

TWILL ALL COME RIGHT IN THE MORNING.

'Twill all come right in the morning; There's never a night so black, But following after the shadows, The sun is on its track, And whatever there is of sorrow, Or falsehood's cruel scorning, We have no need to sorrow— 'Twill all come right in the morning. —From "Birch Leaves," by Mrs. Alice E. Bartlett.

'Twill all come right in the morning; For ever the truth will rise; And ever the coward error, Before her coming flies; So whatever there is of trouble, Or falsehood's cruel scorning, When justice pricks the bubble, 'Twill all come right in the morning. —From "Birch Leaves," by Mrs. Alice E. Bartlett.

THE DRUGGIST'S DILEMMA

HUBERT WATKINS, chemist and druggist "by examination," was usually characterized by people who had more than a shop-counter acquaintance with him as "fussy," and indeed a close student of human nature could hardly have purchased a cake of soap from the trim little man without registering mentally some such epithet. Spare and spectacled, with a drooping mustache and a half-appealing air, he conveyed the impression of being in a perpetual state of subdued anxiety. Perhaps the cause was to be found in the reputation for counter-prescribing he had built up during the ten years he had been in business—a reputation which, on the principle of noblesse oblige, could not fail to make him feel at least as old as he was; perhaps it lay in the fact that his returns were not quite large enough to justify so cautious a man in keeping an assistant; perhaps again it was connected with the dominance of a masterful wife. But whatever the cause, the effect was plain—Hubert Watkins showed to the world a careworn countenance. And on a certain day his habitual expression was more marked than usual, for he had a cold. It was not a dangerous, nor even a severe cold—the use of a clinical thermometer selected from his stock soon settled that point—but it was bad enough to cause a snuffle in his speech, and he was fretfully apprehensive that his customers, perceiving it, would begin to doubt the efficacy of medicines in general and of his in particular. It must have been the harassing effect of his cold that resulted in his making a terrible mistake. In all his honorable career he had never been known to go astray in deciphering a prescription, and, having had a thorough training in dispensing, he had made his name in the little town of Burgmore as the best, or, as he would have said, the most elegant dispenser therein. The writing of the local doctors had naturally become familiar to him, and if a prescription from a strange hand was brought to him, he could almost always master its hieroglyphics. Just after noon on the day in question Dr. Crabbe, a practitioner who patronized him, handed over the counter a prescription which Mr. Watkins, as was his wont, received with the brief ritual of a bow and a "Thank you, doctor." Then, taking in the patient's name and the directions at a glance, he murmured, "Every four hours, I see; I'll send it at once." Dr. Crabbe, a massive personage with a preoccupied air, briefly ejaculated, "Thank you," and went his way. Now it chanced that the prescription was written for a patient, Miss Purfleet by name, for whom Mr. Watkins had a peculiar esteem. She was not only the most influential member of the choir chapel which the Watkinses attended, but she was distinguished from her colleagues by a pretty figure set off by a taste in dress that in a more worldly milieu would have been called coquettish. Mr. Watkins regarded her as the application of her of such a word as "coquettish" would have moved him to grief—but, strictly disinterested though it was, he would never have dreamed of mentioning it to his wife. If that lady's all-embracing scrutiny happened to result in her pronouncing, on the way back from Sunday morning service, she being a yard or so in front of her spouse—"Miss Purfleet was pretty well got up this morning," he would discreetly reply "Ah, yes!" and give no further sign. It was the one secret which he hoped he did right—he shared with no one; and, although the force of his sentiment would not have disturbed a bit of floating gossamer, he cherished the feeling assiduously, marking with a tick in red ink on the calendar over his desk the days on which Miss Purfleet set her gracious foot inside his shop. Just as he was stooping to a locker in which medicine bottles were kept to select the smartest looking, Mrs. Watkins called imperiously from a half-opener door at the back of the shop: "Dinner, hub!" "One moment only, lovey!" he meekly responded, feeling that it was a trifle unfortunate that he should be obliged to hurry so sacred a task as the preparation of a mixture for the exquisite singer. Disastrous hurry! For, reading in his haste "Tinct. Opil." for what was really "Tinct. Quin." the "Q" being very indistinct—he poured into the bottle an ounce of tincture of opium in place of an equal quantity of tincture of quinine. Summoning his errand boy from the cellar in which that hiring had been cutting sticks of licorice—and incidentally his finger—Mr. Watkins despatched the bottle, addressed in spite of his hurry not less neatly than usual. Then, leaving the bell of his shop-door "on," he obeyed the summons of his wife, who by that time had become ominously ruffled by his non-appearance. During the meal Mr. Watkins' thoughts naturally reverted to the fair

