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**PRAYERS THE LITTLE CHILDREN SAY.**  
The prayers the little children say—  
They are not fine of speech,  
But they hold deeper mystery  
Than any tongue could teach,  
And they reach farther up to heaven  
Than vapor prayers can reach.  
The angels laugh to hear each day  
The prayers the little children say.

The prayers the little children say—  
No tolling angel brings  
They pass right through the shining ray  
That reaches selfish things.  
(They are so little that they slip  
Between the guarding wings.)  
And God says, "Bless and give them way!"  
The prayers the little children say.

The prayers the little children say—  
Ah, if we knew the camel  
For course, so wise and grand and gray,  
Walk severally and lone,  
And by the time they come to God  
They have forgot his name.  
Would we may some like them to pray  
The prayers the little children say!

All trees have seeds. In some, how-  
ever, the seeds are so small in pro-  
portion to the size of the tree that they al-  
together escape ordinary notice.  
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**THE BOAT WAS LATE.**  
But Old Charon Had a Good Excuse For  
It.  
The day had faded into dusk, the  
furnace lights glowed redly against the  
black background of night, and still  
there was no sign of the boat. Plato,  
waiting at the slip, cursed Charon for a  
loitering old dotard and made a mental  
vow to replace him with a younger  
man on the morrow. Minutes slipped  
two hours, and they came again, but not  
to Plato's anger had given way to  
anxiety, and he feared that the fune-  
ral waters of the Styx now surged in  
requiem over the body of his trusted old  
servitor. Just as he was about to send  
out searching parties, however, the  
missing boat came round the bend with  
old Charon all safe and sound sitting at  
the helm. From stem to stern the boat  
was packed with people, and progress  
was of a necessity very slow. Plato's  
face was hard and stern as he watched  
the people land, and it grew even more  
so when old Charon approached, with  
the passenger list in his trembling hand.  
"Please, O master, it wasn't my  
fault!" he cried imploringly.  
"It wasn't my fault? Then whose was it?"  
"Why, it was that trolley car con-  
ductor's. He kept insisting that there  
was room for one more."—New York  
Journal.

**One Sided Dueling.**  
Colombo, in his history of duel-  
ling, tells an anecdote of a certain noted  
duelist of his time. One day this man,  
Mr. B., was at Desnonne's shooting gal-  
lery watching the pistol practice.  
There was one man who was shoot-  
ing very well, and Desnonne was threat-  
ened with the loss of all his glass balls  
and swinging dolls. Every shot was  
greeted by the spectators with exulta-  
tions of admiration. "B. looked on for  
awhile, and finally in a calm voice  
made the remark:  
"He could not do as well on the  
field."  
The object of the slighting remark  
turned around, and in a loud and angry  
tone cried:  
"Who are you to say that? Would  
you like to test the truth of your  
remark?"  
"Willingly," replied the uncon-  
cerned duelist, as he led the way out to  
a secluded place.  
After taking up their respective po-  
sitions they drew lots, and it fell to B.  
to shoot last. He waited in silence for  
his adversary's shot. The man fired—  
and missed. B. lowered his pistol.  
"What did I tell you?" he said, with  
a smile. Then putting his pistol in his  
pocket he walked away whistling.—  
Youth's Companion.

**Who Had a Football Father.**  
"Why didn't you tell me your father  
was an old variety football player?"  
"I didn't think of it. What differ-  
ence does it make?"  
"Why, just as soon as I asked him  
for you he got up and commenced cir-  
cling round his office like a madman.  
But I kept myself turned squarely to-  
ward him. I knew what the old full  
back wanted."  
"What did he want?"  
"He was just asking to get in a place  
kick."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**"Mrs. Ipp."**  
A very little girl who had learned  
with difficulty the abbreviation "Mrs."  
was asked for the first time to spell  
"Mississippi." Having conquered the  
first two syllables, as she supposed, she  
smiled gloriously over the whole prob-  
lem. She spelled it "Mrs. Ipp." And  
she pronounced all her syllables like a  
good child, thus: "M-r-s. (Missis) I-p-p  
(y) Mississippi."—Boston Transcript.

