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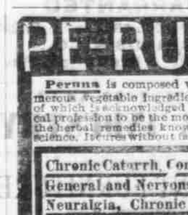

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BABY HARRY'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. P. G. DE FONTAINE.

Come, my darling, you are tired
Kneel and say your evening prayer,
Ask that god in Heaven may keep you
Safe within His guardian care.

"Our Father"—say it, darling,
"Father" framed the pouting lips
Of my boy whose golden tresses
Fell upon his finger tips.

"Who art in Heaven."—"In Heaven" echoed,
And the deep fringed lids fell low,
"Is there much more mamma darling?
I is very tired we know."

"Hallowed be Thy name" came slowly
Slower still—"Thy Kingdom come,"
Weary darling almost sighed,
Only said, "Thy will be done."

"Tant oo chick for me mamma?"
"I'se so dreful tired to-night,
Dod won't know the did'ums will be,
If you tarn way down the light"

"Yes, my baby, I will finish,"
Here the deep blue eyes closed tight,
While the lips still faintly murmured,
"Dess with Dod we'll make it right."
—[Brooklyn Magazine.

TOM.

"Always do your duty, Tom—no matter how perilous or irksome it may be, and, as a general thing, you'll come out all right and shipshape in the end."

Such was the parting advice of an old sailor to Thomas Brown, a boy of sixteen, who was about sailing away aboard the ship Dolphin, bound from New York to the East Indies.

Tom was deeply impressed by the words of his adviser. He bore them in mind, and, after the vessel sailed, was so prompt and cheerful in obeying orders that he became a favorite both with the foremast hands and the officers.

Sometimes the lad, set to scouring the decks, polishing the ring-bolts, or hoisting heavy casks out of the hold, would feel as if ready to drop with fatigue, but not a murmur would escape his lips. He was resolved to do his duty bravely, even though it should kill him.

Fortunately, it had a good effect upon him, enlarging his lungs and chest, making him broad in the shoulders, and strong and muscular in the arms. Slender, and rather delicate when he sailed, he was fast becoming "all right and shipshape," as his friend, the old sailor, had expressed it.

One day, the vessel lay becalmed in the Indian Ocean. The air was stifling; the men breathed with difficulty. Suddenly the barometer began to fall with alarming rapidity. In the distance a hollow, humming noise was heard. Far away to windward was seen a long, broad patch of white water.

"Hands by the halliards!" In with royals and to'gallant sails! Stand by to clew up the fore and mizzen topsails and double reef the main!" screamed the captain, in a voice that made every man jump.

Ere the tars could obey, the storm, roaring and howling, driving the seas in great, white walls of foaming water and spray before it, came sweeping along with terrific velocity not a mile to windward.

The active sailors clewed up and down as fast as they could; then aloft they went and laid out on the yards.

Scarcely were the fore and mizzen topsails rolled up, when, with tremendous fury, the gale struck the ship.

Down she went almost on her beam ends, tearing through the water, in which she was engulfed to her waist. The canvas was jerked from under the men like a flash. Whipping about a moment, with the din of thunder, it was torn from the jackstays and sent whirling in shreds straight up into the black rack of the tempest.

Meanwhile ropes and sheets were slatting about all over the ship. The whistling shrouds bellied far inward, the crackling masts bent over like whalebones; the huge anchors quivered and reeled on the cat-heads.

Tom Brown, with another lad, was at the wheel, assisted by the second mate. The wheel was now like a living monster. It struggled to free itself from the grasp of the three sailors, who held and controlled it with difficulty.

Suddenly a snapping sound, louder than the other noises, was heard aloft. The weather main-to'gallant sail-sheet had parted. The sail, flapping about, threatened to carry away the mast.

"Up there you go, Bill!" cried the captain to the lad next to Brown; "and cut that sail clear of the jackstays!"

Bill turned pale and trembled, but did not move from the wheel.

"Oh, captain, nobody could go up there and live!" he gasped. "Don't make me go, sir!"

In fact the task of cutting clear that slatting sail, with the mast reeling and jerking, threatening to give way every moment, must prove a perilous undertaking.

