

A MORNING PRAYER.

Let us to-day do something that shall take a little sadness from the world's vast store.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed, Or thoughtless word, the heart of one of my friends.

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Mrs. Thistlethorn's Girl.

By Helen Whitney Clark.

"I'm dreadfully worried about it," said Mrs. Thistlethorn, as she sat down to peel the potatoes for dinner.

"An' here I am, with my lame back a-gittin' lamer every day, an' no help to be had, fur love nor money."

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Serena, in violent tones.

"I declare fur it I ain't glad, plum to my gizzard," declared Aunt Rodilla, delightedly.

"An' I don't believe my rheumatiz is gittin' better already," she added, slipping out to see about the dinner.

"How Rulers Are Addressed." The simple little "madam" is, as most people know, all that serves between Victoria and her court to mark her dignity as the ruler of a world-wide empire.

"You don't look none to chirk," said Aunt Rodilla, critically scanning the white face of a tall girl before her.

"No," but I have done housework at home, an' I think I could suit you."

"I think so, too," declared Aunt Rodilla, heartily.

"It's Bella—Bella Bittersweet," smiled the girl, looking wonderfully pretty.

"Very well, Bella. I shall be glad of your help, I know. There's heaps o' house-cleaning to do, fur I'm expectin' my brother John home every day, now, to be married."

"I needed one, I think," retorted Mrs. Thistlethorn, abruptly.

"You won't have the trouble long, then," observed Miss Saxon, complacently.

"John's a-comin'!" cried Aunt Rodilla, rushing through the hall, Miss

Serena tripping closely at her heels. John greeted his sister affectionately before addressing his intended bride.

"Of course not! I ain't the kind to change my mind after I say a thing," she retorted, significantly.

John looked resigned, as if he had made up his mind for the sacrifice; but his handsome face looked troubled and downcast.

Aunt Rodilla seized a moment to bounce out to the kitchen, as a relief to her indignation.

"Bella," she commanded, abruptly, "bring in a glass of cherry wine. Brother John looks like he needed a little stimulation of some sort."

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Probably no young woman ever reformed a man by laboring with him. The most effective way for young women to reform men that need it is to leave them alone.

If the census estimate of \$90,000,000,000 as the total wealth of the United States in 1900 is correct, this nation is worth more than twice as much as it was in 1880.

Alfred Austin, the English poet laureate, has written a poem on the conclusion of the Boer war in which he says England "mustered virtue strong and sped her war-shares through the waters white."

Postal rates between Switzerland and both Germany and Austria-Hungary have lately been reduced.

A physician of Montclair, N. J., stopped in front of a residence in the town, on a recent evening, and while he was paying his call somebody stole his automobile and rode away in it.

People interested in animals who bewail the heartlessness of those who go in the country and leave cats to starve in the city seldom think of the animals which are left in the country by summer people when they go home.

Some local poet has already begun a lyric dedicated to the datto, the first four irrelevant verses running thus: "I'm the Datto Tantung of Bongao, And I rule in the South, South Sea; I don't give a blame for any blameman Who don't give a blame for me."

A recent special dispatch from London gives the following serious story: It has been discovered that London's "two-penny tube," as the new underground electric railway is called, confers another benefit besides transit.

The emaciated and debilitated are now resorting to it as a means of restoring lost appetite. This strange suggestion was first made by a gentleman who avers he had suffered from loss of appetite for eighteen months, but who, the first day he traveled in the "two-penny tube," reached home ravenous, and has maintained an appetite ever since by the taking of a journey every two or three days.

Modern highwaymen on the iron roads of the West are not entirely immune as might be conjectured from recurring reports of successful "hold ups." They run the same risks of brave resistance and fatal retaliation to which the Duvals and Sheppards of Hampstead Heath were occasionally subjected more than a century ago.

As was shown in a recent attempt on an express train near Council Bluffs, Iowa, a bold express messenger, with a Wipe-master rifle, may provide at once security and vengeance for property and passengers on the menaced train. With high power rifles handy to the reach of train hands the train robber's vocation becomes distinctly extra-hazardous.

A young woman committed suicide in New York City the other day, and her reason for so doing, as explained by her relatives, was that she worried because she was plain and nobody asked her to marry.

The resident surgeon at the Lady Havelock is a qualified Dutch burgher—the first, and so far the only, woman who has studied and taken her degree in Ceylon.