**Mr. Asbury Peppers.**  
"I know a man," said the over-  
boarder, "who believes in spirit mar-  
riages, the idiot."  
"I thought you had a leaning toward  
a belief of that kind yourself," said  
Asbury Peppers. "I never saw another  
man with such a liking for unearthly  
ties."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**The Formation of Dew.**  
A schoolboy was asked to explain the  
formation of dew. His answer was,  
"The earth revolves on an axis every  
24 hours, and in consequence of the ter-  
rible motion at which it travels it pe-  
sigrates freely."—Tit-Bits.

**Plainly Exposed.**  
"Honest?" he exclaimed. "Honest?  
Well, rather. He not only wouldn't  
steal from an individual, but he actual-  
ly refused to steal from the government  
once when he had the opportunity."—  
Chicago Post.

**Listener—And was the rescue attend-  
ed by any serious results?**  
Narrator (concluding)—And as the  
result of the rescue I won a wife.—New  
York Journal.

**A Bond of Sympathy.**  
"That new hired girl of yours goes out  
every night."  
"I can sympathize with you. So does  
our furnace."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Her Gentle Hint.**  
"You may not like me, Jack," said she,  
While dimples dotted sanely  
Her cheeks of blushing red.  
"I've never seen you here, Jack, matt"—  
"I got my heart with rapscallion"  
"It grows quite dark," she said.  
But there—confound my lack!—on high  
The sun and I the azure sky  
I found forth its golden light,  
But I—would you were leaving ray  
Went, looking, put an end to say  
And harken on the night.

From yonder west, where ocean rolls  
Her foaming waves on sandy shores,  
A darkling storm is blowing.  
The bright sun faded soon away,  
While blacker grew the autumn day.  
Still there I sat with Sue.  
Also, I know the storm fall well  
Would drive us from the cozy del.  
Where oft the hours we would.  
But Sue, she sighed and lent her hand;  
Then, looking up, "Wig, Jack," she said,  
"How dark it grows!" and smiled.  
—Yale Record.

**CORONATION SERVICES.**  
Vow of Land on Condition of Personal  
Duty to the Sovereign.  
Florence Hayward describes Queen  
Victoria's coronation roll in The Cen-  
tury. The writer says:  
After telling how the privy council  
was formed into a commission "to hear  
the petitions of the lords, great men,  
nobles, knights and other with regard  
to services, duties, attendances, offices,  
fines and rights connected with the cere-  
mony of coronation," the roll states that  
those petitions were, or at least  
such of them as were granted.  
One was that of the Duke of Norfolk,  
who claimed "the right to find for the  
queen on her day of coronation a glove  
for her majesty's right hand and to sup-  
port the queen's right arm on the same  
day as long as her majesty shall hold  
to her hand the royal scepter, the peti-  
tioner holding the manner of Workop  
by the aforesaid savisors." In other  
words, if the Duke of Norfolk had  
failed to provide the glove or to sup-  
port her majesty's arm at that particular  
time his ownership of Workop manor  
would have been invalidated and the  
property have reverted to the crown.  
Another petition was that of Barbara,  
Baroness Grey de Ruthyn, who as the  
head of her family, claimed the right to  
carry the great spurs before her majesty  
on the day of her coronation and asked  
that George, Lord Byron, be appointed  
her deputy for the performance of that  
duty.  
Yet another was that of Francis,  
twelfth earl of Huntingdon. The earl-  
dom of Huntingdon had remained sep-  
arated for many years owing to the  
tenth earl dying without issue. When,  
however, the twelfth in the line of suc-  
cession succeeded in establishing, as a  
descendant of the second earl, his right  
to the peerage, he also claimed the right  
to carry one of the four swords of state  
in the coronation procession, this, as  
well as other duties and services con-  
nected with the ceremony, being the  
condition of his tenure of lands. Small  
wonder, then, that in announcing the  
omission of the procession it was im-  
portant to set forth also that the non-  
performance of duties connected with it  
should entail no forfeitures.