"I tell you to go!" repeated the captain.

"I can't! I can't!" cried Bill, as white as a sheet. "Anything else I'll do, captain, but don't send me to my death."

The skipper, glaring angrily at the speaker an instant, looked at Tom Brown.

"Go up there, Tom, and cut the sail clear."

Tom also turned pale, but his eyes flashed, and his clear, ringing voice was heard:

"Aye, aye, sir!"

With difficulty he held to the shrouds. Several times his feet were jerked from under him, but he drew them back and kept bravely on.

He reached the top-gallant mast. The ship made a terrific plunge. Then she came up with a tremendous jerk.

The boy's feet again flew from under him. He was flung from the shrouds; but he just saved himself from falling by clutching the top-gallant halliards.

Wilder and more violently slatted the canvas every moment. Several times it struck him with tremendous force, when he only saved himself by clinging under it, with both arms to the yard. The instant it flew back, affording him a chance to work with his knife, he was busy cutting at the strands. He had almost cleared the sail from the spar, when the ship plunged again, coming up the next moment with a jerk that made everything reel.

A crack like the report of a musket was heard, and away went the top and top-gallant mast by the board, as the stays parted. Tom, when he felt the mast going, had thrown himself inboard, clutching two ratlines. By these he hung, falling, with the spar, into the sea.

The ship, dashing on, was soon lost to his view in the dark rack, the mist and the spray of the storm. No boat could be lowered for him in such a gale. There he was, all alone, adrift on the timber with some of the trailing ropes near him.

By dawn the violence of the gale had abated. The sky was clear, the tints of the rising sun were on the eastern wave.

Feebly Tom raised himself on the floating mast. Thank God! there was a sail, like a slender, white column, in the distance.

Up went his handkerchief, waved about his head as a signal. The craft drew nearer, when he perceived that it was the Dolphin. The ship steered toward him. A boat was lowered, he was picked up and taken aboard.

Tom was not wholly confined to French-Canadians, as occasionally a Canadian of Irish parentage will exhibit the same symptoms."—[Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

Co-operative Fire Insurance.

The co-operative method of insurance against fire or any other accident, death included, or what is known as the mutual plan, is decidedly the best for the insurers, because they get the benefit and the security for precisely what it costs. At least they do this if they do not support an extravagant office and pay more for the office work than is necessary. The principle of it is that the parties insured pay an unreasonable sum for necessary expenses and supervision and divide the losses among themselves pro rata. This is precisely the true idea of insurance. There is nothing lost through these payments, because it is simply the cost of the security enjoyed against any risk which each member has of a loss himself.

Politeness en Route.

A New York young man in three months gave his seat in a car to fifty-nine women and girls—young women, old women, pretty girls, ugly girls, shop girls, cash girls, rich girls, colored girls, washerwomen, women with diamonds and sealskins, and very shabby women. Every one of these thanked the young man. One grateful old soul gave him a doughnut from her basket; several of them held his sachel and bundles while he stood. He had a cough once and a kind-hearted old woman told him what to do for it, and on one occasion a grateful old Irish woman announced to the car that he was "a gintleman if ever there was wan." Perhaps, after all, when a woman neglects to thank a man for giving her a seat it may only be because she fears he may be a "masher" who will take advantage of her good breeding.

Where Pigs are Bedfellows.

The pig is sometimes a member of the Cape Breton household in regard to bed and board.

A minister at a wedding remained all night, and was given a low cot bed in the living room. In the night he was started at finding some one getting into his bed, and soon felt it to be the pig nestling down against his back. He tried to drive it out, but the outraged animal would not go.

The noise of the fight brought the house-holder, and he explained that it was the habit of the pig to come into bed with them on cold nights, and assured the reverend gentleman that it would do no harm.—[Harper's Magazine.

Wealthy M.Ps.

In the new House of Commons there are seventy-five members who own more than 3,000 acres of land each, with a rental value of more than $15,000 a year. Out of the above number there are two who own 100,000 acres, and three others more than 50,000 acres, and the possession of seventeen of them exceeds 10,000 acres each. As regards rentals, Sir John Barnes's head is a head with more a million of dollars per annum, followed by Sir John St. Aubyn with near $500,000. Four other rentals exceed $150,000. The rentals of twenty-eight members range from $50,000 to $150,000.

