## The Drip of the Rain. The stars have curtained their light

in clouds

And the moon has slipped from sight; And only the sound of the rain is heard

Through the fragrant summer night.

eaves, Drenching the lilies and sweet green leaves.

Filling the night with its low refrain

The darkness, soft as a velvet robe, Shuts the cares of the world away; And the south wind blows the slant- not the one he might ask.

ing rain Into sheets of silver spray,

And up through the darkness, warm

and wet, Comes the scent of pansies and mignonette.

Bearing the message of hope again, In this peaceful hour of rest and rain.

'Tis a gracious gift that the night bestows.

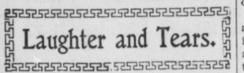
For the summer shower brings The dreams of peace, and a breath

of balm On the sweep of its dusky wings.

weep. On the shadowy border-lands of sleep; And the voice of care and the sting sun, the Polyphemus eye of the moun-

of pain Are lost in the drip of the summer rain.

Emma G. Weston in the Youth's Companion.



The car was almost due at the summit of the Gornergrat. The chill air from the glacier fields pressed a stim- summoned by the conductor. "One ulating finger on the pulses. The ice moment," came the answer as two of the surrounding glaciers was dull ladies passed George, hurrying togreen and deep.

neck in a thick plaid shawl, stood he knew who it was, and yet his eyes waiting with her aunt. They were needed proof. As Elizabeth passed going down on the last car which made him he laid a hand on her arm. She the trip that day. They had wished turned and recognized him. to spend the night on the top, for soldier.

But, alas, the money was lacking. columns in their account book, and swering some question. the result came ever the same with matics. The two hungry sight-seers over the disposition of their satchels. must be kept-so many marks a day, spirit of wonder at the unforeseen. and prices at the tip-top houses have all the rarity of the altitude where precious seconds had elapsed. He still they flourish. So this pleasure must kept his hand on Elizabeth's shawl be given up.

sighed Elizabeth. "It would be too glori- iers was like wine. ous to see a sunrise here, too. We must be content with our half-loaf." The electric car came slowly creep. he eagerly said. Her advent had being up the steel way bringing noise, wildered him. The reality was still a disturbing element, a taste of mod- part of his vision and, like the sunern improvement into these silent rise, ,wonderful beyond compare. heights. Elizabeth's green touring hat bore ed like a bird on the step. George a puff of feathers on a quivering wire. grasped her hand to detain her. Each time they trembled, if you cared for Elizabeth you must look to see if must see them together," he cried, as she, too, trembled. "One look, dear the wheels moved. Even while he Aunt, one long look to fix this picture spoke the car gained speed, and he in my mind. How dull the four walls walked quickly beside it. and the sewing will be after this feast of ice and snow. Just see how clear on to the platform of the car, for the air is and how near the other safety, but did not relinquish her peaks look. I am going to that rock hand. Die Tante stood ready to jump to look at the Matterhorn. There is off in case of need. Voices called to time to spare. The car is not up yet, them in warning as the car gathered and it waits before going down again. Come." The rose color of the afterglow on snowy summit defies the common were in the clasp of his hand, and he sense. Even the solid fields of white, would not let go. His hat far behind, sloping down the channels between he followed, like Merlin, unreckoning, scaring peaks, these have a chilled on the gleam, on the light from her sorcery of their own. Imprint the eyes. scene on our mind, Elizabeth. It will always stay. It is, as you say, so hauntingly beautiful and remote. The dependence, the finiteness of the car. She had thought, thus daily life is the chain by which the far, only of the miracle of his presspiritual delights must be confined, ence. Now she realized that there And no joy is sufficient to itself, even was danger to face. For her to loose observation of the Gornergrat pano- his hand was impossible, so firm was rama. The little Swiss watch, a deli- his hold. cate toy, the price of which had shortened the pleasure trip two he were hurt! Never had his safety weeks, the watch pinned on Eliza- been so imperative. beth's breast, continued ticking and ticking, leading time captive and lead- on, quick," she called, loud enough ing Elizabeth and her aunt from the to conquer the noise of wheels and rock with its mighty outlook back to pulled him forward and up with all her the little station. The car stood strength. ready for the descent, with perhaps a thirty seconds to spare. The morning of the same day firm foot he challenged the gods and George Werner, a young student, gained the platform. had arrived at Zermatt. His face was long by nature and now it was beth's green hat quivered like aspens long from fatigue-and what else? as he drew himself up, still holding Perhaps it was fatigue alone. He was her hand. If you cared for her you always jolly in conversation, therefore must look to see if she, too, trembled. he must be always happy. A smile came quickly to his face when he met little if the austere spirit of selfa friend. When left alone it died quickly away. But always his interest in others was there. Young blood must flow a little faster at seeing the noble view which is Jeannette Gates in Massachusetts the heart's desire. George had dream- Ploughman. ed of this hour, and now as he sat on the ascending car, here was reality. His reddish hair blew back from his temples, white from the confinement of study. near the summit there were no plants He said that the debt had worried to mark the change of season by their him ever since he left and, having brighter coloring. The stony bed of made \$200,000 in New York, he dethe new steel way was hardly ad- cided to come back and pay his score. justed, and barrenness ruled under foot. But raise your eyes, George, There The eyes must be kept always open. tures.

