And the prayer of the working hand Is the prayer of the working head-The clamorous prayer of a hungry land-'Give us our daily bread!"

Fame, there is fame to be won. A name that stands for a name; The prize when the race shall be run; And the honors a victory may claim.

Gold, and better than gold, Power, and the world's good will; And better than all a thousandfold,

An honest conscience still,

To suffer, and know no shame, To conquer, and leave no ban, To live as giving, through praise and blame Assurance of a man.

-George Cotterell, in Good Words,

Living Beyond Their Means.

BY RELEN FORREST GRAVES,



"Are you quite having for me." sure that you understood your mis. his peace. tress's order, Hesare sixty cents a locks.

ner party as thisthe order myself, and it ain't likely I

should be mistook."

"Hester is quite right," said Mrs. Rufus Mildmay, who came in at that where the logs blazed in the twilight. the neat, calico gown which her prebension crept into her heart. mother-in-law was accustomed to wear wouldn't interfere!"

do not wish to meddle with your concerns, but I really fear that Rufus's in-

young lady. "And you seem to for-

Mrs. Mildmay said nothing more. like this." It was not the first time, nor yet the second, that she had been given to understand, by Mrs. Rufus, that her interposition in household affairs was

The stepson, whom she loved with as fond a devotion as if he bad been her own child, had married a beauticlergyman's daughter, of Pole Hill, which grew there to a giant size; and and settle down on the old farm, as

his father before him had done. Yet, if Rufus was happy, she also would rejoice, she assured herself, the darkening twilight? or was it Thursby to Alice Acton, and a city's edge of the Black Pool? bustle to the sweet peace of the vales and glens.

Mildmay feared that he was not, in ing himself. spite of his smiles and assumed cheerfulness.

his mother might be one of his household after his marriage. Mrs. Mildmay had hoped so, too; but after this, eyes. her first visit, she felt that the dream

said to herself, with a sigh; "and I belong to a past generation.

As she left the store closet, where counsel as to a proposed dinner party, she went slowly and spiritlessly up the breakfast room, where Rufus was reading the morning paper before the fire. 'Rufus," she said, a little abruptly, "I think I had better go back to The Hemlocks this week.

"Mother!" he remonstrated.

"I hope, mother," he said," she has again." not said anything to--

"It is not natural that she should need my presence," said the old lady, "I might have known it: now I am certain of it. Home is the thing, dear Rufus. Do not outspend inexperienced- "

"Oh, it's all right, mother!" said the young man, carelessly. "But I did hope that you could be happy here." Mrs. Mildmay shook her head.

"I shall see you sometimes," said she. "If ever you are in trouble, Rufus---you or Rosamond, either---you will know where to come.

So the old lady went away from the pretty bijou of a house in Parabole mother, mother! why did you not let Place, with its bay windows, its Tur- me fling myself into the Black Pool?" coman portieres and the boxes of flowers in all the casements.

"Rosamond," said the young hus-band, as he studied over the list of weekly bills a short time subsequently, "I believe my mother was right. We

are outrunning our mcome.' "Pshaw!" said Rosamond, who was sewing point lace on a rose-colored satiu reception-dress; "what has put that ridiculous idea into your head, Rufus?"

"Facts and figures," answered Rufus. "Just look here, Rosie."

money, especially if one goes into anew." society.

Rufus whistled under his breath.
"But, Rosamond," said he, "if a
man's income is a hundred dollars a month, and he spends two hundred, how are the accounts to balance at the year's end?"

"I don't know anything about bal-ances and accounts," said Rosamond, with a sweet, sportive laugh. "How do you like this dress, Rufus!" hold-ing up the gleaming folds of the pink satin. "I shall wear it on Thursday evening."

"Do you think, Rosie," said the young man, gently, "that it is wise for us to go so much into society on our slender income?"

"That arrow came from your moth-cr's quiver, Rufus!" said Rosamond, with another laugh. "She was always

preaching about your 'income.'"
"And, after all," said Rufus, "what do we care for the fashionable people to whose houses we go, and whom we invite to our parties? They wouldn't one of them regret if we were to go to the Rocky Mountains to-morrow."