A POPULAR PASTIME.

How a Western Member of Congress Won on the "Dead Man's Hand."

"There is a man," said a well-known Congressional attache, to a Western member, "who has won $40,000 at poker in a few weeks. If he keeps on in good luck, he will have over $100,000 in a little while, and when he goes home his constituents will say he has been bribed. He came here worth nothing, and, of course, when he gets back, buys a fine house, and begins to drive fast horses, it will look suspicious. But I happen to know that he won his money at poker. I was present at a game in a senator's house one night and saw him win $6,000 on one hand. It was the dead man's hand. What is the dead man's hand? Why, it is three jacks and a pair of tens. It is called the dead man's hand because about forty years ago, in a town in Illinois, a celebrated judge bet his house and lot on three jacks and a pair of tens. It was the last piece of property he had in the world. When his opponent showed up he had three queens and a pair of tens. Upon seeing the queens the judge fell back dead, clutching the jacks and tens in his hand, and that is why a jack-full on tens is called the dead man's hand. Well, I saw the member we are talking about now win $6,000, on this hand. There were six gentlemen playing, and all were in, and all had big hands. One had a nine-full, another a four-full, another three aces, another three kings, and another a seven-full. It was a $40 ante and $20 to come in; but the first man straddled the blind, making it forty dollars to come in. As all took cards, there were $240 in the pot to begin with. The first man bet $200. The man to his left simply called it, but the next man raised it $800. This put the bet to $500, and the next man called it. When it got to the Western member, who dealt, he raised it to $1,000. This scared everybody out except another Western man, a distinguished railroad lawyer. The lawyer drew the Congressman's $1,000 and went $1,000 better, stopping to take a check book from his coat-pocket and draw a sight draft for the amount. The Congressman saw this and went $2,500 better. The lawyer then began to think. He looked at the Congressman sharply and long, studying his countenance to see if he could form an idea of the hand he sat upon. Then he fell to studying his own hand and to rubbing his forehead in a meditative way. Then he laid his cards down, coolly took out his check book, wrote a check for $7,500 and called the Congressman. The Congressman held the dead man's hand and the lawyer three nines and a pair of sixes. Subtracting the $40 he had put into the blind and the bets he had made himself, there was exactly $6,100 in the pot which represented the Congressman's winnings on that hand. Did the game go on? Oh! yes; but the railroad lawyer had a very dry cough the balance of the evening, and his apparent melancholy had a depressing effect on the balance of the company. So, after an hour or so, there-abouts, the game broke up. This railroad lawyer, who is exceedingly well-known West and East, went to New York the next day, and I afterward heard that he lost $20,000 one night at poker in a room in the Hoffman House."

A Southern Congressman was credited during the 48th Congress with winning enough money at poker to pay off a $20,000 mortgage with interest on his plantation, and to replace his old mules, plows, wagons and farming implements generally with new ones. He would not play except at unlimited games, and he played with a dash and boldness that dismayed his opponents. Luck attended him until the very shank end of the session. Finally it turned, but too late for the losers to get much of their money back. The Southerner went home $50,000 better off than he came. The next session it was the other way. The Southerner hunted up the same old set, and for a few days played with his magical luck. Then unlucky fortune began to vouchsafe to him only small pairs which he could never strengthen by a draw, or exasperating Dutch fools or tantalizing bobtail flushes. So the Southerner took to bluffing, and in time ran up against a successive series of three aces, king-fulls, fours-of-a-kind, straight flushes and the like with disastrous results. To save his life he couldn't make a small pair evolute into threes, and to four hearts he invariably drew an off-suit spade, like a deceptive diamond or an ominous and gruesome spade. So he continued to bluff and to—get caught. Now there is another mortgage on his plantation. In the old slavery days, when a Southern Congressman wanted to raise a poker stake he would "sell a nigger," but now he must sell a few mules or mortgage his plantation, and, of course, the latter is much the simplest plan.

Mountaineering in Persia.

