A PRAYER.

I do not crave, my Lord, freedom from care

I only seek my burden well to bear-And follow Thee.

I do not seek, my Lord, freedom from toil (This should not be,) I only ask my labors not to spoil-

And tollow Thee.

I do not wish, my Lord, release from pain (This may not be.)

I only crave my soul's health to maintain-

I do ask, blessed Lord, when life-tale's told (This soon may be), My sin-freed feet tread nightless streets of

gold-And follow Thee. -[Seth Russell Downie, in The Examiner.

ROMANCE.

The Volunteer Nurse sighed and spread ont her sleuder, iodine-stained fingers on both knees, looking down at them reflect-

"It is different now," she said; "sentiment dies under the scalpel. In the filth and squalor of reality neither the belief in romance nor the capacity for desiring it endure long . . . Even pity becomes atrophied—or at least a reflex habit; sympathy, sorrow, remain as mechanical reactions, not spontaneous emotions . . . You can understand that, dear?"

"Partly," said the Special Messenger, raising her pretty dark eyes to her old

"In the beginning," said the Nurse dreamily, "the men in their uniforms, the drums and horses and glitter, and the flags passing, and youth-youth-not that you and I are yet old in years; do you know

what I mean?" "I know," said the Special Messenger, smoothing out her riding gloves. "Do you remember the cadets at Oxley? You loved one of them.'

"Yes; you know how it was in the cities; and even afterward in Washington-I mean the hospitals after Bull Run. Young bravery-the Zouaves-the multicolored guard regiments—and a romance in every death!' She laid one stained hand over the other, fingers still wide. "But here in this blackened horror they call the 'seat of war'-this festering bull-pen, choked with dreary regiments, all alike, all in filthy blue-bere individuals vanish, men vanish. The schoolgirl dream of man dies here forever. Only unwashed, naked duty remains; and its inspiration, man-bloody, dirty, vermin covered, terrible-some times; and sometimes whimpering, terrified, flinching, base, bereft of all his sex's glamour, all his mystery, shorn of authority, devoid of pride, pitiable, screaming under the knife It is different now," der the knife . . It is different said the pretty Volunteer Nurse . war kills more than human life."

The Special Messenger drew her buckskin gloves carefully through her belt and

buttoned the holster of her revolver. "I have seen war, too," she said: "and the men who dealt death and the men who received it. Their mystery remains-the he is a man.

"I have heard them orying like children in the stretchers."

"So have I. That solves nothing."

women come out in them, too-fear, tim. louely cry from moment to moment. idity, inconsequence, greed, malice, gos-

work. I do it. I know they are afraid in felt below. war-here encamped all around us as far now running directly south. as the eye can see, throughout these hills

tired smile:

'You always were emotional, dear," "I am still."

"You don't have to drain wounds, dry out sores and do the thousand unspeaka- sun. A cabin stood at the farther edge. ble offices that we do." "Why do you do it?"

"I have to." "You didn't have to enlist. Why did

"Why do the men enlist?" asked the You don't cleanse ulcers."

none of the romance in me. Only it hap horse's nostrils. pens that I can do-what I am doing-better."

The Nurse looked at her a trifle awed. "To think, dear, that you should turn out to be the celebrated Special Messenger. You were timid in school."

"I am now. . . You don't know how afraid a woman can be. Suppose in school -suppose that for one moment we could have foreseen our destiny-here together, you and I, as we are now."

The Nurse looked into the stained hollow of her right hand.

"I bad the lines read once," she said burt expression in her blue eyes.

The Special Messenger laughed, and her lovely pale face lighted up with color. n't you really think you are ever son for their presence. going to be capable of caring for a man

'No, I don't. I know how they're fashioned, how they think-how-how revolting they can be. . No, no! It' gone—all the ideals, all the dreams. No, no! It's all Good Heavens, how romantio-how senseless we were in school!"

"I am still, I think," said the Special Messenger thoughtfully, "I like men. .

A man—the right one—could easily Union pay—a spy like herself—and give cake me love him. And I am afraid there him certain information and receive

than for a man. Not that there is any of him. For there was an ugly rumor danger of my proving untrue-"

der her breath-"are traditionally trust- the burnt clearing. There was the wretch-

man near death—and to care for him a little- even a rebel—and to know that one word might save him—only one little distance dista

loyal word!"
"No man would save you at that expense," said the Nurse disdainfully.

could have cared for him. . . Once there. there was a Confederate cavalryman. I very young. . I never can forget him.

