CUPID IN THE RAIN.

Just a little cloud with hue
Casting shadows o'er the blue
Where they stood.
"It will rain," he whispered, "dear,
Let us find a shelter here
In the wood."

Then the silvery drops came down,
Smote the swaying, emerald crown
Of the tree;
But the snugly sheltered pair
Watched the heavy downpour there
Lovingly.

And he held her tiny hand.
Why? True lovers understand.
This I know:
When the sun peeped from the sky,
Pretty maiden seemed so shy—
Loath to go!

Here the twain were lingering,
After birds began to sing,
For an hour.
And she whispered tenderly,
"Who knows, darling; there may be
Another shower!"

—Brooklyn Life.

A TRIUMPH OF MEDICINE.

"Did you ever give a man the wrong medicine, Dr. Macpherson?" I asked him as we sat chatting in my snuggery, where the famous doctor treated me to many curious reminiscences of his early career. "I should think that most medical men must make a slip of that kind at least once in a lifetime."

Macpherson shook his head.

"I do not remember doing so. But I once gave a man an overdose of a drug for a sleeping draught, which nearly killed him. It was his own fault, though, as you will see when I tell you the story."

I was glad to hear that there was another story coming, and settled myself to listen, for Macpherson's reminiscences are always interesting.

"It was when I was a young man," he began, "and soon after I had started a practice of my own at Chelsea. I had taken a pretty large house there, as a doctor is bound to do if he wants to get on, and kept a couple of servants.

"On the night, however, when my adventure happened, both girls were away. So that when a violent ring came at the front door bell about midnight, when I was just thinking of turning in, I had to go and answer it myself. I did so with a bad grace, for I had had a hard day's work, and was looking forward to bed. The violence of the summons suggested that somebody was in urgent need of my services, and I sighed to think of the probability that I was to be called out again.

"When I opened the door I found that it was as I expected. A small boy, breathless with running, informed me that I was required at once at an address he gave me in a street about half an hour's walk from my house.

"'What am I wanted for?' I asked, but the boy could not tell me. He had been passing the house, he said, when an old gentleman opened the door, gave him a half crown, and told him to run as hard as he could for the nearest doctor.

"'But I am not the nearest doctor,' I said, feeling for once that I could have spared a patient to one of my rivals.

"The boy looked surprised.

"'You are the only one I could think of, sir,' he said, which was flattering, for it tended to show that I was becoming known in the place.

"Of course, it was no use questioning the lad, and I could only regret that he knew my house better than my rivals', as I put on my overcoat and started, carrying with me a few things on the chance that they might be necessary, including a strong soporific, which I might have to use if I found my patient in great pain which I could not immediately relieve.

"I had concluded that my services were made necessary by some accident, and used as much haste as possible, therefore, getting to the address which the boy had given me, and which I had copied down in my pocketbook before he went away.

"As I approached the house I was surprised to find it in complete darkness, and I could not help wondering whether I had been made the victim of a practical joke, especially when my ring at the bell remained unanswered. I had expected to find the house lighted up and everybody on the alert, awaiting my appearance; and I was prepared with an apology for my intrusion when I heard steps descending the stairs and coming along the hall in answer to my second ring.

"The door was opened by a genial-looking old gentleman in a flowered dressing gown, who carried a lamp in his hand, and his first words set my mind at rest so far as my fears of a hoax were concerned.

"'Oh, you are the doctor, I suppose?' he said. 'Will you walk upstairs, please? I am sorry that you had to come so far. I thought he would be able to find a medical man much nearer. Surely there are some?'

"'Yes, but your messenger did not appear to know them,' I answered; and the old gentleman murmured something about a doctor always being ready for a new patient, as he led the way into a room on the first floor at the back, and placed the lamp on the table. I glanced around the place quickly, expecting to see some sign of the person I had to attend.

"The room was comfortably, almost handsomely, furnished as a sitting room, and contained a cheerful-looking fire, before which two armchairs were drawn up, with a small table between them, containing two glasses, a syphon of soda water, besides a box of cigars. But there was no sign of a patient.

"'Take your great coat off and sit down,' said the old gentleman; 'you can put your things on the table. I suppose you will not object to a cheroot? I can recommend the cheroots.'

