

THE ANGEL OF THE RAIN.

Over the thirsty land
The angel of the rain with outstretched hand
Is passing, and each flower springs up to meet
The kisses of his feet.
The water brooks had lain
Dwindled and faint; but now they pulse
Again,
Swelling to press their grassy sides, and sing
A low-toned welcome.
From lawn and sheltered beds
A new-born breath of furtive fragrance
Spreads;
And swallows twitter gladly to the leaves
Around the cottage eaves.
O panting soul!—thy need
Of cooling streams may here be quenched
Indeed;
Open thy lips—the offered blessing meet,
While waters lave thy feet.
Open thy lips! The rain
Gives life where withered leaves and stems
Remain,
Till all the waste wherein God's angel goes
Doth blossom as the rose.
—Arthur L. Salmon.

UNA DODD.

BY M. C. NASH.



FACING a great open court paved with dirty flagging, stands a long, dark-browed building, years since blackened by the fogs and smoke of busy, sooty Liverpool. It is not a pretty pile, but it is solid and useful, like most English edifices, and it will last a long time and do a great deal of good. It is called "St. Hall," and a giant image of the saint, with his foot on a dragon's neck, stands halfway up the broad hundred-stair steps that lead to the vast stone portico of the building. Guarding the court are four stone lions crouched, dozing, on huge pedestals set at intervals along the sidewalk in front of it. In the street, there is a stand for some twenty cabs, and here all day cabmen sit on the stone ledges at the foot of the lions' pedestals and smoke and gossip, or eat their meager luncheons while they wait for "fares." Their horses stand in line with their noses thrust deep into the bags of oats tied about their necks, and their angular bodies covered with old pieces of carpet or blanket, which the cabmen jerk off hastily at the approach of a possible "fare."

Among the men belonging to this stand was Una's father. His cab was rather older than the rest and his horse a trifle bonier. The horse had in the past been a swift, long-tailed, glossy gray trotter, much admired and called "King." King's tail was short and scant now, and, owing to a certain unsteadiness about the foreknees and a general air of decrepitude, he was best known as "Old Shaky." It must have been a sad thing for him—this change of name. It certainly was hard for him to get used to, for he responded none too quickly when he was told to "Garn ther, Shaky." It was like learning to answer to "Granny" after one had known what it was to be called "Sweetheart."

But if Shaky was old his master was young, and Dick Dodd's strong, honest, fresh-colored face won him many a fare that Shaky's unfortunate personal appearance had all but lost him. So he managed to make enough almost every day to pay his dues to the man from whom he rented his cab and to take home two or three shillings to his wife.

He lived in a tiny room way up in a tenement house, in a pretty, respectable part of Liverpool. It was a neat, bright little home, for all its bareness and poverty; and Dick had a good wife who helped him by washing out by the day. He was a very happy "Cabby" indeed till one dark, cold night in November, God took her away to rest close by Himself, and to comfort poor Dick he let one of his little angels come in her stead.

Thus it happened that one morning early in January Old Shaky saw something he wasn't at all prepared for. His master had not driven him directly from the stable to the cabstand, but, instead, he was pulled up after an amble through some unaccustomed streets, in front of a tall, dingy tenement house with a dirty gutterful of dirty children at his feet. Dick jumped from his box and ran in through the door of the house, calling out, as he did so: "Yer stan' still ther; yer Shaky." In a minute he came back again, holding very carefully a little bundle of old flannels, which he laid inside the cab on the seat, and then jumped on the box and drove very carefully to the stand.

"Old Shaky thought this unusual, to say the least. He wondered about it while he was mumbering in his bag for his breakfast; and as he gave a toss of his head so as to throw the few oats and chaff at the bottom of the bag on to his tongue, he hoped it would turn out to be something to eat in the bundle.

Just then a fare came along the sidewalk. Old Shaky stood at the head of the procession that morning, so he shook himself and prepared for a jaunt.

