CIS AND THE PRIZE.

One Way to Win by Losing—The View of a Jury of Her Peers.

BY EMMA A. OPPER

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"Talking about girls doing funny things," said Hugh Rogers, "makes me think of Cis Coleman and Felix Hoyt."

"What about it?" said the boy with the tennis racket. They were a group of boys and girls gathered on the green lawn of the seaside summer hotel.

"Cis Coleman—was that a girl?" said the girl in the pink shirt waist.

"Yes. Cecilia, her real name is. She's a friend of mine at home."

"Pretty?" inquired the girl in the bicycle suit.

"Scrumptious! And bright as a button. The best scholar in our class, excepting one—Felix Hoyt. This happened last year, when we'd just got into the high school.

"Cis Coleman's father is well off. He's president of the bank, and chairman of the school board, and lots of things. And Cis is the nicest girl in our set. She's the most popular, anyhow, she's so lively and jolly.

"Felix Hoyt isn't popular. It isn't because he's poor, though he is. His father doesn't amount to much, and they have a hard time to get along. I guess it's that that makes Felix so cranky. He's proud, you know, and all the prouder because he's poor. He's an awful grind—studies like a regular fiend. Cis Coleman doesn't; she's so quick, she can learn anything without half trying.

"Well, one day Mr. Gillespie came to visit the school. He lives in New York, but he comes trotting back there every little while to visit, because it's his old home. They say he's worth $5,000,000. He looks like it; a real jolly old fellow, sort of red in the face, and with white side whiskers.

"He came to visit the school, and Prof. Morse, the principal, invited him to speak to us. He looked us all over, real smiling and benevolent, and he told us how he grew up in that town, and went to school there, and how many valuable lessons he'd learned, lessons of industry and honesty and perseverance. Same old thing they always say, you know. Tom Barlow said it would have been more to the point if he'd told us fellows how he'd made his three millions.

"But Mr. Gillespie warmed up, and he said he'd like to make a proposition, if Prof. Morse had no objections; a small offer. He said small, but he offered a prize of $25 to that member of each class who should make the highest marks in the next examinations.

"That was $100. We all cheered, and Prof. Gillespie said he should be greatly interested to know to whom the sums were awarded, and cheered some more.

"I said to Cis Coleman the next day: 'It's a foregone conclusion who gets the prize in our class. It will be you or Felix Hoyt.'

SHE DID JUST AS EASY AND NATURAL.

"'It won't be Felix Hoyt,' said Cis; 'it will be me.'

"'I'll tell you why I won't it,' said she. 'Because, when I told papa about it he said he hoped I'd take the prize; and then he thought a minute, and he said he'd give me a nice horse and saddle if I did. He said Mr. Gillespie is his old friend, and he'd like to have him know he'd got a daughter smart enough to take his prize.

"'So you see,' said Cis, 'I don't want to disappoint papa and disgrace him, and I do want that horse. And I mean to have it!'

"'Did she get it?' said the bicycle girl, eagerly.

"'Don't tell! Don't tell!' said the boy with the golf stockings.

"It looked as if she would," said Hugh Rogers, for she began to 'dig' actually. So did the whole high school, about that time, and they kept it up right up to examination time.

"Well, the examinations came on, and what do you think? Cis Coleman and Felix Hoyt were tied—both got 98 for an average; $!

"Of course, we'd all known it would be Cis or Felix, but we hadn't thought of their averaging up just the same. One of the boys got the highest marks in the first class, and a girl in the third; but the second class was in the same fix as ours. Frank Bedell and Clara Haight had both got 95.

"Prof. Morse thought of a plan. Of course, there'd got to be some sort of a new examination for the four of them to decide it, and the professor suggested giving them a short one in Latin and algebra, and having it oral. He'd invited Mr. Gillespie down from the city to present the prizes a week from the next Friday afternoon, and he was going to arrange some speeches and music, and he asked Cis and Felix and Frank and Clara to let him conduct the examinations that afternoon. He said it would give Mr. Gillespie a good idea of the work those two classes had done and interest him exceedingly.

"Goodness!" said the bicycle girl.

"That's what we all said. Tom Barlow called them the four lambs that were going to be sacrificed on the altar, and he pretended to weep over them. All the same, we'd any of us have been glad to be in their shoes. We knew that, besides wanting to give Mr. Gillespie his money's worth, as somebody put it, the professor was anxious to show off four of the finest scholars in school, and it was a big honor no matter who came out ahead.

"I told Cis what I'd heard—that Felix Hoyt was bound to get the prize, and that some fellows said he wanted it to help his father out with some debt, and some said he wanted it to buy hens with it because he'd heard there was money in hens.

"'That's all right. I haven't any objection to hens,' said Cis, in her funny way, 'but saddle horses are better.'