He knows this, for when the lids shut | THE REAL FRENCH HUSBAND | them the victims thereof. He treats quietly be sees many far away things | THE REAL FRENCH HUSBAND | them impulsively as they treat each quietly he sees many far-away things. Though the scenes shift in each one is a figure buoyant with life and some-

times wearing a plaid shawl and an Alpine hat which shades the blue eyes beneath. In fact, the familiar eyes Over the sloping and moss-grown are so shaded that when George looks into them the vision always fades; he opens his own eyes and sighs himself back into the present moment.

Life would be quite another thing Is heard the drip of the summer rain. if he might allow himself these visions. But they come without leave, and must be put aside. The question which had often risen to his lips was

Having an invalid mother and no money, a student may say, "Will you pass me the bread?" while his glances speak many gentle courtesies. But he may not say, "Will you share my bread?" when there is hardly enough for the mother.

Therefore sunshine is brightest when the eylids curtain the eyes, Yet is a vision of fair possibilities not half as real as the rain against the window.

The car had arrived at the top. George stood on the station platform, contemplative. Before the pleasure of 'And the hearts that sorrow forget to walking to the very summit he would watch the car go down again. When it should descend under the great red tain world, the last link with Zermatt would be severed for the night.

He stood with his back to a large When he arrived he had norock. ticed two figures seated on it, and had idly thought of them as chance companions on the summit over night. The Lilliputian bustle of departure as the car was prepared for descending amused him. How different this adjustable and particular start from the hurried stoppages and confused crowd of a city car.

A belated passenger was loudly ward the car. It was Die Tante, with The Little Traveler, wound to the Elizabeth. At the sound of the voice

Surely the snow fields lend a Elizabeth, the captain of this brief strange and radiant light to the eyes summer outing, had but to give the which behold them. Perhaps Elizaorders and Die Tante obeyed like a beth had sat too long on the great rock.

"But the car is going-now," came They had added once and again the from her in gasps as if she were an-

Two other passengers were to go the tiresome inflexibility of mathe- down. Happily they were quarreling were at last enjoying Switzerland af. Die Tante had hurridly attained a seat ter months of longing. But their rule in the car and stood transfixed, a

George found speech after several where the blue stripe crossed the red "For once I am almost satisfied," one. The evening air from the glac-

"Elizabeth, the sunrise here will be

ATTITUDE OF A LOVER.

Graceful, Gallant and Gay-Not by Any Means Perfect, But He Generally Manages to Make Himself glo-Saxon.

