## 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.

I ask not that for me the plan Of good and ill be set aside: But that the common lot of man Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep My steps in places green and sweet, Nor find the pathway of the deep A path of safety for my feet.

But pray that when the tempest's breath Shall fiercely sweep my way about I make not shipwreck of my faith In the unfathomed sea of doubt

And that, though it be mine to know How hard the stoniest pillow seems, Good angels still may come and go About the places of my dreams

I do not ask for love below. That friends shall never be estranged: But for the power of loving, so

My heart may keep its youth unchanged Youth, joy, wealth-Fate, I give thee these; Leave faith and hope till life is past; And leave my heart's best impulses Fresh and unfailing to the last.

## 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 Eclectics 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, and I know we shall beat the Carson Hall fellows. And the suits only cost six dollars-shoes and cap and everything.

A look of impatience flashed over Mrs. Cronover's face. She had had a trying day, with many things to worry her, and here was her boy, her right hand man, add-ing another drop to the cup of trials that already seemed full to overflowing. But she waited a moment before replying, and when she spoke there was no sign of impatience in her voice.

Fred, I have said that it is impossible, but since you evidently do not believe it, I will tell you why. You know already that times are so hard that there has been no work in your father's office for the past three months, and no signs of anything better ahead. But we have not told you of the last misfortune—indeed, I have only known it myself for two or three hours. She paused. Fred gasped, What, mother! vaguely alarmed at the seriousness of

The Second National Bank, in which was all the money we were depending on to carry us through the hard times, has suspended payment. It may resume some time, but meanwhile we have just sixtythree dollars to live on. Kitty will go to-morrow, and I shall do the housework, with what help you and Josie can give me, and father will dismiss his last draughts-

man. But how does sixty-three dollars appear to you, Fred? As plenty to provide necessaries and football suits also?

I should say not! Guess we shall have to live on sawdust. What shall we do, Won't grandpa lend us some

I do not think grandpa will let us starve. But, Fred, would you be willing to play football in a suit paid for with borrowed

Fred was only a boy of fourteen, and he had not yet fully grown into that spirit of independence which is said to be born in Americans, but which seems to be largely a matter of cultivation. He had never stopped long to consider the source of the money which bought him his comforts.

N-no, why no, of course not. Only, mamie, I do want that suit, and I'm not going to tell the boys that I can't have itnot until to-morrow, anyhow. Perhaps something will turn up. Good-by. And snatching up his books, Fred darted off to

Mrs. Cronover looked after him with a sigh. Was he selfish, or was it nothing worse than thoughtlessness that sent him off with nothing in his mind but football, when he had just learned of the financial straits they were in?

Really, Fred's apparent selfishness was due to ignorance, rather than to other causes. Mr. Cronover, although not wealthy, had always had a sufficient in come from his work as an architect to keep some from his work as an architect to keep his family in comfort, and to lay aside something for a rainy day. What Fred needed, and many things that he did not really need, had come to him so easily that he had scarcely had a thought as to how or whence they came.

whence they came.

Hence it is not to be wondered at that it was some time before the information which Fred's mother had given him really touched him. But during the afternoon his thoughts often wandered from his lessons, and not always did they take the direction

So the bank's burst ! Pretty business Wonder how much father has in? Then for a few minutes the history lesson would come in for its share of atten-

So mother's sent Kitty away. It'll seem queer to have mother doing the work. I s'pose Jo'll help some, and I guess housework's not very hard. Wonder what we'll have to eat! Shouldn't think we could afford much. And as for buying football

suits-whew! At recess Fred heard something which set him to thinking again of the suit. His thoughtfulness lasted until supper time. Supper seemed a trifle different, with no Kitty to serve it, but it was a cheerful meal, and Fred felt a little relieved to find that there was according to the supper seemed. that there was enough to eat, although it might have been a little plainer than usual. Josephine, his twelve-year-old sister, seem-ed jollier than ever, and her brown curls danced with importance every time that she had a chance to fill Kitty's place by a trip to the kitchen. No one seemed bowed

down by trouble. Father, Fred began, hurriedly, with rather a red face, if I can earn enough money to buy a football suit, may I? Tell me more about it before I give you

an answer my boy.

