

MY PRAYER.

Oh, that no worthless word might ever rest,
Or even be conceived within my mind;
That by each word to human ear con-
signed,
Glory to God may come—some soul be
blessed.
Oh, that each deed, with holy purpose
dressed,
May somehow sweeten some one's bit-
ter cup,
Or down-cast eyes cause to be lifted up.

Lord let Thy goodness not within me
rest—
In giving of Thy treasures may I shine,
Work Thine own purity within my
heart,
And make it sweet and clean in ev'ry
part,
And white as snow. And when Thou
canst recline
Therein and see Thy face, Oh, keep it
so,
For that's beyond my power while here
below.

THE GIRL FROM KILLARNEY

By EMMA ELLEN GLOSSOP

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

One pleasant summer evening three Irish-American policemen stood talking at the Union station in Chicago. They were all fine types of their kind. Dennis O'Dowd was a strapping fellow six-foot-two, with a broad, red face and a rotundity of person which helped to emphasize his importance. Not that it needed emphasis. Dennis was a brave officer and a good friend, but he was given to bragging, and had an overbearing, self-assertive manner, to which his position lent undue force. His bosom friend was Mike Shannon, whose bristling red mustache and surly figure belied his genial disposition and general good comradeship. The youngest of the three was Tim Murphy. His face was as round and ruddy as a Missouri poppin, and his merry blue eye was so frank and honest that he had won every heart on his beat in six months' time.

Tim was the handsomest, as well as the youngest, man in the squad, and Dennis, though really fond of him, was inclined to be somewhat jealous of his popularity. By and by the talk drifted to the old country and though all were loyal Americans, they were soon betraying the hold which the dear, old mother country still held in their generous hearts. "The Irish gerrils are the prettiest, sweetest and most bewitchin' of their sex!" exclaimed Dennis in a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "and if I ever marry 'twill be a darlin' colleen from the old country, with the freshness of the brogue still on her charmin' tongue."

"Perhaps she'll not have ye, then," remarked Tim slyly. "Shure, boys, and I know the very one ye are speakin' of, me cousin Katie 'ore in Killarney. She was the prettiest bit of a colleen when I left the sod that ever blossomed in Ireland. She's been longin' this mornin' day for a sight of Ameriky."

"And why don't she come over, then?" questioned Dennis with interest. "Shure, it's the old folks that's kept her," said Mike with a sigh. "And now they are both laid away. Heaven rest 'em, she'll be comin' over one of these days and breakin' all ye're hearts."

"If she's the right sort I'll be lovin' her at once," said Dennis. "Pirty, did ye say?" "As a pitcher," answered Mike enthusiastically. "And that kind to the old folks! It's glad I'd be to see her married to a nice man of rale Irish stock."

"Ye couldn't ask for a better," cried Dennis, grandly. "Now, Dennis," protested Tim, "don't ye think ye are a little forward? When pritty Katie comes perhaps she'll want her say, it's now and then that a woman does."

"She'll not object to me!" exclaimed Dennis, proudly. "If she's young and pretty and kind, as ye say, Mike, I'll marry her at once and give her a home."

Just then Dennis was summoned away and Tim laughed heartily. "How would I do for a husband?" asked Tim, trying to suppress his merriment. "You'd do parsin' well, and I'd not object to ye, only it's as Dennis says, ye're chances would not be good with a fine talkin' man like him."

Tim said nothing more, but he smiled thoughtfully at his own handsome face a few minutes afterward when he passed a mirrored window. "Dennis is a good fellow, is Dennis, but he's gettin' onbearably conceited, and he is disarvin' a fine lesson. When the colleen comes I think I'll take a hand."

Not long after this he paid Mike a visit in his home and asked during the

comin' in the spring, I'm thinkin' she's a smart little girl and I intend helpin' her wid passage money. She writes me that she'll soon pay it back.

"That's right, Mike; that's right! If ye do be wantin' fifty dollars now, I'll lend ye the same. It's between us, now!" whispered Tim anxiously.

