

CUPID'S BOW.

Down in the gloaming, where the river makes a bend
There in the lane so narrow,
Cupid is wandering, his bow to mend,
And sharpening the point of his arrow.
Sing heigho! when he lets it go,
Be sure that the mark it will not pass by,
For deep in each heart may be found the dart.
Which Cupid sent when his bow let fly.

Down in the gloaming, when the stars were shining bright,
Banishing gloom and sorrow,
Cupid strayed in a sad and dismal plight,
And longed for the coming morn.
Sing heigho! for his bow he has let go,
It has fallen in the grass at his feet,
And his thoughts have flown to a love of his own,
Whom tomorrow he hopes to meet.

Down in the gloaming tripped a merry little lass,
Picked up the bow and arrow,
Pointed it straight and stood in the grass,
In a path of moonlight narrow.
Sing heigho! when she lets it go,
Be sure that the mark it will not pass by,
For deep in his heart she will send that dart.
"Go straight," she said, as the bow let fly.

Oh, little Cupid, methinks the tale is told,
You are in for a time of sorrow,
He who lays a trap, like the folks of old,
Will be caught himself tomorrow.
Sing heigho! as your arrows go,
But be sure that your heart is safe, you own it.
Or the story of old by you will be told,
And your bow will be used to shoot yourself.

—Ida Rowe, in Madame.

IN A TUNNEL

"Miss Alice! Miss Alice! will ye be a-thur comin' upstairs? An' sure she's dead intirely this time!" cried the frightened servant girl, rushing out on the piazza, where Alice Austin stood looking anxiously down the road.

Alice hurried upstairs and found her sister-in-law lying still and white on the floor.

"Bring me some water and the salts from the bureau, Betty; she has only fainted," said Alice, kneeling beside the prostrate form.

In a few minutes Mrs. Austin opened her eyes and said feebly:

"Has Edward come home yet? I feel so strangely sick!"

"We will send for the doctor presently, Margaret, when we get you to bed. Ned will be home soon, I hope," and with Betty's assistance Alice lifted the slight form on the bed.

Three weeks before Eddie Austin, the two-year-old idol of the household, had disappeared, and all search for him had proved fruitless. As the days passed on hope gave way to despair, and the heart-broken mother, weighed down by anxiety and the cruel torture caused by false reports of the discovery of her boy, sank into a state of apathy bordering on insanity. Daily was the cry heard through the streets of the little village of Fairfield: "Child lost! Child lost! Large rewards offered!" till all hearts sickened at the sound.

Mothers kept their little ones within doors, dreading far less the entrance of the Dark Angel than that fiend in human form should steal their household treasure to gratify a merciless passion of avarice.

"Betty, you will have to take one of the girls and go for the doctor," whispered Alice, in alarm, as she noticed a gray pallor, creeping over the wax face on the pillow.

"An' shure, miss, none of 'em be home but meself. And oh, Miss Alice, I niver can walk alone to Fairfield this dark, dark night."

The girl looked so frightened at the bare prospect of going that Alice said, after a pause:

"Well, Betty, then I shall have to go, and you must stay with Mrs. Austin. If Mr. Austin returns before I do, tell him I have gone by way of the tunnel," she added, putting on her hat and walking jacket.

"The saints deliver us! For Hiven's sake, don't ye be goin' by the tunnel, Miss Alice!" exclaimed Betty, imploringly.

"Don't be frightened," replied Alice, smiling. "No train will pass for an hour, and if shortens my walk nearly a mile. It is just 6 o'clock now, and I shall be home a little after 7," and, giving the girl some parting injunctions about her sister, Alice ran downstairs. Opening her brother's eseniroire in the library, she took from a private drawer a small pocket revolver and, opening the front door, stepped out into the darkness.

It was a damp, cold night in November. The wind moaned drearily through the leafless trees, and heavy clouds chased each other across the heavens, obscuring the moon. Crossing the road, Alice walked a short distance and, clambering over a stone wall, found herself in the narrow strip of wood which bordered the railroad cut. Following the narrow, beaten path through the trees, she soon reached the edge of the ravine, 15 or 20 feet above the track. The path continued its windings down the side of the cut, but the way was stony and in many places dangerous. The darkness, too, prevented anything like rapid progress.

