



—Cincinnati Post.

SUDDEN SHOWER.

Barefooted boys scud up the street,
Or skurry under sheltering sheds;
And school-girl faces, pale and sweet,
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.
Doors bang and mother voices call
From alien homes; and rusty gates
Are slammed; and high above it all
The thunder grim reverberates.
And then abrupt, the rain, the rain!
The earth lies gasping, and the eyes
Behind the steaming window-panes
Smile at the trouble of the skies.
The highway smokes, sharp echoes ring;
The cattle bawl and cow-bells clank;
And into town comes galloping
The farmer's horse, with steaming flank.
The swallow dips beneath the eaves,
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;
And under the cat-bow leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings.
The bumble bee is pelted down
The wet stem of the hollyhock;
And suddenly, in spattered brown,
The cricket leaps the garden walk.
Within the baby claps his hands
And crows with rapture strange and vague;
Without, beneath the rose-bush stands
A dripping rooster on one leg.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Little Old Maid

They called her "the Little Old Maid."
But the words were never spoken in the tone so often adopted when an unmarried woman of uncertain age is referred to as an "old maid." Rather, the way they were said implied a feeling of affection—in a measure, of pity. The phrase was generally uttered with the inflection of voice that we unconsciously adopt when we speak of one afflicted, or of one for whose condition we are sorry and with whom we sympathize, or of some exceptionally delightful child. The Little Old Maid attracted everybody who came in contact with her.
She was nearly 50; yet her features, and the profusion of the silvery hair coiled about the well-shaped head, showed how beautiful she must have been. Her eyes were lovely still, and quite magnetic when she smiled. But it was the strangely sweet expression that lighted up her countenance when she spoke which made her seem so irresistible, and caused people of all classes to feel instinctively that they must come to love her. It was said that old men in her own rank of life, and some of much higher rank—she was the younger daughter of an English baronet, whose forefathers had come unscathed through the Wars of the Roses—often proposed marriage to her still; while effete young decadents, who through dread of ridicule would in the ordinary course have denied that a woman no longer youthful could cast a spell about them, admitted almost enthusiastically that the Little Old Maid was "quite exceptionally fascinating."
Often people wondered why she had never married. Her contemporaries could recall to mind the days when half London had, as they truly said, "raved about her." There were some who sighed when they tried to guess approximately the number of proposals of marriage she must have received in those brilliant days—those days "when all the world was young." Yet, though partial to men's society, and with an exceptionally keen sense of humor that

perhaps rendered her company additionally attractive to men, the Little Old Maid had never, even in the memory of her oldest and closest friends, met any man she would have wished to wed. It seemed remarkable, more especially as every woman, the plainest not excepted, is said to meet once at least in her lifetime her true affluity, and that, failing to marry him, she ends by focussing her love upon some less worthy object. The Little Old Maid, however, had no pet dog and no pet cat and no pet bird. It is true that she loved all children with an intensity that in some unmarried women might have seemed unnatural. And children, almost at first sight, reciprocated her affection.
The Little Old Maid pushed back the chair from the antique escritoire at which she had been writing letters. Then she rose, crossed the room, and touched the electric bell. It was an afternoon in late autumn. Outside, in Onslow square, the fog seemed to be thickening, she noticed as she passed the window.
"John, what time is it?" she asked, as the footman entered.
He said it was half-past 3.
"Please wind the clock and then post these letters."
When he had closed the door she went back to her writing-table. An addressed envelope lay upon the blotter. Unlocking a little drawer, she took from it two crisp banknotes, folded them in a sheet of paper, slipped them into the envelope, and then re-locked the drawer. Next she lit a small red candle that stood in a silver socket, and carefully sealed the envelope. Later she walked slowly to the corner of On-



SOMETHING SEEMED TO GRIP HER THROAT.

walked swiftly across the room to peer out into the darkness. The square was completely shrouded. She gave a little shiver and drew the curtains more closely. And then she switched on more lights. A newsboy with raucous voice passed shouting along the pavement, then passed away into the distance. For a moment she wondered what he had been shouting, though probably, she reflected, the news would not have interested her.
The footman entered with her evening paper. She opened it almost listlessly, and began to glance at the headlines. The strange sensation possessed her still, and her thoughts wandered and were confused. Suddenly she started, then sat up. Something seemed to grip her throat. Her palate grew dry and sticky. Quickly her bosom rose and fell. A livid palor spread over her face, but she did not faint.
"Tragic death of the Hon. Auberon Fitz-Tempest," were the words she had read in the newspaper.
"We regret to announce," the paragraph ran, "that the Hon. Auberon Fitz-Tempest met with an accident this afternoon which proved fatal."
A little boy, aged 8, the son of a grocer in Euston Road, while attempting to cross Great Portland street shortly after 3 o'clock, in the thick fog which still prevails, was upon the point of being knocked down by a motor car when a gentleman who has since been identified as the Hon. Auberon Fitz-Tempest, and who was standing on the kerb, seeing the peril the child was in, sprang out into the roadway to try to save him. This he succeeded in doing, but at the cost of his own life, for, slipping upon the further side of the car, he fell upon his back and was struck on the head by the hoof of a horse attached to an omnibus which was coming from the opposite direction, and which, owing to the fog, he had probably not noticed. The blow fractured the base of the skull, and the unfortunate gentleman died while being conveyed to the hospital.
"Born in 1854, the Hon. Auberon Fitz-Tempest was the third son of the late Baron Waterfield, of Tatham Towers, Derbyshire, and Fedbury Hall, Northumberland."
In dispassionate language the writer went on to touch briefly upon an incident which a quarter of a century before had created a colossal scandal and had led to the man now dead being sentenced to serve a term of penal servitude. It had been an affair of a peculiarly distressing nature, and from that time onward the name of Auberon Fitz-Tempest had been but rarely mentioned. How, ostracized by society and by all his former friends, and known to be almost destitute, he had, since his release, succeeded in obtaining the necessary means of support, none knew, and probably few cared.
The latter part of the report, however, the Little Old Maid had left unread. The paper, tightly clutched in both her hands, lay across her lap. Her face had turned slowly ashen. Her eyes, strained and tearless, stared unseeing into vacancy.
The doctor attributed death to heart failure, for the Little Old Maid had been known to be suffering from a weak heart.
There was nothing, he said, to lead him to conjecture that death could have been brought on or hastened by any sort of shock.
At the inquest held on the body of the Hon. Auberon Fitz-Tempest it was mentioned incidentally that on the

