He was a fixture in the neighborhood. Teachers came and teachers went every winter. The friends of Dudgeon gave him little help.

It was a long and losing combat for the city man. All his skill, all his science and the strength he had felt was greater than that of other men, availed him nothing. When he gained an advantage he was robbed of it by interference which his guests did not resent. And the end of it was that Jim Tucker picked up his cap and put on his coat and vaulted in loud voice his belief that he could man any teacher that ever went into a schoolhouse.

And poor Dudgeon was led, blind and bleeding, through the dining-room which was to have been the theater of his aggrandizement to the room where he was to sleep—if, indeed, the drowsy god could reach him through the thrill of pain and the agony of humiliation.

By morning he was what might safely be called a sight. His features were swollen out of their proper proportions, and he was sore in body. But he had returned to first principles. A teacher's one duty was to teach. All the rest of this had been of a part with his vainglorious, and it had brought its reward. So he went to school, and conducted the exercises—though there was a hushed awe that told him constantly how far from conventional his appearance was.

As the days went by he recovered whatever beauty he had originally possessed. But he refused to mingle with the young people in their social affairs. His spirits were crushed. Nothing but duty was left him. Above all things he groaned when he remembered the hints dropped in his presence that Jim Tucker was going with Ella Harrity. Yet even that could not spur him to further efforts.

The girl had not been to school since the fight—and he was deeply grateful for that. With returning strength came a rising sense of wrong and the desire for vengeance. But what was the use? So he confided his resolves to ineffective dreaming.

One evening as he turned from the schoolhouse he was startled by seeing Ella Harrity approaching. He thought she had not yet observed him, and he stepped back into the building and hoped to avoid a meeting. But he was mistaken. She paused directly in front of the little gate and waited. But he was resolved to avoid a meeting. May-

be she wanted to taunt him. Then she called, and he was compelled to open the door.

"Come out here," said she. "I want to see you."

"I'll be with you in a moment," said the teacher, impressed with the idea that he must not seem to have avoided her.

"You haven't been up to our house for two weeks," said the girl. "No, I have been pretty busy." Then their eyes met and each knew concealment was useless. "Why did you call for me?" asked the teacher.

"Because I like you," said the girl as directly. And they walked to her home together.

**Italian Use of Chestnuts.**

Here we are in a region of chestnut trees, writes an Italian correspondent to the New York Post. The immense groves cover the hillsides all about us, the leaves turning to warm gold in the damp ripening of this rainy October and in the yellow light they cast, men, women and children may be seen busy laying in stores for the winter; for these nuts, far larger than ours, but in a raw state not nearly so sweet, are the chief staple of food to many of the peasantry of the region. A little three-pronged rake is used to collect the burrs, and a sort of wooden mallet for opening them, as well as a sharp-curved blade for cutting those not yet open. On every walk one is sure to meet women and children with the great bags poised on their heads, the graceful head erect with its burden, while the little body sways rhythmically at each firm step.

The nuts are dried in little stone houses curiously built for the purpose, with no windows, the only opening being the door. A man on a ladder was just placing his bag in a loft as I looked in in the twilight one day. He explained that the floor of the loft was a sort of open network to let the heat through. Below, a door opened, and I was shown the great glowing logs which are kept constantly burning until November, when the nuts are dry.

When dry, the nuts are taken to the mills to be ground, and as many of the peasants have no money the miller is paid in three or four kilograms of the flour for his labor. I tasted a little of last year's flour in a cottage one day and found it agreeable—quite unique in flavor. It is very nourishing, and the peasants show in their healthy coloring a better condition than those whose chief food is either polenta or macaroni.

**Social Equality a Beautiful Thing.**

Equality is such a beautiful thing that I wonder people can ever have any other ideal. It is the only social joy, the only comfort. If you meet an inferior or a superior, you are at once wretched. Do you have any pleasure of the man who stands behind your chair at dinner? No more than of the man across the table who because he is richer or of better family, or of greater distinction, treats you de haut en bas. You spoil the joy of life for your inferior, just as your superior spoils the joy of life for you. The sense of inferiority infuriates; the sense of superiority intoxicates. The madness is more or less violent, as temperament varies; but in some form it is felt wherever inequality is seen; and good society, which always hates a scene, instinctively does its best to ignore inequality. Of course it can do this only on a very partial and restricted scale, and of course the result is an effect of equality, and not equality itself, or equality merely for the moment.—Century.

