RAINDROPS.

The raindrops fell, each drop a living soul; Joyfully they left their cloud home Bushing downward through the unknown.

And some fell on the parched ground

And gave their new life to the grams,

And some into stately, grand souled rivers, and

were one with them;

And some into laughing afreams leaped and danc-ed their lives through.

And some into the deep, wild ocean,
And some into stagnant pools—the quick souled

and when they were fired the wind stooped down and curried the raindrops bome. —Margaret Crowell in Lippincots's.

#00000000000000000000000#

She Came and Saw and Conquered. ************************* The news and the dessert were serv-

ed simultaneously. "By George, if I hadn't nearly for-

gotten!" quoth Stafford pere. He rummaged in an inner pocket. "Can't find the letter. Must have

left it at the office. Anybow, it's from my cousin, Godfrey Chester"-"Now, Henry," interrupted the mild voice of Mrs. Stafford in amused ex-

postulation, "why will you keep up that fiction about the consinship? It is mythical, and you know it!" "It's certainly remote," conceded the beaming paterfamilias at the opposite

end of the table, "but there once was a relationship a long time ago, I admit. But Chester and I have traced back until we found it. He's a good fellow, Chester. I've always been urging him to manage that our young people may become acquainted. He writes that his daughter will pass through Chicago tomorrow, on the way to New York, and will spend a few days with us. He says he wishes one of my famfly would meet her. Bless my soul, here's the letter after all!" He put on his spectacles and read aloud: "You can't mistake her. She's a curly headed little girl in a gray gown and a hat with gray feathers. She's a nice child, and I'll be glad to have her meet your youngsters. There!"

"A child!" grouned Raiph, who was 22 and studious.

He swallowed his cafe notr at a gulp and rose disgustedly.

"Youngsters, indeed!" cried Dick disdainfully. "Does he take us for kindergartners?"

Ross, who was the eldest, smiled in quite a superior and disinterested fashion. He boasted a flourishing mustache. He was studying law. Plainly the subject had no interest for him.

"But one of you must meet the child?" cried the head of the house. "You'll go, Ralph?"

"Can't, sir. I'm doing an article on the architecture of the tenth century. It takes a lot of research. I'll be all

morning in the Newberry library." Henry Stafford, buge of girth, roseate visage and twinkling of eye, turned his face imploringly toward his young-

est son. "You, Dick?" "Got a golf match on. Can't make it,

"Dear, dear! If your sister were only

at home "She'll be back tomorrow afternoon,"

put in Mrs. Stafford.

"But the little girl gets here in the morning. She must be met. She is from a comparatively small town. She would be quite bewildered were she to find herself alone in Chicago."

He sent the good looking young fellow with the mustache an appealing glance.

"I wonder now, Ross, if you"-

Ross laughed leniently. "You poor, perplexed old chap! Yes, I'll see that the child gets here all right!"

"Good!" said Henry Stafford, with a sigh of relief. "Good!"

But when the western train disgorged its jostling multitude in the Union depot the following morning Ross Stafford, standing close by the iron gates, found that he had undertaken a task of greater magnitude than he had at the time imagined. There was such a crush of people, stout and thin, tall and short. big and little. There were childrenprocessions of them. But they all seemed to belong to the folks who hurried them along. Never a glimpse could he catch of a curly headed little girl in a gray gown, wearing a hat with gray feathers. Or was the dress brown?

By Jove! He wasn't even sure of that, The last laggard group trickled away. Ross knew the conductor of the Denver train and spoke to him as he came burrying along.

"All off your train, Brigham?"

"Sure!" "There was a little girl coming to Chicago-had curly hair, a blue dress, green hat - blest if I remember!

Wasn't she on?" "Alone, was she?"

"Yes." "No, sir. Didn't come. Sure? Course I am."

Ross wheeled around, "Well, I'll telephone the folks that she wasn't on. Dad can wire her people and find out-I beg your pardon!"

And he suddenly found himself bowing profoundly, hat in hand, before a young woman with whom he had almost collided in his baste, a slender young woman, a graceful young woman, a lovely young woman, as his sus-

ceptible heart instantly acknowledged. She accepted his apology with a slight bend of the head and a vivid blush. Half way up the stairs be glanced back and saw her standing where he had left her. He hesitated and went back.

"You are waiting for some one? Can I be of service?"

"Thank you!" What a sweet voice. "I am afraid there has been a mistake. No one has come to meet me. May I ask you to call a cab?"