evening of the day of the accident an envelope addressed to him and containing two Bank of England notes had been sent through the post and delivered at his rooms after his death. Subsequently the numbers of the notes were published. But the notes were never claimed by any one.

It was not until some months had elapsed that a stranger who had become the possessor of the Little Old Maid's escritoire accidentally discovered in it a secret drawer. The drawer contained some photographs and letters. They were more or less faded and discolored.

But the finder was a woman, and she destroyed them.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

THE HANDIEST HAND.

Effect Produced by the Force of Blood Pressure.

In a paper on "Left and Right-Handedness," Dr. Lueddeckens gives some interesting information regarding this subject. It has been a well-known fact that the stronger activity of the nerves of the right half of the body (for not only the hand is concerned) must be ascribed to a preponderance of the left side of the brain, whose finer development, especially as the seat of the center of speech, is a matter of common knowledge.

In the said paper, according to the German periodical Woche, the question regarding the causes of the unequal working of the two hemispheres of the brain has been solved. A sketch dwelling on the history of evolution leads from the original symmetry of the organisms to a subsequent asymmetrical arrangement of the heart and the large blood vessels, from which may be inferred quite naturally that the two halves of the head are not placed on an equal footing as regards the quantity of blood supplied, and consequently of the blood pressure, and that, on the contrary, there must be under normal conditions a stronger pressure in the arteries of the left side of the head. This theory is supported by the well-known experiences of anatomists and pathologists, and a series of interesting observations.

Of special interest is the effect of the greater blood pressure upon the left eye. Dr. Lueddeckens found in the latter, as compared with the right one, in a surprisingly large number of cases, a narrower pupil, in consequence of a more filled up condition of the vessels of the iris, and upon closer examination, a shorter construction of eyeball. This furnishes the hitherto unknown reason for the fact that in a large number of persons the left eye is the better one.

Thus the finer development of the left half of the brain is explained very simply by the fact that it is better supplied with blood, and the question why it is the seat of speech, and why most people are right-handed, is solved in the most natural way. It is remarkable how truthful a reflection of the above described conditions is afforded by the examination of left-handed persons. In a large number of cases, a more florid color was perceptible on the right side of the face, the right eye was built shorter, its pupil narrower; in short, everything pointed to a better blood supply on the right side of the brain, which in consequence imparts to the left side of the body the preponderance over the right one, a condition styled left-handedness.

In relation thereto stands the habit of most left-handed persons, in opposition to other physiological laws, to sleep on the left side, in the unconscious endeavor to relieve the right half of the brain, which contains a larger amount of blood during the day. For the same reason the position on the right side is the normal one for right-handed persons.

Of More Importance.

A considerable number of years ago a young man went to Marshall Field's great dry-goods store to apply for a position, and was fortunate enough to be shown into the office of Mr. Field himself, to whom he stated the object of his call.

The merchant was favorably impressed with his appearance and address, and after asking him a few questions relative to his business experience, promised him a place in his employ. But the caller, who evidently had expected to be more rigorously catechized, thought it best to volunteer some more information.

"If you wish," he began, "to know something of my antecedents—"

"I don't care to know anything about your antecedents, young man," interrupted Mr. Field, with a smile. "If your subsequents are all right, you'll do. You may report to Mr. Hitchcock next Monday."

Going and Coming.

Towne—Got a job, has he? Why, he told me he would never go to work.
Browne—No, but he had to come to it.—Washington Star.

The average masquerade costume, seen in daylight, is about the only thing that would be likely to scare a milkman's horse.

All Humors

are impure matters which the skin, liver, kidneys and other organs cannot take care of without help.

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"Twas Uncle Sam that spoke it.
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Put that in its pipe and smoke it.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Choice of Terms.

"Is Mr. Biggins a good golf player?"
"No," answered Miss Cheyenne. "I happened to be sufficiently near to hear his language when he made a bad stroke. He may be an expert player, but he is not a good one."—Washington Star.

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"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

"Yes, my dear, but his teeth have something to do with it. A girl friend of mine once lost a promising young man by giving him a cut of cherry pie of her own making. She had left the seeds in it."

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Privileged.

Japan was asked if it considered the presence of American craft in the Pacific objectionable.

"Not altogether," it responded, pleasantly; "we accord you freedom to run all the boats necessary between San Francisco and Oakland."

With a grateful heart Uncle Sam realized that the threatened trouble was not to eventuate.—Philadelphia edger.

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