**THE USEFUL GIRAFFE.**  
Employed to Get Down Pats That Had  
Lodged in the Roof Gutter.  
"Good natured?" said the old circus  
man. "Why, the best in the world.  
When the old man's boy used to get a  
baseball lodged in a gutter at the caves  
of the house—this was when we were  
off the road in winter quarters—he never  
used to get out at the south and  
climb down the roof and take the risk  
of falling off and breaking his neck to  
get it. He used to go to the barn and  
get out the giraffe. The old 18 footer  
would trot along after him, and the  
what was wanted—all they came to  
the house and then walk along the side  
looking down into the gutter as he went  
along until he came to the ball, and  
then he would pick it up and bend his  
head down and give it to the boy.  
"One day when the youngster had  
thrown a ball up on the roof and had  
seen it roll down into the gutter he  
went as usual after the giraffe. When  
the giraffe looked along the gutter that  
day, there was no ball there. He took  
his nose out of the gutter and looked  
down at the boy in the yard with a  
large interrogation mark in each eye as  
much as to say:  
"Sure it didn't roll off somewhere?"  
"And the boy said 'Sure,' and then  
the giraffe looked again, but it wasn't  
there, and the giraffe reported with a  
sacred shake of the head, and was  
driven back to the barn.  
"They wondered about this, for it  
was the first time the giraffe had ever  
failed to get the ball, and they knew it  
must be there, but it was so explain-  
ed. A day or two later there came a big  
rainstorm. Instead of running a big  
nearly stream as usual the tin water pipe  
from the roof ran just a little bit of a  
stream, and the water that should have  
run in it that way overflowed the gut-  
ters and dripped in a thin sheet against  
the side of the house. Then they knew  
why the giraffe couldn't find the ball.  
It had rolled down the water pipe."—  
New York Sun.

**Not to Be Deceived.**  
The president of one of the leading  
eastern colleges was recently journey-  
ing toward New York and found him-  
self in the same seat with an old man  
whose general appearance betokened the  
farmer. They soon fell into conver-  
sation, and after saying that he was on  
his first visit to the metropolis the  
farmer mentioned the name of the lit-  
tle village up among the hills of New  
Hampshire from which he came and re-  
marked that he supposed his friend had  
never heard of it. "Oh, yes," said the  
man. "I've been there." Imagines his  
astonishment when the country man,  
after staring at him several seconds, ex-  
claimed, "See here, I've heard all about  
you folks fellows, and you can't get a  
chance to thank me." So saying, he  
grabbed his cap and, marching  
down the aisle, took a seat on the other  
side of the car.—New York Times.

**A Hard Swallow.**  
An eminent barrister, noted as much  
for a habit he had of sucking lozenges  
as for his eloquence, was once depend-  
ing on a murder case. He was standing  
with a bullet in one hand and the usual  
lozenge in the other, when suddenly,  
in the midst of a fine burst of eloquence,  
his face fell, and in a tone of agony he  
cried:  
"Gentlemen, I've swallowed the bul-  
let."—London Tit-Bits.

**Safe While It Lasts.**  
"I haven't got any case," said the  
agent, "but I have money."  
"How much?" asked the lawyer.  
"Ten thousand dollars," was the re-  
ply.  
"Pshaw! You have the best case I ev-  
er heard of. I'll see that you never go  
to prison with that sum," said the law-  
yer cheerfully.—Boston Traveler.