"It's a good boy ye are, and I'll take the money if ye are sure ye'll not be needin' of the same. Dennis will pay ye back, Tim, when he's married."

"Sure Dennis will; no doubt he will, when he's married," answered Tim, with an emphasis which Mike failed to note.

When Tim finally went away he was humming a mellow Irish air, and he

Tim took a step forward, carried in a snug corner of his memory a name and an address. And so it came about that two letters for the girl in Killarney found their way into the same packet. The first bore the passage money together with a wonderful letter from Mike, in which he hinted of his fine friend the policeman, who might love and marry her if she was deserving, and in the next line told of the generosity of his dear friend Tim, to whom she must be grateful forever.

The second letter was a fairly well written little note introducing the writer and begging for "just one line from the dear Emerald Isle for a poor Irish boy."

With this last was a picture of the handsomest man innocent country-bred Kitty had ever looked upon, dressed in a uniform whose brave buttons set off a figure fine enough to be that of an admiral, while a pair of the kindest Irish eyes looked out, straight out, and captivated Katie's simple heart in that first short, delightful, bewildering minute.

Six weeks afterward a goodly number of policemen were assembled at the Union station when a certain train came in. It had been noised about that Dennis' sweetheart was coming and that she would certainly make the prettiest bride in the city.

Dennis and Mike were both there, standing together, while Tim, with his jolliest laugh and happiest story, was holding the others not far from the entrance, when there came through the gateway a slender, graceful little figure in a quaint, outlandish petti coat, with an anxious timidity in her hurried glance, and a tired, childish droop to the prettiest, most appealing face Tim had ever seen.

Mike was uncertain for a moment, she had grown so much, and while he hesitated she saw Tim, her ideal, her hero, the same dear face which lay secreted in her bodice. The journey had been long, and not a familiar face had she seen. Her heart was hungry for the friendly light in a kindly Irish eye. Tim took a step forward, and she put out her hands and began to sob.

That was enough for Tim's soft heart. He took her protectingly in his arms and kissed the quivering, childish lips.

"This is my promiscuous wife," he said simply, turning towards the amazed company. "Mike, haven't you a welcome for her, too?"

Complicated Golf Scoring. "I was playing golf against a friend the other day, and after a magnificent drive was astounded to see a cow swallow my ball.

"However, I succeeded in driving the cow on to the green, and with many whacks made her disgorge my ball close to the hole. I then holed out with the next stroke, as I had come in in two strokes—a drive and a putt."

"No," said my friend, "you took 15."

"How do you make that out?" I replied.

"Why," said he, "you hit the cow with your cleek 13 times, which, with your drive and putt, makes 15."—London Globe.

The love of some women is about as refreshing as a marble slab in a morgue.

There's more joy in paydirt than in refined gold.

"She's all ye said of her, Mike," evening if he "might see the face of Dennis' future bride, seein' it's all settled."

He stood for some moments with the poor little picture of a really handsome Irish girl in his hand. "She's all ye said of her, Mike, and more," he remarked thoughtfully, "and Dennis is a very lucky man. 'Dye have any idea when she'll be comin'?"

"Nay, Tim, and I don't. She'll be

THE FIRST ICE CREAM.

Experiences of Early Experiments With a Delicacy Now Common. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton had the first ice cream in the city of Washington. She used to tell with amusement of the delight with which President Andrew Jackson first tasted it.

Guests at the next White House reception were treated to the frozen mystery, and great was the fun of the initiated when they saw the reluctance of others to taste the cold stuff.

Those from the rural districts especially first eyed it suspiciously, their melted each spoonful with the breath before swallowing it. The next time they had a chance they ate it with delight.

The late Senator John M. Palmer used to tell about the first time ice cream was served in Springfield, the capital of Illinois. At an evening party it was passed around in small saucers.

In the process of freezing the hostess had got a little salt in the cream, and as no one had tasted it before, it was thought to be the proper flavor. An old statesman, when asked how he liked the dish, said:

"I'd like it better if it were either sweet or salty, but I don't think the mixture is very appetizing."

Imagine the feelings of the poor hostess when she discovered that her much-vaunted new dessert had been full of salt, and no one knew enough to tell her of the accident.