"I would as soon die at once as live Mrs. Mildmay, in aston is h m e n t. Society is all that makes life worth

And, with a deep sigh, Rufus held

That was a long, lonely winter for ter? White grapes Mrs. Mildmay, senior, at The Hem-

pound, and surely Snow set in early; the river froze for so small a dinexcept in the one dismal place down "There's no mistake, ma'am," said in the ravine, where a restless pool of Hester, pertly. Servants will soon ink-black water boiled and bubbled at learn the spirit of their superiors, the foot of a perpendicular mass of and the old lady was often secrectly sad at heart as she sat all alone in the crimson parlor, by the big fire place, der her direction.

moment, a handsome brunette, in a pink cashmers morning dress, trimmed the bitter cold of January took posseswith black velvet-rather a contrast to sion of the frozen world, a vague ap-

"Something is going to happen," about her morning avecations at she said. "I am not superstitious, but home. "And do I wish, mamma, you there are times when the shadow of coming events stretches darkly across The old lady's serene brow flushed. the heart. Something is going to hap"My dear," she remonstrated, "I pen!" And one afternoon, as the amber

sunset blazed behind the leafless trees, turning the snowy fields into masses spend as he pleases!" interrupted the lined head and cloak. "I will go and take a walk," said

get, mamma, that people don't live she. "I shall certainly become a nowadays as they did when you were a hypochondriac if I sit all the time by the fire and nurse my morbid fancies

She took a long, brisk walk down by the rains of the old mill, through the cedar woods, across the frozen swamp, and then she paused.

ful city girl, and settled in New York. and weird toe-effects over the face of So far 'I was well, armough Mrs. the old gray rock."

Mildmay had secretly hoped that he would love sweet Alice Acton, the funereally shaded by the hemlocks,

when Mrs. Mildmay got beneath their boughs, she started back. Was it the illusive glimmering

even although he preferred Rosamond | really a man who stood close to the "Rufus! oh, Rufus, my son!"

She was barely in time to catch him If Rufus was happy! Yes, there in her arms and drag him back from was the question. And sometimes Mrs. the awful death to which he was hurl-When they reached the cedar wains-

coated parlor, where the blazing logs It had been his fondest hope that cast a ruddy reflection on the red Moreen curtains, Mrs. Mildmay looked into her stepson's face with loving

"And now, Rufus," said she, "tell me all about it. The Lord has been "Oil and water will not mix," she very good to you in saving you from a terrible crime.

"Mother, why did you stop me?" he said, recklessly. "I am a ruined Rosamond and her cook were holding man. I shall be dishonored in the sight of the world! Death would be preferable, a thousand times, to dis-

"Rufus," said the old lady, tenderly, "do you remember when you used to get into boyish scrapes at school? Do you remember how you used to confide your troubles to me? Let us "I don't think that Rosamond wants forget all the years that have passed. me here." Rufus Mildmay reddened. Let us be child and mother once

So he told her all-of the reckiess expenditure on Rosamond's part-his own, also, he confessed-which had woven itself like a fatal web about his feet-of the unpaid bills, the clamorbest place for me. But remember one ing tradesfolk, the threats of public exposure, which had driven him at your income. Rosamond is young last to the forgery of his employer's and thoughtless. You yourself are signature, in order to free himself from one or two of the most pressing of these demands.

"And if my investment in Eric bonds had proved a success," he said, eagerly, "I could have taken up every one of the notes before they came due. But there was a change in the market, and now-now the bills will be presented next week, and my villainy will be patent to all the world! Oh,

"Rufus," said his stepmother, "what is the amount of these--these forged bills?

"Ten thousand dollars!" he answered, staring gloomily into the fire. "Exactly the amount of the Government bonds which your father left me," said Mrs. Mildmay. "They would have been yours at my death.

They are yours now, Rufus!' "Mother, you don't mean -" "Take them," said Mrs. Mildmay, tenderly pressing her lips to his fore-head. "Go to New York the first number caught in one night was four-"But I don't want to look!" said thing to-morrow morning and wipe Rosamond, impatiently turning her this stain from your life as you would eatch was sixty-nine. -- New York head away, "and I won't--so there! wipe a few blurred figures from a slate. | World.

Of course one can't live without And then begin the record of existence

And up in the little room which he had occupied as a child, Rufus Mildmay slep the first peaceful slumbers which had descended upon his weary eyelids for many and many a night.

In the midnight train from New York came Rosamond Mildmay to The Hemlocks, with a pale, terrified face and haggard eyes.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she sobbed; "where is he---my husband? He has left me, and the letter on the dressingtable declared that he would never return alive! Ob, mother, it is my faut! I have ruined him! Help me, com-fort me, tell me what I shall do!"

Mrs. Mildmay took her daughter-in-law's hand, and led her softly to the little room where her husband lay sweetly sleeping.

Rosamond drew a long, sobbing sigh of relief, and clasped her hands together as if in mute prayer at the

sight. "Bush!" said the old lady; "do not wake him. He is worn out, both in mind and body. Only be thankful that God has given him back to you, almost from the grave."