Well, you see, Ned Baker's sick. His father's janitor at our school, you know, and Ned helps to dust and sweep and such things. Mr. Baker wants a boy to do Ned's work for two weeks. I'd have to sweep two or three hours after school, and I'd have to go early to dust avery morning. have to go early to dust every morning, and he'd pay me three dollars a week, and in two weeks I could earn money for the

Mr. Cronover looked from Fred's eager

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 | me see it?

But, mother, haven't you always told me all honest work is to be honored, and

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.

I had thought you could help your mother at home some, Fred.

Oh, I can, after supper, papa, and Saturdays and Sundays. Jo and I can manage the housework for the coal in the evening, said the mother.

Oh, I can do that easily! May I do it, then, papa. Yes, you may do it if you choose. But remember that you must not neglect your housework or your lessons, and before you decide to undertake it be sure that you

have the grit to stick to it. Fred began his work next day. It some-times seemed hard and dirty work indeed, and he often longed to be out with the boys after school. He did not hear any jeers from his schoolmates. He was a favorite among the boys, but probably he owed part of his immunity from ridicule to the fact that Ned Baker, the lad whose place he was filling, was the sort of boy who al-ways earns the admiration of schoolmates and teachers, and he had made the position of assistant janitor respected in the Lowell

Three more days, just till Wednesday, then I'll get the suit, he said to Josephine,

as they were sitting on the back poach shelling peas for the Sunday dinner.

I'm glad! It's splendid that you'll be in the Eclectics. I wish girls could play football! and Josephine split open a pod with such spite that the peas shot far out

By and by Josephine said, softly, Say, Fred, don't you think that bank'll presume pretty soon?

Resume, goosey Well, resume, then.

Well, resume, then.

Don't know. Guess not.

I just wish it would, because I guess

The marking too much. Mrs. Marking too much. ston 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. Mamma 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. Fred's fingers were working more slowly at the peas. Does she say she's sick? he

No, but don't you see she never he cheeks now? And she goes sort of slow, and—well, I don't know, but I feel sort of scared about her. 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 read to exing these face that he was not used to seeing therea look that made him ask : What can I do

now, marmie? sie 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 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 in 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.

Wednesday night came, and as he went home to suppose with his six dellars in his

home to supper with his six dollars in his pocket he hardly felt that he was tired. Tomorrow afternoon he would get the suit, and on Saturday the first game would be played. He was so happy that he forgot to worry about his mother that evening. Thursday morning he was up bright and

early to help about getting breakfast, and after that meal was over he ran down to the post office to mail a letter for his father. As he came out of the door of the office, Dr. Larson, their family physician, was just untying his horse, and asked Fred to ride as far as the school house with him. On the way they talked of various things—school, football, hard times, and just as they came in sight of the school house the doctor said: How's your mother? doctor said: How's your mother?

Pretty well, only she's working too

I'm afraid so. I saw her at church Sunday, and it seems to me she's looking pretty well worn out. Take care of that mother of yours, my boy; there aren't many like

They reined up at the gate, and with a Thank you, sir, and a touch of his cap, Fred

disappeared among the boys.

The bell rang and school opened. It was another quiet day for Fred's corner of the room. He thought about many things besides the lessons of the day, and now and then the words would ring through his ears. Take care of that mother of yours, my how

my boy.

As he was walking home at noon he me Kitty. Hullo, Kitty, how are you? Where

are you working now?

Sure, Master Fred, I haven't any place at all. There's more girls than there is places for 'em. It's the hard times that does be the trouble. I've just been up to see your ma, an' I tould her I'd work for half what I was getting. It's only two dollars a week I'm askin', but she says she'd think it was wrong of her to pay even that. And her lookin' clane beat out with

his pockets. Something his fingers touched in one of these pockets seemed to burn them, for he jerked his hand out suddenly. Then he heard again Dr. Larson's voice,
Take care of that mother of yours, my boy,
and in went the hand again, to reappear in
a moment with something which was

reached toward Kitty.
See here, Kitty, if you won't tell anybody, here's six dollars if you'll come to our house and work three weeks to give mother a rest. Will you, right off? Tell mother you won't be asking any pay.