It is hard, dear, the business I am engaged in. . . But it has never spoiled my inone of them. I am afraid I am easily

her youthfully sleuder figure in charming to convict her.

relief against the window.

"When do you go on duty?"

"In about ten minutes. It will be easier Will you come in tomorrow!" The Special Messenger shook her head dreamily.

"I don't know-I don't know. Good-by."

"Are you going on duty?"

"Yes. "When?" "Now."

The Nurse rose and put both arms round her. "I am so afraid for you," she said; "and it has been so good to see you. .

Her voice was drowned in the noisy out- A quail called from the bean-patch. burst of bugles sounding the noon sick-

They went out together, where the Messenger's horse was tied under the trees. Beyond, through the pines, glimmered the tents of an emergency hospital. And now, in the open air not very far away, they

Nurse. "They say you do such andacious things; and every day somebody says you have been taken or hanged or shot. Dear, you are so young and so pretty-" "So are you. Don't take fever or small-

pox or die from a soratch from a poisoned knife. . . Good by once more.

They kissed each other. A hospital orderly, waved a smiling adieu to her old schoolmate, and, swinging her powerful rounded breast. horse westward, trotted off through the

woods, passing the camp sentinels with a nod and a low-spoken word. Farther out in the woods she encountered the first line of pickets; showed her credentials, then urged her horse forward at a

gallop. "Not that way!" shouted an officer, starting to run after her; "the Johnnies are out there!"

She turned in her saddle and nod led reassuringly, then spurred on again, expect still staring. ing to jump the Union advance guard every moment.

There seemed to be no fighting any where in the vicinity; nothing to be seen but dusky pine woods; and after she had advanced almost to the edge of a little clearing, and not encountering the outer line of Union glamour of a man remains for me-because pickets, she drew bridle and sat stock still n her saddle, searching in every direction

with alert dark eyes.

Nothing moved; the heated scent of the Southern pines hung heavy in the forest; sullenly. in the long dry swale-grass of the clearing, "And in the wards they are sometimes yellow butterflies were flying lazily; on a of coloring easily." something betwixt devils and children. All dead branch above her a huge woodpecker. the weakness and failings they attribute to pointed, silky cap, uttered a querulous.

She strained ber dainty, close set cars ; sip! I tell you, women bear pain better." no sound of man stirred in this wilderness Yes, I have learned that . . It is -only the strange bird-cry from above not difficult to beguile them either; to lead only the ceaseless monotone of the pinethem, to read them. That is part of my crests stirred by some high sky breeze un-

hattle-the intelligent ones. Yet they A forest path, apparently leading west, fight. I know they are really children attracted her attention; into this she steer impulsive, passionate, selfish, often cruel ed her horse and continued, even after her -but, after all, they are here fighting this compass had warned her that the path was

The tree-growth was younger here; thick-They have lost ets of laurel and holly grew in the undernone of their glamour for me. Their mystery remains."

Their mystery remains."

growth, and, attempting a short cut out, she became entangled. For a few minutes The Volunteer Nurse looked up with a her horse, stung by the holly, thrashed and floundered about in the maze of tough stems and when at last she got him free, she was on the edge of another clearing-a burnt one, lying like a path of black velvet in the

Three forest bridle-paths ran west, east, and south from this blackened clearing. She unbuttoned her waist, drew out a map, and, flattening it on her pommel, bent above it in eager silence. And, as she sat "That's why you and I did-what-faint tremor of feet. It grew to a dull jarring faded. ever the motive may have been, God knows vibration—nearer—nearer—nearer—and she hastily backed her horse into the "For instance, sic itur." Do you know "No; I am not fitted. I tried; and lost and placed both gauntleted bands over her

A moment later the Confederate cavalry jaunty, gray column, riding two abreast, then falling into single file as they entered

the bridle-path at a canter. Breathless, she watched them as they don't know what I'm saying, and you flashed by among the pines, sitting their horses beautifully, the wind lifting the broad brims of their soft bats, the sun a bar

of gold across each sunburnt face. There were only a hundred of themprobably some of Stuart's riders, for they seemed strangely familiar-but it was not drearily, "but nobody ever said I'd be long before they had passed on their gay here, or that there'd be any war." And course, and the last tremor in the forest she continued to examine her palm with a soil-the last distant rattle of saber and carbine-died away in the forest silence. What were they doing here? She did

not know. There seemed no logical rea-For a while, awaiting their possible collision with the Union outposts, she listened. expecting the far rattle of rifles. No sound came. They must have sheered off east.

