KORNER'S BATTLE PRAYER.

Father! I cry to thee!
Hand me the billows of battle sea roaring—
Hand me the cymbals of battle and roaring!
Father on high, hear thou my cry!

Father, oh, hear thou me!
Lead me, o'er death and the terrors of darkness—
Yes, I acknowledge thy will or all power!
Point thou the way, and where it may lead—
God, I acknowledge thee!

God, I acknowledge thee!
As when the dust leaves of autumn that rustled
Lie where the forests of war would condemn and
Laugh I at fear, speeding the conqueror—
Father, oh, bless thou me!

Father, oh, bless thou me!
Living or dying, waking or sleeping,
Bless me! I am a creature of thy creating
Fear I no evil, for, Lord, bless thou me—
Father, I worship thee!

Father, I worship thee!
Not for the love of the riches that perish,
Not for the freedom and honor we cherish
Stand we or fall, lessons thou all
God, I worship thee!

God, I worship thee!
Yes, though the terrors of death pass before
me—
Yes, with the darkness of death stealing
me—
Lord, onto God hold I the knee—
Father! I cry to thee!

—Eugene Field.

A WOMAN ANGLING.

Mr. Isaac, Jr., Takes His Wife Fishing and Gets Spoils Mr. Boy's Sport.

I arrived at the hotel in time for dinner, and having gone through with that formality I at once prepared for a trial angling trip. Mrs. Isaac, Jr., consented to accompany me, and retired to her room to put on her fishing attire. When she returned she was attired in a rubber shirt and carried a parasol. I mildly argued against the propriety of raising an umbrella in a boat while fishing, but of no avail. And then she wanted to know if she had not better take her knitting along, in case the fish did not bite. I replied, "Certainly, by all means," and kindly volunteered to send for the family sewing machine. I think my satire was useful, for the knitting was left behind.

We finally got safe into the boat, and in the delight of the moment my spirits visibly rose as I rowed away toward the fishing grounds, and I actually smiled to myself at the pretty figure of Mrs. Isaac, Jr., and her parasol as she reclined comfortably in the stern of the boat. Reaching a spot where I thought we might take fish, I "heaved" the anchor overboard and prepared the tackle for business. First I had to put the minnow on Mrs. Isaac, Jr.'s, hook, which operation she watched with great anxiety. "Don't it hurt the minnow to put a hook in it that way?" But I answered that it was no time to moralize when one was on a fishing excursion, and that if a man had a fish on the end of his line and stopped to argue about the hook hurting the fish he would lose the fish, and deservedly too. No, when one goes a-fishing he must leave his society for the prevention of cruelty to animals at home.

By this time our lines were cast, and I settled down to the glorious expectancy of getting a bite. I had my hook to Mrs. Isaac, Jr., when suddenly I heard her pole splash in the water, and my heart came into my mouth at the thought that she had the first bite. I turned my head, and—shades of Isaac, Sr., must I say it?—she had let her pole fall into the water while attempting to raise her parasol. I pulled it warily, and fixed a stony glare at my bobber, which obstinately refused to be pulled under water. With the stubbornness born of disgust I sat and sat. The sun was well down in the western sky. The bell at the hotel was ringing for supper. A big frog set up a croak in the bushes by the stone. The—"I've got a bite!" came thrilling me to my core.

The parasol tumbled into the lake, there was a struggle with the pole, a splash by the side of the boat, and Mrs. Isaac, Jr., landed a bass at my feet to be unhooked. She looked at me with one of her old time glances and asked if I didn't want to preserve her parasol; maybe I might get a bite then. "Dummel be clubbed," I ungraciously murmured as I impaled another minnow on the hook. But why prolong the story? My sense was a goose egg; Mrs. Isaac's was two bass. We were both tired, and I was told that I might go alone in the morning; she "had enough of fishing."

A good supper at the hotel restored our spirits, and as we were strolling on the beach afterward Mrs. Isaac, Jr., remarked to me in her sweetest manner: "My dear, I had a delightful time fishing this afternoon, and I think I will go along with you in the morning." But I determinedly protested against such a course. The morning air was full of malarious vapor, and it was a very rash thing for a woman to go out fishing on an empty stomach at 5 a. m. She reported that she didn't propose to fish on an empty stomach; she was going to "fish from the boat." I saw it was useless to philosophically discuss the matter, so I dropped it.—Forest and Stream.

A Fellow's Queer Appetite.

For several years a couple of petrified potatoes have fallen for a living just off the end of my wharf. I have repeatedly begged their free of spent bug tonics, and so accustomed them to my presence that I could row within an one's length of them without their taking flight. I have often watched their operations with curious interest, and was easily much attached to the solemn looking couple, who, with their smooth pates and beard like penchas, reminding me of bearded ancestresses of Father Time. One day on going down to the beach I discovered one of my petrified pets flopping helplessly toward land. When he came within reach I found that he was dead, while in his pouch, with its head completely closing the bird's throat, was a catfish still alive and measuring fourteen inches in length.

He bore stuck out through each side of the petrified pouch, and then the unfortunate bird had been unable to either swallow or reject its cumbrous prey. The pelican's pouch was also torn and perforated in a number of places, showing that the struggle between the wounded swallower and the swallow-be-swallowed had been a long and desperate one. The fish died a few minutes after being removed from the trap into which he had fallen. The bird measured 7 feet 8 inches from tip to tip of his extended wings, and, from his general appearance, was evidently a patriarch of his race.—Forest and Stream.