And as the two women sat together by the blazzing logs in the crimson parlor, Mrs. Mildmay told Rosamond the whole story of the meeting at the Black Pool.

"Mother," said Rosamond, with a quivering lip, "it is my doing. You warned me of this long ago. Oh, why did I give no heed to your words? I deserve it all!"

"You will do better for the future, my dear," said the old lady, kindly, "Only be brave and steadfast,"

So the young people went back to New York and commenced the world and Hester knew that young Mrs. gray rock, under the shadow of gloomy snew, withdrawing from the mael-Mildmay was not particularly partial evergreens; the sunshine glittered strom of "society," and living within to her husband's stepmother. "I took with frozen brightness over the hills, themselves. Mrs. Mildmay, senior, evergreens; the sunshine glittered strom of "society," and living within came with them, and Rosamond is learning the art of housekeeping un-

> "Mamma is an angel!" says the young wife, enthusiastically. "And if I could only be just like her, I should have no higher ambition."---Saturday Night.

Brains and Cold Weather. Extreme cold, as is well known, ex-

erts a benumbing influence upon the mental faculties. Almost every one who has been exposed for a longer or a shorter period, to a very low temperature, has noted a diminution in will power, and often a temporary weakening of the memory. Perhaps the largest scale upon which this action has ever been studied was during the retreat of the French from Moseow. The troops suffered extremely from hunger, fatigue and cold -from the latter perhaps most of all. A German physician who accompanied a detachment of his countrymen has left an interesting account of their trials during this retreat. From an abstract of this paper by Dr. Rose, in the "Medicinische Monatschrift," we find that of the earliest symptoms referable to the cold was a loss of memory. This was noted in the strong as well as those who were already suffering from the effects of the hardships to which they had been exposed. With the first appearance of a moderately low temperature (about five degrees above zero Fahrenheit), many of the soldiers were found to have forgotten the names of the most ordinary things about them, as well as those of the articles of food for which they were perishing. Many forgot their own names, and those of their comrades. Others showed pronounced symptoms of mental disturbance, and not a few became incurable insane, the type of their insanity resembling very closely senile dementia. The cold was probably not alone responsible for these effects, for a zero temperature is rather stimulating than paralyzing in its action upon the wellfed and healthy. These men were half starved, poorly clad, worn out with long marching, many already weakened by dysentery and other discases, and all mentally depressed, as an army in defeat always is. needed, therefore, no very unusual degree of cold to produce the psychic effects observed under other circumstances only as a consequence of exposure to an extreme low temperature. -New York Advertiser.

The Sparkstoetting.

One of the novel ideas for transportation over snow and ice which is to be introduced this year is the sparkstoetting or Norwegian sled. The sled consists of two ten-foot long runners of seasoned pine, which are about an inch thick and four inches wide, turned up at the end like an old fash ioned pair of skates. Near the center of the runner, a little to the front of the exact center, there are fixed two light uprights, three feet high, fitted in some cases with a light crossbar, and these uprights are guyed to the turned-up ends by light but strong pieces of wood, so that they will remain rigid, the two runners are also guyed across the ends at the front to keep them the right distance apart. Just behind each of the uprights there is a foothole made on each of the runners by tiny blocks of wood, which keep the foot from slipping off and gives it a front brace. - Current Litera-

Effective Schame for Catching Rats,

One of the funniest and, at the same time, most effective schemes for catching rats has been devised by J. B. Greene, of Garmon's. He has a two-bushel washpot which was half filled with water and cotton seed. A board was placed to run from the floor to the top of the pot for the rats to teen and the smallest eight. The total

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR IN-TEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household-Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Canning Children.

Our Boys.

"What shall we do with our boys?" he said. Old Merchant Brown, to his business wed, As with puzzled brow he shook his head.

"Will chooses the law," said Mrs. B., "And Ned," says the father, "he stays with me. I'll take him into the store as clerk,

And if he'll be stendy and 'tend to work He'll soon be partner, and when I die He'll be a merchant, the same as L."

"And now," asked the mother, "what about Jim. Our youngest; what shall we do with

Jim heard the question. "Father," said "I'll tell you what you can do for me. As all my boyish pranks are played, It's time to begin-let me learn a trade." 'A trade, my son! That's a queer re-

quest. I'd rather treat you the same as the rest, And I can afford as well, you know; And a trade, Jim, isn't that rather low? I wanted to send you off to college To cram your brain with classical knowl-

edge. Then to choose a profession that pleases you best. You learn a trade, Jim? I'm sure you iest.