She finally reached the bottom of the ravine and had crossed to the right hand track, when a low sound among the bushes above her caused the cold drops to spring out on her forehead and almost stopped her heart's beating. Quickly crouching down under an overhanging rock she listened. Nothing was heard save the sighing of the wind and the faint ripple of a tiny rill running down among the bushes near her. Suddenly the bushes overhead were stirred, and a stone fell directly in front of her. She scarcely dared to breathe, but crouched under the rock with her hand clasped tightly in her breast. The tunnel was but a few rods beyond her, but she dared not move.

"I'd like to know how much longer yer going to keep up this confounded tramp, Pete Johnson. It's been nothin' but marchin' and counter-marchin' this whole cursed day," said a low, coarse voice among the bushes.

"Why did yer enter into the bargain if yer goin' to back out so soon?" muttered another man, with an oath.

"Well, I'd be satisfied with half the ten thousand, for I'm nigh done up with these three weeks' work," said the first one.

"An' I tell ye I'll niver give him up till I git the whole twenty thousand. The father's rich, and its twenty thou-

ing down stairs she opened the door, and Mr. Austin stepped into the hall, accompanied by a stranger.

"How is Mrs. Austin?" asked the former, anxiously.

"An' shure she's asleep, sir. But, oh, Miss Alice—hiv ye seen Miss Alice?"

"No; where is she?"

"An' oh, she wint a-thur the doctor, sir, and she wint by the tunnel; an' I'm shure she's kilt, for the thrain's jest a-thur goin' by!" cried Betty, excitedly.

"Good heavens! the 'tunnel!' exclaimed Austin, turning white.

"Yes, sir. She said it was shorter that way," sobbed the girl.

"Hush! Get my lantern, Betty, while I run upstairs. I'll be down directly Dana," turning to the fine-looking man he had brought with him.

He hurried to his wife's room, pressed a kiss upon her white brow and returning to the hall took the lantern from Betty, saying:

"Don't leave Mrs. Austin an instant. We may be absent some time, but you need not be alarmed."

The two gentlemen did not utter a word as they left the house, but following the path through the woods clambered down the cut and entered the tunnel, swinging the lantern right and left as they walked on. Suddenly Dana stopped. Directly in his path lay a dark heap. Throwing the light of the lantern upon it, the gentleman stooped and then started back with an exclamation of horror, for before them lay a bleeding, mangled, shapeless mass of human flesh and bones.

"Some poor fellow has gone to his doom," muttered Dana, striding away from the sickening spectacle.

They had walked some distance further when a deep groan broke the ghastly silence of the tunnel. Flashing the lantern on the other side of the track, Dana discerned another man's form close to the dripping wall. As he was about to raise him, Austin uttered a hoarse cry, and, springing forward, the two men stood over the prostrate form of a woman between the tracks. A pistol lay on the ground beside her, which Austin instantly recognized as his own. He trembled so violently that Dana pushed him one side and raised the slight form. As he did so, his companion bounded past him and in a voice in which joy, pain and incredulity were blended cried out:

"Oh, my boy, my precious boy! She has found my Eddie!" and he caught the little form to his heart and fairly sobbed aloud.

"Oh, heaven, he is dead! Gerald, look at him!" and the father's eyes burned with anguish as he looked on the white baby face pillowed upon his breast.

Dana laid Alice on the ground and looked earnestly at the child.

"Cheer up, Ned. The little fellow has been drugged. Listen; his heart beats!" and, putting his ear down, he heard the faint flutterings which told of the spark of life still remaining in the wasted form.

"And Alice, is she—"

"She is in a swoon, and the sooner we get her to the doctor's the better. It is quite evident that she was pursued by those scoundrels while rescuing your child, and that fellow yonder has somewhere in his body a ball from this pistol," picking it up as he spoke.

Lifting the insensible girl in his strong arms, Dana strode down the track, followed closely by Austin, who held his boy wrapped warmly under his coat. After some minutes' walk they were out of the tunnel and reached the depot, where they drove directly to a doctor's. For an hour Alice lay insensible in the doctor's office, and when she opened her eyes Austin whispered in alarm:

"Why does she look so strangely, doctor?"

