A Voice From the Farm.

You say that my life is a round of toil?
  The stalwart farmer said,
That I scarce can wrest from the oft-tilled soil
  My pittance of daily bread?
Well, what you tell me in part is true,
  I am seldom an idle man,
But I value the blessing of rest, as you,
  Who have much of it, never can.

And surely I have never worked in vain,
  From the spring to the golden fall;
The harvest has ever brought waving grain,
  Enough and to spare for all.
And when in the evening free from care,
  I sit at my farm house door,
My wife and little ones waiting there,
  Oh, what has the millionaire more?

My children may never have hoarded wealth;
  Their lives may at times be rough;
But if in their homes they've love and health,
  They will find these riches enough.
The only land they will ever own,
  Is the land that the strong right arm
And the patient tearless heart alone
  Can till to a fertile farm.

I have nothing beyond my simple wants,
  And a little for cloudy days;
But no grim spectre my threshold haunts,
  Such as silver and gold might raise,
Around me are eyes that with sparkling mirth
  Or with placid contentment shine—
And no wealth-clogged lord upon all the earth
  Has a lot more blessed than mine.

To-morrow.

Bind up a wreath and give it me
  Before this dull day closes,
And in the garlands let there be
  The thorns as well as roses;
Wea e violets in and greenest bays,
  Weave willow for my sorrow,
Sad flowers for the yesterday,
  White lilies for to-morrow.

White lilies, for they tell of peace
  Beyond the gates of even,
Where whispers of the soul's release
  Seem mystic hints of Heaven.
And yesterday, but that has gone,
  And so I needs must borrow
A hope of that swift coming dawn,
  The promise of to-morrow.

Forever more to-morrow lends
  Bright visions of completeness;
True lovers, and the steadfast friends
  With faces full of sweetness;
But backward all seems dim and gray,
  And vaguely touched with sorrow;
I care not for your yesterday
  If I may have to-morrow.

The past is past—ah! dead indeed,
  I weep not for its going.
Its phantoms weird no more I heed
  Than west-winds wildly blowing;
Press outward, aye, and upward heart,
  While I my gladness borrow,
For hope and I shall never part
  While I can have to-morrow.

—*Ernest McGaffney.*

Mothers-in-Law as They Are.

was young once myself—and I think, like as not,
I was smart as the best of 'em then!
I knowed so blame much that I'm glad I've forgot
And can't recollect it again!
But as smart as I was—and I'm certain of that—
I was never so smart that folks saw
Any brains sproutin' up through the top of my hat,
When I laughed at the mother-in-law!

The mother-in-law was a *woman*—but we
Didn't *count* that, and neither do you,—
One had a young daughter I just to go see,
And play the accordion to;
But that arctic old woman, half gloom and half glare,
That would neither freeze solid, n'er thaw,
Knowed what she was doin', and why she set there,
And 'ud not be *my* mother-in-law!

She was sound, like the most of 'em is, and she meant
Just a havin' full jestice 'or none;
And as for this mother-in-law foolishness went,
She remembered *her* mother was one.
I remember, mys'f, bein' struck that way
At a gatherin' one't, where I saw
My wife weepin' over the clods and the clay
At the grave of *her* mother-in-law!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Hot Fomentations.

We all know the value of hot applications, but the mode of making and the applying differ in almost every house. An exchange gives the following: "Wring several thicknesses of flannel out of cold water, so it will not drip; place between two folds of paper, and lay it upon a hot register or top of a stove. Steam will generate and permeate the whole cloth, and thus the required temperature will be obtained. In this way there is no running long distances to a kitchen, no burning of the hands, no uncomfortable moisture in the bed and no ruffled tempers. A hot fomentation is beneficial in almost every acute disease accompanied by severe pain, and is often of great service in chronic inflammations. It is more effectual and more accessible than any other therapeutic agent. By quick, prompt and thorough use severe attacks of illness are often prevented."—*Herald of Health.*

A One-armed Ruler of Germany.

There is a prophecy which is widely believed in by the German people, who are somewhat superstitious. Germany is to be the greatest, it says, under a young ruler who has but one arm, and has four sons. He is to succeed an aged sovereign, carry on a great war successfully, and prove another Frederick the Great. The Germans see in this the destiny of Prince William, who was born with one arm partly deformed—short and stiff. And they see in his character all the requirements of the prophecy, even down to the four sons. But the power of Germany will wane after this ruler, and she will go down and become an insignificant nation. So runs the prophecy.—*St. Stephen's Review.*

Not a Parallel Case.