patient to whose restoration to health he hoped to— Good heavens! How many doses was that ounce of tinct. opil. divided into? Mr. Watkins sprang to his feet in a cold perspiration. "What is it?" said Mrs. Watkins, sharply, not without a tinge of anxiety, for such behavior on her husband's part was quite unprecedented. "Nothing," murmured the unfortunate druggist, growing paler and paler. "That is—I've forgotten something." Reaching his desk, he tore the prescription from the file on which he had left it, and stared at it distractedly. Then some vestige of reason returned to him, and on a sheet of blotting-paper he made a penciled calculation of the amount of tincture of opium in each dose. "The first dose may not be fatal—may not be fatal," he said aloud, and he hastened to prepare at once. Luckily the distance to Miss Purfleet's house was not great, and the boy, even allowing for the snail-like habits of his kind, would be back soon. He did, in fact, appear while Mr. Watkins, with trembling fingers, was writing a label—"Half to be taken at once, the rest in ten minutes if no result follows." By this time other problems had crowded into his perturbed brain, his head felt like bursting. He knew that susceptibility to opium varied enormously with different persons, though the chances were that Miss Purfleet, taking the emetic at once, would not have absorbed sufficient of the poison to— He dared not dwell on the horrible thought. Then how was he to explain the mistake to her; and, again, how was he to keep it from the knowledge of Dr. Crabbe? If that redoubtable patron got to know of it—as it was quite likely he would—the reputation of Mr. Watkins, so laboriously built up, would be blasted forever. Instinctively he looked round the shop, holding the now wrapped and addressed bottle in his hand, till his glance fell on the wondering errand boy. "Tom," he almost shouted, "run with this to Miss Purfleet as hard as you can! Say it ought to have gone before the other, and that a dose is to be taken at once!" Then came back—I've a telegram for you!" "A telegram?" queried Mrs. Watkins, at that moment appearing from the house. "Come and finish your dinner!" "I tell you I can't be bothered!" said her husband, snappishly. Mrs. Watkins gasped; the errand boy grinned. Never had such a thing happened before. Then, recovering herself, the lady thundered, "Go, boy, when your master tells you" and withdrew, slamming the door. The telegram was a brilliant inspiration—the most brilliant, perhaps, that had ever come to Mr. Watkins in the whole of his professional career. Reading one of his trade journals—he had subscribed to three—that morning, he had seen an advertisement that had aroused his interest. It related to a new general antidote, for which it was claimed that it would completely neutralize, or even in the worst cases sensibly modify, the action of every known poison. Mr. Watkins, as became a man of scientific training, had said to himself that the idea was medieval and almost incredible. But now, in his hour of need, he thanked the happy Providence that had directed him to read that advertisement. That he had been specially guided to read it he had no shadow of doubt, and what a blessing it was that London, whence it came, was only thirty miles away! He wrote the telegram in terms of the greatest urgency, asking for full instructions to be sent with the nostrum. On the reappearance of the boy he pelted him with questions—"Whom did you see? What did they say?" and the like. The boy had an incurable stammer; it was some seconds—to Mr. Watkins it seemed hours—before he got out, "Miss P-P-Purfleet d-d-didn't come—to—the-door—herself," the last part of the sentence being discharged as out of a catapult. Mr. Watkins' rage was boundless. "I know that, fool! What did you learn?" "L-I-learn?" "What—did—they—tell you?" The shout attracted Mrs. Watkins, who loomed in the doorway more massive than ever. "N-n-nothing. I g-g-gave the—" "Here, take this telegram! And then wait at the station for a parcel by the next London train!" "Another telegram!" cried Mrs. Watkins. "I insist—" "Do leave me!" almost shrieked the frenzied druggist. "Can't you see—I'll tell you everything later, indeed I will!" Mrs. Watkins stared, reflected, and then, to the wonder of her husband, who was beginning to tremble at his own audacity, slowly turned and retreated. An hour and a half passed before the all-important parcel arrived from London, and the boy, in handing it to his employer, who was pacing the floor of his shop like a caged lion, thought it desirable to say,