"He had seated himself in one of the armchairs as he spoke.

"'Pardon me,' I said, in considerable astonishment, 'but had I better not see the patient before I do anything else?'

"He looked up, as if surprised at my suggestion.

"'Oh, I am the patient,' he said, placidly.

"I started in greater surprise than ever, for he looked quite a picture of health, and he smiled good-naturedly.

"'If you will sit down I will tell you what is the matter with me,' he said, as placidly as before. 'I do not like to see a man standing when I am sitting, and if you do not take your coat off you will catch cold when you go out again. You doctors never use your knowledge to take care of yourselves. That is better,' as I obeyed, wonderingly. 'I am a victim to insomnia,' he went on, after I had taken the other armchair; 'I suffer terribly. You cannot tell what it is to stay awake all night long while the rest of the world is asleep. Not a soul to speak to, the one living person in a city of dead. I think that it will send me mad some day.'

"'Well, it is lucky that I have brought some drugs with me,' I said, opening my bag before me. 'I will give you a sleeping draught for to-night, but you must give up drugs and diet yourself, if you really want a cure.'

"I took out the soporific I had prepared before starting as I spoke, but the old gentleman shook his head hopelessly.

"'It is not the least use giving me drugs, doctor,' he said, 'I have saturated my system with them, and they have no effect upon me.'

"'Then may I ask why you have sent for me?' I asked quickly, feeling very much like losing my temper.

"'Well, it is like this, doctor,' he said, placidly, 'I can't sit up all night by myself. I feel as if I should go mad if I do. I must have somebody to talk to.'

"'And you mean to tell me——' I began hotly, and paused for want of words to express my indignation.

"My patient took advantage of the pause to proceed in his gentle, half-apologetic manner:

"'I assure you, doctor, that I looked upon it as quite a business mater. I do not look upon a physician as a philanthropist, but as a business man, whose chief inducement, after all, is to make money. May I ask what your fee is?'

"'My usual fee is 7s. 6d.,' I said severely. I was a modest beginner in those days. 'But when I am called out in the night——'

"'You make it higher, of course,' put in my patient, imperturbably. 'Shall we say 10s.?'

"I nodded.

"'And may I ask how long your visit usually takes?'

"'It varies from five minutes to an hour.'

"The man performed a short calculation on his fingers.

"'Then we may call your average visit thirty-two and a half minutes,' he said quietly. 'Well, I am quite prepared to pay you ten shillings for every thirty-two and a half minutes that you remain with me. You came at exactly 12:20. Allow me to pay you up till 12:53.' He gravely handed me half a sovereign as he spoke and went on: 'If you prefer it, I have not the least objection to your giving me medical advice at the time you are here, although that is immaterial to me, so long as you talk about something, and keep me from the loneliness that I dread.'

"His tone was so business-like and matter-of-fact that it was impossible to quarrel with him. Besides, his evident dread of being alone, which so many victims of insomnia have, appealed to my sympathies.

"I was not successful enough then to disregard the chance of gaining a rich and eccentric patient—the very class who make the profession worth practising, from a pecuniary point of view.

"I made no demur, therefore, but determined to stay at least until I had given him directions for curing his want of sleep by systematic exercise and plain living, and I lighted one of his cheroots, which were, indeed, excellent.

"At the end of half an hour I rose to go. But my strange patient pleaded with me so earnestly to accept another fee and stay half an hour more that I scarcely had the heart to leave him. A fresh idea occurred to me.

"'I will stay on one condition,' I said; 'that you lie down and let me try to get you to sleep.' I felt that if I could succeed in doing so I should have done something to justify my visit and should be able to get back to my own bed without any danger of offending a possible remunerative patient.

"He agreed instantly and drew up a comfortable-looking couch to the fire in place of his chair.

"'Now, if I do my level best to sleep, will you promise not to leave me till I am off?' he said, and, feeling pretty confident of my powers, I rather unwisely consented.

"I began by reading aloud to him in a soft, monotonous tone which I had generally found effective, and at the end of half an hour was congratulating myself on my success, when the old gentleman jumped up, wide awake, and, fishing in his pocket, produced another half sovereign.

"'You must not forget your fee,' he said, as he lay back again at full length on the couch; 'please go on. It is very soothing.'