Will you agree to that?
Sure, an' I'll be there in time to wash the dinner dishes. My, but won't your ma be surprised! And Kitty walked briskly down the street.

Fred stood still a minute, looking at her

retreating figure. There goes my foot ball suit, he said thoughtfully. Then he laughed aloud, and started for home whistling in as cheerful a manner as if foot ball matters were going entirely to his satisfaction. In-deed, he was unusually merry at the noon meal, which fact called out a comment from

Fred's dreadfully happy because he's going to buy his suit this afternoon. Say, Fred, won't you put it on tonight, and let Can't do it, Jo. I'm not going to join

the Eclectics, so I sha'n't need the suit. What? exclaimed Josephine with an expression in which surprise and dismay were about equally mingled, while Mr. and Mrs. Cronover looked questioningly at Fred's flushed face.

No, I've concluded not to join, was the Constable of

response. There's Jack going to school. I want to see him. Excuse me, please. And off he went, and was not seen again until the rest of the family had begun supper.

No one spoke of his being late, or commented on the presence of Kitty, who waited on the table in her old quiet way, and no one spoke of the football suit. It Jo and I can manage the housework for seemed rather strange, but it was a great two weeks, I think, if Fred will bring in relief to Fred, who had almost dreaded

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.

moral hazard, or the chance of assassination, reduces this to ten years.

Between January 1st and September 1st

ing at his problems, but with a hot face and a quickly beating heart. When the lad was in bed his mother

stole in, and putting her arms around him gave him some little tokens of affection which he rather enjoyed, since the lamp was out and no one was around to see. She said never a word, but after she was gone Fred found moisture on his cheek. He was not quite sure whether it had come from his eyes or those of his mother.

I wish I could tell you that the bank re sumed payment during the next week, and that Fred got his suit after all, but it would not be true. For although Mr. Cronover had enough work come in so that Kitty stayed on after the three weeks were over, Fred is not yet a member of the Eclectics. But I can assure you that he is happy, in spite of that fact. - Youth's

## Big Skin-Grafting Job.

Square Yard of Hide Replaced on an Elephant. Belle's Painful Experience. Fitteen Other Pachyderms 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 ex-change, 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. This latest triumph of animal surgery

was performed on a circus elephant called

Belle, which sustained a painful accident when the company was on the move. Just as she was getting out of a rail-way ar it received a sudden jolt, owing to the brake failing to act properly. The ele-phant was thrown down and struck her shoulder heavily on a small iron cage that was standing near. The skin was partly torn off, and generally lacerated over a space of quite one square yard in extent. Inflammation set in, and was followed by considerable fever, and the elephant, which was the more valuable because she had a

WHOLESALE SKIN GRAFTING OPERATION. The specialists decided that a wholesale

calf, was in grave danger of losing her

at operation was undertaken forthwith in the menagerie hospital, and Belle's own son was the first elephant se-Belle's own son was the first elephant se-lected to supply new skin. The young animal's skin is peculiarly suitable for the purpose, as it is tender, yet healthy and vigorous. Moreover, as he is growing, he will have plenty of new skin, and will not miss a little purloined at the present time. Belle was placed on the ground in the

operating theatre and secured with heavy chains to immovable posts. The wound in her shoulder was carefully washed with the usual antiseptic fluids. At the same time an antiseptic spray was kept contin-ually playing in the air. The new skin was taken from the young elephant in those places where he appears to have a great deal more than he needs. Cocaine was liberally applied where the cuts were

to be made. A heavy knife was used to cut off the

great bands of plaster. FIFTEEN SKIN SUPPLYING ELEPHANTS. In exactly six days the new skin was found by the doctors to be firmly adhering in Belle's shoulder. Another elephant was then called in, and some pieces of his skin were moved in the manner already

By this time the raw surface wa greatly reduced in size that Belle began to show signs of relief from her worst symptons. Certain hopes of her recovery were entertained from that time.

entertained from that time.