"She'd always treated Felix well; she's nice to everybody. But she heard that he said that perhaps Cis Coleman would find, if her father did think he owned the town, that Prof. Morse wouldn't have his vote for sale. She was so hurt and angry that she cried, and I told her her motto must be 'War to the knife and the knife to the hilt!'

"How she plugged that week! One evening when I went for her to go wheeling with me she just sent down a card. 'Digging!' she'd written on it, and under that she'd made a picture of a girl on a horse and labeled it 'Me.'

"There was a real big audience that Friday afternoon. There were a lot of people besides Mr. Gillespie. Of course the Colemans and the Hoyts and the Bedells and the Haights were all there, and mighty interested. It was pretty near like commencement.

"There was some singing and speaking, and then Clara Haight and Frank Bedell had their examination; it wasn't very long nor hard, and Clara came out ahead. I didn't half listen to it. Cis' turn was coming next, and I just squirmed around in my seat.

"Cis turned and gave me a look—a wink, almost—and I knew she was as cool as she could be, and in elegant trim for it. Felix was nervous; anybody could see that.

"The professor started off with algebra. Algebra was Felix's strong point, and I thought he'd distinguish himself, but he didn't, particularly. He didn't do a bit better than Cis. And the rest of us knew he couldn't distance Cis on Latin. 'Cis'll get it!' was what every last one of us thought."

"And did she?" said the girl in the pink shirt waist, breathlessly.

"Wait till you get to it!" shouted the boy with the racket.

"Well, right now comes the funny part of it," said Hugh Rogers. "Cis told me about it afterward, when I wormed it out of her. She said that all through the algebra part she'd been looking at Felix Hoyt and his father and mother and little sister. She couldn't keep her eyes away from them. Felix was getting pale, and you could see his hands tremble. Cis would look at him, and then she'd look at his folks. She said his mother was leaning 'way forward, and his father's eyes looked as if they'd pop out of his head. Cis kept thinking about what she'd heard about what Felix was going to do with the prize if he got it. When she looked at his father and mother she thought of the debts, and when she looked at Felix she thought of the hens; and she began to feel bad.

"She said Felix's mother looked as if she'd worked all the flesh off her bones, and his little sister—O, I don't know what all she said! I know I'd glanced at the Hoyts once or twice, and all I saw was a woman in a cheap old bonnet, and a man with ragged looking red whiskers, and a little snub-nosed girl. But Cis Coleman saw a lot more. She saw right into them. She saw how fearfully anxious they all were, and how pale Felix was, and how he kept wetting his lips.

"She said it came over her all at once, how much that money might mean to them little as it was. The money wasn't anything to her; she only wanted it for the honor of it, and because she'd get a horse into the bargain. She said when she looked at the Hoyts, so poor and ill-dressed, and so anxious, it was all she could do to keep from bursting out crying. It was so pitiful to think such a little bit of money should look like so much to them." The bicycle girl cleared her throat tremulously, and the girl in the pink shirtwaist winked hard. "She said she felt mean and selfish and miserable. And she made up her mind, all at once what she'd do.

"And—well, sir, she did it! She answered two questions wrong. She did it just as easy and natural; it sounded as though she'd tried to think of the right thing and couldn't. But we of the class, we just stared at each other, for we didn't know how to believe it was Cis Coleman making such breaks in Latin.

"Of course, I knew Cis was out of it then. I wanted to yell or something, but I had to sit there while Mr. Gillespie presented the prizes to Felix Hoyt and Clara Haight and the other two winners, and the audience applauded.

"I was mad as I could be; I marched over to Cis Coleman the minute we were dismissed. 'Do you mean to say, Cis Coleman,' said I, 'you couldn't conjugate "Janeo" without makin seventeen mistakes?'

"Cis was looking over at the Hoyts, and laughing. 'See how perfectly delighted they are!' said she.

"Said I, 'I'd like to know what ailed you that you couldn't translate that sentence beginning "Omnia Gallia!"'"

"'Temporary insanity, maybe,' said Cis.

"She'd never have told me anything more than that if I hadn't just made her. She wouldn't say another word then. But we went bicycling the next afternoon, and before we'd got back I'd managed to worry it out of her.

"'I couldn't help it,' said she. 'I had to do it, and I am glad, O, so glad I did! Of course, I shall never tell anybody else. It's a secret.'

"But when we got back to her house, and saw her father and mother sitting on the piazza with Mr. Gillespie, it was too much for me. It didn't matter about anybody else, but I think those three ought to know the truth about it. I couldn't help myself, I blurted something right out. Cis squealed and screamed, and clapped her hands over my mouth; but I said enough so they got the rights of it.

"Good!" said the bicycle girl.

