

THE BABY'S PRAYER.

She knelt with her sweet hands folded; Her fair little head bowed low; While dead vines tapped at the window...

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

It was on the eve of the battle of Solferino. The French regiments, which had arrived from Milan during the day, by long and dusty roads, under a broiling sun...

A PAINFUL STORY.

From Good Cheer. 'Twas in ye pleasant idlen time, Oh, many years ago, When bustling beauty and singing school Were all the fun, you know.

SONG AND GUITAR.

He sang of the wild winds and the tree, The sky and flying cloud, He touched the guitar and flung a strain From its vital sweet and loud.

The singing school in Tarrytown— A quaint old town in Maine— Was wisely taught and grandly led By a young man named Paine.

A gallant gentleman was Paine, Who liked the ladies well; But best he liked Miss Patience White, As all his school could tell.

Octavia Hill and Her Work.

I went one day to see Miss Octavia Hill, and I learned something of her work from herself (and her books), and something of herself from her friends.

ROSES FROM THE TALMUD.

Stories in Which Rabbinical and Others Have Rejoiced for Ages—Flowers Whose Fragrance is for All Time.

The Talmud—that vast and comprehensive encyclopedia of rabbinical law and legend, decision and interpretation, wit and wisdom, embracing the views and principles of a thousand rabbis stretching over nearly a thousand years—can aptly be compared with a garden.

A prince once distributed costly garments among his slaves. The wise one kept them carefully, but the foolish were theirs even on workdays. Suddenly the prince summoned his slaves in his presence, and said: "I wish to see again the clothes which I gave you."

My DEAR OLD FRIEND: You know that I am still at the Military hospital here, and I shall remain until our wounded are removed. They brought in the other day several marauders caught by our men rifling the dead, and on some of them who tried to escape, they fired. Among them was an old Bohemian soldier named Lucian.

After a host of adventures which I shall tell you later on, poverty compelled her to abandon the child at Vienna. She left it to a clergyman's hand, where she was lodged.

Mrs. St. Paul, who represented himself to be a noble knight, was well educated and plausible in address. It was not long before he was installed as the beau of the settlement. Rumors began to circulate that he was passing under an assumed name.

Several years ago there appeared in Sewell's settlement in Franklin county a young man, G. W. St. Paul, who represented himself to be a noble knight. He was well educated and plausible in address.

He glanced from his dark eyes blue and deep, And turned him half away, And sang of the woods and echoing wolf, And dash of cataract's spray.

He swept the strings and turned and went, And stopped and looked aside, And sang of the soft night and the moon, And eagle's hurling ride.

The maiden listened and paled and looked, And listened, looked and loved; He sang of his fair love like the spring— And won her, as he loved.

Oh, the wild woodsman has won his bride, He strums the sweet guitar; While meteors fall across the night! They're roaming on the sea!

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATROFF, in the Manhattan for April.

By JENNY JUNE. The gigantic eggs of the ostrich are the novelty for the coming Easter in one of the Japanese art stores, some exquisitely carved, others decorated with gold lacquer, and balanced in pretty paper mache stands.

There is a germ theory of disease. It is the germ theory. It is the germ theory. It is the germ theory. It is the germ theory. It is the germ theory. It is the germ theory.

Why Darwin Did Not Care for Poetry and Religion. I have heard it said that the sagacious and admirable naturalist whom we lost not long ago, Mr. Darwin, once owned to a friend that for his part he did not experience the necessity for two things which most men find so necessary to them—poetry and religion.

Women are honest. Although hundreds of women hold positions of financial trust in the country, we have yet to hear of them being guilty of embezzlement or defalcation. The evidence clearly sustains the positions of those who believe that women are qualified—morally, physically and intellectually—for the handling of money in stores or in banks.

Edwin Booth's Every-day Appearance. Of sorrow, trials and disappointments, Mr. Booth has had his share. Has his not been a life free from the shadow of affliction nor has he been able through the aid of a cold and serene philosophy to reach.

Instead of this he has suffered as all fine temperaments and sensitive natures suffer. But amid all his trials he has proved himself a man, and the discipline of sorrow has so sweetened and purified his nature that even in his daily life and social contact he seems the ideal Hamlet.

TRIFLES.

A Louisville lady has sued for divorce, asserting that her husband has not done any work for fourteen years. There are some women who want a man to be on the keen jump all the time.—Courier-Journal.

The "Sweet Singer of Michigan" has made "Oscar Wilder" rhyme with "foster child." This is a little more creditable than her attempt to rhyme "consanguinity" with "law's a massy," but not much.—Bismarck Tribune.

In analyzing the wells used for drinking water in New Hampshire, it was found that ninety-five per cent. of them were polluted. We didn't suppose that there were so many desirable summer resorts in that state.—Northwestern Herald.

The vigilantes out in Arizona hanged a man the other day because he was a confirmed liar. Good gracious! If it gets to be the rule to hang liars, no use of us—that is to say, there are a great many men who will be in danger.—Texas Siftings.

An American poet has written some verses entitled "An Angel in the House." No doubt he thinks so now, but let him wait three or four years, and see if he doesn't make a mental revision of that poem.—Burlington Free Press.