"I haven't I-I-lost a—minute." But Mr. Watkins was already tearing the parcel open. With eager eyes he began reading the directions, distinguishable at once by their heavy type. "Select a fleshy part of the body—sterilize the syringe by—" caught his eye. The paper dropped from his hand. The stuff had to be injected under Miss Purfleet's skin, then? He was lost! But yet in such an emergency could not she, if she had not already collapsed, be instructed how to use the antidote herself? He would take it to the house—a desperate case demanded desperate measures—and ask leave to tell her the truth. She would not refuse to see him; at the worst, she would let him speak to her through the half-opened door of her room. Unless she had sent for the doctor—and his blood ran cold again at the thought. He mixed himself a dose of sal-volatile. Then he put on his hat and rushed out, telling the boy, whom he had never left in charge of the shop before, that he would soon be back. Before two minutes had elapsed the youth's researches in the drawer labeled "Sem. Hyose," which, as he knew, contained digestive candy, were interrupted by the reappearance of Mrs. Watkins. "Where's your master?" demanded that lady, in no happy humor at reflecting that her husband's henchman had witnessed her recent discomfiture. "I—th-th-thing he's gone to—" Mrs. Watkins shook the boy in angry incredulity. "Gone out—without telling me! How dare you utter such foolishness!" Thoroughly alarmed, the deputy druggist managed to disclose the information—which was nothing more than conjecture on his part—that his chief had gone to the house of Miss Purfleet. He inwardly wondered whether it would have been better for him to have held his tongue. The face of the predominant partner of the Watkins establishment was a study. Naturally jealous, she had been acute enough to foresee that in marrying Hubert Watkins she obtained a husband whom it would probably not be difficult to "keep in order." But now that, after his mysterious conduct about telegrams, he had "sneaked out" (so she phrased it to herself), leaving his business to the tender mercies of an ignorant and as good as speechless youth, she feared—she knew not what. It was an ominous sign, the worst sign possible that the over-dressed Miss Purfleet should be a party to the intrigue—for that there was an intrigue afloat she had now made up her mind. She ran upstairs and arrayed herself in her most imposing finery, then sailed majestically out in search of her husband. Meanwhile that much-enduring man had arrived at the dwelling of the innocent victim of his error and had timidly rung the bell. To his fervent "And how is Miss Purfleet?" the well-trained maid servant returned a discreet but slightly puzzled "Pretty well, thank you, Mr. Watkins. Shall I give her any message?" "Is she—is she dangerously ill?" he rejoined, consequently, crushing his hand felt hat with a loud crash between his hands. "I think not," replied the girl, demurely, biting her lips. "Then can I see her?" "I'll give her your card." Thus reminded, the druggist took one from a card case, adding: "And please say it's very important." A minute later he was in the dreaded presence, stammering almost as egregiously as his errand could have done. She was a little pale, but he saw that the worst was over, and his natural cunning began to come to his help. "I wanted to—tell you that—there has been—a little mistake in your medicines, Miss Purfleet, that might have been—serious." Miss Purfleet raised her eyebrows. "Oh, you mean that the second bottle should not have been sent first, after all?" she queried, with the intention of helping him out. "Yes—no—that is—how much have you taken of—?" "You see them both there," interrupted Miss Purfleet, pointing to the mantelpiece and speaking rather more stiffly. She was beginning to think that the man had no tact. Hubert Watkins gave an audible gasp as he followed her indication. One dose of the emetic had been taken, but the optimum mixture was untouched. "The dose I took," pursued Miss Purfleet, "made me downright bad, so I thought I wouldn't touch either again till I had seen Crabbe." A moment later Mr. Watkins had put both bottles in his pocket. His professional manner had returned to him. "If, for my sake, Miss Purfleet, you will allow me instead to rectify the slight mistake of which I spoke I shall ever be deeply indebted to you, believe me," he pleaded. "If you knew the anxiety—" But his agitation again mastered him. "Oh, very well!" said Miss Purfleet with decision. "But it's a rather cool request on your part, isn't it?" To her astonishment the little druggist took her right hand and raised it to his lips. The next moment he rushed from the room. Before she had quite recovered herself she heard the front door close gently. As he turned away from the garden gate Hubert Watkins, chemist and druggist "by examination," ran into the arms of his wife. "And now," vociferated that virago, "perhaps you'll explain!" But in the last five minutes the storm-beaten druggist had found himself, and now, with a single word, he broke the spell of his tyrant's long dominion. For the first time in his life he used language unbecoming a gentleman and a chemist "by examination."—The Family-Herald of London.

