

"Is that Evans?" exclaimed the farmer. "No," said the doorkeeper, "that is Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana."

Another gentleman with a great deal of presence entered the Senate Chamber. The old man leaned back and clutched the doorkeeper's arm.

"That's him!" he whispered. "That's the great Mr. Evans, isn't it?"

"No," was the answer, "that was General Logan."

At length Mr. Evans came in, and the old farmer was at once informed. He looked at the distinguished lawyer long and earnestly. "My!" exclaimed he, with an accent of commiseration, "I'll bet he boards!"

All About a Signature.

Tellers and clerks of savings banks have a rare opportunity to study human nature. All sorts of people, with many strange notions of the methods and purposes of banks, come before them. A teller of a Boston savings bank sends to *The Companion* a true story of a good Irishwoman who came to the bank to open an account.

"Please write your name on that line," said the official, pushing toward the woman a book and a pen.

"Do ye want me first name?" she asked, taking her pen in her hand.

"Yes, your full name, and middle initial, if you have any."

"Do ye want me husband's name?"

"Yes, his last name, but your own first name."

"Oh, me name before I was married?"

"No—your given name—Ellen or Bridget—"

"Sure, then, me name is nather wan o' them."

"Well, what is it then?"

"Sure, it's Mary."

"Very well. There are others waiting for you, so please hurry and write your name."

"Ah, sure, do ye want the Mrs.?"

"No, never mind that. Now go ahead."

"An' sure, mister, I would, honest; but ye see I can't write!"

Under Torture.

The *London Times* and other leading English papers gave, not long since, the facts in the life of an eminent teacher, Mr. Walter Wren, who died last August.

At nineteen Mr. Wren was attacked by a spinal disease which gave him incessant, dull pain, with frequent paroxysms of fearful agony. His family and friends felt that there was nothing to hope for in his future but a speedy release by death from this almost unbearable suffering; but young Wren declared that in spite of it he would go on with his studies.

He did so, but was unable to look at a book for so much of the time that nine years passed before he could take his degree. He then chose teaching as his profession, preparing young men for the competitive examinations to enter the Indian civil service.

He had no equal in England in this work. The men prepared by him were not only thoroughly educated, but taught to put work foremost in their lives. Mr. Wren took an active part in English politics, became an influential member of society, was a witty, cheerful companion, and a loyal friend. Yet the torture of his physical ailments never abated. Sir Walter Besant says of him:

"I never knew an instance where so much was done in life against odds so fearful and under conditions so grievous."

The story of this man is worth the telling, the more because he was an every-day hero belonging to our own time, and one who waged successfully against disease, an enemy which knows countless lives. He resolved that it should not master him, and fought it for thirty years, hour by hour, minute by minute.

The bravery of the soldier on the battlefield is but a momentary flash of flame to the courage which ennobled this obscure life.

"A Man Full of Religion."

On one of the Samoan Islands, John Williams found a small chapel and about fifty persons who called themselves Christians, each one of whom wore a white cloth tied on his arm, to distinguish him from his neighbors.

The leader among them said that he had heard a little about the Christian religion from some people not far away, and that he used to go to them once in a while to bring home some religion.

"And when that is gone, I take my canoe and fetch some more. Now, won't you give us a man full of religion, so that I won't have to risk my life going after it?"

"That is what is needed in all lands—'a man full of religion.'"

A Railway Incident.

THREE things declare a man," said the old Jewish Rabbi, "his voice, his purse, and his anger." Had he lived in these days he would surely have added a fourth—his "railroad manners." The following good story from the *Boston Record* will illustrate:

A gentleman prominent in legal circles in Boston was recently riding in a train, and in the seat before him was a young and gaily-dressed damsel. The car was pretty full, and presently an elderly woman entered, and finding no seat vacant but the one beside the young woman mentioned, sat down beside her.

She was a decently-dressed woman, but apparently of humble station, and she carried several clumsy bundles, which were evidently a serious annoyance to her seat mate. The young woman made no effort to conceal her vexation, but in the most conspicuous manner showed the passengers round that she considered it an impertinent intrusion for the newcomer to presume to sit down beside her.

In a few moments the old woman, depositing her packages upon the seat, went across the car to speak to an acquaintance, whom she discovered on the opposite side of the aisle. The lawyer leaned forward to the offended young lady, and courteously asked if she would change seats with him.

A smile of gratified vanity showed how pleased she was to have attracted the notice of so distinguished-looking a gentleman. "Oh, thank you ever so much," she said effusively. "I should like to, but it would be as bad for you as for me to sit beside such an old woman."

"I beg your pardon," he responded with undiminished deference of manner, "it was not your comfort I was thinking of, but the old lady's."

How Toil Conquered Pride.

John Adams, the second president of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote:

"When I was a boy I used to study Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it."

My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could stand it no longer, and going to my father I told him I did not like to study, and asked for other employment.

"My father said, 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, try ditching, perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.'"

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But soon I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin gram-

mar and ditching, but said not a word about it."

"I dug the next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride, and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told father that if he chose I would go back to Latin grammar."

"He was glad of it, and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the day's labor in the ditch."

They Hadn't Got It.

The visitor to London was seated at a table in one of the expensive restaurants in the West End thinking of various things, as he read over the bill of fare, and observed the prices.

"Hello!" he exclaimed to the waiter, "haven't you got any conscience at all in this place?"

"Beg pardon?" returned the haughty servant.

"Haven't you got any conscience—conscience—conscience! Don't you understand?"

The waiter picked up the bill of fare, and began looking it over.

"I don't know if we have or not," he said. "If we have, it's on the bill; if we ain't, it's extra. Them's the rules, sir."

"Bobs" and the Little Girl.

Lord Roberts is the greatest British soldier to-day. Long before he took command in South Africa he had won his Victoria Cross and many other honors for personal bravery in action. But not only for his bravery and wise strategy is he called "the idol of the British army," but many stories of him prove again that "the bravest are the tenderest." A London correspondent at the front tells this incident of the surrender of Johannesburg.

"A march past, subsequent to the march through the town, closed the ceremony. Lord Roberts' headquarters were at a small inn, in an orange grove. There was a characteristic scene there at the close of his victorious day. One of his staff officers approached in order to discuss a matter of importance, and found the Field Marshall with the innkeeper's little daughter on his knee trying to teach her to write. When the officer interrupted, Lord Roberts looked up with a smile and said, 'Don't come now. Can't you see I am busy!'"

Adventures of a Picture.

Many instances occur of pictures of priceless value which have turned up in the most unexpected places, or have been preserved in a miraculous fashion. A story told by G. A. Holmes, the well-known painter, touching the fine Murillo of "The Holy Family," now in the British National Gallery, well illustrates the subject:

He said a man, whom he had known when a young man, had assisted a friend with a loan of \$500, which the borrower was unable to repay, owing to misfortune. Being an honest sailor he wished to repay the money, and some years afterwards he came along with the story that he had in his cabin a picture on canvas rolled up, and as he saw no way of repaying the loan, and did not like the affair to remain open, he asked his friend if he would accept the picture as a set-off for the debt.

The man took the canvas, which was in a grimy condition, had it cleaned and relined, and it was then found to be a fine example of the famous Spanish artist, and worth a large sum, and it was eventually sold to the National Gallery. The picture had probably been cut out of its frame in the troublous times in the early part of the century, and had knocked about in that careless way, escaping destruction by a miracle.