So very calmly she addressed herself to the task in hand. This must be the burnt clearing; her map and the cabin corroborated her belief

re more than one 'right one.' I have tain information in return. ten been on the sentimental border. . Her instructions had been unusually But they died, or went away—or I did. rigid; she was to take every precaution Her instructions had been unusually The trouble with me is, as you say, use native disguise whether or not it might I am emotional, and very, very tender- appear necessary, carry no papers, and let . . It is sometimes difficult to any man she might encounter make the be loyal-to care for duty-the Union more advances until she was absolutely certain afloat that he had been caught and hanged, "No," murmured the Nurse; "loyalty is and that a Confederate might attempt to your inheritance." impersonate him. So she looked very carefully at her map, then out of the thicket at

ways, will always be. . . But-to see a garden patch with standing corn and beans,

Fear, which within her was always latent, always too ready to influence her by mas-querading as caution, stirred now. For lmost an bour she stood, balancing her "Do you? I don't-in that way. There field-glasses across her saddle, eyes focused was once an officer-a non-combatant. I on the open cabin door. Nothing stirred

At last, with a slight shiver, she opened struck him senseless with my revolver butt her saddle bags and drew out the dress she —and I could have—loved him. He was meant to wear—a dingy, earth colored thing

terest in men-or my capacity for loving them away in the saddle bags together with waist and skirt, field glasses, gauntmoved."

She rose and stood erect, to adjust her soft riding hat, every line and contour of tion to the enemy, would certainly serve

Dressed now in the scanty, colorless "Won't you let me brew a little tea for clothing of a "poor white" of the pine-you?" asked the Nurse. "Don't leave me woods, limbs and body tanned with walnut, ber slender feet rubbed in dust and then thrust stockingless into shapeless shoes, she let down the dark, lustrous mass comorrow, when we send our sick North. of her bair, braided it, tied it with faded ribbon, rubbed her hands in wood-mold and crushed green leaves over them till they seemed all stained and marred with the glitter of carbines above the laurel. Then she gathered an armful of splinter-wood.

Now ready, she tethered her horse, leaving him bitted and saddled; spread out his sack of feed, turned and looked once more at the cabin, then walked noiselessly to the

it has been so good to see you. . . I grass crumbled to powder; three wild doves struck don't know whether we'll ever meet again flickered up into flight, making a soft clat. "Wi ter and displaying the four white feathers.

The heat was intense in the sun ; perspiration streaked ber features; her tender feet burned; the cabin seemed a long way off, a wavering blot through the dancing heat devils playing above the fire-scorched open. Head bent, she moved on in the shiftless, hopeless fashion of the sort of humancould hear picket firing.
"Do be careful," said the blue-eyed her hearings and making such sidelong obity she was representing, furtively taking servations as she dared. To know the shortest way back to her horse might mean life to her. She understood that. Also she fully realized that she might at that very instant be under hostile observation. In her easily excited imagination, all

around her the forest seemed to conceal a hundred malevolent eyes. She shivered derly, passing hurriedly, stopped to hold her stirrup; she mounted, thanked the or- brow with one small bare fist, and plodded on, clutching her light-wood to her soft. And now at last she was nearing the

open cabin door; and she must not hesitate. must show no suspicion. So she went in, dragging her clumsily shod feet. A very young man in the uniform of a Confederate cavalry officer was seated inside before the empty fire-place of baked clay. He had a bad scar on his temple. She looked at him, simulating dull surprise; he rose and greeted her gracefully.

"Howdy," she murmured in response, 'Is this your house?" be asked.

"Suh?" blankly. "Is this your house?"
"I reckon," she nodded. "How come ou all in my house?"

He replied with another question : "What were you doing in the woods?" "Light-wood," she answered briefly, "Do you live here all alone?" "Reckon I'm alone when I live heah,"

"What may be yoh name, suh?" she retorted with a little flash of Southern spirit, bitten bis under-lip till it was raw.

never entirely quenched even in such as she seemed to be. Genuine surprise brought the red back into his face and made it, worn as it was. came to her that she had seen him before looked at the slender column of the neck- of other kinds of colleges, writes Prof. L somewhere. At the same moment speech stained to a delicate amber-at the nape; H. Bailey in the November Century. They seemed to tremble on his lips; be hesitated, and he thought of the rope and the knot looked at her with a new and sudden keen- under the left ear. ness, and stood looking.