THE LANGUAGE OF CITIES. She asked with enchanting grace— (To talk to her with perfect bliss)— What was his own, his native place; Said he, "I am from Jackson, Miss." Dh, towns that suffer from a fire. If friendly fakes would useful be, In your distress, just send a wire To Doctor Baltimore, MD. Why did old Barnum do so well In foisting fakes mankind upon? The reason's easy quite to tell— He used a deal of Bridgeport, Conn. Said Julius Hardup, "Goodness knows I can't hire help. I wonder—gosh! If I agreed to iron the clothes, I wonder would Olympia, Wash.?" "Whom are you with?" the father cried; "Have you permission from your ma?" "Why, yes, indeed," the maid replied; "And this is Mr. Scranton, Pa." The constant growth of Gotham town Is such a dire and dismal pill, When'er she sets the figures down It always makes Chicago, Ill. "We must have speakers, if we'd win, And get the State in line again!" The boss declared, and to begin Gave Bristol five and Memphis, Tenn. It is the girl who marries a rough diamond who often gets the most real diamonds to wear.—Life. "Did he earn a large salary with that company?" "No. He didn't earn it. He just drew it."—Washington Star. Great wealth may often signify. A reckoning without the host. The things that riches cannot buy Are those the rich man wants the most. "What's this I hear about your giving up your regular practice?" "Had to; didn't have time for it. I have been appointed physician to an auto club."—Houston Post. "The man died eating watermelons," some one said to Brother Dickey. "Yes, sah," he replied; "sometimes Providence puts us in paradise 'fo' we gits ter heaven!"—Atlanta Constitution. "You may refuse me now," said the persistent suitor, "but I can wait. 'All things come to him who waits.'" "Yes," replied the dear girl, "and I guess the first thing will be father; I hear him on the stairs."—Philadelphia Ledger. Lady Driver of Automobile to Tramps by the Wayside—"Can you show us the way to Great Missending, please?" Weary Willie—"Cert'nly, Miss, cert'nly. We're agoin' that way. 'Op up, Joe. Anythink to oblige a lady!'"—Punch. A penniless fellow named Gough Contracted a very bad cough. Now, he hadn't the dough To pay the doctor's bills, cough, Unaided, he shook the cough ough. —Philadelphia Press. "You know Borem, don't you?" "Oh, just well enough to say 'how are you?'" "Well, don't do it." "What do you mean?" "Don't say 'how are you?' to him. If you do, he'll hold you up for ten or fifteen minutes and tell you."—Philadelphia Press. "Yes," said the magnate, "I began life penniless, and now see where I am." "Oh, cheer up," said the happy but seedy-looking individual. "Perhaps you can find a college or a church some day that will relieve you of your money."—Manchester Mirror and American. Mr. Staylate—"My! it's 10 o'clock. However, my train doesn't go till 11.10, and it's very pleasant here on the porch." Miss Subbubs—"I'm glad you like it." Mr. Staylate—"Yes, but—perhaps I'm keeping you up." Miss Subbubs—"Not at all; I'm going to lock up and go to bed now."—Philadelphia Press. Notwithstanding the lectures and appreciations of Mr. Henry James, the genius of Balzac is not understood in all quarters. There is one Ninety-seventh street woman who is particularly deficient in her knowledge of French fiction. She was calling on a friend, the other day, who owns a very fine set of Balzac's works. In this edition the title of the volume sometimes called "The Magic Skin" is translated "Wild Ass' Skin." "I would like to sell the books," said the woman who owns them, "but I am afraid I couldn't get anything for them. It is an excellent edition, too, and cost me a heap of money. The binding is especially fine." The Ninety-seventh street heathen held in her hand at that moment the volume labeled "Wild Ass' Skin." She looked at it curiously. "Yes," she said in all sincerity, "I imagine it is. I don't know anything about the different binding of books, but I suppose wild ass' skin is very good."—New York Press. The Value of an Opinion. An unusually brilliant bird in a young lady's hat attracted attention in a street in Hamburg, says a London paper. Some spectators denounced the cruelty of killing these innocent creatures. Others criticised the pose and arrangement of the plumage as unnatural. On reaching home the intelligent fowl (which happened to be a real one and had settled on the hat absent-mindedly) flew off and roosted on the furniture. The girl has trained it to come to her whistle. As it suits her complexion charmingly, she intends wearing it with each of her hats in turn.

