

THE MODERN MUSE.

A Sudden Shower. James Whitcomb Riley. Barefooted boys scud up the street. Or skurry under the spring sheds; And school girls face pale and sweet, Glean 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 Behold the streaming window-panes Smile at the trouble of the skies.

The highway smokes, sharp echoes ring; The cattle bleat and cowbells clink; And into the towns comes galloping The farmer's horse with steaming flank.

The swallow dips beneath the eaves, And firls his plumes and folds his wings; And under the eutawba leaves The enterpillar curls and clings.

The bumblebee is peeted down, The wet stem of the hollyhock; And sullenly in spattered brown The cricket leaps the garden walk.

Within, the baby claps his hands And wails with rapture strange and loud; Without, beneath the dripping rosebush stands A dripping rooster one one leg.

In After Years. Boston Courier. When I was but a young youth And Binatown seemed the world to me, I thought Miss Dolly Hennessy A paragon of girls in truth.

A being who could sing and prize Among the hosts of paradise. And when she smiled my proffered hand And took Jim Robinson instead, I vowed that never in all the land Could hope for me its radiance shed.

But when some years had passed, and I, Men-waiver a wanderer, returned To Binatown, and in passing by A cottage suddenly discerned A freckled sister, grayly old, From a dull perch rudely out, Snatch up an urn by the ears

And set him through the open door, Chase from the lot a young scoundrel, Jump a rail fence and hurl a score Of cabbages at a passing tramp, Kick a Newfoundland dog and stamp Two snakes to bits, and to the cot Sweep back and yell in accents hot, And swear this time in accents hot.

When this I saw and heard, then learned, As from my rambler I returned, The name before I could be told; This comment thus my mind did run: "The saddest words of tongue or pen" Are surely not "it might have been."

Sorrow's Ghost. Philip Bourke Marston. I was one sitting, habited in gray, Beside a looking-glass, and my eyes Were all the tenderness of twilight skies In middle spring when lawns are flushed with May.

"Mysterious one," I cried, "who art thou?" She answered, in low tones, just heard through sighs: "Draw high and look—dost thou not recognize a face well known once, in another day?"

Then on the air these words grew audible: "The same she is who scorched thine eyes with tears, before I could be told; But changed now by the sovereign force of years, And all the clouds of sorrow on her face, Called bitterest Sorrow then, but now named Rest!"

The Sun's Bed. New York Advertiser. "You see," I said to my small boy, "Where the clouds are so bright and red; Well, that is where the great big sun Is just settling down to bed."

He gives us light and heat all day, Though sometimes clouds do show, But still he's there behind the clouds, All the same, my pet, you know.

And when his work is finished seems, As if he were to go to bed; We say that he has gone to bed—Not really, though, I think—And then before we can explain How he lighted other lands

In our bedtime—for he has none In one place he always stands, Indubitably my sun is he, With a shake of his white head— "I think so, too—not weally, For of course he'd burn his bed!"

On Wilton's Peak. Los Angeles Herald. Above the clouds on mountain peak, Mid frigid frost of pines, A world lies smiling at our feet, With wealth of Goiconda mines;

Eyes sparkle bright with surprise, At visions that around them lie, The fairest 'neath the vaulted sky, That sinks away in crimson hues.

Above the clouds, with upraised hands, To grasp the glittering worlds, That o'er our heads so closely hang, As radiant as diadems of gold, O God, how near Thou seem'st, O how we catch a gleam Of heaven—as in our dream— Midst sea of Thy created worlds.

Above the clouds, our pulses stilled, We bow our heads in adoration Of Him, who thus our aid would Worlds that chain our admiration; Who, here, could stand and still deny The God that rules the earth!

Ye speakers, come and try The power of such association.

Our Modern Amazon. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in Harper's Bazar. I'm trying on my armor, dear, With which I wish to go to war, I shall count some brilliant conquests before The summer has gone.

Here's a white dress and lily-trimmed hat, And a parasol like foam; They'll make my eyes look darker yet, As I fetch my prisoner home.

You would not think this simple silk, As light as a sea gull's wing, Could bring down many a knightly heart In the lists of "summing"?

And here's a fan—it is not smoke, But lace and satin feather; It will be watched by eyes that ask My fancy's wind and weather.

And here's a racy suit that says, Upon her lady's merry wave, I like an admiral, shall win Engagements brisk and brave!

And at this shoe, all tipped with gold, A trembling sieve shall stoop— A vessel whom a breeze will fill, Lost in some waiting group.