"No, father, I mean just what I say. I've thought of the matter for many a And that is the serious choice I've made If you don't object, let me learn a trade. You say it's low, but we don't agree—

All 'labor is honor,' it seems to me. 'Not every lawyer can find success; Not every doctor, as you'll confess; But a man with a trade and a thorough

skill Can find employment, look where he will. As for education, I still may learn— The night schools and lectures will suit my turn."

Then parents and brothers had their say, But Jim stood firm till he had his way.

Will went through college and studied

And looked for clients he seldom saw. Ned worked as clerk for a three years'

term. Then his father took him into the firm. Jim learned his trade, and learned it well;

His motto, in all things to excel. His nights he spent in filling his mind With useful knowledge of every kind. As time went onward, all he learned To good and wise account he turned, Until, within him, he found, one day, A talent rare for invention lay. And before very many years were parsed His fortune had come to him at last, Though long ere this he had found what's

A home with a wife and children blest.

The merchant died, and then 'twas known His wealth had in speculation flown. Then Jim, the open-handed, said:

"Here's a home for mother and brother And even wise Will looks up to him, For there's nobody now, like Brother Jim.

'What shall we do with our boys?" you said. 'Tis best if you let them learn a trade,

You think it is low, but we don't agree-All "labor is honor," it seems to me; And a man with a trade, and a thorough skill. Con find employment, look where he will. -Chicago Inter Ocean.

Sayings of Little Ones.

Little Jack prays every night for all the different members of his family. His father had been away at one time for a short journey, and that night Jack was praying for him as usual. "Bless papa and take care of him," he was beginning as usual, when suddenly he raised his head and listened. "Never mind about it now, Lord," ended the little fellow; "I hear him down in the Pall!

"What have you learned in the Sunday school to-day, Ethel?" asked her mother as the little girl came running up to her. "Well, I learned a verse," answered the child, glancing over to where great-grandmother sat, and hesitating.

"What is it, dear?"

"Thou shalt," began the child, and then suddenly whispering, "Thou shalt not bear false teeth against thy neigh-

Ethel has had other times of not hearing distinctly, and one of them was again in connection with the Sunday school lesson. "What was it about today?" asked her mother on this ocea-

"It was about Shem, Ham, and beefsteak," answered the child quite seri-

"Mamma," said little 8-year-old, "just think how many important things happened this week! On the 17th St. Patrick drove all the snakes out of Ireland; the 18th (Palm Sunday) Jesus rode into Jerusalem; the 19th I was born; the 20th our cat had kittens!"

A class in grammar was reciting and compare "sick." He began thoughtful- nal.

"Sick"-paused while his brain DISCOURAGING TRAIN ROBS FOR LITTLE FOLKS. | 15. "Sick"-paused while his brain struggled with the problem—then finished triumphantly: "Sick, worse, dead."

> Skeleton in the Closet. A few days ago the little son of a well-known physician was entertaining a playmate at his father's house. As children will, they ransacked every nook and corner of the building. Their curiosity led them to explore the recesses of a closet in which the doctor keeps his instruments and other personal effects, among which is a complete skeleton. The strange boy was frightened when he first beheld the grinning remnant of what once had been a human being, and started to run away. The doctor's son, however, had seen the skeleton so often that he entertained for it only that feeling of contempt forgotten by familiarity, and in a little while succeeded in so allaying the fears of his companion that the youngster began to handle the thing and rattle its dry bones. "Where did your father get it?" he finally asked. "I don't know," was the reply; "but I guess it was his first patient, for he's had it an awful long time."

An Example to Others.

Said the Gump, "I know full well that I'm as lazy as can be; I often waste the golden morning hours in sleep, you see;



But I've bought me this alarm clock, and it's set at half-past four. An dnow I hope I shall not be a sluggard any more."

This Is Miss Piper. Did you meet Miss Piper? If you wish to make her acquaintance, I will tell you how to do so. Take a common clay pipe and insert it in a spool of coarse black linen thread. Make a dress, cap, shawl and white apron, and paint eyes, mouth and cheeks. Miss



LITTLE MISS PIPER

Piper's nose is provided for, as you can see. Hang on her arm a small, black silk bag filled with shoe buttons. Pin her shawl with a coarse needle. On her apron write the following lines:

> My name is Miss Piper, I'm not a penwiper, But if from your shoes Your buttons you lose Just bring them to me, And quickly you'll see With what great delight I'll sew them on tight.

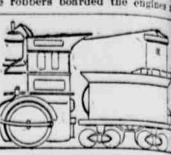
A Polar City.