Every week a new elephant will be called to yield up some of his skin for the sake of his suffering sister. This will be consinued until the wound is entirely covered with skin. The elephants make the sacrifice in a cheerful spirit, and it is calculated that 15 will be required before matters are set right.

ters are set right.

It is confidently expected that this operation will prove an epoch-making triumph in the history of pachydermatous derma-

British Surrender to Boers. Fifty of French's Scouts Surrounded and Captured by Theron's Burghers

The London war office has received the following dispatch from Lord Kitchener, dated Pretoria, August 16:

"While a party of fifty of French's scouts were proceeding to join a column near Bethesda they were surrounded in the hills by a superior force under Theron and surrendered. One was killed and three were wounded, Captain Bethheim danger-

Lord Kitchener does not give the date, but the casualty lists indicate August 8. Reporting upon the engagement between Colonel Gorringe and Commandant Kritz-inger at Middelburg, Lord Kitchener says that the British commander drove the Boers north to Venterstad in confusion. He asserts also that General French's other column in Cape Colony is gradually

driving the enemy northward.

Another dispatches reports that Lord
Kitchener with a strong force is moving on
Hondweni, on the border of Zululand,
where General Botha is reported to have concentrated 4,000 Boers. An important engagement is expected.

- Subcribe for the WATCHMAN.

About King Edward VII.

Personal Traits of the Ruler of One-Quarter of

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

The King, the Lord Mayor, and the Constable of the Tower are the only persons who know the password of the Tower of London. This password is sent to the Mansion House quarterly, signed by the King, and is a survival of an ancient cus-

How long will the King live? He has never shown the slightest fear of assassin-ation. 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

Between January 1st and September 1st of last year Edward went to forty-three 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 workeight race meetings; eleven times he was in attendance at the House of Lords, and he fulfilled forty-five official and charitable engagements.

In his own set his favorite topic of conversation has been clothes. The King is an expert shoemaker, a handicraft he chose to learn when a boy, being obliged by his royal parents to learn some trade. He has worn shoes of his own make.

Under "Likes and Dislikes," the King

has written in the Duchess of Fife's album over his signature: "I am the happiest when I have no public engagement to ful-fill, when I can smoke a really good cigar I am unhappiest when I have a raging toothache and have to attend some function where I must smile as pleasantly as though I never had a pain in my life."

In the matter of gifts the King has been abundantly favored. They vary in size from a cat to a hotel. Dogs, cats and other quadrupeds galore have been given or left to the King by request. His name has been mentioned in not far from a hun-dred wills as the recipient of the family dog, and more than one occasion an annuity has been left by a testator in order that the maintenance of the animal should be no expense to the royal master.

One of the King's treasures is a solid gold dinner set, the most magnificent in the world. It is valued at \$4,000,000, and is kept at Windsor Castle. Another unique specimen of its kind belonging to Edward is the state carriage, which cost \$40,000. In addition to being the most constant value in existence it is said to be ornate vehicle in existence, it is said to be one of the most uncomfortable. Queen Victoria never used it when she could avoid doing so, as it always gave her head-

King Edward's Champion, the Champion of England, is a young Lincolnshire farmer named Dymoke. He is of a stu-dious and retiring disposition, little given to the gayeties of the great world. It is operation in skin grafting was the only to the gayeties of the great world. It is thing that would do the elephant any good, but an elephant's skin is as thick as a cessity of fulfilling the duties of his office-plank, so it was not an easy undertaking. This is to ride out of the hall where the banquet is held after the coronation, clad in the steel armor, and challenge all comers to deny the title of the new sovereign. He then pledges the King in the golden goblet filled with wine, finally backing his problem hilled with wine, infaily backing his horse from the royal presence. Young Dymoke possesses this honor by virtue of the holding the Manor of Scrivelsby, which ancestors have held since the time of the Norman Kings. The Dymokes got the manor by marriage more than five hundred years ago, and since than have acted as Champion at each coronation

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, the babit of inaccuracy ex-tends to their statements. They do not not take pains to be thorough in anything they undertake, even in clearly expressing the truth.