**THE AMERICAN NILE.**  
SUCH IS THE GREAT RIO GRANDE,  
WITH ITS VAGARIES.  
It is a River of Freakish Habits and  
Must Be Seen More Than Once to Be  
Understood—Flows Mainly Underground,  
but at Times There Is a Torrent on Top.  
"It's a river 1,500 miles long, meas-  
ured in its windings," said the man  
from New Mexico, speaking of the Rio  
Grande. "For a few miles, at its mouth,  
light draft steamers run up from the  
gulf of Mexico. Above that it doesn't  
float a craft except at ferries. In the old  
days, when New Mexico was a province  
of Spain, the people along the river  
didn't even have ferryboats, and the  
only way they had of getting across was  
by fording. For this purpose a special  
breed of large horses was reared to be  
kept at the fords. When the river was  
too high for these horses to wade across,  
travelers camped on the bank and wait-  
ed for the waters to subside. Now there  
are bridges over the river at the larger  
Rio Grande towns, and in other places  
stone ferries and rowboats are the means  
of crossing.  
"In times of low water a stranger  
seeing its current for the first time  
would be apt to think slightly of the  
Rio Bravo del Norte, as the New Mexi-  
cans love to call the great river. Mean-  
dering in a small part of a very wide  
channel he would see only a little muddy  
stream, for ordinarily nine-tenths of the  
Rio Grande is underground, the water  
seeking along toward the gulf through  
the sands beneath its channel. The val-  
ley, bounded everywhere to left and  
right by mountains or foothills, is sandy,  
and the water, percolating the sands  
down to hard pan, spreads out on each  
side so that it may always be found  
anywhere in the valley by digging down  
to the level of the river's surface. For  
the greater part of the year the river  
above ground flows swift and muddy,  
narrowing as it swirls round a sand bar  
and widening over shallows. But the  
thing that strikes the stranger most  
quickly is its disappearance altogether  
for reaches, many miles in length,  
of its channel, which, except it may be,  
for a water hole here and there, is as  
dry as Sahara. The river is keeping  
right along about its business, however,  
and where a rock reef or clay bed blocks  
its subterranean current it emerges to  
the surface and takes a fresh start above  
ground, running as a big stream which,  
further down, may lose itself in the  
sands again.  
"It is when the floods come down  
that the Rio Grande shows why it  
requires so big a channel for its all the  
year round use, and demonstrates that  
if the waterway were even wider it  
would be an advantage to residents  
along its banks. It is fed by a watershed  
of vast area and steep descent, which  
in times of rain and melting snows pre-  
cipitates the waters rapidly into the  
channel. In June, when the snow melts  
on the peaks about its headwaters in  
Colorado and northern New Mexico, and  
later in the summer, when heavy show-  
ers and cloudbursts are the order of the  
day, the Rio Grande overflows its banks,  
deluging wide tracts of valley and some-  
times carving a new channel for itself,  
changing its course for miles. Where  
the valley is unusually wide and sandy,  
as below Ileta and in the Merilla val-  
ley, the old channels in which the river  
used to flow are plainly indicated in the  
landscape.  
"No one who has seen the great river  
in flood is likely to forget the positive  
fidelity it seems to display as its waters  
sweep all before them, and woe to the  
man or beast who is overtaken by them!  
The flood arrives without warning. The  
sky may be clear above when the travel-  
er, leisurely jogging across the wide  
cinnabar, hears his wagon wheels grate  
upon the sand with a peculiar sound. It  
means that the waters are stirring the  
sands beneath him, and then, if he  
knows the river, he lashes his horse,  
making at all speed for the nearest  
bank, and lucky he is if he reaches it  
safe. The chances are that before he gets  
there he hears the roaring of waters up  
the channel and sees them coming down  
toward him with a front like a wall,  
rolling forward and downward as if  
over a fall, with a rising fog behind.  
Many a man and whole wagon trains  
have been overwhelmed in this way,  
and buried in sands or cast away on  
desert banks, no human eye has ever  
seen them again.  
"The great river has its pleasing and  
romantic aspect, so fascinating that it is  
a saying among people who live in its  
valley that 'whoever drinks a drop of its  
water and departs will come again to seek  
them.' Like the Nile, the Rio Grande  
enriches the soil of its valley to the  
point of inexhaustible fertility. Along  
its banks in New Mexico are fields that  
for two centuries have been cultivated  
yearly, yielding great crops, and they  
are as productive today as when they  
first were tilled. Irrigating canals, call-  
ed acequias, madreas (mother ditches),  
convey water from the river to be dis-  
tributed through little gates to the fields  
of the valley, which it both waters and  
enriches. A trip along the river reveals  
a succession of pictures of a primitive  
civilization of the old Spanish-American  
type. Adobe villages, with small, flat  
roofed houses built about antique  
churches, and the spacious houses of the  
vicar, or great man; orchards, vineyards,  
wheatfields and grazing cattle are all  
features of the scenery of the Rio  
Grande, the American Nile."—New  
York Sun.

**Sevastopol.**  
The fortifications of Sevastopol, which  
caused the allies so much trouble during  
the six months' defense of the fortress  
by the Russians, were at first very  
weak, and military experts say the town  
might have been taken by a vigorous  
bombardment and assault during the  
first few days of the siege. The igno-  
rance of the allied generals in regard  
to the strength of the works caused a delay  
which the Russians improved by making  
the defenses almost impregnable.