In short, when autumn once more hangs The land with gorgeous hue, I shall come riding back to town In triumph. Wouldn't you!

When the Rain Came Down. Boston Transcript. While the rain came down they stayed In the maple's kindly shade, Leaving from the ferny shore Watched the dappled river-floor Where the raindrops gaily played.

Every leafy mountain glade With the raindrops' rushing rattle, Lowering storm-clouds hovered o'er While the rain came down.

Laughing, careless, man and maid, With the wide umbrella's aid Sheltered from the drops that pour, Love and youth with thoughts long delayed, While the rain came down.

God Did the Best.

Helen Durd Jackson. Mother, I see you with your airy light, Leading your babies, all in white, To their sweet rest; Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night.

And that is best. I cannot help tears when I see them twine Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine

On your warm breast; But the Savior's is purer than yours or mine He can love best.

You tremble each hour because your arms Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms, And sore oppress;

My darlings are sick out of reach of harms, And the best. Mine in God's garden can run to and fro, And that is best.

You know that of your years may have even now Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow Naught can arrest;

Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears, And unconfessed; Mine entered opened on eternal years, O, how much the best.

But grief is selfish; I cannot see Always why I should so stricken be

But I know that, as well as for me, God did the best.

THOMPSON'S OURS.

THE CONFIDENTIAL REPORT. Vanity Fair. Up there between Quetta and Candahar it gets very cold in January—a nasty, biting, blustering cold that nips the liver and shortens the temper; that comes whistling round your mud-hut with a northeast wind from off the snows and cracks the shriveled skin of you like old parchment.

The colonel blew on his fingers, howled for fresh wood to be piled upon the fire, and fell to the contemplation of his thumb, which was frost-bitten.

Before him upon the table lay the loathsome sheets of foolscap known as "The Annual Confidential Reports." Some of these were already filled in, some blanks as yet. Each was headed by the name of an officer, and fringed by the impertinent personal riddles set yearly for commandants to answer.

Now, even when forced to look from the point of view of disapproval upon any one of his "Boys," this honorable, kindly English gentleman held the system of confidential disparagement in horror. But really this morning, what with the cold and the maggots in the rice which had put him off his breakfast, and the extraordinary delay in the mail letters, he felt inclined to damn every man-jack of them, himself included.

With a roaring blizzard searching your bones and a suspicion of fever in your blood, and nothing decent to eat, you don't feel like certifying that every under your command is remarkable for all qualities that go to make saints upon earth.

Anyhow, the colonel did not feel like it. He began turning over the sheets with that sickly, languid feeling of revolt with which monotony in its unpleasant forms is apt to inspire one after long years of patient grudge. He hated these grim skeleton sketches in black and white. It was always the same thing—the same weary struggle to combine strict truth with fair words; to put "Yes" where it ought to be "No," and "No" where it ought to be "Yes."

For were they indeed—all three youths—zealous in well-meaning, all talented, all faithful, all of equanimity temper? Had they every one of them been endowed from their cradles with unnatural sagacity and aptitude for command? Were they, in short, ready-made generals from the moment they entered the service? Alas, no! The colonel's eyes wandered to his crippled thumb again and then back to the sheets under his other hand, and presently fell upon a certain name heading one of them.

It was the name of the authorities in his heart for a pack of fools, and sighed. It was Thompson—Lieutenant William Thompson—known by the name of "Billy."

The colonel took it in his hand and signed again. There was no one, or hardly one, of those out-and-dried questions that could be answered gracefully, yet conscientiously, as regarded this young man. "I could describe him in three words," he murmured to himself: "harum-scarum young devil."

Then, for he liked the lad, he began to wonder how on earth he was to fill up that report. He was a keen soldier himself, and if truth be told, had a parcel of the type so much to be desired in those frontier posts. He would rather have such with him in the field than some other for whom perchance more could be said on paper. Of such he knew was the kingdom of heroes.

The gloomiest of the nearest tragedies came crowding into the old soldier's mind as he sat fingering that infernal paper. Did any of these harsh moral photographs of them, with "Yeses" and "Nos" in the most unbecoming places, lie rotting still in the adjutant general's office?

"We're bringing in James all right, sir," answered Billy in answer to the colonel's questioning gesture. "But we had a fight—Ghazis, this side Khamaz. Hamerton's badly wounded. I've come on for the doctor, his only chance. The black fellow bolted when he was looking after James. Can the doctor go at once, sir? This Sowar wants a fresh horse, that's all."