"I expected to meet somebody here," he said at length. She did not seem to comprehend

"I expected to meet a woman here."
"Who? Me?" incredulously. He looked her over for a while carefully; ooked at her dusty bare ankles, at her walnut-smeared face and throat. She seem ed so small, so round-shouldered-so different from what he had expected. They had said that the woman he must find was

pretty. 'Was yuh-all fixin' to meet up with me?" she repeated with a bold laugh. "I-don't know," he said.

Eternal, I don't know, ma'am. But 1'm going to find out in right smart time. Did you ever hear anybody speak Latin?" "Suh?" blankly; and the audacity

what 'sic itur' means ?" "Sick-what, suh ?" "'Sic itur !" Oh, Lord, she is what she looks like !" he exclaimed in frank despair.

swept through the clearing at a trot-a He walked to the door, wheeled suddenly, came back, and confronted her. "Either, ma'am, you are the most conummate actress in this war drama, or you

> think me orazy. . . . And now I'll ask you once for all : Is this the road?" The Special Messenger looked him full in the eyes; then, as by magic, the love-liest of smiles transfigured the dull blank features ; her round shoulders, pendulous arms, slouching pose, melted into superb symmetry, quickening with grace and youth as she straightened up and faced

> him, erect, supple, laughing, adorable.
> "Sic itar—ad Astra, she said demurely, and offered him her hand. "Continue," she added.

He neither stirred nor spoke; a deep flush mounted to the roots of his short, curly hair. She smiled encouragement, thinking him young and embarrassed, and a trifle

"Continue the Latin formula," she nod ded, laughing; "what follows, if you

"Good God !" he broke out hoarsely. And suddenly she knew there was nothing to follow except death—his or hers-realized she made an awful mistake divined in one dreadful instant the unsuspected counter-mine beneath her very feet -oried out as she struck him full in the face with clenched fist, sprang back, whipping the revolver from her ragged bodice,

dark eyes abaze. "Now," she panted, "hands high—and turn your back! Quickly!" He stood still, very pale, one sun-burnt

hand covering the cheek which she had struck. There was blood on it. He heard her breathless voice, warning him to obey, but he only took his hand from his face, worthy. It is part of us—our race was al- ed cabin named as rendezvous, the little then turned his hopeless eyes on her.

I'd rather be you shan I. . . . of that window, Messenger!"
"Put up your hands!" Look out

"Will you hold up your hands !" "No, Messenger. . . . And I-didn't -know it was you when I came here. It's -it's a dirty business-for an officer." He sank down on the wooden chair, resting his head between both bands. A single drop of blood fell brightly from his cut

The Special Messenger stole a swift, sidelong glance toward the window, besitated, and, always watching him warily, slid along the wall toward the door, menacing him at every step with leveled revolver. Then, at the door, she cast one rapid glance at the open field behind her and around. A thrill of horror stiffened her. The entire circle of the burnt clearing was ringed with the gray pickets of rebel cavalry.

The distant men sat motionless on their horses, carbine on thigh. Here and there horses, carbine on thigh. Here and there He spoke again, quietly, yet a strange a distant horse tossed his beautiful head, or undertone of exhaltation thrilled his voice perhaps some hat-brim fluttered. There vas no other movement, not one sound. Cronching to pass the windows beneath the sills she crept, heedless of her prisoner, to the rear door. That avenue to the near clustering woods was closed, too; she saw 'Special Messenger ?' She turned, pale

as a ghost. "I reckon we've got you. "Yes," she said. There was another chair by the tablethe only other one. She seated berself, shaking all over, laid her revolver on the clearing's edge, carrying her atomatic splin-ters. table. stared at the weapon, pushed it from her with a nervous shudder, and, ashy Underfoot, as she crossed it, the charred of lip and cheek, looked at the man she had

> "Will they-bang me?" "I reckon, ma'am. They hong the other e-the man you took me for."

Will there be a-trial?" "Dromhead. . . . They've been after ou a long, long while."

'Then-what are you waiting for ?" He was silent. She found it hard to control the nervous remor of her limbs and lips. The dryness in her throat made speech difficult.