But his master, instead of coming at once to his head to untie his bag, went to the cab and took out the bundle, and, climbing up on the pedestal of one of the lions, laid it between the great crossed forepaws and the shaggy stone breast. There was just a comfortable nest for it there. Old Shaky pricked up his ears when he heard a wee little cry coming from the bundle. He cocked one eye behind his blinker so he could see exactly what his master was up to, and caught him in the act of putting a bottle to one end of the bundle.

Shaky's master helped his fare in, clapped the doors to and drove a shilling's worth at a pace that made Old Shaky's bones rattle. When Shaky got back to the stand and slowly recovered from his shaking up he saw his master holding the bundle and talking cockney baby talk to it.

Little Una's papa had come upon the lazy old woman, whom he had hired to look after Una, wickedly giving her some dreadful medicine to make her sleep, so that she would have no trouble with her. This frightened him so that he had driven the cruel old creature out of the room and had decided to look after his baby himself. The woman had yelled at him that morning, as he carried Una through the hall, that the child would die with cold; but he thought that better than to have poisoned her, and besides, his heart was hungry, and he wanted his baby close to him.

But little Una did nothing at all like dying; she got fatter and rosier every day. The fresh air made her sleep and eat far better than the foul, germ-laden air of the tenement. When it was clear she used to lie between the lion's paws hour after hour, while her father was off with a fare, gazing up past the great stone head above her into the smoky blue-gray sky. If it rained Dick propped his old brown umbrella over the lion's head so that it sheltered her, and over that he spread his lap-robe, or if he had no fare he would tuck her away in his cab.

Everybody got to know the little baby. The sailors rolling by on their way to the docks, the ragged, bare-footed children who sold matches, and the dirty women with their great heavy rolls of unkempt hair and purple faces, who sold artificial flowers, the milkman in his funny little donkey cart, the shopgirls, the policeman, besides all the cabmen, had a helping hand and a kind word for Dick and his baby.

She was called "Dick's little 'un"; then, but after a while some enterprising reporter wrote a long account about her. He changed her sex and called her "Daniel"; but he made a very interesting story, if not at all a true one, so that people began to come to see the old lion and his nursing as one of the sights of the city. Among these people was an American lady who said it was shameful to call a little girl "Daniel," and that it was just like a man to want to make out everything interesting as belonging to his own sex. She told Dick a most wonderful story of the Una whose "beauty mastered the strength" and "whose truth subdued the vengeance" of the hungry lion who, as she was walking in the forest, rushed out of the bushes upon her to rend her; and of how the cruel beast was made, by her gentleness, to lay aside his fury quite awestruck, so that he kissed Una's feet and licked her hands and humbly guarded her ever after.

Dick was much delighted with the story and the name, and he went quite meekly and let the American lady stand god-mother while the pastor in the little mission church christened his "little 'un" Una Dodd.

He could have gone right down on his knees then and there and worshipped Una Dodd; she looked so beautiful in the new cloak the good American had given her. Her eyes were as blue as violets, and her smile was one of those she had brought from Heaven with her. She curled her soft little pink fingers around the lady's bony forefinger and cooed. The American lady had been for forty-five years a maiden, but she had the "mother" in her heart for all that.

"Dick," she said, "give her to me; I will be more than good to her." "Not fur a corynet and a keb o' me own," answered Dick, promptly; and he took Una Dodd quickly into his own arms.

"Well, Dick, remember I am her god-mother. Here is my address in America if you ever need anything." She thrust an envelope into his hand with money in it. He did not stop to open it. He only jerked out "Thank 'ee, Miss," and hurried away to his cabstand. The lion was safer than his terrible old lady who wanted to rob him of his Una Dodd.

All that afternoon Una Dodd lay quietly between the lion's paws, playing with her fingers and talking to herself. There is a wonderful organ in St. George's Hall, and there is a great musician who goes there every day to worship his art by playing on it. The large soft billows of sound pleased little Una as they swept past her ears, and she smiled all to her little self.