I was getting desperately sleepy myself, and more than ever anxious to succeed and get away, when my patient roused himself again suddenly.

"'This won't do,' he said, quite anxiously. 'If I go to sleep, how on earth shall I know what I owe you?'

"'You can trust that to me,' I said shortly, and continued the reading again, with what seemed like complete success, till at 2 o'clock my patient jumped up as lively as ever to present me with my fourth fee.

"The want of success made me desperate, and I was already regretting deeply the promise which prevented me from leaving the old gentleman to his fate and getting home, when another thought suggested itself to me.

"The sleeping draught which he had refused was lying on the table before me. He admitted having taken large quantities of every known drug, but this was a very strong one, and might affect him more than he expected. If I could get him to take it. He had refused so point blank before that I did not ask his consent, but slipped it quietly into a glass while I was reading.

"'Perhaps a glass of soda will help you,' I said, filling it up; 'try drinking it straight off.'

"He obeyed me without suspicion and took the whole dose, which, of course, I should not have ventured to give anybody unaccustomed to drugs.

"It appeared to take effect very quickly, but I did not flatter myself on that point until my next fee became due, when, finding that my patient did not stir, I rose softly, put on my hat and coat, and turning down the lamp, felt my way downstairs in the dark, and let myself out of the house.

"As I walked home I told myself that I had secured a desirable patient, and already given him some reason to have faith in my powers. The four half sovereigns jingled pleasantly in my pocket, and I had still time to get a good sleep before it was necessary to begin the day's work.

"But rest was not for me yet awhile. As I opened my own door with a latchkey, a single glance at the hall was sufficient to put another complexion on the case, and I strode rapidly through the house, to find it had been ransacked from top to botom.

"My old friend with the insomnia was simply the accomplice of burglars, who had taken this means of keeping me out of the way while his friends removed the greater part of my portable property. It seemed to me as if they must have taken it away in a furniture van.

"I hurried off at once to the neighboring police station, and the inspector in charge looked serious.

"'It seems to me like the work of a gang that we have been hearing of for some time, but that we can't get hold of,' he said.

"'Well, I think I can take you to a house where you will find one of the gang,' I said, and told him briefly of my patient.

"The policeman smiled a superior smile.

"'He is one of the gang, without doubt, as well as the lad who brought his message, but you won't find him at the house now. You will find that he has taken the room furnished for a day or two, and vanished the instant you left the place.'

"'I have no doubt that was the plan,' I said; 'but I happened to give the gentleman a dose which, if he isn't as used to drugs as he pretended, will keep him asleep for a week.'"

"And did you find him?" I asked, when Macpherson had reached this point in his story, and the famous physician nodded.

"Yes, exactly as I left him. I had some trouble bringing him round. As we thought, he was a notorious criminal, and his arrest led to that of the whole gang, and—what was of more importance to me—the recovery of my furniture. It has often made me smile to think of my little sleeping draught effecting what the whole police force of the metropolis had been trying to do for months. I call it a triumph of medicine."—Tid-Bits.

Sponges Are Rising.

One effect of the war in Cuba has been to diminish the export of Cuban sponges by fully one-half. The Cuban sponge fishermen get a license to fish in Cuban waters only on condition that they shall serve in the navy if required; and so many have been called upon for this service that the harvest of sponges has been materially reduced.

Cuba furnishes less than a third of the sponges used abroad, but the curtailment of that supply helps to put up prices that have been advancing for years. The supply of sponges comes from Florida, Cuba, Nassau, Mexico and the Mediterranean. Ordinarily about two-thirds of the supply, in value, comes from American waters.

The demand for sponges has increased naturally, while the world's supply has not kept pace with it. It has within recent years actually diminished, owing to careless methods of fishing and to over-fishing to supply the increased demand.

The sponge is of slow growth. It takes two or three years for it to attain a commercial size. In all countries in whose waters sponges grow there are laws against the pulling of little sponges until they have reached a certain growth, just as there are laws against the taking of lobsters and of some fishes under specified sizes.—New York Journal.

A New Telephone.

Edison's new telephone, a sample of which he has given to Li Hung Chang, does away with the receiver, and permits a business man to carry on a conversation at a distance of a few feet from the instrument, which is placed against the wall of a room, without leaving his desk or touching the instrument, which works automatically.