The minister was dining with the family, and he said to Bobby, with an amused smile:

"I'm afraid, Bobby, that you haven't the patience of Job."

"No, sir," responded Bobby, who was hungry, "but Job wasn't always helped last."

Another Great Living Curiosity.

"What is your specialty, my friend?' inquired the visitor of a dime museum freak.

"Phenomenal intelligence."

"In what direction does it lie?"

"I'm the man who always 'shuts the door.'"

A young German officer, rather new to his work, was drilling a squad of raw recruits and gave the word of command, "Lift the right leg." One of the soldiers by mistake raised his left leg, so that it joined closely to the right leg of his neighbor. "What jackanapes has lifted both legs?" exclaimed the officer.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

The old brick church at Smithfield, Va., built in 1632, is still in use for divine worship. It has recently been repaired and gives evidence of lasting a century or two longer.

CURRENT TOPICS.

FROM an examination of 100,000 persons, Prof. Erismann, of St. Petersburg, finds that those engaged in textile manufactures, especially spinners, are inferior to other workingmen in stature, chest measurement, bodily weight and muscular strength.

AFTER more than a quarter of a century of active and distinguished service, James H. Stoddart, LL.D., retires from the editorship of the Glasgow *Herald*. He has made it the most widely circulated of North British newspapers.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, the temperance orator, recently declared that she has "never known a single physically reasonable day since that sweet May morning" in her 16th year when she was first clothed upon with long petticoats, corsets, high heels, crinolines and the other instruments of female torture.

HISTORY repeats itself. President Grevy lost his position in France because he defended his son-in-law, and now King Kalakaua's crown is in danger because the Hawaiian monarch is sticking by his brother-in-law. He is the wise ruler who places his relations to the people above his relations by marriage.

AS ANOTHER of the many evidences we are now having of the revival of British shipbuilding, London cablegrams state that orders have recently been placed for new steamships of an aggregate of eighty thousand tons. This in itself is no inconsiderable fleet—say, twenty ships of 4,000 tons each, all of steel.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY has in hand a dictionary of Lowland Scotch, forming a vocabulary of leading words in the Scottish language, with etymological derivations. It is intended to be a volume of interest to readers of Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Allan Ramsay and others. The book will be published by Whittaker & Co., London.

A SEWING-MACHINE of solid silver and enriched with sapphires was recently received by the Empress of Russia. It was a present from the Society for Promoting the Use of Russian Materials. The Czarina has taken great interest in this organization. Her enthusiasm, however, will not cause her to use the sewing-machine in all probability.

LAST Christmas ex-Gov. Alger, of Michigan, gave a suit of clothes to each of 500 Detroit newsboys. This year, he has supplied 1,500 boys of Detroit with a similar outfit, and in addition sent a ton of coal and a barrel of flour to each of 1,000 needy families in the same city. This is charity of a practical kind. Three cheers for Alger!

ALAS for the big Nova Scotia lumber raft! The U. S. vessel Enterprise, which was sent out to cruise for the relict, has returned to New London with the announcement that she encountered during her brief voyage no end of logs dancing around upon the agitated bosom of the wild and wasteful ocean. This seems to be conclusive as to the breaking up of the big raft.

A CHICAGO clothing manufacturer says that he is obliged to pay particular attention to the hip pockets which he puts in trousers destined for the Western trade. His Kansas and Iowa customers demand a pocket capable of holding a quart flask, but for the far West trade the pocket is made deep and narrow, with an unusually strong lining, so that a pistol will fit snugly in it.

JOHN BENSON, a friendless man living at Indianapolis, has asked the County Commissioners to allow him to pass the remainder of his days in the poorhouse, promising on his death to bequeath to the county $8,000 in 4 per cent. Government bonds. He says that he has lost all confidence in humanity and has concluded that he would be safer in the poorhouse than anywhere else.

A BRICK, says a technical paper, being about as porous as a lump of sugar, and having six sides, needs a careful filling for water-tight work in cess-pools, etc., and a thin grout or porridge of cement is commonly used. Heating the brick and soaking beforehand in thick coal-tar has been recommended. A man may lay common wall all his life without learning how to make brick water-tight.