And when he had done so, when she had thanked him, when he stood bareheaded on the curbstone as the vehicle

rolled away, he recollected that he had not listened to the address she had given the driver, and he walked off in a towering rage at his own imbecility.

Never was there so dreary a day, although the late August sunshine found its way into his office; never had the reading of the law seemed such a dull and tiresome drudgery; never before had the pages blurred into a mass of meaningless black marks, but, then, never before had a bewitching young face come between him and his books, a face with reddish gold ringlets clustered around a white forehead and shy eyes the color of woodland violets.

He leaped from his seat as a bright thought struck him. He could hunt up the cabman. That was the thing to But, although he hung around the depot for two whole hours and questioned every Jehu within reach, he could not find the man he sought. It was evidently that particular cabman's

Tired and disgusted, Ross Stafford took a plunge at the athletic club, got himself home, shrugged himself into his evening clothes, for he was going out after dinner, and went down to the parior to find bimself face to face with the divinity of the red gold ringlets and the violet eyes!

"Ross, my dear," coold Mrs. Stafford, "let me introduce you to Miss Chester, whom somehow you managed to miss this morning. Why, you"-For they were smiling at each other

merrily, spontaneously,

"Indeed, no, mother?" Perhaps he held the pretty hand she gave him a little longer than was necessary. "I met Miss Chester this morning. Did she not tell you I put her in a cab?"

Miss Chester laughed. Ross Stafford laughed. And the bewilderment of the head of the house of Stafford, of the golfing son, and the studious son, as they in turn were presented, set them laughing again.

"Lord bless me?" cried Stafford senior, ruffling his hair, "your father said you were a little girl!"

"Oh, I shall pever be grown up to papa!" cried Miss Chester.

"He sald," stammered the young gentleman who was getting up an article on the architecture of the tenth century, "that-that you were a nice child.

Chester mischievously, "that I'm nice Y

Whereat Ralph grew guiltily red. Helen Stafford reached home before dinner was over. Her brothers' rapturous reception amazed her. Never had she know how they missed her! Nor could she dream that each of three young hypocrites was saying to him-

"She won't go east in such a hurry if

she and Helen take to each other." They did take to each other. Hors found it was not necessary to keep his engagement that evening and permitted his friend to cool his beels alone at their appointed rendezvous. Ralph well with the pure soprano of their guest. And Dick was so anxious to Initiate Miss Chester into the mysteries of flashlight pictures that he made himself no end of a bore. The country cousin of the Staffords dld not go east that week nor the next. When she did go, all the mirth and laughter of the Stafford domicile seemed to go with ber. One morning a week after her departure Ralph and Dick said some bitter things when they discovered that Ross had found out he must attend to business in New York and had left for the city on the midnight train. And the lobster fisherman said, he had witwhen Ross returned, silent, but smiling and exultant, they were not at all backward about telling him with true fraternal frankness their opinion of his

"You were awfully good to go to meet that little country lassie," commented Raiph witheringly. "I believe you knew all the time she was the prettiest kind of a girl!"

"Kindness sheer kindness on my part, dear boy. But, as I have striven to impress on you, virtue is ever its own reward."

"Oh, come off!" entreated Dick. "You just got the inside track, and you kept

Ross pulled his mustache.

"I assure you in taking my late hasty trip I had only the best interests of my brothers at heart. My sole ambition was to secure you the most charming sister-in-law in the world."

Helen jumped up.

"Oh, Ross! Did you-did she"-He laughed quizzically. "Adele gave me a message for you, my dear. She said to tell you that you are to be"-

"What, Ross?" "Bridesmaid."—Buffalo Commercial.

Humiliated.

"I have a young professional friend." said the veteran lawyer, "who is very bright mentally, but an abominably poor story teller. In fact, I believe it is his mental activity that makes him a bore in that regard.

"The other morning I met him on the way down town. He greeted me cordially and with the air of a man who had something good on his mind that he must share with some one else.

"'Say,' he said, 'I'm going to tell you the best story you ever heard.'

"Of course I inwardly resented this statement, though I said nothing. He started with his story, but he had not gone very far before he made a lengthy and tiresome discursion from the subject. He jumped the track two or three times in this way, until finally his story, as far as he had progressed, was a mere jumble of words. Suddenly, as we reached Grand Circus park, he stopped and began to smooth his knees and rub his hands in the most peculiar

"'What in the world are you doing that for? I asked.

"'T'm trying to express my humiliation,' he replied meekly. 'Blamed if I haven't forgotten the rest of that story.' "-Detroit Free Press.