The town of Marblehead, in Massachusetts, gained its name because the white quartz which is so plentiful on the headlands looks like marble from a distance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The leading religions are represented by the following figures: Protestant Christians, 200,000,000; Roman Catholic Christians, 195,000,000; Greek Catholic Christians, 105,000,000; total Christians, 500,000,000. Hebrews, 8,000,000; Mohammedans, 180,000,000. Heathens, 812,000,000. Total non-Christians, 1,000,000,000.

A ranch is about to be established at Merced, Cal., for the growing of wild animals. Elephants, tigers, llamas, antelopes, leopards, lions, kangaroos and other beasts of jungle and forest are to be cultivated. The annual crop of wild beasts is expected to be a large one, and the institution, it is thought, will pay from the start.

Overcrowded Japan turns eager eyes toward the vast unpeopled territory of north Australia. Though English officers predict that trouble would follow Japanese colonization in the great island, it is probable that one of the greatest exoduses of the age will shortly set in from Japan to the north Australian coast. The old world peoples must have room, and they will follow the precedents of all history by taking it wherever it lies open.

It seems very odd to have unearthed playthings as well as the tablets and weapons of antiquity, and yet among the objects found recently in the Assiob necropolis in Egypt was a whole company of wooden soldiers fifteen inches in height. The soldiers carry lances and give a good idea of the style of military equipment prevailing in the time of the Pharaohs. Many an American boy might enjoy playing with those toy warriors, as perhaps some Egyptian lad once did with utmost glee.

The recent school census of Chicago is interesting to the public at large insomuch as it shows the nativity of the population. Out of the 1,600,275 persons which the diligent enumerators have been able to find, only 332,883 were born in America of American parents. Some 600,000 were born in this country of foreign parents, and nearly the same number are foreign born. Germans number 193,487; Irish, 95,676; Swedes, 53,122; Poles, 42,625; Italians, 12,308. Chicago seems to be fast earning the title of European City, so long deservedly bestowed on New York.

The peace which has been concluded between Italy and the Negus involves the payment of an indemnity to the latter of $400,000. This result, so humiliating to Italy, is the first instance where any African State has got the best in final military conclusions of an European Power. That the Power in question is a member of the Triple Alliance and has been detailed to deal with the Alpine frontier of France in the event of war between the Continental States is a fact which makes its surrender to the Negus an event of special moment to European diplomacy.

An English writer in Science calls attention to the bad type so often found in school and college text-books, and declares that from the kindergarten clear through the college there seems to be a concerted plan to ruin the eyesight of young people. This statement is sweeping, but it is not far from the truth. When the print of a text-book is clear and good we often find the paper highly glazed, so that reading it by night is a great trial to the eyes. Every State superintendent of schools should act as inspector of text-books, and those which are badly printed or otherwise injurious to the eyes should be discarded.

A monument is soon to be erected at Little Falls, N. Y., in honor of the memory of the revolutionary general, Nicholas Herkimer. In the naming of the counties of New York the achievements of various revolutionary heroes and patriots were not forgotten, particularly Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Montgomery, Schuyler, Steuben, Clinton, Delaware (after Lord De La Ware), Franklin, Fulton, Lewis, Greene, Livingston, Putnam, Sullivan, Wayne, Yates and last, but not least, Washington. By some erroneous neglect, for which the early democrats of New York are responsible, there is no Jackson county in this State.

Germany is increasing its production of coal more than any other European country. Some of its coal is sold in the California and Oregon markets, together with that from British Columbia, Australia, Japan and Great Britain. Indian and Japanese coal is said to be driving other supplies out of the Far East. They are both inferior as steam producers, but are very cheap. The steamships using them make a saving of 40 per cent. over the cost of British coal. Russia is trying to supply her Black Sea fleet with coal from her own mines. She has a duty of 40 per cent. on imported coal, but even that rate is unable to keep it out of the country.