These people never carry much weight in a community, however honest in principle they may be, because no reliance can be placed on their words or work. You cannot depend upon what they tell you. If they are orators, they are discredited; if they are at the bar, the judges always take their statements cum grano salis; if in the pulpit they do not win respect of the congregation. In fact, whatever those people do, they are placed at a disadvantage because of their habit of inaccuracy.

There is a great difference between just

right and a little wrong. These victims of inaccuracy did not start right. They failed to realized that what is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life.

A pebble in the tiny stream will turn the course of a river, so the seemingly unimportant habit of inaccuracy has kept many a man from success by changing the current of his life.

Accuracy doing things to a finish is

current of his life.

Accuracy, doing things to a finish, is one of the most important lessons that can be taught a child, because there is a moral quality at stake. The whole character is often undermined by the unfortunate habit of inaccuracy. Men whose ability would have made them peers in their communities have become nonentities and munities have become nonentities, and their careers mediocre or total failures, simply because they were allowed in child-hood to form the habit of half doing things, and of making half or exaggerating state-

Fifty thousand dollars in cash left by H.

Y. Scott, of Faribault, Minn., who died last Saturday, will be destroyed by fire, according to the terms of his will.

Scott had accumulated about \$60,000, mostly in cash. To his servant girl he left \$5,000, but his nephew, his nearest and only relative, is cut off without a cent. The bequest of money to his servant was in return for the care she gave him during

his last illness.
"After all my funeral expenses are paid," says he in his will, "I direct that my administrators gather up all of my cash in bank, and in the presence of witnesses burn it to ashes."

"Buger buys his ink by the jugful."
"That's what his wife thought until she went to fill the inkstand."

" She found that it wasn't ink by a jug

Cases Where it Was Suddenly Lost Without

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 vanish ed a short time ago, and she can remember neither her family, with which she lives, her name, nor anything that she ever did.

These wonderful memory losses are not so uncommon, and one of the weirdest cases was that of Mr. Quincey, a few years ago. A middle-aged gentleman was found aimlessly wandering about Wimbledon Common, dressed in a silk hat and frock suit, wet to the skin, for it had been raining heavily all night. Though quite sane and clear-headed, he could not tell who he was or where he lived, and could not even recollect that there was such a thing as a police station, which might help him. A letter was found in his pocket—he had not thought of that, addressed to him by his son; but after reading it slowly he could not remember any such person as the writ-

er—had never heard the name.

He was taken home, and was embarrassed when received by his family, none of whom he knew, though he had left them that day before quite in possession of his faculties. He did not know what he had meant to do. He was well off, cheerful and contented, never had overworked, and was a clever tennis player—and this last was the only thing he found he could do,

except read and write since the adventure. He soon got used to his family, and be-came much attached to them, and also be-came an accomplished golfer, as many people knew, but to the day of his death, a little while ago, he remembered nothing before that rainy night, and practically be-

gan life again at the age of 41. In several cases overwork has wholly fill, when I can smoke a really good cigar and read a good novel on the quiet; when I can, like plain Mr. Jones, go to a race meeting without being chronicled in the paper the next morning that the Prince of Wales has taken to gambling very seriously and lost more money than he can ever afford to pay; when I can spend a quiet evening with the Princess and my family. I am unhappiest when I have a raging I m several cases overwork has wholly wiped out the memories of clever people—for, whatever the cause, it is seldom a stupid man or woman that falls victims. And it will leave the brain just as fit as ever for the future, though blotting out the past, as in the case of John Andrews the inventor of the Truefit circular saw, the Andrews valve, and a dozen other clever works that bear his name saw, the Andrews valve, and a dozen other clever works that bear his name

all over the country.