OVERWORKED HEARTS: How the Most Important Organ of the Body is Imposed Upon. So large a place is given in these days to the development of the muscular system, especially in the case of boys, that the dangers of overexertion are sometimes forgotten or ignored until mischief has been done. The heart, as all know, is the largest and most important muscle of the body, and the moment it ceases to do its work perfectly the whole system suffers. It is reasonable to suppose that so important an organ is so constituted as to be able to meet a good deal of strain. But it is often forgotten that hearts differ in individuals as much as do any other parts of the body, and that of two youths of apparently equal physical equipment, the amount and kind of exercise that one will thrive on may permanently disable the other. All exertion means an increased blood supply to the heart muscle, one of the immediate effects of which is a more rapid pulse. When the exertion has been well within the powers of the individual this increased blood supply tends only to strengthen the heart, and the rapid pulse will very soon go back to its normal beat and there will be a feeling of added strength and well-being. If, on the other hand, to much blood is constantly forced into the heart not strong enough to use it, the muscle grows too big, it stretches, loses its natural elasticity, and becomes flabby and weak. The temporary distention of the organ, which is normal, turns into a more or less permanent dilatation, giving rise to many signs of impaired health. Then follows that condition known to athletes as "going stale." The pulse is feeble and irregular, the color pale, sleep often impaired, and the sense of fatigue permanent. If heart strain is early recognized and proper treatment instituted the recovery may be both quick and complete, by reason of the great powers of compensation with which the heart has been endowed. When there has been a condition of strained heart it is very important that after the period of necessary rest and treatment has elapsed the return to any form of active exercise should be looked upon as experimental—it should be both guarded and gradual—and the patient kept under medical supervision and watched with close attention for some time.—Youth's Companion. WORDS OF WISDOM. Saying and doing are two things.—Henry. For pity melts the mind to love.—Dryden. Second thoughts, they say, are best.—Dryden. For hope is but the dream of those who wake.—Prior. All men think all men mortal but themselves.—Young. Man makes a death which nature never made.—Young. Better it is to be able to make friends than to build up finances. The modern conscience is made with a lever to throw it out of gear. Sacrifice always looks most attractive when it is too late to give it. It is a maxim that those to whom everybody allows the second place have an undoubted title to the first.—Swift. As long as it is grievous to thee to suffer, and thou desirest to escape, so long shalt thou be ill at ease, and the desire of escaping tribulation shall follow thee everywhere.—Thomas a Kempis. "Slated" vs. "Booked." That extremely well written journal, The New York Nation, remarks in a leading note that "the Kitchener plan for the reorganization of the Indian Army is slated to pass the Commons," meaning, of course, that it is scheduled or "booked" to go through. This is a use of the word which on this side we have not yet adopted or have already abandoned; in these matters it is seldom safe to say which. In the States a party program is often called its slate, and to "smash the slate" is to extinguish that program. And we are accustomed to the "wipe the slate"—the equivalent to the German "Schwamm dareuber." But a "slate smasher," according to Henley and Farmer, is not so much a ignominious opponent as a leader who ignores the wishes of his own party. Over here a slating has long meant a censure, but of late years it has been brought specially into the field of literary criticism.—London Chronicle. A Biographical Rule. One of the most helpful books to keep upon your table, ready to be consulted as you read other books, is a biographical dictionary. Then, when you come to some historical character about whom you will require but a note faded, it will require but a note faded, it will refresh your memory and make your reading more intelligent. You have a right to the acquaintance of these distinguished men and women, and should keep up at least friendly relations with them, if for no other reason than in gratitude for what they have done to make your life pleasant.—St. Nicholas. Musical. The dramatic editor had kindly consented to answer the queries for the Helpful Hints man, who was ill. The first request the dramatic editor read was: "Please tell me what I should wear with a fluted skirt." "If we were you," wrote the dramatic editor, "to wear with a fluted skirt we should piccolo cut waist."—Illustrated Bits.