As a lover the Frenchman is jealous, exacting, unreasonable to the last degree, but he is correspondingly passionate and devoted, writes Alvan F. Sanborn in The Independent. has said somewhere that the great- like himself. est obstacle to a man's being sublime is his fear of appearing ridiculous. In love, at any rate, the Frenchman from them. does not know this fear, and the result is that in love he is often sublime-at least in the eyes of his ina-

unerring that he is inimitable in the expression of sentiment. As a husband the Frenchman is ment as readily as the bud responds means rare-no matter how much he may be harassed by the petty cares and annoyances incident to married life-he employs the gestures and the phrases of the lover as zestfully as if he were at the very beginning of his romance.

He praises his wife eloquently to her face, saying boldly in her presence the complimentary things which the more reticent Anglo-Saxon husband utters only to his friends, if he permits himself the indiscretion of uttering them at all.

In the lower and middle classes, as well as in the upper classes, the French husband has a faculty that amounts almost to genius for bestowing the delicate attentions which cost little except the exercise of a modicum of tact and thoughtfulness, but which carry joy to every true woman's heart. He not only thinks to take home to her often (in the absence of the means to make larger offering) a ten cent bunch or roses violets, pinks flower market or the from the itinerant flower vendor's barrow on his route, but he presents them gallantly with the compliment and the caress the occasion calls for; and this makes them confer a pleasure out of all proportion to their intrinsic worth. He remembers her birthday or fete day with a potted plant, a bit of game, a box of bonbons, a bottle of good wine. He is marvel the like. The more experienced dogs,

a

them impulsively as they treat each other. But, by reason of this very RETAINS DURING MARRIAGE THE impulsiveness, which is, after all, but a form of childlikeness, he penetrates deeper into the child-consciousness than he otherwise could. He does not unbend toward his children, for he is so completely a child himself that Agreeable, Contrasted With the An- he does not need to unbend to find him self on their level. He enters heartdly into their whims, caprices, happy pretenses and fanastic imaginings because they are so very like his own.

The French boy as he grows into manhood enjoys a genuine comradeship with his father, that would be He displays that dash of recklessness impossible if the latter were systemin love which is so flattering and so | atically concealing the fact that he precious to its object. Hawthorne is a frail and faulty human being As the Frenchman lavishes tender-

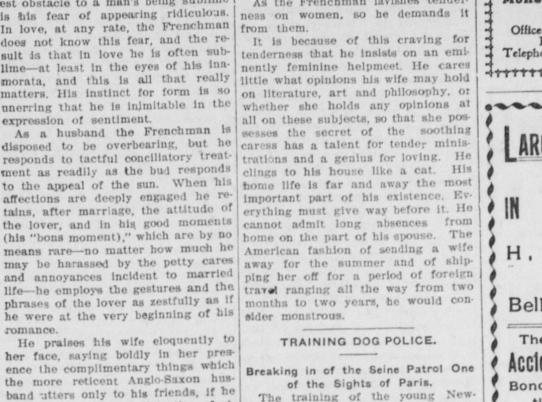
tenderness that he insists on an eminently feminine helpmeet. He cares morata, and this is all that really little what opinions his wife may hold matters. His instinct for form is so on literature, art and philosophy, or whether she holds any opinions at

disposed to be overbearing, but he caress has a talent for tender miniselder monstrous.

The training of the young Newfoundlands that M. Lepine periodically adds to his staff is one of the sights of Paris. It takes place in the headquarters of the agents plongeurs, a small building on the quay-side not far from the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Dogs and men enter into the exercise with zest, and there is usually a crowd of onlookers. Only dummy figures are used, but the "rescue" is, nevertheless, a very realistic affair. The big dogs know perfectly well what the exercise means, and they wait with comic enthusiasm until the dummy is thrown into the water and an agent plongeur rushes out on hearing the splash and the outcry of spectators. While the men are busy with lines and life-buoys, the dog plunges into the water, swims to the dummy, watches with rare intelligence for an opportunity to get an advantageous hold, and then it either swims ashore or waits for its master who brings to







so wonderful, so without compare," The car started with Elizabeth pols-

"The beautiful mountain-fops. We

Instinctively he pushed her firmly such headway that George was obliged to run.