"Her father didn't say much; he just sat and smiled, but Mr. Gillespie looked awfully pleased, and he looked Cis all over and shook hands with her, and said some jolly nice things to her.

"I don't know whether Felix Hoyt ever knew the truth about it or not. I rather think he suspected it. Anyhow, Monday morning, when he'd had time to think it over, he went to Cis and told her he thought she ought to have had that prize; and that he knew everybody had expected her to take it, and he didn't see why she hadn't. And Cis told him it was all right, and she was glad he had got it. And then he told her how much he could do with that money—and that was a lot for Felix Hoyt to say; and how he was going to buy some hens with part of it, and how he'd been told that you could make $2 a year out of every hen, if you tried. And they talked hens quite awhile, real friendly and chummy."

"I don't care!" said the bicycle girl, "I think she ought to have had the saddle horse."

"Well," said Hugh Rogers, "her father thought so too."

"Did she get it?" cried all the girls together.

"She got a fine one; regular little beauty. He's a good driving horse, too. And what do you think Mr. Gillespie did? He knew about the horse, and he sent Cis a nice, stylish little road cart with his compliments."

"Good!" said the bicycle girl, with a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Well," the boy with the golf stockings remarked, reflectively, "she was silly. Nobody but a girl would have done what she did. All the same, I should say she must be a pretty nice sort."

"You'd say so if you knew her," said Hugh Rogers.

"I guess you get a drive in that road cart sometimes, don't you?" said the boy with the racket, shrewdly.

"Sometimes."

"I know now whose those letters are from, the ones in the light blue envelopes," said the boy with the golf stockings; and Hugh Rogers laughed.

"I BLURTED SOMETHING RIGHT OUT. CIS SQUEALED AND SCREAMED."

A PATIENT CLOCKMAKER.

Rewards of the Maker of the First Chronometer.

Two hundred years ago John Harrison, a little English boy, might have been seen following his father around at his work. The father, a carpenter and joiner on a nobleman's estate, was often called on to repair curious things. Whatever went on wheels attracted the boy, and once, when ill with small-pox, they gave him a large, old-fashioned watch to amuse him; ugly and clumsy though it was, this pleased him more than the finest modern watch would please a boy of today. As soon as John could work he learned to make all kinds of wooden things in his father's workshop. As he grew older he did not lose his interest in clocks and watches. Before he was 22 he had made a large clock, with wheels almost entirely of wood. It struck the hour and told the day of the month. While working diligently at his trade of carpenter he became widely known as a clock and watch repairer. He never lost a chance to study, sometimes sitting up all night to write or draw. There were few books in his village, but he learned enough mathematics to survey land. A clergyman near his home lent John his manuscript copy of some scientific lectures by the blind professor, Sanderson. The young man copied them by hand and then studied them.

He concluded to experiment with clocks, and besides reducing the friction of the wheels, he made a recoiling clock which went for fourteen years without losing a minute. Every schoolboy now knows that different metals expand unevenly under the influence of heat or cold. But John Harrison was one of the earliest men to apply this fact to an invention. In his compensation clock he made a gridiron frame for his pendulum of different metals, so that those expanding least were expanded by those expanding most. A year before Harrison made his first clock an act of parliament was passed destined to affect his life very greatly. In this year several captains of her majesty's ships—for it was in 1714, the last year of Queen Anne—as well as many merchants and commanders of merchant vessels petitioned parliament to help them obtain an accurate means of determining longitude. The great Isaac Newton, on the committee to receive this petition, reported the dangers mariners ran without "a watch to keep time exactly."

Parliament therefore offered the immense reward of $100,000 to the discoverer of a method of determining longitude within thirty geographical miles, and proportionate amounts for those coming within forty, sixty or eighty miles. Commissioners were appointed to examine the claims of applicants for the prize, and though certain rules were given to govern them, there were no restrictions as to the race or nation of those who should try.

There was a great chance for inglorious John Harrison, and he set to work at once to invent a clock that would keep time as correctly at sea as on land. He was 35 years old when, in 1728, he showed the drawings he had made to Dr. Halley, the astronomer royal, and other scientific men. They advised him to make the clock itself before trying for the prize. So he went back to his home to continue his work.

In the meantime, for want of a chronometer, ships were constantly getting lost on the ocean. Sometimes they were 200 miles out of their course by depending on their logs.