**Saved by a Shove.**

"I was making for a place where the parapet had been worn down by men running over it, in order to avoid the exertion of mounting up even four feet, when a young soldier passed me on my left side, and, doubtless, not noticing I was wounded, knocked my arm heavily, saying: 'Move on, sir, please.' As he passed over the parapet with his rifle at the trail, I caught it by the small of the butt to pull myself up. He turned round angrily, asking, 'What are you doing?' And while his face was bent on mine, a round shot, passing my ear, struck him full between the shoulders, and I stepped over his body, so exhausted as to be strangely indifferent to the preservation of my own life, saved by the soldier having jostled me out of my turn at the gap."—Sir John Wood, the Crimea, in 1854.

**Two Birds with One Stone.**

Goodfello—If my clothes were not too big for you I'd give you an old suit.

Hungry Hank (gratefully)—Boss, if you'd give me the price of a square meal I warrant they'd fit me all right.—Truth.

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Hostick—Yes, but there is a novelty about success that makes it interesting.—Truth.

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He—Do you think my picture looks like me? She (sympathetically)—Yes, I am sorry to say it does.—Somerville Journal.

**SARDINE INDUSTRY IN MAINE.**

Claimed the State Can Equal the Foreign Product.

An account of the sardine business in Maine, to appear in the forthcoming report of the bureau of labor and industrial statistics, thus concludes:

"If an outside observer, who claims to have no definite practical knowledge of the business conditions which govern the sardine business, may be allowed to make suggestions, the writer would say that the quite general custom of limiting the French labels seems to him to be altogether wrong. The first point should be to acquire and control the American market, and the manufacture of a superior and distinctly American product should be the first step in this direction. An independent, reliable trade should be undertaken and built up for an American brand of goods, and its claim on the public should be based solely on its excellence above all others. We cannot deny the fact to-day that certain French sardines are superior to ours. But it is a fact that a Maine sardine can be made equal to any in the world. It is already true that the average brand of foreign sardines is not superior to ours.

"There is a class of consumers in the United States who insist on having only the best. With these superior goods comes in a large quantity of the cheaper grades, which sell because they come from France. Let us be done with imitations as soon as consistent with sound compliance with business conditions. Let us thoroughly Americanize our sardine business. Let us cease to strive for quantity and rest our main case on quality. In a few years America and the world is ours. We must always make the cheaper grades, but let us call things by their right names and establish a scale of prices to correspond with the quality of materials used and the amount of careful attention bestowed on the manufacture. Time will prove that only in this way can imported sardines be made to give way to the domestic in a permanent and satisfactory way."

**The Rhone a Light-Hearted River.**

Of all the rivers which, being navigable, do serious work in the world, the Rhone is the most devil-may-care and light hearted. In its five-hundred-mile dash downhill from the Lake of Geneva to the Mediterranean its only purpose—other than that of doing all the mischief possible—seems to be frolic, fun. And yet for more than two thousand years this apparently frivolous, and frequently unrelenting, river has been usefully employed in the service of mankind.

It has served under many masters. In the Rhone Valley of the present day Celtic flints and pottery underlie Roman ruins; here and there a bit of Roman magnificence remains almost intact; on the hilltops still stand the broken strongholds of the robber nobles who maintained their nobility upon what they were able to steal. Naturally, these ruined castles, and the still-existent towns of the same period, being so conspicuously in evidence, the flavor of the river is most distinctly medieval; but everywhere, to the discerning eye, are traces of the barbarism, of the civilization, and of the semi-barbarism which successively were plowed under before what we have the temerity to call our own civilization began.—Century.

**Penguins of Possession Island.**

It was most remarkable to see what a regulated system of roads the inhabitants of Possession had arranged. From the beach a broad main track led straight into the middle of the island, and from this secondary roads went out to all parts, the whole forming a network of roads apparently ruled by a most civilized department. With beak and feet the penguins had carefully put away most of the pebbles and stones from their footpaths, and where snow covered the grounds the roads had by constant use become so smooth and so neat that Macadam in all his glory would have acknowledged himself beaten. The most curious thing of all was the way in which the penguins seemed to maintain order in these paths. Currents of penguins were continually moving from and towards the beach. While the fat new arrivals always kept to the right, the thin penguins, which were moving off to the continent, always kept to the left; and I never saw any fighting among them. The colony evidently formed one peaceful community.—Century.