All their past meetings and partings

"Ah love, I cannot," came from him without his wish.

Elizabeth bent towards him from

For her to jump off-no. Yet if

There was no time to lose. "Get

George came, suddenly to his senses. With a brave laugh and a

The bunch of feathers on Eliza-After all, three can live on very sacrifice walk among them, and the tender hand of a new daughter to smooth the pillows in the sick room, is worth more than gold .-- Margaret

Pays Debt That Worried Him. Edward Goyette, who lived iv Montreal sixteen years ago, returned recently and paid the water department The summer was almost past, but \$13.25 which he owned when he left. ----Chicago News,

The parrot appreciates music more stand the monarchs of Switzerland. than any other of the lower crea-

ously fertile in expedients for making however, will easily effect a rescue from first to last without human asthe time pass quickly and agreeably for her. He has a thousand amusing and successful devices for helpjects unique and joyous Sunday and erbank, and pulling the heavy dummy ing her to renew her youth. He proholiday excursions. He improvises into a place of safety. dainty little banquets. He is a past juring up amiable mysteries and pre- charged with the protection of their paring charming little surprises. And masters when attacked by the despervindicates the old French theory that arches of the bridge in summer. Thus in all these trivial enterprises he true courtesy consists in taking a in Paris also the police dogs are a certain amount of pains to so order proved success .- From William G. our words and our manners that others "be content with us and with themselves."

The American husband is particularly solicitous to do the proper thing; the French husband to do the agreeable thing.

There is no better "provider" than the American husband, no man more ready to give his wife everything she asks for, whether he can afford it or not; but his memory is lament- wounds had been more severe the ably poor where her habits and pref- Russians would not have been able erences are concerned, and he lacks to restore their ranks. The Japanese intuition. The American husband is themselves, were always too exhaustsecond to none in doing his duty con- ed after a battle to follow up their scientiously by his companion but he advantage and were never able to is less expert than the French hus give a fatal blow. band in showing appreciation of her beauty, vivacity and wit, and in dis- lous paradox of possessing weapons playing that ideal deference which so harmless that we cannot disable makes her feel that he esteems it a the enemy. Battles, in spite of their great honor as well as a great privilege frightful loss of life-no greater to be permitted to share her existence, and that his life would be but a dis- gigantic French duels. The "code"

mal, barren waste without her. it is the difference between the Puri- also end when they are too deadly tan and the Cavalier, between auster- and too expensive. ity and gallantry, between repression and expression, between the concep- weapon, for the present tendency is tion of life as a dreary round of as absurd as arming soldiers with duties and the conception of life as boxing gloves. Already there is a an inspiriting succession of oppor- demand to return to the old 45-callbre tunities.

other faculty that goes far toward hear a demand for a rifle so severe making the rough places smooth in that when an enemy is hit, he is permatrimonial existence, namely a mar- manently disabled from fighting, at velous fund of gayety that is made up least during that war .- Americ in about equal parts of esprit and of Medicine. animal spirits. In default of passionate affection he offers his companion the most sprightly and engaging life as he finds it, and to a winning says Home Chat. playfulness of manner which comes as naturally as breathing to him. stead, an oil stove and a few pots In sum, the Frenchman is not a and kettles. The authorities are in model husband, but he is an adorable doubt as to whether he can be reone-imperfect and adorable-a splen- moved, in view of the fact that te ded illustration of the "glory of the pays rent for the ground. imperfect."