CREMATION GROWS IN FAVOR. Many Prefer This Method of Disposal of the Dead. Germany possesses seven crematories, the total number of cremations performed at each during the year 1901 being 693. In Great Britain there are seven crematories, in which, during the year 1901, 446 persons were cremated. Italy possesses twenty-two crematories, but statistics as to the number of persons upon whom cremation was performed in 1901 is lacking in some of these. There are three crematories in Switzerland, at one of which 127 cremations were performed in 1901. Sweden possesses two and Denmark one. In Austria-Hungary societies for the promotion of cremation continue to be formed, but the practice of cremation has not yet been legalized. In Madrid the right of cremation has been conferred by a royal decree, while even in Russia the government proposes to issue a decree in favor of making cremation optional. In France a large crematorium is situated in the far-famed cemetery of Paris, Pere la Chaise, in which, since its opening, 2,299 bodies have been cremated. In the United States are twenty-six crematories, twenty-four of which are in operation. A larger number of persons are cremated yearly in the United States than in any other country. In Canada cremation is practically unknown as yet, the only crematorium in the country being one at Montreal.

IF YOU WOULD ADDRESS. Address me not where but till light I halt my camel for the night; Where on the desert, sandstorm swept, Unsheltered from the blast I slept.

Beyond, a golden city waits, And nearer swings the distant gates, Inside of which are rest and calm: And crystal springs and groves of palm.

As o'er the warm and dusty road My patient camel on I goad, We sometimes see oases green; But wastes of desert lie between.

The well at which I kneel to drink My parched lips mock with bitter brink; The tree beneath whose shade I'd lie Is leafless, and its boughs are dry.

Sometimes fair cities seem to rise With minarets that pierce the skies; I urge my camel on with blows— They sink in sand from which they rose.

But these white walls that now I see Mirage and mockery can not be; Upon the air a music swells: That draws the sound of camel bells, Hunger and Thirst, what are ye now?

I see the palm tree's laden bough; I hear cool fountains splash in gullies; The gates that open swing and wide— Quite wide enough for me—and too, I think, to let my camel through; Though still outside the gates I plod, Address me, "Pilgrim—care of God."

—Charles Henry Webb.

School for Cats. This school does not exist in fairyland, but in the midst of the city of Paris.

Prof. Bonnetty is very fond of cats and has started a school for them.

His pupils are generally stray cats that no one wants. He takes them, keeps them in a large room, and feeds them well.

He does not immediately begin to teach them, but washes them to form some idea of their character.

He feeds them on bread and milk and liver. It is surprising to see how the most miserable, starved-looking cat under his good treatment turns into a beautiful, sleek pussy fit for any lady's drawing room.

These cats are taught to jump through hoops, over chairs, climb ropes, etc. All these lessons are taught by kindness. Prof. Bonnetty never has to punish his pupils. He depends on their affection and can do with them what he likes.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Privilege of 'Possum. A Georgia dandy, arrested for stealing a 'possum from a white man, said to the judge:

"I don't count it no stealin' 'tall, yo' honner, kase de 'possum wuz raise fer de nigger, des lak de mule wuz. Let de white man take de turkey, en leave de 'possum fer de nigger, is what I says!"

"But," said the judge, "the negro frequently takes the turkey, too."

"Not dis season, suh," was the quick reply. "Dey roostin' too high!"

JEST and JOILITY

The Gentler Sex.

Miss De Style—Were you to that bargain sale yesterday?
Miss Gunbusta—I was, but I had an awful job bucking the center.
Miss De Style—I went around the end, but was stopped by a big stout lady.
Miss Gunbusta—The line weakened, though, and I broke through very easily.
Miss De Style—After hard pushing, I rushed to goal. It was a great touchdown, wasn't it, from 19 to 14 cents a yard?
Miss Gunbusta—Yes; ta, ta.
Miss De Style—Rah, rah.

Easily Satisfied. Primus—Although you are a millionaire my love is so great, sir, that it emboldens a poor man like myself to seek a daughter of yours in marriage.
Secundus—Which of the girls is it, young man?
Primus—Any one of the three, sir.