"Theu-if there is no chance-" He bent forward swiftly and snatched her revolver from the table as her small hand fell heavily upon the spot where the weapon had rested. "Would you do that?" he said in a low

The desperate young eyes answered him. And, after a throbbing silence: "Won't you let me?" she asked. "It is indecent h-hang a-woman-before-men-"

He did not answer.
"Please—please—" she whispered, "give it back to me-if you are a-soldier. . . . You can go to the door and call them. . . Nobody will know. . . . You can turn your back. . . . It will only take a

second !" A big blue-bottle fly came blundering into the room and filled the silence with its noise. Years ago the big blue flies sometimes came into the quiet schoolroom; and how everybody giggled when the taller Miss Poucher, bristling from her pronella shoes to her stiff side-curls, charged indig-

pantly upon the buzzing intruder. Dry-eyed, dry-lipped, the Messenger straightened up quivering, and drew a quick, sharp breath; then her head fell forward, and, resting inert upon the table. dangerous spy in the Union service-the secret agent who had worked more evil to fully, bent it over one knee, and snapped acking the fragrant splinters on the table. the Confederacy than any single Union | the blade in two. army corps—the coolest, most resourceful, most trusted messenger on either side as long as the struggle lasted-caught at last. his back firmly against it, drew his revol-

tleman's son, sat staring at her. He had driven his finger-nails deep into his palms,

"Messenger !"

"Are you afraid ?" Her head, proue in her arms, motioned seem almost handsome. The curious idea dull. It was a lie and he knew it. He ates of colleges of agriculture than of those

> "Messenger," he said once more. "I did not know it was you I was to meet. Look at me, in God's name!" She opened her eyes on him, then raised

"Do you know me now?" he asked. "Look !" He touched the scar on his forehead ; but

"Look, I tell you !" he repeated almost fiercely. She said wearily : "I have seen so many men-so many men. . . . I can't rememher you." "And I have seen many women, Mes-

there was no recognition in her eyes.

senger; but I have never forgotten you-or what you did-or what you did-" "I ?" "You. . . . And from that night I ded.

"Latin," he repeated, a trifle discomfited.

"Latin," he repeated, a trifle discomfited.

"Latin," he repeated, a trifle discomfited.

senger ! My little Messenger !" 'Who are you?" she whispered, leaning forward on the table, dark eyes dilat-

ing with hope. He sat heavily for a while, head bowed as though stunned to silence; then slowly the white misery returned to his face and he looked up.

'So-after all-you have forgotten. And my romance is dead." She did not answer, intent now on every word, every shade of his expression. And, as she looked, through the numbness of her desperation, hope stirred again stealth-

"Are you a friend?" Her voice scarcely sounded at all. "Friends die for each other," he said. 'Do you expect that of me?"

The silence between them became terrible; and at last he broke it with a bitter laugh: "You once turned a boy's life to romance

-riding through it-out of it-leaving sears on his brow and heart -and on his lips the touch of your own. And on his face your tears. Look at me once more!" Her breath came quicker; far within ber mewhere memory awoke, groping blindly for light.

"For three days we followed you," he said. "On the Pennsylvania line we cornered you; but you changed garb and shape and speech, almost under our eyes-as a chameleon changes color, matching the leaf it hides on. . . I halted at that squat-ter's whose daughter cooked for us while we hunted you in the bills-and when I returned she gave me her bed to sleep on-" Her hand caught at her throat and she half rose, staring at him.

"Her own bed to sleep on." he repeated. 'And I had been three days in the saddle; and I ate what she set before me, and slept on her bed-fell asleep-only a tired boy, not a soldier any longer. . . And awoke to meet your startled eyes—to meet the blow from your revolver buts that made this scar—to fall back bewildered for a mo-

"Too late," he said heavily. "But- ment-half stunned-Messenger! Do you know me now?" "Yes," she said

They looked breathlessly at one another suddenly a hot blush covered hes neck and face; and his eyes flashed triumph.

"You have not forgotten!" be cried. And there, on the very edge of death itelf. the bright shame glowed and glowed in her cheeks, and her distressed eyes fell before his.

"You kissed me," he said, looking at her. "I--I thought I had-killed you-" she

"And you kissed me on the lips. In that moment of peril you waited to do that. Your tears fell on my face. I felt them. And I tell you that, even had I female as to rouse the whole family and been lying there dead instead of partly bring them to the rescue with brooms and stunned, I would have known what you canes.
did to me after you struck me down."

