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.

ŏooooooooooooooooo The lace curtain was limp with rain, the windows of the house opposite reown window sill was blistered with little backs of rain on which floated tobacco atoms. Little Cupe felt much as the day looked. "Go anyway." encouraged the medical students.

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 medical student knew that Eb had colored carriages and when at college had dined with the most exclusive families. They said he was "a darned bright man" and always talked earnestly and bravely when they met him.

Eb was now a lawyer in his first year's practice "and doing darned well," they had wisely agreed.

Little Cupe had begun the recital of his invitation as if "it was nothin"," but had grinned with delight before he had ended it, and had dilated that a lot of girls from the neighboring houses would be there with a young

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 Sat urday, and we'll go out Sunday."

"Go on, Cupe!" the medical students yelled again. They were doubtless sin-

Suddenly a puff of determination carried him to the closet. He had decided nothing consciously. From its 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 stu dent. "I've got to wear it this evening." All the rest had to wear theirs too. "Lord, we're sorry." Cupe's own was 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 for church." books and a black tin box, "Re Moulton." The senior offices opened through the sunny doorways back of him. With business precision he was deciding that he would not stay in town that night, but would go to his home for a nine him a trust presidency he started to Advertiser. write to his friend to said effect (see above). But he noticed the door.

"Come in," said Eb. For thirty seconds a shadow had been hovering over its gray glass. Lit tle 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

"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 flendishly.

"Nothin'," answered Cupe. "I was bringin' this empty dress suit case from a store"-he pointed indefinitely out toward the street-"and just stopped in. I'm goin' right along; got to go now." He arose meekly and held Dublin. At the moment a train from a out his hand, which felt as if its veins long distance pulled up at the station. pulsed with mist. When he said "empty" dress suit case, the two white the carriage was seated one other passhirts, seven separate cuffs, six collars and two changes of other clothes | their breath one said: weighed heavy with guilt.

"Can't you come out to dinner?" Eb thought Cupe would enjoy that more than his boarding house.

"Haven't any dress suit." Eb assured him it made no difference, not the least. He believed all Little Cupe had said. Cupe, after deliberating a proper while whether he could get away, said he guessed he could go; he'd be glad to.

Eb's house hid in a park and was dwelt in by two maidservants, one manservant and a chatty housekeeper. There was but little entertaining. though Eb occasionally brought home

some friend for the night. The room in which Little Cupe now stood was pink with flowered wall ets, plaze; tickets, plaze!' I called, and paper, flowered chairs and a flowered | these belong to three Saxon towrists in quilt on the bed. He had been shown another carriage."-Harry Furniss in into this bower by a man with side | Strand.

whiskers and a strange dress suit and who had been very polite. When the man had bent to lift Cupe's dress suit | A Fisherman's Wild Sail to Procure case, Cupe had said, "No, no, no, thanks," and told him and Eb and the stairs himself, for he needed the exer-

His unfolded dress suit case surged with his two white shirts, seven separate cuffs, six collars and the two flected the clouds, and Little Cupe's by some young wife from across the for many days while an autumn gale fully kept, with full details as to his hedges. They were really the two maidservants.

the door.

Cupe's own head was full of dress

"Will you have a coattail?" "Yes, please," answered Cupe, and 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.

"And the coattail?" inquired Little Cupe. He said this partly to Eb. He would let him upbraid his own servhouse seemed to sigh to Little Cupe.

There had been no relieving feature to the situation. Eb thought Cupe might have meant to say some indefinite jokes; the butler or porter probably thought so too. Cupe was now at fallen to his feet, where he was un- youd the bounds of reason. able to pick it up. He had entered the pected to find the invited girls there and wanted them to be favorably imhe 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 "snap" and smok-

to stop smoking, and Eb marveled. That's about all that happened to 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

than he would have otherwise.

He felt much like this story, which started with graphic enthusiasm and then wilted away like a bashful schoolhours' sleep and in the morning drive boy. But you should have heard the to a friend's for the day. With a busi- reasons he gave the medical students ness chirography that had made Little | why he didn't stay over Sunday. Nice Cupe when he had seen it predict for Little Cupe! - New York Commercial

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-

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 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.

Trouble For the Tourists.

The poor Saxon "towrist"-what he may suffer it the Emerald Isle! There is a story on record of three Irishmen and Queries. rushing away from the race meeting at Punchestown to catch a train back to and the three men scrambled in. In senger. As soon as they had regained

"Pat, have you got th' tickets?" "What tickets? I've got me loife! I thought I'd have lost that gettin' in th' thrain. Have you got 'em, Moike?" "Oi? Begorrah, I haven't!"

"Oh, we're all done for, thin!" said the third. "They'll charge us roight from th' other soide of Oireland." The old gentleman looked over his

newspaper and said: "You are quite safe, gintlemen. Wait

till we get to th' next station." As soon as the train pulled up the little gentleman jumped out and came back with three first class tickets. Handing them to the astonished strangers, he said: "Whist, I'll tell you how I did it! I wint along th' thrain. 'Tick-

NEWFOUNDLAND TRAGEDY.

Medical Aid.

