

ADVENTURES OF CUPE

The Story of a Poor Young Man's Visit to the Country Seat of a Rich Friend.

By F. W. ARNOLD, Jr.

The lace curtain was limp with rain, the windows of the house opposite reflected the clouds, and Little Cupe's own window sill was blistered with little backs of rain on which floated tobacco atoms.

The day before Little Cupe had seen Eb (all the medical students knew Eb, for he had been one of the more distinguished men in college), and Cupe had told his medical mates that Eb had invited him to spend Sunday at his home in the country.

The fact that Eb had once given a theater party was the basis of Cupe's belief that he always entertained.

But now Little Cupe wasn't sure if he had been invited. Possibly Eb had said, "Drop in some time, and we'll go out for Sunday," or, "Let me know how you're doing. Drop in some Saturday, and we'll go out Sunday."

Suddenly a puff of determination carried him to the closet. He had decided nothing consciously. From his drawers he pulled two white shirts, seven single cuffs, six collars and two changes of other clothes (only 3 per cent, diluted, of these things bore Little Cupe's own red stamped mark) and was shaking the creases out of a dress suit.

"Drop it!" yelled one medical student. "I've got to wear it this evening." All the rest had to wear theirs too. "Lord, we're sorry," Cupe's own torn and hadn't been mended. "I can't go," said he, depressed and looking frightened.

"Sure you can. Eb and the girls will understand."

Eb sat in his own "box," his desk topped by two rows of fresh leather books and a black tin box, "Re Moulton." The senior offices opened through the sunny doorways back of him.

"Come in," said Eb.

For thirty seconds a shadow had been hovering over its gray glass. Little Cupe was outside trying to muster courage to knock. At Eb's voice he couldn't go down the elevator, so he pretended he had not heard him and made the glass shiver.

"Come in" again called Eb.

With a frightened little grin Cupe entered. His hands felt cold. He shut the door so that it would not disturb anybody. He held behind him his birthday dress suit case.

"How are you, Cupe?" Eb was always glad to see his friends. "Sit down. I'll be with you in a minute." And he handed him a fragrant box of cigars. "Have one."

Cupe took one and held his dress suit case in his lap, but he didn't smoke, for he had no matches. Those cigars had always impressed him, and he had often told his medical students that he occasionally dropped into Eb's office and smoked his cigars.

Eb continued writing to his friend that he would be there tomorrow and, handing the note to a messenger who came from the main office—Cupe was greatly impressed—said, "Special delivery," and then, leaning back, added: "Well, Cupe, what can I do for you?" as if surveying a client.

The stone faces through the window grinned fiendishly.

whiskers and a strange dress suit and who had been very polite. When the man had bent to lift Cupe's dress suit case, Cupe had said, "No, no, no, thanks," and told him and Eb and the chatty housekeeper, who were also in the hall, that he would carry it up stairs himself, for he needed the exercise.

His unfolded dress suit case surged with his two white shirts, seven separate cuffs, six collars and the two changes of other clothes. Then he heard girlish voices in the hall; they must be the dinner guests chaperoned by some young wife from across the hedges. They were really the two maidservants.

"Knuckle, knuckle," deferentially on the door.

"Come in," said Cupe. In poked the side whiskered head of the butler or porter. "Will you have a cocktail, sir?"

Cupe's own head was full of dress suits, so he thought the butler said, "Will you have a cocktail?"

"Yes, please," answered Cupe, and while waiting for the dress suit to come began deciding between his two white shirts in the case.

"Knuckle, knuckle," again on the door. Cupe hoped the suit would fit. But it was Eb who entered.

"Knuckle." The butler entered with the cocktail.

"The cocktail?" Inquired Little Cupe. He said this partly to Eb. He would let him upbraid his own servant. Eb stared; the butler stared; the house seemed to sigh to Little Cupe.

There had been no relieving feature to the situation. Eb thought Cupe might have meant to say some indolent joke; the butler or porter probably thought so too. Cupe was now at the dining room table with his napkin fallen to his feet, where he was unable to pick it up. He had entered the dining room very erect, for he had expected to find the invited girls there and wanted them to be favorably impressed and whisper to each other, but he learned he was to be alone with Eb and his only conquest the courses.

He didn't know how to take all of them out of the platters, but that same porter or butler was a valuable man and did it for him.

After the dinner Little Cupe felt much relieved. He discussed the paintings, for he had taken a course in "fine arts" once as a "snag" and smoked many cigars. He didn't know when to stop smoking, and Eb marvelled.

"That's about all that happened to Little Cupe," Eb, who at last realized that Cupe had expected to stay over Sunday, if not a week, explained to him that he himself, unfortunately, had to be away for the day, but urged Cupe to remain and have at his disposal the house and horses.

"No, thanks; no," said Cupe. "I promised the fellows I would be back for church."

This latter tale was unfortunate, for Cupe had to rise in the morning earlier than he would have otherwise.

He felt much like this story, which started with graphic enthusiasm and then wilted away like a bashful school-boy. But you should have heard the reasons he gave the medical students why he didn't stay over Sunday. Nice Little Cupe!—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Men and Beasts.

I once had a trainer, an old Irishman, who had served in a British regiment in India and who knew the ways of tigers in every detail. He taught three of them to do more work in the show arena than I have ever seen done by tigers. I have seen him sitting down between two of them at rest times during rehearsals and examining their claws to see if any of them were sore or split. Any one who has ever tried that with even a house cat knows that it strikes the feline nature as an unwarrantable familiarity, but they never did more than show their teeth and whine, and that in half playful manner.