**THE LONE BACHELOR.**  
What He Thinks He Knows About Men,  
Women and Affairs.  
Adam's first thought was probably  
that Eve was only intended as a joke.  
Happiness in married life is like a  
piece of soap in a bathtub. You always  
know it was there when you got in.  
Most men would just as lief see a wo-  
man wear a nose ring as earrings.  
Never believe a man who says he  
loves you or a girl who says she doesn't.  
The woman that hugged a burglar  
till the police came probably wondered  
why he objected to getting arrested.  
The first year a woman is married she  
thinks most of her husband, the second  
of her lady and the third of her teeth.  
When a girl first tells a man she  
loves him, she generally says his hand  
seemed to her like a touch out of another  
world.  
The only man who keeps on making  
a fool of himself in the same way to the  
same woman is the jealous man.  
The habit married women have of  
collecting china or teapoons is probably  
a relic of their habit of collecting men.  
When a woman feels intimate enough  
with a man to get caresses about the  
way she dresses for him, he is liable to  
feel too intimate with her to marry her.  
When a woman goes to get a check  
cashed, she always acts as if she was  
having something done and wasn't sure  
whether she liked it.  
When a woman goes to a party, when  
she isn't wondering whether the men  
like her she is wondering whether the  
women like her dress.  
The pleasure the average woman gets  
out of getting Christmas presents is  
generally balanced by the fear that she  
may not be able to find out just what  
some of them cost.—New York Press.

**New Use For a Poole.**  
A southern woman says that she never  
saw a white poole dressed up with rib-  
bons and bells and waddling about in  
an pathetic content without being instan-  
tly reminded of a former pet of her own.  
This dog mysteriously disappeared,  
and although large rewards were offered  
for his return nothing was heard from  
him.  
At last one day a servant of the house  
brought him in to his discouraged own-  
er in an indescribably dirty and abject  
condition.  
"Where in the world did you find  
him?" she asked with a mixture of dis-  
gust and delight as the dog looked up  
at her with malicious, twinkling eyes  
from under a soiled drab fringe of hair.  
"Oh," replied the man, doing his  
best to repress a chuckle, "I done found  
dat Mopsey 'bout a mile from a trifling  
missus' I see dere, dere was a trifling  
nigger, he'd get Mopsey tied on to de  
end of a pole, and he was projecting to  
swab all his windags wid dat dog, but  
I reckon he didn't gwot no'n seben or  
eight done, missus."—Youth's Com-  
panion.

**Justified.**  
The following defense was made by  
a Savannah dandy in the city court:  
I stole dem britches, I know de color, yar,  
But 'twasn't no crime, dar's yo' born,  
Et de motif an' right, den whar's de sin!  
I stole dem britches to be baptize in!  
De chain gawls got me, and de coat m'paz, too,  
But what could a 'fencible' colored man do  
When he judge an' de jury 'twasn't it was a sin  
To steal dem britches to be baptize in?

**Perfectly Oblivious.**  
"Sammy Snaggs," asked the teacher,  
"what part of speech is the word 'qual-  
ification'?"  
"Noun," replied Sammy.  
"What gender?"  
"Masculine gender."  
"Indeed?"  
"Yes'in. If it was feminine, it would  
be femalefication."—Pittsburg Chron-  
icle.

**The Illiterate.**  
"I suppose you took in the Bowery  
when you were in New York and lis-  
tened to the delightful Chimmis Fadden  
dialect?"  
"I did, but I didn't hear any of the  
dialect. I don't believe the illiterate  
creatures have read the book at all."—  
Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Perseverance Always Wins.**  
Smith—After trying for ten long  
years I have at last succeeded in con-  
vincing my wife that I am perfect.  
Brown—Are you sure of it?  
Smith—Of course I am. It was only  
this morning that she said I was a per-  
fect idiot.—Chicago News

**Sympathy.**  
"I'm really sorry for Ploddin," re-  
marked young Mr. Heppigo.  
"Why?" inquired the friend.  
"I asked him to lend me \$10, and he  
only had 75 cents. I can't help feeling  
sorry for a man who only has 75 cents."  
—Washington Star.

**He Forgot Himself.**  
Customer—I want some stockings for  
my little girl.  
Shopwalker—Yes, madam. What  
size—infants or—  
Customer—This is my little girl.  
Shopwalker—Oh, Jerusalem!—Ally  
Sloper.

