



Pluck and Prayer.

THERE wa'n't any use o' fretting,
And I told Obadiah so,
For ef we couldn't hold on to things,

We'd jest got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it didn't seem to be worth our while
To make such a drefful fuss.

To be sure, the barn was most 'empty,
An' corn an' pertaters sca'ce,
An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap
But water—an' apple-sass.
But then—as I told Obadiah—
It wa'n't any use to groan,
For flesh and blood couldn't stan' it; and
he
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But laws! ef you'd only heard him,
At any hour of the night,
A-prayin' out in that closet there
'Twould have set you crazy quite.
I patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was no ways thin,
But it seemed as ef the pieces were wore
out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed;
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrairy
That ef things don't go jest right,
"I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high
An' gittin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I slew that winter
I a'n't going to talk about;
An' I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think that He found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle
I druv the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to
death
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patching his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held
out,
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,
"God knows where his gift descends;
An' 'tisn't always that faith gets down
As far as the finger-ends."
An' I would not have no one reckon
My Obadiah a shirk;
For some, you know, have the gift to
pray,
And others the gift to work.

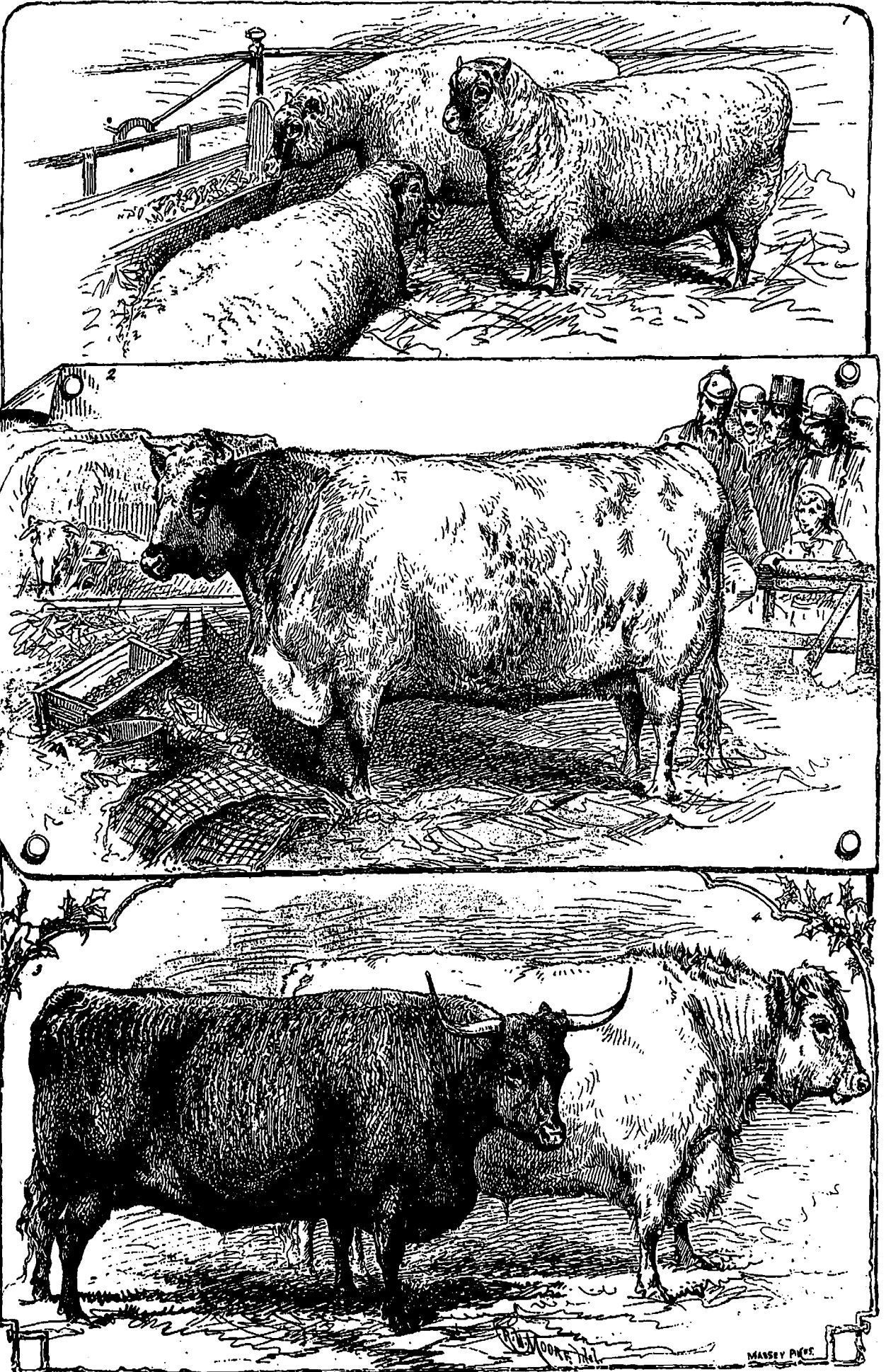
Harper's Weekly

Most men seem prosperous to their neighbors, who see only their mode of life, and their expenditures, knowing nothing of their toil or of the economy which they find it necessary to practise in private. So, too, every man's work seems easier and more agreeable than our own, simply because we see it from the outside, knowing nothing of the drudgery incident to it, the difficulty of doing it or the poverty of its results as its doer knows them. Of our own work we tire now and then, and when we do we exaggerate its difficulty and the disagreeable things attending it. Its results are much smaller than we have hoped, perhaps, and we naturally assume that they are smaller than those attained by our neighbor. We draw unjust comparisons between his lot or his work and our own, knowing our own perfectly and his imperfectly.

ADD carbon to pure iron and it becomes steel. Add hydro-carbon to iron, and steel itself becomes so extensively modified that its properties are not recognizable. Thus steel may be as soft as pure iron. Add hydrogen, in varying quantity, and it has the quality of resilience, as in the watch spring, or the quality of tenacity, as in the knife or razor, or may be given nearly the hardness of a diamond, as in a file. With steel at a low temperature, from 400° to 450° Fahrenheit, edge-tools

are produced, the color in the yellow shades; from 500° to 525°, various sorts of springs are produced, color blue; while by heating iron to whiteness and plunging it into water, which is mainly composed of hydrogen, files are produced, or forms even harder.—*Indianapolis News.*

MARRIED people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for the weak parts of the ice in order to keep off them.



PRIZE CATTLE AND SHEEP EXHIBITED BY THE QUEEN AND PRINCE OF WALES AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW, LONDON, ENG.

1. Prince of Wales's Southdown ewes over 3 years old, 1st prize.
2. Her Majesty's heifer, winner of Gold Medal and Champion Plate.
3. Her Majesty's Devon steer, under 3 years, 1st prize.
4. Her Majesty's shorthorn steer, not exceeding 2 years, 1st prize.