The Persian pattern of a tent worthy of notice is described in the Century.

It formerly belonged to a Persian general, who used it when accompanying the king or the army in the field. It was of a pattern peculiar to Persia, where it has been the custom for the court to spend the Summer in tents. Consequently, the making of tents has been carried to great perfection in Persia and has given good scope to the decorative talents of the native artist.

My tent was of the sort called kalemkar, the designs of the interior being done by hand, and the colors being also applied or stamped by hand. Nothing could exceed the extraordinary beauty of the intricate designs which completely covered the interior of this tent.

Each panel had in the centre an agreeable representation of the conventional figure of a cypress or tree of life, which we are in the habit of calling the palm leaf pattern when we see it on Cashmere shawls.

But this is an error; it is the cypress that is intended in this design. Around this figure were wreaths of flowers, interwoven with birds of paradise, and at the base of the picture were grotesque elephants pursued by hunters brandishing cimeters.

Over the junction of the panels was a pair of exquisitely comical lions of the most ferocious aspect, bearing naked swords in their right paws. This is but a feeble description of the graceful and fertile fancy displayed in this intricate and lovely system of decoration.

As in all Oriental decoration, the individuality of the artist was apparent in a score of repetitions; for while repeating the same general plan in each panel, the artist allowed himself to vary the arrangement of the color in several places.

Celestial Medical Jurisprudence.

A surgeon of the U. S. Navy has been studying the science and art of medicine as understood by the Chinese doctors. He finds their knowledge of anatomy mixed and crude—the product of their imagination instead of observation by dissection. They have a curious classification of diseases and base their diagnosis largely on different qualities of the pulse as felt at different places. Their materia medica contains 11,827 formulas, compounded from 1,000 substances, and their favorite remedy is "tincture of fine poisons," made by steeping scorpions, snakes and other venomous creatures in samshu—used in treatment of fever and rheumatism. The Chinese use a great deal of bizarre medicine, taking it in many doses, and rinsing two sizable meals away. About one of the glories of the operating field in Shanghai is paralyzed by the fact that this treatment is now employed by American physicians.—[Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

A COW-BOYS' BALL.

How the Festive Frolic is Run by Monarchs of the Plain.

A Chicago Tribune correspondent went to a regular ranch ball and relates his experience as follows:

When all had arrived I should judge there were about fifty cow-boys present and about fifteen ladies. Some little time was spent in thawing out and then the fun began. Let no Eastern tenderfoot imagine that a cow-boy goes to a ball with a six-shooter stuck in each boot-leg and a butcher-knife like an ice-saw protruding from the back of his neck. While there were lots of noise and fun going on, which at times drowned out the two left-handed fiddlers who were sawing away for dear life, I did not hear a word or see an act that might not have been heard or seen in an Eastern ball room, where only swallow-tail coats and white kid gloves could enter. From all I could see the programme of dances was about the same as that adopted by the Arizona and Texas cow-boys at their dances. A recent arrival from the South had brought it up and it was tacked to the wall where everybody could see it. It ran as follows:

1. Grand Circle Round-up March.
2. Horse-Hunters' Quadrille.
3. Catch Horse Waltz.
4. Saddle-up Lancers.
5. Brandon Reserve.
6. Captain's Quadrille.
7. Circular Galop.
8. Round-up Lancers.
9. Cut-out Schottische.
10. Branding Quadrille.
11. Cow and Calf Hacket.
12. Night-Horse Lancers.
13. First Guard Waltz.
14. Second Guard Quadrille.
15. Third Guard Newport.
16. Fourth Guard Quadrille.
17. Day-Herders' Waltz.
18. Maverick Polka.
19. Bull Calves' Medley.
20. Stampede All.

My friend, at whose invitation I was present, seeing me stand an idle spectator, shouted as he whirled by: "Git a partner and pitch in!" But I left them to their innocent, happy enjoyment, and remained a wall-flower throughout the balance of the evening. When the gay revelers had danced unremittingly until about 1 A. M., a halt was called and supper announced. The supper was spread in a large tent at the back of the main building, and this canvas house was made comfortable and pleasant by the aid of a large stove. There were oysters, turkey, venison and all manner of canned goods, coffee and cigars in abundance, but not one drop of whisky or spirituous drinks of any kind. When supper was finished the order came for "On with the dance," and so it was kept up until morning. It was a revelation to me, this life at a cattle ranche in the dead of winter, and I departed much pleased with my visit.