One day he got very drunk. I had never known him to transgress before. Before he was noticed on his return to the cage he had gone in with his tigers and fallen in a heap on the floor. The other keepers tried to take him out of the cage, but to have done so would have meant a bitter and bloody fight with the three striped ones. They guarded him all night in his drunken slumber. The next time he put them to work, however, they balked, and he could neither persuade nor drive them. They had ceased to trust him, or something of that sort, and his usefulness with them was at an end completely.—F. Bostock in Frank Leslie's.

NEWFOUNDLAND TRAGEDY.

A Fisherman's Wild Sail to Procure Medical Aid.

"The lack of physicians is one of the horrors of the isolation in which the Newfoundlanders of this coast live," says Norman Duncan in Ainslie's.

"There is none within fifty miles of most harbors; none within reaching distance of many. It is related of a well to do fisherman who was something of a merchant that his wife, whom he fondly loved, lay in agony for many days while an autumn gale raged. No man in the harbor would put off in a skiff to fetch the nearest physician, who lived fifteen miles down the coast, for there was no possibility that he who ventured could survive.

On the fourth day the wind moderated. Two men volunteered to accompany Allerton. They set sail in the first hours of a snowstorm, which abated, however, before they reached their destination. Fighting doggedly, they took the boat safely in, after indescribable hardship and through ever present danger. The gale had gone down when they knocked on the physician's door. A heavy sea was running, but the danger of wreck on the return voyage was quickly passing.

"What's the matter with the woman?" the physician asked.

"He was informed."

"The husband minutely described his wife's agony. Then he offered what amounted almost to half his fortune as a fee."

"I'll take that," said the doctor, "if you fetch her here. Go back and get her, and I'll attend to the case."

"In an open boat!" the husband exclaimed. He pointed out that his wife's condition put such an arrangement beyond the bounds of reason.

"Well, I can't do anything," said the physician. "If you bring her over, I'll attend to her."

"When the husband got back to his home, the child had been born, but the woman died the next day."

When Time Hangs Heavily.

Time is never wasted until it hangs heavily on our hands, when you are neither working nor enjoying yourself. There may be times when it suits one's mood to loaf and invite one's soul, but they are rare nowadays.

Most people work harder and economize their vacation time more grudgingly in getting the most out of it than they do in any other part of the year. They hate to lose a minute of enjoyment.

Of course there are times—every day—when time seems absolutely wasted, and these are the times when men's tempers are on edge and things go crosswise. Chief among this list of wasted and monotonous intervals is the time spent in waiting for a car, in traveling on it after you get it, in waiting for meals, in fuming over dilatory appointments or by reaching there too soon.

Other instances are where the bore buttonholes you and insists with excessive eloquence in stringing a three line item into a two column tale.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Huge Spiders Wove Them.

Every one who owns a little strip of garden knows what it is to clear away spider webs, a matter of small difficulty and lightly performed, but a popular naturalist who lately returned from the great woods of Central America came across spiders' webs of such strength and huge dimensions that they were positive obstacles in his path. Needless to say, the tenants of these webs were of a monstrous size.

"I measured one of these fabrics," he says. "It had a diameter of more than six feet, without including the long brace threads that run out like forays to the extremity of the surrounding branches. I then took a number of wild lemons and flung them against the center with all my might. The web stopped every one. It is no wonder that when a bird becomes entangled in the meshes the huge spider is able to make a breakfast off him."

A Quick Witted Doctor.

A certain French surgeon, of whom The Young Ladies' Journal tells, had so much more thought for his patient than for his own safety on one occasion that he resorted to an expedient which, although efficacious, might have resulted in his own death.

The German Police.

A stranger in Germany soon makes the acquaintance of the police, little as he may desire it. You have been in Germany a week, more or less, when the policeman calls. At first you cannot believe that he is really after you, and then your mind runs back guiltily over your past. He takes out his little book—one of a small library of little books which he carries in his blouse—and inquires your age, your nationality and how long you intend to stay.

You learn subsequently that a record of every person in the empire is carefully kept, with full details as to his occupation, material wealth and social standing. If you move into a new house, you must notify the police; if you move out, you must notify the police; if you hire a servant girl, you must purchase a yellow blank and report the fact, the girl also making a report. When she leaves, you must send in a green blank stating why she is dismissed, where she is going and so on.

If you fall in any of these multitudinous requirements of the government—and I have mentioned only a few of them—there is a fine to pay, each fine graduated to the enormity of the offense. There are offenses graded as low as 2 cents.—Independent.

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He had been commissioned to bleed the grand seigneur and either through timidity or nervousness had met with an awkward accident. The point of the lancet broke off in the vein, and the blood would not flow.

That point must be got out somehow. Without stopping to consider the consequences to himself, the surgeon gave his highness a violent slap in the face. This produced the desired effect, for surprise and indignation on the part of his august patient put the blood into violent circulation. The vein bled freely, and the lancet point came out.

The bystanders were about to lay hands on the surgeon when he said, "First let me finish the operation and bandage the wound." This done, he threw himself at the feet of the sultan and explained his action.

The sultan not only pardoned him, but gave him a handsome reward for keeping his wits about him in a critical moment.

Curious Freak of Insane Persons.

A Belgian physician, speaking of simulation by the insane, says that in cases of insanity where the intellectual faculties are not too much disordered the insane may simulate another form of insanity than their own. The forms of insanity most often simulated are, in order of frequency, imbecility, dementia and mania. The other forms are not so frequently simulated. A lunatic generally simulates insanity to escape punishment, and an expert physician should not therefore in such cases be satisfied with a diagnosis of simulation. Such diagnosis does not exclude real insanity, and the physician should therefore endeavor to ascertain whether or not the simulator is himself a lunatic. With care, patience and a long continued observation it is possible to make a complete and correct diagnosis, and this is the more important as in these cases the serious question of responsibility arises.—London Family Doctor.

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