An anarchist, with a red necktie and a redder nose, climbed up and balanced himself on Una's lion's back and began to abuse everybody but himself. He talked about "sending perlice erway with ther 'eads hunder der harms." He pointed to little Una and asked the woman in general to "look at that hinnercent baby" and said he would like to know "ow the world would like it, not to 'ave 'ad h's face washed since hit 'ad hit," and "ow hit would get lon with nawthin' for dinner and the same warmed hover for snupper."

The world did not answer. Those of it near enough were watching little Una play with her fingers. Presently the anarchist fell off the lion. He was rather drunk, and besides that a lion's back is a hard place to balance one's self.

It began to get very cold toward evening. Dick had been away all the afternoon with a "shopping fare." He went with many a fearful glance toward the Northwestern Hotel across the street where the American lady was, and many a caution to the cabmen left behind: "Don't yer let nobody tech her," he reiterated, "nobody, specially no lady." When he came back to Una he took her in his arms, glad to find her warm and "all there." He put a tin can full of hot

water at her feet, covered her with overcoat, placed the umbrella over her and the lion, and went away with another fare very unwillingly. It was getting dark and the wind was rising cold and raw. The black clouds threatened snow. It was a long drive to his fare's destination. Dick began to grow anxious before he got there. His fare told him to wait. He drove up and down before the horse a long time in the biting wind. To his horror some feathery flakes of snow began to fall. He drove over by the lamp-post near the house, got down and put the blanket over Old Shaky; then he climbed up on his box and waited for his fare to reappear.

It was bitterly cold. He grew almost numb with it; and all the time he was thinking of Una and wondering whether she was warm and praying that she might be. The snow began to fall in a blinding swirl. He went to the house and rang the bell and asked if his fare would soon be ready to go back. He heard a jolly voice from within respond to the maid's question, "Oh, the Cabby; by George, I forgot. I told him to wait. Here, give him this shilling and sixpence extra and tell him I will stop the night here, it's such a blizzard." And a blizzard it surely was.

Poor Dick climbed back on his box in bitterness of spirit. "It warn't right nor honest," he kept muttering; "and me a man o' family, and Una Dodd er waitin' for me to come and see of she is all right. It warn't right nor honest." And then the snow flew in his eyes so that he could hardly see, and he began to realize that he would have a hard time to get back to Una Dodd. Poor Old Shaky slipped and stumbled at every step with the balls of snow in his hoofs making him lamer and lamer. Dick missed his way once, and went nearly a mile wrong. "Oh, Shaky, do you think we will find her safe? Do yer, do yer?" and he would say under his breath, "Una Dodd, Una Dodd!" and on he and Old Shaky stumbled and slid with the snow in their eyes and ears and noses and mouths. "Git up there. Can't yer git up there no better? O, Lord, help Shaky and me! Help us, help us for Una Dodd's sake! She's er freezin', Lord! Little Una Dodd that the parson sprinkled ter-day. Can't yer make Old Shaky git up? My little un—Dick's little un—she's er freezin'. Git up ther!" and then, with a final slide, poor Shaky braced himself and stopped at the old stand.

Dick gave one leap from his cab and another to the lion, and felt between the paws in the blinding snow and darkness for Una Dodd. She was not there. He went down on all fours and felt in the snow around the lion's pedestal in the wild fancy that she might have been blown out and have fallen to the ground. He looked about for some one to ask, but not a soul was near. Every living being had sought shelter from the storm. He sat down on the edge of the sidewalk stunned. He could not think for a while. Suddenly came to him like a flash a thought of the American lady. She loved Una; she would help him if anybody could. He stumbled across the street and fell rather than stood on the steps of the hotel and rang the bell. "The American lady—quick!" he gasped out to the porter. "But there are so many," said the bewildered porter. "The tall, thin one that loves Una Dodd—the old maid." "Oh, yes," the porter knew, he thought. Presently a knock at the door startled the American lady. "Please, 'm, there is a man downstairs, 'm. The porter says he thinks he's crazy, 'm, and he says he has seen Una Dodd, 'm, for he thinks she's dead, 'm?"