"There has been such a terrible strain on her nervous system that I fear she may have an attack of brain fever unless a reaction takes place," he replied with some anxiety. "A good hearty cry would do her more good than any of my remedies."

"Let her see the child. That baby's face ought to be enough to melt a heart of adamant," said Dana, compassionately.

Austin laid Eddie beside her. She looked at the little, white, emaciated face with a troubled, sorrowful expression for an instant and then, clasping her arms tightly around the child, burst into a passionate, uncontrollable flood of tears.

By this time the news of the child's rescue had spread like wildfire through the town. Bells were rung, bonfires lighted, and men, women and children rushed to the doctor's house, crowding the street and sidewalks. The entire village had turned out, and yards, doorways and stoops were alive with an excited populace. The crowd was clamoring to see the little hero of the hour, and cries for "Eddie Austin!" filled the air.

"Ned, you will have to take him on the stoop to satisfy them," said Dana, as the shouts and cries were redoubled.

Austin took the child out on the steps, and as the bright light of the torches fell upon them, cheer after cheer rent the air. When the father raised the little inanimate form so that all could see it, the excitement and enthusiasm knew no bounds. Women cried aloud for joy, boys shrieked and hurrahed, and many a tear coursed down the hard, weather-beaten cheeks of stalwart men in the crowd. Alice stood beside her brother, leaning on Dana's arm, but overcome with agitation, was led back fainting to the sofa.

Roused to indignation by the sight, some one shouted out: "Death to the child-stealer!" In an instant the cry was caught up by the excited throng, who rushed in frantic haste

Children's Column



Dolly Takes Tea.

When Dolly sits down to the table,
And ev'rything's ready, you see—
With cookies and water for Mabel,
And water and cookies for me.

We nibble and chatter with dolly,
And offer her "tea" from a spoon,
And often our meal is so jolly,
It lasts through the whole afternoon.

Till Mabel jumps up in a hurry
And says that she really must go,
And I say, "Oh, truly, I'm sorry."
—And dolly's enjoyed it, I know."

Then gaily we clear off the table
When dolly has finished her tea,
With cookies and water for Mabel,
And water and cookies for me.
—Albert Bigelow Paine, in St. Nicholas.

Pipeless Soap Bubbles.

Here is an appliance for making soap bubbles that you can carry in the corner of your pocket and have no fear of breaking or harming it, as you might the pipe that is generally used.

Take a piece of heavy wire and wind it once around a broom handle; then twist the ends together till a ring is left that is large enough barely to slip on and off the handle. To make bubbles by use of the ring, prepare a solution of soap and water and dip the ring into it, holding the ring by the wire ends that are twisted together. When a film of soapiness has formed across the opening in the ring carefully lift it in front of the mouth and blow softly through the ring. By this method a bubble will gradually form and will finally cut loose from the ring and float away.—Chicago Record.

The Radish Trick.

When you are sitting at the breakfast table and somebody asks you to hand him the radishes it is the easiest thing in the world to take hold of the plate containing them and to pass them to your neighbor at table. But if you learn the trick here explained you can surprise him by taking hold of the radish and causing the plate to cleave to the vegetable.

It is similar to the old trick of taking a piece of upper leather and moistening it with water. Passing a string through the middle of the sucker knotted on one end it will bear a thousand times its own weight. There is this advantage with the radish trick—nature has provided both the string and the moisture. All you have to do is to hollow it out and to deftly substitute it, while you are not observed, for one of the good radishes on the plate.

Fanciful Toothache Cures.

Before the days of dentists and when people generally believed in the value of charms there were ever so many ways of preventing toothache.

One of these was to rinse a newly baptized child's mouth in the sanctified water. Another much in vogue was to dress the right side of the body first—right stocking, right shoe, right sleeve, right glove. A favorite plan in Scotland was to draw a tooth, salt it well and burn it in full view on glowing coals. In Cornwall many save (?) their teeth by biting the first young ferns that appear. The custom of catching a common ground mole, cutting off the paws while the little creature still lives, and wearing them, is traced to Staffordshire, England. Some people who are fond of exercise believe that walking twelve miles, no more, no less—to get a splinter of the toothache tree that grows particularly well in Canada and Virginia will drive away the worst ache and pain that ever tortured a poor tooth.