One day when his family was away, a batch of letters came to his house at Camp-den Hill, complaining of important ap-pointments he had not kept. Next day a deluge of telegrams, and then a string of callers. Andrews was found locked in his

study. He had shut himself in, with a spirit lamp to cook his own food, as he some-times did when tackling a big problem, and slept on a couch when tired out. This time he was found merely sitting and smoking. He had forgotten all his ap-pointments could remember none of his callers who came for him and stared blankly at his own family. When asked if he would take dinner in the dining-room, replied : "What dining-room?" not know the way about his house, and knew no more about London than if he had never seen it. Not one of his inventions remained in his memory. Doctors could do nothing for him; and though it was ever afterwards a puzzle to him that he had a wife and family, he was greatly attached to them. He picked up the threads of his work, however, and turned out another useful invention—the Andrews steam-gauge-before his death in the dia-

Still more complete, and odder because there was no "clue" to it, was the loss of Dr. Graham Hearne's memory, the great throat specialist and bacteria expert. He had successfully treated over 4,000 people in his time, and three years ago—in July, 1898—he went for one of his customary long tramps round London, for exercise, returning, as usual tired out. Next morning he awoke to wonder who he was and what his business might be. Here, again, his entire family and circle of friends conhis entire family and circle of friends conveyed no memory to him; but he remembered one thing in the blank page of his past life—his dog, and its name, Poppy. They were great friends. Yet though, his brother had given him Poppy, the brother himself was a complete stranger to the doctor's mind since that night. Of his medical translations are the production of the stranger of the production of the product medical knowledge, which was enormous, he remembered nothing, and hardly seemed to know a vein from a nerve. But he took up a study entirely new to him-architecture—and mastered it in a most wonderful way within a year. He was good company, kindly, sane in every way, and was the only case of the kind in which everything eventually returned for just twenty-four months after his lost memory returned to him rapidly. Within six months more he knew everybody he had forgotten, dropped architecture, and took up medicine again. He died only three months ago, as sound in brain as he

It was one of these strange memory freaks that was the cause of the great run on Gresford & Co.'s bank in Lombard street. A gentleman was found in a train that ran into Queen street station, Glascow, who seemed to know nothing about his who seemed to know nothing about his ticket, or any other matter of importance. The ticket was found in his pocket, but he could not say who he was, where he came from or where he wanted to go. He had ample money was presently discovered, after as much trouble as though he had been an unidentified "body," that he was Mr. Gresford, the popular chairman of Gresford & Co.'s bank. Now the news got into the papers, and it gave rise to a rumor that papers, and it gave rise to a rumor that there was something wrong with the bank. The result was the "run" on Gresford's, in which crowds of anxious people gather-ed, drawing out many thousands in a few

The bank, of course, was as sound as a ock, and there semed no sort of reason for the strange loss of memory the chairman, who was always cheery and contented, and had no worries of any sort. The strangest thing was that he remembered about half the members of his family, but had no recallestion of the other half, and as for recollection of the other half; and as for the bank and its affairs, they were a closed book to him. Two years later, however, he regained part of his memory; but that memorable journey north never found its place in his mind.

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—proceed-ed to question him as to his grounds for

until the negro, offended, carried his case elsewhere.—C. W. in Short Stories.

Laughter and Life.