"Where is the stairway?" asked she, quickly. "That way, Miss, but the lift"—gasped the boy. The American lady was gone; she could not wait for an English lift. "Dick, come with me!" she cried, taking his poor numb hand in hers, and then she led him, blinking like an owl at the dazzling light, up to her sitting room, and, opening the door of her dressing room, she led him to a little bed; she pulled back the corner of the cover so that he could see Una's tiny, rosy sleeping baby face, and her little head with its downy yellow hair, and then, as he fell on his knees, she went out and left him. She heard him sobbing and praying, but he soon grew quiet.

Miss Helen Gould is one of the young ladies of New York City who have received the degree of LL.B., and upon application to the courts may be pronounced a full-fledged counselor and attorney at law.

A Chicago woman has invented a useful fish knife that scales, cleans and bones a fish without mangling it. Another useful invention discovered during the week is a new liquid that makes lace curtains absolutely proof against fire from gas or lamp flames.

The Board of Health of New York City has received a gift of \$25,000 from Mrs. Minturn to establish a pest-house where patients will receive better attention than is commonly accorded them. She was moved to this deed by the incarceration of a friend in the miserable quarters now used.

The Empress Frederick of Germany has not only done excellent work in painting, but has now devoted herself with great energy to sculpture. Both at her castle of Kronberg in the Tannus Mountains, as well as at her palace in Berlin, she has furnished large studios and is engaged every day in drawing, painting or modeling.

Worth had a peculiar way of showing his gratitude to the ex-Empress Eugenie. Every year it was his custom to send her a large bouquet of Parma violets, tied with a mauve ribbon, on which his name was embroidered in gold. This act was in grateful memory of her patronage at a time when her merest whim could make or ruin a Parisian tradesman.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Uncle Sam has 2035 women physicians.

Saturday is the fashionable day for weddings in England.

Queen Victoria has sixty pianos at her various residences.

Mrs. Fawcett declares that the old maid is "the elite of her sex."

Across the water they sell rubber boots for pet dogs to wear in rainy weather.

China ferneries are disputing for popular favor with the silver and basket ones.

The women of Morocco never celebrate their birthdays, and few of them know their ages.

In civilized countries the average age at which women marry is twenty-three and a half years.

On Susan B. Anthony's last birthday her friends made her a present of an annuity of \$800 a year.

In England and Wales alone there are over 200,000 more unmarried women than unmarried men.

Kansas City women have decided to remove their hats at church and all indoor meetings hereafter.

Mrs. Frederick Gebhard, of New York, is noted as having as pretty hands as any woman in America.

A competent authority declares that over a million and a half of the women of this country earn their own living.

Most of the Japanese women in the rural districts are skilled agriculturists. This outdoor work accounts for their health and strength.

In the British Isles during the present century seven instances have been recorded in which the bride has married the best man by mistake.

In Berlin, Wis., fifteen women tried to vote at the recent municipal election, but were headed off by the Board of Elections, whom they now propose to sue.

Elizabeth Viererbe has died at Windberg, Germany, aged ninety-three years. She had been housemaid in one family for seventy-nine years.

Worth was not Europe's first great man-milliner. In the reign of Louis XV, a Bavarian named Rohmberg was the fashion in Paris for making ladies' habits.

Over 40,000 women are attending the various colleges in America, yet it has only been twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to women.

The women of savage Nations rarely pay much attention to the dressing of their hair, while the savage men, on the contrary, regard their coiffures as of the utmost importance.

The golden age of woman was the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of French history. During all this time France was practically ruled by a succession of brilliant and able women.

Miss Alta Rockefeller, a New York City heiress to millions, is an expert typewriter. She learned to use the machine in order to do confidential work for her father, the Standard Oil magnate.

In Germany, Russia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Chile, Venezuela and Colombia the number of women is greater than that of the male population.

An Englishwoman's standard of requirement for the post of governess, companion or secretary has long been known as out of all proportion to the meager salaries she is willing to pay for her services.

Modern maids of all work commonly object to waiting on the table. The objection was indicated in the case of a far Western maid in search of a place by the inquiry: "Do you do your own reaching?"

As "readers" for publishing houses and magazines, women show a remarkable instinct in the ability to discover talent. They are more discerning and more severely critical in such matters than are men.