All

from throat to brow. and transfigured the thin, war worn features she had forgotten, so that, as she lifted her eyes to him again, the same boy looked back at her from the mist of the long dead years.
"Messenger," he said, "I have never for-

gotten. And now it is too late to forget your tears on my face-the touch of your lips on mine. I would not if I could. It is worth living for-dying for. .

come-true-" The boy choked, then: "I came here under orders to take a a Latin phrase. But until you stood did not know it was yon-I did not know house, if I called it." I was to take the Special Messenger! Do you believe me?"

"Yes." pallid change came over his face; he rose, the lower sounds of the human voice.

the table. "Little Messenger," he said, "I am in shades and accents. your debt for two blows and a kiss."

on the mouth. Then in one bound he was at the door, blinks its eyes in a contented fashion, licks signaling his troopers with drawn saberas once, long ago, she had seen him signal

them in the Northern woods. scattered cavalry forming column at a gal- away and seeks to escape by climbing up lop, obeying every saber signal, trotting the curtain.

The proprietor of this bat adds: "When

gone! back at her over his shoulder and sheathed curtain and endeavors by violent shakings his saber. There was not a vestige of color left in his face.

"Go!" he said hoarsely. wnat?' she faltered.

'Go-go, in God's name! There's a door there! Can't you see it?'

She had worms are readily taken at one meal.'' She had gone for a full hour when at last he turned again. A bit of faded rib

bon from her hair lay on the table. He went over to it, curiously. It was tied in a true lover's knot. He drew it through his buttonhole and walked slowly back to the door again. For a long while he stood there, vague-eyed, more he drew his saber, examined it care-

Then, with a last look at the sky, and standing very erect, he closed the door, set better grade, worth \$1.25 to \$3.00, and six The man, young, Southern, and a gen- ver, and looked curiously into the muzzle A moment later the racket of the shot echoed through the deserted house .- By

Robert W. Chambers, in Collier's. College Farm Managers.

Persons seem to expect more of graduseem to expect that these men will be able at once to do all kinds of farm work, tell just what the soil "needs," know what to do with animals in health and disease, and in particular to be able quickly to restore a run-down farm to profitableness and to be willing to do it "on shares." Persons do not realize the fact that agriculture is a name not for one occupation, but for a sethese occupations should require special training. The average college graduate is not yet a mature man; he may not have had much practical experience with more than one kind of farming, and of course this experience cannot be gained at college; his judgment must be developed and prov-

The graduate of a college of law reads law for a time before he enters practice; the graduate in architecture enters an architect's office; the graduate in medicine engages in hospital service; the graduate in mechanics enters a shop to learn the business; yet it is expected that the graduate in agriculture will be able at once to assume full responsibility of a big business. and he is censured if he makes a mistake. The trouble is that there are yet no adequate opportunities in this country for the graduate in agriculture to learn the business or to test himself, if he needs such a test, as there are for other students. Farmers do not take students on such a basis. Most farmers do not properly instruct the boys before sending them to college. Farm practice should be learned at home, not at college. The net result is that while much is expected of the student in agriculture, little opportunity is afforded him in the way of any training that fitly supplements his college course. The agricultural colleges cannot do their best work for the farms until the farms come to their aid. Of no college is so much demanded as of the agricultural colleges, because they are called on not only to educate young men and women, but also to find the ways of making profitable the occupation on which they rest. They are not only educational, but economic and social agencies.

Most women suffer both in mind and body during the periods of gestation and confinement. Such suffering can almost invariably be avoided by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. "I will take the opportunity," writes Mrs. Sarah Keefer, of Johnstown, Somerset Co., Pa., "to write to you of the benefit I derived from your good medicines. I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and I am well again. I took some medicine of our home doctor, but it did not help me. When I was confined I was not sick in any way; I did not suffer any pain."

--- "Your daughter has a wonderful ear for music."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox wearily, "seems like it can stand most anything."

They talk about a woman's sphere As though it had a limit; There's not a place in earth or heaven, There's not a task to mankind given, There's not a blessing or a woe, There's not a whisper, yes or no,

There's not a life, or birth,

That has a feather's weight of worth Without a woman in it. Plea for the Bat as a Pet

A bat in a woman's bedroom can cause more excitement than can one lone buiglar or even a dozen mice. As the strange creature of the night comes flipping and flapping against the walls and ceilings such shrieks are elicited from the terrified