"The lack of physicians is one of the chatty housekeeper, who were also in horrors of the isolation in which the the policeman calls. At first you canthe hall, that he would carry it up Newfoundlanders of this coast live," says Norman Duncan in Ainslee's. "There is none within fifty miles of most harbors; none within reaching distance of many. It is related of a changes of other clothes. Then he well to do fisherman who was someheard girlish voices in the hall; they thing of a merchant that his wife, must be the dinner guests chaperoned whom he fondly loved, lay in agony raged. No man in the harbor would put off in a skiff to fetch the nearest standing. If you move into a new "Knuckle, knuckle," deferentially on physician, who lived fifteen miles down house, you must notify the police; if the coast, for there was no possibility you move out, you must notify the po-"Come in," said Cupe. In poked the that he who ventured could survive. lice; if you hire a servant girl, you side whiskered head of the butler or On the fourth day the wind moderated. | must purchase a yellow blank and reporter. "Will you have a cocktail, Two men volunteered to accompany port the fact, the girl also making a suits, so he thought the butler said, however, before they reached their des. Is dismissed, where she is going and tination. Fighting doggedly, they took | so on. the boat safely in, after indescribable while waiting for the dress suit to come | hardship and through ever present dan-A heavy sea was running, but the dan- each fine graduated to the enormity ger 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 neither working nor enjoying yourself. ant. Eb stared; the butler stared; the amounted almost to half his fortune as There may be times when it suits

> "'I'll take that,' said the doctor, 'If you fetch her here. Go back and get you don't believe it, consider how the her, and I'll attend to the case.' "'In an open boat!' the husband ex-

the dining room table with his napkin | condition put such an arrangement be-

dining room very erect, for he had ex- physician. 'If you bring her over, I'll ment. attend to her.' "When the husband got back to his

woman died the next day.'

PARRY A COMPLIMENT.

Accept One Always, but Never Take It Seriously.

ed many cigars. He didn't know when last!" and when they took their leave three line item into a two column tale. she said "Already?" If taken literally, we should deprecate the flattery. Flat-Little Cupe. Eb, who at last realized tery is insincere praise and wrongs that Cupe had expected to stay over him that gives and him that takes. It is sometimes kinder to accept a compliment than to parry it.

One may say "Thank you, it is pleaspartial) eyes," or perhaps, "It is a com-This latter tale was unfortunate, for that one appreciates the spirit that Cupe had to rise in the morning earlier prompted the kind expression, howevprompted the kind expression, however wide the truth.

> The frequent repetition of the name of the person addressed holds a subtle compliment, implying more complete concentration of the speaker's thought upon his or her personality.

De Quincy says: "More is done for the benefit of conversation by the simple magic of good manners than by all varieties of intellectual power."

It is the sympathetic and responsive listeners that call forth the best efforts of a talker. For such are reserved his choicest stories, his finest thoughts.

A ready smile acts as inspiration, and interest shown in the conversation of others stimulates and vivifies their thoughts.

To a good listener the diffident will say what they think, and the verbose will think what they say.

There is nothing more trying than to find that one's conversation is receiving but a divided attention and nothing more rude than for a person to pick up a book or paper and look over blood would not flow. it while pretending to listen to what one is saying.-New York Herald.

Sayings About Breadcrumbs.

In the days when the "bread loaf" was dear careful mothers had a set of thrift sayings which are seldom heard in this time of the big. cheap loaf. Crumbs were regularly swept up and ly, and the lancet point came out. kept for some useful purpose. If a child threw crumbs in the fire, the old fashioned mother lifted a warning finto work, however, they balked, and he ger and said, "If you throw crumbs in the fire, you are feeding the devil." Children were told that the better part of a loaf was the crust, and when child was sent to the shop for bread the order was to ask for "a crusty loaf." If a child left its crust, came the warning: "Yes, my lady (or my lad) you'll want for a loaf some day. You'll find hunger's a sharp thorn."-Notes

On the Free List.

Some years ago there was a tollgate cemetery, Detroit. All funerals were allowed to pass along this road without paying.

One day Dr. Pierce, a well known physician, while paying his toll, jokingly remarked to the gatekeeper: "Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought

to let us pass free of charge." "No, no, doctor," said the gatekeeper; "we can't afford that. You send too many deadheads through as it is."-New York Times.

For Their Own Calves,

A couple of young men were out fishing one day and on returning were going past a farmhouse and felt bungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters, "Girls, have you any buttermilk?"

to their ears, "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves." The boys calculated that they had business away, and they went .- Country Gentleman.

The reply was gently wafted back

The German Police.

A stranger in Germany soon makes the acquaintance of the police, little as he may desire it. You have benn in Germany a week, more or less, when not 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 blouseand 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 careoccupation, material wealth and social

If you fall in any of these multitudinous requirements of the governger. The gale had gone down when ment-and I have mentioned only a they knocked on the physician's door. few of them-there is a fine to pay, of the offense. There are offenses graded as low as 2 cents.—Independent.

When Time Hangs Heavily.

Time is never wasted until it "hangs heavily on our hands," when you are one's mood to "loaf and invite one's soul," but they are rare nowadays. If average citizen spends his vacation. mize their vacation time more grudg-ingly in getting the most out of it than they do in any other Most people work harder and econoclaimed. He pointed out that his wife's mize their vacation time more grudgthey do in any other part of the year. "'Well, I can't do anything,' said the They hate to lose a minute of enjoy-

Of course there are times-every day -when time seems absolutely wasted, pressed and whisper to each other, but home, the child had been born, but the 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 The famous Mme. Recamier said that appointments or by reaching there too she always found two words sufficed soon. Other instances are where the to make her guests seem welcome. Up- bore buttonholes you and insists with on their arrival she exclaimed, "At excessive eloquence in stringing a -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 popant to be seen through such kind (or ular naturalist who lately returned from the great woods of Central Amerfort to know that friendship is partly ica came across spiders' webs of such blind as well as the mythological boy," strength and huge dimensions that or any nonsense that serves to show they were positive obstacles in his

"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 forestays 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.

He had been commissioned to bleed the grand seignior and either through timidity or nervousness had met with an awkward accident. The point of the lancet broke off in the vein, and the

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 free-

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 on a plank read leading to Elmwood 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.

In the Bakeshop. "Dear me," sighed the bread dough,

"I would like a raise." "All right," said the yeast cake, wait a minute, and I'll set you to work."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

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