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Curious Weddings in Michigan.

Many curious customs are in vogue among the foreign population of Northern Michigan, especially in social matters, says the Detroit Free Press. When a French couple get married a carriage or a sleigh ride is inevitable, according to the season of the year. The couples are not packed together in one wagon or sleigh, but each fellow and his girl have an individual rig, the bride and groom taking the lead and the others following like a funeral procession; but there is nothing funeral about it, especially the pace set. After the procession has been riding for hours, a dance ends the festivities.

The Poles have a curious wedding custom that is very ingenious as a money-getter, and takes the place of wedding presents. After the wedding feast follows a dance that sometimes lasts twelve to fourteen hours, and even longer. The chief honor is to dance with the bride, and this is decided in a curious manner. The mother of the bride takes her place in one corner of the room with a plate in her lap, which she takes very good care shall be built after the plan of an eating-house coffee cup. The gallest who wants to dance with the bride, and all are in honor bound to do so at least once, must pull out a piece of silver and endeavor to chip or break the plate by throwing their money upon it, and only those who succeed in chipping or breaking the plate are allowed the coveted honor.

Let those who think it easy to break an iron-plate try it. Few succeed in doing it for less than fifty cents, and it is not an unusual thing for the bride's money to amount up to \$75 or \$100, even where the crowd is apparently as poor as a church mouse, and it may go even higher when the bride is pretty and popular. All the money goes to the bride, and in a backwoods country \$50 to \$75 will start a happy couple nicely in housekeeping.

How Wrecks Drift.

The ways of derelicts are interesting and peculiar. There was one vessel that broke in half in the North Atlantic just where two currents met, and one half went North and the other South, and they came ashore with more than 1000 miles between them.

The Manatico, first reported abandoned on December 8, 1886, was last seen on July 12, 1887, after a drift of 2600 miles in 216 days.

The Vincenzo Perrotta, abandoned in September, 1882, came ashore at Watling Island in February, 1884, after a drift of 2950 miles in 536 days.

The Telemach about the same time drifted 3150 miles in 551 days.

Two schooners, abandoned during the same age in November, 1888, on the American coast, drifted 4400 and 4800 miles in 370 and 347 days respectively.

The Vestalinden, abandoned in November, 1891, was last reported in April, 1892, after drifting 2230 miles in 151 days.

One of the longest drifts of abandoned ships on record is that of the schooner W. L. White, abandoned in March, 1888, which came ashore at Haekeri Island, one of the Hebrides, in January, 1889, after a drift of 5910 miles in 310 days.

These derelicts are obstacles for the early destruction of which means ought to be discoverable.

A miss may be as good as a mile, but shaving must be embarrassing close when it comes to passing, like the Virgo, between two masses of a derelict in a state of submergence. —New York Advertiser.

Throughout the United Kingdom there is not a general living who has ever commanded as many as 30,000 men.

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A wonderful story is vouched for by a perfectly reliable man in Honsont County. One day last week while at work near the swamp he heard an angry bellow from a bull. A few seconds later his milk cow dashed from the swamp in a terrible fright. The gentleman, not knowing there was a bull out in the community, went into the swamp to see what all the commotion meant, and was surprised to see a large buck rabbit tearing up the earth and sending forth such bellows as would have done credit to any infuriated bull.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

Consumption kills more people than rifle balls. It is more deadly than any of the much dreaded epidemics. It is a stealthy, gradual, slow disease. It penetrates the whole body. It is in every drop of blood. It seems to work only at the lungs, but the terrible drain and waste go on all over the body. To cure consumption, work on the blood, make it pure, rich and wholesome, build up the wasting tissues, put the body into condition for a fight with the dread disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures in the right way. It will cure 95 per cent. of all cases if taken during the early stages of the disease. Its first action is to put the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys into good working order. That makes digestion good and assimilation quick and thorough. It makes sound, healthy flesh. That is half the battle. That makes the "Discovery" good for those who have not consumption, but who are lighter and less robust than they ought to be.

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