The belief that toothache is caused by a worm at the roots is prevalent in many parts of the world, hence this cure: Reduce several different kinds of herbs—the greater variety the better—to a powder. Put a glowing cinder into this powder and inhale the incense. Afterward breathe into a cup of water and the worm will be gone forever.

The Royal Fern.

A legend has been handed down from the time of the Danish invasion of Britain, explanatory of the generic name of Osmunda—an island, covered with large specimens of this fern, figuring prominently in this story. Osmund, the ferryman of Loch Tyne, had a beautiful child, who was the pride of his life and the joy of his heart. In those days, when the merciless Danes were making their terrible descents upon the coasts of Great Britain, slaughtering the peaceful inhabitants, and pillaging wherever they would be free from molestation and outrage. But Osmund, throughout the troublous times, had lived quietly in his country home with his wife and beautiful daughter.

The peaceful calm of his life was, however, destined to be broken. One evening the ferryman was sitting with his wife and child, on the margin of the lake, after his day's work. The setting sun was tinged with roseate glory the fleecy banks of clouds, piled up against the horizon, silencing the surface of the rippling lake and adding a richer hue to the golden locks of Osmund's darling child. Suddenly the sound of hurrying footsteps startled the quiet group. Men, women

and children came hastening from the neighboring village, and breathlessly, as they passed, they told the ferryman that the terrible Danes were coming. Quick as thought Osmund sprang to his feet, seized his wife and child and hurried them into his ferryboat. Away he rowed with them—pulling for very life—in the direction of a small island in the loch, densely covered with the tall and stately fronds of the royal fern. He quickly hid his precious charges amongst the clustering fronds, and then rowed rapidly back to his ferry place. He had rightly divined that the Danes needed his assistance, and would not hurt him.

For many hours of the ensuing night he worked with might and main to carry the fierce invaders across the ferry. When they had all disappeared on the opposite bank Osmund returned to his trembling wife and child and brought them safely back to his cottage. In commemoration, it is said, of this event, the fair daughter of Osmund gave the great island fern her father's name. Those who care not to accept this fanciful origin of the name Osmunda, will perhaps incline to another suggestion which has been made, that the generic name had been derived from an old Saxon word signifying strength, the specific name including its royal or stately habit of growth.

The Opossum.

This animal inhabits North America, and is hunted with almost as much perseverance as the racoon, not, however, for the sake of its fur but of its flesh. When it perceives the hunter, it lies still between the branches, but if disturbed from its hiding place, it attempts to escape by dropping among the herbage and creeping silently away.

Its food consists of insects, birds, eggs, etc., and it is very destructive among the hen-roosts. The opossum uses its tail for climbing and swinging from branch to branch as the spider monkeys use theirs, but the opossum uses its tail in a manner that the monkeys have never yet been observed to do, that is, making it a support for its young, who sit on its back and twist their tails round their mother's in order to prevent them from falling off. Lawson, in a passage quoted in the Museum of Animated Nature, gives the following quaint account of this animal: "If a cat has nine lives this creature surely has nineteen, for if you break every bone in their skin and mash their skull, leaving them for dead, you may come an hour after, and they will be quite gone away, or, perhaps, you may meet them creeping away. I have, for necessity in the wilderness eaten them. Their flesh is very white and well-tasted, but their ugly tails put me out of conceit with that fare."

In Audubon's delightful work is a passage exhibiting exactly the same character on the part of the opossum: "Suppose the farmer has surprised an opossum in the act of killing one of his best fowls. His angry feelings urge him to kick the poor beast, which, conscious of its inability to resist, rolls off like a ball. The more the farmer rages, the more reluctant is the animal to manifest resistance; at least there it lies, not dead, but exhausted, its jaws open, its eyes dimmed; and there it would lie until the bottle-fly should come to deposit its eggs, did not its tormentor walk off. 'Surely,' says he to himself, 'the beast must be dead.' But no, reader, it is only 'possoming,' and no sooner has its enemy withdrawn, than it, gradually gets on its legs, and once more makes for the woods."