Numbers of explorers who have sought the Arctic regions in quest of the Pole have told of a mysterious city mirrored against the northern skystately buildings in choice architecture, tall and imposing spires, but such as differ from anything we know about. Whether the foundation of this mirage is a reality and only unrecognizable because of transposition as to directions, whether it is a work of some mysterious remnant of our race that once occupied the Pole, or whether this is some fanciful feature of the frost, as the peculiar shrubbery we see on the window pane-whatever this is, it must be consigned to the perplexing enigmas of the unknown region. Who knows but some spot, once the theater of busy and advanced human life, may have escaped the general cataclysmal wreck, and this city may be the silent and as yet undiscovered witness of pre-polar time, standing alone in the dead desolation, in the rigid shroud of now polar death! If we must be barred from entering this undiscovered country, we may add to our equipment by a careful noting of its mirage, and then give to the base of these phenomena a most thorough

Why He Had to Laugh. "We had better watch the bookkeeper a little," said the senior partner. "He has been buying a bicycle." "But you can hardly call that an extrava-gance," said the junior partner. "No, but it is likely to make him crooked." And the junior partner, who had entered the firm by the son-in-law route, one of the younger boys was asked to dutifully laughed.-Indianapolis Jour-

A Louisiana Convict Invents a Be Proof Tender Turret,

Frank Ryan, a convict in the La ana State prison at Baton Rouge patented an invention for the pretion of train robbers, which, he a is bound to revolutionize the ere business. He points to the fact the the years of 1891 and 1892 there twenty-two trains robbed on the ferent roads throughout the Ur States, and that in nineteen of a the robbers boarded the engines



A ROBBER-PROOF LOCOMOTIVE compelled the engineer and are go with them to the express car, adds: "It has always been cone that anything to prevent these role ies would come from the brain convict."

The "Messenger Revolving Page is the name of this convict's patent, It is an ingenious system to protect engineers and firemen. It consists bullet-proof house on the back of tender, in which an armed guard his place when the train pulls out the depot. This house is made eith boiler plate or steel, and it does no ceed 500 pounds in weight. It m detached from the tender at any

The little house is about four fe height, so as to allow a man to site in a comfortable position and ye so high as to strike bridges or the of tunnels. In the front there is a that is fastened on the inside up bolt after the guard enters. Then portholes in the door and sides, w the guard can open at will, thus gi him a good view of the engine an the country at large.

The picket house revolves illie the ret of a man-of-war, and under corner there is a roller. To faste picket house on the tender then socket and four rings, and on the there are four chains with snaph which catch in the rings. The wh held in place by a pivot in the or

When the train is made up the press guard mounts the engine s ines the picket house and place rifles, revolvers, etc., inside. What train pulls out he enters and fa the door and sitting down, lightsan and begins tokeep his eye out for robbers. When the train nears a water me

station he covers the engineer, a would take a man with more that dinary nerve to attempt to boards gine with a rifle barrel or a shot looking him in the face. In the of the train being cut in two thes neer could tell in a moment is jumping of the reverse lever and it motion. The guard could hand a engineer and fireman each a rife by backing up to the detached per of the express train they could in the express train.

Convict Ryan says of this pate claim for my invention that it complete protection for the e and fireman, with no danger t guard unless it be that the end thrown from the track. With a mined man on the inside of the it would be an utter impossibility an armed body of men to stop, mite and rob the express car."

General Hancock's Firmnes General Hancock was in com of the train which brought 66 Grant's remains from Mt. McGree New York. He and his staff we the coach next to the last. In the car was a party of Pennsylvania officers, who were popping as ional bottle of champagne and ing quite sociably. General Has saw through from his car what going on in the rear. It did not port with his ideas of the propriet so solemn an occasion, and, calling conductor, he said:

"Will you present my complime those gentlemen, with the reques they cease smoking and drinking In a few moments the conduct turned with the announcement the convivial officers returned their ments with a peremptory declin to relinquish their cigars or wine

"Where is the next switch?" Hancock. "About five miles below," repli conductor.

"When you reach it, if the smand drinking in that car has notes switch in on a sidetrack and lest You may tell the gentlemen have said."

In two minutes cigars and wine not to be seen in the rear coach occupants knew that Hancock ! just what he said.

A woodsman does not expend powerful blows upon a mighty tre then stop, expecting the majestic monarch to fall; nor does a wise chant send forth a few flaring all then cease, expecting business ! fortune to come without further



JAPANESE CARICATURE OF THE CHINESE-THE ORDER OF DECAPITATION AS PRACTICED IN CHI Capt. Fong. Gen. Nieh. Gen. Ma. Gen. Wei. Gen. Yeh. Gen. Sung. Admiral Viceroy Prince Kung. The E -From the Jiji Shimpo of Tokio. Ting. Li Hung Chang.