**Furs Worth \$1,000.**

In a down-town window is displayed the skin of a musk ox, on which is a label stating that it is the most valuable kind of a skin in existence, being valued at \$1,000. It is the property of Mr. Herman Burrell, who secured it on his trip to the Arctic regions, or thereabouts, last year. With it is a hat made of the skins of very young calves of the musk ox species, which is valued at \$300. The large skin is covered with long, fine hair, beneath which is a thick coat of fine fur, the coat and overcoat being necessary to the comfort of the musk ox in his frozen home away inside the Arctic circle. These skins come high, but fortunately people don't have to have them. Any one who goes out hunting musk ox skins will find that they will cost him more than \$1,000 apiece, besides the discomfort of traveling in the Arctic regions.—Oregonian.

**Argentine's Chief Port.**

The chief port of export of the Argentine Republic is Rosario. In February, 1895, there were 145 steamers and sailing vessels in Rosario either chartered or seeking freights.



JIM TUCKER PICKED UP HIS COAT AND HAT, SAYING HE THOUGHT HE COULD WHIP ANY TEACHER THAT EVER TAUGHT SCHOOL.

party. Jim as ostentatiously declared he wouldn't have been caught with them, but Elmer knew that was confession of a wound. And he was pleased accordingly.

Indeed, as time passed he grew so strong he would not bear the whispers which could have told him that the neighborhood was becoming divided, and that Jim Tucker, with his forty acres of land and plenty of "stock," was acquiring quite a following. When the whispers grew to audible notes and he could not avoid hearing them he greeted them with joy. His combative nature stirred in every moment when not occupied with his school, and he really thought rather more of some means of humbling that yeoman than he did of anything else. He knew how superior he was to Jim Tucker and he kindly admitted it to all his admirers.

After the sleighing was gone the neighborhood fell into a rather dull season. And then they had cause to thank their stars that Elmer Dudgeon was a man of resources. He proposed an oyster supper. That was a novelty



WAS CHASED ALL OVER THE DINING-ROOM AND THREATENED WITH SCALDING.

in the country. It was received with joyous acclaiming. Ella Harrity smiled at him with her big brown eyes and told him no one else could have thought of such a thing. He was amused how easy it was to take and keep precedence in this simple neighborhood.

He induced Mrs. Collins to give up her kitchen and dining-room to the revelers one night, and then he sent to town for the oysters. He had money, and while he was about it he bought some bananas. He would make it an event not to be forgotten in the Collins neighborhood. He sent his invitations, omitting Jim Tucker with rather unnecessary display, and thought more of his social affair than he did of his school.

became an easy thing. Whether the oysters were good is a matter quite foreign to the purpose of this story. Everyone declared they were, and there was deserved commendation for the forethought that had provided the bananas, pickles and chopped cabbage, milk and cider, bread and butter, all from good Mrs. Collins, big cellar, completed the menu; and—if it had not been for the presence of Jim Tucker there in the front room—Elmer Dudgeon would have known his supper was a success.

Then came the "second table." One of the girls declared it was hardly the right thing to leave Jim Tucker without an invitation, now that he was right in the house, and the giver of the feast saw with disappointment that he was likely to be braved by the very ones he had bidden. So he tried to waive all objections, and Jim was summoned—maybe urged, would be the better word—to the table. He came, and from the first it was evident they had been losing more than he had. He was a witty fellow, and his sallies provoked the most genuine and general laughter they had known in the evening.

Somewhat he stood on better terms with more of the girls than did any other of the men. They said he "had such a way with him." He certainly dared adventures that would have frightened others. And it really did not seem that he lost favor with the girls by doing it. Moreover, they were all at the table with him—and the one or two other young men who had been "left over," and who were of the in-offensive variety.

Clearly, if Elmer Dudgeon had arranged this affair for the discrediting of Jim Tucker, it was a failure.

And yet that very fact waked combativeness in the man. He was master of ceremonies here, and he would prevail.

"How's the walking outside, Jim?" he asked, cheerily, and the company wondered.

"Pretty good, only the wind is blowing."

"Must be blowing from the direction of your house, isn't it?"

The imputation that Jim's arrival was thus accounted for won such encouragement as is implied in laughter. Jim saw his strength must lie in the innocency of his intentions.

"No, I walked. I just come over to buy some beef of Squire Collins. We're mighty high out of meat at our house." "Oysters are cheaper—if you don't have to pay for them."

Jim Tucker bounded to his feet, and half tipped over the table. He was white with rage. Abundantly able to pay all bills, that thrust was the one he could not suffer in silence.