PROF. BLACKIE, the well-known Scotchman, has raised an admiring laugh this week by his response to one of the numerous inquiries now going the rounds for opinions as to the best books. He was invited by an editor to name three of the best works for young men, and he picked out Green's "History of the English People," Nasmyth's "Autobiography," and Blackie's "Self-Culture." He adds a whimsical apology for naming his own book, but declares he honestly knows of no better.

THE authorities of Dresden, Germany, will not allow a piano to be played in a private house after 10.30 at night, and they punish with a fine any person found throwing an article of refuse, however insignificant, into the street. Flagmen are stationed at the corners of streets intersected by horse-car lines to warn persons of the approach of a car. Drug stores are closed at sundown, and when a druggist is called up in the night he appears with all the politeness of a dancing-master to thank the customer for his courtesy in patronizing his store.

PROF. WARMAN, in his treatise on oaths, says: All forms of oath-taking are immaterial. The Jew ends with, "So help me, Jehovah." The Scotchman says, "I swear by Almighty God as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment." A Mohammedan is sworn on the Koran; a Chinese witness is sworn by kneeling and breaking a china saucer against the witness box; the Quaker simply says he will tell the truth because he believes the command to be truthful is divine. The essential thing, however, is that the witness acknowledge some binding effect derived from his belief in a God or in a future state.

COL. GEORGE P. BISSELL, of Hartford, Conn., spent last summer in Japan. The most remarkable feature of that country, he says, lies in the fact that its language contains no profane or blasphemous words. "I can readily understand," he remarks, "why the practice of 'hari-kari' is so common in Japan. When a man is abused or loses his collar button and is mad all the way through, so mad that his very soul boils within him, if at such time he is the victim of a language which will not let him vent his rage even in 'darn it' or 'by thunder,' why then I can readily see how suicide might be a soothing relief."

THE chances of war in Europe may alter the plans of Madame Modjeska and her husband relative to a holiday in their Polish home. "Should the war come on," said the actress a few days ago, "the greater part of the fighting would be in our immediate neighborhood—where our home is, you see—and that would not be pleasant. Our residence is in Cracow, and Cracow is situated where the Russian, German and Austrian frontiers meet. Our residence is in the very midst of the fortifications. So, you see, we would be in trouble if we went there." Her countrymen like the Austrians much better than the Russians, she thinks, and for cause.

A MEMORIAL cairn has been raised at Aberfield, Scotland, to the deeds of the gallant "Forty-Twa," or "Black Watch," Highland regiment. The north panel bears the names of the engagements in which the corps has borne part as follows: Fontenoy, Prestonpans, Fort Sandberg, Ticonderoga, Martinique, Guadaloupe, Havannah, Busby Run, Brooklyn, Fort Washington, Charlestown, Aboukir, Alexandria, Egypt 1801, Corunna, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Cindad Rodrigo, Burgos, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Vittoria, Niville, Nive, Touleuse, Orthez, Waterloo, Alma, Sebastopol, Lucknow, Egypt, Ashantee, Nile, Tel-el-Kebir, Kirbeckan.

ACCORDING to one authority one pound of bananas contains more nutriment than three pounds of meal or as many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is in every sense superior to the wheaten bread. Although it grows spontaneously throughout the tropics, when cultivated its yield is prodigious, for an acre of ground planted with bananas will return as much food material as thirty-three acres of wheat or over one hundred acres of potatoes. It is not generally understood that bananas—fried, baked or roasted—are very appetizing, and that sliced and placed in a dish with alternate slices of orange they make a most delicious dessert.

SAN REMO, where the German Crown Prince is staying, about 7 miles east of the frontier dividing Italy from France, 16 from Mentone, 31 from Nice and 85 from Genoa, is a town of 16,000 inhabitants. Its bay, protected at the western extremity by Cape Nero, 800 feet high, and by Cape Verde, 350 feet high, at the east end, is too shallow for a commercial harbor, but is perfectly sheltered, except to the south and southeast; while behind the town, a complete amphitheatre of hills, rising to 4,300 feet in Monte Bignone, and nowhere less than 3,500 feet, shuts out all northerly winds.