One result of the increased attention paid of late years to the army and navy is that it is less difficult to keep the ranks full, and full, too, of the best material. The army lacks less than 400 of its full quota of 25,000, and the same number is to be made up to secure to the navy its 12,000. The admiral in charge of the enlisted men in the navy states also that not since the early days of the navy has there been so large a percentage of the men American citizens, while the personnel is far higher than it has been, and the enlisting officers find it much easier to keep the lists full. When all the new ships are complete there will be needed 16,000 instead of 12,000.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean says: It would appear that at length a remedy has been discovered for leprosy. It consists of powder from the bark of a tree known as the hoang-nah, which grows only on the mountains that separate the kingdom of Annam from the Chinese province of Laos. It is being used with much success and efficiency in the leper hospitals of the colony of Trinidad, so much so that the English government is taking steps to introduce its use in the government hospitals of India and other colonial dependencies where leprosy prevails. The remedy was first brought to the attention of Europe by the Catholic missionary bishop of southern China.

The British Prime Minister is at the head of the English government, but, according to Chambers' Journal, he receives no salary, as the office is not recognized by the statute. Some state office with nominal duties, such as the First Lord of the Treasury, is accordingly held by the Premier. Lord Salisbury, however, departed from the almost invariable practice by associating the secretaryship for foreign affairs, perhaps the most arduous and responsible office in the government, with the premiership in his own person. The First Lord of the Treasury, or, as he is more fully described, "First commissioner for executing the office of the lord high treasurer of her Majesty's exchequer," has associated with him the chancellor of the exchequer and three junior lords of the treasury in the control of her Majesty's exchequer; but the post is now a sinecure in the department sense, and carries with it a salary of £5,000 per annum. The famous house, 10 Downing street, in which Cabinet meetings are held, is the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury.

While it is impossible to gauge even approximately the strength and extent of the revolt against the Spanish authority in the Philippines, there is no reason to doubt its seriousness. The troops assigned to the captain-general at Manila number 20,000 officers and men, less the small force employed in the Caroline and Marianne islands, and as they are unable without reinforcements to suppress the rising, it must be pretty formidable. The Philippines are, next to Cuba, the greatest dependency of Spain, the group consisting of about 1,200 islands, only one-third of which are, however, inhabited, and having a total population of about 8,000,000. No section of the people are loyal to Spain, and though the mass of the natives are perhaps only indifferent to her, there exists among the half-breed population and the white colonists much of the same loathing of the mother country as was exhibited in all her dependencies on the mainland. These classes suffer most from the oppressive government of their Spanish rulers, and resent the compulsion under which they are forced to maintain an army of idle officials, and the plundering which, in one form or another, is always an accompaniment of Spanish colonial rule. So far as appears, the present insurrection is confined to Luzon and a few of the adjacent islands; but if it is as formidable there as may be inferred from the despatches its wider spread will, in the inability of Spain to bear either the expense or the exertion of providing an adequate defensive force, be a serious business. The group lies far off in the Pacific, and is in the aggregate as large as Japan, and with Cuba in full revolt and Porto Rico threatening it, Spain in her exhausted military and financial condition is illy prepared to stand any new strain.

Bicyclist With No Hands.

G. L. Scott, of Coal Hill, Penn., is probably the only handless man in the world who rides a bicycle in handicap races. Scott four years ago was a farmer, but the sharp knives of a mowing machine cut off both his arms near the elbows. He was not a bit cast down by this misfortune—in fact, it gave him what has proved a brilliant idea. He determined to become a bicyclist and make his legs give him a living.

He purchased a second-hand wheel and learned to ride it. Notwithstanding his physical shortcomings, he succeeded admirably, and a few months ago entered in a handicap road race at Sharpsville, Penn. His handicap exceeded by two minutes that of any other contestant. The surprise of the spectators can be imagined when Scott actually beat out all the contestants, and came within thirty seconds of winning the time prize. Since his advent in bicycle circles this season he has entered in nearly all the amateur tournaments in eastern Ohio and western Pennsylvania, and generally carries away a large share of the prizes.

At the annual bicycle meet in Sharon, Penn., on Aug. 28, he rode a half mile on a heavy track in 1:07. Scott governs his bicycle by two large hooks that are tightly clasped to the handle bars and firmly attached to his stubs of arms. He has wonderful control of his machine, and can handle it with the same skill as an expert who is physically sound. In guiding his wheel he does not depend so much on the use of his artificial arms as he does on the artful movements of his legs and body. Scott has issued a challenge to ride any armless bicyclist a series of one, two, five and ten mile races.