LEFT A CARD BEHIND.



Detective—When did you first miss your watch?
Victim—In Casey's saloon. When I felt for my watch I found only a fried onion in my pocket.

Cure for Overwork.

Physician—Overwork is the cause of your trouble, sir.
Patient—But I can't stop these times. Our business requires constant attention, and I must have an income, you know.
Physician—True. Make over your interests in the firm to a stouter man and then get a job on a salary.

Intellectual.

"Just fahncy, Wegnald; I've forgotten ma cahrd case."
"Nevah mind, deah boy; I'll lend you some of mine."
"But—ah—the name would be different, you know."
"Bah Jove, so it would! What a head you have, Algy!"

Not a Safe Sort.

She—No, I like you very much, indeed, but I can never marry a spendthrift.
He—How do you know I am a spendthrift?
She—By the way you have been wasting money on me.—New York Weekly.

Wouldn't Go Too Far.

Wife—"Bob, dear, what would you do if I should die?"
Husband—"Don't say such things. Why, I should be quite desperate."
Wife—"But you would marry again?"
Husband—"Oh, dear, no! I don't think I should be as desperate as all that."

OF CO URSE.



Lawyer Duun—Your Honor, I respectfully ask you to remove that last juror. He is deaf in one ear.
Judge Knox—What difference does that make?
Lawyer Duun—He can't hear both sides.

Willing to Work.

"Although I hate work," mused Idle Tim, "der is one job I wouldn't mind takin'."
"What job is dat?" queried Dusty Den.
"Why, colorin' meerschaum pipes."

The Power of Flattery.

Patent Medicine Proprietor—How can we get everybody to buy our Regulator?
Experienced Advertising Man—Advertise that it is indispensable to brain workers.—Somerville Journal.

A WISE PASSENGER.



Conductor (after the railroad collision)—Are you much hurt?
Passenger (very foxy)—I can't tell until I see my lawyer.

Won by a Faint Heart.

"I can never marry you," said the beautiful blonde.
"But," pleaded the wealthy old man, "won't you make my life happy for the few short years I will be here? I am troubled with a weak and faint heart."
"In that case I accept you."
And yet they say faint heart never won fair lady.

Not a Complaint.

Upgardson—I hear there is some complaint that the continual dampness is rendering many pianos useless.
Atom—I have heard of its ruining a great many pianos, but I haven't heard any complaints about it.

Thanks to Her, No Doubt.

"She says she believes in evolution."
"On what grounds?"
"Well, she married a dude, and he has turned into a real sensible husband."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

BEHIND THE SCENES.



First Chorus Girl—I did a good thing to-day.
Second Chorus Girl—What's his name?

An Exciting Game.

"Dat were a very excitin' jackpot I won las' night on a bluff," said Mr. Erastus Pinky as he tilted his cigar and dropped his hat over his eye.
"Did you raise de opener?" asked Mr. James Colliflower.
"No, suh; I opened a razor."

Prevented a Lot of Wrangling.

"How did you come to select Olive as a name for your baby?"
"Well, you see my wife's father objected to our marriage, and when the little one came he forgave us, so we thought it no more than right to let her have proper credit."

Laying in the Winter Coal.

Lady—It is a wonder you are not disgusted with the cheap beds in the lodging houses.
Tramp—I am, mum; dat is why I slept on a very costly bed last night.
Lady—Costly?
Tramp—Yes, mum; I slept on a ton of hard coal.

A New Suit in Prospect.

"All my best gowns were destroyed in that railway wreck."
"And didn't the company give you any redress?"

A Populer Belief.

"Why didn't Mr. Morgan stay at home when Mr. Baer wanted to confer with him, in place of going out to sea?"
"Oh, he was at home all right enough. That's his ocean, you know."

Memory.

"A granite tablet," remarked the moralizer, "is a splendid thing to perpetuate one's memory."
"Yes," replied the demoralizer, "but personally I prefer a string around my finger."—Chicago News.