THE famous Children's Christmas Club, of Washington, of which Miss Nellie A. Arthur was once President, supplied a Christmas dinner to be given to the children of the poor. The members wear badges of white ribbon, with a diminutive sleigh bell attached to each. The club is one which could well be imitated in other cities for its useful and charitable purposes. It might be added, says the Boston *Journal*, that one Christmas club organized in a neighboring city has grown from its first work of preparing a Christmas tree and dinner to a charitable organization covering the wide field of visiting and relieving the poor all the year round.

EUSTON SQUARE, in London, England, is lighted by a new light which is believed to possess many advantages. Ordinary coal gas, mixed in about the proportion of one to eight of common air, is supplied under the usual gas-service pressure to burners over which are placed caps of platinum wire gauze. The mixture, when lighted, burns without flame around the cap, which is raised to a brilliant white heat by the combustion. The light is perfectly steady, there being no flame, and is not affected by wind or rain. More than twice as much light, it is said, is obtained, with a given consumption of gas, as by the old system. Twenty burners replace fifty of the old kind, and light a platform 900 feet in length.

LORD BRASSEY, who was one of the most prominent members of Mr. Gladstone's last administration, and who has just returned from a yachting expedition around the African and Australian coasts, is a great admirer of the colored race. In a letter to the London *Times* he writes: "The capabilities of the colored race are nowhere seen to greater advantage than at Sierra Leone. They supply the official staff of the Government. A colored barrister of marked ability is the leader of the Bar and makes a professional income of $15,000 a year. The day seems drawing near when it will no longer be necessary to send out Englishmen to administer the Government in a climate so often fatal to Europeans."

LEADING men in the lumber trade have under consideration the necessity of an important reform. It is estimated that the reduction of a log to boards averages the turning of fully one-sixth of the whole into sawdust. For every 1,000 feet of lumber that are turned out by the mill 200 feet are now reduced to powder, which used to have no known value and now is employed only as fuel. This waste was of little consequence a few years ago, when the forests of pine seemed to be inexhaustible, but now that a scarcity of the raw material threatens the trade it is asked if a large part of this cannot be avoided. The economical views of the thinkers at present are turned to the bandsaw as the one which will save at least a quarter of the waste that is inseparable from the forms of saw now in use.

CAN a man cough himself to pieces? At an inquest recently held on an inmate of the Borough Asylum, considerable interest was attached to the finding of a broken rib in the body of the patient. The doctor who gave evidence endeavored to point out that under some abnormal conditions bones may be broken during life by muscular efforts, or even by the act of violent coughing. The coroner, in commenting upon this, appeared to have much difficulty in recognizing the existence of such an unusual occurrence, and naively stated to the jury that they would doubtless have equal hesitation in appreciating the learned theory that it was possible for a man to cough himself to pieces! A perusal of the writings of Dr. Weir Mitchell and Professor Charcot will show that spontaneous fracture of the bones in locomotor ataxy is not uncommon; the importance of this in medico-legal inquiries is worth remembering, and throws much light upon questions affecting the treatment of the insane.

A most wonderful invention is reported from Vienna. An Austrian engineer has, it is said, designed a truck to run before every railway train, being maintained always at a fixed but adjustable distance in front by the force of an electric current transmitted along the metals from a dynamo on the engine. The current is conducted through mercury contained in glass tubes on the pilot truck. If, therefore, the truck comes into collision the tubes are broken and the contact consequently destroyed. The interruption of the current instantly and automatically applies the brakes on the following train. It is claimed by the inventor that two expresses, fitted with this system, might with impunity be set to run full tilt at each other. The collision of their pilot trucks would arrest the progress of both trains before they could meet. The element of human fallibility is accordingly entirely eliminated and drivers may dash through a whole series of danger signals without risk, being automatically arrested the moment they reach the spot that is really dangerous.

A WASHINGTON correspondent writes: Everybody knows the poem beginning, "'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house," but very few know anything about its author or his family. The poem is brought to mind by the fact that Mrs. James H. Young, who died recently in Washington, was the widow of the gentleman who wrote the familiar lines. Mr. Young was born in Laurel, a little town in Maryland, about twenty miles from this city, and was first a doctor and then an artist. Finally he entered the Episcopal church and became a clergyman. He died in Washington some years ago. When his widow died recently she left all her husband's manuscripts to Dr. Noble Young, of this city, her brother-in-law, and they are being examined with the view of seeing what can be done with them. There are some unpublished poems among the papers, but none of them are likely to be as famous as the story of Santa Claus.