Up to 1736 no one had claimed the great prize, while humble John Harrison kept steadily at work. He met many difficulties, for he had to make many of the tools that he needed, and he had to work at his trade in order to earn a living for his family. In seven years he had completed his first marine chronometer. Imagine his joy when the first trial by water proved that even in rough weather it did not lose a second. Dr. Halley and Mr. Graham gave him a certificate to present to the commissioners. The latter placed him in charge of it on board a ship-of-war, the Centurion, and it told the longitude ninety miles nearer than the ship's captain made it on a long voyage. But even then the commissioners were not ready to reward him. He made two more chronometers on the same principle, the last only the size of a watch. The Royal society gave him a medal, but, though everyone believed that he ought to have the prize, the commissioners kept putting him off. In 1761 his third chronometer was given a trial at sea on the Deptford. It reached Jamaica three days ahead of another ship which, though sailing ten days earlier, had lost its course by trusting its log. On the return the Deptford lost only eighteen miles. The chronometer had thus done nearly twice as well as was necessary to win the great prize. Yet the commissioners continued to make foolish excuses for not giving the prize, even after the chronometer had determined the longitude within ten miles. At last Harrison wrote them a sharp letter demanding his "just reward" after "forty years' close application of the talent which it pleased God to give me."

Parliament had already granted him $25,000 in part payment, but he was 83 years old, in 1774, when he received the full amount. The chronometer now became public property, for he had shown the commissioners drawings of all the parts, so that any watchmaker could make one like it. Captain Cook took one on his voyage around the world. He said that it answered "beyond all expectations."

John Harrison was a modest, hard working boy. The same qualities went with him through life. No one grudged him the great prize which had taken him fifty years to win. For he is counted among the great benefactors of the world.

How to Use Blotting Paper.

"It is curious about blotting paper," said Mr. Dipperton, "that it lasts longer if used on one side only; I refer now to the small piece of blotting paper that we pick up and press upon the freshly written lines by rubbing it with the finger tips. Continual rubbing makes the side that is rubbed upon smooth and oily and less absorbent. If we turn the blotter over now and then to get a fresh surface, and rub indifferently on either side, we soon get both sides more or less oily, and then it doesn't blot perfectly on either side. It is better to use it always the same side down, so that whatever moisture may be transferred from the finger tips is kept all on one side. Thus used the blotter will take up ink more satisfactorily and for a longer time than it would if we kept turning it over."

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

A Philadelphia small boy cyclist was riding without a light and was stopped by a park officer, who asked him in gruff tones where his light was.

"Why, it's here," exclaimed the rider, in surprise.

"Yes, but it's out," exclaimed the patrolman.

"Well, it was lighted at that last turn."

"Sonny, it's cold; couldn't have been lighted this evening," triumphantly announced the officer.

"Huh! That thin metal coole in a minute. I'll light that lamp and wait until it gets red hot, put it out, then ride to the next corner and back, and when I return it'll be cold."

"All right, try it," assented the acute policeman.

The boy lighted the lantern, waited until it grew red hot, turned it out, and started, and that kid is going yet.

The bright boy's mother is cultivating his bump of observation.

"Now, Johnny," holding up a picture card, "shut your eyes and tell me what you saw on this card."

"A cow, a barn, a horse," rattled off the bright boy glibly.

"What else?"

"Nothin'."

"Oh, yes; think now, what did you see behind the cow?" referring to the trees in the background.

A moment's reflection. "Her tail," shouted Johnny ecstatically.

The Minister—I suppose you are always glad to visit your grandparents in the country, aren't you?"

Little Bobbie—Yes, sir.

The Minister—There are apples to eat and horses to ride, and all that sort of thing, I suppose.

Little Bobbie—No, grandpa won't let me ride the horses nor eat the apples.

The Minister—Yet you like to go there? What is it that you find so pleasant?

Little Bobbie—I don't never have to go to preachin' when I'm in the country.

This is a composition on temperance, written by a little Georgia girl: "Temperance is more better than whisky. Whisky is 10 cents a drink, and lots of it. My pa drinks whisky. He has been full 113 times. One night he came home late, and my ma went out and cut some hickories and walloped him good. Then she ducked the hird in a tub of soapsuds and locked him up in the barn. And the next morning my pa said he reckon he'd swear off."

Billy—Have you any luck fishing today, Jimmie?

Jimmy—Great! I didn't stick de hook inter me finger, ner slip off de log an' fall in, ner git bit by mosquitos, nor lose any uv me clothes, ner git licked w'en I got home!

First Tot—My mamma says, "If the shoe fits, put it on."

Second Tot—My Mamma says, "If the shoe fits, take it off—it's too big."

TRUE NOBILITY.

James Russell Lowell.

For this true nobleness I seek in vain,
In woman and in man I find it not;
I almost weary of my earthly lot,
My life-springs are dried up with burning pain.
Thou find'st it not? I pray thee look again;
Look inward, through the depths of thine own soul.
How is it with thee? Art thou sound and whole?
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain?
Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then will thou see it gleam in many eyes;
Then will light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt never more be sad and alone.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Kuhn & Co.