

A PRAYER.

I ask not wealth, but power to take And use the things I have aright. Not years, but wisdom that shall make My life a profit and delight.

FRED'S FOOTBALL SUIT.

It is impossible, Fred! But mother, I've just got to have it. Don't you see, I can't join the Electrics if I can't have the suit, for Jack Hall wants to join, too; but the boys would rather have me than him, because I can play better. But if I can't have a suit, of course they'll take Jack. And I want awfully to play with that team, for they've got all the crack players.

Resume, goosey. Well, resume, then. Don't know. Guess not. I just wish it would, because I guess mamma's working too much. Mrs. Marston was in yesterday afternoon, and the first thing she said was, Why Mrs. Cronover, you're not sick, are you? I never saw you looking so tired and pale. Mama laughed and said she guessed the hot day was 'sponsible. I heard papa, last night, try to get her to have Kitty back, and I guess she works too hard.

Why doesn't she have Kitty back, then? She told papa she couldn't ask her to stay when she didn't know where we'd get the money to pay her. There, sir, that's the very last pod. Fred carried the pan of peas into the kitchen. Mrs. Cronover was working over the stove. Fred stood and watched her. There was plenty of color in her cheeks now, but there was surely a look in her face that he was not used to seeing there—a look that made him ask: What can I do now, mamma?

Can you and Jessie set the table? We can try it. Come on, Jo! Fred furtively watched his mother at dinner. She had lost again the pretty color in her cheeks, and she ate very little. Fred did not have as much appetite for his dinner as usual. During the rest of that day and the days following he tried to help more about the house. He watched his mother, too, but blushed when she caught him looking at her.

face into his wife's gray eyes. What do you say to the boy's scheme, Lucy? It seems to me that that sort of thing is not just the kind of work I want my son to do, for—

Wait, Fred, you go too fast! I would be proud of my son as a janitor, if he swept and dusted well. What I meant was that breathing in so much dust is unhealthy. Ned always wears a sponge tied over his mouth and nose when he sweeps. If you will do that, I won't object to your plan—if your father is willing.

But later in the evening, when his mother and Josephine had gone upstairs and he was busy over his arithmetic, he felt his father's hand laid on his head. My boy, I'm very proud of you to-night he heard his father say. Kitty has not kept your secret, you see. And he turned and left the room, leaving Fred still working at his problems, but with a hot face and a quickly beating heart.

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About King Edward VII.

King Edward VII. of England reigns over about 400,000,000 people, or a quarter of mankind. As Prince of Wales his income was about \$500,000; as King he gets about \$5,000 a day.

How long will the King live? He has never shown the slightest fear of assassination. The insurance companies, however, are rapidly approaching the limit of the risk they will accept on King Edward's life. His expectation, according to insurance tables, is 14.1 years. Allowance for moral hazard, or the chance of assassination, reduces this to ten years.

Big Skin-Grafting Job. A Square Yard of Hide Replaced on an Elephant. Belle's Painful Experience. Fifteen Other Possessors Compelled to Surrender Parts of Their Cuticle to Supply Her.

We have all heard of skin being grafted on to human beings, says a London expert, but of all wonderful surgical achievements that of grafting a square yard of skin on to an injured elephant is certainly the most wonderful on record.

Wholesale Skin Grafting Operation. The specialist decided that a wholesale operation in skin grafting was the only thing that would do the elephant any good, but an elephant's skin is as thick as a plank, so it was not an easy undertaking.

Inaccurate People are Dishonest. It is not safe to trust people who are habitually inaccurate in their work. Even with the best intentions in the world, they become dishonest. Before they are aware of it, their habit of inaccuracy extends to their statements. They do not take pains to be thorough in anything they undertake, even in clearly expressing the truth.

British Surrender to Boers. Fifty of French's Scouts Surrounded and Captured by Theron's Boers. The London war office has received the following dispatch from Lord Kitchener, dated Pretoria, August 16:

How He Loved Her. A negro man went into Mr. E.'s office for the purpose of instituting a divorce suit against his wife. Mr. E.—proceeded to question him as to his grounds for complaint. Noticing that the man's voice failed him, Mr. E.—looked up from his papers and saw that big tears were running down over the cheeks of the applicant for divorce.

The Memory.

One of the most-talked-of people in Britain to-day is a young girl whose whole past life is lost to her. Without any apparent reason, her memory utterly vanished a short time ago, and she can remember neither her family, with which she lives, her name, nor anything that she ever did.

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Laughter and Life.

It may be that some enthusiastic and laborious German statistician has already accumulated figures bearing upon the question of length of life and its relation to the enjoyment thereof; if so, we are unacquainted with his results and yet have a very decided notion that people who enjoy life, cheerful people, are also those to whom longest life is given.

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Circular Insanity.

That the peculiar insanity of the late Frank Howard Collier, the once prominent lawyer of Chicago, resulted from a blow received on the head from supposedly political antagonists several years ago was practically decided Monday by several physicians, who removed his brain for the purpose of a careful examination.

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