MRS. ELIZA J. NICHOLSON is the only woman in this country, probably the only woman in the world, who is proprietor and editor-in-chief of a daily newspaper. Mrs. Nicholson was the widow of Col. Holbrook, editor and proprietor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, who, at the time of his death, left that paper with a debt of $85,000. His wife had done regular editorial work on the paper during his lifetime, and as she was devoted to journalistic work she determined to continue it, contrary to the advice of all her friends, who wished her to take the $1,000 allowed her by law and abandon the paper. The business manager, Mr. Nicholson, alone counselled her to go on, and stood by her with the staff. Within two years her conduct of the paper not only put it on a paying basis but wiped out the $85,000 debt. She afterward married Mr. Nicholson, who became a widower shortly after her husband's death. She is a fragile little woman.

Latest from Scotland.

A girl named Glen residing at Cotton Row, Irvine, drank vitriol in mistake for medicine and died in agony.

The attempt to import Indian and Ceylon tea direct to Glasgow has proved very successful. London, up till now, has had the entire monopoly of the tea trade.

A man named Grieve died in the poorhouse at Glasgow. His friends agreed with an undertaker to bury him decently for £1 16s. 6d., and £1 was handed over in part payment. The undertaker did not bury Grieve because the rest of the money had not been paid, and declined to return the £1 on the ground that it was due for the unused coffin and coach. The case was brought up in the Small Debts Court in Glasgow and the Sheriff decided that the £1 must be returned.

One day recently while Samuel Cowan, brakeman, aged 26 years, residing in Glasgow, was working in the Steel Company of Scotland's Works at Blochairn at a weighing machine, one of the employees in a joke ignited the fuse of a detonating cap and threw it on the ground. Cowan, hearing a cry of "fire," and not knowing that the matter was a joke, picked up the cap, which exploded in his hand, blowing off a portion of several of the fingers of his right hand and cutting and scorching him about the eyes.

Fancy and Realism.

Little Nell—Mamma, I wish you'd let me read a novel.

Mamma—Don't mention such a thing.

"But novels tell things just as they are in life, don't they?"

"Yes. Now ask no more questions."

"Susie Minx has got such a lovely novel, and——"

"What? Did you read any of it?"

"Only the last line. It said: "And so they got married and were happy ever after."

"Oh! that isn't a novel, dear; it's a fairy story."

Why Don't You Advertise?

She was an editor's daughter and he was a young merchant whose business was not alarmingly great. Said he:

"Darling, my heart yearns for you. I dream of you by night, and think of you by day. Will you be mine, Nellie? You know the bible says it is not well for man to live alone."

"Then, why don't you advertise?"—*Lincoln Journal.*

It Was the Number He Thought Of.

Brown (with a sigh)—That Robinson is a lucky dog. He has been married eight years and has got two as handsome children as I ever saw.

Smith—You ought not to envy Robinson, Brown. Your children are as fine as his.

Brown (with another sigh)—Ah, yes; but there are seven of 'em.

Something Appropriate.

"I'm in search of a useful present for a literary gentleman," said a prim young lady entering a book-store.

"In what branch of literature is he interested?"

"He's a paragrapher on a religious paper."

"In that case," returned the bookseller, "I would suggest an almanac."—*Judge.*

A QUEER AMBITION.

A Rich California Girl Who Married a Consumptive to Gain Social Freedom.