It may be that some enthusiastic and laborious German statistician has already accumulated figures bearing upon the ques tion of length of life and its relation to the enjoyment thereof; if so, we are unac-quainted 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. Commonplace though this sounds, there is no truth more commonly ignored in actual every-day existence. "Oh, yes, of course, worry shortens life and the contented people live to be old," we are all ready to say, and yet how many people recognize the duty of cheer-fulness? Most persons will declare that if a man is not naturally cheerful he cannot make himself so. Yet this is far from being the case, and there is many a man who is at present a weary burden to his relatives, miserable through the carking care of some hodily ailment, perhaps, or some worldly misfortune, who, if he had grown up into the idea that to be cheerful under all circumstances was one of the first duties of life, might still see a pleasant enough world around him. Thackeray of us much as we show ourselves to the world. If we face it with a cheery acceptance we find the world fairly full of ch ful people glad to see us. If we snarl at it and abuse it we may be sure of abuse in return. The discontented worries of a morose person may very likely shorten his days, and the general justice of nature's arrangement provides that his early dedeparture should entail no long regrets. On the other hand, a man who can laugh keeps his health and his friends are glad to keep him. To the perfectly healthy laughter comes often. Too commonly, though, as childhood is left behind the habit fails, and a half-smile is the best that visits the thought-lined mouth of a modern man or woman. People become more and more burdened with the accumulations of knowledge and with the weighing responsibilities of life, but they should still spare time to laugh. Let them never forget, moreover, and let it be a medical man's practice to remind them that "a smile sits ever serene

Circular Insanity.

Lancet.

Medical Theory Upset by Chicago Physicians—Results of an Examination of a Skull.

upon the face of Wisdom."-London

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 phy-sicians, who removed his brain for the purpose of a careful examination. The discovery is of special interest from the fact that it has been an accepted theory among the medical men that the kind of insanity from which Collier suffered-technically known as "circular insanity"—never oc-curred except as a result of hereditary taint. If the conclusion reached after the first investigation proved correct, this theory will have to be abandoned.

A section of the forehead several inches square was removed and the brain taken out. An examination showed that there was an exostosis or bony growth, on the inner table of the skull, to which the memoranes and frontal bones of the brain adhered. The growth was an inch and a half long and an inch wide, and the points, which were sharp, protruded nearly a quarter of an inch. The exostosis, which was not directly under the part of the lieved to have been caused by the inflamed condition of the skull and brain membrane

around the wound. The size of Collier's brain was remarkable, and gave evidence of the immense intellectual strength which he once pos-

A year ago Collier's skull was trepanned but the operation showed nothing. The incision, as was disclosed to-day, had been made a little to one side of where the exostosis existed.

The Eve at Work.

Recording the Number and the Rapidity of Its

A very curious device has been invented, by which it is possible to determine how many times the eye moves in reading, and how fast the movements are made. The object of the instrument is to show in what cases reading is hurtful to the eyes, and thus to prevent short-sightedness and

fatigue.

In a test of the instrument recently made the results were curious. A man's eye was first made insensible to pain by an application of holococaine, and then a very light shell, with a hole in the centre, was placed on the eyeball and held to it by suction. The shell was connected with light aluminum levers in such a way that the eye movements were traced on a moving sheet of smoked paper. Electrical devices caused the pointer to record not only the movements but the speed of each aud

the exact time it took. The tracings showed that the eye does not move over a printed line continuous-ly, but by quick jerks of varying length. The eye returns in an unbroken sweep un-til near the end, when it halts occasionally, as if to get its bearings. The average number of jerk movements in reading a newspaper line is about three. A line slightly less than an inch in length was read without movement.

New Cause for Lightning. An old colored preacher in the rural dis-

trict accounted for the lightning in this 'Ever' time Satan looks down en sees de Lawd's work gwine on, fire flashes f'um his eyes. Dat's de lightning. En w'en he fail ter hit a church wid it he lays back en hollers. Dat's de thunder."

"But, passon," said an old deacon, whar is Satan in de winter time? We don't have no lightnin' den."

The preacher studied a minute and then

"Well, hit may be, Br'er Williams, dat hell's froze over den."—Atlanta Constitu-

Barn for a Cigarette Light. Boys Who Wanted to Smoke Cause Loss of \$3000.

The young sons of Aaron S. Kreider, a

wealthy shoe manufacturer at Annville, near Lebauon caused the total destruction 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 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.

"Why," said the lawyer, "you seem to care a great deal for your wife. Did you love her?"

"Love her, sir? I jest analyzed her!"

This was more than professional dignity could withstand, and Mr. E—laughed until the negro, offended, carried his case. buildings, and only the live stock was gotten out. The loss is \$3000; fully insured.