All of which is sheer foolishness, says Her head sank lower; the color ran riot The Technical World Magazine, for if she would but give him a chance the bat could prove to her entire satisfaction that he is an intelligent and amiable creature and not unworthy of a permanent place in the household. Yes; the detested bat makes a

most agreeable household pet. He is a most affectionate creature and will attach himself to a person as does a kindly and intelligent dog. A college professor says: "When I was a student at the university I had two hats, which came and went freely of their own accord. In the evening they were wont to rush through Once-I hoped-some day-after this-all the window into the neighboring garden, this trouble ended-my romance might hunt insects, and when their hunger was appeased they would return to my room. They slept on a bookshelf, where they sus-"I came here under orders to take a pended themselves from a dictionary. At woman spy whose password was the key to a touching attachment to my person and straight in your rags and smiled at me, I follows me about through the rooms of my

This last statement seems to be unquestionable testimony in favor of the theory that the ear of the bat is not only suscep-The boy colored painfully. Then a queer tible to high and shrill sounds, but also for bent over her where she rested heavily on Recognizing that it is called, the creature evidently is able to distinguish different

This advocate of bats as pets further She lifted a dazed face to meet his gaze; states that when he talks pleasantly he trembled, leaned down, and kissed her to it his present favorite raises and lowers its ears, much after the manner of a horse, its nozzle with its tongue, and, in general, disports itself in a manner that indicates And, through the window, she saw the spoken to, it lays back its ears, shrinks

-and then! the gray column swung into I sit by lamplight in the morning at my the western forest at a capter, and were desk I can hardly get rid of it. It comes and goes, rambling about the desk or The boy leaning in the doorway looked climbing up my legs, or else it sits on the of the head and shrill twittering to excite my attention and to obtain worms-its usual food - thereby. Its appetite is,

Paoama hats are made in Columbia. Peru, and Ecuador, but never in Panama. The value of a Panama hat is chiefly the cost of the labor expended in making it, for the value of raw material never exceeds she buried her face in her arms. The most silent. It was nearly sunset when once labor is exceedingly cheap, but a deal of it goes to the making of a hat. It takes a workman six hours a day, six or seven days to make a common pat, worth a dollar.
Two weeks are required to make a hat of

weeks to make a fine hat, worth \$20. In making a fine Panama hat the straw is never dampened, and consequently the work can be done only when the air is very moist, that is to say, early in the morning, and in the evening. The straw used for cheap hats is kept wet, so that the work can be carried on during a greater number

of hours per day. Birthplace of Jefferson Davis.

Dr. W. D. Powell says in the Western Recorder that "a Baptist church stands on the place where ex-President Jefferson Davis was born. Mr. Davis presented Bethel Church, in 1886, with his old homestead, including nine acres of ground. The Baptists built a fine parsonage, a splendid house of worship, house for sextonries of many occupations, and every one of etc. They have the finest plant of any county church that I know. Mr. Davis was present at the dedication and made a talk. He said that many asked him why he, being a Methodist, gave his birthplace on which to build a Baptist church. He said it was because his father was a Bap-tist and a better man than ever he had seen. The church is sustained in part by endowments, as many of the wealthier families are moving to Hopkinsville, Pem-broke and Elkton."

> There are some forms of animal life which are nothing but a stomach. All other parts and organs are dwarfed or radimentary ; the stomach is the center of being. As a matter of fact the stomach plays a vastly more important part in the life of the highest type of animal life, man, than is generally recognized. The stomach to him is the center of existence, for man is primarily a stomach. Starve him and he weakens in brain and body. Feed him with innutritious food, and blood, and muscle, nerve and bone must suffer. this reason the stomach ought to be the first care. When disease shows its symptoms in bead or heart, blood or liver, the stomach should be first examined for the cause of the disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dsscovery was made to match the discovery that many diseases, remote from the stomach begin in the stomach, and that when diseases begin in the stomach they must be cured through the stomach. "Discovery" is a specific for diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It strengthens the stomach, heals weak lungs, purfies the blood.

"Millie," said the young man, as he slipped the engagement ring on her finger, this?" "have you told your mother about

"Oh, you innocent!" exclaimed Miss Millie. "Why, Clarence, mamma knew it six months before you did." - Gyer-I dropped my watch in the river and didn't recover it for three days.

It kept on running, though. Myers-Pshaw! A watch won't run for three days. Gyer-Of course not. I was speaking of

the river.

--- "Lady," said Meandering Mike, "I don't blame dat dog of yours for trying to bite me." "Why not?"

"Because it shows his intelligence. De

last time I came dis way I handed him a piece of pie von gave me." -Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.