Like husband, like father. The French father displays his quick tem- \$6,500,000, a world's record for per before his children and makes crowns.

sistance; and it is an inspiring sight to watch them looking for a foothold on the slippery sides of the riv-It takes about four months to train

the dogs efficiently. They are also ate rufflans who sleep under the Fitz-Gerald's "The New Police of European Cities," in The Century.

FIREARMS DON'T HURT ENOUGH.

Too Many Recoveries From Rifle Wounds in War.

Modern firearms are too humano and unless battles are vigorously followed up, the retreating enemy is merely stunned-not disabled. If these

In other words, we are at the ridicuthough than previously-are becoming evaporates when it always results The difference is fundamental, since fatally. Wars or national duels will

Warfare demands a more deadly pistol because the 38 does not wound The French husband possesses an- sufficiently. We may soon expect to

## Living Underground.

In the village of Heston there is a sort of camaraderie, which is the next man named Ives, known as "The Herbest thing. Even when indifferent, mit," who ives in a large hole, the sentimentally speaking, he is still result of his excavations on an allotvastly entertaining; still capable of ment ground which he has rented. He being the best of daily company, descends to his curious abode by thanks of his cheerful philosophy, means of a ladder, and at night he which bids him make the most of protects himself with a glass roof,

The place contains a small bed-

The crown of Portugal is valued at

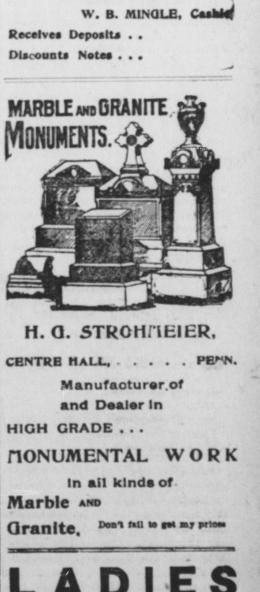
## Than Fifty Feet.

A well known French naval expert, M. Bertin, believes that both the length and height of waves at sea are often overestimated. He goes on to argue that the length of waves can be computed from the time which elapses between the passage of two of them. From a summary of his opinions which Engineering prints it appears that the greatest distance which he has estimated between crest and crest is 2590 feet, or about half a mile, and the period on which his reckoning was based was twentythree seconds. Such long waves, he states, are

never very high. In deep water the height of a wave half a mile long will not, at most, be more than fifty-two feet, or one-fiftleth its length. Much greater heights than this have, he says, been recorded, particularly from small craft, but the observations were quite unreliable. The error arises mainly from the fact that the observer has failed to take into account the fact that the vessel he is in floats with its deck parallel to the surface of the wave, and not to a true horizontal plane. With the water surface thus tilted, grossly exaggerated estimates of the true height of the waves become possible.

Where care has been taken to avoid this source of error, the highest wave recorded in open water has measured forty-two and one-half feet from hollow to crest; but M. Bertin believes that a height of fifty-two feet may perhaps be met with in the southern seas. On entering shoai water waves become higher and shorter, so that a wave that has a height of thirteen metres in open water may attain sixteen metres on striking a shoal; while if it meets a more or less vertical obstacle it may shoot up to double this height, and at the Eddystone Light, he states, solid green seas have been known to reach a height of 105 feet.

Waves half a mile long are, he continues, very rare, rince a period of ten seconds is not often exceeded. which corresponds to a length of 160 metres (about 520 feet). More commonly the period is six to eight seconds, and the length 160 to 320 feet. Heights of over ten metres (thirtythree feet) are rare, but short waves are relatively higher than long ones, a wave 160 feet long being commonly eight to sixteen feet high. M. Bertin further points out that there appears to be a minimum to the size of ocean waves, as well as a maximum, since there is a connection between the size and the velocity of the wind producing them. Thus waves measuring three-fourths inch from crest to crest would correspond to a wind moving about two feet a second; and he questions whether a wind moving more slowly than this would have power to raise waves at all.



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