The Burning of Thompson's House.

Capt. W. S. Burns writes: In Oxford was the Mississippi State University, and also the residence of Jacob Thompson, formerly Secretary of the Interior in President Buchanan's Cabinet, and then in Canada sending incendiaries to burn our Northern cities. Gen. Smith was determined these should pay the penalty of Chambersburg and Hunter's residence so he ordered Capt. Hough and myself to go and burn them. Lieut. Fetterman volunteered and went with us. We found Mrs. Thompson at home and a beautiful home it was. There were large and well laid out grounds, and a house which might well be termed a mansion, but as I looked at it I thought how easy to have such a house when the owner had stolen Indian bonds to the amount of $800,000 when Secretary of the Interior. When I announced to Mrs. Thompson our errand and orders and the reasons for them she asked why she should suffer for her husbands acts or for the acts of Gen. Lee's soldiers. I had no answer to give which would have been at all conclusive to her mind, so I told her that she might rest assured that it was a very disagreeable duty for me to execute, but I would permit her to take out any family relics she desired, which permission I granted upon my own responsibility. She was grateful for this, and soon commenced selecting home treasures, but I soon noticed two or three persons moving her piano. I asked her if that was a relic she particularly desired to keep. She said: "No; but she had given it to one of her neighbors." I told her that that would not do; they could not be permitted to take it. After giving Mrs. Thompson an hour for her work I spoke to Lieut. Fetterman, who went up stairs. In a few minutes the upper story was full of smoke, the flames rapidly worked down and drove us out into the yard. As Mrs. Thompson came out on the lower piazza she said to me: "You see how a Southern lady can lose her home."

God—Horse—Man.

The Creator has taken the greatest care to make the whole hoof as light as possible. "Happy thought," says man. "Let us hang a pound or so on each hoof and make the horse waste his strength in lifting it."

He has made the wall exceedingly strong. "Happy thought! Let us weaken it by cutting it away."

He has made this wall nearly as hard as iron. "Happy thought! Let us soften it by stopping!"

He has furnished the hoof with an elastic pad called the "frog," so as to prevent any jar when the horse steps. "Happy thought! Let us cut away the pad and make the horse's weight come upon a ring of iron."

Again, the sole of the hoof has been formed archwise of successive layers of exceedingly hard horn. It bids defiance to hard and sharp-edged objects.

So the sole inspires man with another happy thought. "Let us pare it so this that it not only cannot resist the pressure of the horse's weight upon a stone, but that it yields to the pressure of the human thumb."

The coronary ring, from which the fibers of the wall are secreted, is guarded by a pent-house of hair, which causes wet to shoot off as it does from the eaves of a house. "Happy thought! Let us slip away the hair and set water make its way into the coronary ring."

So, after working his sweet will upon the hoof, man wonders at its weakness and lays down the stupid axiom that "one horse can wear out four sets of legs," which is equivalent to saying that the Creator did not know how to make a horse.

Always Paid His Debts.

"Jones, what about Smith? Do you think he is honest?"

"Oh, yes, I think so; he paid me."

"What did he owe you?"

"A sound thrashing. He paid it without being dunned for it, too."—[Newman Independent

Her Interest.

"Well, doctor, what is the matter with me?"

"I think you are threatened with a mild attack of—or—something in the nature of pleuro-pneumonia."

"Oh, dear—I hope, doctor, I do hope it's something—fashionable."—[Puck.

It Was a Tight Squeeze.

"How do you take an orange, Mr. Cleversomback?" asked Miss Fussandfeather the other evening.

"Oh, I always prefer to take it in my hand and squeeze it," was the gentleman's reply.

Which proved that he had called her fellow "Miss Orange," as she had gayly dressed in her best orange silk, and of course he took the hint.—[Yonkers Statesman.