With the Funny Fellows. Effortary. Voice (through the telephone)—"Is that the society editor?" The Other Voice—"Yes." Voice—"Will you please say that Archie Higgin's back?" The Other Voice—"I don't care for any items about Archie Higgin's back."—Chicago Tribune. A Distinction. "What is the difference between a practical and a theoretical farmer?" "A theoretical farmer," answered Farmer Cornstossel, "is one that insists on tryin' to make a livin' off the farm, an' a practical one jes' faces the inevitable an' turns the place over to summer boarders."—Washington Star. The Artist's Industry. Bacon—"You say your artist friend is industrious?" Egbert—"Very; why, I've known him to work over four years on one picture." Bacon—"Is that possible?" Egbert—"It is. He was a month painting it, and four years trying to sell it."—Yonkers Statesman. Left in Doubt. First Pennsylvanian—"Well, that tainted chorus girl couldn't make a go of it and they've disbanded her show." Second Pennsylvanian—"A tribute to our Pennsylvania good sense." First Pennsylvanian—"I don't know whether it is or not. Maybe they figured that if it wouldn't go in Pennsylvania it wouldn't go anywhere." A Hint. Jack—"Her heart is as hard as glass. I've little hope of making an impression on his sister." His Sister—"Why not try a diamond?"—Illustrated Bits. Not All Alike. "When you know that a man is a devotee of golf," said the enthusiastic golfer, "you can be absolutely certain of his mental caliber and be assured—" "Oh, come, I wouldn't say that," replied the plain man, "I don't doubt that some men play golf who are really quite sensible."—Philadelphia Press. Didn't Care to Sit Down. "Thank you, young gentleman," she said to the boy who permitted her to take the seat in the trolley car that had just been vacated, "but, perhaps, you had better take it. You look weary." "I guess you'd look weary, too, lady, if you'd been fishin' an' got ketchid at it by yer dad."—Philadelphia Ledger. The Main Chance. "Let's go over and call on the Greens to-night," remarked Mrs. Fox, as the evening threatened to drag. "I don't care to go there unless we have an invitation," replied her husband. "But why not?" "Because they wouldn't have a lunch ready if they didn't know we were coming."—Columbus Dispatch. Casus Belli. "Now, the trusts—" began the patient churn man, addressing the washing machine agent, "the trusts, let me tell you, are—" "Here, now, gentlemen!" remonstrated the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark. "That's what the fight here yesterday started about; and it's going to cost me \$3 or \$4 for new window glass alone!"—Tom Watson's Magazine. The Absurd Poor. "Give you a nickel?" said Miss De Style. "Oh, no! I never dispense promiscuous alms. Why do you not obtain employment?" "Please, mum," was the timid reply. "I have a small baby, and people won't be bothered by a woman with a child." "Then, you absurd creature, why not leave the child at home with its nurse?"—Philadelphia Bulletin. Shrewd Move. Mrs. Fox—"Great news! George is engaged to Miss Roxley." Mr. Fox—"What! Our son engaged to Miss Roxley? I must object!" Mrs. Fox—"Nonsense! Are you out of your mind?" Mr. Fox—"But if we don't kick a little, they'll think we don't care." "And they'll probably kick us."—Philadelphia Standard. Illustration: A man in a top hat and a woman in a long dress standing together.