The native women are pleasant and tractable patients. Nightgowns are garments unknown to natives of Ceylon, and it is curious to see patients in bed with lengths of linen rolled around them, these doing duty as robes de nuit.

NAMES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Speaking of queer names and nomenclature, there is probably no other country in the world that affords such a wide range and as great variety as the Philippine Islands.

Then the Spaniards, to give a little touch of variety, named some of their towns after Spanish heroes and historical personages.

Of the native names there are many that are beautiful and euphonious, and there are also many that are harsh and ugly.

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A storm in the tropics. The sun disappeared behind a mountainous mass of leaden-colored clouds which rose rapidly in the southern and western quarters, says J. Taylor Ward in the Atlantic.

The avalanche cooled us, reducing the temperature ten or fifteen degrees, giving us new life, and relieving our fevered blood. I told Mr. Block to throw back the tarpaulin over the main hatch and let our dusky friends get some benefit of it.

White Mountain Forests in Danger. A "boa constrictor," "the very worst trust in the world," or "vampire"—these are hard names, but even such terms fail to express the character of the enterprise which is denuding the mountains of New Hampshire, and bringing ruin and desolation upon them.

On the plains it is a dead level. In the mountains it has its ups and downs. On an isthmus it is neck or nothing. On an island it has its limits. But at sea it is all over with you.—Harlem Life.

It is not an uncommon sight to see the Chinese soldier with a fan and an umbrella strapped across his back.

NEW STYLES OF FEATHERS.

The demand for feathers for millinery purposes has caused an inventor to experiment in this field, and he has succeeded so well that many of our most fashionable bird plumes and feathers are artificially manufactured.

Various other expensive feathers and plumes are manufactured out of silk and cotton waste, and inventors are constantly devising new methods by which they can supply the demands of fashion at a little cost to the public and at a great profit to the manufacturers.

There has been an unexpected demand for the feathers of chickens, ducks and geese this year. Farmers have really found that their poultry was profitable. Some of the special breeds of farmyard ducks and geese have remarkably beautiful feathers, shimmering with gold, green and blue, and tinged with a metallic lustre of unusual beauty.

A remarkable machine is in use for plucking the feathers from dead poultry, and by its use the feather industry has been greatly simplified and expanded.

There is such a cloak that is said to be valued by the authorities at \$1,000,000. It was made of the feathers of an extinct bird for one of the old Kings of the Hawaiian Islands, and contains probably several million feathers.—New York Times.

Words of Wisdom. The beautiful can never die.—Kingsley.

Knowledge is the eye of the soul.—T. Watson.

Every man stamps his value on himself.—Schiller.

Gratitude is the music of the heart.—Robert South.

We get out of nature what we carry to her.—Hagar.

Genius is nothing but labor and diligence.—Hogarth.

Cheerfulness is the best promoter of health.—Addison.

Have an aim in life, or your energies will be wasted.—M. C. Peters.

No capital earns such interest as personal culture.—Sheridan.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.—Chesterfield.

The education of the will is the object of our existence.—Emerson.

Candor looks with equal fairness at both sides of a subject.—Noah Webster.

Know something of everything and everything of something.—Lord Brougham.

Roll a Pumpkin. The Rev. John Haynes was famous for his pithy sayings. At one time he overheard his daughter and some young friends criticizing certain neighbors more severely than was pleasing to him, whereupon he proceeded to read them a lecture on the sinfulness of scandal.

"But, father," remonstrated his daughter, "we must say something."

"If you can do nothing better," retorted Mr. Haynes, dryly, "get a pumpkin and roll it about. That will be at least an innocent diversion."

Not long afterward a conference of ministers met at his house. During the evening an earnest discussion on certain points of doctrine arose, and from the lofty pitch of some of the voices it seemed as if part of the disputants, at least, were in danger of losing their temper.

At that juncture Mr. Haynes's daughter quietly entered the room, bearing a huge pumpkin. She put it down in front of her father, and said, "There, father, roll it about; roll it about."

Mr. Haynes was called upon for an explanation, and good humor was restored.

A Cynic's View of Life. On the plains it is a dead level. In the mountains it has its ups and downs. On an isthmus it is neck or nothing. On an island it has its limits. But at sea it is all over with you.—Harlem Life.

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