THE TRIUMPH OF FRANKLIN.

A War Reminiscence by Col. Henry Stone.

Another moment and the enemy were leaping the parapet, the abandoned guns were in their possession, and were turned against the flying mob. Everything looked like irretrievable disaster. It did not seem possible to stay the doom of utter defeat. At this moment Col. Emerson Opdycke, a young commander of inspiring presence and heroic bearing, who had commanded the rear guard from Spring Hill with extraordinary skill and courage, and who had brought his brigade, unbroken, into the works as a reserve, proved equal to the occasion. As he saw the confused rush to the rear he turned to give the necessary orders. But he found his well-tried men had already anticipated him and were fixing bayonets. They only needed the word "Forward!" Deploying in echelon, as they advanced, they met the hitherto triumphant foe before he had time to reform inside the conquered trenches, and when least able to withstand an unexpected attack with the bayonet. The enemy fought like madmen to hold what they had gained, but in vain. Now that a nucleus was formed, those who a few minutes before had shown such demoralization rallied and took part in the fray. The veterans at the right of the spot, abandoned by raw recruits, changed front and struck the enemy on the flank. Those in the second line, on the left of the Columbia Pike, rallied to the front, and fought with all the ardor that is possible to men. Gen. Stanley, who early in the afternoon had gone with Gen. Schofield to the fort on the other side of the river, as soon as he saw the action begin, galloped to the spot, and came up just in time to receive a severe wound and to share in the triumph. Gen. Cox, who had been left in command of the lines, was everywhere present, rallying and encouraging the men. These heroic efforts soon brought success. In a few minutes those of the enemy who had gained the works were either dead or driven back or prisoners. From the moment of Opdycke's coming up the Union lines were held firm and unshaken. Thus the prompt an thoughtful action of one nobly courageous man had literally saved the day.

In the "Hornet's Nest."

"I witnessed the various bloody and unsuccessful attacks on the 'hornets' nest.' During one of the dreadful repulses of our forces Gen. Bragg directed me to ride forward to the central regiment of a brigade of troops that was recoiling across an open field to take its colors and carry them forward. 'The flag must not go back again,' he said. Obeying the order, I dashed through the line of battle, seized the colors from the color-bearer, and said to him, 'Gen. Bragg says these colors must not go to the rear.' While talking to him the Color Sergeant was shot down. A moment or two afterward I was almost alone on horseback in the open field between the two lines of battle. An officer came up to me with a bullet-hole in each cheek, the blood streaming from his mouth, and asked: 'What are you doing with my colors, Sir?' 'I am obeying Gen. Bragg's orders, Sir, to hold them where they are,' was my reply. 'Let me have them,' he said. 'If any man but my color-bearer carries these colors, I am the man. Tell Gen. Bragg I will see that these colors are in the right place. But he must attack this position in flank; we can never carry it alone from the front.' It was Gen. Col. Allen, afterward Gov. Allen, of Louisiana. I returned, miraculously preserved, to Gen. Bragg, and reported Col. Allen's words. I then carried an order to the same troops, giving the order, I think, to Gen. Gibson, to fall back to the fence in the rear and reorganize. This was done, and then Gen. Bragg dispatched me to the right, and Col. Frank Gardner (afterward Major-General) to the left, to inform the brigade and division commanders on either side that a combined movement would be made on the front and flanks of that position. The movement were made and Prentiss was captured."—[Col. Lockett, in the Century.

Women Who Served as Soldiers.

"I was the examining surgeon at one of the recruiting camps early in the war," says a writer in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, "and on one occasion as I passed down the line of a company formed in open order for muster and inspection, I noticed as the hands were held out one set that, to my practiced eye, belonged to a woman. I said nothing at the time, but after consultation with the Colonel had the recruit with the feminine hands brought to headquarters. The bright-looking young soldier in the new blue suit admitted that she was a woman and in two days she was at home. A year after that I was at a ball in Washington. As I stood a little aside from the main party, wishing that I was in front with the army, a young lady came toward me, bowed with exaggerated stiffness, and as she straightened up went through the motions of obeying the order 'Eyes right.' She offered me her hand and thanked me for something that she supposed that I had done and walked away. She was pretty enough to be the belle of the occasion, and I saw that she took considerable delight in my confusion of mind, all of which I understood later when I learned that she was my recruit with the lady-like hands. She afterward told me that she owed me a debt of gratitude for stepping in at the right time to break down her romantic notions. A good many women went into the army and got out of it without any notoriety. They probably are not ashamed of their experience, but it suits their purposes to say nothing about it."

STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

In a mill at Milton, on the Susquehanna River, Sawyer Hasler saw a fish in a hollow water-soaked log just as it was being pushed to the circular saw. Eight large bass were taken from the log.

A Negro farm hand at Fort Gaines, Ga., has contracted for his services next year for a quart of whiskey every Saturday night, a mule to ride on Sundays, clothes and food, and $5 cash on Christmas.

After eloping four times, Mrs. Eva Watkins of Wabash, Ind., tried it again with J. K. Ellis, a book agent. Watkins had always forgiven her, but this trip was more than he could bear, and he said when she came home again repentant: "Oh, no, I guess not—git!"

"Sawyer!" shouted a brakeman on an evening train of the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia Railroad. The only occupants of the coach were a lovable couple, who thought their billing and cooing was unnoticed. The young man retorted: "I don't care if you did; we've been engaged mor'n two weeks.

About Seeds.

Seeds kept too long lose a portion of their vitality. Melons, however, when grown from fresh seed are said to run to vine, while old seed gives more productive plants.

Practical Farming.

A farmer in Pleasantville, Va., made $100 apiece from the milk of his cows last year; and the same cows gave him $140 during 1884.

What Is Pencil.

Professor Wagner has published investigations supporting his opinion that steamed potatoes are far more nutritious than boiled ones.

"A STORY OF THE CHRIST."

How Lew Wallace Tells How He Came to Write the Story of "Ben-Hur."

"I was going down the Mississippi river on a boat, and was singing myself in my state room, when the door which was slightly ajar, was opened and Colonel Richard G. Ingersoll entered and said:

"'General Wallace, I want to talk with you.'

"'Let me set the tent and I'll talk,' I answered.

"'All right,' replied Ingersoll, 'what is your text?'

"'Is there a God?' I asked of the great unbeliever, by way of a text.

"'I don't know. Do you?'

"'Is there a heaven?'

"'I don't know. Do you?'

"'Is Christ the son of God and the redeemer of mankind?'

"'I don't know. Do you?'

"'Is there a devil?'

"'I don't know. Do you?'

"'Is there a hell?'

"'I don't know. Do you?'

"After a few more desultory remarks Ingersoll broke forth into such a conglomeration of blasphemy, irony, sarcasm and pathos as I have never heard. He appeared to be almost inspired and beautifully rounded sentences fell from his lips in quick succession. I saw at once the power of this man's eloquence and opinion and I began to think that I was not thoroughly conversant with the questions I had propounded to the great infidel. I began to study the Bible and hundred words thoroughly and the result was 'Ben-Hur.' This is how I came to write the book."

A good story relative to General Wallace and "Ben-Hur" is related. An English firm of publishers pirated the book and republished it under the title of "The Ben-Hur." General Wallace entered the saleesroom of the firm in London and purchased a copy of the book. He then asked the clerk if the book sold well.

"It is the best selling work that we ever published," was the reply.

"I am glad of it," said General Wallace, "for I wrote it."

He then asked the astonished clerk for a conference with the head of the firm, which was reluctantly granted by the latter.

"I see you have printed my book and changed the title," said Wallace.

"Yes, we thought it would sound better," said the publisher.

"You have also changed my preference and signed my name to it."

"Yes, we thought it could be improved."

"I also see that you have changed the entire book and left out the story of Ben-Hur."

"We made improvements which we thought would be beneficial to the book in England."

The confused publisher refused to slowly promise that he would make financial amends for his piracy and the author never again heard from him.

When Wallace left Constantinople he was presented with an elegant painting, entitled "The Greek Slave." When he arrived home it became noised about that he had a Greek slave, of great beauty of form