"I shall be under way in ten minutes," he said. "Look here, sir, I'm a fellow you've had about enough of, home and turn in." He was struck by the look of agony and mental strain on the boy's face.

After that the colonel got very few words out of him. He saw that the young fellow was done up, and questioned him little. His mouth was parched, so that he could with difficulty articulate. His strong young figure was bowed over the horse's neck. As they were nearing camp the doctor with his escort rode out, and called back some cheering words to him. Five minutes later they were out of sight.

Once within camp limits the colonel dismounted, giving his horse over to a sycamore, walked beside the young officer's horse with his hand on its neck. Several fellows came up with greetings and congratulations.

"Come straight to mess and have something to drink before you tell us anything," said the colonel, taking hold of the horse's bridle as he rode. At the same moment he felt it slacken within his grasp, and looking up he saw that Billy was reeling in his saddle, and that his lips were bloodless.

"I think I'm done," he muttered feebly and fell sideways off his horse into the colonel's arms.

"They carried him over to the mess and began taking off his military great-coat. Then something made him open his eyes, and his face took a little brave distorted smile.

"Hold hard," he gasped; "I think I've got a bullet somewhere, and—my arm's smashed."

"Why, damn it!" growled the colonel, laying him gently down, and looking round upon the circle of horror-stricken faces. "The fellow's not dead, he's not dead, he's not dead!"

It was some weeks before Major Hamerton was able to tell the story of Lieutenant Thompson's death. The grand old soldier had been wounded and fever from over-exertion and the long time that had of necessity elapsed before skilled care could be bestowed upon it, and for weeks it was feared it would go hard with Billy.

But in the end the "harum-scarum young devil" got well, and the colonel had the pleasure of sending up a "confidential report" of a very superior kind, together with a beautiful O. C. O., which had resulted in the bestowal of the much-coveted Victoria cross upon Lieutenant William Thompson of Ours.

A Collection of Don'ts for Girls. Doll's Dictionary: Don't—all talk at once. Don't—eat anything to save it. Don't—be afraid to do right. Don't—ask your mother to wait upon you. Don't—drink ice water while you are very warm.

Don't—be impatient with your little brothers and sisters. Don't—judge your playmates by the clothes they wear. Don't—forget that wry faces make you unlovable. Don't—forget that kind words cost nothing. Don't—tense for what has been wisely refused you. Don't—drink tea or coffee before you are twenty years old.

DOGDAY DELIGHTS.

Accommodating. Columbus Post: "Mistah Johnson," said one colored gentleman, who carried a glass pitcher to another, at Chestnut and Third last night, "I would like to have ye come ova and spend de evenin'."

"Mistah Black, ye mus' excuse me. I has a very impawtant engagement this yer present ebenin'."

"Pshaw, ye kin spend an hour with me." "Deed I can't, Mistah Black, I mus' go."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mistah Johnson, I see just goin' down to get a full half-gallon of beer."

"Deed ye goin' to git a full half-gallon?" "Sure I am."

"What time is it, about now?" "Eight o'clock."

"Well, I see why it's so potent 'gament, but—that is why it's potent—I well, Mistah Black, I see goin' home right long o' you."

And he went.

A Personal Reflection. Epoch: "Miss Hilde didn't sing today," remarked a friend to the leader of the choir of the Church of the Odeferatory.

"No, she's resigned."

"What she had a good place. What was the trouble?"

"She was offended about the selection of an organ which she said to be out of tune, and vowed she'd resign sooner than sing it and she did."

"That's odd. What was the anthem?" "The organ, 'I have been young and now am old.'"

Save it! Save it! Philadelphia Times: "Well, but Maud!" The absent-minded youth was interrupted by the horse-stricken girl.

"My name is not Maud!" "The situation was desperate, yet fortune did not desert him."

"But, my darling Louise, what am I coming around for if it is not to eventually change your name?"

She thought, of course, he had prearranged the joke and she thus was saved.

One of the Lawyer. Galesville Eagle: An old man was on the witness stand and was being cross-examined by the lawyer.

"You say you are a doctor, sir?" "No, sir, yes, sir."

"What kind of a doctor?" "I make 'timents, sir. I make 'timents.'"

"What's your outfit good for?" "It's good to rub on the head to strengthen the mind."

"What effect would it have if you were to rub some of it on my head?" "None at all, sir, none at all. We must have something to start with."