A Toronto blacksmith advertised for a helper who "must be as quick as lightning." The first man who applied for the situation carelessly picked up a hot horseshoe and the blacksmith hired him at once.—Dixie's Traveller's Magazine.

"It is said that El Mahdi allows nobody to approach him who does not come on all fours." It may be inferred from this that he would treat the American hog with a little more respect than is shown by Prince Bismarck.—Northwestern Herald.

Mrs. O'Loone—Faith, it's wonderful what since then dumb bastes have. It's their chafe it skips off with as big as loffe. Next time I'll be after putting the chafe inside of their trap, where he can't get it at all!—Pack.

We learn from a reliable exchange that the wealth of the United States is \$72 for each person. We wish the fellow who has \$71.85 belonging to us would fetch it in before he goes too old to enjoy wealth.—Middleton Transcript.

The Philadelphia Times says that Governor Robinson is not setting Massachusetts on fire. This is probably meant for sarcasm; but we would inform the Times that Massachusetts has had enough of incendiary governors.—Lowell Citizen.

Annals of a quiet watering place. Lady visitor—Oh, that is your vicar, is it? What sort of a vicar is he? Lady resident—Oh, well, middling; high church during the season, you know, and low all the rest of the year.—London Punch.

"So Mrs. Jones' brother is dead," said Gossip No. 1 to Gossip No. 2. "So I hear." "Will she go into mourning?" "How is that?" "Why, you see it is only her half brother."—Marathon Independent.

"I tell you Bill, no girl can fool me. If I call on a girl and she doesn't say much and acts like she wants me to leave, and don't shake hands with me when I leave, and don't ask me to call again, it's very seldom I ever call back to see her."—Kentucky State Journal.

Little Nell—"Mamma, what is color blind?" Mamma—"Inability to tell the one color from another, dear." Little Nell—"Then I guess the man that made my geography is color blind."—Mamma—"And why, pet?" Little Nell—"Tause he's got Greenland painted yellow."—Philadelphia Call.

"If I don't marry me," he exclaimed, "I'll take myself out of this hated world and I'll haunt you as long as you live!" Said she: "It will be more respectable than your present habits. Please stand a little farther off. I never could bear the smell of alcohol so soon after tea."—Boston Transcript.

A woman who invaded West Bend, Wis., and claimed to be the proprietor of the town and the whole county, was declared to be crazy, and taken care of by the town officials. This furnished a precedent for locking up the railroad men who labor under the delusion that they own the earth.—Boston Globe.

A distinguished analyst has been making a chemical examination of the water of the body well of Zem-Zem, at Mecca, and has discovered it to be full of the worst kind of impurities. When this fact becomes generally known certain Americans will stop drinking the waters at Stratoga and go to Mecca. They must have to do so.—Northwestern Herald.

Patient to doctor, who was shaking his head like a barometer—"Is there anything wrong Doctor?" "My friend, I really can't say till after the autopsy." "Client to hatter—"What is the use of the little glass inside your hat?" "To enable you to see if he fits you sir." "Between friends—"Just imagine, my nephew calls me an old rascal." "It was very imprudent, divulging family secrets."—French Fun.

It is said that Frederick the Great never took more than five hours sleep. Therefore, if he retired at 10 P. M. he must have arisen at 3 A. M., and if he arose at 8 A. M. he must have retired at 2 A. M. Now if he retired at 3 every morning he must have been a pretty lively boy and about the greatest Frederick of his time. Now, then, why does not some enterprising dime museum man, armed with these facts, exhibit Frederick the Great's favorite night cap.—Pack.

Dr. Press and Unlucky in Japan. [Correspondence Fall Mail Gazette.] Every one, rich and poor, in Japan takes a dip at least once a day in a caldron of hot water. The rich bathe before dinner and at bed-time. Their whole household dip in the same hot water. A bath, unless at a thermal spring, is only an immersion. Precedence is given to the elders when there are no visitors, then to the young people according to their age, next to the maid servants, and lastly to the women. Prefatory ablutions of feet and hands are performed in basins, and on getting out of the caldron each bathers gashes mouth and throat with cold aromatic water. In very hot weather they all fan each other's bodies to dry them. Modesty does not begin in Japan, where beauty ends. Human beings who are as fat and shapeless as two prosperous quails do not mind being fanned. The nobility never went naked in the streets. But in their castles or shrines and their parks they did and do—formerly to be cool in hot weather and now to economize their European and other garments. Hunchbacks and deformed persons almost everywhere in the Japanese Empire take of natural selection prevail. We came up country whenever there was a road in jinnickas, and when the ground was too rough for wheels we were carried in norimon, a sort of Chinese chair borne by two, three or four men, who are strong as horses. When the ground is flat or down-hill there are two, or one before and two behind. These bearers are mostly disbanded feudal retainers, or soldiers of the Daimios; but they are not allowed to wear their old military costumes or swords, and the attire which they wear is that of a peasant with a drapery of rough paper round their loins and nothing else. It was to prevent sword-wearing and its probable consequences that the Mikado ordered civil servants to don the ridiculous European costume which is imported here in very low quality. In the London hand-me-down stores.