Whiskers at Fourteen.

Ed Jenkins is a fourteen-year-old boy living in Garrard County, Kentucky, whose claim to distinction is based on the fact that he has a fully developed black mustache that many a man of thirty would be proud to boast. The boy was hardly ten years old when the fur began to sprout on his upper lip. Contrary to the usage of boys he did not encourage its growth by surreptitiously shaving. He never put a razor to his face, but the hair needed no encouragement and continued to grow and become darker, until the mustache was thick and long. The remarkable feature is that the boy is not particularly developed beyond his years in any other way. He is not above the average in height or weight. He still wears knee "pants," and it is a queer sight to see the kid fumbling his mustache and curling the ends.

Take

Care of your health at this season. See that your blood is pure, appetite good and all the organs in a healthy condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great building-up and blood purifying medicine and therefore it is the best medicine to take in the fall, when the atmosphere is laden with disease germs from decaying vegetation. Hood's Sarsaparilla prevents colds, pneumonia, bronchitis, fevers.

Hood's
Sarsaparilla

Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

Napoleon's Attempt at Suicide.

Since 1808 he had worn about his neck as a kind of amulet a little bag said to contain a deadly poison, one of the salts of prussic acid. That night, when the terrors of a shaken reason overpowered him, it is believed that he swallowed the drug. Instead of oblivion came agony, and his valet, rushing to his master's bedside at the sound of a bitter cry, claimed to catch the words: "Marmont has struck me the final blow! Unhappy man, I loved him! Berthier's desertion has broken my heart! My old friends, my comrades in arms!" Ivan, the Emperor's body physician, was summoned, and administered an antidote; the spasm was allayed, and after a short sleep reason resumed her seat. It is related in the memoirs of Caulaincourt, and probably with a sort of Homeric truth, that when the reputed writer was admitted in the early morning Napoleon's "wan and sunken eyes seemed struggling to recall the objects round about; a universe of torture was revealed in the vaguely desolate look." Napoleon is reported as saying: "It is not the loss of the throne that makes existence unendurable; my military career suffices for the glory of a single man. Do you know what is more difficult to bear than the reverses of fortune? It is the baseness, the horrible ingratitude, of men. Before such acts of cowardice, before the shamelessness of their egotism, I have turned away my head in disgust and taken my life in horror. * * * What I have suffered for twenty days no one can understand."—Century.

Mrs. Sewall.

Mrs. Arthur Sewall, wife of the Democratic candidate for Vice President, is a daughter of the late Charles Crooker, of Bath, Me. She was educated in Ipswich, and afterward traveled extensively in this country and Europe. She is a wide reader, a proficient student, and a well-versed French scholar; but, especially, she has an artistic temperament. A large collection of water colors and landscape photographs made by her in her travels testify to this; and she has received diplomas for her work as an expert amateur photographer in Paris, New York and Boston. While she is in no sense an invalid, Mrs. Sewall's health has not been good for some time; and she has been compelled to forego social duties to a considerable extent for the last few years.

Sympathy and Truth.

If a man cannot be really loyal to truth without sympathy, neither can he be truly kind and generous without truthfulness. For, if he weakly yields to every one, right or wrong, and is what Emerson calls "a mush of concession," he is not really helping or strengthening or elevating any one; he is only indulging his own ease by giving some one a cheap, unwholesome and transitory pleasure. The courage of truthfulness is one of the most important elements in all social intercourse, and one of the firmest foundations of all worthy friendship.

Never judge a man by his clothes he wears form your estimate from the wearing apparel of his wife.

BRAVE SPIRITS BROKEN.

How often women wake up in the morning cheerful and happy, determined to do so much before the day ends, and yet:—

Before the morning is very old, the dreadful BACK-ACHE appears, the brave spirit sinks back in affright; no matter how hard she struggles, the "clutch" is upon her, she falls upon the couch, crying:—"Why should I suffer so? What can I do?"

Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" will stop the torture and restore courage. All such pains come from a deranged uterus. Trouble in the womb blots out the light of the sun at midday to a vast number of women.

Be advised—do as many others have done and are doing—procure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and commence without delay to realize the relief it is sure to bring you.