Asserting His Rights. Chicago Tribune: "That's exactly what I came here for this evening, Miss Mildred."

"The young man laid aside his hat, cane, and gloves."

"That's exactly what I came for," he repeated, possessing himself of her hand. "I want you for my wife."

"You must have saved yourself the trouble, Mr. Fairbairn," exclaimed the girl, taking her hand away. "I shall never marry you."

"Another word of back-talk like that," said the young baseball umpire, quietly but firmly passing his arm about her waist and pulling her down on his shoulder, "will cost you \$25."

He Took My Hand. New York Herald. He took my hand, I dropped my eyes—Women are timid, men are wise—I dare not lift them to his own.

"Your heart," he whispered, soft the tone Of murmured question, low replies; Around the circle time still lies.

"I was years ago—I've wiser grown— He took my hand."

I lost my heart, but why these sighs? Love came to me in other guise; And I dare not lift them to his own.

"And he—played the game alone; I was eucure, and to win the prize He took my hand."

Living and Learning. Somerville Journal: "How do you pronounce it, 'dapo' or 'depo'?" asked Miss Wabash.

"I usually pronounce it 'railway station,'" replied Miss Beaconstreet, calmly, and Miss Wabash seeks for information no more.

A Thorough Understanding. Life: "He is understood that this is a merely a summer flirtation. She—Of course.

He—Everything is to be returned when we break. She—Everything. He—Good. I think we may with safety take a moonlight stroll. Will you take my arm?"

MEMORIAL.

Goethe's love-letters to a single one of his lady loves are valued at \$67,000.

General James A. Singleton, the friend of General Grant, died at Quincy, Ill., Douglas, is living in retirement at Quincy, Ill.

The boots worn by Daniel Webster are on exhibition in a Concord storehouse. No one in New Hampshire has been able to fill them.

Madama, the present king of Sogon, was once a telegraph operator. He simply touched the brass button and fate did the rest.

A statue of General Logan, designed by St. Gaudens, and to cost \$50,000, is to be placed at the entrance of Jackson park, Chicago.

Though not a fast man, Mr. Russell Sage is fond of fast horses. On Long Island he drives a span which he thinks can make 30 miles with his regular team.

Stanley is reported to have made \$181,000 with his American tour. One-half of this sum came from his book and the other half from his lectures.

Mr. Smook, of Indianapolis, has been the leader of one church choir for twenty-one years, and has never had a quarrel among his singers since the year 1870.

General Frank Marshall, the first governor Kansas ever had, has become a "promoter" in his old age. He is now seventy-five, and is well known to New York investors.

Ex-Senator Ingalls is going abroad with W. A. Croft's autumn party, to go through Europe to Greece, Jerusalem, and Egypt. He will be in the country about 22 and return in about three months.

Prof. M. W. Harrington, the new chief of the weather bureau, who descended from the weather bureau of Vermont, was born in 1845, near Sagamore, Illinois. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1868.

Justice Henry W. Blodgett of the United States district court is entitled to retire from the bench and enjoy his present salary—\$5,000 a year—for the remainder of his life. His biological life is the pasture, New York city, and having served on the United States district bench for twenty years.

Four years ago W. R. Lee was driving an express wagon in the medical school, New York city; one year ago he graduated and went as a missionary to Siam, and now at the age of twenty-eight he is made royal doctor to the king of Siam.

Ex-Senator Edmunds is very domestic in his tastes, and one of his greatest pleasures is a daily household work. He comes up with his daughter. He keeps several carriages, but the vehicle he uses the most is an old express wagon that has been hammered for years.

The inventory of General Sherman's property now to be found in St. Louis, Mo., made includes only two pieces of real estate, one of which is the farm near the city, and the other presented to him in 1855 by the people of that city, and occupied by him as a home for several years. It was at that time valued at \$3,000.

Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific coast, commenced life as a clerk in a bookstore. His attention was drawn to history by the fact that he was a clerk in a bookstore, and he was a clerk in a bookstore.

The house in which Bishop Huntington of Central New York, is summing up at Hadley, Mass., was built by his son, who died in 1754. As the bishop strode about the lawn and garden he polios with no little pride in his herd of spotted Jersey cattle and the younger animals in the pasture.

Two fine St. Bernard dogs almost invariably accompany their master on his walks.