The death at the little town of Mayfield, near the Stanford University, of a young and consumptive printer named Frank McKee, completes a curious story of a rich young girl's folly. Seven years ago Abram Brown, of Oakland, died, leaving property to his only daughter, Frankie, valued at $50,000. She attained her majority a little over a year ago, and then assumed control of the property, which brought in an annual income of about $5,000. She took a trip to Highland Springs, and there a lively widow persuaded her that she ought to become a widow herself in order to enjoy the social freedom that an unmarried woman can never hope to gain. Full of the project, she returned to Oakland and formed the acquaintance of Capt. and Mrs. K. M. Apgar. To them she confided her longing for social emancipation. She declared she was bound to become a widow, and thought if she could marry some man who was on his death-bed it would be about the right thing. Apgar agreed that if she was determined to marry, and for the purpose stated, it would be advisable to have the thing settled with as little publicity as possible. He accordingly introduced this peculiar young woman to Dr. Dupuy. Dr. Dupuy declared that he knew of just the man to suit Miss Brown's wish in the person of a poor printer named Frank McKee, who had a beautiful case of consumption, and who could not possibly live more than a month. Miss Brown thought that she had found just the man she wanted, and agreed to look at the subject. On the following day she and Apgar went to the office of Dr. Dupuy, where the medical man exhibited his consumptive. Miss Brown looked him over with a critical eye, thumped his chest vigorously, and made him cough several times for the purpose of ascertaining if the investment was a safe one. She finally concluded that she would take the chances of his living. McKee consented to marry the girl for a money consideration and the pair were wedded by Justice Wood. They did not depart together. It had been agreed that the husband should go and die by himself. The wife gave him $100 before the ceremony took place, and agreed to pay Dr. Dupuy $100 with which to defray the expenses of a comfortable death-bed for her husband. McKee failed to keep his promise, however, and strangely insisted on living. In fact, he grew alarmingly healthy. He met his wife a few months after and got some money from her. Dupuy received a liberal commission, and it is charged that Apgar got a fee. Finally Mrs. McKee refused to be bled any more and departed for the East. The story leaked out and created a great sensation in Oakland. McKee followed her to Indiana, but she refused to see him. She then departed this fall for Europe, and is said to be in Carlsbad. Another curious feature of the affair is that Apgar died on the same day as McKee.—*San Francisco despatch to Chicago Herald.*

How the Air Brake Works.

Said a railroad man to me to-day: "I'll bet not one in a hundred of the people who travel on railroad trains understand how the pressure of air is used to apply the brakes to a train. When the air brake was first invented the air was turned into the cylinder under each car when the car was to be stopped, and the pressure was exerted to force the brakes up against the wheels. But at the present day the brakes are held against the wheels by springs, and the air is turned into the cylinders to push the brakes away from the wheels as long as the train is in motion. When it is desired to stop the train the air is let out, and then the springs apply the brakes and stop the train. This last method of using air pressure has great advantage over the old way on the score of safety.

"Whenever an accident happens to a train, one of the first effects it is apt to have is to rupture the air pipes leading from the engine to the cylinders under the cars; and that of itself stops the train instantly. It is very important for everybody to understand this matter, because a child 5 years old can stop a train in thirty seconds from any car in the train, if he simply understands how. You will see, if you look for it, that there is a sort of rope projecting from the toilet-room of every car. That connects with the air pipes under the train. If you catch hold of it, and give it a little jerk, it will stop the train before it has gone 200 yards."—*Chicago Journal.*

One Woman Appreciated.

(Kansas City Times.)

In an unfrequented spot in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis, there are two graves, over one of which is a modest tombstone with the following inscription upon it:

Here rests that angel of a woman,
ISABELLA GRAHAM CONDIT,
Wife of Thomas Brooks,
Born in New Jersey in 1825;
Died in St. Louis in 1865.
You were always satisfied, always content with what you had.
I did not have to rob my employers to keep you in extravagance.
How pleasant it was to meet you on returning home! God bless you! YOUR HUSBAND.

How Glad.

Mr. Smith (with a sigh of relief) holding it aloft—Thank Heaven! the long agony is over! This asking for money every day or two—these whispered consultations—these mysterious looks—this running down town every day—this restraint in my presence has come to an end at last. Christmas and Santa Claus are here, and I am the proud recipient of—a pen-wiper!

The Petaluma (Cal.) *Courier* tells of a curious fight between an eagle and a coyote. The prize was a large hare, still alive, which had just been caught. The eagle would flap his wings and try to rise from the ground with his prey, but the coyote, which had hold of the other end, would pull him back every time. Then they would have a regular tussle and the feathers and fur would fly. There is no telling how the fight would have ended had not a pistol bullet frightened them both off.

A little Sunday-school girl, whose lesson had been about the story of the fiery furnace, was telling her mother about it. "And, mamma," she said, "that naughty king heated an oven just as hot as he could get it, put three good men in, and they wouldn't cook a bit!"