Distinguished Testimony

No secret society in the world stands higher in noble aims and charitable accomplishments than the Knights of Pythias. That order is doing great good,

and one of its finest institutions is the Ohio Pythian Home, at Springfield, Ohio, which is ably presided over by Superintendent Le Fevre and his wife, Mrs. Callie I. Le Fevre, the matron. The latter has recently written a letter, which will command widespread attention because of the prominence of the writer. It is as follows:-

"Messrs, W. H. Hooker & o., New York: Last year I used Acker's English Remedy at the suggestion of a friend, for a serious, long-standing throat difficulty and extreme-ly hard cough. Had used many well-spoken of preparahonestly say that Acker's English Remedy removed the difficulty and stopped the cough. I did not purchase or use more than three bot-

CALLIE I. LE PEURE, Matron Ohio Pythian Home. tles, and at least one-half of the last is still on hand. I also consulted physicians with no permanent results." (Signed) CALLE I. LE PEVEE.

The friend to whom Mrs. Le Fevre refers as having suggested Acker's English Remedy is Mrs. W. B. Chilton, wife of the president of the Troy Transfer Co., of Troy, Ohio, where this remedy has accomplished many other cures in Throat and Lung Troubles. In conversation with an acquaintance Mrs. Le Fevre also said: "If you will call on Mr. W. H. Schauss, a prominent china and art merchant of Springfield, Ohio, you will find that he, too, has had any amount of experience with Acker's English Remedy in his family, and thinks they cannot keep house without it." thinks they cannot keep house without it.

Action there is no the without the Action of the state of

For sale by Geo. A. Harding.



How Codesh Catch Lobsters,

It is probably news to the majority of people to know that the red, or rock, codfish is a bitter enemy of the lobster that has just crawled out of his "Don't you think," queried Adele shell and is soft and unable to protect himself. During shedding time these rocks, where the seaweed and kelp writing. are thick and where they find protected places in which to go through the process of slipping out of their old shells and taking on a new coat of mail, so to speak. For some days after shedding the lobsters are weak and unable to cope with those fish that wage war upon them. This fact the codfish seem intuitively to know, and they will swarm around these retreats in great numbers and wait for the

shedders to crawl out. fish and watched their operations. He had even dropped his line down and dangled tempting bait within a few feet of them. Unless It happened to fall directly in front of their noses, however, they would seldom take it, as they were after lobster meat. When the thin shelled lobsters would crawl out from beneath the protecting seaweed, the codfish would dart at them and strike them fierce blows with their tails, disabling them completely. They would then fall to and devour the belpless crustaceans. This performance, nessed many times.-Lewiston Journal.

His Looks Were Deceptive.

The late Mr. Justice William O'Brien, as is pretty generally known, was not a tallor's model, and when going on a long rallway journey his attire was even more neglected than usual, says London M. A. P. Waiting one day for his train to leave Cork, he wandered into the first class refreshment room, his threadbare and faded coat looking the more remarkable when in contrast with the dress of the smart set frequenting the place. "Can I have a glass of milk?" be inquired of the being in frills and powder who ruled behind the bar.

The lady eyed him sharply and superciliously and then snapped out: "Yes, but it's tuppence a glass here. You'll get it for a penny in the third

class room. "Well," returned the judge as amiably as possible, "I think I'll have a

glass at 'tuppence' all the same. I can

manage to survive the expense." He took his milk and walked out with an unruffled countenance. But when that young lady heard from some gentlemen who were standing at the bar and knew the judge who her cus-She tried to explain that she thought be was one of those "old farmer fellows who'd stop arguing about the price of the milk for half an hour."

The Boatswain's Judgment.

It was somewhere in this wide, wide world, just where has slipped my mind, and they were about to buy beef on hoof for the ships. So the officer whose duty it is to make the purchase took ashore with him the bo's'n, as representing the crew, to look over the animals and either object or not. They approached the first ani-

"How will that do?" asked the offi-

The bo's'n cautiously approached the beast, bent down and gingerly ran his thumb and forefinger down first one shank and then the other until the whole four shanks had been examined. Straightening up he said:

"He'll do all right, sir." The officer, flabbergasted, cried: "But, dash it all, you can't tell the good points of a bullock by the

"Perhaps not, sir, but they're the only parts we ever gets, sir," was the reply.-Pall Mall Gazette.

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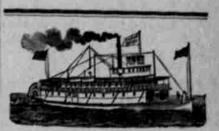
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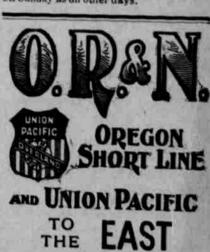
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