An Interesting Island.

A naturalist says: "One of the best shell collecting grounds it was ever my good fortune to visit was Long Key, in the Tortugas group of islands, about sixty miles from Cuba. This was the shell picker's paradise, as an examination of the island (an island by courtesy of the ocean) showed that it was made up of shells, their broken fragments principally, the residue being plates of a lime secreting alga and bits of wood. I have often sat here and picked until tired before moving from the spot, the treasures being mainly small miracles of many species.

"A curious and interesting feature of this picking was that numbers of the shells, especially the little periwinkles, as we called them, were inhabited by hermit crabs that, during the operation of collecting, made not the slightest demonstration, but once in the pocket of the finder they would assert themselves, and soon the shells which you had placed in these receptacles would appear scrambling out—methodical pirouettes that were productive of much interest and amusement to bystanders. After a pale I have seen the shore of this key so lined with the beautiful purple lentilina and the little pearly coiled spirula that the white line could be traced for a long distance away."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Words That Still Under False Colors.

Suppose we take up a few of the words that seem to be sailing under false colors.

The antelope is not akin to the industrious ant, nor is he given to eloping except when the hunter is after him with a gun. He is partly like a deer and partly like a goat, and received his name from two Greek words—an theo, beauty; ope, eyes. Antelope means the animal with the beautiful eye.

Tulip suggests two lips, and has served the pointer well on that account for many years; but it is the Spanish tulip, derived from the Persian dulband, a turban. The flower and the Persian turban are much alike both in form and in name.

Tenpenny nails are not sold at ten for a penny; nor do you pay ten cents apiece for them. Penny is in the word a queer corruption of pennyweight. A tenpenny nail is so called because 1,000 of that particular size weigh ten pounds. Fourpenny nails weigh four pounds to the thousand.

Miniature is not a picture diminished, but (originally) one colored with minium, or red lead.—Harper's Young People.

A Great Painter Surprised.

Meissonier the great French artist, used to relate the following incident with great gusto:

One day while walking in a provincial town where he was unknown he entered a coach builder's establishment and began negotiations for the purchase of a dog cart which had taken his fancy.

"It is elegant enough," said the artist, but it is very badly painted."

Judge of his surprise when he received the following answer delivered in a contemptuous tone:

"If you don't like it paint it yourself, and then it will be sure to look nice."—London Tit Bits.

Gave Himself Away.

"Darling," murmured the young man in pleading tones. The young girl rose to her feet with a gesture of indignation.

"Sir!" she exclaimed haughtily.

"You misunderstand," replied the youth coldly. "Darling—present participle of verb to dare—adj. to ponder. I got it out of Rollo's Baton Dictionary.

"Well, Mr. Marlin," said the maiden admiringly, "I was darling."

"Was what, precious?" and the young man fondly.—New York Telegram.

A Reliable Dog.

Lady—I want to select a pet dog.

Dealer—Live in the city, I suppose, mum?

"Yes, I live in a flat."

"Then I would advise an Italian greyhound, mum. No matter how much you feed a greyhound he allers stays scraggy."—New York Weekly.

Direct Answers.

In a Sunday school. "What did the Israelites do when they came out of the Red sea?" drew forth the answer, "They dried themselves." "Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" was immediately answered, "In the fire."—Cassell's Journal.

Careless People.

Two students of human nature spent ten minutes at the foot of one of the stairways leading to the up town platform of the Park place elevated station Friday afternoon watching the persons who went up stairs with the points of their umbrellas sticking out behind them. The time selected for this interesting observation was between 5 and 6 o'clock, when an almost unbroken stream of humanity was passing up the stairway. Within the ten minutes specified 142 out of perhaps 600 persons climbed the stairs with their closed umbrellas pointed out behind them in such a manner that persons following were obliged to dodge in order to escape being stabbed in the face. Of these 142 careless individuals 106 were men and the remainder women. The proportion of the men to the women in the careless crowd was about two to one.—New York Times.

A thing that blind men do, and do well, is to telegraph. Beaux seem have no advantage over them here except in being able to read written messages handed in, which purpose a gentleman with eyesight makes a useful assistant.

Scrofula

In the most serious and most general of all diseases, Scrofula is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its sufferers daily. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck, or goiter, tumor in the eyes, caries, spinal or joint disease, have yielded to the powerful effects of this medicine. It thoroughly removes every form of impurity from the blood and builds up the wasted system.

The Worst Type.

"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula, and as the recommendation of our druggist I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. Entirely he is sound and well, notwithstanding it was said there was not enough medicine in Illinois to cheat a cure." J. CHRISTIAN, Chenoa, Ill.

Scrofula

In some especially this my other a hereditary disease, and for this reason: Arising from impure and insufficient food, the disease lessens itself in the proportion, which are composed of white tissues; there is a period of life when the blood most contains of white tissue, and therefore is especially susceptible to this disease. Provided disease. But there is a potent remedy for scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels every trace of the disease and gives to the blood the quality and color of health. Get Hood's.

"When my boy was two years old he was attacked and grew thin, had a long time with scrofula sores. The physicians at length said to us give him Hood's Sarsaparilla, which we did. Two bottles cured him. He is now 10 years old and has not had any sign of scrofula since. We recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all our friends." Hon. E. G. GRIFFIN, 6 Kidder St., Cleveland, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla Hood's Sarsaparilla Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla Entirely Cured My Boy

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