Sparrows' Light Housekeeping.

"Sparrows build their nests in peculiar places," says a man who has a small fruit stand down at the Union depot, "but the birds who fit about this old building have chosen the oddest home I ever heard of."

As he spoke he pointed to an electric light that was sputtering and flaring under the iron covered roof of the depot porch. A brood of little sparrows were flying in circles around the light and suddenly one of them darted toward it, only to disappear into the cone-shaped iron hood which overhangs the big white china globe.

"That's where the birds live," the man said. "They have nests in the top of that iron reflector or hood, whichever it is called. It must be hot up there, very hot," he continued, "and I can't understand why the sparrows have selected such a place to build nests in."—Kansas City Star.

Why Cannibals Eat Human Flesh.

According to a French writer named Petrie, twenty per cent. of all cannibals eat the dead in order to glorify them; nineteen per cent. eat great warriors in order that they may inherit their courage, and eat dead children in order to renew their youth; ten per cent. partake of their near relatives from religious motives, either in connection with initiatory rites or to glorify deities, and five per cent. feast for hatred in order to avenge themselves upon their enemies. Those who devour human flesh because of famine are reckoned as eighteen per cent. In short, deducting all these, there remains only a proportion of twenty-four per cent. who partake of human flesh because they prefer it to other means of alimentation.—Medical News.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The Spanish Armada consisted of 132 ships, 3165 cannon, 8766 sailors, 2088 galley slaves, 21,855 soldiers, 1355 volunteers.

The Princess of Wales has a pair of opera glasses of platinum set with rubies, sapphires and turquoises and valued at £2000.

Reed pens, split at the end like quill pens, have been found in Egyptian tombs, dating probably 2500 years before Christ.

The largest theatre in the world is the Grand Opera House of Paris. It covers more than three acres of ground and cost 63,000,000 francs.

Goldfish are of Chinese origin. They were originally found in a large lake near Mount Tsientsing and were first brought to Europe in the seventeenth century. The first in France came as a present to Mme. de Pompadour.

Chauncey Osborne and his brother John, aged residents of Nuda, Livingston county, are happy in the ownership of a sweet-toned violin made by Gaylord Duffio in Italy in 1527. It has been in the possession of their family for 140 years.

A man died recently in a town not far from Philadelphia with the remarkable record of having been injured twenty-five times in railroad accidents. Some of his injuries were very serious, yet he lived to a good old age and died from natural causes.

A man who went to do some gas-fitting in a Baptist church in Honesdale, Pa., fell into the baptismal pool, which had been filled for Sunday, and, not knowing how to swim, would have been drowned had not the sexton heard his cries and rescued him.

It is stated that the most crowded spot on the earth's surface is the "Mandragia," in the city of Valetta, in Milan. Upon a spot in this place about two and a half acres in extent no fewer than 2574 live. This is at the rate of 536,000 a square mile, or 1017 to an acre.

A cultivator in Aubervilliers, France, found a superb Lycopodon, commonly known as the puff ball. It measured two metres (over six and one-half feet) around. In order to develop it well, its owner covered it with muslin and watered it three times daily. Fresh puff balls are eaten cooked.

The sugar crop of the world amounts in a normal year to about 8,000,000 tons, of which the larger part, about 4,500,000 tons, comes from beets, the remainder, 3,500,000 tons, from sugar cane. Of the latter the largest proportion comes from the West Indies, and a large amount from the Island of Java.

In the reign of Edward III there were at Bristol, England, three brothers who were eminent clothiers and woolen weavers, and whose family name was Blanket. They were the first persons who manufactured that comfortable material, which has ever since been called by their name, and which was then used for peasants' clothing.

A Mixed Nationality.

The Duke of Manchester, who attained his majority on March 3, is half English, a quarter German and a quarter Spanish. His father, whom he succeeded in 1892, at the age of fifteen, was English; his grandmother, now Duchess of Devonshire, is a German; while his mother is a Cuban Spaniard.