A Boston reporter who recently saw Mr. Cleveland at Buzzard's Bay says the expressional looks as if he had spent many a day on the salt water. The surfs has browned his face to a healthy tan, and he has a neck down below his coat collar. He is not uncomfortably stout, and has visibly lost flesh since he began cruise about on the bay.

He has bought the fish scarer this year, thus usual, but has made some good catches of bass and bluefish.

Postscript. Little Elsie—Oh, mamma, look at the somersault which Paul is turning. May I join him?

Mamma—No, dear; it is not becoming to young ladies to turn somersaults.

Elsie—Then I will wait till I am grown up.

The Baby Protests. Epoch. When papa passed his checkbook in, the doctor with his escort rode out, and called back some cheering words to him. Five minutes later they were out of sight.

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STORIES TOLD BY MEN.

NATURE'S DISTILLERY. Editor Cabell of the Oakland (Cal.) Tribune, says the overflow in the Colorado desert isn't much of a wonder. He tells an Examiner reporter this startling tale: "After I had been in the Colorado desert for some time, I was struck by the fact that the water was so pure and sweet, and I was told that it was distilled by nature."

"Can I speak to you alone a moment, Skelchey?" "Yes, on one condition."

"Granted, and that is?" "You don't want to borrow more than \$1."

Wh's the Use. What's the use of growling about the hot weather? Only wait six months and it will be cold enough to freeze your nose off.

Little Ticklers. The Ocean Grove bathers don't care a wrap for the mosquitoes.

What differs from babies in that it is never created until after it gets a beard.

The man that does not believe that two hands are better than one is the father of new inventions.

The pulpit presents a fine field of opportunities for the frog.

It is the counterfeit bill that gets the passing notice.

Look to the seaside resorts for true democracy. There every one is in the swim.

"Do you suppose that Elijah was literally translated, or is the account to be taken figuratively?" "It was a free translation, I think."

A friar, incensed at the potter playing profligately of a brother friar, went so far as to call him a chip-munk.

"We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."

"Well, that's about the worst case of electrocution I ever came across," said the editor as he looked over the garbled telegram.

"I never appear in it, but one," remarked the actor, "the director has the cook show the bread pan into the red-hot oven."

No dime museum manager will ever realize the highest possibilities of his profession until he gets on exhibition a woman who never had a headache or a corn.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF YOUTH. A Bright Idea. Detroit Free Press: The smart speeches of children are always of-hand, and consequently they are always of-hand, and consequently they are always of-hand.

A little girl of this city likes to keep a box of candy for a long time, but as it is usually discovered by the other children she falls to do so. The other day she went to her mother.

"Please give me a piece of camphor-gum, mamma."

"What do you want of it, Elsie?" "To put in my candy to keep the mouths out of it," was the quick reply.

Ella's Lucky Stroke. New York Herald: Little Ella wanted candy, and that is the way she got it.

"Papa, you're going to give me 3 cents, aren't you?" she said.

"Two cents?" "No."

"Then how many cents are you going to give me?" "None."

"Well, I won't take it," with emphasis. After a laugh papa gives her a nickel.

A Surprise. Mrs. M. L. Raine. He found it in his grip one day, Hid softly in its russet case, And wondered much whose picture lay In such a rude, unrefined place.

And was it Katie, Maud or Susie? The handsome drummer looked perplexed; Those flirting girls! Perhaps they knew That he was married—were they vexed?

Then something deep within his breast Owned to a thrill of honest shame; He thought of the girl who had been sweet, And he would not lift them to his own.

He looked. Sweet face with pictured laugh, Bright, fluffly hair in tangled curl, And scrawled across the photograph, In printed letters, "PAPA'S GIRL."

An Imported One. Fun: "I'm going to wear charities, now I'm eight, father," said my youngest on his birthday, yesterday.

"Charities?" I said. "What are they?" "I mean, he replied, touching my netter garments.

"No, trousers—yes! But why call them 'charities'?" "Because they cover a multitude of shins!"

Bessie's Discovery. Currier: "Neddy in 'Wide Awake.' O, mamma, dear, come quick and see!" How Bessie clapped her hands in glee, And pointed where the pine trees high Grew dark against the summer sky.

Straight up the hill, through the shade, A well-worn pathway had been made By children, hurrying home from school, Made gaital-mooning or rule it still led up, lit close to view.

"Mid trees whose tops touched heaven's blue, But to the baby down below, Straight into heaven it seemed to go.

For just a moment Bessie's eyes Were lighted by a glad surprise; Then turning, cried with eager nod, "Come quick! I've found the path to God!"